

Noreply

by zed *Friday, Nov 18 2016, 11:58pm*

international / poetry / post

was it the tinkle of tree-ice crystals,
the whisper of the night, or
the slow hum of a new summer warmth
that drew me closer?

it seemed that it all crept up too slow
to be noticed but now it overwhelms,
the innate attraction at the centre of being

it was as if i had lost something precious
and became obsessed with its recovery --
strange and seemingly unrelated occurrences
became beckoning calls, signs

a language that bypasses conscious discrimination
is effective and so the message was delivered
without my knowledge yet with the clearest meaning,
untainted by thought

restored, it has a secret which i cannot betray
as no other thing is capable of receiving a message
that is target specific, unintelligible to all
but one; and so living with this knowledge becomes an
easy burden, as there is nothing to talk or write about

gliding ibis pass overhead,
fruit bats fly from the other direction
to their roosting trees;
it's timely, as the sun slips below the horizon,
i hear it again

do not feel deprived or short-changed by this,
your message has already been delivered --
read it!