

i contemplate the sacred again...

its older orders of religion ungoverned without
sanctuary or asylum... breaking through without
morality and living in sensing.

watchful and motionless slow river crocodiles

cold blooded with four chambered
hearts opportunistic in any moment
when something called hunger arrives beginning
the engagement with the things that were
subsistence before farming
and wild crafty baboons walking on hardened knuckles
arriving in a mutinous howling over water rights.

as well as thick vegetation and vivid blooming flowers

with their orchid blossoms like strange eyes
attached to a spinal stem of nature and its nursery
of disappearance and displacement.

serpents with many meanings but being only one thing

speaking in the tongues of the mysteries
and the occult birds living in a great beyond
reawakening in a spread of wings beginning their
conspiratorial calls....as harbingers of unfinished events

more and even more... all these things carried forward

by a nightfall into nocturnal worlds that dream
for us as they wait for us to enter the dream....

all the agreements are made before we wake up

arranged by the bone shakers and eaters and
it is clear to me that the absolute and the terror
of the sacred means that it does not believe that it is an opinion
and it is clear to me that it does not believe in belief at all.

cave drawings and hymns are the hands of hysterics looking into the things that
we discuss as to how the old magician tricks us.

there is something to be said about standing

in front of that which may be god without any explanation.
i think the word behold works when this moment comes.

i contemplate the sacred again.

wf.h.

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