

## Until

by wisp *Sunday, Aug 16 2015, 11:22am*

international / poetry / post

i write until i tear open  
the page and plummet thru  
into a world without restrictions  
no longer confined by a screen  
or A4 paper  
the medium and message entwine  
around my brain which never sleeps  
or ceases to create

i remember the brush strokes  
that swept across coarse paper  
- hand made - with the ease  
of an autumn breeze  
no semantic force was required  
only a deft hand and the ceaseless flow  
of creation

today i tap a keyboard  
clickety clack whack  
a suitable encoder for  
the digital age  
but it pales against the turns of my  
wrist and sweeps of my hand  
on broad paper --  
the past easily overcomes the present

there is nothing spontaneous about  
typing, the means formulates the message

so now i must force entry to the  
portal of dreams which once opened  
like a lover's thighs caressed by slow  
deft hands

with bamboo pipe and camelhair brush  
each fine filament  
depositing ink ending in a fine fading fray  
the art of which was to judge the sweep,  
line, character and the amount of ink  
each brush could carry  
to the page

that was the art of writing  
now writing is the art  
so i am writing you!  
you imagine i jest  
but no, with every word  
i force you to decode  
i steal ur mind,  
come closer i must whisper a secret,  
i have learned to write with my cock  
and what marvels it produces  
in salacious minds but i refrain  
from description here as this is a  
technical piece

perhaps another time when ur medium  
is more receptive --  
a gentle stroke of paradise

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1787.html>