

Roll

by rayn *Thursday, Feb 9 2017, 1:10am*

international / poetry / post

roll back on my pillow
allow me to swoon
over the sight of ur contoured cheeks,
graceful neck and exposed breasts,
so natural and captivating in sleep

i dare not wake u and spoil
this wonder sleeping next to me,
how completely exquisite
a picture u make in repose

i recall when first we crossed paths
it was the presence created by our
encounter, a third force
which overwhelmed us both,
neither of us attributed
this phenomenal attraction
to that force at the time, it was the result
of our meeting --
ecstatically explosive, all petty cultural restraints
were left and remain by the wayside

how many lives past were we together
so familiar was/is your presence and mine to you
that the awkward verbal attempts to arrange
a meet were ignored in favour of re-engagement,
something surely was left undone or interrupted
in order for us to meet again?

i can scarcely believe this perverse world would allow
such perfect Love to endure --
gone are the fighting relatives and hired professionals
all feebly attempting to tear us apart for their own sick reasons;
as if they could fathom our profound bond today

jealousy perhaps, perfect love creates spite in others
and drives them to destroy what they cannot have or
have never experienced yet they know when they see it
and burn with envy, rage and spite

let them fry in the poison juices of their own discord, hate and envy.
we are stronger now, like a giant living tree

whose branches extend to infinity is our bond,
which easily holds universes together.

i am in total awe of you, roll back on my pillow
and deliver me to the gates of paradise
where only the gods dwell

somehow u sense my conscious presence and slowly turn,
ur waking eyes greet mine in perfect affinity;
an ineffable peace/joy overtakes
what is left of personal identity,
u smile in recognition shaming all the gods ever created
and i die a million deaths
to be reborn every second in ur other-worldly presence

how much sheer joy and ecstatic Love
is a human able to bear before exploding
in blissful convulsions into another realm?

we come to the simultaneous realisation
of why we never met earlier,
neither of us would have been able to cope
with the overwhelming power of selfless Love
and complete Sacrifice

so i write this poem for you only,
my one true Love.

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2531.html>