

Transition

by clancy *Wednesday, Aug 15 2018, 7:38am*

international / poetry / post

night follows day as twilight,
no light-switch changes in nature
transitions are usually smooth tho borders/boundaries
between temporal states are sometimes squeezed
when lightning strikes from the dark clouds
on an otherwise warm, sunny day

i leave u return, one day our movements may synchronise
so we both come together, leave and return together
but as it stands it's a futile expectation

two distinct patterns, one spontaneous
the other learned, too tidy to be real
tho one pattern is always distinct the other is shared
with anal personalities in every society

how the fuck did such a personality find me attractive?
perhaps it was subconscious need,
the need to erupt into chaos and birth a fertile
nebula

feel my pulsing quasar throbs of light
they are synchronised like my habits and
pursed like my anus unlike ur semantic farts
that u call poetry

yes i understand, philistines are the majority
in every society, farts indeed,
don't u understand art when u see it?

of course, the symmetry of a freshly laid table
with silver shining knives, spoons and forks,
tho u would use those words metaphorically

O, that dinner table the one we once fucked on
and u pissed all over when u came and i
went

