

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

