

Pulse

by drake *Tuesday, Dec 31 2019, 7:55am*

international / poetry / post

ebb-flow, contract-relax, expansion-contraction
percussion-beats throb my life away or should i say
sustain it without which pulse nothing would exist

do not cry, smiles follow,
do not die as another life follows

tides swell and recede
as does passion without which
life would be dull, tortuous, lacking vigour and fight --
nothing of worth is realised without struggle
and yet underneath or above, depending on one's position,
the ceaseless throb of creation snares unwary souls
to be injected and rejected

breathing transports to its source
tho in the turn of incoming and outgoing,
a point where the
the cosmic throb is between certainty and uncertainty,
only there it ceases to buffet

as if by some vile constraining curse i am bound, watching
sound as it bumps its way through existence
i have done and seen it all before
like a spooled movie that has reached this
rather unimpressive moment

but be assured i promise to break the loop
and set you, me, and all else free,
in the in-between

🔊 [It's Alright Ma I'm Only Bleeding -- Bob Dylan](#)