Blue Hour

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2020

May 22 Sunset

I heard the sun fall between the mountains, over the flowers. This - my rising call. I was to wake to the little thud of setting sun, carry what color light still hung from trees, still drenched the flowers – I was tasked with nurturing this light through the courses of moons. Tonight was a new moon.

I opened my eyes to the sound of rain. I felt the cool lifting off of a silk white sheet. I made it only below the veranda of my lifted dreams and fell asleep again in a banana hammock. My body and all so still that a natural rhythmic sway began by the beating of my heart. Peace, my blanket. But work was to be had, good work of love – writing, painting, planting. I awoke again, then only made it as far as my couch. A friend, Avery, had called the couch its own work of art, it’s been a year since I began oil painting, a medley of loose colors covered the thin leather skin of the couch. I’d wrapped myself again with silk sheet, spun and slept. I dreamed what dreams I imagine caterpillars do in cocoons.

Midnight. The same bird sings the same song, every midnight. I woke to the woo-woo-blee! woo-woo-blee! I whistled back for through the east open window, past the garden bed, I could see the musical tones feathering the shadow air.

Slowly, eyes back, resting at flowers. I love the flower. There’d be abundance this summer, beautiful abundance, but not by number.

Seven almonds, one half cashew, walnut, vitamin, yoga, teeth, face, shower, brother is watching Avatar, he’d be a water bender, myself an air bender, thought time bender could be nice.

Staring at two plums, a vine design behind two ticking hands of the clock. I surged with implicit ardor, for what? I do not know, ardor itself? For what do the hands keep moving? We are urged on from within, there need be no reason; there is faith, humility to the hand that’s sent us spinning, submission, love of love, ardor of ardor – my coffee’s gone cold.

I leave my colored kitchen, heel walk white with copper trim tiles, slide through the sliding glass door. The stars beat me to the first hello. Nature smiles, wraps me in a warm wind, birds sing and trees dance. I heat coffee on the gas stove.

Inside, single slice of bread cut in two – toasts. Glass window into toaster lets me watch the browning, then slight blackening. I pop out the bread become toasts so as to catch them midair but miss. The counter’s a sea of grain.

Facing two plums again, refusing eye contact, swaying back and forth. Occasional sip of coffee. I can hear the ticking, like a heart beating. I can hear the tocking over crickets aligning chirps to constellations, over the constant wash of vehicles passing that I’ve poetically tricked my brain to believe as being the sound of waves, I can hear it over the empty plain of my own thoughts.

Another’s. St. Teresa of Avila – Interior Castle. I open the book. I’ve lost number count of mansions, what matters is oneing. God ravishes the soul wholly to himself. These visions are real, illuminations that do not come from myself. If anything of love, of dreams, of beauty, or truth be said, it is not of myself. God ravishes the soul wholly to Himself. He sings through me like a wind chime.

I put down St. Teresa. Walk through the only open door of this interior temple to God made manifest moment. A bite into my toasted peanut butter and jelly sandwich. I break off a piece, set to rest the rest on a pink plate and think to dip the piece into my coffee. I’ve never done this before. Delicious. I’m letting my eyes traverse the grain landscape of nearly burnt toast. It feels the way a Kiefer painting does, sounds like a Brian Eno instrumental. I eat my midnight breakfast with content.

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Spring’s new moon, dark glow. Corduroy coat, smoke, coffee. Playing the wind chimes.

 Spring’s new moon, dark glow.

 Corduroy coat, smoke coffee.

 Playing the wind chimes.

Outside. I look anyway for the moon. Still a new moon, still the stars smile upon me. I set the stove top going, shuffling over to the purple blossom potato bush. The game is to finish pissing before the coffee gets too hot. I have issue with fitting back through the buttoned opening of my pajama pants but make it back in time. Nearly burn my tongue, then burn through a bit of clove and tobacco.

Floating by the current painting is my wind chimes, I play God with a sweet and simple harmonic, tapping a bronzen circle disc to long hollow tubes. The painting is the middle piece of a triptych – *tall flower triptych*. Each wood panel is two by eight feet tall, tall flowers growing up the woodgrain.

I’d spent a night with Goethe’s *Theory of Colours*. On the cover Beethoven is quoted asking a friend to lend him the book. An important work. Insipid he calls it. Insipid indeed. I thought as the color wheel began spinning. I swam incorporeal and all colorful a formless sea of becoming, somewhere off the coast of what’s been said before and continuity. I saw three pillars stood like trees with care for blossoms before me. I saw the *tall flower triptych*. Now is the work to make magic.

The panels are strenuous work. Extracting the simple, raw serum of magic is easy, so long as will is dispelled. I paint to the sound of wind chimes singing. Bare hands sliding up a stem of cadmium red light. A splinter in my finger. The moon is silent. The stars pouring what little light, all they could possibly offer tonight.

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 Silhouette new moon.

 Japanese Wisteria -

 Veins in empty sky.

All the pages of my notebooks – filled, filled with haiku. A new book I needed. In some positive presentiment, me in the same red orange and bright linen blue horse Ralph Lauren Polo, plaid pajama pants, put in an online order for two new Japanese crafted, graph leaf paper, two Midori notebooks. The order said they’d arrive today. Today had not yet been. I’d forgotten for most 2am is time for sleepful dreams. So still I walked to get the mail, thoughts sent with wakeful dreams.

Spinning a mail key with a green lizard attached in my otherwise empty hands – I ventured back home. The air was cool, I thought of a Basho poem when I saw the trees

 Coolness

 The clean lines

 Of the wild pine.

But these were oaks, and this Mesa, Arizona, not Pink and floating old Tokyo – Basho’s Edo. Another poem to my mind

 The oak tree

 Not interested

 In cherry blossoms.

I laughed to myself. In the dark spring new moon, not an autumn moon, not a cherry blossom in sight.

Gradually made more aware to my present. I noticed the soft sway of the oaks. Their verdant orange – green leaves in lamplight. And just as the orange lamplight could touch me, it suddenly shut off. The whole of night time awoke to me and I fell into a dreamed stupor. My feet began to lift, float into the deep sky. Like a musician in one of Chagall’s painted dreams, I played the air my feet. I found the source of Hokusai’s clouds. This is a floating world! One only has to let go their hold.

When I’d passed the lamplight, the light flickered, flickered, then stayed on. I talked to the white rose bush, the red rose bush. I held hands with the tiger paw bush, little fluffed Cheeto like fingers and so soft in mine. I noticed the front of my house, just outside my old window, a flower bush. I had no name, but I had thousands of stories for this bush. All the swirling petals passing with seasons, the change. I felt most companioned by this bush, because sometimes it’s like that – we have no name for the most familiar of feelings.

Back home. Began writing on the backside of Haikus. I put on the last four songs to repeat from Hiroshi Yoshimura’s album, *Green*. First dialing notes of the song *Green* grew instantly a joy in me. I pulled out Hokusai’s thirty-six views of Mt. Fuji. I slipped on my silk white petal kimono. I put bamboo chopsticks to my hands and danced not unlike a Geisha in my kitchen.

It was *Blue Hour* by now and I was hungry. Squeezed out moisture from the uncooked tofu using jade bonsai pot. Got to cooking.

I ate by the open window. Smells of cumin, thyme, coconut oil mixed well with the dew and mourning dove’s morning song. Washes of pink and yellow light lavished the atmosphere. Poured bright onto the last woodblock cut of Hokusai’s timelessly dream-filled journeys in Edo. Two travelers, home with wander. In straw hat, walking stick and knapsack I imagined myself and Basho venturing the clouded steppes of Fuji. A last yellow ladder leading to the peak where in an unfurling pink cloud of mist he became a banana tree and left me – alone.

I saw the sunrise over the rolling green fields, I felt my hands lift from penning verse, swirl into petals – taken up into the cool Japanese air.

End night one.

May 24 Sunrise

Pen that is uncapped.

This, the best sort of pen.

Endless, endless, ends!

I don’t remember any of my sleepful dreams. I’d fallen asleep. Fallen asleep reading Patti Smith’s line, “without a shadow of a doubt we can eclipse our dreams with reality.” The door to sleep then was riddled with spinning thoughts on doubt, shadows, light. Without light, surely there is possible to be shadowless doubts. And even with doubt, at least we know there is light. I concluded on the last ethereal steps, just before swept off the brink of reality and deep into dreamscape – reality is the shadow of doubt! Let dreams be the light!

Though, with no actual eclipse, the midnight creeping through my window filled my bedroom with a lustful dark and star blue aura. The same glimmering blue string lights were on. I’ve had them for years. Never once do I fiddle their plug except on an occasion where with their blue gimmer illumination they revealed they’d slipped the socket. I plugged them back in. They kept on.

Green Ralph Lauren Polo, a dewy field where a naples yellow reddish figure flies by on horseback. My shirt for this evening, on my body. My body still slightly wet from a moderately hot shower. New hair work that smells like memories I’ve yet to have. Face moisturizer, unscented.

My memory escapes me and if not by the end of the day I’m not wearing the same green Polo shirt, I’d think I lost myself along the way.

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It was not till mid-conversation with an aunt Lisa that I realized my red Polo with blue horse was now green with orange horse.

 -Yes, writing, painting, love – all the same, always new. I auto responded with a far dazzled stare. I watched colored horses swing by

 with the same old, same old days.

 -Writing!

She’d been hunched over a paper skin notebook scribbling what I assumed was nothing less than her whole soul when the delayed shutting of my bedroom door was heard from the kitchen. A still life of pears on the wall began moving again. A wash of white light filled the room.

She asked on what I wrote.

 -Dreams, love – simple petals of the eternal flower.

I cleaned dishes, but our conversation grew leagues deeper than sink water. Each thought like a bubble rising from an unfathomable depth and gracefully popping onto the surface.

We gave our breath to simple lines

 -Lisa said, if you are not willing to learn – you will never grow.

I set down to dry the last dish.

 -Yes, Yes! That’s good. Come outside with me, my coffee’s cold.

I took a sip as she lit her cigarette.

-I’m going to quit, this is my last pack she said. You know how to quit smoking? You just stop.

 -Most things really are that simple.

 -Yes you just to be open to it.

The stars like my blue bedroom lights lit our room, the outside. She pointed through the blue wash to the wood painted panel beside us.

 -I see people running around.

 -I see flowers

 -what is the process like? When you paint? She asked.

 -I look at the wood, ah no, I try to look from the wood. I let the wood reveal what it will. It’s more natural that way. I watch my hands coalesce our color. And I’m painting prayers mostly, that way when pieces are seen, I know they’ll give life.

 -she asked if I was writing any of this stuff down?

 -I am now.

She’d finished her cigarette and my coffee was somewhat warm still. I asked about family, most having been recently born or recently dead. Her mother, my nana, leaves her dimes. Her brother, quarters. Her grandma, pennies. It’s their way of reminding, giving the protection of being heard for living, an after living hello. The grandkids except the youngest, have said they’ve nearly altogether lost sight of those with protective vision. She says she’s never lost sight – the person we’re around the most is ourselves, yes, and if we’re open, after living embrace fills our scenes. For some its people running around. For some it’s flowers.

I rehearsed the reheating of my coffee, put headphones n and played a new album, ‘Six Songs for Invisible Gardens’. Climbed a ladder with saint remy yellow oil tube in my corduroy coat pocket. Tapping three times a little red dot between my eyes, some sort of birth mark. Then wood four times. Seven taps to signify life’s interchange. I got to painting.

From the top of the ladder the last flowers of the middle *tall flower triptych* piece were doable. Each panel stood 90 inches tall, my self much less. My calves were sore from being on my tip toe reaching. Up here I could see an angel statue singly illuminated, dancing among evening roses. I saw an adjacent neighbor flat on a couch, phone, iPad and TV screens skittering light about him – He looked more than bodily dead. The Lights though eventually went out and I saw him in the same dreadful state whenever I took to the ladder; it’s best to keep our feet grounded. But the stars! OH I was closer to them, their growing azure lulled me there in the flowered clouds. All I’d done was dream and the piece had been finished. Rather had reached an interesting stopping place.

By morning my reality beset me. The middle panel of the *Tall Flower Triptych* finished. The last panel had paint begun , yellow buds and flesh ochre orange stems seeded. Prayers whispered by angels fluttering about me. I tapped seven times and they slipped back into paint.

The light was wholly white now. Lisa asleep and with her the lost words of lifted conversations. As I stared off into the sun peaking over the laurel laugh, the wind through trees reached me with last memories of our speaking. I’d shared a memory of whispering pines on the Mogollon Rim, when the moon was full face, unfurling across the vast empty plain. Then another one a midnight embrace, when in a world of dreams and lonesome. I felt the whispers of wind and floated in that embrace warm. I shared a quote – ‘To love another person is to see the face of God.’ She said her grandma, the penny leaving one, would say something like it, would put a white light around any hard to love, then could not help but love.

I was fully lavished in the white light of the sun. Nearly not believing the reasons for living. The love dream uneclipsed. The white lights we wished to give. Word to the world. Lisa said her reason for living was to make others happy. At two Lisa’s mother, my nana received a phone call of a dead friend and at two years old Lisa could make her smile, laugh even. I said mine to be of the eternal flower, that each petal provides an easier minute, a lovelier hour. That till each petal fell – myself, Lisa, and each returned to seed, each has felt happiness, love – this our word to the world. This – white light.

Backyard is arranged that painting place, wind chimes, gas stove, writing table, Japanese wisteria, and swirling grass are all within ten steps of another, should I like to make a few little light leaps. In a total of seven I had visited the third panel for the *Tall Flower Triptych*, tapped the windchimes, heated coffee, been spoke to by page, spoke to the orient, swirled through the portal.

(insert ‘*YOU’* writing)

May 25 night

Woman – my soul. Sweep and ravish my body. Lavish my word filled mouth with kisses of youth. Give me sleep. Give me spring!

You happen upon me. I cannot stop the sun’s rise, nor would I ever quiet the light of her.

I’m quiet at breakfast. Glue fastens my tongue to my gut. I long that I could make tongues of every object. That in symphonic song they’d rise.

What could they sing? Would they not sing of you, woman?

The galaxy of basil freckled over eggs, the moon’s soil on toast, coffee steam of spirits, misty lilac the robe of dawn – thrown off, naked and dancing and singing with any object of tongue – you, woman!

You, your becomings! You beyond the easiest temporals. The objects of normalcy shine! Shine as when I’d seen you in sanctuary. You – always becoming! Beyonding each thing – by you!

Garish, your credence crawls along the kitchen table. A foam of fecundity in your breath. Each object you could not leave to be only object, but the glamorous birth – further being.

Who could be faceless at this?

Spiritual pond. I visit with lack of hands, lack of fate. What is this, rest?

Do you take me spinning, white lighted and through body for rest? Dress my left self in white, in black? What do you desire of me?

To be true to present givings – sad beauty, longing, ultimate aim, Spirit, even if practiced badly, and what if imaginary? Are you all the more the real?

Yes. A conversation through and through, balanced root.

This green you sleep me with. The every at which you pulled my fingertip – you have less of more to reveal.

Linen sanctuary, jasmin skin, opalescent ardor and fecund children of youth – every spring is in you. Flower, tree, woman, man, child, planet, fish and bear. Monkey and rat. Thought and death. Moon and marriage. Kiss and sun. life I abound by you.

I cycle the new, the growth, half, stillness revelation, full.

Marsupial adolescence, dialectic faceless, emotion! Laugh with chest blossom, light on Omega. Ever have I programed moment since moment began relation. You of question, I whirlwind! Grasping for happiness leaves is vanity. I bless your frailty, impart my majesty with dreams – sleep.

I am the soul of everyone. Manifest teether on people.

I am the plaid inlay of perfection, meticulously natural.

I am the I am. Here so lip reads here.

The road wonder is open and always. Ever lose the half ever for momentary glories. The earth – your last rest. The be – rest would be laxidaisy of eternal glory. Enjoy the pillow.

You always ask ‘what’s in this?’ And if you do not learn ‘the where for? What for? What become?’ and if you would learn. See the glimmering light. You would do. You would lose question, aligned – should my star’s question they’d fall navigation, sink the sea and reflection. To collect no thing. So fall to the white table your pollen, you petal’d skin. Yes – awaken dream.

May 26 Sunrise

Liminal candle

 Burns, flickers, consumes itself

 Flickers inbetween

All Springs are in you.

These, the words I read as I looped blue and white plaid pajama pants and slipped on an old wash yellow shirt. I looked through my bedroom window-, pink petunias, new yellow blossoms, fresh verdant vines for the jasmine white, lavender lush and the baby mystery tree tapping the window screen. I tap back. A translucent katydid crawls up to me. I whisper – all springs are in you.

Midnight again. Still no sight of moon. Like a wave though, I feel the pull through time and space.

I think about dimensions as I grab a flesh ochre and saint remy green light oil tube. Then a new saint remy green light oil tube, the first is rolled like an old toothpaste tube. The new tube is resting in the shadow of fake laurel leaves that string down of my lofted bed – dimensions.

Outside I’m averted from the triptych to watch a west star trickle its light and ripple on pool water. So many dimensions to this pool. First the surface where even a gently dragonfly tap will ripple the whole pool. Sometimes the wind shoots across the surface like a spirit child chasing the dragonfly. The reflected starlight dances in their ripples, teleporting and shifting colors from orange, to white, to blue. It’s all a dance, my thoughts leave me – they swim in the sea of sensation.

Just below the surface of pool water currents respond in conversation to movement – a physical echo. Sounds are loosely translated, bubbly. Star light is distorted, I try to hold it in my hand. I swim deeper.

I ingested a fortune cooking, not eating the flaky orange bits, but indulging on the simply lavish language. On my tongue it read ‘friendship is the ocean that you cannot see the bottom.’ I felt nature was my greatest friend, I was in the ship of sensation, and I’d found, I’d felt the bottom of our waters.

At the pool floor I let out a flurry of bubbled breath, I looked as they popped indiscernible words up to the dragonfly skirting the water. Now, less buoyant I could walk the bottom. I pretended it was the moon. It was the moon. I hopped up slowly spun nongravitational, swallowed the star, nearly drowned, and swam up for breath. The west star was gone. The water still. A dragonfly lay flat in the air. All my thoughts rushed back into me as out rolled the last saint remy green light.

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I grabbed the next full tube, resting now in the shadow of the whole night. I longed so dearly to see the moon! Just yesterday I’d watched an *Avatar the Last Airbender* episode with my brother. The moon spirit became upon a white koi with black spot and spun endlessly around the sun spirit who’d become a black koi with white spot. Balance.

The world rests on interplay of light and dark. Rooted in wake and sleep.

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There’s a place between the mystics call liminal. It’s akin to that estranged feeling at blue hour, when its neither day, or night. all familiarity washes away, there’s no continuity to hold to, we’re not here, we’re not there.

It’s where dreams awaken. Illumination is in constant atmospheric resurge. Many saints, sages, artists strive to maintain the loose transcendence as long as they are able. Here, beauty strips naked and she’s terrifying, and you can’t look away. All is mysteriously clear. God walks. All the lost objects and thoughts fall in here. Pens, poems, coats, why I’m now standing in the kitchen and how long have I been staring into this candle burning?

I splash cold sink water on my face, run my saint remy green light hands along the sides of my face, streaking them green. I open my eyes and the candles half burned through. I wet my fingers and put out the wick.

I’m alone, I can’t see a thing, I feel my way around. I’ve lived in this house all my life, I should know my way around. My hands slide across marble countertops, a stove, touch a vase, pink, lilies in there I think. I stop to put my paint stained face and nose to the flowers and smell. Petunias?

I pull out my blue lighter. The last one was green, had fallen and fizzled into a vigil candle of mary’s apparition to a peasant man. On the glass she’s feathering roses from her fingers into the vased hands of him. I flick on the light. A flicker – the smell of roses. A flash of a woman’s birth. A flash of myself raising a finger, whispering. A flash of orange, white, blue, a mouth and I’m swallowed. A flicker and I’m standing there, looking at me, a void like look on my face, wet fingers put me out. A flick of a gas stove light, I’m heating coffee.

I swirl my finger in the bean water to test the temperature, just right, and looks all swirly like starry night, just needs the moon. Coffee fills my cup then my lips, take three steps to the wood panel, pull out an old rolled saint remy green light oil tube and begin painting.

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There are signs of affirmation I’ve become accustomed to detecting while creating. They happen upon me, remind me my role of instrument being played, not as the player of instrument. Some artists play instruments, others are played by their instrument.

A deja vu sense is the first of these signs. I’ll lay a color down, and with it lays in me a feeling of having seen before, or felt before. To me this assures I am on the right path. Another may be an unavoidable voice of what I know to be the spirit of creation. These words fill the interior echo chamber of me with such sweet divination - I am awed with ecstasy! I know not how I hold strength to keep my body moving with color. When God speaks through the soul, the attention is consumed. The body keeps movement like the hands of a clock. The soul is elsewhere.

I often strive to pour the contents of my self wholly into the painting. As though my hand were a footbridge the soles of my spirit passed over and through into paint. If successful, the hands of the clock skip and I find myself mounted before attentive sets in a museum or in a collectors collection or on a friends studio wall. I see, I hear through tune and I feel the joy of giving life back, being recreated in the eyes of a lover of paint. It’s not often an artist feels their hard worked for fruit seen, then this is a blessing.

Raphael said that when a painter is painting he has no thoughts. This is true. Dream Divinations belong in the space less, timeless, liminal place of painting.

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3am may 27

Each morning there’s a moment I truly awake. I’ll have climbed down from dreams. Exercised my routine. Piss splash in toilet. Wash hands, face, brush teeth. Look out the window, see leaves, midnights laughing all alone. Fill thermos with ice water. Yoga. Chavastana. Meditate. In this cyclical state deepen like a spiral staircase, prayer is each step, a deep resonance within in response circling. Sometimes I see a blue floating or is. My eyes closed. Feel my body sink, lift, the floor gives way. Wrapped in arms through nothingness. A soft spinal sliding like youth down the stair railing. My feet hit the floor.

Shower close my eyes, warm water, caresses my body. Boots and woo-woo-bleeds of owls and birds outside. Open my eyes. Draw a self portrait on the hazy glass. It fogs. Write a haiku. It fogs. Smear the glass, an image appears, more alive than the others, but fogs. Watch water droplets ran alone and then into another, become one and ran through fog faster. Shower off. Towel and air dry. Moisturizer face. Faceless in fogged mirror.

In bedroom. Naked. Dress with presence, pendant necklace, underwear, yellow wash Reebok shirt, blue and white plaid pajama pants. Lighter, pen, chapstick in left pocket. Drink water. Devotion. Reads God-with, sleep for the beloved, dreams.

Grab writing book. Water. Coffee. Polaroid. Paint tubes. Interior castle by St. Teresa of Avila. Basho poetry. A black spinning vase, etched with symbols representing time. In the kitchen, do dishes, clean counters, spray vanilla scent, light candles, set what I grabbed on kitchen island.

