

Signatures

by fibonacci via sadh *Tuesday, Nov 7 2017, 10:32pm*

international / poetry / post

it's not unusual
to find in galaxies what we find
in sunflowers and pine cones
the curve/spiral of continuity,
the mean of meaning

the fingerprint of creation must repeat
itself in itself in all creation
it cannot separate or avoid itself
as human kind, as everything in itself of itself

spin fast, spin slow my lovely
until i enter ur centreless centre
and lay my perverse finite cultural superimpositions
in ur fire of redemption

at times i see u with form tho i prefer u formless
most of the time-less (space is also an illusion)
ur body is One limitless creation dancing forever
in unfettered consciousness

u curve out and in simultaneously
defying the indivisible point and
and reaching past the last cognition
of understanding;
a circle without a circumference
it/you are never arrived at or measured
by the puny conceptual thoughts/language of finite minds --
how i lament this dark cycle/yuga of profound ignorance/blindness

flow freely, flow continuously and sweep me away
with ur tides of ecstasy,
immerse and resurrect me
in ur ocean of light/love

how they take it all for granted, the common gift of love,
oblivious to the fact that it is You
an overflowing chalice of the most sublime wine
which never runs dry, a shoreless ocean of bliss
that grows forever in perfection

yet their brows frown, sweat drips from foreheads,

their tortured minds living lies, following their perversities for
nothing --
no effort is required to attain ur gift of sweet eternal peace/love,
none whatsoever

it cannot be found by seeking or effort -- are u able to lose ur
essential self?
impossible, there is no cessation
nowhere to locate separate selves, no disconnections
or discontinuities exist

ur hair bounces in the cosmic wind floating like reality in a dream
as u run toward me smiling beams of ecstatic joy
simply because i remembered only You

i tried and learned that they are better left to pursue their nihilistic
perversities,
u/i know that nothing discordant, perverse endures
in the perfect harmony of infinite, kinetic creation

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2984.html>