

across our eyes the great secret of nothingness remains
in the rimless glass of imagination taking its form
of formlessness from its imagining senses.

lakes filled with the algae pink erratic synchronicity of
strut this way
march
turn
strut that way creatural flamingos
arriving
wading
and departing.

snakes emptying the storage closets of their worn out skins
with torn opera tickets
from the last performance of the last season
dinner jackets
stained from raw hissing rebirth.
rearrangements of the spatial universe uncentered.
moving through
mixed mysticisms
fixed immutable laws
theoretical arrivals back at the scenes of the unseen.

thunder the length of its flash
in cloud top anvil crawls.
portents
messages
signs
of nature becoming divine.

circular and grouped stones
forgotten frescos
eroded meaning
from windless wind
and rain cleaned memory.

origins reproduced as terminology changes.
errors
in the ineffable
leaving migratory tracks
some of the time
but not enough to explain what happened.
postures and poses
waiting
to wait in the grand lobbies
standing
and looking through the windows of vivid moments
in the darkness of extinguished centuries
 timelessness religions filled with religious
 ghosts on the battlements.
 curses flooding out in diseases and death
 from forest caldrons
 hiding
 in the throne rooms
 in the hymnal processions
 on their way
 to somewhere
 of somewhere coming back
 forbidden
 harboring
 the enchanters
 the enchantresses
 coupling
 uncoupling
 truth
 in the bed of the devil
 and voodoo floats of the voodoo parades
 on their way to cathedrals
 on their way to sacred spaces
 on their way to the places where blood flows
 into the imagination of nothingness.

across our eyes.
wf.h.
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