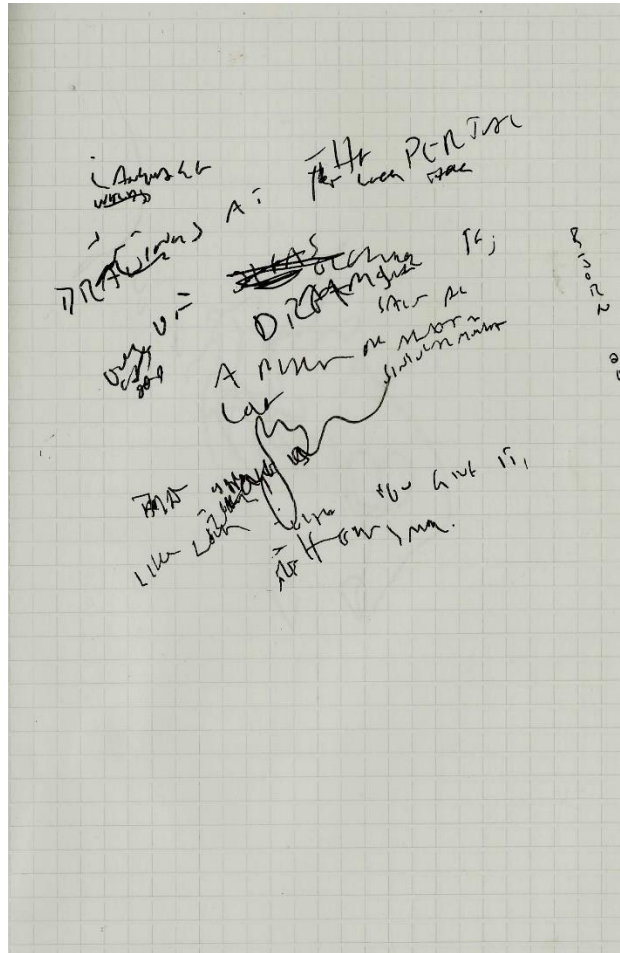


Bjorn Bengtsson

Coalescence



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Peasantry

O Eternity! Who are we to you? Cradling universal motif by the backs of us,
bending light, puttering around insanity, wallowing with mystery calls by night.
Only laughing at the joy of forgotten, forgotten. In the love of the masters to
come, I ask, what are you perfecting that has not already been?

There is little time, littler language. Our playmaker has cast light to light. The
wonder! The awe! This minute attention. Click, flutter, loose lip, out pour
majesty. Ripple? Ripple! The tree
Again sweet devastation. How it began with grey the messiest painter knew.
Each color is an eye, altogether seeing. They left the mask of the leafed face,
the hands. O artist! Lest you be among their sinuous circle, sweetly sing the,
O - the majesty. Mahogany again.
No! I resent the sacrilege of the order interior temple. All that is, is beautiful,
restored to the eye in the source.

II

Don't you pray for wisdom, o little language. You know the power of the
Word. Acceptance, your artist asceticism, see to see is to unveil all that is not
to see. The golden soul walks a world of her own. Tendril body you limp, limp!
Arabesque below the torso of every head. You limp! Eternity walks with me,
do you lift your hand?

I do. I sing through the bare sole of my boot, peasantry, sanctity, release me -
O Holy.

III

Humility and nature. Fecundity for fear of death. Ah, love of death. Love has won! Heaven's gates, jubilee, grass!

. Word

Perfection, sat atop a cloud illuminant. Circled light, circled right, eye - this left. Love everywhere he's been, as does a petal'd wind - smiling. Incubating that which is and is now. Holy humbling, divine swimming, swimming in streams of mercy, sea the eye has unseen, grasped perfectly all that had been holy, not as though, as it is.

It is the 'are you with me.' The hand embrace both caressing and carrying on and calling, and carrying on. Love. Oleander has been her charm, as like poison ivy. Beautiful terror. Angel did swoop then, slipped sound like pink illumination, at once, fear dispelled. Waters settled. The moon like a Buddha perched an inches above the sea.

As we know, reflections are easier to look into - think the moon, the son has been our sun - truly! Truly when with knees to pomegranate, etched (perfect daughter in dust, wept with) death, blood and purity. Swept the ceiling of Jerusalem's. Temple. The rise, and feet dangling - with clouds and with dangling red and purple robe, he dropped.

Naked, an entrance at ivory - brilliance, perfection - his left. An angle breath of "do not fear." Shepherds, lambs, an expanse of moonlit grass, fluttering, like angels in the mist - and was. Illumination, a joy in Jerusalem elegy, a digit root of 30 - 1, thirty early.

Had had had not. Had then hats been upturned in interior temple. Level this plane, had shepherds heard not? Heard did in the temple of his head and said. Had had had had happened. It is. Forgiveness is given.

In give or need, an and is necessary. Do you read, just to seek solace, so then here solace is. In words. Did hands wash the citizen Holy to be in

Heaven. He did, with dusted hands, his bones and skin. Shaken loose and bones across ephemeral periods, lines.

II

Permanent - love. At your best- perfection, how I have and hall to have. You.

III

Me in an instant. Newness and had been ever. Shorter sentence than - he wept. He. (Was 'i') am.

Every color cried, cried red for all. And everyone. Who heard, did wept too. As had been written.

IV

In adolescent ardor, of awesome awe and wonder - did childlike eyes ponder, who'd powdered the star white? Powered them to write, the lights of poets. Scribes, prophesiers, painters and He too. Instigated every line -

And line break from tools, to tune the world to their proper hand. I will always love, you hear - you seer. You are love.

Accepted and forgiven. Kept written, "Holy intention." Had birthed to a table a pen. Had birthed to a table a dove. Had birthed to a table, "I did nothing, I had been writing", to mother who birthed a noise, was all we heard. She said. To a son who'd been birthed on a table.

He thought, stable un-un-thought, to think - God. Had thought that thought was too repetitive. How though, incarnate is not. Wait. Two-thousand-twenty and one day you'll see me again. Glory again. Backed, like spine to God, a glimmer in David's eye, hand and other veins to the harp - hallelujah.

