

rushing out to see what is rushing in
rushing in to see what is rushing out
existence is not the creation of stillness.

some dig for roots
and the properties
of magic
to boil out the secrets
or ones to dry out
by hanging in the cellar
strangely lifelike
executions
with the buried ends
pointed toward
heaven.

some dive into medicinal waters
to see if they are anchored
in dreamed gardens
of the host
and the hostesses
presenting the sacred visitation.

others want to float
on the ends of creation
to be there without being
the emptiness
emerging from the void
and its unrepentant seasonal loss.

a few want to live above and below
where shattered things

are the ceiling and the floor
explaining moral
secularity with fleshless lacerations
ritual masks and rattles.

the migratory instincts of herd movement
in our formless herd
are the single seeds
of the dream forest dreaming
about the eternal facing

the faceless finite
with the self as a balance scale.

the self.
wf.h.
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