

## 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

acid 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

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