

Silver Threads

by zed *Sunday, Oct 22 2017, 8:57am*

international / poetry / post

the earth's horizon merges with the sky
leaving no reference from which to locate
a vessel in the vast expanse of ur eyes

lost in these mesmerising whirlpools
i search for ur centre but spirals rob space,
time, distance of all meaning,
tho will remains, while my life essence
involuntarily pours into ur vortex

liquid sky absorbs all into its
rarefaction --
transported, free-flying
in the limitless great ocean
of ur being

should i lament my lost body/soul, now captive
like an insect that flies into a web
but u are not a spider tho ur invisible web
holds me fast, the more i resist
the more entrapped i become

are u so hungry that u would not allow
voluntary surrender? it seems so,
yet i have never completely fallen prey
to anything/one but my own folly,
u see, i continue to assert control by
releasing my every impulse to free myself
from ur grasp

u circle me watching dispassionately
like a panther blacker than the night,
u follow my light while hiding ur own
yet ur ruby laser eyes are incapable of
disguising ur penetrating beams

so i follow the burning rays into ur
innermost being, which u have not defended;
ur spine now visible but only from inside ur core,
the middle pillar of ur self

i watch ur iridescent currents

moving thru ur spine, nerves
and the light beaming from ur eyes,
i see an entrance in the solar region
and pass thru into ur quickening

u are now mine
i push down to ur sacral triangle
and arouse ur fire
forcing u to twitch in unbearable pleasure,
and u imagined i fell prey

now fully mobile, i spin ur pleasure-wheel
ferociously until u lose every notion of why
u imagined u could trap the sun

i travel every delectable part of ur
72,000 fires burning ur essence
for fuel

now fully agile i move to ur heart,
throat, now spinning in synchronisation
with ur sacral pleasure-wheel

i rise to ur single eye between the ruby redness
and see my escape thru the crown of ur head
which is now a liquid silver bowl of shimmering light

if i move toward it and make my escape
all ur fires would move with me
killing u instantly as i exit ur crown
tho my intention is not to kill
only to release

i gather ur essence and fashion a golden phallus
while sitting on the seed in the middle of ur brain --
no, u will not die this time tho i would make my escape

i move to ur crown aperture
and push the golden phallus thru
watching u explode into the ALL,
where is ur power now?

i emerge withdrawing the phallus
leaving an open crown aperture
which remains open screaming a high pitched
'iieeeeemm, shreeeeemm, kleeemm'

i surrender ur vanity to infinity
until u dissolve in my ocean of ineffable
Bliss
'hooomm, puut, swaha!'

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2952.html>