Yours

by drake *Wednesday, Apr 3 2019, 9:36pm* international / poetry / post

> the cosmic sea churns saturated with life, its essence distills into a silver chalice, an invitation to complete liberation

u draw ur magic wand, zinc-willow and crystal tipped, only heroes enter this space -tho not yet free, as existence invites instant death or surrenders its prize, to the few that overcome

u push on, unrelenting persistence wins, u know it -- allow the meek to inherit slavery to which state they are born

climbing to the summit lashed by cutting winds and ice, u persevere until u crawl exhausted onto the level summit of ur life upon which is found a small stone enclosure

u enter without hesitation and take the golden crown refined by ur indomitable will and unwavering focus -it shines brighter than a million suns, u pause, fascinated by its wonder then place it on ur head

the silver chalice appears magically in its former place brimming with the essence, the elixir of immortality -u imbibe the nectar of the gods that gather before u waiting for the final outcome, they kneel, they know their creator and place

u alone must overcome

goddesses appear alluring, sensual moist with desire, u are not distracted

with chalice in left hand and wand in right u complete the ritual and explode into infinite space swirling with galaxies which appear as small jewels relative to ur size

u continue undaunted to the black centre that draws the known into its darkness and dive deep into its qualities only to emerge on the other side as the indestructible creator

One with all, u dance, which movements produce all that is and is not and that which is in between, everything scintillating in the throes of ecstasy

the confines of body and mind sacrificed to unfettered, uncontaminated consciousness u take ur place beside the infinite originator, who is happy to see that YOU have finally overcome

Tat Tvam Asi -- Thou art THAT!

Inverse Times Open Publishing. http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-557.html