Rescued

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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

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