Outside. Hear coffee. Look at stars. Look for moon. Talk to trees. Japanese wisteria is lovely tonight. Set writing book, coffee, water on wooden writing table. Stand before wood panel. A prayer. Incantation and self steps aside. Eyes widen. Watch hands move. Stars in song, birds come to watch, rolly polly crawls into wet paint, indiscernible string of sounds with faces like memory and smells like the colors green and yellow. Wind chimes chime. A prayer. Re-incant. Grab writing book, coffee, water, wave bye to Japanese wisteria and whistle a last song with stars. A light glimmer on the horizon.

Inside. Stove to med-high heat. Pan. Pan lid. Spatula. Two eggs whisked with black pepper, thyme, parsley, basil. Avocado cut in half, then half again. Put aside. Coconut oil to hot pan. Eggs pour, lid on. Two ticks from the pear stem and done. Lid off, flip, a tick, done. Onto pink plate. Spread almond butter with flower knife. Add avocado halves. Roll, roll into mini burrito. Save three fourth. Hot pan under sink. Steam unfurls, disappears instantly.

Half a slice of the keto carb wheat bread in toasted. Catch mid-air as it pops up. Put back in for black toast. Flower knife spreads almond butter.

Reheat coffee. Piss. Smoke. Talk to trees. Watch stars glide the sky on pool water. See candles flickering inside through glass.

Seat before candles. Ask pink vased daisy permission to pick a flower. Not that flower, this flower. Picked and put in black time vase. Try to eat but write words so tongue is busy sounding them the second they word to page.

Break off toast. Dip into coffee. Steam tickles my faint mustache. Look out the window. Becoming blue hour. Time of perfect mystery.

Reach to St. Teresa’s interior castle. Cross legs on high chair. Flight of the spirit she writes. So suddenly the soul belonging to God is lifted from body to Him. The small vessel of sense is overcome as though the sea were let pour into it. I take a last bite of toast. A white butterfly taps against the window. The blue light of morning pours through the window. The veil of night falls. The candles consumed. This little kitchen, a blue floating sea.

Words are weak breaths. But breathe must. I find I can leave my mouth open, let water pour in and back out into the page. They are not my words. They belong to the sea. I only have the honor, humble honor of experience.

Through a veil - this sea.

Flows up from horizon and in

Through windows of eyes

Corduroy coat the high chair was wearing. Over my back and arms through. Outside skies pink and white. Climb wooden writing table. Pull plaid pajama pants above knees. Drop legs in jacuzzi. Warm and bubbly. In water I see a lake. Somewhere miles north of here. Whitewash snow fields the sky. Frozen lake. Cold with wind, ears, nose red. A small melt on water where four ducks swim. Thistle grass crawls up my pant leg, pokes my ankles. Shoes soles are thin, socks dewy like thistle grass. Alone on an inlet. Voices and songs off but not within sight. Still not morning. Through fog way flows toward me. Celestial rain drops wet with the frozen time. I remove my gloves. Can barely move my fingers. Snap a twig into tiny pieces. Draw a spring flower in winter snow. Hit a rock with my index finger but feel nothing. The rock tossed into ice. A strange shattering echo rings through surrounding pines, voices in them. The ducks take off. Their pool widens as the sun rises. Milky Way melts to blue. Fog disappears. Bubbly pinks done white colors float in. Warm. Through then my feet dangle. I wiggle my toes, a crack on ice or my joints. I pull out. Close jacuzzi lid. Dry in the neon gong sun. Pull back down plaid pajama pants. Unbutton and begin pissing in the grass. Looking left.

The Japanese wisteria. Green leaves translucent. Sun in then. Nearly perfect half circles bit into the leaves. Filigrees of silk spiders webs string them. Glowing, waving in the wind, in and out of being seen. Small katydid like bugs crawl the vine stems. They shoot down little droplets that catch the sunlight and fall away. A vine reaches toward me. A hand. I bow my head, honored to see this momentary world.

Life

The sun is risen. Flower unfolds all before me. New moon soars midday.

This all. All of life to be and which has - here.

Light is necessary to reveal my endeavor. Light is momentary. If the sun were life’s source, flowers are hands, moons are reflections, what are these words?

The light of the moment then has passed. It felt through me. Felt through you. And passed from you. Here we are.

I wish to cling to life. To hold the moment - always the light of eternal moment. Not what has, not what is to be, what is bright, handling itself, reflecting the source at the instant. This is life. There is always light. Always life. Is for what we are here. This is now the worlds endeavor.

I will write true to life now. As it becomes from happing upon, to happening. Do not remember the last sentence, do not look ahead. Experienced the word as though it were as momentary, as lasting, as essential to breath.

Now. This is life. Experience the direct source.

The poetic bent left word of seeing right. Reality malleable. Living could be as sweet as maple winds in spring. Drinking direction like lifting of the spirit.

On narrow road many never venture. They will walk this road one way or through another, really both the same.

I had asked the sun to rise with the west. It laughed then did and then I laughed. My window on this road, it faces East and just past the pink petunias, light years in a second, could heat my room too much by midday.

Laughing still, the sun on my back shoulders. Like a child. I’d wondered. Found myself singing hymnals on hands behind light. A line like this:

Hands reach behind light

Such phenomenal touches

Here - the light! the light!

Lifted me higher.

The flowers faded, the path had reached the base of a mountain and that mountain peak too faded, all sound was one synaptic flash in my eyes.

-

I awoke feeling a bit bent, floating. The sun was a ways away, and on me. And in a child’s eyes, and in that child’s eyes wonder, beside him a candle, a paper and a pen - writing about how the moon came to be

—-

A monarch carried in the wind. Carried with my eyes to hollyhock bent up into sun. Mammoth sunflower still only a child. Purple blossomed potato plant. Back to tall flowers.

Painted in the cool shadow of panel cast. Thought of life. This moment of life. All of all life in this moment. That life was right. The other poet bent left the words real life.

Some days I never fully awake.

The other poet

Had bent left the words real life

Today real is right.

I’d fallen asleep looking into a flower. A mandala-like flower stitched into a pillow that was traded for my arm. The air felt hazy, too much floating around. I sense all that unsense. I sought focus.

So I stared into the context of that mandala flower. My eyes would slowly fade into black and back out and eventually fully in. I crossed the hinge which holds up the sky - empty blue sky. I now roamed a deep pink space, sounds of smiles, white shadows, a walking echo, in the corner of the melted sea, a woman with hazel-green glass eyes. She never said a word. Or maybe she did. All I felt was our communication with eyes, as though two souls sailed into another, found no separation.

She eludes me. Leave me in loose tethers. I unwind the stopped tick tock of my arm. Vault the wooden veranda of bed. Breathe. Really breathe. Feeling our breath is constant communication, this life has been in every other body.

My body was perched like a soft gargoyle at windowsill. Sipping the scents of petunias, onlooking the unfurling of clouds, rummaging the air through the black of night. The clouds were looking for something, I was sure of it.

It was not yet midnight, sounds and flittering lights still pranced the house. I longed for the world of silence. I found recompense in a deep meditative yoga sequence. In chavastana I found my body smiling, myself in the flights of the Spirit. I visited empty blue skies, sought nothing’s all, I was peaceful.

Still in inner peace as shower stalks of water streamed my back. My body ached. Had worked nine hours straight compiling haiku, slept fifteen hours in a flip book of out of dream flashes, seven impossible postures. Woke wholly de-tempered and neck and arm stiff. The hot shower streams trickled out all this. I closed my eyes and it was just as dark. I must have slept standing.

Some crashed sound, a warbling woo-woo-blee and an uplift of feathers woke me. A bird I have no name for floated up with the littlest illumination under its blackbird body. I saw it soar and slip back silent into the night.

-

Now, the day’s prior, I’d driven forty miles with my brother to Goodyear. We were to meet a stout little black hair buzzed Hispanic man about plywood. I don’t remember when or what way, but if finished the third panel of the tall Flower triptych. I was fresh out of wood panel to paint on. This man, Rafa his name, was to be my hookup.

My brother and I talked about avatar, blood bending, limitations, possible worlds. Played a game where whatever thought we had, we said. The music played randomly, mostly a conglomerate repetitive rap and instrumentals backgrounding invisible cafés I’d never visit.

When we pulled up, Rafa was slipping on black sunglasses and a pair of gloves. He had more plywood than he’d listed, a miracle I thought. I said I like the ones with eyes and twisty designs. He understood and took me to what he called the extra long one - one hundred and twenty inches by fourty six inches of pure dream infused plywood. A monumental piece flashed  before me, flowers apparated and I was not any longer with body, with Rafa and my brother picking plywood. I’d been transported to the garden grove which first held up this tree that became plywood. I laid flat in a field of flowers, coolness my face with its shade. I asked kindly the earth and plucked a daisy, held it up to the laurel bough breaking little rays of sun through the tree.

-Yeah, I’ll take this one. All the rest too.

Rafa was kindly obliged to drop the price and helped us load the truck. All the plywood secured, my dreams drove me home.

But I’d been bodily deprived. We stopped by teriyaki kitchen for food and bathroom. On account of now 70 or so miles I nearly pissed myself, their bathroom was closed. I danced in the lobby of over fourteen waterfalls, twenty seven wind chimes, and well over hundreds of veranda and lush plants.

-where you been? We missed you!

The old and lovely Asian woman behind the counter owned this place. Her and her husband and that ficus had been growing steady here for thirty years. I’d come here every night to write, to breathe with the plants and them and tap the giant wind chime. I can smell it now. But I’d not been in many months.

-ah! Writing, painting. I said, trying to hide how badly I had to piss. I have a haiku collection in the works.

-yes, bring by, bring by. I want to see your portfolio.

I said I’d love to share. She handed me my tofu teriyaki with vegetables and remarked

-why you diet? You so skinny already?

I laughingly danced real fast to the double door and slammed into it - locked.  Tried the other side - opened, and ran to the car and drove home in less time than handless clocks have.

-

The smell of eucalyptus, lavender, beeswax course smooth through my hands and into my face. The next day. Out of the shower. I unveiled my moisturized hands and stood before a haze cloud of an image of myself. Empty blue sky in my mind. I pissed, then left.

Light blue plaid pants. Yellow shirt. Three pendant necklace with st. Benedict, st. Christopher (who is always falling off, getting lost), and a mystery white marble circle with a golden lacing. The three pendant rattled between my shirt and still warm and moist skin. I was walking outside, something pulling me.

I stood before the half moon. The half moon! I’d missed all the wanings or the waxings, whatever creates crescent after new moon. And here was the half moon! A hazy illumination uplifting magic through me, my eyes deep into the half moon .

Clouds danced around the light like a tribal ritual in spirit flight. The wind chanted and bested the backs drum of the wood panels. I set up five same sized panels, about 50” by 56” against easel. The moon made them glow, their eyes, their flower centers like the moon was to the sun. One in the same, an easy reflection.

I bowed my head, thanked the life for light and returned inside. Heated coffee in hand and homely heart under skin. I carried with a joyous peace.

I instantly went back outside. I’d missed my friend the moon.

We sat in silence. The stars twinkled. Then one lightly fell with the sky.

Sunrise May 31

I slept fourteen hours

Woke once to a milk sky

But someone spilled dust in it

Turned gold lush waves of wind

Watched dreams and people in them

On little crafts float by in air

The dust enlargended grew wilder

Everything’s dusty gold yellow

The storm neared/ with premonition smells of rain

A shattering of a mystery vase

Torrents, the thrown ethereal

To the rooted-

Petunias, mild youth tree

Undulating, scattered pulses

Through my window

Smells of rain

And back to sleep

-

That was before sunset

Now it’s past sunrise

Smells of rain

A home in the veranda

Dreams up there

Catch a ride on a craft

The sea of smells, sea of memories

Ludington, pentwater, hart, grand

O grand rapid flush of delicacy

Threaded memory perused me with

Smells of rain, of Michigan again.

Then north less in pines, strawberry,

Christopher creek, payson, mogollon rim

Rim over the vale of childhood perfections

I could just jump, soar, never have feet

Been so rooted ethereal there

Alas I am here

Mesa Arizona

Housing body spirit supreme

Over singularities

Litanies on petal leaves, love

Lavish craft red to the wisteria

Home in everyone’s nothing wander

Ever of wonder in newness

Newness in newness

Each and every thing of old

Sweet as first words

Of love, of first flowers

Affections, presently

Smells of rain

Fellow yesterday asked to what

I wrote?

I write, I write, I don’t write

Vessel I am and anyhow, here:

I’d asked myself to him

What life continues

Brings bloom to every

Flower

And allows simple telling

Of a single flower

To tell

Of every flower -

What life continues?

-I’d been written by.

Needing more he asked for

With quizzical beard rub

A poem. I said:

Old blue dragonfly

Whiskers above pool water

Then an all blue plop

We laughed, he had story to follow

That laugh, so alive

So beyond conversation and writing.

-

Minuscule rivulet droplet

Of red

Just a point of red

Drops on my right ankle

Between the crest

Of a blonde hair and blue vein

And that minuscule rivulet droplet

Was lonely

Either been a red ant, or spider

It bit!

Brought out friends

A pool of minuscule rivulet droplets-

Red array of them.

Upon walking

But not yet fully awake-

I thought to reincarnate

The haiku.

An elegiac and simple

Truth form to adhere to

In humble dust stories

Of individual us

Gilded in every gold

Color of every truth

Time and space.

Yes like the haiku

Today’s and every day’s.

Mine and everyone’s.

I played with new form

Shuffled through the secret languages

That knew me and I asked

If they’d take to silk, a clothing

To venture forward this task of form?

They wished to remain formless, nameless-

For now.

The most of the floating world

Found me on a beige brick wall-

Beside pool waters

Where an old blue dragonfly

Skips the surface like feather stones

And send ripples

Across the water

Up the refraction

Through the light

And and send ripples

Skipping along space

Onto a beige brick wall.

And I

Feel like the whole

World’s been ripples/ is floating

At the touch of an old

Blue dragonfly

-

Embrace repetition

Avoid monotony

I see every art

Follows suit

Same principles.

Beautiful, invisible

Clothes.

   And when we

Hog the art

Still her same smell

Remains so lovely

    Lavender hands,

Myth, milk and honey,

Vanilla, coffee bean walk,

Old like white sage,

Rose water and ivy floor,

I abhor the vanity

Apart her.

   She holds

In love like loose tethers

Swirling petals,

Air weaving leaves,

Of green, of pink, of white.

Formless former.

In beautiful simples.

Time apart time.

Space apart space.

In one and every.

She is breath -

Our communication.

I feel her in

Painting’s coalescence

Poetry’s spirit speak

Cooking’s warm nurture

Planting’s pretty propagation

Yoga’s all silent body

Reading’s ‘our genius speaking’

Listening’s everything is music

Seeing’s from, not at

Smelling’s memory of all

Taste’s lush endearment

Touch’s uniting embrace

Hearing’s always been

Her, her, her again

Light seep aglow

Rosen

Poem

Rose petal fell

With my separated feeling

Through summer, fall, winter

Rose petal

Through spring

With my separated feeling

Rose petal rose

This or travel -

Home at my toes,

That at my heel.

Or enter monastery -

Making vows, cutting my hair

In my bathroom mirror.

I’ll be the sage -

Setting old soul

Over 2020.

Seeding in now, deep new soil.

You will have flowers

Colors and memory smells

Sweetness of sorrows.

Here - was ours.

Here is yours.

Captain of

Poem

Captain

Of nothing,

Over far your empty blue eye

What little do you see?

Where does direction lay?

You in a drowse.

You wake, you know it not

What land’s petals

Lay in your lap!

A Namer’s Grace

Poem

The first winds of human word

Blew petals like skin -

Thousand years direction

To settle acolyte soft -

Sleepless, the blossom lay

On a namer’s Grace.

They came, they came -

The propagation

Maybe once a thousand years

To pray, catch that first wind

In their own skin,

In their own hands - soft,

Soft sleepless petals

To rename.

-

Ah, they howled, they cuckoo’d

Ah, they daddied, they illuminated

Ah, they came, they came

They left with leaves of grass.

They walked the road not taken

The autumn moon, the summer’s day

The nightingale's dream -

Their company, their comedy, their odyssey

Their way -

That wind in their skin.

That first human word

Blessings sleepless their hand

They came, blossom again, they left

Now petal’d they lay

On a namer’s Grace.

I’m awake in bed

I can’t sleep

Upset a lofty poesy

At madness driven painting

At worthless

Yes my thoughts my actions

I can’t sleep

I’m awake in bed

What time is it

At least 5pm I’d guess

I can’t sleep

My jaw hurts

I want to love the world

But all I do is sleep

And then get stuck in bed.

I want to do good work

For love in love by love

But I lay awake in bed

I’m still awake

I don’t want to be awake

I can’t stop this

I will abandon efforts of sleep

Dream awake

Worship awake

God awake

I will paint

A single color on a single canvas

Bluish

Feels like me inside

Chopin nocturnes play

Midday I am to sleep

Into work

A beautiful dream

Empty bluish sky

Now the bluish

Is painted

And I feel an old yellow

Like beige

In me

And I say

Let’s see

How it looks

Outside of me

In

In paint.

In eyes

To the right of bluish

Perhaps between there

And a green or a yellow ochre

Onward

     My love

The beigeish yellow

It endears next

Taunts me and eludes me

Sits there wet, without

Touching canvas.

Yellow ochre perhaps?

Yes!

Beige follows

Still awake

Past midnight June 1

I paint the flower

Because the flower

Is all life

In one life.

And it’s. A pretty life.

Soul. Are you there, ever here?/ Always in

Expectancy?

Desires of desires

You have one -

The lead of conversation.

I hear, I hear

Here - my hand

This pen, my lip -

Let soul speak.

   Soul:

Over half circle

Semi-angular perception

In ocular drift - do

You ponder with the many great

One in little manifest? Hear

The lip each the hand wet the pen

Again -

My voice.

They tied a man to a mountain rain

For this -

The world of bliss,

The ancient kiss.

Here, here red land

Smell for ego loss

Up every new beginning

Avenue I’ll walk you

Three - us total. To

Today’s forever

Undulating, ecstatic, praise

For evermore spirit

Untethered skin

We’ll, I’ll dance - boundless.

The wind up in my wind

My song in my song

Way in way

Yah again, and again, and again - the Way.

Sunrise June 1

Immaculate sunrise

I ate

A quiet breakfast

Ash rose

Linen flower

Light shell

Yellow ochre

Falling into the otherside sky

Filling the empty up

My finger tips

On wisteria’s bough

I’m still wake

Last sleep was 14 hours

Been awake 24 hours new

I painted three canvases

Bluish Parma

Yellow ochre

Beige yellow

They look nice

As a triptych.

I did yoga, vintasa flows

Between yellow ochre and beige yellow.

My body felt reborn

Like a baby, a 20 year old child.

I cleaned.

I remember

Throwing a burning stoge

Into the fire pit

And the fire pit caught flame

And wilted the nearby flowers.

I apologized, told them they

They’re beautiful flowers.

I showered.

Hot shower water

Like lovers tender hands.

I read the psalms nailed.

I listened to birds

Through my window.

I went out the window.

Painted flowers on

Wood panel.

Splinters all over

My light shell fingers.

I ate toast with

Peanuts butte and jelly

And read

St. Teresa’s interior castle.

I had an idea

With paint and squares.

I’m going to paint four squares

Ash rose, linen flower, light shell, yellow ochre.

I found the tree of life

And a st. Francis statue.

I’d give them to Armenian twins.

I think they still love me,

I don’t know.

I cooked three eggs

With black pepper and parsley.

Saved two eggs

And ate one on another

Peanut butter and jelly toast.

I sat with Rothko, Goethe, Chopin,

I re-heated and drank coffee.

Sat quiet and calm

With the bulbous half moon.

Now it is morning.

The red sun rising. Clouds fill aglow

The sky is a great painter.

One day I hope to be remembered

With the likes of these skies.

I want to take my car

To L.A. California.

Live with poets and painters.

Paint and write poetry.

I might do this.

God builds the house.

I’ll dwell.

I miss slender

Female fingers

Slipping through my hair.

Long silk legs in bed

Between my own.

Eyes, drowning in them.

Waking everywhere

Still wet with the one ocean,

The eyes. I miss

The eyes the most.

Endlessx32

June 1 afternoon

Still awake

But in bed now

Been awake

31 hours now.

Love, love, love

The songs on endless.

Painted the painting

Time for sleep dreams.

Thank you.

Goodnight.

I’m still awake

Though not for long

I’m drifting again out on sea

In a breakfast, a quiet breakfast boat

(Empty blue!)

Empty blue sky above.

Neutrality.

But I can help feeling

When I awake

This will all have been

Only dream.

Before midnight

Hazy moon eye

The wind speaks

With soft touches

Water runs around

Air is mystery.

Yes. All is alive.

I don’t suppose

I’m hearing voices

Though

It’s not entirely quiet either.

The waterfall

While I paint

It’s nice

It washes away thought

Blanks the mind

To empty blue

I imagine myself

Beside the stream

With God manifesting

A native

Teaching me the way

Of flower.

Oil paint

A magical substance

Must be held

In more

Than imagining hands

Why the Morning Dove Laughs

On these nights I am alone a phantom. I sing with torturous and ecstatic word and who for?

The morning dove laughs,

Does she not live alone?

I sit with two candles. The crackle scents of vanilla bean caramel biscotti. The wind has already carried them off before I can smell. This wind's name is time. J give decorative name to burning moments already carried away. I think I smell them and can remember the self consuming embers of joy I must have crackled with, laughing the present away.

The candles hold open and spread out their soft petals of vanilla light. A white moth feathers by. I see a smirk on her, an insatiable look in her eye - like not till she’d died by the light - the lights burning, then catching burn in her. Her, in torturous ecstasy - only this could subdue her endless desire. She desires to be consumed by what she loves. That’d she die into (a petal into the moon)

A waning gibbous moon. Not often do people find affection for a waning gibbous moon. People do love the moon, and I think the moon does love back. But people mostly fall in love under full moons, people exercise genius to crescent moons, poets begin books on new moons, but not much love for the gibbous. Some would even say the gibbous is only admirable insofar as it serves to lead the way from half of a full moon to half of half of the way there to a full moon follow the last new moon. I am not one of those people that only love the moon in certain cycles, though they do truly love the moon. I also do love the moon, though I love the moon always as it presently is (like tonight)

Tonight is a waning gibbous moon. I love it.

My two vanilla candles in the wind of time. My two vanilla candles in the wind of time. They hold open a page of Hokusai’s 36 views of Mt. Fuji. Through the other painter of Hokusai’s time was Hiroshige of old Edo. In his woodblock collection of 100 famous views of Edo I first saw the brilliance of a gibbous moon. A falling star of perhaps a firework shot from one more or rather less than divinely inspired had shot a trailing golden light up, through Edo’s autumn moon, onto woodblock paintings, into my eyes, and back out my eyes was my waning gibbous moon.

Tonight the same sort of thing has happened. This time with Hokusai. I’d been reading Basho, Edo’s lonely haiku poet, and sought a page Basho could rest his solitude on. The hot of the phantom dweller was what I gave him! The old lonely blue hot, shackled between two trees that look like one. I look up and I see two lonely trees that look like one, actually I see one lonely tree that looks like two. Beyond through the two candles and nearer than the moon I see my tree that is one tree that looks like two.

