Vagabond

by orlin via jaxie - Jungle Drum Newswire *Monday, Mar 7 2016, 10:51pm*
international / poetry / post

when rivers freeze gouging their way to the sea
and the soft power of a river becomes brittle
it ceases to caress obstacles
instead it grinds
pushing relentlessly
and if an obstacle
the size of a mountain
impedes its way
accumulated moisture builds until the glacier yields
a little but scourers the underside of the mountain
weakening it forever

scarring the landscape
away from human eyes
we only see the snow and ice above
and fail to notice
its relentless churning beneath

rocks rather than silt are created
all manner of shapes and sizes from
a small stone to a giant boulder all flung together

yet this poem was to be about a vagrant
trespassing on the private property of my life
a strangely familiar though evasive character

i have heard his strange mutterings
describing forests of glass trees and sharp
metal spires, hollow needles and strange
potions that induce poetic reveries

he wanders around my life and mind, uninvited
unobtrusive, never presumptuous but content
to remain in the shadows

from where he came i do not know
yet he remains though conscious of my presence
and evades me when i approach
to hide in some secret place
a cavern i have yet to discover

at times i almost see his face

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before he turns away avoiding confrontation
but this poem was not to relate this oddity
or reveal the existence of a vagabond
it was to be something else
something that evades the page
refusing to be imprisoned by language

if only i could get it down in some ethereal form
it would contest the greats but this vagrant
somehow prevents the revelation

perhaps if i am patient the landscape
of ice would thaw and become fertile flowering fields
with grazing herds and all manner of life
but it seems i must wait until at least
i am able to identify this uninvited guest
trespassing where only i should range

http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2152.html