

If I have said this poem before
I say it now again consumed

it will not go away
this burning exhortation
this willow stripped and bleeding
its glass fluidity into my sonorous
vesicle of innerness

have you seen the inferno of
a forest on fire while standing
close enough to feel the alchemy
of your own melting?

such is my heart against
the towering wave of this poem
this poem charging its heat
and potency
into the origin of my universe
stampeding its brilliance
across my contentment
thundering its earth
into my earth
upheaving soil plates
grown to dust
into airborne thistles
of new serration
and reckoning
all within
my heart
my mind
my cloth
I wave
inside
ideas

have you seen the last
snorting of the bison
before it buries you
under its hooves
beneath its brawn
drawn from castles
of muscle and sinew
its weight of herbivorous
might and singularity
stamping your carnivorous
smallness down into the dark
rampant mud of the moat?

what did your last breath
taste like?

whose face came glimmering
into your mind just before
you drew blank and black
descending away from
all this light
all this world of things
you thought you knew
thought you needed
thought you loved

then the fitful burst back up
through the aqueous surface
your lungs young novas tearing
for the slightest air
shredding their sacs
sacrificing continuity
for a desperate kiss of air

and you alive again
this time truly living
swimming through
swamp and limerick
for the shore
for the sand and soil
that you having changed
will never step upon
again so heavily
for your feet are gone
departed with your
magma of fear
and your phlegm
of blindness

instead of feet
you are now endowed with
appendages that can only
be described as that which
is used for flying
your heart is helium
your blood flash distilled
from viscous syrup
to diaphanous mist
your mind killed of its
rampaging ideologies
you are a cane of sugar
your stalk is cut and crying
your Love pours out
you cannot stop
and that is why
you are free.

Copyright © 2010 by Jaiya John
January 31 draft
jaiyajohn.com