

Plasma

by phoebe *Tuesday, Aug 26 2014, 1:52pm*

international / poetry / post

it happened slowly
and stealthily
becoming unformed
and un-contained

one minute i was
then i was not
yet the new formlessness
covered the planet
and moved rhythmically
always in curves
pulsing, breathing
with the bellows of existence

entering into everything
it became dominant
and remains dominant
today
all life depends on water
the form u see acts only
as a container
yet it is the container that everyone
(wrongly) identifies
as real

so i thought it prudent
to relief myself of form,
a traceable identifier
in a formless, fluid sea

u cannot see
or collect formlessness,
its expanse
goes beyond the horizon
and reappears
behind ur neck

there is something frightening
about fluidity, water
singing rhythmically
with the wind --
it waits eternally for other

forces to imbue it with
power,
yet in violent thrashings
or dead calm
it remains the same

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-529.html>