Take a Walk

January 11 2021

Take a walk. The winds were howling all through the heads of day. Lions roaring over the horizon skyline, i'd lost the reason why. Took my self to step bare and feet the terrain of a place i've lived ever since, ever since i could remember. And i wish i'd forget we can forget. And all to remember her again in the light purple poem washing through the park's grass.

I threw on a coat, over an old yellow shirt, had on a happy blue pajama pant. Crossed my childhood, over and over i'd seen these sidewalks, strolled these roads, played in these fanciful grasses. And what comes to pass when i've altogether lost the past?

I did not know where i was going, i had not known if i was going to something, or away from something. I only found myself when for a moment the flurry of pigeon doves swathed the shade of an old pine tree. I knew it was a pine, they're all pines down by the park. I'd been fiddling a pine cone in my hand, slowly plucking the hard shell leaves and tossing them up as i walked to gauge my steady momentum, my movement smooth and carried into the wind. So when i stopped my momentum carried forth, the world spun round me and kept crawling away till i was left standing still, waiting for the flown birds to re-appear. Out on a walk and just standing still, no apparent reason at all. I remember Mary Oliver's talked on this place. All the world was right. Then a dog howling took my gaze, kept howling, kept running, its owner chasing, throwing a water bottle at its big brown snarled body, but it kept running, kept howling at me. I stood still, looked back to the birds. They flew in unison to a pine south of me, took up to the bristled branches and softly coo'd into the poems of the wind. The dog ran right up to me, i looked over and down, its teeth snarled and it howled at me, it kept howling at me. The fat owner still running some twenty feet away. I turned to where the pigeon doves once stood and got walking again. The ground was dry and needed watering i thought. The wind all in my head, through the wavy hairs of my head, the blue sky in my eye, my feet; one in soil, one in the sky.

January 12 2021

I set afoot the white slip drift of a cloud. Startled not to see my feet carry the long shadowy grass leaves winded and danced upon by the overarching tree city. They're holding a great council, a song on the structural integrity of being up in that tree. Morning doves, pigeons, their strange formation, the morning on its way back away while the midday sun arches its brow in curious stupor to the blonde broken headed one wandering the space on soil. So they call the stars wanderers, as they are. People are always naming things after themselves. Always pointing some name at a thing to put it in a reasonable understanding because the insides of a person's soul are all too inscrutable to point to. This is why we have nature. This is why as i am walking in the park basin i feel it'd be kind to pick up the trash as i go along, nature ought be preserved as she, being God, Sophia, the eros and wisdom playing about the wintery lights and mental frights and all else beautifully and oh so terribly necessary. She ought be taken care of for she takes care of us well, yes she does. So the little pretend hawk swoops and soars up bristled strokes. Little bugs, their miniature under-kingdom startled by the falling feathery sky on their friend who's been taken up and away, soaring, look how free, how dead he is now. I kept walking snd saw a real hawk, the first had the qualities of prey and not the size or color or pattern to match. This hawk sat perched on a light pole. My mother came driving by, i pointed, no hello, just a communal carrying on the day as she went along and as did i. There's the old drain where we, as kids would put water and food for a few scraggly cats that lived behind the porcelain greek robes that were colosseum sized in stature to a beetle at the perspective of the cats hungry evening when sometime they slowly left my daily practice and maybe the kittens died, or maybe they survived and one of them is now the cat that visits by my bedroom window where i am now. I name the cat Murakami. We look at each-other, then both go our own ways, feeling better for this singular detachment to reattach another set eyes to our unified desire to be alone but to be one with everything. But its not all that complex, really its just a mental walk, we all return.

January 13 2021

Underlying my bare skin feet is a pulse, a beat, a pumping beat akin my own. The earth is alive, She speaks in the winds, She is Sophia, God manifest. She plays about the clover fields, strolls spiritual in the meadows, strings star to star with a conscious filigree. We call a day, a life, a people: a constellation. We are the amalgamation of her process, She is nature in the mystery yellow flower shooting up from a weed, and She is natural in the way she grows. She is found and She is the finder. And who am i? Only a traceable echo, a diffusion of light, a sprouting propagation of Her. I am Her, insofar as gratitude is equal with attention and in being attentive to one beautiful step into nature, i enter her wholly. She sends the birds, then the songs of silence. She has the fields grow green, then wither yellow. She is never nothing and she is always everything. When i am chased by an inscrutable desire, not knowing where i walk to, I am on my way to Her. I, on the way, am with Her all the more. She is not in one place, She is the space between all places. She's not in one time, She's change Herself. Isn't She lovely.

