i Shudder in your Presence

by rayn *Monday, Jan 28 2013, 7:49am* international / poetry / post

i am convinced thati 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 Poneys

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