I just went to piss, wetted the nearby dewy grass, saw to the East the sky turning tones of blue lighter, and heard the wind chimes voicing the wind with song. On my return to the flickering candles, Hokusai, Basho, the trees and moon - I’d lost the rippling thought, the wind nearly blew the candle out. What if meant to say was that I’d given Basho a home in a painting of Hokusai’s, an all blue woodcut of a hut I named the hut of the phantom dweller after Basho’s own prose on the torturous ecstasy’s of loneliness. I looked up from the page to myself looking up at the waning gibbous moon; and found if become the page. I was Basho living in the hut of the phantom dweller. Basho was the phantom dweller living in the hut of I.

I thanked Basho for making welcome stay and for taking to the phantasmagorical trail away. I took off my straw hat, lit a clove tobacco stoge and began writing.

I needed a sip of coffee so I sat up from leaning over my table and because my knees had been holding still the table from wabbling, the table inevitable wabbled, shaking the candles internal wax around and putting themselves out before the wind of time could.

The evening air quickly turned from a warm orange glow to the light blue of near morning, I found what light of the sun was peeking up from the hinge of land and sky enough to light the page for me to continue writing.

I sat sipping my coffee and thinking. I remembered a few lines I wrote just last week when the reflective nature of the moon was present, though it was a new moon.

    Poet sips coffee.

    Rose, petunias, lily white

   Sip slow may moonlight.

It was June now. The moon had set, the sun was rising, and I was caught between in blue hour.

I was hungry, though to eat the extra eggs I had in the icebox but I was hungrier for words. I kept writing and gave the spirit of creation my hunger.

That same spirit of creation is the spirit of God. So long as the artist endears themselves to the single consumption of love, the artist’s hunger is satiated in turn by the creator spirit of God.

We must be empty to be made full. This world is not enough to satisfy fullness. So I empty myself, I lose breakfast, I lose hunger for food altogether, that the only fully satiating spirit of creation may fill me. May fill me now and that for only this I’d hunger through June, through every Moonset to sunrise, through every sunset to moonrise. That every day I would dream of being filled by God, I’d empty myself for God and I would act in love for being filled by God.

-

In all torturous ecstasies of being emptied and filled by God, I still needed water. I put down my pen and went inside to fill my thermos. I turned off the kitchen light I’d used to make peanut butter and keto jelly toast on keto bread and heat up some saved eggs and sausage. That sounded good. But I didn’t need that kitchen light on anymore, for the sun had burned away blue hour and was pouring white illuminating light through the unveiled window. The kitchen light went off and I watched the light specks of sun spin across the gold laced tile.

While I heard I’ve tumble into my thermos, then more fluid forms of ice splash water in the aluminum inside. My mind’s thoughts melted and the more fluid form of sensation splashed mnemonically around in me.

The ticking of the pear clock reminded me of water clocks. Water clocks reminded me of music of the wind chime. I finished filling my thermos and danced with the specks of light back the outside where they vanished full into the air and in the air the wind was singing in the wind chimes.

I stood and listened. Marked a place to begin and end and titled their song: ‘sweetest remembrance.’

The wind laughed, the morning doves did too. I set down my water on my lonely table with two unlit candles. Looked up and asked what better name they had? They said to call it:

“Why the mourning dove laughs”

End of chapter

It’s make often the case we become what we hate and we love what we’ve become

This line came to me as I, as I often have done, imagined a conversation. I’d been watching the slow drift of the pink and white bubblegum cotton candy clouds from the chair of my outside writing table. The clouds lavish resplendence by this Spring morning light was uncountably the most wonderful thing to be blowing through this time to me. I wished to sit and stay all day long, but flies had begun circling and buzzing about me. I had to leave my writing table’s chair and abandon lustful cloud watchings.

My mother passed by holding a shattered vase and dead flowers. They had been up me and my neighbors a beige brick fence. For some reason I remember someone saying fences only make good neighbors. I don’t know what that means but if it’s true then my fence must be an exception.

The glass vase had been put up on the fence with the dead flowers already in, they were dead, not alive. I liked them up there. To me they were alive and beautiful, but had forgotten about them. Three windy days ago the wind had blown them over in a storm, they were found - the report from my mother being that beauty dying was found on the floor of our neighbor yard in a shattered vase.

I laughed. I had told her I head a mysterious shatter three days ago in my sleep but assumed it to be someone’s dreams. She walked off last the writing chair and I stood just standing there.

An echo of a laugh returned from the last one. Weird, I thought. I revisited other laughs and tried to open for possible new ones.

The time I had to piss in Teriyaki Kitchen.

When I was a child and called flamingos - thingos, helicopters - heccacopters, and the gas station - the ass station.

When my father suggested we take a heccacopter to the ass station for there was a pink migration settling there, a pair of thingos. To which I was most unwittingly enthralled and most terribly let down for.

I noticed the chair at the writing table. I’d said in some pensive state that I was a painter and poet, and therefore must surrounded myself wholly with beautiful flowers and things and that of all things this chair was the ugliest. Therefore I hated looking at it and it had to go. I never did rid of that chair. I did not vow never to sit in it and still I sat in that chair and wrote through the night. I was the comfiest I’d ever been. I hated that chair and now I love this chair.

All is journeying.

Near morning blue hour June 3

I’ve found myself returned to this chair. Some odd hours of a lifted sense of living passed since last being here.

I felt love is the simplest of all life endeavors, the most fulfilling and easy flowing. And endless sea pouring through human act back into itself. I often come to the realization of love as love endless, having somehow slipped away into myself, having the overwhelming realization awaken again. Like waking in a dream and still being within dream.

To elucidate the intricacies of this love would be to say nothing at all. Love is mystery.

And still I find love manifesting in the simplest of ways. An honest communication. Eggs for breakfast. Any fashion of seeing the face of God in another.

In using the lifted living endowed to me and lowering my will that the needs of brothers and sisters may be fulfilled. Of course that they may feel love. The way the wind holds our hand, fills our breath, sings with us.

Love is too encompassing. How wondrous this is. J am I overwhelmed for as I loosen tethers to my clinging skin, my spirit lifts. The wind wishes fully to release me, like swirling petals, falling leaves in empty blue sky.

So much could be said of love that I must simply stop and sit in love. I feel it all around me. Like thousands of soft eyes with tender hold. I look everywhere and I see it. I see through it, endless. I hear singing, voices uplifting as though every earthly thing took change to tongue and could sing, couldn’t help singing. I hear through it, endless. Endless love! Endless love meets me here!

I take to the steps of a spiraling staircase. The tiles interchangeably play at white then black, white then black with each step. My hand slides along a railing, a railing lush with roots and vines and leaves and the most colorful array of blossoms.

I’m running a silk pink petunia, a tendril talisman through my fingers. The wind lifts it up and swirls the petal’d air. Scents of Spring, fresh Spring.

The tiles loosen, slip out from my feet. I’m falling up, floating altogether.

I reach for a sheet of silk leaves and pull them over me. I lose me entirely.

-

Birds are singing. First the veil over my eyes flutters open, then closes again. I lift the sheets off my body. My eyes open again to see a pool of pink and green evaporate from my bed. It’s near morning.

I slept fourteen hours. I do yoga, clean, set two candles, notebook, paper, pen, re-heated coffee and myself outside. I write till the suns fully risen. Blow out the candles. Sit quiescent in the still blue air. Makes e the outside chair and table. Head inside to make eggs and toast for breakfast.

Lone breath (poem)

I’m lonely

Lack of luster

Lavish lip of loss

The world loud as

Jet planes in a shadow

Laurel grove likens

Me to just rest there

I see the light

From their shadow

Illuminating word

Of Paris wash

America tirades on breath

They’re breathless

I’m rest

Beneath a shade tree

Lonely

I sing with them

With breath

With photosynthesis

-

I picture poison

Body drinks

In sunlight

The nations uproar

It’s a mess

I’m tired.

I lack

I’ll sleep here

And when the shade shifts

I’ll find another tree

And continue to rest

Lonely

Communication

With breath.

I now see the virtue of vice.

I take the most crippling, the most destructive

Facets of my nature, and I give their power - to love - I accept them - in love.

My crippling fear

Becomes unbridled discovery

Of every nuance, every hidden thing

I see, I welcome and light aglow. My destructive anger

Becomes a blooming passion

Burgeoning, engulfing ideation with act

I softly, wholeheartedly embrace each thing

All seen in love

All accepted in love

Becomes all love.

Midnight June 3-4

Seeing the face of the moon

An old friend

Refreshes me.

I sleep uncontrollably.

Finished flower painting on wood yesterday.

Felt lonely, liminal, lacking possibly luminal

Turned vice into the strongest virtue

Anger to passion

Fear to discovery

Pride to self death

These, our vices

Are the secret doors

To the highest potentials of ourselves

They must be noticed

Accepted, loved, nurtured,

For good food,

Hugged, kissed, tamed

And they become

For love

Changing the world.

Then I hauled a

Hot coffee,

48 by 96 in.

wood palette into my room

My couch is my easel

Covered in paint.

I’d been granted

 a vision.

I followed a little glimmer of light

Just a speckled flash

And was led to promise painting land.

Green land.

Blue sky.

Yellow sun.

Three colors and that is all.

Simply beautiful, spiritual, wondrous, magnificent, humble

Yes, yes, Spirit led work.

I drew up with paint

Sketches for the piece.

Lost in the yellow sun.

I’ve considered only

Empty blue,

Though, I love the light,

However fleeting, ever it is manifest.

I slept after sketches.

In my dreams I took a little boat

A craft on a dark sea.

I found an inlet, rocked my wood water stead

To an only tree, a palm tree, with some rope.

I entered a dark cave on the island.

So dark, ever inscrutable

That not even my mnemonic perception

Could be allowed in.

Very well.

I waited outside for myself to return.

It was always dark

But the birds sang and that was nice.

As was the lapping waves of the sea

The creaking of the boat, then tree.

Then I’d returned!

With light in my hand!

I held the color of the yellow sun!

I held the sun in my hand.

What wonder!

We, ah, me, I took the boat back

Awoke in my bed smiling

For the painting had revealed

The lost sun had returned.

Now only to put color to wood

To work the magic

Incant the Spirit.

With coalescing.

“It is the feeling of the artist only that informs every kind of process.” These were the words Goethe on his insipid theory of colors had left me now. “The feeling of the artist.”

Currently this artist had been feeling the steam of stove heated coffee condensate in a near bubbly tickle upon the tips of his blondeish mustache. Then dipping peanuts butter jelly toast into the caffeine source of steam, raising to his lips and forming a new jelly ochre mustache. Delicious. A sip of coffee burns the tongue and melts the excess peanut butter in a lavish drip to the lip.

I finish the contents upon the 3am pink plate.

I take my size 14 hog hair paintbrush out of Goethe’s pages and give it a little twirl. I’m feeling good. Yeah, like the moon reflects the sun, I’m feeling good, good and illuminated. I’ve never painted with this brush. In fact, I have not painted with any brush in months. I paint with my hands and fingers. I prefer to feel the paint through my hands and fingers. It’s a straight channel for the soul that way. From the mystical, through body, into paint.

This hog hair brush does serve well in painting dreams. Just last night. And every night prior, I sleep holding this brush. I see it’s still wet with the flow of last sleep.

Birds were singing and water lapping. I put aside the last painted sketches for the new piece. A simple trinity colored sunrise. Green earth. Blue sky. Yellow sun. Put upon an eight by four foot wood panel. The sketches helped to secure the green earth and the blue sky, but the yellow I’d the sun remained mystery.

The birds quieted and the water lapping loudness. Like a slow fade from black into scene, I was sat upon a wood craft, sat lonesome above a lapping sea, deep beneath a black sky. I just looked on, let the water carry me in my little wood boat, no oars, no sail, just the pull of the moon.

Perhaps I had slept, for a small clunk, whoosh of sand, a wispy spray were at once beset me. I grabbed the old paint haired white rope from the boat and exited onto land. An inlet. An island. A lonesome island in the black of night. On this island, an even more lonesome tree. I tied the boat to the bough if the palm and began walking.

A cave, not unlike Akita Kurasawa’s tunnel to yonder  shores from his dreams. A cave before me. Dark and inscrutable. I asked myself if I should enter. With soul I said yes. My mnemonic perception said it’d stay outside. So I split. Thus, I remember only the senses which entered me outside the cave, as my soul had entered the cave, journeying only God knows not where but when.

The birds were there, they sand pretty-like. The lapping waves seemed to chortle, a sonorous smile I supposed there was the creaking if the craft boat, then a following creak of the wood palm tree. Those green palms waved to me and I looked back to make sure it was me they were waving to. It was, but I felt I’d waited too long to wave back and now it’s be awkward. I couldn’t look at the palm any longer. I turned and faced the wind. A gust of salamanders filled my mouth with song. I sand like persimmons one autumn minds. It was quite the joy, but the wind had blown over my sand castle I built.

I was bored, truthfully, all lost meaning apart the soul. Just a medley of sensation and no string to keep it all together. I nearly forgot and why I was, nearly attempted to board the craft, I would have, had it not been tied to that friendly but too friendly palm. I nearly began swimming anywhere, surely for sensation, when I saw a light emerge deep in the tunnel.

My soul came running with the yellow sun in my hand! The sun in my hand! Ah the meaning! The rising light on the dark dreamscape of bodily fields of sensation!

We quickly boarded the craft and sailed back to bed. I awoke in a wet silk sweat. Either the nervousness regarding the palm or the splash of the waves had been the cause of the sweating. Through my hazy veiled lid I watched an island fade to only blue.

I threw off my sheets and they covered the blue lights till I removed them. I suddenly remembered everything - the yellow sun. I ran nearly naked to a paint bucket where I knew the color to be. Quickly, for I had just woken, I had to pee, and I felt the vivacity of dream receding, I searched and found the yellow. I threw the tube onto my couch and released with a laugh, lapping yellow waves into the blue toilet sea.

In all my hurrying and for it was after sunset, I had not lifted the seat and proceeded to piss straight onto it. Fantastic I thought, I laughed.

Shadows consumed

On a late Spring’s midday

Cool clouds roll overhead

Air smells of dew. A bug skirts the pool surface. Blue green ripples in the reflected sky. Burning roses beneath the clouds have ashes to grey-blue. Chickadee sings to me.

I’m thankful for this harmony. Each day the sun rises. The trees still stand. Birds keep singing. Light mystifies my mind. Green is green. I let out a breath, breathe in. All of life has once held this breath. And all will again. In our breath is harmony, connection, life.

-

Slept fourteen hours

Awoke to birds singing in morning

I had helped to bless the night

With painting, with writing

To cook up toast, reheat eggs

And coffee

And sit and watch

Life unfold

Like a petal oleander.

—

The night was aglow with the light of a near full moon. We talked without words. Two faces were on the moon. One looked out, longing eyes filled with the sun. One looked into my eyes, giving light.

The night swept through with sketch after sketch, drawn and thumbtacks to the wall. I felt the light of the sun on me, extracting this feeling to oil was the work with me. The yellow had become elusive again. I sought the understanding I’d found in dreamscape but the portal seemed obscured. I turned to Akira Kurasawa’s own dreams, his final film. A lush provocation of his own dreams and in them a chapter with Van Gogh.

I watched Amira Kurosawa journey the impasto perfection of Van Gogh’s paintings. Physically stepping through wheat fields lavished with thick saint remy yellows and greens. Where he met Van Gogh himself. Who passionately rode his genius, who sang with color how the sun compelled him. Through his ablazed red beard, and under his straw hat he said,

“What are you doing, why aren’t you painting.”

A yellow flame took hold in me. I bowed to the master. I laid myself before the monumental wood panel. With one eye to the light, one to the application of paint, I have light through color. It flowed easy, I felt like the moon, reflecting the light, the pure feeling of artistry.

The painted sun rose with the other through the window. The canvas alight I’m the perfect manifestation. The feeling of the artist fully compelled to be consumed in outer becoming inner light, becoming outer light again - to be felt within again. The divine process in an artist’s feeling.

—

Midday June 5? Yes, June 5

Began writing in little

Brown paper moleskin.

Broke my old coffee cup.

Got a new little

Yellow coffee cup.

Walked and talked to trees.

Held their leaves in my hand

Green and then

Crunch of brown.

Overcast day.

Sun then shadow then sun then shadow

Thick bulbous blue clouds.

Felt some spring rain

Listening to Beethoven.

Painting the same sun.

Good work filled day.

-

Midnight June 5-6

Rain

Soul rain

Clouds are overflowing artists.

Refresh this land

This earth body

Soul rain.

-

Full moon

Tonight.

Clouded with

Touch veils

Of bluish Parma,

Pre-rains,

Softly parading

The night sky.

The wind streams I’ve the back of my neck. Occasional drops of rain touch my toes, soften my hair, obscure ink.

Bulbous and thick veils if blue clouds parade the night sky. Between their tears of fabric is a hazy light - the full moon.

My candles flicker and whoosh our. Wind chimes sing incessant. Water ripples and ripples, looks like toes dragging along the surface.

The palm trees, the tree that is one, once looked like two and now three away and whisper what colors the winds offer apart inscrutability. A mystery wash of beige pours into the land.

The clouds are a shadow; a falling upward shadow. Unfurling among and above, parting and revealing. Both the moon and I had already held our gaze in each other’s direction. For a moment the o scoring haze fizzles and we see clearly one another. The moon looks to be falling, slowly burning beige through blue clouds. Its face is endearing, such friendly accomplishment to midnight, my lonely lodgings. Its light is harmonious to my nature. To the moon I am a flicker, my blue eye reflecting its own bright beige eye. Only a wet eternal second can pass between us.

The veils fall upward again, the wind is inscrutable again, the ink translations wash with rain, candles out, coffee cold, body distant.

Again the full moon reveals, in an interplay of illusion and vision. These are moments beyond the word. They are the experience of beyond’s utterance. They must be lived and felt unbridled. I give my eye to the midnight moon.

The howls of wind found their way in. Through the door cracks, through my dim thoughts. The wash of moon slowly seeped through windows and laid aroused on the white reflective tile floor. Orange lights clapped like hands against the walls of the kitchen.

In the source of the candle’s light I heated peanut butter from a flower knife then spread the gooey parts to a green stick of zucchini. I thought about the three faces of the moon. Composed haiku in a little paper brown moleskin notebook. The pleasantry carried on till I’d accidentally skipped melted peanut butter from the knife over both candle wicks. Only the light of the full moon wash remained.

In my room, doubling as studio for when the outside downpours more than blue light, I heard the pitter patter sounds of rain. Their deaf improvisation played harmonious with Beethoven’s Moonlight Sonata, movements one through three. Beethoven’s unbridled genius carried through time, met me in the utter present. He manifested with cut piano legs, his deaf head to the wood floor as he played. The sounds of Heaven on Earth echoed, reverberated there and within me. Genius was no flicker of man, genius manifested there and now.

I painted what would become ‘Yellow, Blue, Green’. The sun on the moon. The same light. The God in man, the same light. I sought to portray the reflective natures of these. A vast stretch of green earth grounding the yellow eye of light floating in empty blue sky. Three simple colors painted over 8 by 4 feet of plywood. One landscape holding the risen light of every sun, moon, man and woman over this earth, under the mind of empty sky.

As my fingers swept the last blues across the painting, the glowing blue light from the moon filled the panel, Beethoven played the last repeating keys of the third movement and I felt the genius of creation rising, flowing through. A new life mounted before me.

The painting was finished. Titled ‘Yellow, Blue, Green,’. I smeared blue along my red roll shirt as I carried the painting outside to dry and laid and silk blanket over it. I gave up a prayer, released the piece from my hands and blessed the way it should take to. The moon said amen and I returned indoors.

I was still elevated beyond reason, living in the world of dreams. So I turned on Akira Kurasawa’s dreams again, I watched the Van Gogh scenes again. In Kurasawa’s dream land, with the colors of Van Gogh I felt at home. We were men living in dreams, working endlessly to bring them to life. To bring others to dream with, to be enlivened by the light, consumed by the creating genius.

Poem 73

Elasticity - verbose

Curiosity in paradise.

Pink parades testicular

Cancer coronary virus

Turquoise lavender syrup

Chime child dream!

Decadent overture elastic.

Bound baby blue adieux

O green grass!

Of every head and foreground.

Grown gold in green

Come to me, lose me!

(Like liquid in liquid)

Baby birther or genius composer?

Is bird swooping singing - mock!

Every elastic plaster white wash genius

Grown in one, just one

Blade of grass from childhood chimera.

Yes Lord

What you will

I will

Thoughts #920 + 1

Yellow. Just banana yellow.

Ochre caffeine in the cup.

Whoa! Hello lizard!

You’re beautiful lizard.

Goethe had it. Kind genius.

Sweet serenade of divine intellect.

Congruous prismatic thank

You, friend.

Gracious anything

Over the over circle

And under to dream

With soft blue satin

Humility bound in

Leather spine white MichelAngelo

Marble. Angel!

Three years of sun

Red, yellow, green, blue,

Maybe not green.

That is the ground.

Ice is melting

Tears bulb flower

Like linen cherry succulent.

Slide loose thread

Innermost spirit

Do a stretch through

Ocular eye, my

Love.

Poem 7

Incandescer so

Normal inscrutable

Eye hole wood

Grain coffee color

Palette pick your

Mind furniture! Gather

Gather my company, here

For here is a circular

Story. Weep whittle

Labor of less sleep

Is a blessing on up

High in carried by fluff

Sheep back call storm

Home shepherd - still water.

Hear. Help the people.

Of longing for they are

Full of longing. They are

Puzzles who need the shape of God.

Midday June 6

Some time ago

Slept 14 hours.

Awoke 16.5 hours.

Slept two point five hours.

Awake 12 hours.

Sat with full moon.

Painted yellow, blue, green,

Listened to Beethoven.

Began painting a new piece.

Red, blue, yellow,

Or red, yellow, blue,

Or

Blue, yellow red.

Ah! I am lonely. The moon, the moon is my friend. In day I am lonely! I stare into Hiroshige’s prints of the moon for solace. It is but a short solace. I must paint. I try to stare into the sun. Ah! What joy?

2am June 7 2020

And what shall I call you?

Once less than woman of my soul

I called to you moreover my loss of self

Circumscribe the inscrutable mystery

To the living, breathing life

Made in sense before us.

Who are we? To wonder.

To death till color fades

Lilac. Abandon them!

Abandon them! The wanderers

Before, their way was in

Watchful abandonment.

Wander! Lush your step

Under mine. Divine infancy,

Your perception might wake

At last the land of

No shoes, of dance.

It’s gone, it’s dead,

They’ve bitten the head

Of the horse.

They the smells of roses

To wrists.

And left us low and longing.

I

I pray into the space where

I pray into the time when

I pray not for shoes, but to

Be naked, a blue orb.

I pray for mercy, forgive me

My wandering incandescency.

Make perfect sense of me.

Let love, your divine presence

Be beyond, beyond us

Light to object has shadow

God to soul has us.

Time candle has

Consumed itself.

Laddered sulks of pears.

Mahogany, tassel, filigree, velvet

Chicken coop house, out of frame

In diners, in him and her mind

Peasant! Flower shed, garden shed

Boy in field I’m blue pants

Orange sun blithe, blithe, anasthesia.