January 14 2021

I or you, we're all under the same blue. Skies are cool, stirred with a yellow white hole through which pour another time, alike every hour, since the first hour. Yes, since the first hour these natural flows have occurred. Adam's breathed life into. Eve's plucked from his rib and formed. They are inseparable souls bound and i'm just out here looking for my looking, not like i wasn't with an eye to find my rib. I call her Sophia, she's laid on the flat meadow and her curves, the bend of light, silk translucence in her blue-green veins; i'm all for it. I'm on a walk, stepping to the heartbeat rhythm of her. She's the flock of birds flurrying up the horizon line with feather this, feather light, light as a feather everywhere i walk is Her. Trees who've leaves, left them for last season and continued with change, praying this windspeaks the promise of Spring. There She will be, in the lost autumn leaves, the new greens. I see the tree's long shadows lavished on the meadow. For what reason else does the earth pull us, keep us here but for these daily miracle. Call it no force, it's a simple attraction and i mist reciprocate. Grass between my toes, my step heel click and flutter lip whistle to the mourning dove. A necessary shadow list wave for the grackle, a crackle flap wing into the ash tree. Children scream, chatter and play, swing from swings both in their imagination and on that little nation of a playground; where there is no winner and loser, only players. I stumble a bit, pick a thorn out my heel. Get whistling and skip a little. Have the thought, when will this all be play, just play. How about now.

January 15 2021

"Momma, where's that boy's shoes" i smile, do a heel click sorts with wave using my bare feet as i step from cement to asphalt, cross the road, cement, then grass. Because the skin of the earth on my skin feels resplendent. Grass leaves flush between my pink toes. The occasional sticker thorn and pointy stick isn't much in comparison at all to the joys of a soft clover patch mushed wet and magical lifted through the pores of my bare feet into my feeling head. Nikola Tesla said, energy, frequency, vibration; these compose the secrets of the universe. There are no secrets when i'm on my walk, nature welcomes me, shows me into Her God:Self. Says yourself, who you think you are, barefoot Bjorn strolling sanguine my fields, you are Me. The pink-grey tree root i pluck from Her surface, the curves, the bridged strength residing within, resembling my own, and a full size tree in the meadow. I hold the root up with my index and thumb finger, at arms length, the root and the whole tree look the same. I near the tree, holding in my hand the tree. When i stop before the tree, as is the practice of any spiritual matter to bow, coming ip slowly, peering into the fractaling material before my eyes, i run my fingers over hardened sap. A golden once viscous conglomerate of shining, glimmering, the sun in each little fractal piece. I sit on the tree's larger root lap, little sap crunching into thousands of suns in my fingers. That same boy rides by in the meadow on a little blue bike, his mother pushing a sleeping child in a cradled cart. The sun's warm, healing my sore muscles. I can hear the tree breathing. A man, 70 now, looks upwards 40, stops, we chat about health, physique, he asks where the girls are, how i'm alone in the meadow. We talk art, nature, sap, van gogh, being directed, spoken through by God for purpose and enacting this purpose. His name is Tom, he walks too. We'll see eachother again. His dad was a painter too. The birds follow me back to the house, reminding me with song, everywhere is home.

January 16 2021

We suppose nature is welcome the way the winds sound our name, the leaf grass fixes fine for the print of a foot, my bare foot carries me where nature is sourced. All roads, i don't walk them. Where life is wild, there i am. I've learned with the seasons to attune my own tune. To humbly carousel my thoughts on a new walk, the same grounds, and when in time i've feeling it coming, speak unbridled. Were i to speak and speak, gesticulating a flapping mouth with my pink fingers, there'd be quite the crazy bore. But i've learned more is in balance; i write things, i know not what they mean. Do these parables follow? Did my walks lead me somewhere, beside the journey itself? Surely i am free, exposed, naked and vulnerable in the meadow of my mind.

To be something forever takes only a moment. I'm carefully gliding along tree roots. Oval sun beams swathe my blue vein skin. A slight film of clouds overexposes the spiritual, the manifest material and what's always been, waking within. Take these words, take these walks; one in the same i seek genius, i see nature makes genius.

Past a visual visceral of tree montage, very vernacular in their verdantry, i'm alluding to the poesy in the trees, swaying breeze breathes in and out the sun through the laurel, the birds swoon and scoop the words of wind within their wings, and they rise, they glide, drop, drift lateral.

Seeing a swallow smooth over a keep out sign, i'm grateful my God, this nature is no keep, She's open all in one and one in all. Have i not felt nature full in only the thin sienna vein of a leaf, fiddling the whole force, all flowing life betwixt my fingers. Learning what's old is new, what's always been is freshest on me.

So i saunter further, lookin up through the same blue we all saunter under. Asunder, yet all the same. Simply predilection to the wander. Wondering how further than the lightness, the film drift slip of white cloud, there are planets, who the ancients named wanderers. And how they must be looking, further then the black void, in my eyes, wondering what i'm wondering about. If i'm wandering somewhere in particular, or will it be to come a new particular. I am peacefully just in wander.

January 17 2021

"Do you want to go on a walk with me?" Bethany and I already began walking when she'd ask me to where? I pointed in a circle round the golden ocean meadow of sunlight. She obliged and when i'd picked up a pine's stick, then dropped it soon after to retrieve a lost frisbee, she'd say i left my stick. "There are others" i wrote with my lips and still moving hips. We tossed the green frisbee though never caught a toss. Sometimes the frisbee would curl like a planet (planet being the ancient understanding of wanderer) in a never ending curve, returning to sender and nearly slipping my grasp, not my hand, at being a symbolic trope to the creative cycle, I, myself and else we all were one find ourselves within. We climbed a tree, she recorded me. Nimbly i kicked a green soccer ball back to a kid, i said it hurt my ankle because it did and she said it still looked good. We threw felled pine cones at still hanging pine cones and when we could not make another fall she simply said, which i said truly, they must not be ready yet. But we were ready for more walking ourselves, planning an evening walk to the railroad tracks and the white crane birds by the water.

