

i start with me..  
form in the finite.  
form in the finite infinite.  
form in the finite infinite within all the infinities.  
trapped  
not trapped  
in words of consciousness at their crossroads with unconsciousness  
the mind moving through itself without a wake in its trail  
myth crossed by emptiness pushing off in a boat with folded sails.

i start with me..  
phenomena and essence.  
particles of breath streaming through the threadless necklace of mystery shining in darkness.

there are some walking  
around with storm lanterns pretending they are living hymns.  
there are some eliminating  
the horizons clinging to the heart of wild bird songs in the pulpit of vines.  
there are some believing  
the magician will open his closed fist and there will be birth at night.  
there are some believing  
all ownership has to be abandoned in the still here to go there.  
there are some believing  
no one can write a dream in another language.  
there are some believing  
it is a vicious zodiac in the backwaters of roaming witches and roaming demons.  
there are some believing  
it is one body in all the bodies before them entangled in a haze of spiritual sightings.  
there are some believing  
the scattered bone patterns reveal the carcass was not in control at the end.

and every time i am  
contained in my silence  
thinking there is no soul in all of this..  
I hear its coils rustle in the emptiness.

no soul in all of this.  
wf.h.  
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