

Metamorphosis

by sylph Tuesday, Nov 27 2012, 10:53am

international / poetry / post



Night lights of Diwali

dark, warm, quite
enveloped in a living quilt
the forest at night

haunting and familiar
everything finds its
origination here
everything is comforted
and at home

while day sleeps
night bursts with life
devoid of man's
civilised chaos
muffled sounds
of small night creatures
foraging in the undergrowth

some emerge tentatively
sniffing at my legs and hands
hoping for a handout
but better not to disturb
nature's balance

the moonlight reflected
in their large night eyes
creates small bright tunnels

in the blackness

i wait until u appear
moving deliberately
and easily in the mist

ur moves seem synchronised
to some secret symphony
that only u are able to hear

moving closer u ignore my presence
until u press against my being
and nudge at my heart
tugging at it gently until its
beats synchronise to your rhythmic movements

u pluck at my strings
and draw out my longing
like a fine weaver of silk

slowly u spin a space
in the vastness
a cocoon only accommodating
two

together we enter
locked in full embrace
ur wings folded twice
around our bodies

in profound euphoria
in each others' arms
we dream dreams of transformation
creation

time passes,
what was two
becomes one
a single life emerges
and moves in the forest
of the night
seeking its twin