

Mage

by quill *Friday, Jun 25 2010, 8:04pm*

international / poetry / post

by reputation
a collector of souls
an indiscriminate thief,
a scurrilous deceiver
but a gardener by trade, pruning
brambles and thorn bushes
to facilitate the growth of something special
something exceptional
enduring,
fit for immortality.

all souls begin their journey
luminescent, radiant
without liability or
favour - equal in this universe
yet some grow stronger, brighter
while others begin to dim
until their light,
almost exhausted, is detected
by the gardener
and pruned - spent, wasted
lost forever;
infinite opportunities
squandered.

some souls by good fortune
or plain generosity
are offered another chance
to ascend toward the light.

lost souls may even encounter
the Mage, whose skills
(at retrieval)
are beyond compare
able to negotiate/navigate
the most complex
soul maze/spirit labyrinth
to locate the fading glimmer
of that golden flower.

separated from the dross,
accumulated by perversity,

the Mage carefully removes
that secret flower from the soul
and gently offers it, open-palmed,
to the cosmos;

unburdened,
that little flower awakens,
petals open
pistils quivering
in anticipation
of a passing body of light
a comet's tail
that disperses
stardust as it passes.

bathed in this way
restored and in full vigour
that spark of soul,
the fertile flower
is given
another opportunity to
bloom,
bear fruit
and reach the stars.

*[Fly, my Love,
FLY...]*

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2019.html>

🔊 [Sweet Virginia - Rolling Stones \(Live '72\)](#)

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-86.html>