

Pristine

by sylph *Friday, May 12 2017, 1:07pm*

international / poetry / post

before immersion in the darkness
of the womb, soothing in its warmth
and fluid safety
i was light, pristine
beyond blemish

now in the fluid darkness
that surrounds, tho it offers an imitation
of safety/security, it lacks the sanctuary
and purity of light/life

darkness is antithetical to light,
it is illusion that curses bodily birth
and attaches itself until the body
dies or transcends itself

there is no darkness,
darkness is only the absence of light
a symptom of loss and separation

in the hands of diabolical
body-mind torturers
i watch it scream and writhe in pain
because it is subject to pain
but light is subject to nothing,
and nothing is able to disturb the luminescence
that is everlasting

do what you will with the body as i am not subject to it,
i am never captured, darkness cannot contend with light,
i know my origin which cannot be traced in time, space
or quality

you fail to understand that you cannot reach me
and so you apply more bodily pain
and imagine its reactions are mine -- let the body do what it must,
react as any subject would to that which affects it

but you fail to reach me in my pristine essence, you fail
to appreciate that which is beyond your comprehension
though you revel in applying pain and torture
you are lost in darkness/illusion

and how profound is that darkness
which only affects the earth-bound?

i am forever beyond your reach --
of light, i know i am

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2656.html>