

## Page

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

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