

Unrestricted

by sol *Saturday, Apr 13 2013, 12:07pm*

international / poetry / post



it's past 4am again

perfect

i've only fallen asleep
4 times on my keyboard
tonight

for whatever reason
these hours spawn poetry like
coral sperm in
tropical seas

but let's not be self-indulgent
it's production time
but
unlike so many narcissistic writers
that cling desperately to their reputations/
productions/names
i cling to nothing (not even my cock)
the creative impulse is unfettered here

free to spin a yarn,
nail criminal corporatists
and the puppet politicians
that serve them

or simply to open up and allow a poem
to arrive easily of its own accord,
unhindered by categories,
or expectations, which destroy many artists
in love with their names/reputations

poems fall like summer rain

and winter snow here,
some ooze slowly like ejaculate
from between my lover's thighs
others spurt like sea anemones

no rules only the impulse
to create -
could u imagine where we would be
if the universe was conscious of itself?

*[did it again
without the confines of style or course
without the burden of identity or
other traceable features*

*it is far better to create
than to be somebody,*

*how tedious/restrictive
identities are - think of the expectations
they create in others
identities enslave more effectively
than digital chains*

*write, paint, sculpt
like a winter breeze
crisp
clean
and fresh
nothing here impinges on the free flow of verse,
un-owned, un-claimed even by the inscriber/artist*

*u may have it if u wish
there's plenty more
where this came from]*