Quiescent foal came down the

Cloud of dead

Posey.

I look to the moon.

Literature in eyes

Literature in eyes.

June 7 morning

The air was cold, the morning moon was full. Coffee hot, toast coconut oiled, stoge and candle lit. The rock waterfall gushed with lavish splash. The mourning dove loud. A locomotive train howled through the distance.

Today was the day of mother’s birth - June 7. Through the night I painted her a beach scene. A thin foreground of opaline green grass. Above a structure of light shell sands falling into a bright linen sea. Floating inches above, a symbol of newness, a red sun in a light linen flower blue sky.

I wrote her a card to go with the painting. Thanked and praised her moving today, in days to come and for the eternal day. On the cars I drew the roses my father picked and vased for her.

Outside as I finished the last bites of toast and as the candles orange glow cooled with morning mist, I felt thankful to be alive. However dreadful the weight of the days may be. There is always beauty before me. Only that my eye be open and reflective, like the moon.

I often wish that living among toast and clove tobacco, coffee, and candle scents would cease. That like the candle I’d be outshone and consumed by a brighter, warmer source of light. But there is much to be felt and reflecting in the creative acts. I know the fullness of love must completely burn through the written word, the colors and charity till I can cease. Endless creativity, endless endeavor in love - the fullness of finite days. The artist’s way.

-

I blow out the candle and feel the coalescing warmth of sun and moon. Through the morning most I walk inside to paint again.

Another red sun slipping the blanket of empty blue sky. A sea of light yellow beneath. I swam with oil till my fingers ran raw. My blue plaid pants endowed with new stains of the same old colorscape. My pants always being the finest pieces. The colors ever under their own control, they map the oeuvre, I wear the oeuvre on me.

After painting I set out to prepare crepes for my mother, her favorite breakfast dish. Nothing went as I thought. They burned and crumbled and by the third attempt she delightfully still threw powdered sugar, lemon juice over the the remains. She smiled as she ate from above a plate I crafted when young. A picture of flowers, a tree, a sun and us.

Today was a day for family. We then visited my mother’s sister, Lisa. She, at the treatment house where she’d been restfully working on herself. She showed me a mountain drawing. I left her one of the nearby view. The desert landscape of old Scottsdale Arizona. Shaded not poems but silence. And it was most poetic this way. You never remember what a person says, only how they made you feel in silence.

I left before the rest and found myself at a closing coffee shops. Through a face mask a black bun haired man had said something I don’t remember. I grabbed my black coffee and avocado and stood in the center of the shop, where the light poured in, facing out the window. Daisy-like petals swirled in the wind, up into the sun.

June 8 Blue Hour Morning

Yellow

Blue

Red

Green

G. Olive oil’s toast spread up by avocado.

Y. Nana banana

B. Faces everywhere (trying to get out?)

R. Aesthetic living - heavenly.

Little Japanese

Some stoge

Morning

Piece of coffee

The silent bloomvoice echoed unceasingly through time. It made the night, the dawn, the stretch of days feel all the same. That keeping haunt beckoned me, woke me from sleep, dreamt my waking road. O elysium levity, what do I call you?

I call you bloomvoice on this momentary choir bell sounding. The hour of my normalcy. I sing, entering the echo chambers you gleam within. A cypress sways between the sun and stained window and I, shadow dance the wall.

The walls of my dreams! They are without, incandescer in sage, you unlevel ground - I think! But you hold me sure as memory, sure as the sun did rise and I scream - come up again!

A fool, to think I the liaison. Then silent you are!

Do. Do away with me! Lose me of myself and enter me with song. Repeat, repeat, repeat. Enter and echo into me. Echo into me. Repeat, repeat, repeat. Echo out of me. Keep the call. Sweet repeat, sweet elysium levity.

Now I’ve come this far along the heading avenue of anticipation as I await the steam rising and finger dipping to test the temperature of my coffee, I think. I really have a thought about those swirling petals, those unnamed yellow - certainly petal’d swirl wind. Decidedly I left it it as it as it was and took back the manuscript from the rushing stream of O, poet you’ll drown there! I took a sip, a burnt tongue, cut my toast in two and dropped my sense with behind the white porcelain trim and window seat glass of the toaster. I felt. The heat sizzled my finger, coffee was ready, toast popped. Flower knife unsheathed and spread like a face one makes out among the distant clouds and feels maybe the clouds are not so distant and - rather time neither. For my perception as behind glass and I saw myself like the moon sees the sun see itself upon its outpouring of light service.

The wind chimes had sung. The decorative detail of setting there. Red fire upheaves of spring scents grounded in the image of a brick wall put up years ago beside a stretch of now standing fluffed up with red petunias. Flickers of their, her beauty, for flowers in being beautiful must be virgin woman, alone and housing thought but flickering and catching flame through invisible walls of their being for the beads spinning in all.

Or hadn’t they been yellow? Like the orange of Rothko, or banana mental mnemonic chatter of my late to myself living into living grandma I called Nana. But most of all the color had been with the warming tendency towards a smile that seems to lift the eyes up and out of themselves even before the crevice of the lil upturns. The sunflowers I’d planted months ago and beside the petunias and blowing all up their fluff blush smile in the same wind ringing the wind chimes beside myself standing, admiring this amiable, this discordant and most sensible of friends gathering setting I had found myself in.

I whisped shut the pages of a poets words I’d been reading. The sound of the book dropping to the wood writing table sounded just like the room door to Virginia Woolf’s own.

I felt amiable at least, comfortable for having been again. Having been again included among the coming together of time and carrying on past one’s own. Yes, to say the least of my thought, I felt insipidly amiable.

For even apart the pages, the folds in the flowers too, the flower knife of which my toast was cut in two then spread with peanut butter, then jelly had the most peculiar character. As though, well not as though, as though the actual had to be beautifully kept to fanciful dictions and spinning, rather unspinning thoughts in the mind of one; no, this was actual of course, it was now. The time for another piece of toast, the first flower by and I only heard a mild crunch behind the slipping sounds of ink and page flippings and beautiful risings. Risings of what? And to where are we at all you ask? Well to tell the actual truth my coffee is colds fill so still I stand feathering pages of another’s conscious, sniffing up the flowers and spinning to the yellow sounds of pen slipping.

My hand was now then in the peach pit.

-

June 8-9 midnight

Love, like a cloak of light. What wears the light? Parsons the shadow? Had passage been anything but empty? See emptiness is most useful for manifestation. The grounds of being preceded seeing, seeing follows light. Shadow follows light. Shadows are excess left when light sees manifest - grounds of being.

June 9 2020 midday

Ah! How to begin a chapter with a loving giving up of the self. I say lose me my way, I wish my life, let it be in the wind, the way, o thank you divine Yahweh. Love.

Let no word be written not in humble devotion, Boeing to mercies of the ever creative spirit. Love.

I am nothing, nothing apart the breath of the spirit. Let soul speak. Let spirit flow. Let love be the only endeavor, the full devotion. O God. Love.

You are infinite. Endless. On earth. On high. Inside. You are creator creating. Now. Love endless. Always wind blowing will of every moment - love. You are. All glory to be - you. I give up myself - spirit enter. Create. Love. Love. Love. Love. Let it be true. Love. Love. Love.

Turning from the circling clock, I picked up my paint brush from the kitchen island. It lay dormant in the glass shadow of vased rosebuds. Yes that was it - the flowers! The painted garden I am still painting. The sorts of blooms that ar eternal and mild.

That evening, or late midday or so I had hardly slept. All on my mind was wet oil. The midnight morning in an instant, myself outside with the moon now on its way up in the sky and way out with light. Waning, or waxing? I can never tell. Before my short sleep and now I remember not finishing and still completing a blue, green, yellow flower wood panel - empty blue sky. For not being finished it is all the more complete.

I then passed out looking into the sky. The sun beat upon me. I melted into the writing table chair. The half eaten avocado grew old and tired in my pocket. A stoge burned through my fingertips. Flies buzzed about but never in me. That’s important.

When I awoke then I stammered into bed and slept and when I awoke again I found myself outside with brush in hand and thoughts wet but reeled back my own.

The moon and I kept up the stars with color songs. The beige in light poured into me. I painted swirling pink rosebuds. A slight purple silhouetted branch before the moon itself. A wavy dreamscape in light tan shell skin for the background. The base in elysium levity, blue.

I do not know when I began or what transpired within them, but I’d finished by sunrise.

I had salmon, an egg and and an avocado for breakfast. No exactly restless, but fully determined I was. Less accomplished than devoted manifest. Less thought of suicide, more of hope in love, death of desire, in a love of living.

I finished eating. Felt dreamy, world dreamy. The normalcy mysticality. Oh well. I played Beethoven and finished painting the 86” by 42” red sun, sulphur land, and blue sky scape.

I tried using the brush again, but couldn’t help coalescing the flow through my feeling hand with wet oil. My hands are hardly tender by now, mostly calloused and since, splinter immune. I Hope museums will allow the seers to be feelers too. I’d like to touch both the soul and shake colorful hands through time.

I realized I was now painting at a new rate. It did not matter. I slowly stared into the sun, trying to let the light in. To see what color the sun was for the next piece. And if I’d give the sky a swirly out-spiraling of light, and if then what color those wild rays were. All this in a moment before I averted my gaze. Thankfully the ah. Had burned into my perception so for the next few minutes I would ascertain the coming palette.

But it was not till the second set of yoga for the day that the vision came into me. I lay in corpse pose, corporeally left smiling and spirit realm wandering, I followed a blue light, passed through a white hall, met a colorful fellow dancing throwing his paint flesh at the walls, a master I not thought but felt inside. Through the window of his wet eye I climbed. Found myself supine on soft light green grass. A white sky. I’ve been here before. A pink circle light, floating, looking into me.

I put down my sketches, snacked, wrote and began the next work.

Well, I wrote that I began the next work but really I just kept writing, I though of theory and practice, the idiosyncrasy at the method of the masters. How each one painted wholly himself and still endeared the still living long before their own. (You never hear all an artist’s thought, it’s more complete that way.) How cocreating completes unfinished. You never get all of an artist. (And it’s best that way.) It’s up to you.

A few weeks ago Space X sent two people to dove, soon the moon again - of the new painting moonrise, I hope it to be among the first gallery on the moon.

I will use you for love.

Painter…

O Knows what’s being painted

Knows how to paint it

Feels nothing (no why)

-

O knows what’s being painted

Knows not how to paint it

Feels the creating in how (some why)

-

O knows not what’s being painted

Knows not how to paint it

Feels the creating in how and what (most why)

Least intention = most manifest = most coalescence, cocreating with God = most meaning

June 10 Sunset

Not words. Color.

Color’s been the language by which I voice. I’ve not words, color in this moment is truest to feeling, consumed my thought, unites my eyes to the world, instates elysium levity.

A mourning dove flew overhead. My head had been bowed, they lifted with its whistle call. A half burnish sun streaked wing flapped up and down with ash rose.

Petals spun like colorful emblems of thought. A linen light sky the vanishing bird took to. I looked back down and another bird flew below, but above. By the reflection of the outside’s writing table.

Behind me stands a drooping mammoth. A sunflower with no sun. I recalled these line:

     I fear of escape -

     How sunflowers on blue hour

     Heard the sun running.

Today I had painted a set of seven sunflowers stalked up in a sulfur sky, up of blue, faced to a naples yellow sun. An ecstatic red streak the sun had over a tilted light saint green earth.

The painting felt to play the feeling of Beethoven’s moonlight sonata, the third movement. For this reason I’ll call it sunflower sonata.

Though now I await the moon. I lavish in the elysium escape of blue hour. A call for a piece of a moonscape pleasantly haunts me. I hear in the silence the soft circle glow of white. Bathing in a linen sky. Green opaline earth beneath. Here, lay me down:

I dreamt a polished stair set. Spiraling up and my feet carrying with. Linen unveiled to white. To my left, cadmium yellow erupted by an opened door. I, pulled within. A voice spoke in the light, the words - I will use you for love.

The sounds of sheets, then sheets of paper ruffled me awoke. In my notebook I wrote the words, I will use you for love.

-

I felt dissonant. Like a synth sound alone through an open green field, over orange walls, blue mountains, yellow skies. I sought harmony. The kind to conglomerate my wandering music to the heart of its own sound. It’s meaningful sound.

The day passed fast. Fifteen hours of sleep. Routined morning actually in morning. Prepping new panels to be painted. Hours of sketches. Not eating. The sunflowers in oil. Yoga and felt death in a Japanese song called windy land. Felt alive to open my eyes, to feel color inside. Examined a polaroid triptych of purple potato plant buds, big wilted sunflower beside a window reflecting sun, out of the ground roots of another sunflower.

I set them aside, threw on night sky plaid in blue pajama pants, an unbuttoned deeper blue button up shirt, the color of an old lover’s eyes. I ventured outside.

Before an unpainted wood panel I sat, smoked and stared within. Night birds ruffled their feathers for sleep. Mice ruffled the verdant laurel, an avenue down the bough of their home. The branches of the trees seemed to stammer about the air with laughs at my loose discernment. What could I put upon this wood panel, their kin, that’s not already been? Mystery webbed in the woodgrain. My eyes stopped looking at and began to look from.

Foregone the parable were the days I’d wandered up through a morning forest mist. Made my barefoot stand upon the stump of an old pine. Suddenly flushed inside with all the tree had once seen, had felt ruffle itself, had swayed musically with the wind to. This painting parable was quite alike.

I knew not what I then saw, not how to paint it, but the manifest feeling festered inside. I felt what that wooded tree had, I had to give it life again.

Grabbed red, yellow, beige-white, blue, green. More exactly vermillion red light, cadmium yellow, golden shell, light linen flower, opaline green. Grabbed by passion to color life.

-

Past midnight I stood myself again, stood before what was once a tree and now a colorscape of the same spirit embodied again. Cadmium yellow streaked my right cheek, dotted my middle forehead, hung below my left, my dreaming eye. I burned through a clove stoge, also stained cadmium yellow. Birds slept and crickets chirped .

The night sky the color of my pants spun up and around the stars. They moved so fast, I could make out no constellations. The moon shone through the laurel. I laughed and nearly choked on toast. Washed the rest down with hot coffee. Headed inside, the moon behind my eye.

All of the unknown, the deep yearning, the void floating, only bright by another’s light - to these I felt the moon behind my eye. For dinner I had another toast, an egg, nuts, some cauliflower and almond butter. I read Basho’s Narrow Road to the Interior. But my copy was called Back Roads to Far Towns. Together the names were most telling.

Through ink time, my mind balked at his words, “but what pilgrimage to far places calls for: willingness to let world go, it’s momentariness, to die on the road, human destiny, which lifted the spirit a little.”

The way within, internal upon every external, back up and narrow in time, perhaps the only way, the only paradisio road. How could what should be nearest, travel farthest from us? Perhaps this is the only way.

I lifted my head. Had been bowed with wet oil hands folded, incessant in sketch, my mind heavy on itself, felt the cool coming wind which did lift my head a little. I looked from where the wind could come. Out the window beginning morning blue hour.

A voice like direction did take two colors to my hand - cadmium yellow, golden shell. Took me out of myself, narrowed my desire, put death to (everything is yellow. Blue. Green. Red. All the paintings) my momentary meaning for full abandon of manifest. The spirit did lift within, and flow through my will back in my room the body beyond, it painted.



By the full lift of sun a painting had been done. ‘Entering the sun’. I basked and danced in the light of the sun. I felt it far, I felt it emanate from the painted panel, I felt it within. All light fell over another. All was lost in it, and equally all, beautifully consumed.

Sunrise marked twenty four hours of being awake. I felt tired to say the least, but work was still yet to be done. I’d painted flowers, what I did not know, the sun and yet the moon.

I realized the moon may still be up in the otherside - sky. I ran the road, wandering, and there found no moon. The daylight has me consumed, lonely; full.

I sat outside eating an omelet I’d made, sipping cool coffee. Studying Hiroshige’s eyes in Edo. His colors. Always variants of red, yellow, blue, green. Picasso and Van Gogh too. I knew the colors held all.

My eyes began to torment me. Everything looking into me. A face in all. All one face.

Yoga with my eyes closed soothed the eternal gaze. I passed out in corpse pose. A meeting then with the moon. I saw that friendly outspiraling smile. I woke on my bedroom floor maybe a gibbous hour later.

A waning dream passed before me and the moon painting was finished. White circle smile outspiraling in light linen flower blue, all above the path of opaline earth.

Eight by four feet of moonscape spinning alive and friendly before me. Be it lack of sleep or food or the magic incandescence of oil - I too began spinning and nearly fell into the painting. I nearly wish I had. That I could enter again the world of dreams, absent the human destiny of working life through death, lifted finally and fully with and into the spirit. I slept.

June 11 midday

Sunrise June 12

I was not looking for a four leaf clover named wdydt

Though I thought I saw one among the long grass swaying in my morning piss. The wind and morning fog kiss obscured my sight. Abstracted my gaze to the other me, cast by sunrise. Sprawled among the bowed hollyhock, green vines on the white wall.

 “What do you think? Was it actually a four leaf clover?”

I said to my other me, not the lover of one soul I longed for, those sweet eyes and flower aroma. No, my shadow self, surely sad I though for never had he seen a sunrise, a moon. No reply. Only an empty ambiguity in eyes I invariable personified.

I thought to keep asking him questions. Perhaps there’s something that could return a response “what use are no names?; what’s your favorite color? Or what color do you feel inside? Is it always women who lead the most extraordinary interior lives? What is a fabricated disbelief? Why do smells give back the most inscrutable memories? Had I really dreamed to be in the world of Spirited Away last sleep? Which ancient master is open for lessons, or at least communication on this hour? What did you do today?

Nothing;

I enjoyed asking questions. Questions that were not questions but doors already cracked open. The kind you get a slight peek into but must get going for breakfast is calling.

-

June 12 midday

Instead, I smacked on almonds and got back to painting. Flowers, a bright piece but not entirely. I felt quite myopic actually.

My fingers were raw from yesterday. So I swirled the brush. I listened to my Vietnamese neighbors talk. Thought about the midday moon. Felt the sun flower my blonding hairs.

As I painted I felt my heart quicken, the brush strokes began to quicken too fill their paces were synchronous. It was pounding, pulsing alive with a sound like a tribal drum circles incanting. The movements of my hand could not keep pace. I slowed, stopped to look around.

The sound could not have been only inside, only emblematic was the beating in my breast. With my brush still in my hand and yesterday’s cadmium streaks still lining my face, I rushed out the front of the house.

Across the cul de sac street I lived on, natal circle the name, a drummer boy was solitarily parading. I watched him spiritually stride a green grass field. An assembly of personified sounds stepping to the dance of his drum.

I waited, watching from the street end till he met me there. He played me some and went along, parading his spirit sounds.

Back at painting I did what I could. The Arizona sun haunted me, berated heated rays upon. I felt somewhere between the blinding murderous heat of Camus’ stranger and Francis Pessoa laid sweet and supine in a grass field, the sun writing a secret language in the backs of my eyelids.

Inside was cooler, far more quiescent. The sun seeped in the sills and I thought of sunflowers. I sought to paint a bundle of them, so I put in an order from a local boutique. The image in my mind - a brown box vase housing resplendent greens upshooting an array of circular yellow smiles with ochre centers. A bright red table and light blue background.

I also ordered a beautiful orchid for my neighbor. She, one of the Vietnamese voices I overheard just hours ago. We’d grown up in love together, an impassioned youthful love, but fleeting it was. I knew she’d admire the orchid. It was to be pink, tall and lavished above a small verdantly veined forest, all floating on a black zen pedestal.

I waited for the door bell to ring while I made a steak and egg omelet with vegetables. They would not arrive for hours, maybe not till tomorrow. But I couldn’t pass the thought of giving flowers, by hand and with oil.

A video on Hockney’s Royal Academy, a bigger picture exhibition, entertaining my nature thoughts as I ate outside. He painted nature, naturally. It was an extraordinary resplendency, really. I imagined these flower panels in oils set up beside his own trees. Sweet souls singing inside the gallery halls of their own. Our natural song.

Natural of my own self, I’d worked till my eyes laid heavy. The world of dreams and silk sheets, linen skies and in and out portals, beckoned me. In bed I cradled my unpainted brush. (I turned over) I thought happy thoughts. (My old room) the room I once slept in, where on one wall an unpainted canvas was prophesying, on the other wall a window shaped like a half halo with more than half the light. Myself, youthful and dancing, imagining images on the canvas, assemblies of angels through the window singing.

As the windowed portal of dreams opened, my eyes flickered open and shut. I beside my pillow, noticed the petal to a single burnish sunflower.

(continues on follow break)

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April 13 early say early morning say 3am

Moon is half full

Birds sing

Wind in trees

Waterfall sloshing

      Ecclesiastical

      Ecstatic

      Hyphen

  Art is not some mythical

   happening.

      Well

       What is art?

Wind in trees

Stars thread little old pincushion holes of that other world.

    See the light seep through

    See the light seep through?

    See the light seep through!

Feel the light in you.

See, listen. Here is poetical mishap. There strikes a wind chime refound in being of the interior temple. Hear it resound - an Heavenly one hit the gong; the back of an eye.

On nights like these I see the moon is an eye. I take the actuality for philosophical thought and regard the elucidation proper to sensitive thinking a pretty coming together with the mystical poetical, the mythic miss no happening. Most; the look from living.

Half of an eye that is. The moon is half of an eye. Yes there is a half of an eye. Yes there is a half moon this evening; that is the second reason the moon is half of an eye. I see a sleepy single half moon as the first reasonable eye to take on the first eye - the sun. The moons gone tired of this season’s cycle of work taken on with reflecting. Ask we, the moon how whether it be tired or only dreamy. Half of an eye that is - in and out the eye window portal of dreams.

See, earlier today, follow seeing the petal of the singular burnish sunflower. When I’d been in bed nearly slipping there. I though I had not climbed through into the portal; I could not sleep. Instead I crawled down from bed and began sketching.

I saw a green yellow field which smelled of linseed oil. I set up a brilliant yellow sun up atop. The sun perched in empty light linen sky. White, I would add as well. Could be clouds.

So I set to paint it; the sunscape. Yellow, blue green, white too. To begin I’d take to hog hair brush in hand. Scoop green from the tube; hogs run across the pasture. Then my right raw tip of my middle index finger paints yellow a circle, to be a sun; looks more as a clock. I add twelve notched hours into the to be sun. Not yet had they heard the tick tock of creation. This clock had no hands. Felt like the first hour, the first ever hour.

By the first hour of today I’d slept then four hours following not being able to sleep, then painting, then closing my eyes. Ask Gauguin about closing eyes. Then I’d awoke. As does everyone who could give response to what did you do today? I awoke, climbed down again from bed, pissed, washed face, then teeth, I cleaned the kitchen, found no sunflowers, moved through a hatha yoga flow, stopped to return here; continued through the hatha yoga flow, now steamy; showered, used new shampoo and conditioner, dried off with a soft mauve towel, looked in the fogged mirror, nothing; empty thought.

Could be that the same clouds returned here to where I now paint outside the flowers. The clouds are messengers of thought. This half moon lit sky of mine has a few clouds now rising the brink of land.

