

Death of the egos

By Jacque Anderson

Dancing succubi vastness
Curling furls of psyatrophy
Vortexed miniscules of dreams
Saming the game of time
The thwartation of a nation
Into delves of elves refined
Mindleaping grooving
And messaging love aliens
Dimpling the eons of sound
The profound purpling
Of liquidised egos dangling
Like sweated sweetness
Gone into the dance ether
Of the last age of carnage
As the changing solstice
Floods forever the love
Of the sound bonds
Of the hidden tribes
Of waiting warriors
Coming to the thrones
Of globalised consciousness
And the futility of past ways
In the purple haze of now

Jackus 16.12.12