

Manifestation

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international / poetry / post

i watch
while it takes form
in this world
or on the screen
of my mind,
i cannot tell as the
impression
shares the same
sensory medium

it swirls like smoke
in an updraft,
its presence is
strong, unmistakable
but it struggles
to take shape,
it seems
that it is linked to
my desires

it emerges like a ghost in space
to haunt and taunt
as circumstances dictate

a magus at work
evoking demons and spirits
with strange incantations
prepared incense
and various objects of the art,
but this is no ordinary spirit
or apparition
it seems too familiar
as if i am confronting
a lost or hidden aspect of myself
yet it has a distinctive life of its own

i engage it
seeking answers
but it stubbornly refuses
to impart
any hint of identity

it seeks union
and attempts without permission to
enter my being
i refuse,
it pushes all the more
not knowing
that my defences
are impenetrable,
developed over the millennia
in combat and love's embrace

i attempt to tame
its childish impetuosity
and futile persistence
and indicate that nothing enters
without my consent

it doesn't understand
it appears dejected
but its raw desire and resolve seem
to gain in strength

i reinforce my auric shell
in response
and indicate again
that nothing enters herein
without my approval,
it stops momentarily
and eyes me with its
feline eyes

it slowly turns
and moves its face directly
opposite mine
and makes a hellish scream
knowing that failure
results in oblivion

its wet sensual lips
and visibly moist labia
are incongruous with its
malevolent desire to destroy

it makes a mocking gesture
then adopts a childish innocence
but neither aspect affects my composure,
years of mastering the art
have taught me to maintain concentration
and adhere strictly to the ritual art

it shape-shifts again this

time it adopts an androgynous
appearance and reveals its young breasts
and youthful erect phallus
protruding from vaginal contours

before me it stands again
the perfect boy
or girl depending on
your orientation

i remain steadfast though somewhat affected
by this strangely erotic form
but know too well it is all illusion
designed to weaken --
behind the erotic
appearance is a
grotesque reality

it gyrates in sexual frenzy
spinning and contracting
its abdomen
in pulses
until its vaginal fluids flow freely
moistening its inner thighs

i notice its phallus swollen
throbbing and dripping with excitement

finally it spasms and spurts
streams of life force
until it is spent
and becomes easy prey for me

it acknowledges defeat
and becomes completely
subservient to my will

i display then burn
images of the enemy
in the censor
and incant
secret rituals until my
desire is completely understood

it responds to my will
eager to carry out its new
commission

it turns, spins and disappears
to wreak vengeance on
my enemies and the

evil ones of this world

<http://ozpoetry.hopto.org/poetry/poem-452.html>

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-944.html>