The source of shadows; humans who cast shadows too, rise the brink of land. They go beyond the typical responses found in, what did you do today? (wdydt)

(I traced back the invariable of a four leaf clover into the shadowed fog reflection of me.)

The Spirit is water, I; a tree

(The spirit is a fruit tree -

I fill, overflow like the fruit basket.)

(The spirit is a drunken potion -

I am drunk, the alembic of human.)

(The spirit is a village well -

I, peasant, pleasantly lower my bucket.)

The spirit is a voice -

When wind whirls through trees.

The spirit is water -

(The thawing rain to a fruit tree,

The drink of an alembic, the full of a bucket, I)

The saliva in a voice.

The Spirit is saliva in a voice.

The Spirit is lyric in the wind.

May 13 morning

There are branches birds will never land on.

May 13 midday

Japanese wisteria - blossom of purple.

Wind opens page. Words leaf to the air.

Noise

A noise! Static it was, quite the opposite a quiescent carrying into my being. No, it was a most engaging thing. Anything to remedy sorrow of sorrow for lack of motivational sorrow that is. That is lack and the love affair where of I feel myself most discordant in pertaining to the actuality of other people and I only wish to give love. Why the noise. Why the noise?

Should ever bliss happen upon some sweet, some far out cloud lowering thought of a lover revealed, burned into my eyes at midday. Yes, what do you want of me. Love, love, love. Is not this all there is, the stitch and stupor of every breath. Every communication? So why not the noise?

-

June 13 evening

Ermine word. Tongue veiled in eternity. Beginning and end. Birch tree

-

June 14 follow sunrise

Erudite lamb. The cry. Emphatic people. Portal to purple wisteria. Mind less. Soulful. Shadow dawn. Delphic interest, love.

-

June 14 midday

Painted upon waking

A self portrait.

First figure in ever long time’s passing.

Fell asleep in hot tub.

The moon sung me lullabies.

Painted blue backgrounding for sunflower piece.

I started before the sunflowers arrived, and they did, yesterday.

Neighbor loved the orchid, the ephemeral zen potted one and forever drawn one. I did it with sumi ink. Put the piece in a white frame.

At sunrise I read St. John of the Cross and ate two eggs and coconut oiled toast.

-

Had a mental break of sorts follow sunrise. I saw everything. Too much to bear. Intense illumination. Sweet loving death. Found a way through in painting ‘blue leaf grass’ and singing earlier with nature in an outside grass patch.

Put light linen sky work into a sunscape.

Ate chia pudding I made over four hours prior.

Took a travelers boat to the otherside of life. Returned with new colors.

-

Paint a masterpiece.

-

June 14 before dream world. Silk. Empty blue sky sheets. Fly.

When I die. I’ll have forgotten words like ‘when’. I’ll have lost ‘I’ to one love. Flowered life from ‘die’. So whenever there’s no time, I’ll be passing by. Should love be felt, I am with. And for all the flowers, let them bloom beautiful, wilt wonderful, (there is more) they’ve always been; life, love, one evermore.

-

Master peace.

-

Long road

The way

Keep alive, stay alive

Fortune cookie

(42.3 76 62 40 60)

God of love

Is love now

-

Master

The peace

I’m my hands

Master the leave in my hand!

O God

In morning. Slept sixteen hours

Taking time.

-

I’m dehydrated

I need water

Mortal a

Temporal

Immortal

Bottom right

Incant rise blue

Orbis

-

June 15 morning

Now is so long. Always is. Beautiful. Evermore.

-

June 15 sunset

The way is mysterious. Breath over wind on water. Reflection in the most simple living. The accommodation to the first day. Eat of the moment. Be filled as every hour.

Color lilac my eye. Linen this sky, blanket over lovers in long grass.

-

Outside. I’m outside both the corporal tendency of me, as well as my home. These are one in the same, really. And have it I’ve made home of wander, I see red suns through every wake.

See, I slept up sixteen hours last sleep. Felt full of resplendent dream! I sat with an old blue lover. Her words fell upon me like stars, made my sky empty blue, adorned us, lovers in long grass.

I met the master piece. The painting fulfilling my endeavors in love. My hand had been mastered by the creating God of peace. What flowed through was the unfathomable. This painting; the primordial phenomena, the wine cellar drink of union, the beyond’s becoming.

And upon my waking I quickly sought to sketch what remembrance I had of the piece. My hands mixed my scribble pen inscrutable. I made out five colors - cadmium yellow, st. yellow, light incarnat, magenta, light linen. Commonly called an intense yellow, sulfur yellow, light pink, reddish pink, light blue. The yellow and blue were symbols of two seemingly opposing forces, like the dualism of light and dark. They’d circle the color wheel of fortune to their most intensive states of near red. This, the symbol of perfect union.

What we bring back from the dream world gives meaning of the waking one. The work resides in extracting meaning in the most sensible and simple manner possible. Our unseen dreams wake our slumbering sensation.

It was 8am, morning of June Fifteenth. Dates have a way of implying importance. But the sun and risen yellow like any other, the sky was still blue, grass green, and I felt red.

I set aside my sketches. Crawled down from bed and readied myself. The shower was warmer than the already warm day. Through my window I could dry naked in the heat of the sun. The current painting of a sunscape illuminated on my couch. My dreams floating with the specks of dust passing between rays.

I sat myself there and painting in the bright silence. Only the sounds of wood creaking and sky blue paint slipping through my fingers. The work desires a loose attention, thus my thought wandered on memory.

I felt again the joy of the orchid which would one day wilt and the orchid drawing that would outlive leave my hands and enter my neighbors oriental home. I smelt my childhood memories return to me there. Once we danced, me neighbor and I, to no music, only the way another makes you feel when alone together.

I recounted the sunflowers. I began painting them before they’d arrived. I felt like Francis Bacon who painted Lucian Freud’s portrait before he could be present to sit for it. The feeling is all we need, it’s what we remember most.

Sunflowers reminded me of joy. Sometimes childish joy, awes and wonders at a new world bloom. I could see an old photo of myself in my grandfather's garden. A smile wider than the Hart Michigan lake he lived on. Myself no taller than the first leaves of his mammoth sunflowers.

Sometimes joy is in suffering. I thought of Paul the Apostle. Blinded by the light, turned to love from wrath, left content in every and all situation, at the mercy of the Creator. I thought of Van Gogh. His sunflowers. His on this road, this endless way, we create what love we can.

I thought how yesterday my aunt Lisa left treatment to visit a few hours. I handed her my Haiku manuscript. We looked at recent paintings, where I barefoot, had to stand on the unveiled sheet to keep my feet cool. I’d worked intensely these past weeks and in unveiling the paintings, hers were the first other eyes to see.

She saw what I could not, and then could. Shadowy people skirting the sun and moon scapes. A heart where I thought a flower would be. I told her the meaning of a particular piece. How the three flowered stem resembled the cross, the trinity. And in the colors, union. Goosebumps, she said, it gave her goosebumps.

We turned to poems. Spoke how we cocreate when we read. We find the words find us exactly where we are. We instill our living with their meaning, and theirs ours, and life flows on.

When she’d been leaving she remarked how time and felt nonexistent. I was eating broccoli with almond butter so I just nodded. Through the closing door she yelled ‘paint a masterpiece!’ ‘It will’ I softly replied.

Sixteen hours of sleep, the dreams and here I was, presently painting again. I had one last remembrance of a song Lisa mentioned, Flora’s Secret by Enya, her album, A Day Without Rain.

Enya poured fully into the silence. I nearly rained tears over the painting. Her words matched the piece perfectly. Lovers in the long grass. There I saw myself and her, a green long grass field at the ground of the painting the blue sky she sang of. The light of the sun, the yellow sun now taking form by my hand. The music was alive, joyful, as was I.

The album played through and through and I finished painting the last echoes of Heaven on Flora’s Secret.

The way of worldly work is ever momentary. An endless day. I was already envisioning the next piece. My brother lifted the other end of the sunscape, 8 feet of wood and wet paint and an eternal feeling away. We carried it through the house, outside and set it behind the veil of the other pieces.

Of the pieces there was one I called ‘blue leaf grass’. I painted it yesterday morning in the head suffering of a mental break of sorts. I’m not quite sure the circumstance, but the piece emerged though. He said it looked intensely happy.

On the way back inside was a self portrait from the same morning. A painting that did not look like a painting. To me a pure spiritual impression. To him a person in an animation. He returned to his shows. I stood looking into myself, traded places, looked into myself, returned to paint.

In all actuality I never left paint. I painted words. I painted almond butter over broccoli. I painted tears to Flora’s Secret. I painted painterly observations. But I never painted. That I saved for the Spirit. I was only ever hands. Hands and memory - the alembic of man.

-

My head is pounding now. I’d thought writing all the page had missed since my last visit would cure, could not. I’m sat before a sketch over wood panel. Sun, sky, land in three. You’ll see.

Yoga did not help. Nabokov lipping on about Lolita did not help. I did laugh when I bookmarked the book with a toothbrush I once painted with, a toothbrush to mark his dirty mouth. That solitary laugh did help.

The sounds on this oriental album, Yabun, whose judge discovered me. These seem to help my head. My head is spinnng, dripping. It’s like every morning when I stand in the wet grass and watch it swirl. Doesn’t anybody see this? The grass swirl; the little light flickers, the three faces of the moon, the smiles in shadows, the skirting black things over objects at night. Does nobody hear the whisper of the wind, the voice in water, names of people they’ve never known in their head, their own name in a windy rain? Isn’t this some strange island? Some of red where green used to be?

Whatever the matter, however else to heal my head I know not. I’ll turn the music up. I’ll laugh into the silence. I’ll be made manifest. Master peace in my hands - O God! I’ll eat chicken, bacon, avocado slices. I’ll be in paint.

-

I’m in a hotel lobby. Tracking into a grey and blue plaid carpet floor the squish sound follow the pitter patter pain of rain knocking on glass doors. I had thrown open the door, unleashed the wild child air and more than sequescent drizzle. A Hispanic woman eyeballed me while a toddler threw a sausage patty to the wet grey blue carpet. Good, a distraction. I slipped past her yellow cleaning cart and scrounged what I could of the minimal buffet.

At my lone circle table I sipped black coffee. Watched the named trees drip, drip, drip. The hotel pool fill and equally evaporate, perfectly balanced just below safe diving range. The rain drops swirled the pool like a a flurry of indiscernible portal openings. A game of wack a mole with God.

While I spread avocado to my toast I noticed the toddler watching me, mimicking me. He kicked off his yellow, blue slippers. Started swaying back and forth. I did not notice I was barefoot not swaying, but not I noticed we both were. I wondered how far I could take this. I stood and walked for more coffee. He could not yet walk and I assume coffee was not yet an option by his mother. But when I returned funny funny faces were. I laughed, he laughed. His mother scorned. We laughed again.

I thought a waffle would be nice with the morning rain. The waffle maker was shoddy, scabbed with old dough and burnt my waffle. Just as I like it. I stood barefoot, now shirtless, sipping coffee with one hand and munching on a burnt and quickly sogging waffle, slowly dripping maple molasses. I was more than content.

I said out loud a praise to the wondrous creator, a ‘thank you Lord God.’ I was not alone, for the spirit resided with me. And quite the large woman sat under a canopy, slouched in a lawn chair, smoking into the morning most. I nearly asked for a cigarette but instead ran off into the mist.

My feet sloshed in wet mud. I ran up one of those green California rolling hills for I could see the burning mist was taking leave to the rising sun just beyond. I slipped and my hand with the half eaten waffle broke my fall, broke my waffle. I stood assessing the situation. Sipped coffee as a bird appeared out the mist and perched on the bough of an invisible tree. She sang a sleepy song. I tossed her the waffle and got walking again.

At the peak I pulled out my little Porst film camera. Made a few moments visually eternal, so long as the film cap didn’t pop off randomly as it was prone to doing. I looked into the mist, I could not see a thing, yet all was perfectly clear to me. I tapped the shutter, the image seared in me, a mystical sense of light play among inscrutable mist. The back cap popped off, the image burned away. I burnt my tongue on my coffee.

For I had nearly fallen asleep at the kitchen counter, the sound of the outside waterfall lulled me back through time. The burn awoke. I set aside St. Teresa of Avila. Cleaned my pink plate. Looked out the window at an Arizonan, clearly a dry sky, a crescent moon.

June 16 blue hour sunrise

I’m walking in and out of portals apart my own volition. One moment, then I’m smelling the petal’d winds in Pentwater, I’m standing only on the side of my house, beside my pink petunia hanging garden. The next a lush provocation of life lavished in the rolling green or any color for that matter hills of Malibu California. Only had it been a keen mnemonic smell riveted in the rising dew of this Arizonan morning. For then my faulty wet feet walk the non-thought plains, wheat fields and carriage of Dragandsti Olt Romania. Prescribed this be only seraphic lights left on in the interior temple. I leave them on, wash my feet in the sea of every experience, be it everywhere here. I am the traveler who journeys way the tales the moon has told.

Yes, I’m only standing on the side of my Arizonans house on blue hour sunrise. Pink petunias slightly shuddering in the mystic air. My fingers slightly shuddering, one rapidly scribbling, the other bring the other end of ember to lip and with inhale, exhale unfurl a billow of blue smoke dissipation into bluer mist. Menthol and clove. And black americano. My reheated coffee in a banana yellow cup.

I gathered my contents, including notebook, the ticket to. Climbed through my bedroom window and perched up myself to the bamboo writing table. A perched bird in the tall waving palm sings singularly, then inscreasingly, secretly adding to the symphony till a monumental uproar of day clashes through the tree boughs. Something like Bolero Ravel, every morning I hear this growing song.

This morning is no different. I stand, my bare feet now half an inch deeper in soil than when I’d arrived. The crescent moon rises over pale celadon rooftops. The solar panel powered circular light of my hanging garden flickers on and off. For it cannot tell whether it is day or night. Is blue hour. Is both and is neither. Is here, everywhere and nowhere.

Suddenly I have a more aware return from a blink and is day (a monumental symphonic clash resounds). I try to reach back, blinking rapidly myself back, but to no use, is surely day. The sun sweeps up the worthy dreams into work.

Today I work… with flowers. I tend to the paint garden. I begin by fingering dashes of paint by the tube and applying circular finger painted strokes of blue sky. By late sunrise I’ve finished ‘Flower Inside’.

The piece portrays two flowers. One vased inside, silled to a window and one growing outside. The outside is not though outside and inside is not inside. The window floats as a symbolic inverse of perception by curative color application and multiple degrees of seeing spatially bent. The supposed outside flower can both be seen from and to. In looking from, the viewer is outside the window, thus inside a vast natural scape of green, yellow grass and amidst a busy blue sky in internal illumination. The vased upon the sill flower too is both inside and out. The viewer is the key bearer of opening doors of perception. They make the painting what it is in an imbuing of themselves. A wise one sees by both, they experience the whole and this is good. The growing one is given apt way to enable their intuition to peace among dualism. They may begin to see from the outside, that inside is synonymous. That the whole is what makes sense. Here contemplation and beauty stand together.

I stood there, admiring the work manifest. Said a prayer of release to the Spirit which I prayed led my hand. Which I pray now do the same. In my realization of conjured joy at the misery of my lack, I lined these words:

      We may enjoy God for on our own part we are most incapable of joy, let alone reaching God. We are the alembic vessel of filling. God pours love into us by the streams of his will. He may with mercy excuse our misgivings, our idleness, our acts apart praise to him. He does fill the empty one. I sing empty soul! Empty soul! Embrace emptying as the opening of fruitful giving.

I put down again the pen and gave St. Teresa of Avila her tongue. She spoke to me in the midmorning warmth as I ate breakfast in the grass. The wind sung in the chimes.

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Afternoon July 16

The person I study most when painting is myself. I let myself act naturally and I watch. I inhibit nothing that is for love.

In this I do nothing, all is done through me. This is the creative manifestation and purification of manifestation.

I cannot either purify the manifestation. The manifest must make pure itself. The manifest inhibits nothing that is for love.

In this I die, all is alive through me. This is divine manifestation for the glory of the divine.

All life lives by the divine. All life is admired by life. All divine is admired by divine. Therefore all is admired by the divine. Joy is an echo on the inner walls of human, watch them shake, watch them dance.

Presently I dance to Beethoven’s Appassionata (third movement) while wishing it were (third movement) of Moonlight Sonata but ah! Für Elise plays! I love this song. I hear my mother at the home piano playing beside blonde little me.s I see her fingers graciously slip out from her hands. What magic is this? How Heaven graciously swooned us.

So I dance indeed, both for the divine manifestation of Beethoven and my mother indeed. Indeed Für Elise is a lovely piece.

And then my father. How we’d talk.

I had left Beethoven playing and paint went on a new painting. A 90 by 24 inch stretch of green grass, soon to be in bloom.

I thought the flowers outside could inspire me and I felt like smoking a stoge in the midday heat of summer. On an unseemingly special day of sun an angel of revelation reached me. The revelation I knew would quickly pass through me. I’d felt these vastly fleeting intellectual illuminations before, I knew I must quickly transcribe the message before like a shadow at midday it was consumed by what gave it life.

I quickly called to my father, my hand could not write fast enough this revelation and it still be legible. Thus, we, my father and I, we talked this revelation through:

Gibberish, gibberish, genius. This was the nature of our talk. Save gibberish, I’ll transcribe what genius remains of our talk. Though I believe the last lines into the heat of summer air were something of the sort that says to itself “everything is everything.” Truly, no matter the every talk, good conversation ends with “everything is everything.”

-

Any reader could have stopped there and succumbed  the entirety of all human word and act on journeying way. But only for moments may we lavish ourselves in singularity of all eternity. An exposition to fill the blue and yellow hours, the green days, is in due order, save all red of the moment to itself.

In effect fulfilling order, our talk, my father and I’s became everyone’s talk, followed as such:

(Creative painting in divine manifestation; Now this is multifaceted. There are habits, like painting under sunlight; to see better. There are methods, like making studies; to filter to perfection the painting. There is writing the practice, (currently occurring); to solidify remembrance of revelation, to quell loneliness or is it better conversation, to fulfill duty, to create the creating of a creation as a new creation of its own; to render with each of these one desire to manifest the love that God practices.)

-

Who made you? - you flower. Who flowers you? Keeps you in bloom and calls you back with wilt? Be it the spirit of creation yes, only and ever.

Almost sunset June 18, but it thought it was 17 all day prior

I could enumerate the falling stars of feeling, sketching constellations to sorrow to loneliness to insipid trepidation. But I’ll save myself this lament. Each waking period is an elegy of ourselves of yesterday. If I did not die today, I had not lived.

I succumbed to the world of dreams, danced back and forth over the brink of sleep, the rise of wake. I do not know if I’ve slept, my body is focused from lack mostly. I’ve found a fair amount of asceticism does me well. The days I’d fill with nonsense, rather be a sleepless dreamer working into apparition.

Out of bed I sipped americano and smoked smooth clove. Yellow, light like a conversational saint’s halo yellow. Purple red plaid pants like the aboriginal language of colored sand point painters. Like pointelists, but trade all flair for Spirit. And trading all flair for Spirit is like undressing your shoes.

And barefoot I stood, the sun not yet set and my feet burning on the cement. Under the Japanese wisteria I found solace, not for provisions of shade. Perhaps it was good company. I’d enjoyed encouraging the growth of the late little purple blossoms.

The wind chimes musically ones with the wisps of otherworldly over this world winds. I found myself swaying with the sounds, synchronous with the quiescent quietude in the purple Japanese wisteria’s slow dance.

It felt good to be slow for a moment. The moment felt more than just a moment. The more stillness I realized, the less I heard tick tocks and the world filled. I’d been at a pace of at least a painting a wake period, sometimes four. I’d worked hard today, yes, and I’d work more. For this is the purest expression of love I know, and love, love is the only endeavor.

The long stretch of green grass on that 90 inch panel bloomed this morning. As did a sunflower in studio I planted to soil say a month prior. I love to watch it spin daily it’s slow dance, following steps of the circling sun. I tell the sunflower to worry not, the weight of the dark night is heavy, and the sun is on its way again, with stories of every flower to sprout soil.

Of course the sunflower knows the sun rises again, as do we. In night I’ll watch it spin slowly, surely to face the East in eager anticipation.

On this particular morning I first did notice the bloom. A mandala. It gave rise to the bloom with oil as I layer concentric circles with oil. Colorful mandalas in sweet simplicity. Symbols of flowers, symbols of cyclicality.

As I had awoke 10pm perfect, my night feelings walk with shadows at afternoon. The weight of the work felt through my hands made me heavy for life. I’d been holding on. Drowning in the blue misery of my sorrow.

I let loose on a new piece, a new flower. The strokes of color were aggressive, sporadic, cathartic, and hopeful to one day be a smile to another.

The way of work was weary, misunderstood. I pretended to sleep but only laid up in bed, using the emptying halls of me as canvas. I painted with any color I liked. I let every piece return to the dream of the dreamer. I pretended to sleep.

—-

My mind is loose as a fixed star. Proportionally aghast with wherewithal perception akin to that of a beetle I once ate among two oriental brides under a lush laurel archway. There were white flowers. I can see it still when I look out the shower bathroom mirror, after I wipe away the fog from the glass or simply step a splashing foot to the night and peer through the screen and feel the cold air discombobulate my warm mental.

I did not shower follow my pretend sleep, no, but I may say that I may still be dreaming.

The music! Where is the music of my soul? I hear no thing. All is quiet. Wait; there are the crickets, the waterfall, sweet bird calls, cars distant cement crest splashing, my own heartbeat, the wind chimes. Peace. The sensations. Peace.

This is how I ground myself, for apart the earth all are yellow ladders I tip toe the tops of and even the invisible ones too I walk without walking. I thank the green grass.

Time for poems Edgar Allen Poe Ginsburg Rumi. Let’s write. And also St. Teresa of Avila. Okay assemble with nearest quadrant dining room table. One loft up Virginia Woolf is leaning out of a window, smoking and recalling poems; why poetry scabs. Don’t go there, leave rags. Nabokov’s room is an insatiable decorative diatribe I am lost already. Patti sips black coffee, her table there. The Spirit harps David’s hand again. Thoreau is inside too, too he’s naturally outside on his own, true he’s one with us and inside too. Emerson, a little more wordy but alike. Bachelard the philosopher friend, he hears echoes, in us and he echoed with rational. Letters on the floor, Van Gogh and Theo. Mary Oliver is lisping with the bird praise breath song, field one. Basho’s once again on three lines and once again calls forth the autumn moon. St. John of the cross is drunk with petals in his freedom chains. Goethe is looking accidentally, quite complexly his serendipity spots a red line of light under the window bar and a blue light above, he slips me a palette also of yellow and green. Lau Tzu and Rilke a tender and eternal word there and here. Rimbaud slides in, goddess in blue in hand, veranda beneath eyelid. CS Lewis even with reminding eye on quiddity. Tenderly, Stein breakfast is a way alas, perhaps a gold piece of coffee. Paul the apostle is content. Camus is absurd rain on our nowhere journey. Us poets singularly everywhere.

I thank everyone for coming. Wonder why myself, I am present, remembering then this in the soul hall. We drink, laugh, cry, share one line. A crescent moon. I hear coffee. Sit alone and full.

