

## Fraught

by lilly *Thursday, May 23 2013, 1:43pm*

international / poetry / post

with the desire to write  
a poem that perpetuates  
itself forever

but unlocking the secret  
that releases the magic  
of pure creativity onto  
a page/medium is proving  
difficult

the continuous hum  
of the universe is a constant  
that issues from a Divine  
throb/pulse --  
like an erect throbbing phallus  
ready to infuse life/meaning  
into empty space

but it's a fanciful notion  
to liken the infinite universe  
to a pulsing erect phallus,  
the myths of Osiris  
Dionysus, Siva  
and Jesus all personify  
the rising, setting  
and rising again  
solar/phallic symbol  
as the cyclic generator  
of life and death

it's been done before  
but failed,  
the myths did not persist  
in their original form,  
meaning and intent  
were lost

the poem should burst  
softly forward  
from non-being into Being  
then ripple endlessly  
until all time and space

are permeated

personal creativity is an expression  
of universal creativity  
it issues from the same source  
so it is not an unrealistic  
ambition;  
sound continues forever  
and what is poetry but various  
forms of sound  
expressed as sign

the ideal approach would be  
a low throb that ripples  
and lifts,  
by sympathetic vibration,  
everything it touches,  
like sound waves  
rippling across a lake

the poem should be  
appreciated emotionally,  
intellectually and physically  
otherwise it would risk  
losing its integrity

each time we greet the day  
it greets us totally and vividly  
we cannot miss the totality,  
of that event

poets and scribes of old  
failed to achieve an enduring  
creation, the Gods they created  
fell victim to evil men

i intend to succeed  
where others have failed