

## 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