

# Metapoetical

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Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## summary

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## Tinge

Whether with pleasure or pain  
the ink always seems to stain  
seems to leave its faint mark  
bold yet subtle as any spark

How it is able to then ignite  
every line within every write  
all that I want to truly say  
within these words I do play

No matter the color of my ink  
I find myself lost upon the brink  
at the margins of the page  
ready to fall again off the stage

Tattoos I now give myself  
return my dreams to the shelf  
return my hopes to their drawer  
where they await longing for more

Much like ash or soot  
kept here forever underfoot  
how my life does still hinge  
upon the color of this tinge

## Liminal

Seems I do find myself here  
when the threshold is clear  
when each boundary is crossed  
with every coin at last tossed  
For fate never seems to mind  
while I rejoin this quest to find  
a way to make any true sense  
in between future and past tense  
Since every single decision  
is but another small incision  
another cut in the bolt of cloth  
another candle for this moth  
Left here crossing back and forth  
from east, west, south and north  
I am a wanderer without a chart  
just an artisan without an art  
Facing this vast blank page  
trapped between every age  
discarded on a desolate shore  
holding out for something more

## Ritualize

"Ritualize"?it's what I seem to do  
when the prosaic day is through,  
as I embrace the quiet night,  
preparing once more for the write.  
With pen, with paper, blackest ink,  
I set out once more toward the brink?  
to the margins where I hide,  
where truth can never be denied.  
I let the waiting quill now play,  
and pen the words I dare to say,  
taking my own poetic time,  
immersed again in steady rhyme.  
Recalling where my steps have been,  
each fleeting virtue, every sin?  
a pilgrimage of light and shade,  
through years in which my tresses grayed.  
Now I find myself just here,  
with one lone, joyful, falling tear,  
as I near the quiet end?  
where the path no longer bends.

## Darkened Ink

I love to live along the brink,  
and pen my truths in darkened ink?  
let every word delight in lies,  
draped in excuses, dressed in alibis.

I bathe within sweet, sticky sin,  
never afraid to once more begin,  
to let myself unquietly spill  
in the surge of a diabolical thrill.

I document these shadowed days  
in a slow, poetic, drifting haze,  
chasing every beautiful bad?  
just to say the life I had.

Such primal needs, sharp and deep,  
unfold in deeds I swore to keep,  
as talons trace with knowing grace  
the hidden path to that secret place.

I leave behind a slick of black,  
broad-lined truths with no way back?  
a final confession, sealed and signed  
right there along the dotted line.

## Ripples in Rhyme

I love to simply spend my time  
in search of ripples caught in rhyme,  
to feel the weight of every word  
before its breath is fully heard.

When once again I dip my pen  
and dare to start the flow again,  
I let my feelings find their place  
as ink reveals them line by trace.

For echoes of what's gone before  
still press against the present door?  
they long to linger, not erase,  
to leap beyond this printed space.

To make this moment somehow real,  
and steep it deep in all I feel,  
to share the truths I dare not say  
in poetry's more tender way.

So once again I choose to try,  
to seek the how, the when, the why?  
for every verse I now ignite  
illuminates more than the night.

## Eloquence

I love it when the words just flow,  
as if they somehow deeply know  
exactly where they need to be?  
how poetry at last sets them free.

When comes the hour, still and clear,  
to make intent resound sincere,  
I spill my ink across the page,  
and feel each line again engage.

Beneath the hush of candlelight,  
a priestess bound in sacred rite,  
I bless the moment once again  
with paper, ink, and trusted pen.

The words, they speak with quiet grace,  
and waltz across each longing space,  
in choreographed, refined design?  
a rhythm etched in every line.

And when the final verse is done,  
that's when the truest spell's begun?  
the price and gift, the consequence,  
of wielding such poetic eloquence.



## Purification

I only want to now be sure  
how to live a life ever pure  
live a life immersed in rhyme  
one to last at last for all time

Distill down all these thoughts  
escape from shoulds and oughts  
as I wind my wandering way  
in search of all that is left to say

For it is always such the thrill  
when I get the chance to distill  
a chance to put pen to paper  
jot down a little daring caper...

Starting from a different place  
I return once again to face  
both mask and mirror  
now that such things are clearer

Just like grapes into a fine wine  
I pen purity upon every line  
prepare again for this communion  
reveling in this sacred reunion

## Memory

It is this crypt  
this hidden keep  
where the past hides  
their shadow resides  
cloistered  
this mystic space  
a foggy place  
damp with tears  
chilled by fears  
  
where a dead joy haunts

## Airport

I watch them in silence  
while they come and go  
never slow...  
always with a seeming purpose  
on their way from somewhere  
on their way to there  
but never ever really here  
  
just like life

## Cursivity

I love to write with a flowing hand  
once more prove I understand  
the true touch of pen and paper  
lit ever softly by a single taper

Simply going back into time  
in pursuit of pure rhyme  
back when the steady flow  
told me all that I needed to know

About the purity of my days  
no longer lost in a postmodern haze  
no longer wandering here confused  
mired in this feeling of being used

While I pen these lines in waves  
watch again how each one saves  
me again word by word...  
before this poetry is even heard

For the sanctity of every night  
is the perfect place to write  
allows me to now be conversive  
while I remain forever cursive

## Cryptical

It seems my life is cryptical  
always forever elliptical  
as I again orbit around myself  
another unread book on a shelf

All of these secrets kept within  
a true bounty of virtue and sin  
yet left here forever unread  
hiding behind words still unsaid

A life lived below the surface  
where only I can then trace  
these lines penned in ink  
leading right up to the brink

Playing these haunting tunes  
as cryptic as buried runes  
I again now lead you astray  
with rhyming verse I now say

But this is the dearest price  
of not willing to recite twice  
words meant for others to read  
decipher this poetic life I lead

## Mythos

This is just the epic I recite?  
another lie dressed up in light,  
one smooth line at a time,  
dripping honey, sweet with rhyme.

In the hope it might conceal  
every raw wound I still feel,  
tucked beneath each crafted line,  
woven threads in a grand design.

More than merely invention,  
but less than benediction,  
I chant these sacred, hollow words?  
ignored by slow, prosaic herds.

For no matter the true reason,  
I scorn each sentimental season?  
with its feeble urge to inspire  
my burnt-out, ancestral pyre.

Since all that's truly ever seen  
is the glow of a faint blue screen?  
a whole world within their hand,  
even though they do not understand.