January 18 2021

Skys a mystic white blue. Roof tiles tossed worker to worker. Cloud to cloud unfurling. Birds breathing sing songily. Trees blow windy breezy easy baby. Steps are soft, mush into the dew fields. Cross the hopscotch, hopping. Kids playing. People walking dogs. Trees bending into more light, more light. Fuzzy twigs and leaves lightly swaying. Down the yellow slope into the meadow. Meandering about. Two kids holding hands, just playfully exploring, getting to know life. Babysitter's yelling get back here. I'm walking, twirling a pine cone in my hand. The pine cone crunches in my hand, my fist tightens, i'm angry when i hear the buzzsaw and see workers cutting down the park tree branches. Years of effort for more light, cut because. I don't know why, but it makes me angry. Leave the trees be, especially in the meadow. No roads, no houses, hardly a person except myself and the birds know these trees. They're the closest portal into nature i have and they're cutting it. I try talking to them, they ignore me. I suppose its part of life, cut down to grow again. I keep my pace, i'm always in movement, i've a book on the mind and not in my mind as all i see is the eminence of blue skies. Imminent, immortal, inside. Plush pink steps, my cold feet squashing the soft earth, i'm lifted up and equally in stride. With breath i am the wind. With heart i am the coursing blood life of nature. I've direction enough to say i love life and all the more enumerate the manifest ways i experience such love, this life. One of the kids is mow laying flat, alone, in the meadow. I long for such reverie, yet i keep walking, keep re-awaking a distant desire i know not what of. What but the journey could be home? Why else is the way everlasting?

I notice a pink petal now cracked and a mauve brown color stained into the yellow grass. I twiddle a glittering shimmer tassel between my toes. I remember simmering in the hot bubble pool water this early morn, writing about the sky; i look up at the sky, look down into the water, the golden pool i'm neck deep in, calm as ever.

Green leaves of the grapefruit tree. Bubble steam in hot bubble pool. Water up to my neck. Mind body quell. Morning doves a silhouette song, soft by back rising misty white blue morning sky. Flies by with gold belly. Hands pink, fleshy, soft and they are hard in places. Friends lovely, blessed, prayers of fruitful abundance, our living. Life, most wondrous within you. Ring dazzling light as light is to be seen, revealing all which is seen. Knowledge rest in feeling. Cool late winter winds, words in them. Cloudless sky, sunrise. Nation, for peace. Unity, belonging and acceptance. Purple blossom Japanese wisteria tree, please make it to spring. Two sunflowers i planted, keep growing lovely ones. Paintings, prosper. Creative, create, incubate, release, cycle. Fly, spiritual depth/height, forever now. Love.

January 19 2021

Today's a city stroll, stringing the natural through the side street trees, fragrance of the alley flowers. They're yellow, plush blue, popping pinks. My ink is my feet and my experience us my hand. I receive flowers, with due permission of course, curling the saint remy greens in the naples yellow flow of my curly hair. The color of the sky and the immensity as well is in my eyes. I am the landscape. Winds indicative of the current changes in streams of consciousness. I step in a puddle, splash truth in the simplest terms, just a sun-shower.

January 20 2021

They're thinning the trees, it makes me upset. I don't think much, no i primarily feel. Sure they've gotta cut to grow back. Bethany says its sweet they're giving the trees a manicure, how wondrous and light they must feel in these winds today. I walk and the blonde airs all through my hairs. My disatisfactions stepped into the soil, the second my barefoot steps into the soil, i am transported.

The angels swooped from the sun, quick as light from the sun, contemplative and soft as the blue veins beneath my skin rising; and they pulled the soul to the surface of the sun. They'd been blue bodied, veined like the rushing waters which river the earth, pulsing with life, their hairs swaying as leaves in the wind do, they moved with the same movement the wind has. They had direction of course, their uprising, deep skin gone translucent, them opulent, opaque beings. Singing the whole way through, professing the son of man as God, before all people, within all people, who's all people- who's wings could rise through the illusory boundary of a body. They found me. They'd been sent in common divinity.

Because each has their duty; from the man raking the playground sands, to the child following behind, his footprint so definite. And each of us have a choice in our duty, to do it for the betterment of others, and to play. And never put your duty above the welfare of another, no idealized cause in work could contribute more than gently allowing a person to breathe, to be. To lay down your tool and receive someone in all they are. Your work will be better for it, inclusive

I have no fear. Feather the winds in my hands. Harrow hollow land for what? Hallow the hand, let acceptance be our common language. The lights and stories will tell. The show is under play, as ever will the way, live through your day.

