

Bye

by ena *Wednesday, May 30 2018, 8:11am*

international / poetry / post

the high and the low
reflect ...

sea grasses move underwater
like the hair of angels floating and swirling
in the clouds

mountains, tired of the heights
diminish and seek the depths

corals grow like crystals saturated in solution
piercing the surface reaching for the sky

the wind howls high above the ground
but whistles in the trees
reach out, strain to break the barriers
be more than u are in another space
un-mapped by culture's jail

the look of the un-guessed
captivates until it is understood
like your face in heat
draped in desire, dripping
love

beyond articulated speech is the pulse of creation
forever beating like your heart for my embrace --
love is a bankrupt word that cries for what it implies
which reaches from the bottom to the top
and rises from the top to reach the bottom

who or what could categorise u outside
the known -- are u so easily enslaved that u prefer
the prescribed?

a vortex forms in the middle of an ocean
draining it into the sky where fluids form
inverted solid ranges towering below --
what goes up does not necessarily come down
but what is down must ascend

break that which enslaves all

by entering the un-known
un-mapped places --
make ur own unique space/place
without the walls and confinements of the expected

smell the scent and imbibe deeply
of the sweet nectar of Freedom

Inverse Times Open Publishing. <http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-20.html>