

## **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](#)

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