

White Light

by zed *Friday, Oct 19 2012, 10:55am*

international / poetry / post

i lived in a crystal cylinder
for over a decade,
the best years of my life
some say, insulated
and wasted

borne away
separated
carried to realms euphoric
beyond description
on the snow white wings
of my faithful unicorn --
ride me to ecstasy
save me from the irrational,
cruel and senseless violence
of this world

i have stolen the moon
from the night sky
and offered it to u;
but its cool marble
paleness
did not please u

i returned on my winged steed
with diamonds/stars
from the farthest reaches
of space
sparkling
when i produced them
but hard facets
and ice-cold clarity
did not appeal

intravenous dreams
and melancholy recollections
attract and addict
only fools underestimate
this magic powder

the central pillar of the temple
is able to support the entire structure

but not your desire
for the impossible
or ur insatiable thirst for experience

there is nothing warm here,
though the chiselled
frozen beauty
of this desolate landscape
remains irresistible to u

this terrain is not
for the faint of heart
or those thin on courage,
it is the realm of the vanquished
and victorious
only heroes and heroines
return to tell of their experiences,
enslavement or liberation

had they let me be
i never would have returned
but they found my corpse
in its hiding place
and revived it with
violent embraces;

they killed my white wonder
and doomed me
to a life on terra firma

in response i have dedicated my life
to exposing their rotten corruption,
deception and lies;
every breath i take is punctuation
in a narrative of vengeance

words of advice i offer future regulators
in another time and place --
leave addicts to their dreams
allow them to die young
or suffer their wrath and
unrelenting revenge
if u disturb their dreaming

i could barely put a sentence together
before i was violently thrust back into this world;

now my words and phrases
are honed weapons,
devastating grenades
and lethal darts

be wary of 'good' intentions
do not dare disturb wayfarers
in their dreaming

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-187.html>