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

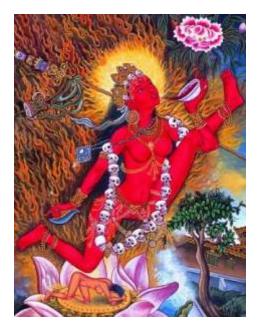
they now offer what is left of their minds to the swirling sea of oblivion, how thoroughly empty are their hearts, which could save them and return their spines to their backs releasing serpents of the purest white light

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