

Books and Words

by lex *Monday, Feb 19 2018, 9:26am*

international / poetry / post

reclining with my favourite little booke,
a gem of a book that always inspires
poetry

its covers are like a persian mosque
layered in colour and geometric patterns
its paper is somewhere between parchment and human skin

it inspires because nothing is printed on its pages
nothing whatsoever

it tempts me at times to jot a note
or doodle but that vandalous act would deflower it
and its virginity is what makes it what it is
whereas female virginity is meant to be given and taken

white walls in this cave beg to be drawn and painted
with lyric lines of strange beasts, match-men,
none are without their phallic representation, engaged in the hunt
and dance

i take a charcoal piece from the fire and let loose, my arm and wrist
do all the work moving like waves, crests and flicks

after a few hours of semi-trance my arm withdraws
the white walls of the cave now brandish what is outside it,
various living creatures and scapes

i have not learned to write yet as it hasn't been invented

aeons pass, now words that express the inexpressible
tantalise like gems fixed firmly in the rock walls
i have tried to loosen them and incorporate them into my poetry
but to no avail they are firmly fused in the cave wall

perhaps an explosive charge may yield one of these gems
imagine a word that expresses the inexpressible which would by its
nature
transform everyone that read it

i once tried a crow-bar but not one word could be freed
and so i am left with only common words that express

what they intend

like an awakening from a dream you appear
ageless, though decades have passed since first we met
i now approach seventy while you maintain your nubile appearance
yet it is not my body you love, it is the lights i conjure with words

i once conjured a spirit and various demons with incantations,
though using the art
for protection, these entities freed are dangerous to mortals
they drive them into crazy frenzies and lead them into spaces from
which there is no escape

i am very careful with words as i know they possess power to hurt
or inspire,
to draw and repel love, indeed i know and excel in my art, i was
taught well
by a magician and a pythoness

my love for you endures like an indestructible column though i
choose to slice it and offer
each circular wheel to you which you fasten to your chariot to see
where each new wheel takes you,
we have traveled half the universe in your golden chariot

in the end i would write one last verse for you alone, i have a secret,
i managed to loosen and take one of those magic words, this one
realises
the inexpressible forever, need i write another?