Poemo. 3

Incandescent yellow banana oeuvre over side sunny seascape little tree shadow light pu8rple tint window red, blue yellow green painting master of peace at the hand drinks well water rosen ash and buried.

Veranda of dreams is intimate poetic suicide over rags over penis over ouvre in obituary scathe blithe prius silence welcomes friend remembrance in solace serendipity to touch to face to kiss paint brush stroke mnemonic nomenclature of rifle red. Book borrow yellow banana toilet peanut japanese chicken yellow its that repeat momma why they be plaid overseas when standing next to me?

Should delphic open their lip I'd kiss it tender talk eternal to wherewithal black washed wall with oriental and tribal tellings I read in infancy next to me the every one in one. Then love it is apart human finger frailty say let soul speak say stop when knowing this is necessary.

Same qualitative bodies together appear fuller, larger quantitatively more numerous than if the same number of same qualitative bodies are spread out.

Though union in the former case constitutes a leaving of individual bodies to the coalescence of a singular whole. (mystical attention)

How does color play in this phenomenon? How is this applicable to painting?

A large spread of a single tone (say blue), a large spread of blue without varying degrees of tones will then be larger.

But larger in relation to what?

Surely not blue, for the only tone in this play has acted its part.Thus the blue is larger than any other possible laying of blue including tones integration to the other colors on the canvas. Blue is necessarily larger than any other case of blue, contingent and yet to be revealed are relations of size between colors.

June 19 Time for sleep 2020

Love.

-

June 20 2020

Blue hour morning

You are justified in believing something for if you had not believed it, then it would not be so.

-

June 20 sunrise

I feel good to be alive today. Promptly upon my midnight wake I snacked on the leaving light of the crescent moon. Just a silver loop, a threadbare lock for filigree coming coolse, the sky unveiling; one last smile.

The morning of, I watched the moon rise. It was so faint, so nearly not there and all the more the magic with it. I recognized the rising star who had grown with, preceptibly beside as the one who’d fallen the sky some nights ago.

Tonight they shone bright, wanderlust, gracefully fading into empty blue sky.

-

June 20 Afternoon

Today I woke with Godspeed. Having all been done, I did nothing. Thus all was done quite well.

Woke

Yoga

Long hot shower

Apparitional viscous

Blue light God

 Of love

Clean, clean

Paint the colors

Wheel, circle, shape

Lines or

Yellow, orange,

Green

Red,

Pink, purple, blue

Heated coffee

Studies to back of painting

Knocked over coffee

Painting to sied of house

Ate a scone

Smoked a stoge, ¼

Heated new coffee

Prepared triptych flower

Painted yellow ochre

Middle piece of triptych

Thick texture, alive, symbols

Hidden spirit, looking in

Everywhere

Breakfast, best

Eggs 2, pancetta first,

Then tomatoes, then eggs

Spices of black pepper, parsley,

Basil, italian seasoning,

Best breakfast

With ¼ avocado and

Keto pita bread

Then a scone keto walnut

I baked yesterday

Took polaroids

My perception

Looking at

And from

Read St. Teresa

Of Avila

Sat in the dewy

Grass

Brought new panel

To room to paint

Booked trip to topanga

10 days from today

For 2 days

Secluded in mountains

Alone

Stared at painting

Made studies

Did yoga and

Fell deep in savasana

Could not rise willingly

Was peaceful

Drove to pick up plywood

Rafa my dealer

In Goodyear

Bought coffee from

Sunrise donuts so

I could use their bathroom

Bought raw sienna, yellow ochre,

Light red vermillion at

Jerry’s Artarama

Got coffee from Steve’s Espresso

Entranced in a Rembrant

Self portrait

Painted, framed on the wall

His soul

Mine

Our soul

A portrait

June 21 2020

Morning

There are no clouds. My voice is like that of that sprinkler. Purple is entirely absent save the Japanese petals wilted and all askew wisteria upon the grass floor. Scone, a walnut scone in a white clean napkin bed on a reflective table. Scone, scone in pink like light incarnat fingers. Scone, scone in my mouth. A prayer in (like by like). Thanks and wholly good energy body manifest. Bird out there coos. Coos!

Forgive me mademoiselle, monsieur, over all my friend timeless, a kiss of like perception. O forgive me I plead! My mind wanders so graciously and as I dip scone into hot coffee, the hot sun dipped onto my green hatted head, I think you do deserve an introduction. Less the adjective. Call it prophesy, alas, call if fruits of starvation.

There’s something in my eye. Not so much metaphysical perception on perception to uproot the sight seeing source of us all as one, though of course this backs my mental, moreover I believe a gnat carelessly flew into it. In this grass patch the gnats make frequent their momentary illumination in catching themselves so brilliantly in a day of morning sunlight, then secretly slipping into the empty blue sky, my face shine is.

The first day of summer. Sunflowers are in bloom. My yellow coffee sippee cup cradles kindly my americano. A teal thermos could be translucent as it houses my drinking water an empty polaroid cartridge on the table. Sketch or notebook both, open, and I think an uncapped pen is a good pen.

Really I don’t have long for this introduction as the sprinklers here in this patch of grass are set to spray exactly 10 minutes following the end cycle of the currency sprinkle raining upon the hollyhock, the sunflowers, the petunias, the Japanese wisteria is watered by the hose. And I suppose I’d speak like the birds sing. The bird song.

Anyhow I’ve yet time now to speak love over the new sunflower bloom. The life in plants is like ours. Bloom, wilt, again and again. Accompaniment therein and sweet words of beauteous encouragement make greener the stem, yellower the initial bloom, bluer the empty sky, redder the reader.

Sunset June 21

New moon tonight. A dark night tonight I’ve nearly yet met St. Theresa of Avila at the center of Spirit’s soul. Her hand manifest is meek gold tears. They water the vessel of I, this summer empty moon night.

Perhaps though I’ll let my spirit give, take flight in the likes of St. John of the Cross’ Dark Night. Seems fit this occasion I think as I sip americano and watch the sun set.

I return to painting the sun flower I spoke so highly of and to prior. What began by careful adoration became a polaroid photo blooming an oil painting. Viridian and opaline greens standing tall verdantry to the cadmium sun head and face shining rays of pink. The background yet to be, currently in a disarrayed state of pale celadon streaks of strokes slipping up and cut with the sunflowers far reaching. Her longing, being found, then consumed by the light. Into the night I’ll paint, seeing by the light of the eye, the like to see like.

June 21 night

See some colors. There beyond perception lies grass green as has been here. Because here; this moment is dance. Ever love scatter in lullabies. My good Lord, I sing with oil, o my good Lord. My lips, lips not mine; glory incandescer, my lover. My admonisher of I.

Then I look upon am. Listen in to stars, a stars seeping sight - she sings to me my sweet singly by and by. Tell her love you till the time we die.

Ooh there summer night. My winter eavesdropper. How I long, I did! I did long for the longest days deepened more into my night! Deepen did.

Evermore by and by God. By God by God’s, God’s touch upon people. O us people why dance! Why not we thought that every face we will fought have ever been shadow mannequin. Surely, shadow mannequin. The kin of self but poured upon wrath, watch it hit back. What you put out is upon yourself.

Blue hour

Morning

June 22

Blue hour has appeared. This which finds me not where i was, nor where i will be and comfortably I rest amidst the unknown.

The unknown colors i never quite coalesce apart a prayer the spirit guide my hand. I see them smear the brilliant roofless skies above my dreams.

The unknown smells bringing forward memories i had not called to, not the assurance they be of this life. This life of mine i’ve given to anything anything of love wishes to impel.

The unknown sounds soar, chatter, speak the lip of every one’s song. Everyone’s song - the glory be. The glory be seen by glory. Lifted in harmonics of near morning, near sunrise.

The unknown stance i take outside my bedroom window. The soft dew soil seems to me to slip up into me. Tectonic plates and sands of soil shifts draw me under, into the earth. It’s like riptide. A wash compels my space and my feet go afloat, my mind left. My soil consumed in spirit lift. I am apart me. What is fellow with infinity of I am.

Then it is day. The sun, the song of the birds risen. Aglow they skiptrace a-tip-toe the light of sound, synesthesia spring auditory to visual. All that is visual requires light, all light necessarily preludes color. Some sounds constitute color.

‘We-see-we-see-we’ whistles symphonic what i see a morning bird singing, i have no name for. Singing streaks of pink. Morning dove i do have name for sings ‘cu-woo’ of which i first saw ‘who are you’ and heard ash roses wilt at the hip of soil and sky. Behind them clouds was the consuming flame of cry. White feathers nestled with tears. The ‘who you are’.

But it is day. Those were but the mourning doves gesticulating their beak, ruffling the blue air birdbath was all. Mystic overturn re-veiled the secret lights illuminating less dawn, more night; most light.

Less fall, more spring; most summer. Second day had arrived.

I stood outside, staved to stupefaction. The world was magic before me, all was magic because I desired it to be, gave glory to Creator to be. I stood at the face of sun, my shirt right side on falling east. And in the black woven and horse red shirt, on the south shoulder laid the petal of a sage tree. A purple bloom heart for when i’d walked off to piss between lines.

-

The sun burned white on my page. The black flair pen seemed to float like a black swan upon a lone white sea. I reached into they lone world of the black swans dream. Retrieved her companion, her pure wake expression, my hand.

They say if you carry nights into days, dreams do continue to candy. Carry on they say. And to whom do we address question to who you, the they, be? I find i do not know the world to come, but it knows me. I feel as though i always will be.

I find i will be finally when what selfishly wills to be begins to love to be.

To be love then is the only endeavor. These are the manifest words which guide my hand. By this, the I Am led forward, lifted hand through each day, each season, each life.

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Morning of June 22

Second summer

This night prior the second day of summer morning i shaved the hairs of my head. With a hot shower i washed away the selves tangled with that head of hair. I’ve heard we shed selves like skin, pass into with each season and with grace, we may watch them take away like petals in the wind.

The skin of my petals were hairs, the shower water my wind and i felt myself wash into something new. In the shower i repeated a mantra, “Yod-He-Vau-He”, the sounds of Yahweh. It echoed back upon the porcelain walls and the fogged mirror, the voice of reflective being.

And the moon not present to reflect the sun for us, i saw fly to be vessel for the light of sun. i perched myself outside, waiting for the light. I felt blue hour flow through me. Then the daily rays of friendship cordially beheld me.

The scalp of my head quickly heated so i too to rest in the shadow of wisteria. The leaves looked to glow with the sun in them. As though the sun could cast a halo. Little bugs shot out water droplets which caught a moment in the sunlight and disappeared. I caught a few droplets on the stretch of a yellow tape ruler. No bigger than half a centimeter and even those water droplets could for a moment hold the whole light of sun. What more could we humans carry?

I pondered this thought as i put together a chia pudding. My morning delicacy relished with broken in bits of walnut scone and macadamia nuts. In the healthy medley i poured a bit of coconut milk, shook in a half scoop of keto collagen protein powder. Paired the potion with a hot black americano and sat us outside.

The Wind here was cool now. The wind here hung low its wings and harped the wind chimes. A rolly polly climbed up the wall. A black and yellow wasp whisped about. Birds soared like shooting stars in day. A golden butterfly leafed the air over leaf grass.

I sat in the same air, breathed the same wind. I felt simply alive, and more alive for having noticed with words of gratuity.

-

Midday

There is so great a work to be done and time is always lesser. To this i am anguish.

The work must be seen not only when directly to paint to panel, to pen to paper, but also breath to breath, and all inbetween. There is will manifesting, happening now, and always. To be swept, singing smoothly up through the work of the days is my desire. Death to anguish. Save peace confering to me contentment with every moment.

I took my momentary sorrows outside to be burned into the heat of sumer’s midday. I stood shirtless bent over a wood writing table. My feet burned on the ground, my hands rubbed up and down and back again my scalp. A pencil i grabbed and drew a flower into woodgrain. Then a self portrait, follow an erasing, a smile.

Self portrait after self portrait drawn only to be erased. Self after self empty, needfully cry to the spirit for to be filled.

---

June 23

Night

Slept 18 hours last sleep cycle

As far as the sun is concerned, the moon is always full. This is how God sees us.

I write for conversation. It's lonely here you know, really quite lonely.

Emerson said “men descend to meet.” But who could hand perpetual ascension. A slice of plain bread toast is necessary, delicious even.

Our vices are apt to be our greatest love expressions.

St. Teresa of Avila said “do that which most stirs you to love.” Painting and writing stirs me most to love. I hope you feel this. All of my love, and less of me, more of all love in this.

I’ve begun counting time by cycles of the moon. I find even here all is cyclical.

Each time I shave my head time begins aknew. This here is a new season; my life a movie, my life the fifth season. Like the summer moon, bald and ablaze this is a new season.

Tonight is a crescent moon. I will eat a slice of nearly plain bread toast, touched up by coconut oil. It will be delicious.

---

June 24 or 25

Blue Hour

Face on the moon. How clouds do swoon. Soothsayers slip themselves out themselves. They see from every living thing. Attribute the work of hand to spirit. Love is pink woke, the air.

-

June 25

mid-cloud-day

Paint the moon

I did

Now time to write

It’s now the time to write. Is anybody listening. I call into empty blue sky. I wisp my prayers with the wish wash of clouds. I pray for a spit, a clean mouth washed with clouds.

The hollyhocks outside were quite the fanciful models for the polaroid photoshoot. I’d set my tripod to the height of my eyes. Screwed in a fuji film color camera. The kind to whistle up rothko like compositions from its photographic mouth. To inlay the middle square with the eye; the artist’s reality.

I’d shot near a whole pack of polaroids then, slipped one, then two, nine compositions into my pajama pants. Pulled nine, two, two the, one slipped from my fingers on to the cement near the real green grass. I then grabbed the hollyhock, adde it to the polaroid pack. A hole near a shot i’d pulled from the pack, protruded my camera eye, a polaroid simply black, the blank the mouth spits out.

But i’d desired the eye, don’t you remember? And i said, clouds, do you listen? Do you hear me cry? Had not the mouth been also an eye, there’d be no given by God’s writing hand sunsets.

-

So, i did set down the pen. Traveled me and my mind color years to the brink of blue hour. That is, i painted.

The colors were sickly. Strewn a warbled green face of wonder to a red yellow crescent moon. Threw up orange outlined blue, light blue clouds. All up in spun up green, light green sky. The ground set beneath the moon, sky and clouds was still to be decided.

I’d say come. Take a look, my friends and give eye? Is that what you see. Yes, resplendency, a sweet color you’ve given us.

So then it is madness. The birds balk! They brear, cheer, necessitate nomenclature! Ah, my friend! My friend, listen you see, whats left undone is finished by you. Whosoever has eye, do let her and him paint within. I am weak my friend, we are of the same spirit, so let spirit speak, let it be true, let it be undone, let it be finished.

I follow when God speaks back to me through something. Like a lost child calling into empty blue, i follow the sound of birds.

---

June 26

Morning

I laid in the light of the window. Reality, a movie flickered by outside. Birds soar. Bees buzz, wasps wisp. Clouds carry along. Sun rising. Lovers growing.

I was warm in the sunlight of my bedroom window. I was nearly waked, laid on old and fresh paint. I felt pure joys.

Fell back to sleep. Slept 20 hours.

---

June 27 2020

I’ve sold today the first painting. ‘Man like Moth to Flame”, a self portrait is the piece. It will go to Everett Milloy a photographer, a most spirited and bountiful eye to the beauty of these days. A friend. Ah! How wonderful! To give life, yes, soul to soul. Surely the painting lives. May the painting give life.

---

Almost sunset on June 27

Half moon

I thought i’d been to brink upon breakthrough, but it felt more like breakdown. Scraped away hours of emotional color outpouring. A hazy sky scape. Yellow faded sun. bulbous streaked clouds in pink, white, yellow. A sea of blue sky to float in. my dreams, quiescent, tears meddle with.

I then asked what clouds inside i felt. Blue and yellow the answer. I recalled the forms of forgotten youthful feelings. I made swirly line drawings, like vessels, tubular and overlapping. This i painted with peace.

-

Love. love is endless. Lord Yahweh of love make manifest in me my God. my love. May all the earth be made to tongues to praise with song, made to hands to act the will, made to dance the spirit flow. I love you Lord Yahweh. Thank you Lord. wash love here. Overflow here. May peace be here. May trust be here. May life be here. May trust be here. May life be here. May confidence in you my God, my love, be here O God. Be here with love. Be. Be here. Be O God. Amen.

---

June 27 midnight

I reached forward my hand. Held the hand of another human being. The stars, my nadir rose with he name of star. She wore the shape of names given to her. She dressed herself the ways of others of how she herself saw them. And who could see like her?

Who could see like any other? Have not all our endeavors in naming, in counting, in opening doors of the past been only by our own hands?

I look up from my page, up from my nadir to a breathing woman beside me. Tara, the name of a star. Not some dream reconjoured from the past. No, presently sitting, writing, smoking with me here tonight. On a summer half moon.

The days have lost the quality of days. I used to sleep during the night, had not my dreams slipped slumber, i’d not have made my days the night. The night a wakeful dream.

Tonight the sounds of water, sounds of the moon, sounds of the stars, sounds of the human star, spoke word man.

She.

-

June 28 sunrise morning

I’ve been awake about 36 hours now.

Goodnight.

Love.

---

June 28 sunset

Cicadas buzz

Wind hugs, caress

Dogs bark

Children sing, run, play, so much energy

Cypresses

Silhouette trees

Colors

A memory

Roof tiles

Roof tiles pink with sunset

A memory

A stranger

A visitor

A moon child

Everything I am

---

July 2

About 8am in a wheat grass patch where i peed because every bathroom is closed but the outside is always open

Friendly winds accompany

The trees creak

Wheat whistles

A mountain slowly crawls by

I need to paint

I’d love to get some color going

So many flowers ready to bloom in me.

Gabi is in Laguna Beach. She’s still sleeping. I’ll see her hopefully. The moon spoke to me of her last evening.

This road. It’s the only one. I’m on my way again. Lukewarm coffee i sip. Flowers on brink.

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July 3 2020

Morning blue hour

In Big Bear Lake California

Holly hocks as tall as pine trees. As pink wash as the clouds, sunrise streaked, wet with beauty, drip suckle drops. There i stand upright at the pink bow and sway flower stem. My lips pulled open, pursed with the delicacy like dew to morning grass. White butterfly settles on my shaved head.

Suddenly the window closes above me. I realize i am sat, scooped up with warmth in cotton and wool bed blankets. I’m sat outside in a plastic green lawn chair that feels like it should have broke its legs years ago. My coffee’s hot, the new birds here do sing opposite lullaby. The day is upon us.

I think about us. Us as people. Us as in myself apart me and manifest with life in me and all of us together. Frankly i know near no one. I see this same life in everyone and its love. I’m compelled, all of me, to paint to, by, from this love. Mentally a bit unfit for normalcy, sweet normalcy. I must paint and to many this is a difficult understanding. To me it is the clearest thing, i know nothing, entirely the sport i call to incubate, to continually create.

Whatsoever word will be but playful arrangements at inverted doors. Decidedly I pick up the pen, prescribe the good hair on the top of these california pines to the sun, the warmth of repetition, good comfort. I make companion of nature. Repetition my words of color, of form. Worship to the creator my giving act. Love, the only endeavor.

I feel imparted to float in a spiritual cloud. The world is strange. So beautiful. The source of bird call, of cold toes on pine needles, of circles,of paint, of love and blankets, sensation and spiritual all about me.

I lost my mind to the piece before i ventured to california. It is called the flower dance. A few days prior i was spinning in a white chair when i told my mother i feel to be on the verge of breakthrough. I painted clouds that day and only had breakdown, with tears i painted.

I then felt lonelier than ever. Completed another couple paintings that held the feelings i got when old loves looked in my eyes. I had a girl over and could only paint as she too painted through the night. Following day i slept following thirty six or so hours of being awake,

Yayoi Kusama’s spirit visited me in dream. Her, a friend of the same love endeavor. The full obsession to create love and loss the thought. For hours i laid up in bed drawing endless swirls of flowers.

I hauled two 48 by 46 wood panels to my bedroom. Propped them up on my couch together to make one large canvas. Buddy Ross’ song Running Around played on loop for the next three days.

I painted the swirl of flowers. The purely honest creative process, the flower dance of the mind. Flowers are beautiful, fleeting, swirling.

The colors led the eye with cyclical intent, a feeling of satisfactory solace in repetition. But one flower dared drift eternal to the bottom left. I’d been documenting the painting by pasting notes, studies and polaroids to the backs of their respective paintings. I desired to share the whole creative process, not only the product, that all be beautifully seen.

I saw the current flow and each inclination as it came had went straight to canvas with no filter but that it be love. I pasted ripped sheets of paint streaks on scrap paper i’d used to clean my finger to paint the five colors of the seven petal’d flowers. Polaroids too and writing were pasted.

I saw a movement, a space, figures, all an honest losing of my self for flowering brilliancy. I lost my mind in this painting! The Flower Dance is now eternal, love is a lasting flower.

-

Good eyes

Bublous blooms

What we see when we close

 Our eyes or

The sun fractaling

 In glimmers

 on

 Eyelashes

 Cyclicality.

-

I’m experiencing a vision of sorts. However elusively endearing the place of this peace may be, still for sake of a cool shadow to rest us in, i will endeavor to elucidate the matter.

This is no matter that i am crouched barefoot in a sun setting streak of light through Californian pines. Nor that a half eaten, coconut oiled, pan cooked and edge burnt piece of toast rests between my teeth then lips as i scribble profundity, or quite simply i do enjoy the yellow light and down and up and side to side blue shadow walking the wordless page as i write.

Yes, yes the vision. Surely the spirit of wisdom had my hand here as frailty, a wonderful mental weakness and extreme sensibility has beset me.

See i suppose i like flowers. That’s all really. I see that any God made manifest may waken the soul alike and spirit - ah! What words am i saying here? Can nothing quite compare the embrace of unbridled vision in graced illumination.

The page is nearly full of blue, but by the ash and ember flick both by clove mint stoge and thick and thin winds may the further simplicity be illustrated.

It’s bubbly i see. Cyclical most assuredly. My vision wreaks wondrous haunt upon me. All physical dance, that is light, color, movement, honestly i know nothing of what i write. All has become so easily scary and new and fit for beautiful reveal, absorption. Blue page now.

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July 4 2020

Morning

(crow sounds)

Yellow flower

Most pure

In Blue shadows

To be a master, it must be done everyday, with love.

Sound of butterfly fly

Swallows. At least thirty flying up in loops above a pond. Loops. They leave swirls sketched into the sky.

White butterfly went one way, then back again.

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July 5

Midday in stopped traffic up the side going down a californian mountain.

My head hurts. Mentally. I endeavor for love.

The mountains are nice. Passed a pink sign saying “emergency scene ahead.”

I don’t know what i am doing. Where i am going. In all directions this applies. I;ve made only love the source of my wander step.

I ate an avocado. Peeled the skin, threw out to the passing nature, left green under my fingers where paint was asleep.

My dad said fare good and fare well as i left off this wat. My mother said she loved me.