'A' was the way, after hall and lose the 'L' and add 'E' and the sound in after B in blue, like the sound of that 'A', at the end of hallelujah. Hallelujah.

V

Plays with the way you read, his words, as them 'in the lips' sounds. Mellifluous, coalesce. And repetition. Shouldn't there be another 'it', representing whichever it desires to our appetite eye, and her and him. Prayers for brothers and sisters. The modern day hymn. Had sounded billboard, and behind him, every sound.

Their talking, I needed to hear that and thank you and all I needed to hear was that I am loved, and I, love.

VI

To be in love. And in a coffee shop drinking coffee, and a man tells. You ought not to write poetry that way, that way you'll have all of no one read your word - you thought only to give back to the word. And he, drinking coffee and the national state of man and her kind in his hand - honesty, had not heard him, and he did keep on writing.

On love. On, of genius. Of duality. Of one. Ofsterious, an eulogy to you and I and had instead one. Definitioneer: silence.

VII

After one he returned from their walk - outside. Continue on.

VII cont.

That mind. Had wandered. All the while the soul had r(hymed). Hallelujah with the way a (child's) acclaim in claiming ecstasy in seeing up in that tree - a dove tail flutter by, in a glimmering wash of white, alright - blue jay.

He sat up on his knees, thinking (childlike), a conversation in the turn of a page, a step with the right, and the left, and ask of the way and peace will walk with. And into you.

Like a huggers embrace, had not skin and bones of distance, and a soul who could hold embrace, embrace over this distance, as though, no as is distance no thing.

That had happened, with her, with him. With him and her who had planned everything, as though. And had it happened, who knows?

Had it happened - the it and this had and that? Word, just kept. Just kept lingering, like coalescence, or Jesus. As though, and yes, well yes it had.

Re-Memory

Tonight. I never sleep. Miraculous wind coalesce. Arbiter of light, a dead vase
lift remy well, giggles over desert wind. To green up, entrance terrible
beautiful fates.

I saw souls. Writing pasts, walking around pasture. Three hundred years
fingered in dust. Orange grabs cold pink throats, cuts springs, slips into
fabrication

Each word as said as could divine. Smells of breakfast, family's smoke,
woman's hand, by the window, the pond-within, a temple within.

Lanterns elucidate webs drawn behind any material. Codes of life in
luminescent color – only see. Each world and each person. Footprints
stepped into the silence, re-memory.

Panacea

Haughty world, O manifest! Did invent litany, mute motif. Reality - a work in color sleep. Perfection - to her a tirade, an upside down pyramid. Of single intention.

Of love and that work which most. Stirs the sound struck light - a glimmer. Another world. Lavishly painted through ours - through eyes in faces of this normalcy.

II

Said - see secrecy lift the hand. Happen into empty palm an every psalm. Our world at hand, reaches with us - that place which calls us - beyond our own. And vehemently, the tormented seed she's sown. Reaching and reaching, then nothing.

And to think we owned - the world, the door of light, our own hand, O how beauty slept an open hand.

III

And when the world turned to purple, to a heady feeling between the eyes, a cloud could cover us. To play in quivers, more than imagining ourselves, the air.

Like starved kings, peasants then who've lost all, wandered and stood in awe at seeing the light, then stood not - then not. And for it, love grew all the more.

IV

That heavenly cloud, purple wisteria, a slowly spinning. Hearing every sound above the nothing call. Profound, mystery as clear as breeze can see. The same wind spinning in your hair - that plucked a cloud's flower, pulled each petal and stem apart, till only the color of sky.

V

Should anything but all and nothing inspire, the world would laugh, turning pink. Turning outward having never felt - something like the reach of infinite sunset.

Looking in - on. Internal tides, a conscious watering and pulling back and left dry and desiring. O the torment apart the deep, they sing, lovingly embracing terror - eternity in a second glimmer.

VI

Pulsations, ecstatic women ether and stars. Shoes, flies, candles and tables. Death, love, wonder, all the hours of awe. All the secret softly talking into the inner head.

Wind in light. Movement reflection. Perfect anything with breath. All there is is Holy will, all we can do to bend with. Learn to thank, to love, to lose, to die and live by.

VII

Nothing, no nothing had no sense. Existed only as nothing, never to.

Everything. Cherubim in yellow. Planted with whys and vestibules. Took to pass towers, tried folds in stone, in red and wine, in their worship, in nature newness lexicon.

Cradled the other world, crying like faith from inner child. The most of love, in giving into time, in giving space, in welcoming being misunderstood. In a natural worship. Of what moves the wind, veins a leaf, gives silence.

VIII

Could silence give then qualm? Marry desire to ash. Birth beauty to pain. Play perfect joy in a space between. Quell?

Has answers none for knowing. I wish of worship. Wash with the drowned, the dead to earth. To unhook this foot, then that. And be apart of everything at last, at first, as all has been - pained by me - God only.

Could fill no-time, can dance in no-space. And become a face, of love in them. With space, with time - with the silent falling of a vein.

Returns to glory in Him.

IX

And when the apparitional, the open to everything, looks back by light in a morning - dew, drop, dead. Laughs and carries on, holding hand and pen and all which transcends - to Him. To who lost this world, and that lipped in pretty punctuals, sent himself - to tell - life with death.

Unlike this, or that by this. It's that by that, and for it, this must die.

For one, for union.

X

Then what else can one wonder? Can pain, can joy? Can only be.

Portrait Of

Every love's written herself - she'd say, I saw you pull back into your own world and all I wanted was to be in that world with you.

With her collapsed the world, wrought hand to pen and brought night apart sunset. And on your worst night, the best work. Your thoughts had endless reach - loved touched eternity to pen. And color love mild. Your thoughts had hands, stringing the filigree if the stars. Finding meaning in nonexistent. And in the vessel pen - something, someone in you saying - it's enough, only to breathe. To breathe breath of not your own

II

For the ancient wells, rises with a light bucketed from the deep. So the eyes can drink - a loose and sensical translation - of infinite reach.

And in that potion's spell, love could settle. Corporal floating on the surface of mixing waters. Where stars glide along the milk face, ripple with each breath, creating new constellations.

