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by stylus *Sunday, Mar 27 2016, 12:00am*

international / poetry / post

it's snowing on my page
which is warm with fervent desire
to communicate the intricacies
of the divine (geometry) of
every flake of snow

not one flake since the first snowfall has ever been replicated
every individual snowflake is new yet snow appears the same

the object is to somehow capture and express this unique design;
snowfall is common yet hidden within each flake
is a new message
O, it's snowing again, they remark,
but always overlook the beauty hidden in every flake

as words fall onto my heated page
they melt immediately returning to their liquid
intuitive form, devoid of crystal patterns and uniqueness

have i missed my opportunity to capture
nature's continuity creation, which deplores uniformity
and conformity?

the process of writing is always the same, but hidden
within each piece is something new
O, he's writing again, they remark, yet the desire to capture
that hidden beauty is what draws me back to the page
to write another poem and make another attempt
to transmit something that defies transmission/harnessing

language is fluid like water but within it somewhere
is the possibility that a writer may be able to change state
and express that which defies expression, however,
the hot page of the reader's mind reduces the attempt
to its liquid linguistic form

my determination to capture that which cannot be captured
was/is driving me to distraction,
i was forced to resign myself to the parched reality
that the medium was to blame and not the scribe or encoder;
it isn't a personal failure, or is it?

intuition, the living cord that connects us all to nature's creation
informs me clearly that soon the medium i will use will capture
the uniqueness of every snowflake
and every manifest, distinct thing in creation --
expressing the most impossible dream
would come as easy as breathing

but that 'language' is not of this limited world,
infinity is only understood and expressed by
infinite beings not those constrained and shackled
by this limited place

the first snow of the season begins to fall
and punctuate the view from my studio window

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2177.html>