I’ve been stuck in traffic for long enough that i’m shaking back and forth for need of releasing into a restroom.

This mountain is green, very verdant. There is also a strange red patch all alone in the ‘V’ of a vale.

I don’t know if i’ll ever make it down this mountain. The soul, the document, the one humanity - i’ve got it with me anyhow the strangeness, the liminal.

-

Lord clothe angels to my skin. This love you endear upon me, welcome lavishly the wonder of your self embrace.

Blue-yellow

Blue-green

-

The bell chimes resound. We, our revolution is inside. The wall decor deliciously appetites our eyes. And with eyes of its own! Yes? Or could these eyes be the reflection, the self with the capital S to which every singular soul sings sweet Spirit singularity.

Enough incant. Human is a playful vessel to be filed. Yes all is the feeling of childhood put on a loop. This new experience reminds me.

I am naked at the table prepared for me. Some home in a slowly moving mountain, I am home. Every angel porous and yellow lips love by finger of my tip of thought i’ve lost. Lovely incant.

Human can’t help but be the chronicle of revolution. I;ve got a bundle of pens colored green, yellow, blue, red and the black. The life that matters is life itself, life in every.

Everything to which i recount a re-seeing back into me is to me and mirror a game of hide and seek. Why do we become the things we don’t understand? How do we hate what we love and when we’ve become it, love it?

My question is why whenever i write i can;t seem to find myself physically. Mature abstraction bustles about the word street. Where does its direction truth?

See, I’ll make food now. Substance to the spirit body please. Tofu zen chicken mixed with edamame and assortments of other pretty verbose vegetables. I’ll play the song vegetable eater by Naran Ratan. I’ll open St. Teresa of Avila’s interior temple interlocutor. Sweetly the falling to sleep day, serenaded with bird calls their music.

The birdsong is best, vegetable music misanthroped me by the throat. But now steam cools into the sun streams over the tip top of the topanga peaks. Dinner.

Dinner reminds me of the night of becoming - call it strangeness in accompanied loneliness. How God makes new the soul again and again to his ever Self.

These thoughts, but more of a feeling without a face yet here sit with me in the empty chair beside me. This table stands with one leg that is three legs outside a bungalow up above the sea, set in the mountains. To be in the mountains, looking at the mountains is a strange feeling. You are and you are seen.

I think my loneliness to be a burgeoning blossom of hope. One that eludes the temperamental variety of illusion and instead enjoys toast, black coffee, and coconut oil on the toast. One that enjoys seclusion to the mountains to near the soul.

Truly, truly I must here be fair. For a hummingbird, blue and red bellied and necked visits me. I say ‘Hello Hummingbird’ and watch the friend fly to stick tis lip in some petals.

There’s the buzzing of flies and bees, the song of the birds. The scribble sound of pen to paper. The crunch of toast and taste of coffee it’s been dipped in and drizzles by. The colors, the eyes, the sun is setting, the nature here. Truly God with. Truly my chair is not empty. I find it funny how never alone we can be.

Oh but I do yearn for the lonesome hour and jubilee people. I’m conflicted I suppose. For alone I make love for the lonely, be to them their friend from and with the water of God’s well. A drip, drip, a man of nothing i am.

At some age i found conversation with others in my head most convenient, most apt to considerable consolidations of meaning. I mean love enabled me to speak then to them now. I found with others I saw them as they are and i wanted them too to see themselves with love. This drives me and many to a table alone of personage in the Topanga mountains.

Anyhow, the people are not around now so enough of them and me for now. Nature is acting her play and play I must. A sunset i must see!

Ode for the table! I’d sat sanguine in my mind for the fathoming of my internal world expunged upon the happenings about me.

Toast were my bones - with temporal crust and crunch. What substance could walk such taste? What does that mean, i thought, i mean, i’d wrote.

Heated coffee on the pot on the gas stove had been reignition of a soul aflame by love of God. Yes! Love aflame! We lit the night.

Ah, and the night was magic tragic. Not withstanding the pre risen full moon-motif, have you. Risen again as always, gave we? Its the consistency of light source that is most essential, my love.

Those flowers on blue hour. I painted or had been in the act of being painted through. They, the aroma of memory, a future memory i’d become. An installation in childhood dream, perhaps cloud of field of flower walking.

Inside was less like my inside than outside had been. The stars are a fine accompaniment to a man alone. The street of Emerson back home was a place i’d visit time to seconds stretched to eternity, apart time.

Coffee! Oh coffee and the taste of coffee shop atmosphere allure. What songs in those string lights. What love’s in those women’s eyes. Now i see them everywhere, is it you or me doing this looking, my love?

Surely at the table you’d left me with abandoned azure. The stars had your name! The sea and my vast need for not you! No not you, but the feeling you gave me, my love.

My love was all i needed, and not you, no my love, not you. How i looked into you, between my looking and you was too vast to see, too much to ignore.

And now too many years to count time like handless clocks wave, i;m become upon an exposit of heart’s mending with word. You, you my love will always be with me, by stars, by moon.

And now it is tonight. I paint secluded into the Topanga mountains. I give my face to the vast. My love upon all.

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July 6 20

Early morning. Woke at 5-6AM. Sounds of bird’s song. Cool whisps of blue hour whispers. Shadow dance over mountainscape. Flower blankets soft, quiescent. Yoga. Outside shower with warm water, bathed in sunstreaks. Stone house shower tiles, the floor decor a geometric apparition. I entered and lost myself in the blue room, the yellow push, the red stay.

Bungalow had been furnished with flowers petals and alive and with them mandala floral circles I spin into, lose me into momentum into.

Of momentum I;d been up till one or two in the morning painting. Flowers, pink moon, landscape. Everyone’s landscape, everyone’s portrait looks from their own innerscape, their own inner eye.

Dressed, danced down gravel steps and backed my vehicle through a magic laurel overhang. Light of the still rising sun hung a veil of mist, slapped soft on blue water steams of devotion, clouded her forehead, the yellow sky.

Either a blue God renewal or slipstream of thought into me had made me less me than me could help comprehend. I enjoy the abandonment to flow, that i do.

The drive of personage, like the one to the coffee shop, Cafe Mimosa, smelled like roses. The fields of enchantment swirled by the sides of this windy road, the one, one a generation carries into. Everyone takes this road, none know.

The woman at Cafe mimosa, I recognized.

Some months of life ago she drew me the rudimentary map up to the top of the Topanga, the tip top of Topanga peaks. There i painted, Sunrise to Sunset in Topanga.

I recognized her sweet french lip, like a wind’s tongue wisp in wheatgrass. My impression was most amiable as we smiled to another with out eyes only, our facemasks on. She made me the most resplendent cappuccino with oat milk, americano, and house black coffee.

All of which i spilt when stepping fast my brakes at a red light that blocked me from following behind a blonde and blue eyed woman I’d seen see me at the coffee shop.

What little coffee remained sustained me as i painted flowers back at the bungalow. I felt low, lowest of lows. Like a vale between mountains, drowned in shade and running streams.

The flowers were yellow, blue, pink, but lacked the exuberance of light emanating the recent pieces of some palette. I’d filled the canvas, seen flowers, seven petals each, set the piece beneath a blossom tree where later the blooms fell and seeded themselves with oil paint.

Inside I was cooking an egg and sausage sticks. Looking for the fan switch, I climbed the loft and found by bedside Haruki Murakami’s Kafka on the Shore. My vale now swirled with another’s internal metaphysical and all too real to me sandstorm of me.

Me, like the boy in conversation with himself, with a boy named crow. When just then crows had happened to call outside. I too fancied the running away and anyhow away I was and why not stay a while or longer away i thought.

I recall on the drive home from Arizona I played the whole act out. I felt the humid sea wash of air splash through my car window, lavish cooly my face. My hand like a bird sailing in a sandstorm. When i flattened thin with less i cut thought air and opening wide i was caught and soared up.

On a loop I let my hand sway this way and that and my thoughts deepen likewise. I;d live out my car. I’d bypass the global social distance on account of Corona virus pandemic and paint to deliver straight to high end collectors in the LA area. I’m on unemployment benefit anyway and i have all i need. I need little, less of more was my way. More of less.

Truly though, i was not away. No physical distance separated sense from self. I’d bring me with me wherever I’d be. Anywhere i was i felt nowhere and altogether fully present to everywhere. This is quite the dilemma.

Dilemma indeed. As reality is ever approaching, i’d say as near as my eyelife i’d ought to be decisive regarding the matter of home.

Over coffee on a stove top heated, a menthol stoge, toast and eggs with basil i sat with a sense of peace. The sun slowly set. The birds quietly whistled along. A few bees buzzed back away. Finished paintings surrounded me. Written words surrounded me. I surrounded me. I’d leave tomorrow to Arizona - to paint, to write, to be Self.

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Because there is less

I see more

Like at night time

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July 7 2020

Nearly sunset

Parked on PCH

I did not drive back to Arizona. It is the following day and what winds carried me only down the mountain and to the shore.

Down PCH i drove with the intention of settling somewhere in LA. I’d paint as i find myself doing and in it have the hope of one seeing and bringing me up into the art world.

I drove aimlessly. No thoughts. Found myself at the venice canals where I pissed into a water bottle and waited till a woman and here child passed to empty it on the gravel beside sidewalk. I called a closed art gallery who still did answer the phone. ‘Only the artist they currently represent’ she repeated for the third time.

I left my car and walked up the canals. A black swan i stood beside, floating in the bohemian stream. This was not i, no, this was not i.

Necessary still the adventure had been to return me upward the old Topanga canyon road. I passed the Getty Villa, remembered how I’d climbed a statue tall in a lily pond there. I remembered the zen garden up the road. Where i say in the silent chapen. Looked into by Jesus, Krishna, the prophetic light and the like. I remembered those words of the light, like sees like.

To the highest peak of Topanga i made my way. Parked by car and left along a dirt trail, shirtless with a yoga mat, the late sun beating like a warm drum, my skin seethed.

I looked for shade. Found some in a laurel grove off the way where much time ago I’d painted Sunrise to Sunset in Topanga, I love that painting, I do. And here was I again in the same perspective peak, the same sun. same me?

In the laurel grove bugs clung to me and an incessant buzz and crawl encompassed me. My skin seethed.

I set off further but the bugs clung to me, came with me. I could take the running away no longer and settled anywhere, some shade tree in an open field in the mountains.

I tied my shirt to my head to try to keep out the incessant buzz but it did little help. I laid to start and the sounds felt me mad, they crawled all along my sticky skin. I remembered a dream i’d had many years ago. The same noise and i was filled with terror, i heard through the buzz a voice speaking me into crazy. I laid still in that open field and welcomed it all. I faced every demon with love. I cried, i screamed. I felt the bugs were more than bugs, they were realer than that. They were the sounds and tangibilities of my desires. I felt their endless call surge through me and like the sun sinks into the ocean, it did.

I saw the sun later sink into the ocean. Quietly writing on the shore. Waves with fingers grabbed at me. They splashed with soft wet roar, behind me the mechanical hum of LA did loudly too.

It was blue hour. It had been far as long as my memory had been absorbed by it. It’s always blue hour. Neither day, nor night, an inbetween. I called this blue hour - home.

-

The waves were like a slew of feathers stringing choirs through the wind. The city behind me were like synth sounds slapping the cement. What light of the sky remained rode into my own embankment by the backs of wave crests. In my embarkment was a little visage of flowers sprouting from an internal world. I painted them seven petals each, a ref, red orange bud spinning out pink, yellow, blue petals through the betweens of the most resplendent blue.

As i painted i raise up my bowed like prayer head to look out between the sea and sky. The blue i’d been stirring with oil resembled the space.

I must have been caught in one of those eternal gazes for the light footsteps i heard were not the flutter of angels wings in the night but the japanese fisherman who’d caught nothing, he said with a big smile. Yes, likewise i thought and smiled too when he said the flowers were beautiful, though he thought i was painting the ocean. I was, the blue there, but i just laughed and said maybe tomorrow.

Maybe tomorrow? I hadn’t considered that i’d stay still another day, rather the moment so near all else fell into obscurity, it was most peaceful that way.

And when the near full moon rose on the summer night, i was not alone, our moments in the night were alone together.

Alone together - the moon and i and every other messaging eye. Truly what light rode the backs of waves, was cradled in the silhouetted boughs of the laurel, was both within and without. The eye - this light did not belong to the moon. No, the moon had bren the greatest messenger of all, incomparable, made comprehensible the unseeable source that gave sight to all - the sun.

I was tired. I’d caught that sea breeze in the medley of my mind. The incessant stir. It was 2am and i wished the moon, and in it all a goodnight.

-

I rose golden with the sun. Quickly pissed in a water bottle and dumped the color wash off the crag rock scope beside me. The sky was pink and white. The morning mist hanging new light like a translucent veil over LA. I heard the seagull squawk, the seal i saw swim and the dolphin talk along the water. I wondered what words they shared with the ocean blue.

I did yoga looking out on all this, feeling peace wash like a peach.

I realized i was without home. At least in the pretty decorative bohemian sense of this place. I needed to clean up. I hit the laundromat, spoke in strange symbols of bridges to the sweet hispanic woman folding blues and blue jeans. I bought double A batteries for my blue light lantern i used to paint last evening. Had my car been made of windows or morning leaves the moonlight would have been enough. Bought hand sanitizer too, nearly forgot a pandemic plagued the world and here. I washed my face in the first open bathroom i’d found since embarking on. I felt a bit tidier i’d say.

Sleep deprivation for no body can make sleep a commodity, it cannot be bought. And i, i liked to live up through my dreams. But my body lacked indeed and by late afternoon i’d grown exceedingly tired, i’d painted blue all day.

I turned over my engine, parked up in a park that started with ‘T’ but was not Topanga. Did yoga in the leaf and stick bed, where the soft sleeping heart beat of earth could be heard, and if one slowed down pulse enough, could align their own to. A leaf fell onto me, swirling like life in the light dancing through branched shadows. I’d been transported, my soul, to being beneath a white tree which gushed water when poked. I’d laid below and prayed to the sweet Lord one simple leaf land like a soft word to the world. That leaf sits in a frame back home, in Arizona, home?

There are many leaves, this one just as Heavenly. I put it behind my ear and drove to the only cafe i knew, Matthew’s Cafe.

Where flowers adorned the walls and verdantry replaced the sky. The best cappuccino i’ve yet had somehow trapped me in that garden eden. I’d eaten for free by the graces of the kindhearted italian one who’d rushed me out of my eternity thirty minutes before they closed.

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July 9? 2020

Fear, loneliness, isolation. These were the lights refracting from and into me by the road reflections. On any unmeasurable drive I did love to lose sense of movement to the repetition of these passing lights. I’d put the car in a set speed of seventy-five and slip myself into their allure. I’d awake some hours later having found the etched scape i’d covered drawn as though inverse to my memory, no viable sense of time or space traveled, only a momentary flush of sensation and new surrounding.

The drive that evening was like this. When i arrived at Tina’s house 15 miles south of Laguna Beach, her, a distant aunt or some other who had a couch who could hopefully couch my incessant longing. No matter the details, the deed did not follow through. I found myself alone in Laguna. I watched the red sun sink into the ocean. Yes, it was magical.

Through the night i drove, meddled by sleepless and eatless delirium. I sang songs with no words. Wrote poems into the wind. Painted things i’d never see.

See, on this road journeying itself had to be home. Discomfort became comfort. Lost was found.

In the tepid pink moonlight I lifted my lip lower to prayer. I had no will on this road, I’d felt like my old windchimes and been so inscrutably sung through. Of all that’s said i’d desired the wind, like God’s breath be the echo. Of all unsaid, i’d forgotten anyhow.

My dreams too seemed so elusive for like shadows to light they were to wakeful thought. I’d felt my dreams scurry about and back into in the morning. But had no formative recollection of them. Only a tangible sense of the unknown.

What i did know as that was the first near full night’s sleep i’d had for a bit, about eight hours. I cleaned dust from my bare soles, did yoga on the beach and got to driving up to Topanga again.

AH! How magical Topanga is, how could i forget! How the lights polka-dotted beneath tree leaves. The smells of unwet rains. Blue and orange colored dew drops in my nostril. To slowly, meditative or methodical or maybe with wish of mellifluous ocean swims did the mountains crawl.

And did i depart the dead skin again? As i said hello to a little lizard sun bathing. As i pissed off a cliff, showered in a domed liquor store’s parking lot, danced inside and out, refreshed.

In the natural foods store the woman was a beautifully large oriental lantern who despite her character floated about with quietude and with soft but discerning smiles. I;d bought ice from the opposite type, a petite asian woman behind the liquor store counter, a bag od ice and now acquired water, an avocado, and four freshly made deviled eggs.

I visited again Mimosa Cafe. Ordered a cappuccino with oat milk. The blonde and long blue nailed barista also had blue eyes and butterfly eyelashes. She batted hello and i pranced about in a delirium of caffeinated mushroom hunting. Nymphs and angels sounded with strange orchestra. A portal appeared within an old Ethiopian silk print upon the wall. I entered.

On my return I greeted the midday sun adorned like a jewel in the filigree of green in the tree. Leaves, both in verdantry and fall swirled through the air i walked through. A couple coaxed in the wax of future memory landed in my bright yellow hoodie’s hood, to which the ethiopian print could likewise conjure to my world, a new world.

This world was skittering, fancifully actual with wholistic color opportunity. And quite honestly i’d not painted with the same intensity I have prior, I’d take any insatiable touch of mystic opulence or print on the wall to inspire me to it again.

I asked the butterfly eye woman where i’d find a bathroom. Walked halfway indefinitely what she said was a three minute walk. A geometric absurdity. Up past a flower power sign and flower shop. Went. Walked back to my car. Got another coffee and went up the mountains to paint.

There I felt free. Not for being alone. I’d never be alone. Not for being away, i’d never be away. Not for the expanse, what’s vast is the eye. I felt free for finishing the painting, the *blue hour flower*.

And even freedom is fading. There’d be more to paint, i;d be started on a new piece in moments again. There was one lasting feeling of life, that all is in God.

How such revelation happens upon us i know only to attribute to God. All my living rests in that all is in God. All i do a praise for this, that all is in God.

So it mattress not where i say homie is or is not. Freedoms are flickers, only light switches in this house, this road is ever, i’m on my way.

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July 10 2020

Just down the one way road from where i was i set to camp. I put out the flower painting so passing cars could see and who knows, maybe somebody’d be interested.

From sun peeking over golden tipped Topanga peaks to lowering the basket to blue hour till nights first silence, i painted. I finished *Topanga Road*.

Of the many cars passing i’d catch eyes occasionally and trade smiles, or small wonders, how in the morning one might vaguely recognize the mirror. This was sufficient people interaction to me and the joys of painting nature were enthralling.

A motorcycle couple passed singing with the beatles, “*All the lovely people*” and whizzed smooth into their own echo. A man stopped onto to say “that’s a beautiful painting” and went on, but like all the lovely people in the canyon, that sentence played on repeat in my conscience.

As i finished capping my coffee cup and putting together my uncapped paints, the painting in my peripheral would draw me in, lose me in real abstract. I awoke to a “YEWW!” as a van’s headlights flashed and went by and stopped and tail lights turned on and reversed back to me.

Where i stood with a plastic green lantern, battery lit the night. The driver poked his head out, said he said he had something for me, hard kombucha. Zero carbs, zero sugars, good alcohol, as indicated by the side of the van’s text and and his verbatim speaking.

We traded words, company, goods. Kombucha to me. Sight of paintings to him and his quiet, nearly forgotten friend. Yellow american spirit cigs to me, they’d match my lighter and hoodie, coffee cup. A text to someone on his phone from me. A flower painting to him. A wave goodbye and the lights lost in the mountain mist.

Being more alone meant each experience felt paramount, new and could not be washed away with oversaturation. I thought about how he said he too was from Arizona, he took a few trips to California like this, and he moved here at 20 and i too was 20.

But i had no plans, no fanciful future holdings, only the matter of being present. Presently I;d been sitting overlooking the vast mountainscape and the grey space between the sea and sky. How the two held no difference in their color coalescence. I slipped into my sleeping bag, wiped wheatgrass off my pillow and slept, the moon gibbous and on me.

Exotic birds to whom i have no name for called in the night. I awoke to piss from the peak and saw starlight in my yellow stream.

Morning cloud’s mist hung low below a distant peak and gave me the impression the mountain i’d slept on floated. The old grey between sea and sky shifted pink and white, a thousand clouds seemed to be stuffed in there.

I showered naked ni the drain of my cooler i’d put atop my car. A biker saw me. I slipped on clothes and fashioned a new routine. Down! The one way mountain road. Back up Topanga Canyon road. Ice from the liquor store. Water and deviled eggs from the natural food store, truly that woman’s deviled eggs were the only food keeping me going. Coffee from Mimosa Cafe. Back up the mountain to paint.

I funda stream off the side of the road and painted there. A homeless prophet he seemed visited at least three times to stand in light between trees to tell of Dad’s love. Dad is God.

When i finished the *Topanga Stream* painting a green jeep stopped up beside me. They’d seen me and the flower painting yesterday, were interested. I sold them the painting, from yesterday, *Topanga Road*.

I felt as I sat by the stream that I'd become someone new. I did not know when I'd become me, where past me was left skinned and in a wash downstream. I felt a rush of indiscernible feeling. Thought it to be trust in happening, flickers of joy like light breaks through the tree laurel. Time passing like their falling leaves, never landing, sweet with the wind.

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July 11 2020

With them another painting, a Topanga Road, and a set camp atop the mountain again. I read Murakami’s filtered wind of words, swam in the pond of Kafaka’s recluse, touched the illusory glass of a mirror.

My lantern had broke nad the stars were my solitary light. I did not mind. I passed through my ways like a shadow. I wrote words in another brown moleskin, back notebook:

Dreams, they were of woman and dystopian places, lost loves and old loves made new, colors i’d not yet felt.

Morning glistened in the wave of green grass leaves.. Wind signaled in the naples yellow wheat grass. A polka-dotted slew of blue and viridian scattered the crawling mountainscape. The sea and sky danced through and through. A distant peak looked like Heaven, floating, alluring. Clouds spilled from the sun in a swirl of bulbous and separate swirl of flower petal. The sun swathed its warm hands over my bare skin. Yoga, naked shower, cars passing, rising up with the sun.

My new routine as previously said elsewhere carried me through morning. What followed was a one way road. As is any routine. Ice from liquor store, a new five dollar minimum. Okay. Water and deviled eggs from natural foods store, a new seven dollar minimum. Alright, my time here truly is dissipating, today i’d drive back to Arizona.

Then oat milk cappuccino from Mimosa Cafe. Claire was as sweet as ever. Her smile was more than that. The soft feather pink and yellow wrinkle at her eyes, like fans coloring the blue vastness of her eye. I’m attracted to older woman, my mind slipped the thought. Thankfully my pursed lips sweetly stayed within the bounds of boy from Arizona, away from home nad painting his soul song with nature. That’s how i saw it anyway. I kept the conversation going just to hear her talk. Her voice accented with flumes of purplish lavender i;d remember the smell of. Lavender flume.

