

Refractions

by stylus *Friday, Feb 22 2013, 11:15am*

international / poetry / post

it's a re-collection
(fuck the 're,'
i like the collection part)
a waft of spring flowers
on a breeze
and gone
leaving me to piece together
a scent, flowers,
triggering memory
until u return,
a full recollection --
your wetness
lips-saliva, body-sweat,
cunt juice
flowing
like the waters
of the entire earth

ur the only one i re-call
via the olfactory sense,
blame the breeze
laden with Spring's fertility
everything fucking
leaving traces in the earth
wind, sea
and sky

like frenzied shooting stars
across the black screen
of my (fertile) mind

the night sky
is dwarfed here,
a zillion messages etched forever
on this surface,
some hurriedly scrawled
others etched more deliberately,
some elaborate
like illuminated scripts
every possible manner of encoding
every sense exhausted
in their manufacture

the indelible tracks of experience
not one comma missing
everything recorded
for those able to read it
a book,
a narrative of continuous life
through various bodies
which nothing
is able to suppress

every time we fucked you
created avenues
doorways
through time;
sometimes by the sands of the Nile
egyptian faces and laughter
other times the bleak
and windy steppes
asiatic eyes, hard spirits
then wild mountains
storms seas
ur eyes steal a man's sense
of being
ur cunt, a tunnel into
a myriad worlds
of delight,
what magic do u possess?

i didn't create this chemistry
i wallowed in it
u never could fathom the reaches
of ur power over me
no more than i could anticipate
which dimension u would open next

few could handle this transformative
conjugation,
u eventually ran faster than
a frightened doe,
can't say i blame u
i've never experienced
anything like it since.

sometimes i wonder if ur happy
with ur accountant
and tennis on Tuesdays.