

The Blue Flute

by naryan *Wednesday, Jun 19 2013, 1:05pm*

international / poetry / post

during certain astronomical
phases
on moonless nights
a strange fluorescence
can be seen
emanating from deep
within the forest

attention caught
by the blueish glow
a hypnotic sound
becomes audible

the sound/music
draws all souls
to it,
such is its strange allure

arriving at the grove
i see young nubile girls
dancing
around a central figure
playing a flute

moving closer to gain a better
orientation
and perhaps a glimpse
of the visage of this forest flautist
my body becomes light as a feather

maidens continue dancing
ecstatically
oblivious
to everything except
the central figure
who moves in rhythm
to his music

naked from the waist up
draped in garlands of scented
exotic flowers his firm musculature
and strong shoulders

give the impression
he could support the universe

maidens wet with sweat
thighs moist with vaginal
juices betray sexual frenzy;
they dance and whirl in ecstasy
crying, Hari! Hari! Hari!

everything expands until
a swirling singing sea of sixteen thousand
maidens
whirls around the figure
like a vortex with a central
Sun

as the music reaches a crescendo
the flute magically expands and elongates
spurting wild music to the
orgiastic screams and moans
of the nubile girls,
whose dishevelled hair
and loosened saris
reveal their naked yearning,
wet with desire

the central figure turns
always orienting his back
to me
unidentifiable

i climb a gold and silver tree
adorned with the sun and moon
to gain a better view
and see to my amazement
the flautist's reflected face in a lake

head cocked sideways,
lips shaped around
the aperture, blowing,
the flautist is me