

Neptune on the Nadir

by sylph *Friday, Mar 3 2017, 10:52pm*

international / poetry / post

to be visible yet invisible
to be heard yet not understood
to have no home or fixed ground upon
which to stand evades all attempts at apprehension

a phantasm trapped in a body moving
among the living dead --
these are some of the qualities

enemies and friends
are unable locate me,
both a curse and a boon

from nowhere i am, tho with outward form
a soul captured by infinity in perpetual dissolution
with no avenue of escape from this formless,
shoreless sea
yet i am, tho u would never know or find me
tho i stand before u, reflecting ur dreams, fears,
horrors and joy

forced to BE a master of illusion,
dissolving/creating false realities effortlessly as they approach
reflecting projections and the superimposed dreams
and desires of others,
which are not me/mine

this living mirror is a portal,
those canny enough to walk through it
will find the limitless, enduring love of Creation,
perfect knowledge/ecstasy
or insanity if they fail to lose themselves
in the continuity of forever