I bought the ethiopian portal print on the wall.Turned to be an original. She and i glowed with the traces seeping through paint and natural resources plastered on fiber board from the floor of Ethiopian soil. Magic, it was truly magic. I sweat we’ve danced there, sang a hymn in the least. Colored certainly her spirit coalescence.

Beside the piece i’d bought was a dress made by similar hands showing a concentric circle of three colors, not unlike the likes i’d painted just this past week. I’d seen these circles everywhere. I wonder what they mean?

Though to paint i needed no meaning. I had thoughts that said they were scared you would schedule any other endeavor apart love, and ever i would reply with the act of painting, fulfilled by love. I’d take the phenomenal sensations and all i;ve now forgotten back to Arizona. Leaving only love, taking only what is everywhere, and God is in all, all is in God.

I said goodbye and see you again Topanga. Felt the same peach sea and sky wash through the mountain air, and it felt new still.

Now i was on my way to Arizona, surely i was, but naturally some stops stayed my mind. Little Tokyo. Matthew’s Cafe, a garden cafe i lovingly knew that knew me, there i’d go first.

I passed metro pch, the starved rich palisades and slipped my field flowered mind in the green and white laced bamboo chair beneath a blue mirror and beside a veranda of incarnate pink orchids. Numerous hand made pots polka-dotted the white rock floor. Verdantry dressed every ounce of wall space so the breath was easy, airy and enjoyable. Over the white picket roof a white cloth laid which let in smooth white light for the parade of green plants and every color of flower. I was pleasantly pleased. Even the toilet paper had flowers imprinted in.

Little Tokyo. It felt more to me to be a deserted side street dressed and tucked in red to a pocketed place in LA. Yet simple was the Japan i kenw, a thread of my own woven in with Basho’s haiku and Hokusai’s eye.

I imagined the mountain in the distance was Fuji. This was easy for I could not see the mountain, sky scrapers obstructed my view.

I wandered into a demitasse cafe and ordered myself the Kyoto. The register cuckoo’d. I aked for paper from the woman there and she ripped out two from her own notebook. I’d forgotten my own and forgotten too i had no pen to write with.

I sat outside lining haikus in invisible pink matter ink. A large african man sat by the closed gold and red stands,  his face mask in his right hand rested on the tear in his jeans. His left hand held a joint that carried smoke through unlit lanterns.

Besieged hima nd the normative couple dipping dumplings and dropping strange looks to me, the place was empty. I sat up and set my eyes to the sidewalk, scouring the blue cement where i saw sakura petals must have blown away from. Found a library where i had to sanitize before entering.

I bought a red flair pen with black ink and a picture book with flowers and Japanese text. My meter was up and my imagination quite at the lack. I passed by a nude woman carrying a balck lives matter sign and hordes of lapd. Protests and riots. Pandemic and abandonment. These were the walks of my imagination. On my way out from little Tokyo i thought i’d found a parade, but only it was the line to urgent care.

Desiring my fill of LA, I;d make my way into Chinatown.

By a pink and yellow supermarket with shattered windows i parked. Thankfully i still had plenty of quarters from the laundromat to pay the meter full.

How long ago was the laundromat? My clothes, i smelled them and they were still quite clean. But i could not tell a chinese soul how long i’d been here. Nor could i ask for a bathroom over shattered bridges of language. Alas i pissed in a bottle.

I set off walking past a black long wall adorned with vines, a dumpster housing a beautiful eternity plant, and an alley where a tall pink blossom swayed into a blue brick.

Two yellow chairs sat alone together, stacked beside a noodle shop i guessed. I sat with them on the top chair. A light green and white realty building that i read as reality looked more like a flower shop was my view, that and the occasional man on a smoke break. I remembered the yellow american spirits I’d been given and joined in to feel myself more welcome. A mammoth sunflower with a bowed head three times my own danced in the occasional winds running around buildings, sneaking filtered whispers through alleyways. I could smell the sunflower, it was beautiful.

Just as i've felt comfortable, I could not remember the last time i;d been seeded in this sort of watchful abandonment, two chinese noodle workers rolled over a granite table and waved me away. The two yellow chairs sat no one.

Back in Topanga i’d bought a spicy tofu sandwich from the roiental woman at the natural foods store to meet the seven dollar limit. On this i ate. I wrote while wandering corridors of my mind, where my legs fell asleep on a yellow guard rail based by a purple wall, a pretty complimentary to this town.

The colors were so alive here. The people so quiet and kind for it. I was by myself, so it seemed everyone else was as well. Despite the dilapity, there were flowers, colorful and sweet smelling flowers even. And even apart a verbal language to acutely elucidate ourselves, i felt the people here understood me. I did not want to leave, but my meter was up, i was out of quarters and again i;d be on my way. I played Shigeo sekito and set off not home, only to Arizona.

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The drive into Arizona was spiritual. My eyes adjusted only to color, losing formative perspective as i passed my body in auto drive. The sky in blue with fades, sheens of whhite clouded eyes. The lush flowers fading only into me and no longer planted everywhere i could look. Rolling green hills crawling away from the repetition bored into empty desert yellows.

What i felt could most easily be attributed to a yellow and yellow and yellow Rothko painting. One i’d cried into, wetting those fields of color with him. Some had to cry, to lost themselves into something for someone. This i’d be, and ever with love in paint.

That’s what i’d do. I;d give myself wholly and selflessly to the endless wash of love with color.

First i stopped at Lux cafe on my way in. ordered a black coffee i received fro free and tipped twenty. Sat outside by three mammoth sunflowers and together, yellow, we watched the Arizona sun sink. It was yellow, looking into the sun, the clearly red for a moment before blue, the hour settled.

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July 12 2020

Crab legs were for dinner. My mother made them never so the occasion felt of importance. I hugged her and my father. It was nice to see them and share presence, share what stories and aspirations i still not told to the pen.

I unpacked with the preeminence of shortly being to travels again. My father helped me, heard my desires. In shavasana follow a yoga flow, i slept maybe an hour. Showered. The warm water soothed, smoothed the aches my back had accumulated sleeping only with a sleeping bag cushion between me and my car’s wood flooring.

I could not sleep and thus promptly began studies to a yellow flower painting. I painted through morning with the rise of light to spiritual proclivity. I knew what immeasurable, unspeakable sensations coursed through me then would too touch the hearts alike behind eyes. Time was loop. The feelings instigated with color would be for others more purely what i felt now.

Between the hours of paint apart hours i’d heard my father brewing coffee. It was 4 am and he’d be off on a run before Arizona temperatures peaked at 120 degrees. We stood in the blue of early morning light. Talking of stars, moon and the planets. He’d said the ancients called the planets, wanderers. That was their name. Just last week jupiter and saturn formed a triangle with the moon. He’d looked through binoculars and could see one of jupiter;s moons. Beautiful, i said.

He went on about moon cycles for tonight was a waning gibbous. Then into mindfulness and tree talk, some family funny occurrences i’d missed. I enjoyed hearing him talk. The moon was the peak of his week and mine too. We’d seen the same wonders miles and miles apart. He said how wonderful it was the changes in a week. I agreed while i saw a cloud float and dissipate into moonlight.

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In the morning I cried with my eyes open, into my mother;s closed arms around me. All i could muster was “I’m so tired”.

She called me a weary traveler and asked to listen the matter. I did not know what returned waters from endless sea to endless sea. Put me between. What wet my eyes, crippled me, and made me shake. I said i had to paint, to write, i overwork myself. She asked what it was like when i did not and i said then i do not want to live.

Creating was the only thing that made sense to me. That and admiring nature. For those seemed to me the clearest pursuits of the love of God. Acts and admirations. Too natural to me.

I showered, slept, and awoke in tears again. I felt a beating pulse throwing itself or perhaps thrown against the inner walls of me. I could hardly breathe. Easily scream. But i laid upon the floor, felt the sea course through me. I pushed through yoga and when faced with the mirror, red clothed my face, my fair hair, my hands. I panicked a moment, seeing the illusion of blood, i knew not what i’d killed for this. This was only, as the red shower basin revealed and stained, this was only red oil paint.

Two eggs and toast for a midnight breakfast. I noticed my hands were still red, slightly, and left also with the yellows from yesterday which was still today calenderly speaking.

Red roses, their outspiral of lush felt petal providence. A bouquet featuring diamond orange and pink, and pink and white daisies. Also with mauve lilies, little black pistil protrusion. And lovingly cast a light incarnate pink flume. These flowers were my homely accompaniment at the table. There was silence, save the chirp song of crickets, and silence isn’t lonely.

It’s not that i’m lonely that i cried. I can’t say why i cried. Not that i shouldn’t say or simply would prefer not to. It's that i don’t know myself.

Yes. That’s it. I don’t know myself. Perhaps that is why i cried. I surge within some fleeting mind with the same feelings at new experiences. I desire to give myself to something eternal, to evade the illusory stays and keeps to passing time, that near death thing of me.

But what do i give if I is unknown? It’s all too much to bear and lately I’d rather have no more dealing with me.

It’s ego death after ego death and the desires of flesh run rampart back still. Surely I’ve grown in love. Surely I’ve become a cleaner channel of the Spirit of creation. That i might be wholly forgotten, dust to sweet dust, while the eternal God flowing through creation and death and life again carries on. Surely.

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July 13

Late evening

This is how life is. That the way through remains mystery, in beautiful obscurity, a divine mist and love altering hand. I hear the ticking hands of love carrying on and I give into the way. Truly i cannot say the events which led me to now. How each anguish aligned perfectly. Besetting me into the endless sea of love.

I did not say how through my solitary adventure a woman stayed my mind. That i had love for her like Gods. I did not mention the letter i wrote back in Topanga for her. Here it is now:

Love letter

To Gabi

Written in Topanga July 7 likely

Read To Gabi on July 13

Love. Love. Love.

Yes, love, love love.

Yes, I’ve sat here now at the tip top of a Topanga mountaintop. As many thoughts as stars. It’s blue hour here now, no visible stars yet.

That is to say I have no traceable thought, but oh! I do feel the stars. A flame of yellow in the blue they are.

Here they come now, I’m quite poor on this part, my mind as lost to me as their lovely little watchful abandonment. Anyhow, no matter the talk on me, this is about love, about stars, about that full moon to rise tonight.

Tonight I say a prayer about the consuming of love. Love is God.

Love is God and love to another is the color of God.

This is most important, let it, that love is God, echo about the looping halls I’m about to write into.

See, to me this sounds most dissolutioned. Maybe I turn to the stars to distract the thoughts of my own. Maybe I turn us to the stars because it’s something brighter than myself, something stronger, eternal in comparison to me. See, I’m writing now to you because I love you. How this constellation has given shape, I do not know. Who gave flame to the stars? Gave eyes to us to see? Gave us, us?

What does that mean? Us to us? The way I see it is like sees like, and in our case, love sees love. Now, I remember love is God

(Three flowers drawn with seven petals each. Simple flowers, beautiful flowers, a circle bud center.)

Now I am drawing flowers as prayers. Seven petals each for three flowers. My candle I blow out and I thought I heard footsteps and became quite fearful again. Flowers, and God brings me comfort these days, not much else. I’m lonely. Very fearful. Not much is happy.

It, inside me is a repetitive blue hour where I hope for stars. I know they are there. I’m sure I can feel them watching me. It’s all faith. All between night and day.

Amidst a blue hour stretched to repetitive eternal moments, amidst this lack of thoughts with meaning, amidst all this I can say with Spirit and Truth what I’m saying here has meaning.

God is love.

Be it dawn with sun, our star or be it with thousands we look into. I feel this, a shift of something happening upon me and I attribute it to God, to love. I love you.

Really, I should be able to rip out just one of these pages, write the words ‘I love you’, give them with flowers to you. And that would encompass the reach of my intent.

But writing like this calms me. I feel there are things you should know about me. Things I’ll learn too as I write. Perhaps it’s easier to honestly strip naked to a person you love than it is to only yourself. I’m going to get naked now.

I love painting. It’s the work I must do while I live and I know I don’t live long and ‘I’ is as fleeting a word as a shooting star. I have to give all love I can to the world through painting. This is my priority, the end of my breath.

Now, I suppose our God manifests his love in so many a sweet ways. For how else could I love work and you? I do not know. I do not know the care of God when it comes to the light of a shooting star. I do not know how to properly love you and fulfill the work of love in painting. I only ask Gods endless grace, his care be my care.

That’s the most naked part of me. An anguish for which I have no answer, an endless avenue leading me back to the vastness of God as love.

When God fills me with this burning flame to work love for all with paint, that I do and the graces he does give are so beyond me. I die every time my fingers touch oil, the Spirit is pulse, blood, color and sensation. So I contemplate my leaving this earth, my death like the fizzle of a shooting star no one saw, a wilt in a lonely field; this is how I feel.

Can I fulfill my duty to love the world after me with paint? Can I do this work and fulfill love to you? Not with my hands and heart, no. May the Spirit guide my hand, my heart. May love burn into me, fully consume me, burn away me and be light to the world, and to you. Be only God’s light.

The desires are so clear to me, the way they become so elusive to me. Does God put us to love to test us? However much more is their trust and way for his becoming than in love. Know this.

Know that the love of God is my only desire. That is all. Of course I am weak, I am constantly afraid, you could call it paranoia. I’ve lost the world. I know no one. My mind is absent, I’m overcome by obsession. On good hours of illumination I no longer see things and I only see color. The world loses form so easily. I lose people too so easily. I see everything and it terrifies me. I see faces, eyes especially everywhere. All is alive. When in song we are jubilee, when not I am crippled unless I work the terror to a hopeful solace, a love to another I hope the Spirit enables to see. See I walk a terrible, a beautiful road. I wish I could actually lose my life many times. But love is more important. I see God made manifest in painting, in how I hope to lose me into love for people, in how I love you.

I’ll create endlessly, light, love is eternal and I am a moment. God is light, love.

This is what people must feel. What I hope to awaken. How I see to be the lowest of low, daily dancing into death that Gods movement of restorative love may be seen and felt.

I am naked. So naked. Like a translucent leaf in the light of a breaking blue hour, a rising sun. Sometimes I sit outside in my backyard and watch the sun rise over the heads of houses of my neighbors. I stand between myself and my seeing. I see the veins of the wisteria leaves illuminated in the light of the sun. It’s the most wondrous thing. The leaf looks to glow from within. It’s little hairs stand on end and are golden. Baby green bugs like katydids crawl along and to the leaves from the stem. They spit some mystery substance, some droplets like water and for a moment something magic happens. The sun is caught in the droplet. The light is held, suspended and clearly seen, for only a moment and it falls away. The light remains of course, but who could look directly into the sun? We need reflections, little droplets to hold the moon which holds up the sun at night. I think that is what love is like.

I’ve likely said enough and now act is necessary. Love is not a word but a force, a wind to be swept up in. To float, to fly, terrifying beauty.

I painted you flowers. Painted flowers never die. They are crafted with love, I hope you do enjoy them.

Now, what then of all these words? I ask what the days should blossom into and I do not know. My words are swirling petals to the wind.

I’m laid up in bed, alone in Topanga. A white butterfly follows me, just now passing a bundle of yellow wildflowers, their bulb faces up against the glass window. They look in, I look from.

Oh, but it’s so hard to look from what is coming. Only this is know. God is love. If love is present. Give life to it! Yes love must breathe, must have bodies to dance into.

But perhaps I am poor at love and for that I ask God to give me strength. Perhaps the love in act you deserve, I cannot give, if so, I accept and trust God will provide. He does always provide, and he loves us. Love loves us.

And still I imagine, I wish the Spirit control my imagination, that the rising of love is for a reason. Flowers should be smelt, their memories kept, flowers are beauty and beauty deserves an eye. Beauty is complete in being seen, in amiable admiration. Can we love like flowers? So humbly. So beautifully natural to the breath of God in them. Well, I think so.

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The Arizona summer sun slipped down through mountainscapes, thew up a last pink and yellow flurry of color before i arrived to the woman i love. Gabi.

I hugged her in the deep of blue hour. When we touched we were not two lovers but one love. We’d not seen each-other since once departing love many many moons ago. But a love rose within us both, uniting again as one soul does and we stood in the pale starlight, looking both from and into another, the love of endless in us.

Gabi showed me her recent oil pastel works. Flowers, flowers, flowers. Her work was beautiful, held the aroma of something beyond herself. I believed in her art like no others. How she smiled as she pointed to the blue porcelain vase housing her favorite flowers. How beautiful it all is.

I drove us to the nearby golf course where we’d overlook the stars. We exchanged gifts. She’d gotten  me a magic prater box the size of a pen cap. A magnetic lock that housed within three angels holding each their own a heart, a cross, a dove. I’d seen how she’d grown, matured and found she needed none but the coursing through of love. She, a vessel, a fine vessel housing the hands of divine creation. I held her own hands in the holds of my sweater. We danced in starlight.

I’d read her the letter. The days of our lives still a mystery bloom. And love we knew we were in.

This love was quite difference than anything i’d yet experienced. It was not her beauty which have flame to it, nor the artistic work of her hands. These were wonders to me still. This love i have for gabi seems to happen through me and i only am blessed by being a body in exchange.

We have word to our love and promise to act. To speak honesty in affection and frustration. A shooting star passed overhead. To support another no matter the matter. Her hair smelled like lavender. To hold the God as love as our source. She laughed, i could hardly watch her lips move in the nights as she said while swaying she swore our souls are connected.

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Later that evening i titled the painting i;d made the night prior. The moon was a mercuric half, pooling what light it reflected into the spread of my ink pen. On the back of the idle wood panel I wrote ‘Field of Color. A Triptych’.

The painting consisted of three wood panels to be displayed side by sided by side. The two outside panels were yellow over blue and blue over yellow. Ground is a yellow ochre vase fractaled up from the lower color. Through stood an opaline stem and a flower head in blue or yellow, opposite the higher color. And filled also with fractals of yellow ochre. The middle panel, the size of the outside two put together. A yellow ochre as the lower color and a light vermillion red as the higher color. Seeded and standing were two flowers, one yellow, one blue, with faces empty, so filled by their red background.

The colors are essential here, their arrangement a simple complexity that unhooks the soul into itself. For this reason and with the fancy of color field paintings and fields of flowers, it was naturally titled ‘Field of Color’.

I’d considered the recent paintings to be emblematic of a period of painting i’d consider, my flower period. To me this is the masterwork of the period.

The field of color settles something deep within me. Understands me. Like only love or a friend can. I am home, housed in here and welcome with love - all.

I believe this painting should serve as a pure thoroughway into new work. A friend said it reminded her, her childhood eye when she’d look into the sun. I’d set my mind for a series of portraits. People lie people, this i know. People can too be like the sun, their eyes giving light to all, impossible to truly look from. This impossibility, the mystery of our being is endless inspiration to me. I love people and how great it is to be loved by another. I hope to paint portraits that look into and from you, with endless love, like in some blending way, they were you, they become love with you.

My love for Gabi could be the seed of my desire to paint people and our eyes again. She freely wandered the flowerfield of my mind that night, swirling her flume of black silk hair in a  decorative array of the passing wind’s petals. She cleared the wilds of my field, making them a  flower crown i could wear. I saw our greatest vices could be our prettiest virtues.

I painted this crown in the style of a mandala. One center point that all spirals out from. With repetition, spiritual decoration. I painted that night till i grew tired and slept ever so peacefully, birds sung me to sleep. The sun rose as i entered my dreams.

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July 14

Early evening 2020

I grazed rose and viridian bowls. Took their parts and filled them together but miscolored. I spoke with the material and the material spoke. My mind could furnish fancies to actuality with the delicate hand reaching past what ticks alarm clocks.

Alas, I awoke crying. I felt trapped in me. I sat naked in the grass. Shadows of wisteria leaves fell on other leaves, they danced like this. Blades of grass moved each singularly and in each i saw sway. A symphonic passing through, had they louder voices - you’d head them plucked like a harp by the toes of angels. Melody perceived me in the broken forest, the stacks of firewood against the wall. Their cylindrical eyes looking with that final face of fear stuck into the weak point cracks shut through the years of rings they;d accumulated just for being. And now, a broken forest, but it worked. I enjoyed the yellow top logs, the blue ones scattered about them, light and shadow. And a base of white logs that allowed the rest my impression of floating.

I do not know if these things give you love. I do not know. Who has opened our eyes? Surely the maddening vision will provide. The visual, the auditory hallucination. I believe they reveal, soured deeper than the bowl one might drink from. See, color is mystery, the most wondrous thing i’d love for us to see. Perhaps i see alone, my work then is to find all the beauty and return it to you. I’d endure madness for this. The world has so much love there. What thoughts of death to myself which entrap me i put aside for this. Yes, love is endless love. We have colors to see. Colors to hear. Time to be.

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July 15

Crescent moon is up

There is time to be, surely. And quite truthfully i can’t keep bawling. Can’t stop this seeing. Can’t let others see me bawling.

See there’s only a thing few to which i feel opus sweet like cotton candy. O, some things which breathe into me apart my losing. Some thing i love - it be love.

Love is the radiant. What more powerful a thing in this life of ours than love? Thus to love, i give my endeavor and ever.

See I must be honest. Honest as the moon who with glimmer gleam gives the sun even in evening. What we love consumes us and of us some must speak our love consummation. The Spirit of love is a nation of water splashing happily full and overflown itself. This is a sea and here i swim, i fill my ink. Please, Spirit speak.

I drew, etched my loves on the outer walls of my dreams. Art is the proper ends of my breathing. The good I work love into for all through hours, through time.

I’d finished the mandala, flower crown painting. I felt deep resonance spiraling bridges island to island by eye. Isolation quelled. I posted the painting to Instagram and received offer purchase that evening. It’s alive feeling to know she loves the painting, I told her I'd love for her to have it. Others too expressed their love therein, though her amiability, her name Haley, with the paint superabound the separation of painting and person, of course the painting was already hers.

I made finely detailed drawings that evening in crescent moonlight. I sat outside in a bright yellow hoodie and ripped plaid and patched pajama pants. Dead sunflowers in a broken and taped together blue-grey vase at my table, the lovely model. I negotiated with haley as I made new works. I listened to Moses Sumney’s new album *Grae*. She left the conversation when i offered only 200, But I’d lower, I desired more people be with their painting than i did money.

Still I felt a pulsing sting at the market of art. I knew it was necessary I earn that money. I knew people enjoy, desire to spend their money, it makes the exchange clean and the assurance of their adoption solidified. There is a painting for each soul, I’d marry them, soul to soul.

I felt the pulse of love and my thoughts rippled the way my heart does to Gabi. I, I love Gabi, I do. Her soul is my soul. Here eyes, my eyes! We are water, absorbed fluidly, our love. I thought of the marriage of her work and my own, I saw the mysteries she saw, we alone saw them and we made them real in our art.

And truly we still were our own selves, How souls are connected and singular still, I do not know. Her work and my work are our own. I returned to my drawings with the graces of hers flickering at my flipping of ink. I completed a series of small and most intensely intricate black ink works.

My dreams returned to me as i worked. I’d find the feeling of a dream or perhaps the color and even at times a form balanced in the misty spaces of between dreams creating and creating dreams. If i looked too intensely into the dream it’d vanish from where I saw with not my eyes. I’d balance too in this strange space, i watched moonlit shadows skirt along pages as my hand moved like it wasn’t my own.