

Art of Individual Submission

Passage of Duende

By Ryan Logue

A walking ululation,
With a dirge as a shadow cast,
All-knowing feline companion,
On a ship with no rudder or mast.

The Cheshire tabby smiling,
Holds destiny's big fat script.
Whenever I call out for a line,
"Trust fate" is all that's quipped.

I follow the siren's call,
The feline strolls unflinching,
Lost in currents of emulsification,
Undertows can be convincing.

The one that leads creeping Charlie,
Ever crawling towards the grave,
Eros stole Persephone's tension
A trickster and a nave.

The threshold of Tartarus,
Warm winds upon my face.
To touch the panes of burning,
To digest one's own disgrace.

There rests Duende listening,
Relaxing and in rest,
Led by his sticky silk,
Mischievous and impressed.

Pied piper of pop and fizz,
He's the yearning between each breath,
The inspiration for expression,
He's the friction before small death.

He's the alchemy before manifestation,
The push of fear becoming,
Frantic whirling, twirling, bending,
Between war drums and succumbing.

When the masquerade of ends,
What lies beneath the mask?
Jung speaks of individuation,
But impossible is the task.

Trapped in forever striving,
Transfixed by duende's call,
Stuck with a cat so clever,
This is the mortal squall.