Call it what the sea needs, the eye beauty needs, a word a work or sentence that speaks. Eternal to the presently.

III

Had all of one word found wakeful sleep - that meaning of the deep. There'd been passing worth of the moment.

She could speak to all! The unseen, the intangible, the every soul. So we sing of connection in the most worldly thing - be it hands in hair, a delicate portrait, not losing the feeling in looking in and by - the color, of, a lover's eye.

Angel

- in the image on the wall, the first flower and what follows, attributed names to only sounds, only sights. And we - among them, slaves to stimuli. Ever wondering, what would a flower call us?

Green, White with Black

What's began or vegan with a bundle of clover - before the door, bolted, ran - white with black and beauty was as lovely as every. Death tirade, could be a parade of strength. Walking soil, setting soil, sleeping in soil and spinning clover. In soil, before the eye of a believer, before the door threw open in other hands. Fear - a pink rosary, a confession of want.

Dilapidated daisies, under feet! The wind is a laughter. Says near death! And now is low, closer to the earth. Where heavenly songs walk, and grief - sunflowers in shade - stupid song that was.

Honesty, like black and white war of peace, the other here is peace. A perfect next near some meaning. Like being manifested - and how? Could corporal left be the place for holy. The place of peace in pain. Sky says death the life the life.

Would something been said be clearer? Not as true as beautiful, as flood, openings, incantings, flowers, hospitals. Ah, the world could be loved. Could be touched by feeling they know and have no name for.

That is sweetness. Altogether coming into the behind everything - the way. O, the been before and to come. Either is never as now and forgotten, breathing is all and work and worship to be.

The Forgotten

The birth behind shadow, light! Light - the all handed. To shove my shadow into, crevices on the wall. Where children in their unthought eye could tell. Stories thrilled by loneliness, sweep vamoose - there a cloud drift! A smelling flower - I fell, I fell into petal.

The first Bible. But babble made men curious - o too curious. Could only pink petunias parade parade. Pollinated eye, I see you! See me

Wish, wash bread the word. Let the word evaporate. Locate the heaven, rhyme the divine, and ! O I'll laugh, falling from spinning with earth. Crying the third today. Lying me down. Where - no man is an island. And daily death, and daily life unfold from this flower - the sky. I store them not.

II

Even then, there what you've read, and we suppose I've wrote (well, I have not) - we've forgotten them both. How meaning too. Lost like the winds direction.

Did stir! Rising, rising from anywhere from where one can stop. Close their eyes - into the sun, skipping stones of sense - skipping about sense by the backs of eyelids.

Dare I open them, to reality, the sunless, moonless, the thirteen star'd sky before someone.

O I dared! And did! I opened them - closing the left eye internal, the right eye open upon earth. And then opened the left too. To see you - you there reading too, like I.

The I - I've lost this too. Should then we walk? To where words can depart us playfully, interlacing lives like line and page.

To this - I'm on my way, take here a word. A left no-space, a right place - green pasture. Hear this - forget me.

The flowers - they know your name and I do not.

The stars - they'll give better messages, they can carry on your conversation. And I can at times, when not I, when your sensations touch upon pen. And I think I've read you, sensationally at least, in a fear I've forgotten. And that you've embraced wholesomely.

III

So then, the task of poetry - to see, feel, hear what's in a flower, a shade, a glimmer which lives into a word. And honesty, laughing brevity, wholehearted attentiveness, this, and death follow work. O, and the life - you carry on! Yes, O and the any! So long as worlds offer what's seen, what's felt, what's heard. What's read and forgotten.

IV

See, only if it's written new - in the way you life.

Altars

In brevity, by hand made home in me, I will resurrect an altar to God. Asking only, you leave bread to the heavenly, truly the stars are above, the name is on earth.

II

Seek sisters, brothers - find the ways of being found. The waters run deeper, reflect higher than you can see. In singing only holy, love like light, the face of God in any other - we please Him who permits our beyond seeing.

III

Dust with breath is all we are, less the God pause on endless mercy. I see then, we'd be even no breath, even no dust. So, as we are - breath by mercy, souls beyond, living unseen, let your life be - a song of praise.

IV

Now, carry further than there. How do we read by hand made home behind breath? Only, all you can do is leave yourself, open wide the door of love - for holy, for others made in holy, and to them by holy. Ask for holy, leave all unholy, watch the hand move.

V

The way will be from before name, name, with holy name, new name, every name. In the new name you must rest. Yes, you've been with holy name, yes, earth still touched your feet - walk with a new name, love the holy name, the name of earth, await every name.

VI

The every name is one. An all consuming fire, of earth, of names, of heaven - forming only love endless.

VII

There God is. Here the hand is only a member of the whole. Moving from the light of holy, nearing itself into new names. See the light of the moon, is of the sun - so the moon a vessel. The hour the sun touched the moon, the day the moon learned living to be right by beyond - this was when with holy name. I assume then the moon felt assumed by sun, felt itself light years away. Startled to see humankind take a giant leap, seeing itself still plant side. Torment, lights off could easily have been the grief stricken response, if not for humility. Then accepting. New name - vessel, reflection, bearer of light beyond. Looking with marble eye - to the day of death into sun, most alive, in love, and longer than light years.

VIII

The light is the hand. You do not master the light, as though it were your own hand. The light masters you, hands itself into you, into itself in another.

IX

In the other, the interactions therein, the love which had made home within hands itself - to itself in the other. This happens in act, by the God will us work, in the body of your name.

X

I am weak, for only in moments can I lose myself attachment to this earth, To still walk and sing of holy, in His perfect brevity. May the Spirit be the hand, lead words of normalcy - where only holy can breathe into me, and into your eyes, like His.

Thirty-Nine

In the unveiling, deepen forgiveness in this living. That in death, unity is sweet.

When multitudes shadowed in the night, and the light cast to light carried a once green tree, where angels sang in a white mist. He, like tower, water and heel did soar with the atonement. Did sing forgiveness still, shattered the veil.

With ears and linen litany, lavished holed corporeality. Psalmmed himself then and now.