January 21 2021

Its warm, green still, hard. A pinecone on the meadow floor. This morning's rains seemed still to soften the head i walked above. Clouds clung to the horizon, bringing up the earth and rolling it back over me where i stood. When i'd been writing this morning, in the most serene of a setting, putting to pen the magic in these airs, the beauty i find all around. And as i walk in nature i am nature. No thoughts, i reach just for more light, more light, more life.

January 22 2021

I have lots of art book you know, and this is important, its only here in these meadows, well under the clouds, the intense blues and with the winds that i learn. I'm a painter you know. How many skies like these i've seen only in my dreams, i question whether they are real. I feel them so truly, they hold me, nearer, within us all; truly we share these skies no matter where we are; we can at least speak that we, we are under same skies. Joe says maybe it's only an illusion, accepting that nature bends our perception, wills us by another. This creative pulse. This same creative unfolding from the creator of the universe is in our eye now. Holds our hand in this wind.

Who's had it ever since, stepped up the first soils under skin our blue, these veins, these rushing conscious waters. Who could fathom this could be all of us and entirely lose us as it goes, its gone further than any could, comprehended seldom the true person, as though just one person could help hold every hand. Had she not died painting greens like these i'd believe i'd have to relearn again. Its she in the breeze, in the oil paint i squeeze from tube to canvas and swirl the way her hairs used to swirl in the desert winds. Who's fingers running through them? Who else. Who else could vein the warmth, glue colors in-together, so much so they're inherent qualities, the richness of their intensities nearly.

Haphazardly sharing my friends secret gift because i am the spirit myself and like seeds in spring i propagate these purple lands, i please to be the golden laurel leaves felled in autumn, the grey bushes and yellow fields of winter, bluest of blues by summer. I am one in all and all in one. Nature holds me like death now holds her.

January 23 2021

To retrace my steps: awoke, dreamed of butterflies, the color white, blue skies not outside, blue skies in oil and on canvas, i told jayvan "thats the best piece in a while", i walk out room, that was last night, i walk out room today, yoga in the grey white outside sky, writing in the jacuzzi blue bubble water, begins to rain, inks slipping all over the place, its on my skin, under my skin, really made manifest when i write, :

Truly, the color blue belongs in spiritual construe, string start to finish, call it home. Hallow this hand. And let me speak no thing stupid, ah! How funny life is. My skin is on backward. Flesh and veins flap in the winter winds. Songs of happening signal in my wildest, to my tamest organ. Over and through, and under in all is a surface, so clean, pure, as honest conception could pen, put this Holy Spirit in the helm, walk us over, through, under water.

So surely life in all our physical happening mirrors an internal happening. As i dunk my body beneath the blue bubble water world - i enter yesterday's painting, my prayer is an action, a modest receiving of the most high, the glowing peasant, super incanting simplicity, bare, naked, humble being. So as the voice so sweetly serenaded and as laughter fills the days, the old sorrows we held to keep something truer, that time through which all us here now, gathered round our table, curved at space and bended at time, flush with color lustrous light; do we wander our same feelings, manifest in many an appreciative manner. Rooted in these hours of definition that today, when cotton candy skies eat daily from our pretty eyes, we divide, we unite, we are we regardless, whosoever is, is. And love is offered to whom we are.

You've given life to this hand. And what worship more now may i? I believe in writing, in painting, in handing my hours from divination. All is seen clearly in the light, bright and a light with an orange lip to drip rain like this late night wintery, this windy, this grey white sky day might. Simply people are aware, open and aligning their wills there-in. Within the happening: serendipity, sovereignty, glory felt to be felt. To be had through - free flying the ageless, pageless, spaceless, timeless; then to smell my own skin, in the outside, nature's hand i wake up in, see her sing the birds, play the fields, wind the air up, through, below every surface.

, close jacuzzi surface, read professor says my grammar is all wrong, that's alright, do school, make breakfast, two eggs, nuts, ham, panacea seeds, work out, shower, moisturize hands, walk alone and with everybody in the meadow. Paint. Write this.

January 24 2021

Rains wet the street walked by memories of another. We leave our misty spirits on the rocks, the girls up in their windows giggle and go over; how certain temperatures bring up thoughts of another, how with my friend i hear his thoughts because i've written them with them, we live these future recalls together. The poetic sounds in their organic form, essays in the soft leathery rain drops, whisked by passing cars and students. The study is of the street, how do we breathe with and feel looked in, and begin then to look within nature. I tell him these lands, this campus, it deepens my thoughts, i can see the memories, calls them past laments and the different thinking as a result of such a thought.

At such a thought one might feel they've lost their way, rather been found again. The art in arizona is growing, tempe is central to key figures of a movement which needs no particular name, what walks these streets are never subsiding lights, the like to have walked within the first hours of time and keep walking, in circles we walk.

We eat dinner, sitting in the becoming rain and beneath the green orange glow of a mesquite tree by the lamp, on pink rocks. The skies are a deep phallo blue smeared sweet with beige and beneath certain cloud structures are golden naples yellows. The earth is tinted saint remy yellow over saint remy green. The song playing, the song playing with the fellow singing like some one near him were a saint possible of recalling.

