

Exotic Garden

by jae *Saturday, Jul 18 2015, 12:11pm*

international / poetry / post

i rode Love and Peace to arrive
here in this place,
there are no other means
of reaching this destination

carried on wings that never
fail, intoxicating sights,
sounds and scents which inexorably
draw fearless Lovers from whatever
assaults their sensibilities, hearts
and souls

it is good
to be here again though i have faltered
allowing myself to be taken by steel and glass
towers, gold chalices, silver trinkets, sunken baths
and every form of indulgence and decadence imaginable –
the promise of success in Babylon

but after a fleeting moment of indulgence i return
to myself and view these articles of faith/success
as baubles and coloured beads.
what matter a gold or silver chalice,
it is merely a drinking vessel
its only value lies in ostentation that serves
to hide frightening panic and the insecurity
of knowing one has wasted a life in pursuit
of the shit-encrusted anus of civilisation

i have tasted and indulged in the best this world
has to offer its bonded fools -- worshippers at this altar
are never scarce, they throng to surrender their souls
and chase nothing of substance, meaninglessness
and death;

few admit
they have wasted their lives pursuing
appearances and the valueless artefacts of kings
and rulers;
the high priests of perversity
waited for me to enter their secret chamber,

decorated with a skull and crossed bones --
join us, you have reached the final threshold,
the priests announce with imagined authority, yet
it became apparent they were deluded
slaves to their perversity and blind manias --
my real jewels i had discovered late, i was born with,
the ability to transcend, Love, discern and manoeuvre
through haunted hells and screaming pits
to emerge unscathed in the end

i rejected a seat with the rulers of the world
but before i turned my back on the high priests
and their offer i said,
and those that occupy the secret chamber
what do they offer the world they own,
perpetual war, death, destruction and
ruination, a prize fit for the ruler of hell.

every curse, filth and threat uncontrollably issued
from the mouths of the priests,
they had never before been refused

as i turned you came in brilliance, kissed me on the mouth
and granted me wings that transported me
to paradise

in this place of exaltation, Love flowers
and bears myriad fruits which all contain
the ambrosia of Immortality,
the nectar of the Gods

*"the wings of Love and Peace
delivered me safely to this place,
there are no other means
of reaching this destination"*