

Reflections

by vic *Monday, Apr 1 2013, 8:15pm*

international / poetry / post

i have spoken to the wise
and discovered that silence
leads to knowledge

i have sat at the feet of
skilled artisans who
were put to shame
by a sunset

i have loved a thousand women
most tender and sublime
but found no comfort in their
sweet caresses and warm embrace

i have turned my mind
inside out and outside in
and found no peace

i have opened my being
like a flower to the sun
and found no direction,
guidance or meaning

i visited secret places,
danced with wild tribes,
whirled like a dervish
and stomped like a jungle
cannibal
a thousand lifetimes i crammed
into one

exasperated, reeling from
innumerable experiences
i collapsed from sheer exhaustion,
spent in every sense

somewhere in that lost space
and semi-conscious drifting
i sensed something familiar
long forgotten

i let myself go and surrendered
to that familiar sense --
without form, name
or fixed direction
it transported me
back to my origin

with no references to locate
myself above, below
or in between
i let it all go and encountered
the face i had before
i was born

now
when i gaze in narcissus'
cultural pool the water reflects
only limitless sky

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-470.html>