

Tassels and Conch

by sadh via sylph - Jungle Drum Newswire *Tuesday, Sep 26 2017, 7:39pm*

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which of ur forms would seize me today?
i feel it rolling in like the sea,
steady, smooth and powerful

the arms of my time-piece
seem stationary, does time really march when interrupted by
by creation? such interference is welcome

steal me away from the pedestrian triflings
of an ignorant disconnected world
that weaves its own destruction,
i am urs, u know it

true, sure, real, beyond all known cultural realities,
fictions and charades in essence, the fodder of
ignorant fools

how pleasant ur interruptions tho
i have no regrets only gratitude;
riding with u on the wind and cutting through oceans
of light, i am happy that u steal me away from this space
to ur realms of bliss
though it costs me a permanent identity, a 'place'
in society, what a laugh,
sacrifices gladly accepted

what would u that i express today,
the gossamer wisps of creation, the thumping
nuclear pulse/throb of creation?
u know words fail to accurately capture the process
but they allude and guide those waking from their sleep
to see more than is offered in tinsel town, intangible media/opium
dreams
and echoes in hollow chambers of meaninglessness

today i would rather u appear in three dimensional form
so this body is not further troubled by its needs
which distract and obsess --
u approach like an exquisite ghost tho not entirely
immaterial, i feel u, my body feels u

u begin to take form,

ur lashing hair, sweating brow
and glittering eyes
betray ur throes of ecstasy that bewitch my
coil and tantalise my mind

stark naked u approach, burning red
armed with tasseled spear and imbibing blood from a human skull --
all the rivers flow
wetness shines from ur thighs, ur passion
overwhelms and explodes in what is left of my
disintegrating being

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2897.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-770.html>