

Words

by quill *Tuesday, Aug 11 2015, 5:28am*

international / poetry / post

... spiral down onto the page
without effort,
flowing from the creative vulva
of the muse
they arrange themselves
into a poem while
i watch in anticipation

acrid smoke rises to the ceiling
from my pipe
snaking like a mystic dragon
and rupturing the timeless repository
of all poetry

words arranged spontaneously
have won me love, mystery
and hate from the Philistine herd
that tramples pearls, jewels
and human life under its brutish feet
yet every man and woman is a potential
king or queen

i read the code as it weaves
its special magic into intelligible
stanzas saying goodbye to Kubla
and hello to Lillith,
it's a fine line that separates
heaven and hell, love and hate
indifference and passion

my sister/brother poets know too
well that we are of another genus
not inside or outside
not above or below
but able to access the fertile centre
untroubled by binary oppositions
or perpetual struggle

i read what has issued on this occasion
and tho it has merit and mystery
i decide to sacrifice its metre, rhythm
and syntactical flow

back to the muse from which it sprang

i am always happy to return a favour,
good deed or charitable act to those
that unconditionally enhance the human
condition tho doing so on this occasion
makes secret a message perhaps intended for all

we shall see what the next cavalcade
of words reveal

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1777.html>