

Kala

by lynx *Saturday, Oct 14 2017, 7:00am*

international / poetry / post



love knows no tomorrows or yesterdays
it sweeps everything in existence
into ecstasy which fills all voids
with ur scintillating presence

impossible forms and qualities
that mere three dimensional beings
cannot appreciate, they lack the calibre
and power to embrace something that annihilates
identity prior to granting immortality

the blackness the deepest blackness of space
is reflected in your eyes
yet that which frightens most i find irresistible
sweep ur black rolling ocean across my face,
drop ur jewels of sweat on my brow

throw me, thrill me, kill any vestige of self
that i may never return to this limited world
in which i was imprisoned

thank u for allowing me to find ur escape
that u hid in plain sight, which leads
to the deepest absorbing blackness known --
all qualities return to pure black light
as seen only by the few

burn a tattoo on my forehead with ur reptilian tongue
and i would feed u souls to devour
look at my handiwork, this world is ready to tear itself
apart through the lack of love, which i stealthily stole
from humanity
replacing it with fabrications, lies and empty dreams
of destruction dressed as redemption

have i not done well to fulfil ur promise
and return every precious soul to the burning?

look now, they chase annihilation automatically
these mindless creatures,
not knowing up from down,
wakefulness from sleep

they now offer what is left of their minds to
the swirling sea of oblivion, how thoroughly
empty are their hearts, which could save them
and return their spines to their backs
releasing serpents of the purest white light

look at my handiwork, the entire world is lost
and the few souls that have resisted and know
are of no consequence
as the overwhelming majority form
a tsunami of total destruction,
which is the culmination of my
work, my lolling goddess of
utter destruction and life eternal for those
that do not fear or hesitate

watch as they pour their precious vitality
into ur swirling black sea from which u feed and drink
of the prize i offer

have i not done well?

*[Now I have become **Time** destroyer of all things (worlds) and I come to vanquish all living beings --
Sri Krishna, Chap.11 verse 32, Bhagavad Gita]*



Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2937.html>