

Sapphic Moon

by alexa *Wednesday, Oct 24 2018, 2:58am*

international / poetry / post

struck profoundly dumb
in ur presence
my tongue involuntarily contracts
and knots making speech impossible,
how is this so?

for years i thought it a personal failure
until u forced me via my futile attempts to articulate
the unutterable in ur presence;
indeed the secret was/is in plain view --
bio-mechanical speech is primitive and deficient,
ur splendour is beyond vocal capture,
the lexicons of all cultures fail to make the slightest approach
only allusive poetry has any hope
tho my brain and fingers are perfectly synchronised for writing
unlike my brain and tongue, which struggles to explain the simplest
of
things to philistines and morons

in the latitudes of the queen the moon appears graspable,
huge, it fills half the sky, at least quadruple the size of a sydney full
moon
which is merely a button in comparison
and with such proximity its whiteness agitates the tubes
that also speak silently tho spurting and heaving in momentary bliss

ur immediacy manifests as flowing pleasure and unspoken verse,
striking the cymbal which powerful, silent, non-vibration permeates
all things,
it is the secret explosive silent sound that brought all things into
existence,
only now do i understand why u refuse primitive articulations

be the moving adoration, imbibe fully of my continuity (soma)
saturate urself and then let it flow to all,
as there is an inexhaustible supply of Love in this, my harmonious
pulsating, universe

