

Dark

by lynx *Thursday, Mar 14 2013, 11:25am*

international / poetry / post

tonight is black
so dense is its darkness
the moon has abandoned
the sky

the waves on bondi fluoresce
as they break, tiny plankton
offer the only light,
an eerie glow

i search in vain for the horizon
but am unable to separate
sky from sea in the
blackness

it is strangely reminiscent
of something deep in memory

i locate my favourite rock ledge
with my trusty l-e-d torch
tho i nearly lose my footing
and plunge to certain death
on the rocks below

can u imagine?
instead of reading
this poem locals
would be reading
about a body at the bottom
of the cliffs with no ID
or other identifying features

little would the authorities know
that this is now the useless body
of Australia's leading
anonymous poet --
this is not a narcissistic claim
as writing is a narcissistic pursuit
and no Australian writer of merit
writes anonymously all the time
as i do

few understand why i do not
wish to take credit
or criticism for my works,
it's so tedious being somebody

i'm happy to disappear into the blackness
and reappear where least expected,
u see, i'm not only a poet
i'm a semiotic terrorist

*[i recall now, the blackness
reminds me of my inception
in the womb --
everything
begins and ends in
fertile darkness]*

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-448.html>