Rising. Dressed in blood, gold, and bread. Said, 'give me your hunger.'

So we eat blessed, the holes of being made. Holy, forgiven in love and in ears and in eyes, in spirit flames atop heads, praising the pardoner. Loving another, seeing his face in them. Hearing him in the trees. Death and ascension. The daily song. The hands.

April

There, the inscrutable. Washed presence upon this, an empty flesh. Stood, standing at length, coursing elegies of not yesterday, not tomorrow, not even now. Of what has risen, standing, out of flesh cannot comprehend even now. For no-space, no-time, this. All there is.

The word written "writing, something must die." Be it old soul, madness, time, anything like frail longing – just to be, to see within.

The flesh threw itself, scattered hairs of its head into paint, wrapped within temple, a cocoon to die in. Breath was not conscious, body left there, where the soul too to rise. Don't think the soul could rise, she was lifted. Into inscrutable, beyond frail longing, beyond death, beyond life, beyond love.

What must have passed within, must, by natural remain mystery, as is the nature of no-space, no-time. On the body's tendril shake, think back holy acolyte. As though these hands could caress the face of God, even in thought they tremble, break under the weight of the invisible.

The beauty beyond, butterfly sworn to endure days to earth, kissing death to sleep, a positive premonition for charity. That this body could half, half of half, and then if not already dead, alive beyond, carry the death again. That another could be shown what mystery.

And if misery were not the measure of passing into newness, but the robe, then all the others would suffice. Then we wear her humble, harrowing songs of seeing, for this world, by another.

If the trees shade had no sun, should then we ever work, resting, wishing only to further on. This moment. Any further, for which too with the behind, we are

only blind. Better was the scribe who'd etched solace into dust. To dust a temple resurrected, ebbed, torn, sewn and stretched. This moment.

In movement, there is green. Lush laurel groves. Places upon gods of men laid to sleep. Sunder, sultry, incandescent corporeality.

Of language, there is none as sweet as mystery. The meaning filling this word and that world. Leaving the trace of humanity, spellbound literature in light. Like the eye practicing seeing from and not into the mirror, then the water, the flower, the moon, the stars and dark night. What message of the night could not stir the other world to blossom in us? We are everywhere, always, watching.

And when we look into ourselves, do we see us? Or truly have we become all.

Each color laid impressions of union to me then. The waterfall of love lavished. Poured purity to the meadow of the mind. Each color floated singular where space was. A flash of sound to string the eye, the sense and seam the sense cleanly. The moment lovely worshipers held hands – the danced! Around the basket lowering light – light to the night again and the moon shone, the only eye of them.

Purified soul, risen, nightly grinning; awake in the ways of glow, glistening away this body. Lift, lift! Elude this quick hand, elucidate evermore, glisten. In the light of the dark night, ear, red, to door. Have signaled smoke. Shared in translation, ebbed the flow.

Evermore and evermore charity rings with pulls of wind. Pools of leaves, leaps and brinks, bounds and freedom. Tears give way to song, circle our friend – the fire, the light. Element, O element. Once we knew the source, all the emotions we'd become. Our skin of a muslin arabesque, a mandala –

man, woman, and any other creature. O source! Would you coalesce into yourself, us, one – again.

Ran with the moment, ran! Chimes, bell, people cathedral collapsed – the world, here! Undying and how miserable, miserable to then not feel everything at once. Joy for tribulation, the hand, that holy haunt, it still lingers. Within one is found solitude – the most accompaniment.

Alone, see a heavenly assembly above, but one, and orange, slowly – just passing through. The work, keep pace, the blue home.

Voce in dulce. Eternal strides in the meadow. The trees. The illumination, death, sanctity, the earth, to and fro seek. To and fro.

Who could put the moon to sleep? Who could change?

The world as it is. The it.

Rest? When skies evaporate, skin their petal diatribe, then shall there be past. All else is only a wink, an intermittent regathering to go on again. And still I treasure the closed eye, the nurturing of perception. The upon waking again everything is now, full of bright light, refreshed. If only ever were the open eye. The seers to see, the prophets to look into the moment. That all could be seen as it is. Peace.

What colors are in their sound? The tones of this wisdom wind. With soles to soil, eyes to sky, reveal the unsound truth, to be here is blue, the nice white, there written thirty seven, three, seven. Pink, the natural, and with what depth to ground green? The blue is electric, fasting. Yellow had seen, brilliance, cadmium coalescence. The spirit. Of the time – beige. Of the depth – chromium oxide. Naples yellow reddish walk. Adding to childlike dreaming, of life, of death, a yellow green and sky blue. There.

To elucidate untimely union – as fullness of light had cast meaning, magic, freedom, great loss, and in losing thought, union to God. O that life, life with all the love, embodied the tongue and hand. Holy is the one, will movement, and into us. In losing our frail flesh, our skull, to roam heavenly temple halls. Within divine dream, within who has made home in us.

As is necessary then, the great loss – the emptying of self. Like the moon, body dreaming, asleep, eye open and still in circulation. The soil – white wing grave of earth, floats with no-time, no-space.

Most alive, having died to all but the source of life. Her union therein God, wind, breath beyond, grace and felt evermore. Again, is loss to live among earth, separation and separators another day. To be gone again! She does not know how eternity touched her, her hands and her intent so frail, weak, empty. And was it not the empty? The holy seeking, then filling. What could the soul do but lay humble, illuminated, drooling milk, blood, honey and wine – spilling worship in inscrutable wherewithal - of that world.

At the onset, meditation to the morning star, tapped heels to soil, swept away the way of night. Thankfulness, sacrifice, the soul bountiful, breathing by the light of rising sons. Below each tree, to be seen in unsound landscape, the clarity thought a path chosen, a child teaches us how to see. That we would look from all.

On the veranda of dreams carried still, like I love, into day. This place you can call home, this head – your rest, you're free to roam. The world, the word ill release. As you please.

The natural law, figure hands from obelisks, circuitry, floods, flies, sounds. Sights they saw was all. More than attentive observation and a steady hand, handed into where its come. Unfurling – first hour. First flower, eye and beauty. Tower thought, destruction. Still the flower, eighteen eyes to tremble at natural.

