

Flow

by sybil *Saturday, Oct 10 2015, 10:13am*

international / poetry / post

it's flowing again
smooth as liquid silk
i always greet its return
like a long lost love
but never lament its departure
as all is transitory in this world,
including the ecstatic embrace
of the beloved, my muse

lift me from the mire of men
and abandon me in paradise
i forget how many pleas i have made
as ease, peace and bliss overwhelm my being

this sense of return, belonging, fulfilment
must surely be consistent yet it is fleeting
though when it occurs everything is drenched
in its presence
i am left to wonder whether it issues from
deep inside myself
or is it some mysterious external re-occurrence
or both, as the difference of subject and object blurs
into a single pervading presence?

i am too intoxicated to continue as it's been a while
i must surrender completely and savour every drop
until its inevitable departure

forgive me, i am losing my Self somewhere in paradise
though i would write a final line or two before my keyboard
vanishes into the void,
after every return and departure
i am left with an understanding
that it is forever

it's taken me all this effort to clumsily
intimate Eternity
but who would read and appreciate
a one word poem but my muse?

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1909.html>