

Matchbox game – an electric storm

1

When you take a match
Out of the box
And light it,
You can watch it burn
Until
It almost burns your fingers
As it comes to the
End of its life.
The Zen man cannot
Be held in the hand even in
The first moments
Of ignition
Let alone
Later on.
Do you think you
Will be the one
Who can
In the end
Be the one
That defies the science?
You can't
Even though you might dream that
You really are rubbing
Enlightenment off the
Zen man.

The meaning of love
Is God.

Not your God
Who sits in the
Cemetery of a church
Or a temple.
My God

Sits
In the heart of
A
Song sung
In the heart,
In the essence
Of the perfume
Of the incense.

And do you think that
It's a different language
That you cannot understand
And that the fire of my God will not burn you as well. Burn you like a
wonderful fire that warms the pilgrim at the end of a cold day, warms
him so he can sleep in the night?

And what of the
Cold matches that
Still sit in the box?
Are they better than the
Match I have
Just extinguished
By burning it on
My fingers
At the end of the stick?

The potential of the
Untouched virgins
That wait to be burned by me – Ha! Ha! Ha! She just sits and waits for
the flame to ignite and for me to be the one who strikes the fire in her.
The soft floating melody
That bites me like
A bullet from a gun
Just as dangerous
Just as lethal.

The sitar that plays

In my head
And is accompanied by
Her sweet voice....

2

I am yours now.
I have burned the matches
In my box and
Now I need to light
Your matches,
I hope in a family
Sized box.
Not those you get
In a nightclub
That only light ten cigarettes.
Designed to scratch
A telephone number on
And drop in the
Handbag
Of someone you want
To fuck.

So let me light one of yours.
Are they fragranced?
Like the ones I got
In Arabia?
Or just ordinary
When you have to imagine the
Sandalwood yourself?

The enemy of matches
Is water
That drips on and on
Secretly in the frightened
Hearts of lovers.
The greed of lovers and
The fear that

It might disappear at any moment
And in any case by the morning
When the light of dawn
Shows the real faces
Without make-up
And without fear or favour.

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And what can you do?
And what can I do when
My box is empty.
Pat down my
Pockets
In case I have forgotten
The spare box
Like a Viagra tablet
That pops out
Accidentally?!?????!!!!?????