The lines are impossible to recall, but to have been recalled by them is all the joy. All the more we saints in our conquering our aspirations, watching effects fall forward, further, circling back round to be hit with the lists, the lips of another, to be a poets poet, a tree's leaf, a saint's scribble.

January 25 2021

Running, walking in a quick sort of manner. Making my way headward, heartfelt; an emotional intellect left a footprint in the colored leaves, scurried up the puddles, caught the upper sea on my tongue and curled the drops through my hair, laid them flat on my head, warm and dark on my coat. Slipped into peixoto coffee, you look soaked she says, and yes well i would say so seeing the pouring rain outside. All the spiritual cleansing, the patient seeing i exhibit, softly looking in her eyes then through the window, in the rain again. In my own eyes, a terrific joy for feeling thoughts and thinking feelings. Who could imagine the rains gone lateral?

You could call me by my name, Bjorn. You can see me in the window, one hand outside and the other inside. Words i wrote with my feet, my eyes, trickling the slip of ink across the page, lateral drift. Do you suppose these rainy days are a cleansing? That we've walked enough with a limp to the red, the formal blues begone and our coming together is a new shade, slipping down like raindrops on the window, coalescing and increasing in power. I know not what to ask for when i stop my movement, still feeling moved through, bowing before the great flapping hands of the Arizona palms in this fiery rainstorm. When I give recreancy to the drains. I give reverence for the power of creation, the Mystery Love flowing through nature, ever creating, this power of love, this Creator who answers at the knocked window, shattering the spaces between, filling every empty region with the wind, the whispers therein, the call of love.

January 26 2021

You were here with me now. One light lasting. I’m here for the ride. I’m a pastel in your ouvre. Who’s found who, I cannot tell. Who’s who, I cannot see.

Your body is so far from me and you and me, it's all I see. I saw in the image of my intellect. I’m all for emotional intellect, lectured under street light nocturnes, nestles in the warm glow of midsun.

More light and more life. All I’ve longed for is a memory alone. I keep going on, swinging doors of perception, turn space into time, time into space. You may be out of time, away from space. I imagine us near. I create images of us together.

I do not want to be only in your dreams. I do not want to be your everything. No, I don’t want any other space and I don't want any other time. I’ll find you alone in my mind. The world belongs to someone, sometimes it’s mine; the world has so many new things for you. Maybe I’m only a curve.

This moment of our affections fleeting, you tell me to be with it - ride it with. This loss is for loving you forever. And I haven't seen you in forever.

I want to be with you together to tell everyone they’re just like us. We’re together alone.

Look, I trust all people, I just don’t feel what you’re feeling, you’re only an echo, I talk to the reverberations in my bedroom, I pretend it’s you. I paint what I want, today.

I want you to forget me, all we’ve been together. Want to embody the wind in your hair, want to be the light in your eye, want to be your unruly intuition. Call me perception. Call me so close you’ll never call me again. Believe me I tried. To understand our low swinging flux; did you choose to hate me only so you never have to love me? Did you try to kill me to keep me from changing? Did you let me go, just to keep your version of me?

Would you do the same?

January 27 2021

Garish, golden, lapping laughter. All the litanies caught in trees, trodden meadows without name. These journey's, they're all the same. One song and a swallow, a sunrise opens its mouth, its pure language of light, the eye. All is seen again, the world renewed, needed a sorts of death and did instill proper revival. Not that, this. Not what could have been, what is. Following intuition, trusting the rolling down window, the tree in the plain, the home stop and see you once again my lover friend.

Enjoy the play.

January 28 2021

I see you all the time. Every-time i see you i relive our love. The Elysium levity, the world i give fully for you, you are my creator, my feelings, the reason i paint. I feel you in the skies of my eyes. The sweet perception film over and into all i see, it's you. I'm good, feeling weird, not okay, how are you? Distraught over the soil, sought by rain clouds. Smudged into an ink splatter and stuck into the air. Just a floating feeling, left less than i had been, walked over by myself. I'm here for it anyhow. Here for the love. I see you everywhere i look, its not like you've gone, like only you've been reimagined infinitely, i call you me.

I believe there is something honorable to keep up the going flow despite all else within me keeping me down. The door is not locked, it's not even closed. Its just how willing you are to walk through and welcome us in. We're humble as the blue, blue as we are true, we are the sky in your eye. The poesy every writer and one of we, we do call upon, ever voicing for the attentive one in all, all in one listener and image maker. Make us heard.

Gradations in a sky. The who are you in the mirror. Time. Relations. Unifying.

January 29 2021

Im going to feel from something; divine darling you'd eden on the color calculation could not conjure such wondrous brilliance that is your lips pressed to the inside of my lips. You'd been eden instilled in stupor, savor savoring. Little of a lot or lot of a little. Its all i've got is all of everything to show you, to feel from you, something divine in all i see.

