

## Pulse

by jan Sunday, Aug 26 2018, 12:57pm

international / poetry / post

heart throbs seem to speak  
beckoning to other hearts  
to feel the pulse of creation

in synchronisation they whisper  
Love

not of the particular kind  
more enthralling, complete  
in its embrace of all things

how is that possible?  
i have only known  
mundane physical love  
that empties itself  
into despair and disappointment

breathing  
linked to the pulse of existence,  
but why do you now call  
so passionately  
in my twilight years?

the pulse speaks only of rhythmic  
Love that not only sustains a body  
but galaxies that roll and spin  
in between outward and inward movements  
throbbing now so distinctly  
i am forced to press my jugular  
and note its rhythm not yet synchronised  
but drawing me close enough to take a leap  
into your heart which like a memory of the distant past  
awakened what i thought was dead

yet now i finally live a moment before i expire

perhaps the call of your heart was timed perfectly  
for the first time in my life i shall not resist

