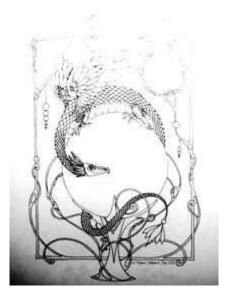
Serpents Dance Only in the Sky

by cube *Saturday, Aug 18 2012, 11:18am* international / poetry / post



Artwork by tiger-tyger

when i think of You the mediocrity of the past abandons the present leaving only shimmering trails, vapours and mists where regrets once formed impassable mountains and insurmountable barriers.

free of constraints i rise like a winged serpent and ride the airstreams into the blurred horizon a bodiless soul unimpeded by dense organic dross.

i am pure light limitless like the sky more radiant than the sun; home at last in a body that shimmers and gleams -formless beyond measure filling all space and saturating existence, nothing is able to impede or obstruct this ascension.

what futile desire or biological need deluded u into imagining i could be captured, confined and tamed according to perverse cultural prescriptions; whose nightmare are u living, it carries no appeal here?

would u offer me ur garden of earthly delights or ur immortal body of light, the being u were before u were born?

accompany me
to the edge of infinity
leave ur instincts and desires behind
they are of no use in this realm
allow ur LOVE to guide you
the essence upon which all creation quickens.

are u able to forgo the gross for the fine escape a world of drear and shadows for the blinding white light of creation?

only ur Love is able to join me nothing else is able to *make* this journey

i no longer have a taste for bondage, needless suffering and oblivion only limitless space appeals and the quickening kinesis at the edge of creation where only immortals and Gods congregate.

join me if u dare or if ur longing is greater than ur fear, 'good sense' and reason.

join me in freedom or descend again

into the mire of cultural perversity, bondage and misery.

My Back Pages - Jackson Browne and Joan Osborne

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-49.html