I've been just about everywhere anyone who's I can say. Could conjure the wayward imagination and fill the empty spaces, creations are cool, anything but cowardly, rather extraordinary to coalesce the spirit with the soul. To put pen to page, to paint this way. Oh it keeps me up for days in my dreams. All the colors my hands are held by. Without brushes, without canvas. I paint it vivid, true hue to you; absent my memory.

But i remember detaching and reattaching just as i held my head in my shaking timbers of arms into the glass sliding door, telling to my father i did not know what's through my head. Him following me stumbling into full moonlight, then rocking on a table by the wind chime. I said its one foot in this world and another in the other. He listened, he did not understand, he did not have to, he loved fully because he heard the one voice.

I remember making three songs. I remember telling the cafe guy i keep running out of canvas, he said keep painting with words, i am. Brilliant. He did not understand how we artists do it, nor do i, but i like the sound of we. I remember sliding down a green spiral slide as a child. I remember sliding down a green spiral slide many years later still a child. I hold the grains of playground sound less numerous and farther slipping through my fingertips than the count of stars.

The symphonic hall declares harmony. Harmony! That they'd call it anything but what we are is preposterous to me. We are brides constantly to be, already married. Such is the pleasure sigh of a saint. And i heard you're the patron of house plants. You could talk to me like you do them. Encourage my growth, affirm my beauty, give me the sunlight of your eye, the water of your affections. I'll give it all back to you. And everyone gets to listen along.

I saw her when i was looking for a place to sit. She'd been leaving her table anyway, offered me her seat across the cafe with a smile, a soft font gesture and i gesticulated a warm receiving return. We both felt mellow she said. Sounds of the rain, the blue grey plaid sky. The dimpled sunlight through the coffee neon glass. Hot americano steam rolling in the wind. Her body next to mine, yellow shirt, brown hair, but her eyes. Her eyes the maple thin river, sweet, spiraling rings to the planet of her soul. I'd seen her soul first that day.

We talked casual about plants, silence long between us, her soul's swimming in mind.

They played Nujabes on the speakers. I kept getting up to walk around outside in the dapple light amidst the laurel tree grove. I watched warped clouds pass on the wavy reflected glass of an orange building. I saw an orange street cone by a green bush. My eyes are blue. What a compliment.

To be hearing the spirits in the bathroom like this. Taking off my shirt in the bathroom mirror, feeling my body and my hair just to make sure i'm still alive. Putting my shirt back on, unlocking the door, sanitizing my hands, walking back to my seat by the window with my americano, her seat. Settled by the spiritual acumen for which the mystics and saints, the ascetics and lovers of love abundance did feel forsooth, heaven on earth. That a foot in this world and a foot in that world. A hand here and a hand there. Surely calls for an artist. Surely i'll soon be released. Any hour and an eternity now.

January 30 2021

Now she interests me, as she found a thread through all the artists she saw and made an art of this thread. She walks the connecting line, brings in new steps. And we step into the traces of her step in the soil, it feels in the deepest, a refreshment.

I'm harnessing magic lately. Just absorbing light. In my state of dormancy i have not a single image. I have no inspiration. Id much rather have that wake-less sleep through these days. All is as it is and as it is, I'm quite unsatisfied. Yet, even amidst the currents a memory does return to me. Being a child on my grandfather's doorstep in michigan. Only very young, some teenage year, playing with a caterpillar and writing. It was in michigan. I felt the greatest satisfaction for this incessant longing to be near to Divinity, to be held again so close by God, fully immersed in Mystery Love. So i wrote and i wrote, sought and sought and saw only my own sorrows, my deep unsatisfactions quelled for having felt both full and empty. Now is much like this time, though i hold light, there are no hairy caterpillars to be seen, and this is mesa arizona, not michigan. I'm some years older now. 21. Alive and well, just mental to the bone.

Stay true to you, good to the bone. Because nobody is loving you like God is. You've done all in being great full. So grateful. To accept that we are accepted and to go live likewise. To be loved by God because God is good.

So it's been many days, some moon spinnings since i've seen the way these meadows see me; since i've been in forever with me. Playfully casting my stride over songs on glitter and gold and gold and glitter, little pool of sound lavishing from my soft whisper lip. A translucent kiss to the pinks of sunset, the sweet chirp melodies going round so merry my mind. I've found a rhyme in my step, literally step into another step into the soil. So my mind’s in the air, all blue with it while my feets scatter the dusts of old poets. I pass a girl with two long blonde braids just after that first real inhale of fresh natural air, then the deep flush of memories i only remember in that air and instantly do i forget how common they are, these magic lights, these colors tonight, her eye in the to be moonlit sky. Believe me i'd try and forget i'm forgetting. Stepping onto a leaf, crunch snapple crack. Suddenly a bird's nest! So finely, very acutely woven with what appeared to be the wool remains of that large fluffy white dog that kid in the bike i said "you go" with a motion of my right wrist, slipping a few leaves that my hand had been holding onto the sidewalk impasse between us, as he, the kid on the blue bike with the red helmet said "no you go" and we both stood there silent, smiling, laughing as he went along, then the passed the group of women who had been staring at me the whole while i put the birds nest back into the tree, having realized the tree to be unclimbable at the moment and reaching from my tangent toes to tip the birds nest, maintaining each little pine needle to rest silently atop a branch and all the other branches i looked up into as though they were veins pulsing, still breathing, sometimes bleeding such terrible beauty, such reality onto my little world looking up into them, the birds flying out from them, i see them not though i follow their call but to have the song silenced in the kid telling that old fellow with white fluffed dog "it's nice i always see you here; just as here begins slipping.

