

The Undulations

by lex Saturday, Jan 13 2018, 9:21am

international / poetry / post

it's never the same,
how could it be?
all existence is in process,
always becoming more than it once was
while we try in vain to hang on to something, anything
fixed, yet the real anchor is flux
we are cut cables in space thrashing in a vacuum
though that vacuum is as empty as the minds
that imagine vacuums exist, forget it,
existence is saturation, not emptiness
except of course in the minds of hollow men
not able to reflect existence and their own peculiar
contribution to the symphony -- which is your resonance,
do you play?

let it go, you cannot locate me, only experience me
let your floating Asian hair fall on my face like jet black waves
that eventually fall on the shore, return to the sea
and roll in again renewed -- feel that movement in your body
as my body responds in kind without interference
from the tangle of thought

let it flow and you will flow with it, as your fluids flow
naturally --

in this movement, peaking and descending to peak again
on another wave, there is no returning to any wave once ridden

go all over me and forget yourself to experience only,
everything sorts itself if left alone to follow its course

are we harmonised? only then could we remain together
in the uncertainty and discord that culture creates, it's a lie
only our bond is able to free us both
throw yourself into the perfect bliss of the moment,
there is nowhere else to go, do not rob yourself of the experience --
your body purrs then arches like a tiger as our souls collide and
explode
into the undefinable All

never attempt to capture me, you could have me always if you cease
your futile efforts to own what cannot be owned, simply accept

and you would be secure in the throes of existence/experience

I love you, though my body, mind and soul speak louder
than any combination of words,
I write this for your lingering uncertainty
and hope that it finally lays it to rest while we dance forever
in the undefinable, saturated cosmos

this joining is y/our freedom from doubt if you allow it,
a launch-pad into the perfect bliss and peace
of forever

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3118.html>