

Apparent

by *chrissy Friday, Aug 3 2018, 7:35am*

international / poetry / post

sometimes it shimmers
like the wings of a dragonfly
other times it flickers like the
refracted light of hummingbird feathers
and icy stars in a clear night sky,
but more often than not it accommodates
the perceiver

oozing for me like thick oil in the sea
splashing foam onto the unshures of existence

i care not for control as all attempts fail
in the end,
i happily allow it to assume any manner
or shape it chooses, sometimes this,
at other times that; it shapes reality
like we dream our desires
or should i say, it shapes its dream which is reality for us,
actors, in a dream within a dream within ... ad infinitum

confronted again by my choices/directions, some in tune
others clanging like worn, discordant cymbals
i do not fret over illusions, i belong to no culture
of blind believers/dreamers?

again it approaches, do you feel it,
it's unmistakable?
this time it assumes the shape
and allusions of this poem

who am i to resist it?