

## Magus

by sylph via drake - Inverse Times *Wednesday, Mar 13 2019, 12:55pm*

international / poetry / post

the wind has gone crazy  
whipping silver and black eels  
into the air, shooting them thru the trees  
like arrows

the lake heaves up leaving the bottom exposed  
then drops back with a crashing splash which sends  
the waters across the land to slowly return and re-form the lake  
which again heaves up and drops down

i continue walking sideways in the wind, feet thumping against  
the gusts from which perspective i see what few creatures see  
the sun and moon in the sky simultaneously though in polarity  
which breaks momentarily in which instant the sun and moon  
embrace

only to be ripped apart again and resume their polar orbits  
in a surgically split sky displaying day and night at once divided

how strange these phenomena

withdrawing my crystal-tipped willow wand from its silk scabbard  
i restore harmony and wonder which evil sorcerer has  
cast this spell, my enemies are many nevertheless my magick  
overrides the chaotic madness of sorcerers

u appear before me whispering rhymes and intoning names of  
power  
but i detect it's not u and take another sip of potion which exposes  
the reptile-eyed horned god that rules the affairs of men, what need  
do i have  
of that thing too easily banished by the pentagram twisting in my  
brain

the tar streets and steel tracks run in circles which meaningless  
direction  
i am tempted not to rectify but man must continue in his linear  
directions to oblivion

i flip two cards from my deck, the fool and hanged man, very  
revealing  
i move my piece across the board, check, the game i mastered as a  
boy

during my training -- ur move

London bridge is falling down and everything appears normal again but u are my lover lost in the chaos to which u returned voluntarily, i hesitate to use my magick to save u, as it was ur choice,  
my fair lady

Chinese needles and pins pierce my skin scattering my harmony and power,  
i relax and the needles fall from my body

the sky returns to itself as night with a shattered moon piecing itself together,  
birds return to the trees and eels to water

yet another night in the fight,  
the deceptions and artifices of darkness  
never rest

they will never succeed -- if i falter and fail then my apprentice would assume  
my role and former position to continue the fight,  
his keyboard training is almost complete

the ladder and the angels descending and ascending,  
all is returned before dawn, except the shining serpent in the jeweled tree  
of life, how could i have overlooked it? hurriedly i return the lord of darkness and light  
to the tree and ease back gently in my geode fortress, in readiness for another night

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-523.html>

---

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-930.html>