

some words are containers.

containers shielding us from
the things inside them
until they are needed.

containers shielding the things
inside them from
the things inside us.
bodies not ready for the mind.

the container is in the shape of perspective

desire

holds the desirable
holds the undesirable
holds the desirous
holds the desirer.

it holds where desire begins
it holds where desire ends
it holds how it is held.

the container contains instinct moving into

its preference of articulation
line of sight symbols

visions
crude formations

opposites in unity.

consciousness

unconsciousness

structure and structureless debris

in an arationality

that avoids responsibility until the container is broken.
contextuality screaming...
neutrality is lost
paradise is lost
cell by cell.

none of us knows more about their existence
or the existence of the other reality containers
other than they exist
waiting for us to come
with the paradox that will
smash them to pieces
so the unshared and shared can begin
to change the unchanging
with spiritual instructions
applied to faith
and the multiple sensations
of masquerade dances in the occult
dancing in the
daylight of night
with skin keepers.

the containers.
wf.h.
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