I step into gum, i see three boys slouched their mouths over the chins as they toss a football into the basketball hoop, just moping around as blue hour creeps over the horizon, the crickets are noticeably singing, some strange old voice is humming along.

I toss a pinecone into the tree and it stays in the tree.

You see in all the arts, let us listen first to music. One who can hold three beats, say three tunes to one melody is most in harmony with the trinity. I am a painter of light, dreams and reality. Or magic, color and light. Let it be; anyway, you see three in one creates one in three.

Je N'en Connais pas la fin.. of love.

I'm altogether here, there, everywhere. In dreams, visible and invisible. With faith i see the eternal in all. So much, the meaning has more prevalence over the thing. How feelings shape thoughts. Shouldn't a thought shape a feeling? Would they both exist together, i am a writer. The bringing together of the two creates a third. Altogether there is one thread.

I lay in bed, having painted all evening the colors of a new pallette, not like anything i've yet done before. All not in my head and solely in my spirit to speak light. Beige takes the brightest with dark blues (not purely black or just purplish) and purple greens dappling the shadows. The eyes of the figure are sky blue and cloud misty, a red vein shoots through the atmosphere of the white surrounding the eye signifying a filigree conjoining sight the beating pulse of a heart seen blushing up into the space just rounding back below the near peak sunlight hit highlight of beige pink. The hair, as only seen at this moment, as the rest of the face is still unfinished, is a phallo green. This eyebrows and curls of hair we prospect a face of a figure to entail should be the holiday green of people coming from so far away, singing their own little tunes, from Napoli, sang to me, canvas back lit by my face



Even though the others you put of yourself into fearful heads, oh the petty thought of another's thought, that old french halleluj-ay. Oh there is an hour of fancy for the late night eavesdropper of a full, well now waxing, possibly waning, moon.

So last evening, hear me, i saw the dappling speckles of marble bleach beige light shuffling off the outer regions of space and time and lightly stumbling into earth, these light species, creativity unfurling from the reflected sun in the deep of night, just passing through this atmosphere with such a watchful gaze the moon entails to have its light pulses tail sliding the spine of neighbor's house, sliding down the tiles of her rooftop, into my eyes. And i felt that feeling, that i am looking from.

January 31 2021

I suppose my thoughts to be the shaper of my feelings, at the least i let it be tonight. Rather its early morning as i've painted past the tick and tock turn of the clock into a new day. Well this is a great feeling to be thinking rational again, just only having my legs go a little numb at the alteration of drive. Like the two horses stead steady one carriage have my thoughts and my feelings been the perceptive forces at play in my day to day continuation. Grateful to be being and all by the graces of God in being all. I do believe i have an underlying belief that union is the most positive of notions, especially with a two headed clashing in the politic of this nation. Such a notion elicits the double truth that what is argument is a very poor notion. Administered device by ones selfish desire had always profited a poor outcome. The poor are poorer. Howsoever, bridging, bringing back the glory is the way divinity meets me in the poorest of states and the richest of states. The jewels are cobblestone and cobblestone are jewels.

The black iron rivers flux in and on my hands in memory are washed invisible, graced and honored at having her black hair back in my hands, the moonlight glistening on each individual strand, we had all the time in the world. we laid together in the grass. I counted the hairs of her head with my fingers. It wasn't long before one of us was sleeping, or we were kissing, or she'd crawl up onto me, we'd lay together in the long leaves of the grass, by the lake, in moonlight. It was at sunset the freckled colors scattered light all about her inner lit face, the pinks plushing yellow and blue, it was a sunset we kissed first. Like young lovers do, she opened me and left all inside out walking about.

I feel heroically flawed, but i don’t think that. I think i’ve got a good ounce, rather an ocean of endless abundance full of genius within me. Waves crash me by. I remember what i’m born for in the midst of night, its the brightest unseen light. And i feel it all. I never thought i could. Decide how to feel. And feel good about it.

And he said it's like a religion, every Sunday they're out here. For him its basketball under the park streetlights. For her its song service in the chapel. For me its a study with light. Its all worship. My mind's lit, bright, bettering my days by the laxidaisy. I sleep so long, i'm always dreaming. I made breakfast and dinner for my family and me. I paint the colors to a neck. I spend most of my waking hours staring into the sky, then staring into the canvas, being looked in from them. The sky was webbed today, i saw an infinity sign the clouds. I wonder how to wonder in my wander. Let the still hours seep into the active hand. Let the spirit flow while i only watch. How this hand moves.

I think everyone sees in their own way, the art i love most is a true expression and playful dedication to depicting their individual seeing. I have a deep relationship with color and light for the spiritual meaning behind them. God is said to be Light, so in all i see its like seeing God, because to see we need light.

