

A Day

by rayn *Thursday, Feb 22 2018, 3:10am*

international / poetry / post

ur hair floats like a sail and turns like a gull
in the sea breeze
the two of us perched on the cemetery hill
overlooking the moving sea and sky

gravestones and the city are behind us,
this cemetery occupies multi-million dollar
potential real estate development
but famous Australian poets are interred here,
their spirits have protected this awesome space
for over a century

the wind is fresh and vital with accumulated energy
from the sea, which is spent before it reaches the city
of the living dead

palm branches move slowly singing a slow harmony as they move

u do not speak as words interrupt the experience,
here, now

i turn and watch ur face turned to the wind like
a totem on the bow of an old sailing ship,
there is nothing to do and nowhere to go
Being is more than sufficient,
everything is in its space/place

u smile speaking volumes without the need of words
i respond in kind which prompts u to draw closer
and snuggle into my side,
my arm automatically allowing ur new position,
curving around ur back ending with my hand
resting to the side of ur breast
u respond and rest it gently on ur breast

not a word to interrupt the intimacy
or haul us back into petty distractions

assured and at peace the two, without interference,
become one, effortlessly

the plurality of everything here begins to merge

into a voluptuous dance of experience/existence

bliss, perfection and joy are always available on this earth
if we choose

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3201.html>