

deities.

i have given up on  
trying to understand  
the finer points.

the radiance  
the crudities  
the expanse of placelessness  
the void in the center of allness.

mountaintop perches  
desert place hideaways  
dead bodies around the altars  
daily offerings of sweet meats and fruits.

garmented spirits and naked processors  
forest dwellers  
deep cave bones  
good and evil  
or indifference  
crawling over the shuddering hills.  
ever present and long gone.  
once again and one last time.

well it is their business  
the point of intersection with mine  
is the finer point  
where nothing intersects  
at the intersection.

if staring  
is worshipping  
what I am worshipping today  
are the muscles  
in the back of her neck  
the only part of the universe  
that i can see...

the muscles in the back of her neck  
and her delicate feet  
dancing in the deserted temples of abandonment  
and the living temples of the kidnapped that float across the sky.

the finer points.  
wf.h.  
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