

## Snake Charmer

by sadh Sunday, Nov 30 2014, 4:16am

international / poetry / post



like a moving cloud  
that slowly shifts and drifts  
in space  
oblivious to the tribulations  
of the earth below  
i unshackle the chains of cultural  
formality  
and free myself in order to  
create

[i learned from the originals  
how to roll time and space  
into a whole continuum]

easy exhilaration is the best description,  
it comes like a tantalising tug on the brain  
followed by a pleasurable tightness  
in the solar plexus  
a poem approaches from the collective  
creation of all things -  
u see, i am a thief, i write nothing  
i have learned to allow the poem to write itself  
while i play medium to a million voices, muses  
and other forces that appear and disappear like clouds  
in the sky

this method saves me labouring and endlessly editing  
like my prose writing brethren,  
the poem knows what it wants to say

for my part i am responsible for typos,  
which are hidden by the mind's propensity  
to fill in errors  
until i read it some time later and detect the typos  
however, my guests write it perfectly  
i merely transcribe, my errors are obvious  
though invisible at the time of rendition -  
meaning is never lost, my guests  
are always well pleased and extremely grateful  
that i provide this service for them

a serpent rouses from its coil  
and raises its head scanning everything  
with its penetrating, dangerous eyes,  
it tastes the wind with its  
flickering tongue

i know this serpent well, it lives  
at the root of a tree that extends its branches  
to infinity

i know what i must do, chase this viper up  
the tree to prevent it becoming a predator  
of the earth -- a waste of its enlivening  
power and special abilities

i move rhythmically charming it  
until it becomes transfixed ready to strike  
the person that disturbed its repose.  
breathing rhythmically i use my eyes  
to attract its gaze  
but do not engage the real organ  
of sight (the brain)  
to the eyes of the snake  
as it always detects weaknesses  
and seeks an opportunity to kill or ruin

but not this time my slippery, lethal  
friend, i allow no direction but up  
to the branches where it is free to decide  
which electric branch it will take  
to infinity

in the middle of the dense foliage of leaves  
and heavy fruits a light emanates which signals success,  
the gate to paradise is thrown open,  
i enter and confront the poem  
which has here been transcribed

a word of warning,  
should u encounter this serpent

it will resist and struggle to remain  
on terra firma, u must guide, lure and force  
it to go where it usually does not -  
u see it really cannot climb trees yet u must succeed  
in forcing it upwards or risk losing ur life and/or sanity  
if u fail

the poem rendered i am free to enjoy my reward  
and course freely in the endlessness of paradise

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1364.html>