

why the necessity
of original form or original being.
what is it.
what it is.
separation words trying to penetrate secret truth.
unification words trying to express secret truth.
sequestration
or
dispersal.

reality blundering in the blur
 that delineates night and day
 unification cycles.
 laboring stupefactions
 of the immediate without an outside to look in
 of the immediate without an inside to look out.

memory is not what is remembered
 countless bursts of energy between things and between their voids
 countless chemical handshakes exchanging vows coupling images passing into the imagined.

for better or worse i am married to alice.
for better or worse alice will not leave her wonderland
 of the maybe dimensions in mutability...
 gingerbread houses of witchery
 prowling wolves
 fated free wills
 spontaneous combustions
 tea parties at the point of pain.

will someone make a sound
 will someone make a sign
 will someone make a symbol
 will someone breed them together
 to make the original source death procession
 a formal process where alice and i can play
 with raw ecstasies in animal skins
 as paradox savages in the divine.

the necessity.
wf.h.
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