

Rachel

by ryall *Monday, Aug 19 2013, 10:01am*

international / poetry / post

rhythms of the sea --
ur body moves
and curves flowing
sure, precise
like fluid taking the shape
of the vessel it occupies,
effortless and exact

at times i think u have
completed finishing school,
every grace and social skill
seems to come natural
automatically merging,
subtly mastering the moment
and the company

eyes like the sky --
limitless, inviting
hiding a mystery,
a secret that tantalises
and attracts the unwary
like a cobra its prey
yet i could engage
your vision
forever

but now is neither the time
nor proper medium
to describe what
a direct encounter with u
fails to apprehend

where to now?
u once asked
hoping for confirmation
of ur most fervent desires

i am aware of every
motivating impulse
u possess and how most
evade ur conscious
deliberations

we are programmed creatures
driven/enslaved by past events
that taint and discolour
the present moment
blurring clarity
and robbing us of
the reality of the new
continuous
Now

disappointed,
ur gaze fixes
on mine like a cobra
immobilising it prey,
but i am no-one's prey

i watch u turn --
nothing moves like u
nature's rhythms are shamed,
every creature is envious
but u are nature's child,
my tigress
vixen
lioness
hooded Cobra

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-757.html>