

Gift

by dulcie *Saturday, Jan 30 2016, 10:06am*

international / poetry / post

like rain the strains of ur lute
refresh my parched spirit
i have been running all my life
ur magical melody allowed me to stop,
cease my needless spinning
and lift my head to the heavens
the sky shimmers in joy

i imagined i was alive
but was just another of the walking dead
what do the dead know
of life?
morbidity/death is the realm
of the dead

i spread my arms across the
breathing, pulsing universe
free
from all my self-imposed prisons
free
of all culture's poisonous ideologies
free
from every manufactured, learned falsity
of man

u were always there
above me, below me, all around me
waiting -
now i embrace u
and will never let u go