

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