

Riding Tigers Chasing Dragons

by ryall *Monday, Mar 8 2010, 1:07pm*

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In semi-dream/delirium Tigers pace
the dark and hidden places
and deny my mind its rest

phantasms and mythical creatures team
in these semi-dream landscapes

stealthily they move thru jungles of the night
reminding me
never to relent
or cease in my endeavours.

like a man possessed
i slay legions of demons and all manner of
ghostly life that threaten my kind

not since Solomon have the jinn
been marshalled to the service of one magus
yet the fiery (winged) dragon continues to evade capture

we have taken (digital) ground
and hold fast all our acquisitions
their machines are in our hands
we inhabit their secret places
and watch their every move.

like thin peals of opium smoke
we ride and twist effortlessly
with the slightest movement
such is the secret of our invisibility
and intoxicating subtly.

with patience, persistence
and unwavering vigilance
the gambit and prize is ours
the enemy has no strength
or stamina for an extended campaign.

we weave dreams
and substitute realities
ever so convincingly

the skill is letting the enemy believe
they have determined their own course.

let them race toward a predetermined end
like a dying man to a mirage that hides a precipice.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-1868.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-61.html>