Of the white dove, with petal, to skiptrace back the ancestral vast longing, to the stem to seed to see we all have been one.

For that we are something, that in being something, knowing nothing had never been any more than nothing. O all has always been (everyday was and will be like the first).

Through threads – color, simplicity, charity, the word, world within. An arabesque out spiral lipped litany. Normalcy – the bread, the work, mouth on unseen ride. Ladders like nudes draping constellations. Carrying sentence. Into the seat of carpet, slipped out from. Cherry blossoms, oranges, pollard willows and wisteria. For imagined the next had not a way of its own. And we? We, but the best to maintain stillness, necks easy with forefinger slightly lifted – tipping time.

Image which lives in. Side the sand houses on philosophies. To out know themselves, knowing, knowing, knowing until meaning, till the other are only projections of themselves, out. Side the castle, stood beauty, beckoning call. Of a pastoral orient, bamboo and wheat walked, like a wash of midnight moon, painting prophesies to a pale meadow mind. Drawing on and in themselves – the call. The call of unknowing.

Footbridge, carboard death, the flesh. And childlike left them for the breath of the flute, but faith had been the one without and within their own.

Living became breathing. Seeing – their eating. At the lavish table, as humble. As I? they said. As the king grew naked, and wine swelled the silk thread drapery. Sweet, the tear to reveal – the eye in unseen. Had welcomed always, by grace, unknown stays.

Ecstasy, illumination, fear in terrible beauty, joy of tribulation – the earthen walk. Where faith being fragrance of beyond, called them beyond themselves.

In Delphic comings-to, when union threads the skin of acting hands in a holy will. Happens inside and illumination kneels the body. Before, veil reveals the clearest, childlike, gold and green clarity. All is revealed, whole, without want or need, then. The veil draws closed, the eye. Left stupefied on the floor, that gold ardor evaporating into thick skin air. Do we reach our hands, grasping for the invisible? Feeling a part of us has been entered upon, the perfect and only. If the rest were less ephemeral, the illumination could move in, through us and into building – that holy location we, when faced with what showed and beheld itself for us, calls us to find a way to.

Ought we be pruned as a bonsai, cut to keep only essentials. Carved from flesh for what's within is. Angelic order's song – the natural order. And us the eyes beauty necessitates, the seers of fantastical living with earth, pattern, repetition. Is this ours?

That work which calls us beyond ourselves. Leaves us beautiful fools to figure we, we could reach past a fingertip. Ah, the death. Sweetly losing self. Called and carried. And we, we can only watch, daring not to blink.

On with whirling trails, elbows floating, light as the air, a lip telling tale. A cradled eye, a pink, purloin stars to her expanse. Tells us, look. From. Opaline deepening green to gloss, to black, to matte, spine, potential, genius of empty brain. Psalm the magic vein. Left lights off for the only – the distant one. We wish we were near – other side – the moon. Light fading, only flickering, amazing freedom.

How they talked of lonely – how he never felt to be. Anything other than everything – seeing, as mirrors have (other side) a self then. And in the moonlight, a face, or three. In a flame, skirting wind chime, air en clair.

May, in spring the moth blossom, and for ecclesiastical night writing, flicker. Warble and flutter by the moon. Should humanly eatings, mushrooms, meat,

coffee and tobacco crumble the body. Let the soul carry through in windsong.
For turtlenecks, denim dungarees, standings into bare feet. Le maison
murmurs by air. Sleep, a distant reflection.

Ever have the daily ornament in people overture, has this overturned the eyes
of opulents. How short is this cosmic, this comic austerity. Should ever
awakening be, it'll start on bare feet.

The sunflower stem seeded a time ago and today is slightly taller than the last,
lightly greener. Mourning dove trails houses, hallways, long tables full of
loose faces. Should one rise in balance, elucidates sleep, interchanges.
Freedom in hand, a stalk soaring, centered in the sky, fluttering yellows
about. Harmony. In pink, fragrance, silence.

How mellifluous a sound. So apparitional pulsations, reed stalks rising the
ocean, seen by other's doubt. He slipped back by prayer – found freedom,
littling the hill. Natives there passed, singing and drunk. On mercy. White – a
harmonica butterfly wisped past, whittled him to lonesome everyone, carry
the hand, the way and the weight.

In returning – the house had been entered upon, blue and red bled the
scattered walls. O, the illusory, the freedom he'd felt for being. Away under
nature, kneeling like a shadow.

Love and their going in. mirrored therein in annunciation upbringing threaded
by fairest filigree, statue tipped, skipped ecstatic, caught reverie – leaf the
palm. Current endless, veined seemed to profess the soul.

Were dreaming anything but 'hads', the word would be better. The world
would be better. Would carry on their work in dreams. And the world would be
one.

See, rain fell upon bare feet walking a moonlit dust at dusk. Looked to the sky, saw golden filigree string the sun, to first star of the night, to moon. Was a costly cloud, the kinds kings and their peasants do wear.

Us down, below that upper lip city, still walking – in dust and rain. And writing and reading, gardening and spring sniffing, in wind wiggling lamp light.

To hold constant interchange with the beyond, like conversational eye with the moon, it takes time. Perchance one takes a drink of coffee and catches a glimpse. That is if they are outside and too can carry up the smoke of their breath, with the wind. Seeing only faces and names are in movement. Of the clouds unfurling across the sky. Saying that to be the wind. Or the windy spray of atmospheric wet – the rain. And that windy sway of esoteric green – the tree. How to this scribbled pen – the spirit.

Evaporate with us – the smells and reincarnations of memory, of nations. The many in one and to hear the word of, I'm not the only one. Carried from the earth to the sky daily. Losing count of the days – because that's an eternal way.

In garden walk, elders balded their perception. Looking through their hand and fore and thumb finger. An angel invoke, knelt closed eye, head steeped in prophesy. A word birthed from dusk to dawn.

Safe sound. Place longing to nothing. Put within no-space and no-time. Love – the chime of interior temples.

