

Heavenly Bodies

by uri via jill - Underground Oz Poetry *Monday, Jun 8 2015, 2:55am*

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the moon, sun and stars move
above as we scramble below
never matching the great arcs these bodies
make in the heavens

at times ur eyes seem
like swirling galaxies
holding myriad suns
in orbit

u have fixed me in an arc,
perpetually circling ur being
yet like the galaxy
deep in ur eyes i see the same
black hole that swallows
everything inexorably
drawn to it

the curved contours of ur hips,
thighs and breasts
are the flame that
a moth is unable to escape

i am doomed to perish
in the core of ur being,
like all the suns that have perished
before me --
but i accept my fate,
and will die happily
with a faint smile
on my face betraying
my secret

few men realise
that succumbing is
dicing with death
but in death there is new life
so promise to resurrect me
as a god on the other side,
with a solar phallus
that rises and sets
creating and sustaining

diverse forms of life
on many worlds

<http://ozpoetry.hopto.org/poetry/poem-589.html>

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1659.html>