

Until

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international / poetry / post

i write until i tear open
the page and plummet thru
into a world without restrictions
no longer confined by a screen
or A4 paper
the medium and message entwine
around my brain which never sleeps
or ceases to create

i remember the brush strokes
that swept across coarse paper
- hand made - with the ease
of an autumn breeze
no semantic force was required
only a deft hand and the ceaseless flow
of creation

today i tap a keyboard
clickety clack whack
a suitable encoder for
the digital age
but it pales against the turns of my
wrist and sweeps of my hand
on broad paper --
the past easily overcomes the present

there is nothing spontaneous about
typing, the means formulates the message

so now i must force entry to the
portal of dreams which once opened
like a lover's thighs caressed by slow
deft hands

with bamboo pipe and camelhair brush
each fine filament
depositing ink ending in a fine fading fray
the art of which was to judge the sweep,
line, character and the amount of ink
each brush could carry
to the page

that was the art of writing
now writing is the art
so i am writing you!
you imagine i jest
but no, with every word
i force you to decode
i steal ur mind,
come closer i must whisper a secret,
i have learned to write with my cock
and what marvels it produces
in salacious minds but i refrain
from description here as this is a
technical piece

perhaps another time when ur medium
is more receptive --
a gentle stroke of paradise

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-1787.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-603.html>