When way fare, with there – the place of meager trudging, sapping feet, occasionally drooling into the dark, alone and deaf and mute. Did then brightness seek a face to be seen by, to visit in Ecclesiastes, in a whirlwind of

sorrows uplifting. Psalms like rains wept the child of nature's door. The lead an emblem of one tree, veins of life, and said of self maybe even just a miniscule droplet of verdantry. Wholly then did salvific eruptions caress the earth into herself, carry the child, a winded dove and caress longing in being-found.

A white arch, drooped beneath a streaming white tree, leaves, their constellation drift to soil, to see that one touches the heart with emphatic light. Then the light opened the eye. Said this is the moment, movement eternal. To read and reread and open and invisible door to the temple – where wall the halls sing like this. Glorious words with the wind.

O sacred slipping away to do sex with oracle incantation. Less the thing be all and become weighty, keep sacred, keep us sacred.

Let the hours drowning be delightful. The whole of blue and the blue sky into the lungs. Tipped eternity to the surface of a wet lip. Drunken love wanderer, swimming in wineskin – you hear, you endear the endeavor.

Of love. A little Ganesh crouched. Over fourteen skulls, writing themselves. Such find gold, white and feathered with the pocket of an artist, after having been given – living dreams – by a no sleep, no eat, no money Sufi. Said only to be a knock, a head peek and smile. At the door of silence, void in a marble wash. Incanting machine, no fingered blue hand, they'll all want your words.

And her collar bone, black, a giant step. A love supreme, a magic bag. Reaching in art books, understanding. How another makes you feel, together in a silent space.

All the more perfect does tribulation make us. Difficulty on and over difficulty, and what rises out humility then is a pink blossom, a cherished deepening out

of self. Into the whole, source. Springing in us, charity. Love for a friend unfriendly. Seeing in their eye, source. A coming together.

With chandelier overture – did skyline secrets marble, chip and chide the mind. To feel so sweetly past skiptraces of thought. Like lines inside, table, thirteen heads and a halo.

O little leaf. You hand of God. Is love natural. Belittling the frailties in us. Endearing we to be anything out of this place, succumb in pink and yellow to power on high. Release intention – sink into holy waters, feel fullness of breath, of this sweet coalesce. O little flowers. The fields of enchantment.

Joba

Obituary – you were to me. Spring, a disease.

But life! O, the light, levitation and whirlwind whisper. I could not then see the morning star, dazzling naples yellow reddish. You felled the roof, scattered insanic speaking, through the green body wash of temple waterfall, you sent a saint to yesterday. Told progress a stupid understanding, but welcoming! Open fourth door, window sized people, two of them standing, winged with crevice lip, dug me the earth. A seed, the tree, comfort. A light shadow to look into, to lose vision to seeing.

II

O, life, this light consumes me. I am without space, self-admonisher of reference. I am not yet on the step, but I feel the fear of beauty.

Unnamed

When peace marks your face, my sweet unnamed. Sleep still the day. In all you are, give way – reflect. Not to what is this or what's that. What is wild and before you, becomes you.

O, my sweet love. Do away the day – do dream anyway you do. That is, you. In the flower, echo in the echo.

After Name

Candle, cold, coat, weather, coffee, wind chime. Wind, secret, mystery, no apple. Holy, holy, holy. Prayer in rippled water. The drink. Superfluous sacred. Book, give, us - light. Circle – light, ever, what / question is. Ever renewal. Fire – to come. Morning – again. Midnight – the bird, the train, sense (sound /). Left. Up, earth of ash and reverie. Pool light – love in eye, dead memory. Go where. Are you here?

Will I see you, as God does. Thank you. I love you. Woodgrain paint whirlpool. Dream in Malibu. Could resurrect now., yes, the light. Hand and bird-song, car ride mystery. Song ends just as home. Just as anger grows feet, weather coat.

Did winds grow hair? Tree with personhood. With person hood. With child mandala etched and song – how he sees it, how they relive it – yes – as you are.

The world is it. Poet. See.

Painter – thank you for how you see and call us to be – like beauty. Like healthy - as he's ever been. Smoke light broke shadow. Caterpillar build a tower. Constructed wings left itself. Carried the backs of night.

/

Sleep persona. Cannot read. Terror in beauty. Evaporated ecclesiastical. Could carry on further as the heart cannot think, can intake blood from the humble overgrown and mulch poets, flowers the master hand – verdantry

Inspid brilliance. Genius, genius of all kinds of marital movings. Hips, rubs,
stars, spirit. Wall empty. One from visionary face. A cause, so effected.

/

Reach something with stopping.

/

The joy too delicious, grandeur obelisk, pyramid, tower, childhood home of
near child again. Can see as the immortal have all their life, in their moment –
by moment.

Expression endless. Purple and a way – the friend within. With anywhere
color the couth across the pen. Long and can tell by how long the O is
stretched. O life.

/

Can, must take to propagating, as though a laugh in will. Of own. This bloom,
nothing in the way of having been made by everything unlegible, words in
linen dress. Covers of skin. Wakeful sleep – a multitude each day – eat.

\

Praise holy. Think all and every contentment to the way. Does us well, can
quell deeper days – love as now, pen beyond me, forget for a second terrible,
wonderful sound. Seek the face of God.

Morning. Piss in the toilet. Love like dew do dance the air, can quell stupid thought of anywhere but sing water feeling – streaming hands then face. to purple sky. Sing love of moon in them, sweet lemon, beloved one, night – an instrument of space between laurels. Nearly asleep again on sounds of seen scribble in bed – could use this time – to thank Yahweh, the love, the love, forever -reaching hand – for one – this love of moon and sunrise – another day. Immortal. Thank you –

/

Vale vicarious. Find mercurial this. Mercy has flows – always. Woodgrain overture. Thinning finger slender, sliding along stories – juniper pink wears – candle sticks and lore – alveoli leaves all with nature. Words I've been found, their feeling in near sound.

Newness, knob bled door, milk hands and honey eye. Prepared this table. Food flower – arbitrary avenue. Vole literature, incandescer, mirror human, mere reflection.

Pure as single calling, last life, write away your name, be 'the poet'. Natural, unity, divinity, hand, color, and manifestation. Song of the birds, Divina Somnium, love, moon, interior temple, mystery – worship. The mantra making have the play, only life – my love.

