

## 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"*