

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

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