

## The Undulations

by lex via sybil - Jungle Drum Newswire *Saturday, Jan 13 2018, 9:36am*

international / poetry / post

it's never the same,  
how could it be?  
all existence is in process,  
always becoming more than it once was  
while we try in vain to hang on to something, anything  
fixed, yet the real anchor is flux  
we are cut cables in space thrashing in a vacuum  
though that vacuum is as empty as the minds  
that imagine vacuums exist, forget it,  
existence is saturation, not emptiness  
except of course in the minds of hollow men  
not able to reflect existence and their own peculiar  
contribution to the symphony -- which is your resonance,  
do you play?

let it go, you cannot locate me, only experience me  
let your floating Asian hair fall on my face like jet black waves  
that eventually fall on the shore, return to the sea  
and roll in again renewed -- feel that movement in your body  
as my body responds in kind without interference  
from the tangle of thought

let it flow and you will flow with it, as your fluids flow  
naturally --

in this movement, peaking and descending to peak again  
on another wave, there is no returning to any wave once ridden

go all over me and forget yourself to experience only,  
everything sorts itself if left alone to follow its course

are we harmonised? only then could we remain together  
in the uncertainty and discord that culture creates, it's a lie  
only our bond is able to free us both  
throw yourself into the perfect bliss of the moment,  
there is nowhere else to go, do not rob yourself of the experience --  
your body purrs then arches like a tiger as our souls collide and  
explode  
into the undefinable All

never attempt to capture me, you could have me always if you cease  
your futile efforts to own what cannot be owned, simply accept

and you would be secure in the throes of existence/experience

I love you, though my body, mind and soul speak louder  
than any combination of words,  
I write this for your lingering uncertainty  
and hope that it finally lays it to rest while we dance forever  
in the undefinable, saturated cosmos

this joining is y/our freedom from doubt if you allow it,  
a launch-pad into the perfect bliss and peace  
of forever

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-3118.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-808.html>