

## Breaking

by ally *Friday, Apr 19 2013, 1:24pm*

international / poetry / post

day hints at its approach  
the horizon now clearly  
separates sea and sky  
amorphous night-ness  
sabotaged by light  
the unity of darkness  
subverted by the plurality of day

silhouettes begin to take full form  
the universe is reborn with every dawn

i see ur eyes but not ur face  
i sense u  
but ur body evades me  
tho i have little need of bodies  
they r only good for fucking,  
and fighting

realms of spirit, soul,  
intellect and intuition are my  
domains, my home

so much time/energy wasted  
on gross bodies  
souls r distinct,  
each has a unique course  
whereas gross bodies share one destination,  
death, decay, disintegration  
how fucking original  
all travelling together to doom

do not delude urselves  
separating the body  
from its animating forces  
does not extinguish  
the continuity of being  
i have been killed many times  
yet i persist  
and haunt the murderers  
the destroyers of unity

u think 'i' write every piece,

create every text,  
not likely -  
i allow myself  
to act as a conduit,  
for various voices/  
impulses  
the disembodied  
speaking clearly thru me --  
the vastness of this creative  
store is matched only  
by the infinite splendour of  
existence

light has robbed the sky of its blanket  
clouds appear  
as do variations on  
the ground  
the repose and security of night  
is replaced by the chaos and multiplicity  
of day

u appear before me  
in totality  
i prefer u unseen  
sensing ur energies and subtle  
nature rather than encountering  
flesh

fuck the day

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-506.html>