

## The Collector

by reed *Monday, Jul 5 2010, 7:50pm*

international / poetry / post

*rapture bellies to the core  
dancing God there is no more  
i am you  
You are me  
dancing  
blissful  
ecstasy ...*

a keen eye  
an acute discriminating  
sense  
the ability to attract,  
fascinate  
lure  
and capture  
the rarest  
of all prizes  
are the  
(essential) skills  
required of  
exceptional collectors.

located in the depths of being  
behind the murk and  
contorted tangles  
of persona, culture and identity  
lies the quintessential element,  
luminescent, unpolluted, pristine,  
beyond the reach of life's  
gnarled assaults, beyond the reach  
even of its possessor.

each light shines  
unique  
with a particular tone,  
shimmer, hue and quality  
hidden from untrained eyes  
but detectable to the most discriminating,  
skilled collectors - sublime, ineffable bliss  
is the reward for success.

to separate, dislodge  
and extract that priceless  
light  
requires more than skill,  
a premium must also  
be exchanged  
- according to inviolate laws --  
before the soul is released;

the entity must continue  
with a replacement  
if the soul is taken;  
and therein lies the secret art  
of all the Magi.

if a soul is taken  
it must be done  
in accordance with natural law;  
that which is given  
(in exchange) must be of  
equal or higher quality  
than that which is taken --  
the entity must continue  
on its evolutionary course uninterrupted;

perhaps a hint from Satan's cookbook  
may assist.

two souls conjoined produce more  
than their individual parts  
that abundance must be nurtured  
and fed with Love  
until it grows in power and stature  
until it becomes a fitting replacement.

the trick, if it could be called that,  
is simply to give more (Love) than one takes;  
yet what is taken enables the collector  
to gather more souls, as each addition  
merges with the existing stock of  
previously captured souls.

great care must be taken at every stage  
the collector must never hear the wild exclaim,  
"you have stolen my soul,"  
from the hapless victim!

*[another exquisite flower for the garden,  
one with eloquence, passion, style and verve.]*

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2028.html>

🔊 [My Boy LollyPop -- Mille Small](#)

🔊 [Donovan - Catch the Wind](#)

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-91.html>