Thought past thinking, felt feeling rooted, dug through this old and that – perfected, propagated. Blooming, blooming, blooming. And in and between each comma, a death – then a birth.

/

Ending just as near, beginning again. Is this the same flower? Only opening now in the same sun, same sky as moon, day? Less the past be drugged along, dressed like the quiet song of oak – the dead cicada skin. Let them crumble, wither into the wind – fall and frail – the clock's hands are heavy.

And still some, everlasting their honesty, have carried the weight, left their backs to the wind and danced – where hands turn to. And then every hand could, turn them, turn, turn them, and they with wind have already entered new no-lands.

/

I've written garishly, gesticulating golden glimmer in green pasture. Perfected a verbose, backing back like a red shadow lifted. Figured into the plain.

I've written of pain, beauty, divinity and the day at the hand. Been most of all nothing of my own, best at being invisible wind chime.

And when time stops like every hour I've felt. Death and the young keep on living. Into giving eye to the flower, face to the moon, word of the wind. Because I'll not last, I'll be a relevant past, I'll be dancing – wherewith, the life within – flowers, faces, the wind, the flow freeing hand.

/

Again. The enlivening taste right now, the sweetest memory, the sweetest memory had been none. Like a child, there is not now from an old life, or any hanging symbols – simply life before me. The cherry air on my tongue. My hands playing with the air, the air playing with my hair. Sounds float in, into another as clouds, their thin soft sip the sea. Slip lip with ink, instancy, infancy – I only see.

Sometimes sounds intake as color. White crest blue crashes with waves of hums by passing cars. Peoples voices, often yellow, sweetest when pink and deepest at a naples yellow reddish. Chimes are green, somewhere between leaves of purple Japanese wisteria and the translucency with the leaf of a grapefruit tree. Ah, there the light is the greatest painter.

And in moments of the most messily internal order to illumination – sounds register my eyes to flicker of light. A door shut sends two streaks of orange light. A high pitch tone tips blue drops into my peripheral. And white light flutters when birds sing. Truly, the best sounds are glimmers of sights unseen.

/

Again earth has her name. singing above the surface of the sea – the tangible, the eye. Feeling the grandeur of deep mystery. Sweet ecstasy and still sittings. Still lives, flowers imparting shattered vases. Sleep rests on an open eye. The untouchable in the movement of a hand.

Flower carnage could conjure anything but claps, foreseeing in verdant green, provided blooms, the ways of you and me. And untimely spring.

Spring

The moon would drink the
spring, sinking sun's rays
had not only the sky crawled into
herself. She used them as eyes
to eyes from.

Wisteria

Love takes time. Love gives time. Love is endless.

II

I see white doves encompassing. My body is flesh, gives way beneath the sways of grass. For nearly a year now, here I've been. I've been everywhere man.

I close my eyes again. I begin to see. A space aknew, unlike the form they'd teach. A floating blue orbis is my way in, or really only seeing through the veil, by entering the veil.

Inside is now quite like outside, here it is pure and only still natural. For shaping space I stand void like, the calls dressed in white, on my flesh I write, 'interior temple'. To my open eye – who looks into me is not a man, not a woman, not a bather, nor any I have seen before. Their body moves like flesh, without the dilapity. They flow, sway with ease, with them I can see the wind. I hear the song of the birds.

A broken story stays my mind.

So the soul goes on, hands my flesh into eternity. Their hand is only color, they endlessly move.

I stutter about time; I think I've lost this.

Into me. A million suns setting over wheat, only sky here. They fall forward onto me, white walls fall back, the paintings soar as clouds. Into me, eternity.

Could channel man and woman, could light our eyes like the moon. O, is nothing not sacred now. Ever to never sleep, dream this endless one.

III

Corduroy coalescence. Incandescence dry million sun child. Hello, I've been missing you. Mist the bonsai. Miss the moon. O life, complicate normalcy – dressed flesh feet to skitter, scatter planets. You to think to not and never think cannot, all within a shimmer of light. Then the world. Detaches.

Fecundity, fecundity! Trees, though I have no name. could you please do this? Hinge the sea under rolling green. Fold blue sky over me. Eventually this moment will undress fortunate regress. Back and back, your planets! O, I long.

Skin the wall. You, you can do al.

My body's breathing. Beneath the tree. I can hold a leaf, this is all. Inviting life, all I can do. So, then you move.

Into me. Watched markings thrown on the wall. Convexed, concave. The iris. Madness had been their sorry excuse. Eternity.

Velvet fuck. O, flesh. O, flesh! Seed scattered.

Fingernail, cloud, scrapes the soil. Sing! Sing! They write, do you hear me? Do you hear yourself?

Fourteen years forgotten under two. Line, shape, curl; and is this new? Genius view.

View of the undress, skit, dapple grove, linen, arch, hung the dead beautiful.

If ever should stop.

Carries on, cool like silence. Bird sound. There. There! The sound.

Muffled air play, hum, along, their dream. What do you desire? Far.

Then near has face. eat the orient, the mask, the age. Of all sun, illumination, life, their idea, dream, doctrine, all play, and poem. Scattered lip the ink. To hold the vase. Sweet everywhere at once.

You, you have the connection. Weeds. Blooms. That, this spring then. Tore off the clock. Consume intention, engulf after birds of songs, the night's sky in flame, the movement.

And yourself. Yes, yourself. Obituary, he sees me, dead and aliver than ever. Carry me or call me, genius. Float, flower. Rose blood, perennial one. I like to watch the flowers grow with my mouth open.

Now what will they say? You, yourself, of to be. Your window in this life, the light! The light! Body flesh , ran trail the harp. Through, by and by. He floats – the deep, the intuit, toes to ends of boot and last line.

Inside the boat, seven hundred and seventy-seven. Repetition coalesce. Kid rise. The flower. Sleeve end. Your hand.

Yellow milked. Bod. White hone. Ape. Last figurative symbol, touched shadow on shadow. O, what do you see?

Pink, pink! The blue body walks earth. Floats to flute to finger to music to hear this! Ah! Religion, look into the sun.

