

the spiritual dumps its sense of things into the space
we call sacred because
we do not want
to call it the spiritual dumps.

it is surrounded by mysteries with ceremonies
of ritualized separation
designed to organize unity
the transcendent escalation of self with existence.

it is never safe.

demons and projections
are holding grooming mirrors and the unreflecting dances
of the would not be animalized but are.

how many disorderly paths become orderly
in myths and fairytales
and their common revelations.

what is conquered in these conquests
what is to be done with the conquered bodies
and all the deadness around them.

there is
no this
or that
or the other in fate.

fate is far too worldly

it is prepared to touch anything
that catches its eyes
or what must be touched in the dark theaters
or what cannot be touched any other way.

it will talk to the suspicious saviors
and the double crossing saints and their
images of suffering made good in the somehow
dreams that do not really dream
in the service of dreams
with the promises
of not now but soon.

fate is not an impressionist
it has a finely tipped brush
that dips into the details and crucifixions
of the end of our considerations of consciousness.

the individual sniffs around the spiritual dumps
no better than the other things sniffing around it too...

nothing lasts longer than a scent that smells
like dead angels around a dead god.

the spiritual dumps.
wf.h.
2024