

Glide

by sadh Sunday, Mar 4 2018, 2:31am

international / poetry / post

the rolling hills rise and fall
only to rise and fall again

bodies suspended in space form spheres
the most economical form, yet these bodies
move in elliptical orbits each tugging against the other
creating a tight balance which defies the formation of perfect
circles

every sinew, nerve and cell in this body articulates your name,
to whom should this created body bow? only to its creators
and yet all bodies born must die, where is this Eternity?

it is formless beyond definition, nameless beyond all
characterisation,
mind/culture is not able to grasp anything other than itself

and so it is something else, not of culture/mind, matter, gross
energy
or learned patterns of behaviour and thought

something lost then found
and when found it becomes known it was never lost

who could add or take a scintilla from existence,
all that fills space continuously is neither diminished or increased?
tho it is constant flux moving between gross and fine
then from fine to gross again tho each revolution is distinct

nothing repeats itself as it did before or after,
we add nothing to the treasure we inherited
our choice is only to give it all away
in order for it to be replenished,
retention only stagnates and stultifies life

your toil and thought is for naught,
as everything necessary for life is freely supplied,
the life in every seeding fruit and grain,
the life in a man's and woman's seed
together form bodies from the food of the earth

to what end?

so renegade spirits could find a temporary home
tho a price is extracted as each physical home becomes a prison
walled by material desire, emotion, lust and fear --
bodies are very aware of their vulnerability and needs

and so spirits are temporarily trapped in matter;
subject to matter they must learn that the light of spirit
requires no body or vessel to shine

those that give most receive most, those that retain receive nothing,
as no space is available to refill the cup -- give freely as everything
has been given freely to you

who could add a jot to their stature, who is able to possess light?
where would you house light?

contained light becomes darkness,
your light is made brilliant by removing barriers not creating them

i required wisdom when young
and so read every scratching that great men made
until i happened on a maple leaf freshly fallen, translucent in its
dying,
every vein, pore and serrated pattern contained more wisdom
than everything recorded by men,
the entire mystery of the universe is encoded in its manifestation,
pine cones, sea shells and flowers indicate infinity,
of what need do i have for any book?

continuity/existence is naked in its beauty,
and light is brilliant in its nakedness
what mystery do you speak of when all around sings its song
and dances to its music openly?

life and existence are an open book
containing not one confining finite word of men

the hills roll, rising and falling like the waves of an open sea,
above the waves a violet crested seabird rides the air-stream the
waves create,
barely flapping a wing it rides for miles above the rolling sea,
effortlessly