

This Way and That

by jack *Monday, Nov 2 2015, 11:02am*

international / poetry / post

u appear before me
naked
dressed only in tears
and regret

my attic now crowded
with two in its
infinite singular space

u begin to complain
about the lack of need,
by that u mean dependence
i've heard it all before
some characteristics are common
to all women

every inane, irrelevant word of complaint
falls on the feathers of an aquatic bird,
why bother i am no man's or woman's slave?

yet u persist impervious to all the words
and warnings about such an event,
i've seen it all before

is there nothing new under this tattered sky?

the more u ramble the wider the distance
until i hear only the wind
and see only the moving
leaves of trees and swaying palms

i am in the centre, the heart of this timeless land
where tribals once gifted me the keys
that unlock the doors of time and space

u are inside i am outside
the more u harp the wider
the chasm becomes

an eagle effortlessly circles above
allowing the thermals to do the work,
a poet clicks the keys allowing the flow

to do the writing
u begin to weep out loud and threaten suicide,
how original

i return to the centre where my soul
soars without the need of thermals
u tug violently at my shirt
watching for an anticipated reaction
i lock onto ur eyes speaking volumes
but u hear only urself
as u shrink like a B grade sci-fi movie,
the incredible shrinking woman

before i am able restore u
u disappear from sight,
somewhere in ur microscopic universe
i'm sure u'll find another tiny person
willing to listen
this expanse is far too large a place
for u

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1964.html>