

## Tassels and Conch

by sadh *Tuesday, Sep 26 2017, 7:28pm*

international / poetry / post

which of ur forms would seize me today?  
i feel it rolling in like the sea,  
steady, smooth and powerful

the arms of my time-piece  
seem stationary, does time really march when interrupted by  
by creation? such interference is welcome

steal me away from the pedestrian triflings  
of an ignorant disconnected world  
that weaves its own destruction,  
i am urs, u know it

true, sure, real, beyond all known cultural realities,  
fictions and charades in essence, the fodder of  
ignorant fools

how pleasant ur interruptions tho  
i have no regrets only gratitude;  
riding with u on the wind and cutting through oceans  
of light, i am happy that u steal me away from this space  
to ur realms of bliss  
though it costs me a permanent identity, a 'place'  
in society, what a laugh,  
sacrifices gladly accepted

what would u that i express today,  
the gossamer wisps of creation, the thumping  
nuclear pulse/throb of creation?  
u know words fail to accurately capture the process  
but they allude and guide those waking from their sleep  
to see more than is offered in tinsel town, intangible media/opium  
dreams  
and echoes in hollow chambers of meaninglessness

today i would rather u appear in three dimensional form  
so this body is not further troubled by its needs  
which distract and obsess --  
u approach like an exquisite ghost tho not entirely  
immaterial, i feel u, my body feels u

u begin to take form,

ur lashing hair, sweating brow  
and glittering eyes  
betray ur throes of ecstasy that bewitch my  
coil and tantalise my mind

stark naked u approach, burning red  
armed with tasseled spear and imbibing blood from a human skull --  
all the rivers flow  
wetness shines from ur thighs, ur passion  
overwhelms and explodes in what is left of my  
disintegrating being

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2897.html>