

Singing Wind

by stef Monday, Mar 31 2014, 10:18am

international / poetry / post

a faint tunnelled sound
in my mind
the swish-shing of
falling water
pelting/hissing on rocks below,
the valley echoes symphonic
cacophonies, sounds and sights

i stand at the highest point
on the edge of oblivion
if i take another step

to accentuate my life
i have always confronted
and teased death

the precipice
moves like waves,
solidity becoming liquid,
the valley below pulses
and invites me to the safety
of its dark mysterious womb

certain death

tiny mountain birds hover
in my face rejoicing in pure bliss
their tiny eyes
peering directly into mine

the sun catches falling
droplets transformed into jewels
shooting rainbow darts into my
mind/eyes
the valley is strewn with
priceless riches
wet in its wonder

it almost lures me over the edge
such is its power and allure
i could almost let go
and for a brief instant experience

something completely new

the instant
is a gateway to infinity
(time is illusion)
where then in the continuum
would my sudden death
be recorded,
thudd?

does time stand still
for any event,
least of all my demise?
obviously not;
where would the
fixed point of my death
occur in this unfolding cosmos?

sages state emphatically
that death is as illusory as life
so i embrace both

but the thud holds no appeal
today

i feel a tugging at my back
pulling me from the edge
yet no-one embodied is present

my solitude is becoming
crowded,
the voluptuous,
moving sensual is delighting
before me
forcing me to defer cheating death
to another time

i hover on the edge
recording everything
my mind in play mode
it doesn't know
so decides to jump
leaving my body
teetering between oblivion and
the indescribable wonder
that moves before me

