

## Rescued

by jane via lex - Jungle Drum Newswire *Friday, Oct 13 2017, 11:09am*

international / poetry / post

moonless nights  
force one to walk on intuition  
all the more difficult in unknown forests  
of sadness, or is it the absence  
of the silver light reflected by the moon  
which somehow transforms golden,  
warm sunlight to cool silver moonlight?

i make my way with care stepping safely  
on an unseen ground tho my unseen eye  
sees all in this sad and desolate forest  
wet with tears of regret

what is this haunting place  
devoid of fear but saturated in remorse?

i have heard of this emotion from wine imbibers  
tho i do not drink the popular poison myself

i feel and see with eyes closed and mind surrendered  
to what is transmitted by the location, but where am i?

between wakefulness and sleep perhaps or in deep dream,  
location is not yet discernible so i continue  
until a soft light issues from the centre of a grove  
defined by the light,  
i proceed in the now untangled sadness,  
how heavy this sensation

the grove is cleared in the centre  
in which a spirit, phantasm or extraordinary  
person is kneeling, crying softly,  
my intuition has led me to this place but why?

i reach out slowly, my hand open,  
the entity turns her head and locks onto my eyes  
now open, she seems to recognise me but i not her,  
she embraces me gently and whispers,  
'i am not free'

i look around and see no constraints  
of any kind

the clearing is interrupted only by a  
natural path which leads in and out,

'i am not free' she repeats  
but this time it becomes evident  
she is real

'what restricts u?' i ask,  
she looks confused turning her gaze  
about

'find ur escape,' i say, still in her soft  
embrace;  
she relaxes tho she remains alert

i make an effort to shift attention  
attempting to determine whether i am in dream  
or reality

the air is crisp, scented with wild bush flowers  
and the greenness of lush foliage,  
i inhale deeply, she smiles,  
'have u come back to release me?'

'back!' 'do i know u?'  
her eyes cannot hide despair  
'how did u find this place, what brought u here,  
do u not remember? she questions  
i have no recollection  
tho i do not articulate my thoughts,  
'well, i'm here now, so what is it that  
confines u?'

she turns her face away and begins to release  
her embrace,  
'please, do not despair, i am here for a reason  
tho the recollection remains unclear'

she releases me and returns to the centre of the clearing,  
it is then i realise that the source of light is not detectable  
tho it continues to illuminate the grove

she kneels eyes locked on mine  
and reclines, inviting me it seems;  
i approach, kneeling beside her  
exquisite body and presence,  
she opens her arms and heart

i am drawn into her arms,  
'ur jail is in ur head,  
and u have the key

in ur hand, free urself,' i mutter

she looks perplexed, 'do it, release urself,'  
she smiles and i find myself awake  
tho with the strongest sensation  
of a lingering, grateful and free presence

how am i to confront the pedestrian travails  
of everyday reality after this other worldly  
experience?

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2935.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-776.html>