

## Pages

by jane via claire - Jungle Drum Newswire *Wednesday, Mar 22 2017, 10:16pm*

international / poetry / post

the page waits eagerly  
for someone to despoil it  
i seem created for that job  
how many have i defiled?

my pencil always volunteers  
to defile virgin white  
with strange scribbles, jolts  
rhythmic pulses,  
showers of written tears,  
joy and sorrow

on closer inspection, irregular designs  
form words, which form images, which lure  
minds to gift them with life  
until what appeared to be violent  
becomes petal soft, soothing,  
a witch's brew to cure or kill

never underestimate the power of words  
in the hands of a wordsmith/scribe  
more potent than a gun is my pencil  
which is not loaded with lead  
but Soma which it slurps from the cosmos  
like a thirsty beast  
then gifts it to virgin paper until the fluid is spent

ur eyes again, imprinted on my memory/soul  
etched there for eternity watch me always,  
they dance with the rhythms of my hand  
racing across the page offering everything produced  
to you

your eyes watch mine watching yours as i write  
more or less  
sometimes refined like maps, more often swirling directions,  
arrows, circles and magic sigils/characters -  
they all become poems, hundreds of poems that issue from  
one medium  
driven by millions of impulses  
dented in time by the living and the dead  
all wishing to speak silently out of turn

waiting impatiently for me to sculpt them  
into a message saturated with meaning  
that only the reader understands

another piece completed  
though behind me a chorus  
sings, play it again  
one more time -  
and so it never ends

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2577.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-713.html>