

Coming Back

by wisp *Wednesday, Dec 11 2013, 9:09am*

international / poetry / post

from where i do not know
to where i have a good idea
like a ripening fruit
becoming itself
the redness of a tomato
the sourness of a lemon
a poet
becomes a poet again
but where did it go wrong
or rather how was it momentarily
lost?

perhaps while i was weeping,
in between the tears
a flash of joy, pure ecstasy
guided me back
home

or a rhythm guided me back
we are surrounded by rhythms
but remain deaf
we are saturated in joy but
somehow remain impervious

i have ceased to question these
emotions that ebb and flow
like the great waters
of creation

no/yes
it just now dawned on me
but required this poem to induce
the revelation

we re-collect -- it was never lost
we remember -- we have a history
locked deep in our sub-atomic structure
a recording of the entirety of
continuous creation

we are whole and part,
whichever perspective we/you care to take

our view changes but nothing ever severs
our connection
to continuous creation
a space of eternal inspiration
beyond life and death
and every other duality,
a place of unfolding
like time-lapse petals of a flower
slowly revealing its sexuality to the sun

tribals in the red centre
taught me that experience,
all experience is never lost
everything lives in the dreaming,
memory is not separate from immediacy

when your face appears before my eye
i feel the love i have for you
i sense ur presence and
become aware of ur scent and
the moisture and taste of your lips

together we bath/ed in perfection
momentarily in earth time but
reality is timeless
our love now overwhelms me
though you have long since
passed to other realms
love transcends
all limitations

i am weeping again
tears of pure joy

it's good to be back