

Return

by stylus *Wednesday, Dec 4 2013, 10:54am*

international / poetry / post

a great river feeds the deep dark
waters of this lake
yet little of it is discernable on the surface

rushing waters gush in caverns and fissures
deep in the earth singing as they push toward
the lake

it is fitting that this
lake, which has never been fathomed,
is fed by secret waters
that are heard rather than seen

after almost a lifetime on the shores
of the lake i determined
to make for the source
of the river which legend says originates
in the clouds high above
the mountains

it is good to give thanks
for the life-giving waters
and arrive at the source of life

lost in the gorges, hidden valleys
and haze of rarefied heights
it is said that sky-dragons guard the way
but allow the fearless and determined
to proceed

i am drawn by the rushing,
singing waters;

your body,
your fertile valley
capture and wrap my mind
around your contoured
curves like clouds
in a Chinese landscape

i must discover the source of
the hidden waters

as living on the lowlands
has never satisfied my deep yearning
and unattainable desires

why do u fret at the prospect
of my departure?
think of the sublime moments
we spent together,
why would u dwell
on pain when locked in ur experience
are sublime joys?

would u rather that i stay and
live as a dead man deprived
of his dream and volition?

i think not

wish me well
and it all ends well

u know it is love that
drives me ever onward

i am found only
when i am lost in love