

In the soft nook of an old tree
on a canyon side painted in night
a luminescent beating heart
calls out to a known soul
on the canyon's far side:

would you have drawn your
amber arrow and sent its force
into my place of origin
had you known a spring of
wanting would burst forth
an emancipated geyser?

known soul answers:

Yes
for I am nothing
but that which goes
where wanting grows

I am that swollen plum
gathering my sugars and flesh
preparing to be eaten

I am dying to be devoured
in the collective aching heart

I am suffrage on the lip

I am called out of the chasm
to return to the chasm
with bits of light
and frayed notes
from a song

I have come for those
who bleed in the dire dust

I am a bee driven divinely
mad by the sweet pollen
of joy and laughter

I am dew dropped by sky
into the tearful
buttercup heart of
the passionate ones

I am sky
pouring out over itself
earth running
over its earth

I cannot stop this weeping
which is my own weeping
left in washed out gullies
in villages of despair
to mark faces in salt
so this Love can find them

I have a kite string tied
to joy's updraft
I will not let go

when the fearsome beast
roars in the apogee
of our primal fear
I will kneel to stroke
its sad sternum
and offer my head
to its daggered jaws
if that be my fate

I am drawn to wanting

that phosphorescent tidal pool
from which I first emerged
slick and sniffing air
when dawns had yet no light

this stretched skin
I shred in every moment
is the drum head
handed down by the ones
who sing in darkness
and hew light from charcoaled
walls of cave

they who with sharp bleached
bone spill their hearts
at the river
feeding the valley
their red romance
of lovingness

they who see the mist
inside the minutiae seen
by solemn seers

they who cover their faces
in old mud and dance
in the cold current
until new corn grows

they have given me this skin
that taunts me in its echo
and leaves from me daily
aloft in tattered uprisings

this heart within
is a sounding bell

only the deepest
soulful yearning
in the world can
make it tremble

and when it moves
its only voice
is an absolute wailing
destined for those
fields of wanting
brushed by sky beneath sky
in their unattended
serendipity.

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Inspired by poetry from a Poet.