

## 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  
peltting/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

