Metamorphosis

by sylph *Tuesday, Nov 27 2012, 10:53am* international / poetry / post



Night lights of Divali

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

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-259.html