

## Wheels of Ascension

by dulcimer *Saturday, Dec 10 2016, 10:32am*

international / poetry / post

a circle that does not close  
becomes a spiral turning in or out  
in perpetual motion as  
is replicated in the heavens  
but note the divine direction is outward  
ever expanding, never contracting  
in on itself

as above so below,  
the wheels to which i refer  
spin in each being on this plane, seven in number  
alluded to as candlesticks and the churches of the East  
or the serpent that ascends and descends  
or the ladder of Jacob  
hidden well by the wise  
that understood only the wise of future generations  
would be able to decipher their allusions and metaphors;  
yet the 'secret' is hidden in plain sight as there is no  
better hiding place in a world of dulled and fearful entities  
the eyes of the blind fail to see  
the Truth forever blazing in their faces

and so it has been said,  
let the blind lead the blind  
and the dead bury the dead  
as none could be more dead  
than the dull of this plane

yet those that see are with us always  
like the bright white flame that banishes  
ignorance/darkness,  
tragically ignored by most;

and so it is in this cycle of creation  
that the great purging approaches  
do You see, are you able to read the sky like a book?

life is of its nature, life continuous --  
in it there is no death  
only the ignorant truly die though  
they imagine they live, but as is apparent  
they are profoundly dead so these words are

written for the aspiring, which beings never rest until  
they discover Truth, which is life everlasting,  
as indeed the universe bears witness

and so to return  
and refer to the trees encoded of old;  
these divine trees are inverted,  
their leaves and branches absorb nourishment from the ground  
their roots splay outward to the heavens  
upon which lights they feed,  
the fluids formed in the trunk  
ascend and descend  
in an orbit  
which nourishes and energises  
the seven (seals) wheels in its path  
that turn in every living being  
and when the movements attune  
to the harmony of nature  
they synchronise and illumine;  
all creation is laid bare to those that  
harmonise with nature's cosmic rhythms

and all that was hidden is seen, each action  
bears its fruit and for the dull that fruit is bitter,  
the mystic garden however, offers the fruits  
and ambrosia of immortality to all, but few partake  
of its offering

meanwhile the dead continue burying their kind  
as death knows nothing of life --  
beware, as i am given a warning  
the great purging the dead have sown by their,  
selfishness, violence and greed is at the door  
life discards death and the dull will be no more

and those whose lights shine will increase  
in intensity until all discord is removed  
from this plane, the dull reduced to sterile ash  
from which no life is able to emerge  
and to those that teeter  
i say sit quietly and offer peace,  
bliss and Love from heart, mind and soul  
to all beings in all directions  
and actively wait in anticipation of the ineffable  
Glory