

the simplicity
of the infinite
may or may not
be a changing
or unchanging
rhythm but it does
contain the complexity
of the offering
within existence dances
wrapped in tears and jubilations
opened again and again
as if it endured
beginnings and endings.

we are judgments
that never take place
enforced by what we
cannot imagine.

 why ask me about the divine
 when it is an empty nest hanging on a branch of wind.

existence dances.
wf.h.
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