

i Shudder in your Presence

by rayn *Monday, Jan 28 2013, 7:49am*

international / poetry / post

i am convinced that
i am cursed to a solitary existence,
is it so important?

why am i offered a respite from my
crowded solitude and frenetic work
by warm flesh, soothing caresses
and deep connections of the heart,
only to have it abruptly and surgically
terminated by fate's impartial scalpel?

a myriad reasons for
continuity were subverted by one
fickle impulse to go
and i am not one to prevent
free expression or personal evolution,
but i tire of gathering my insides from
the floor and lodging them back
into their rightful place --
tho holding my pulsing, longing,
tortured heart briefly in my hands is
oddly reassuring; i have not lost my
ability to surrender and love completely

did u perhaps imagine i would plead or
attempt to dissuade you?
no! ur mother taught u only about
mediocre, pedestrian men,
the exceptional expect awareness,
responsibility and self-determination,
who am i to interrupt the volition of another,
i hoped u would stay of ur own accord
but it was not to be?

i have lost count of the number of vacuous females
that have offered themselves, thinking their offers a great gift;
they fervently desired to attach and remain
but i require substance, character, power and strength
from all my women,
qualities you have in abundance;
and what did u do with ur rare
combination of attributes?

Leave!

did i fall in love with my desire, high standards
or you as u are? i wonder sometimes
as the women that move me never linger

you are unaware that i shuddered
to the core of my being when first we met,
my entire being trembled in recognition,
the profound intimacy and exchanges
we shared do not occur without prior
experience and familiarity.

but go u must

do not look back
or make the mistake of imagining
you could return as if u never left

why do so many women make this fatal
mistake? the pain and scars of abrupt separation
are never removed or forgotten

capable, talented women of substance
are getting more difficult to find,
as, i suppose, are the equivalent in men

i doubt that i would be so fortunate
to tremble in the presence of someone new;
only three women in my entire life have shaken
me to the core
and each wished to return,
as they never found
what they took for granted
again

🔊 [Different Drum - Stoned Ponies](#)

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-370.html>