

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>