

Time

by hrim *Friday, Aug 3 2012, 1:38pm*

international / poetry / post

immortality is constantly on offer
between the beats
of existence

chronos,
the harbinger of decay,
destruction and death
has a foe it has never
been able to subdue.

time is subject to spellbinding
beauty,
ecstasies of the mind
and the ineffable bliss
of souls cavorting in paradise.

when infinity is instantly permeated
allowing for no duration
or measurable span
the conqueror exclaims,
'no bell tolls for me!'

in those instants
the cosmos is fertilised,
gestates, labours and
delivers in an instant

[therein do
all the Gods
and immortals dwell.]

the fountain of youth
is no myth or mystery;
the scent of the sacred rose
of immortality
is not the stuff of legend

when seer and seen merge
time stops,
when the distinction between
subject and object
is subverted

and all divisions evaporate
the slayer is slain;

the doors of paradise
burst open
and reveal
a pristine medium
upon which all creation is
rendered.

given all the magic
incantations
and esoteric spells,
slaying the slayer
armed only with
a warm, generous heart
and the innate beauty
we all possess
remains the choice
of heroes and heroines.

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-28.html>