

Sensing

by rae *Tuesday, Feb 20 2018, 9:02pm*

international / poetry / post

waves rise and twist like ballerinas
on this tactile sea
appearing separate from the surface

this soft, smooth fluid is like the tactile
sense of rose petals

sail, sail, sail away and return
riding the waves like gentle hands

billow my giant spinnaker which dwarfs the sky,
clouds and annihilates all with pulsing love
eliminating limitless and limiting horizons

not a word, as here everything speaks
a language of perfect poetry expressing a pure plane
that defies misinterpretation and transmits only Love
in every imaginable and impossible way

this language is the reality of everything that appears and
withdraws
only to reappear as something more than it was
dance, twist, skip and drown in this sea

my vessel flies in this medium,
which adjusts to every other harmonious force and movement
instantaneously
there is no friction or discord here, only the flowing free without
resistance
of any sort

touch me, take me, i am nothing if not the freedom in the flow
of this love

i have discarded everything i thought precious, including
thought itself to arrive here in this paradise,
where everything pleases, elevates and disappears completely
in consuming bliss

my vessel leaves the sea and rises into the sky
accompanied by the spirits of the air that dance

their characteristic dance though in harmony with the dance
of the undines

the sky rolls back pitching my vessel higher into an orbit
circling the sky and then rolls back again capturing my ship
in its arms

whatever is left of any notion of identity fades and transforms
before this splendour to become the experience of everything
which is captured in a word but fails expression, down below

Love

(which was/is everything, always)

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3199.html>