

## 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

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