

Limitless

by dulcie *Saturday, May 23 2015, 8:49am*

international / poetry / post

adrift on a shoreless sea
with no hope of making landfall

yet this warm black sea
teams with every form of life
and substance,
replete with studded sky
and flashing stars
it produces then devours
itself only to re-produce
itself anew,
this cycle is forever

should i lament this heavenly
sea because it has no shore
or fixed place to land
or should i thank infinity
for allowing me to
sail its solar winds?

perhaps neither, as the ship
on which i sail was a gift
of creation, one of a kind,
crafted for me
there is no other vessel
like it

at times this sea shoots beams
of light that slice thru the blackness,
light that hurtles this ship through
scores of dimensions --
at other times it seems to
loll and quietly swirl in repose
yet each aspect or action is
synchronised with the movement
of the whole

it is one and many simultaneously
to be with/in it is to Be it,
is there truly a need
for a fixed location,
what manner of stasis

is possible in kinetic fluid,
space?

i am content to
drift and go wherever the solar wind
takes me
as this sea only leads to
wonder and joy
there are no locations
to affix sorrow, regret
or despair

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-583.html>