

so we became
fire embedded in flesh unlocking the sacraments of participation
unlocking the expanse of night to live in the glut of stars
before all of it falls away crushed within the crushing darkness.

and if we are the light in a single moment of existence
lighting this swirl of being
to be finally extinguished
and extinguished without exception
it is not because we were too early
it is not because we were too late
it is such that it is as it is.

but if we are even more than an account of time
what is the meaning...
is it available to knowledge
is it required to make us mean more
do you need a geometric altar for that
do you need a transcendence of specifics
do you need a ghostly circumference of despair

our minds are in and out of our certainty
our spirits are in and out of our creation.
while some days they know.
while some days they do not know.
i know
i came out of fire and will not waste
a single moment
of the moment
or a single offering
of the eternal when it is offered.
i will not miss what is burning
while it burns.

and it does not matter to me
if i take the light of that flame with me when i go
or leave it behind in the ashes that remain without me.

participatio existentiae.
wf.h.
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