

i start with me...
form in the finite.
form in the finite infinite.
form in the finite infinite within all the infinities.
trapped
not trapped
in words of consciousness at their crossroads with unconsciousness
the mind moving through itself without a wake in its trail
myth crossed by emptiness pushing off in a boat with folded sails.

i start with me...
phenomena and essence.
particles of breath streaming through the threadless necklace of mystery shining in darkness.

there are some walking
around with storm lanterns pretending they are living hymns.
there are some eliminating
the horizons clinging to the heart of wild bird songs in the pulpit of vines.
there are some believing
the magician will open his closed fist and there will be birth at night.
there are some believing
all ownership has to be abandoned in the still here to go there.
there are some believing
no one can write a dream in another language.
there are some believing
it is a vicious zodiac in the backwaters of roaming witches and roaming demons.
there are some believing
it is one body in all the bodies before them entangled in a haze of spiritual sightings.
there are some believing
the scattered bone patterns reveal the carcass was not in control at the end.

and every time i am contained in my silence
thinking there is no soul in all of this...
i hear it rustle.

no soul in all of this.
wf.h.
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