

## Self Indulgence or Sugar Plum Fairy

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how fleeting the temporal pleasures,  
like heroin they demand repetition until  
either agonising withdrawal grips the body  
due to lack of supply  
or overdose due to over indulgence

yet i have never done anything in half measures  
totally in or out, no shades in between;  
is this passion a curse,  
a temperament that desires to swallow universes  
may be a blessing, tho i am yet to decide?

i have had decades to answer this question  
however, my need for exotic experience propels me,  
i have never been one to sit and wait for anything  
to happen to me like the poor slobs that populate this world

many weaknesses, which ruin most i have overcome with ease,  
no half measures makes for a powerful will  
so now to put this will to a breaking test  
until it either breaks or i break the self-imposed challenge,  
remember 'to rise by that which you fall'

after exhausting most offerings this bankrupt world strives to obtain  
my folly has indeed bred a certain wisdom so now i must overcome  
existence itself and taste of the eternal bliss of the creative impulse itself,  
nothing less would satiate my screaming soul

and so i took to it like a swan to a lake or a lioness  
to the throat of a deer  
i knew i was equipped so i placed  
a clean wax candle before my sight  
and sat eyes firmly fixed on the motionless flame  
resisting all attempts to blink

soon tears trickled from the corners of my eyes  
but i held fast until the flame exploded  
into another realm carrying me or rather my unrelenting  
focus with it

physically motionless, eyes burning, my mind began to turn to liquid,  
thank christ or some other mythical 'god,'

i was tired of it anyway who needs a mind in the creative centre  
of the universe?

the world had already become a child's ant farm to me  
so voracious was my appetite for everything that i  
grazed death on numerous occasions yet i was spared not once but  
too many times to be mathematical probability

so it seems that we are all gifted with the means to survive our  
challenges so please do not come crying to me find a solution within  
as nature has equipped us with everything we need

now moving at blistering speed, tho my body remained motionless, i wondered  
without thinking where it would end, if end it would, but my intuition had  
already informed me that no end existed it was a racing continuum that  
confronted me, or rather in which i found myself -- what fuckin' self? there  
was nothing but process and light here, light of the most spectacular variety  
and colours all of which were well beyond our spectrum of experience,  
and me a glutton for such experiences plunged deeper into the kinesis until of  
course i lost my ability to differentiate

though some would say i had died to many of the world's appeals  
which now appeal like a dried, sun-bleached dog shit, the food of fools

i should stop this recollection here to inform readers that it was the  
indigenous that first taught me to sever the link between mind and body and  
fly, but this fixation was different i remained fixed, focused and firmly seated  
tho i wasn't to be found in that location it seemed i was making progress in  
the progress itself, i was arriving and returning simultaneously which  
experience neither fascinated nor perturbed me tho most would have lost their  
minds long prior

the lioness was suffocating its prey and the swan was gliding effortlessly  
across the lake of existence

i had already openly shit in the faces of all man's created gods which are  
utilised to terrorise infants and transform them into terrified adults, how  
tragic for the willing victims, i was piercing so many veils they appeared to be  
a wall of water like Niagara,

i loved it, would this be my final leap or termination, it was impossible to  
determine

so on, on, on i went, onward to nowhere, which had a quality, an irresistible  
allure, tho it would terrify most to lose notions of themselves or the notion of  
the self itself --

so far words haven't failed me tho they are becoming abstract of necessity, so  
i would continue until they do fail as surely they will

as i spiraled into the void full of everything, i laughed at all my past  
experiences and lives  
tho together they culminated in this moment which promised to continue

i had no idea where i was as i had no 'i' to speak of though certain qualities continued to guide me/you/everything to perfection, and perfection as we all should know is a quality not a form

i had lost all connection to my body or so it seemed, tho i could care less for such dross containers, i mean really, bodies are forced to consume physical nourishment but so inefficiently that shit contains huge amounts of undigested nutrients, give me light to feed on which is clean and rarefied and requires no digestion only absorption, no waste products result from consuming light as food -- on i went and went, passing or confronting myriad qualities

until a huge pillar of light formed in the shape of a phallus, not fallacy, which seemed to span the entire universe or so it seemed,

a golden peach and a deep violet sugar plum presented, strange as i had already passed the realms of form so what is this, a test or a representation? either way i knew the sugar plum was a Yoni which birthed galaxies but the peach of gold perplexed me, should i consume it or leave it? without deliberating further i left it, however, it refused to remain where i had initially encountered it, it was always before me, a challenge no doubt but to what end in this endless realm?

the peach became a distraction so i decided to consume it, after which i realised it was my soul, so now my soul was no longer a source of distraction -- onward, forever onward i went

until i was abruptly returned to my body by a loud knocking on my door, it wasn't the tax man, it was an old flame i hadn't seen in years so i invited her in and fucked her into oblivion, that damn sugar plum had brought me undone again! Maybe next time ...

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2891.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-769.html>