

Lux Om Pax

by phyte *Wednesday, Aug 29 2012, 1:25pm*

international / poetry / post



Photo by Rebecca Leahan

futile travails
and uncertainties
i leave in the city
with my suited attire --
all behind me now

before me a land-seascape solarises,
luminesces
emerald green skies
cobalt seas
shimmer in my vision
eyes flicker and fly,
strobing like nectar feeders
at the open mouths
of flowers

i am shaman again
translucent
part man, beast, spirit
a body tailored for the journey

roaring seas
lashing wind
confront me
with sustained force;
i take deliberate forward steps
moving toward my goal

closer --

nearing the edge
the appointed place
under an overhang
overlooking infinity

at the edge now
buffeted in all directions
i take exact steps
and leverage myself
under the overhang
safely into an alcove

i remove my loin cloth,
talon necklace
and wrist ties --
naked
i sit cross-legged
facing the horizon
waiting
for the sun

i hear before i see
brass bugles, conche shells and horns
trumpeting its arrival

it is time,
my charge i take from its protective
pouch and release it with open palm

it shoots out and up at eye level
tiny wings beating in a blur
tubular pointed beak
between my eyes
its iridescent feathers refracting
the morning light

a tweak of its head
a blink of recognition
it turns abruptly and shoots
like bullet toward the horizon

in a blinding flash it collides with the rising sun

rays ripple toward the city
in waves
illuminating every dark crevice
and charging every vessel
waiting in anticipation --

it is done.

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-75.html>