

Folly and Desire

by quinn *Wednesday, Apr 10 2019, 8:05am*

international / poetry / post

from the foothills of my folly
i climbed the rugged mountain of my
unquenchable desires

tortuous was the ascent/descent
blocked first by a thorny forest in which
young damsels cavorted naked
i could scarce believe my eyes
as the girls spotted my throbbing
desire and laughed which only made
me madder with desire

surrounded by the thorny wall of vines
i pushed through, until I reached the girls, bleeding and torn
which wounded appearance made the girls laugh louder --
insulted, and in blind rage i trapped three nubile
and began to ravish them, which gross act
didn't reduce their laughter, they had seen it all before
and were immune though their disdain cut me to the quick
before i had satisfied my rage and lust

so onward i went higher and higher until in a clearing
of soft carpeted grass a party of all manner of human denizens
drunk, and drugged out of their minds swooned and tumbled
unaware of my presence though i was in their midst

I packed a pipe and sipped sweet wine and reclined next to
a flame always lit; i sucked and inhaled the acrid smoke
until i lost sense of where i was, riding dreams and euphoric
illusions,
how sweet it was for a time unknown until i retched dry, bile
filling my throat, i had seen this movie before

so on i went leaving the party of fools burning out their flame

cut to pieces by thorns and sick-grey from drugs and wine
i continued
until i reached the summit where i found a dying hummingbird
twitching until its little life flew from it as it slowly contracted and
became
motionless; i had shot this bird as a boy, with an air rifle
and prided myself on my marksmanship

until i watched the jewel-feathered innocent target die
and recalled the tears i shed profusely, robbing this exquisite
creature
of its life
and there it lay before me again and i cried again at the sight of my
cruel folly, learned from a perverse and violent culture

i cupped the dead bird in hand and placed it on a rock
exposed to the sun, hoping the rays would revive it
but not so, the sun only increased my torment by lighting its
flashing feathers
brighter than anything i had seen

what torture is this, this place of tormented desire?

i determined to shut it off by throwing myself
off a ledge into the deep dark valley below
but as i stepped toward the edge
i saw a clean folded robe
which fit me perfectly

and sat in pensive regret until i made a pact,
a life for a life, a cruel deed annulled by my offer, I hoped

without food or water i sat for hours, days and years it seemed,
time had disappeared until i noticed that little bird twitch and
shiver,
the wind i thought, until it opened its tiny jet eyes twitched again
and flew like a dart
then returned to hover inches before my eyes,
the sound of its humming wings transported me to i know not where
until a stirring in my groin reminded me of my failures and folly
pursuing transient pleasures, abusing my body and hollowing out
my life
but a pact is a pact, and i had offered my life in exchange
for the life i had stolen from that little bird which blinked thrice
and darted into the trees for joy

finally i had done something of worth, i thought,
i was ready to die but die i did not because i sought it,
is there no release or peace to be had?

i once again approached the edge deducing that i had license
from the pact but try as i might i was prevented from jumping
so i returned to my seat and resumed my meditation

every ugly and frightening creature, demon and fox spirit
assailed me as i sat, the horrors and mental tortures were relentless
i sat without regard or reaction and held to the living humming bird
which i had saved
until a cleansing breeze stirred my senses and i slowly emerged

from my
tortuous trance

light as a feather, i imagined i could fly in the breeze but refrained
as i had lost all desire to prove, conquer or satisfy myself and
culture

i was free at last, like that jewel-feathered hummingbird i had
revived

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