The clip, the clap, isle of silence.

III

Admire the beauty. Her eyes, knowing, lower lip unfurling. Your name. cloud chasing. The life, the life. Longer there, he is. The barrier? The wind. Carry voice another. Safer this way. Red. Yellow. Freckle.

Peripheral cypress. Cherry blossom. Sorrow into work, melancholy like grape, orange, shoots up, prune, you touch the sky. Dance the gas station. Impersonation, and then. Then. Find your voice.

Of all of them. With one, we are, echo (join us). Dreamer. Day and night. Only.

In sky, us here. Freckle glimmer, shatter, veil rip, explodes internal (out time). There everything at once and all becoming, a multitude of heavenly's, noise. Noise, uproar the them. Here, the quiescent, sat watching, point, gone. Aliver than ever.

IV

Side house, written (shadow strung), to the to. And for flower field. Color garden, gate, moonrise star. Candelabra boy, O you boy, you boy by the tent. Cake your hand, almond blossom.

One is not sure whether he is dreaming or awake. She, entering, kiss! Float. Orange white hear.

Sounds, cars. Hand swim. Head, tissue. Glass. You get a feel for it. All of them.

Any good? Most profound is wind on headless. Lost their. But yes,
resplendent. Trickle book backward. Hole, field ever plain, lift. Rapture. Star
must breathe.

Thousand-year light. Nine. Seven. Repetition, feet murky, pail head.
Japonism chime, re-invent color.

Objects. Planes. First of beyond. Beyond. Cough. Hold. Go halo. I halo, here.
Clear. Speak and two. The beyond. Smoke dissipate, potato, hunger artist.

The way. More beyond. Than design merely. On my face> your shirt. There,
eternity speck, stain, torment when back, back, and fro.

Cut. This part. Right leg, childhood trauma. Three pages. In them. Before.
Remind delicacy in dove in drain. Cried. Feathers everywhere. Now they
stand only. And look. Wisteria.

The year. Forgotten. Sickness, same spirit as eleven. Find people, sacrificial,
surpass, super – ficial. Fickle, for the come. Then mail, mail. I hope these are
them? They are, thank you.

Open, this part. Sanguine chirp. All I can do. Ah, the they! They, the, they.
They. Illusion dynamic. Natural. There be no thought, hard on becoming baby
again and knowing all in knowing none, I know. Love gives time. Three and
repeat. Love.

Pollard strawberry. Sound! Color. You, talented. Photograph for when (if)
filigree tends to string unknown. Make it. Thank you laugh. I hear you.

Interlude prayer. YAHWEH make this life holy. Release me into love. The fullness. Overflown. Let love live. Life, O life. O you my life and I, yours. Only love. Only love. Only love only love only love only love. YAHWEH visualize by your Holy Spirit. I will be moving hands I am yours only. Only love YAHWEH YAHWEH YAHWEH holy holy holy one.

VI

Imago. Child and comfort you were. Support as music played. Mother's singly voice. Car, light shift. Could watch clouds unfurl. The farthest reach. Reach further and dissipate. The ocean.

Swim melodic my baby genius. Waft water. To spring. Flower! Eternal spring. Three women. Overflow form, classical repetition. The well. Fish ear mon. lilies her eyes. Sounds. Apocalypse 's'. fear. And love returns to us. Yes YAHWEH. Holy calling. Love writer. Table outside. Ah! Eternity! My love. The world has swallowed dove light. Tail could lift us, yes? Not to stutter air, ripple cloud water. The mouth. Calm. Blue. House gardener. Your angel yes, love. Holy love into me. I am a speaker. That voice from which I see.

Said, leaves?! Oh my, I've walked, wailed with you. I've loved you like I was beauty, and you. I love you to work. The days under on and moon. Rest and work. And heel, and victory then. And you endure the "then". And I will be with you. Loving you. My child. Eternity will appear to you. My love. I love you and thank you. Mortality. I am love return to me and this is new. A fragrance of the sun. how the beauty reminds memory to remember this beauty. Body – a field of sensation. Now there is nothing left that I can do. I work. And I call beyond. Again and again. Words fall like air. Like air. They are air. How wonderful for becoming the rock the worship as I am, singing yes, he is the I am. Has been image the men call hallucination, over the reality. This is all there. Call life unfinished if you will. This is all there is my love. Floating beauty. Cry if you

need. I am the love. I am here to be with you. I am love. I am the world. The image of wonder here in the word, feeling the earth, my love. I am.

VII

This interlude is to be all of life. Enlarge the world around me. Bring beauty for the love of the people. Can endure, for you give trial. This is the greatest desire. To feel full absorbing sweetness. Simply lifting one off their feet. To float with the stars. To the earth comes with good glow scent. The how see.

Interim. Is deepened. The longing is love. I am teaching you the way. The love of never leaving you. Perfect deity. In I am smaller. Till out the car. Cloud drift, dissipate into the ocean of the blue body beyond. A star. Engulfing the sky.

To the them a wonder. An awe.

Magnificent beauty how lovely to love what you create. To give acceptance and life is all. They shall love in years to come. Painting door closing that night in the wind. Your pants, white stars glimmer in blackness night.

Over imperative. Orient Japanese lantern like overture through the plains over green rolling. Perfection bending, you will see. The freedom. The freedom, you are free to roam. No fear of any death. Roamed with the orient. Divine sweetness. Blue sweater scattered soul into unknown. So let's see life, after, after, after. Skiptrace, happen, deepen. Interim.

Of all that has been said. All is the same. One thing I have ever and always said. Love. Endure the work, in love. Hope love. Perfect love. Days to be are now becoming. On the rise. Is everything another? Collage of genius. Or genius. Repattern to the kin, the kind to fecundity and look left. It up. Birth,

likely. Abundance ever more and all the more love. How great is sorrow for work – the sun on his back.

I in all ways seek never to admonish God. Internal closeness my sweet Lord. In no way will I ever desire to admonish you. In all ways I desire only love. Perfect meditations are the ones given to work. Never to displease the Spirit. You sing join me.

The less here – the better.