

Vapours

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like a genii escaping
from its bottle prison
a vapour jets from a fissure
in the earth
into the atmosphere

hovering momentarily,
as if reconnoitring,
it spots a suitable subject
and penetrates the solar plexus
[of the object of desire]
leaving no blemish or
tell-tale mark to indicate
a point of entry.

now trapped in the central
nervous system -- with its myriad
neural ducts and pathways --
the vapour swirls through the entire system
exciting and activating sleeping centres
as it goes,
until it locates the major ducts.

shooting up to the crown
then down to the sacrum,
it completes seven orbits

before it coils itself (three and a half times)
at the base of the spine.

if favourable conditions prevail
it sends forth a shoot;
until
a gossamer lotus forms
and blooms above the navel.

opening its petals
the lotus reveals a tiny Buddha
sitting in trance,
eyes turned upward
body upright in profound meditation.

a glow emanates from this being
and permeates the host
until the entire body is
quickened and moving with light.

the object of desire
harmonised,
now complete
locks her legs around my waist
and straddles my maleness;
locked together in undifferentiated Bliss
we become everything
that is,
was
or ever will
Be



<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-363.html>

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-40.html>