A Distant Plane

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A DISTANT PLANE

The manical pleasure
in witnessing another golden evening resting
at a sleepy point...there is not time at all,
yet we need to explain this
blaze of fellowship which
has come between us...
we need to discover why.

And if there is no reason,
everyman's sensual pleasures
(a distant plane within reach)
should be explored.
No star-gazing after the sun heaves its last throbs,
No sound save restless dreaming
we are intricately held again
coincidence alone has brought me here,
pre-destined labyrinths have somehow
been obstructed...

A fictitious love,
For another salty, farewell lover.

She tells me no man is worth the beatin he gives,
the aged look she gives me makes me wonder
if she's speaking of mental or physical tortures.

He tells me 80% of the world's people
are assholes. I think by our charade
we would be contenders for the title.

He tries to believe (a twisted behaviorist turned romantic)
that there should be something more,
we're searching for something more
we all want something more...

I want to believe, but keeping seeing three
components: sex, hunger, and betrayal.

(Do I hesitate?)
A DISTANT PLANE (Cont'd)

An odd love.
In vague pretense that we'll somehow know.

I'm tired of waiting

dreaming of dark strangers
in shadowy dress

I'm tired of those displaced sighs,

another mass exodus--
not again; not yet:

it's only strength melting into bitterness
   deep blood vow bitterness
Blood melting into water
   water melting (once more)
   into life.

And these four minute meetings,
where everything collides
with well-disguised looks
of amazement...

God yes I'll play Scheherazade,
Entertaining life for love's whimsical cruelty.

"The woman in veils," you screamed once again,
"show her to me,
tell her to come unadorned.

I feel betrayal softly entering,
you were never to discover this terrible secret,
this beautiful silence...

oil-touched flesh and now the veiled woman
only haunts you...I remain.
(she still swirls, dancing light-footed and
sure, within)

Just as you give
every motion a lyrical fluidness,
every turn a sweeter measure.
A DISTANT PLANE (Cont'd)

A trouble love...
behind veiled eyes, she starts in innocence at those
thoughts,
wishing she had never glimpsed that singing soul.

The masterful storyteller
weaves not only with a gifted tongue
but with harmony of actions. He has lived all lives
in that single hour.
He is ageless, immortal; the moss clinging
to the rock, the broken path to the ancient monastery.
From image to symbol,
his eyes devise control and no mercy:
her acquittal is out of reach, having
reached the stasis between dualities;
on such a sphere above,
half principle-half form; no love exists,
or can exist, no veiled woman drops her
last veil,
no myth comes whole,
and Scheherazade entertains death for life's truth.

/Charla Johnson/