Pages

by jane *Saturday, Mar 18 2017, 3:41am* international / poetry / post

the page waits eagerly for someone to despoil it i seem created for that job how many have i defiled?

my pencil always volunteers to defile virgin white with strange scribbles, jolts rhythmic pulses, showers of written tears, joy and sorrow

on closer inspection, irregular designs form words, which form images, which lure minds to gift them with life until what appeared to be violent becomes petal soft, soothing, a witch's brew to cure or kill

never underestimate the power of words in the hands of a wordsmith/scribe more potent than a gun is my pencil which is not loaded with lead but Soma which it slurps from the cosmos like a thirsty beast then gifts it to virgin paper until the fluid is spent

ur eyes again, imprinted on my memory/soul etched there for eternity watch me always, they dance with the rhythms of my hand racing across the page offering everything produced to you

your eyes watch mine watching yours as i write more or less sometimes refined like maps, more often swirling directions, arrows, circles and magic sigils/characters - they all become poems, hundreds of poems that issue from one medium driven by millions of impulses dented in time by the living and the dead all wishing to speak silently out of turn

waiting impatiently for me to sculpt them into a message saturated with meaning that only the reader understands

another piece completed though behind me a chorus sings, play it again one more time and so it never ends

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2577.html