

## Black Magic

by zed *Saturday, Jun 10 2017, 1:51pm*

international / poetry / post

another poem refuses to allow me sleep  
until expressed -- 'so tired, tired of  
waiting ... for you'

the single red rose on my mantle  
explodes in exquisite, voluptuous furls  
reminding me of something gained and lost  
but then everything on this plane is  
transitory -- why lament the fleeting?

'i believe if i fall in .... with you it would  
last forever' -- indeed it would, but not the 'you'  
only the Love

a struck piano key reverberates  
i listen until i hear it no more  
though i know it continues  
forever

some things in the transitory endure forever  
sound/word scratches a record of a presence/movement  
long forgotten but recorded in the ether

it is the overlapping of pluralities into singularity  
tho few are able to appreciate how the one expresses itself  
in a multifarious universe -- the many and one are the same  
tho transmitting that reality coherently is beyond language to  
express

'500 miles, 500 miles ... away from home'

'be still and know that i am ...'  
it is true the only sentence of real truth in the bible,  
another record of feeble scratches that few are able to understand

tho, 'i am THAT . . .', there isn't a need for another, 'i am'  
the most succinct linguistic declaration of truth

Fibonacci expressed it in numbers  
those ever-present infinite spirals of nature  
but why the need of numbers/language  
as intuition delivers the entire story?

a-lone, al(l)-one becomes another example

'hey, hey paula, i've been waiting for you ...'  
this poem is fraught with interruptions,  
old song lyrics intervening as tho relevant

but who am i to judge or interrupt the process?  
every attempt is overwhelmed by the inevitable  
and so i have learned to be at peace

i strike another note on the piano/keyboard  
and listen  
this one endures a little longer before it fades  
from human sense tho it too  
'will last forever ...'

'that ol' black magic ...'  
in its spell, whirling/dancing with an interrupted poem  
but that is how it was meant to be

'in a spin, lovin' that spin i'm in ...'

so good night my Loves,  
sweet dreams

'round, round, round, i go ...  
that old black magic called, love'

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2704.html>