Color is then the different forms of light, their combinations create certain emotional states and act differently in texture, shape, intensity.. studying light and trying to put it into picture feels endless, thats why i love this. With painting, especially oils, i communicate some inexpressible feeling, something I deeply understand but do not know, so painting puts me into faith and i grow in trust and acceptance, thus growing in love.

Light is the simplest creating image i feel expresses some mystic ways i feel with art, art is a worship and communication with God in the form of light. I think all lasting art has been touched by eternity, some thread through all of art is still weaving.

But i lose my touch, i can’t much tell the day, the hour, the color, the form, the flow i misunderstand. A day’s divine and then just as fine slips away. My mind loses control, my unwarranted feelings pulse and throb like mad winds and my body bends like wings, i just lose control. I feel lost in the art. I feel the magic i see, all the wonders of God revealed. They are so far from what i can paint, i have honest days always. I just don’t see how this connects. I just feel i have keep trying. Surely this all makes for something.

February 1 2021

My feet leave the green ground, fluff the web of clouds, dry as a summer sun, wet with light i'm full in flight. Repeating a serenade in my made step and saunter skip through the meadow where children, only children exist and only play. I've gotten by this way. Day in and day out. Through drought and in full flush floods of creativity i am me. Can't be hung, hung up and off about what i've done or where i'm going. All that is true is the moment breathing. God feeling God's way forever through this body of mine. The Spirit is breath, is wind, is always flowing around, ready at any moment to a receptive genius. I may be alone in these fields, i may walk new ground, i may be alone in these fields. Though i'm never truly alone, this i know, my mind has the right to duplicate how i am seen by the God of love in how i see. All can be love. All is love. I've always been so open for love. So why am i alone in these fields? Why do i touch wet paint like it were a lover? Why do i encourage the hour on, my sweet asset of time; what tome it holds, who could hold? When the clocks stopped, the clouds could not even keep watch, nor the trees, the birds and fickle leaves, laughing at me, what a poet. What's a word to a leaf? So i fiddle the thoughts, crunch winter's demand in my paint stained hand. Leave a trail of the seasons behind me. I'm me here in the meadow field.

Found 12 dead fish, a dead bird, a big living hawk at the pond. Everything smelled. The ducks were silent. I did not see the regular two. The geese were not nearby, not even sally, the broken legged geese who by my whistle call would come rest beside me as i'd paint the sunscape. I'd escaped here on day's like today, van gogh's birthday, so it seems there's a reason i feel i've lost my mind. Not just for a pretty rhyme, or a divine feeling to paint, really just feel that way and its mostly gone the second i say it. Its only like there's as many petals to unfold, these layers of reality, as i keep searching, till the flowers run out of perfume.

In my searching, well in at least the last of three days, i've seen a miracle of light each day. The first day i'd been squatting on my floor, preparing to do a yoga flow, the one i do every morning. When i saw the glimmer of the sun in a little freckle of litter on the floor. I had a short intensive period of painting with glitter and the little reflective gems have been everywhere ever since. So i gave it a poke with my finger, it twitched from yellow into red. Again it went into blue, then green, a purple and cycling round again. I noticed then the jewels of my ring catch with sunlight. Shining a whole array of brilliant colors into my eye. As i slightly maneuvered the light i could focus each color and watch the reverberating pulses of light as though they were alive.

The second miracle of light involved another glimmering glitter piece. I was in an upset about something or other and threw my face and body onto my bed. I likely had fallen asleep for a short while as when i slowly turned my head i saw a little portal. My window the the view out was embodied in a little circle on the big black fold of my blanket. I looked and i looked. I stepped back to see the portal was only a glitter flake, caught just in the right angle at the right time of day the piece reflected around the space between, bending light into my eye. I could not remake the image, it was a once in an attentive moment experience to a life well observed.

The thirds miracle of light took place today. I painted for many hours. Felt too headless about this and went to lay outside under the blue sky. I closed my eyes for a long time, so much color and so much light had occupied my active painting hours, i just wanted to rest. So i laid a long time, my body in a smooth opening yoga position, flies buzzed about, a train in the distance roared, cars dull hum splashed on the horizon like the distant sea, the occasional plane, a voice here and a birdsong there. When i opened my eyes the sky was a blue white, lightly overcast with a thin silky spread of cloud, diffusing Light into every corner and casting no darkness. And as i looked calmly into the sky, only the sky in my view, thousands of little starlight like specks danced around. They collided and conjoined with another. I thought i'd gotten so close i'd been seeing particles, atoms having a great dance.

Anyway all this to say, life is full of mystery, brimming with miracle, God is playing all around. Only we look, experience, adore our lives.

February 2 2021

I keep the park with me. Still in my step i saunter beneath the dim orange lit glow of the streetlight in blue hour. Clouds are hazy, a messy scatter of the more than ordinary. I wonder how life so ordinary can suddenly become new again, i step into the wet grass and i experience the birth of a new world. Its a spectacular awakening. The kind of feeling for with a life may be complete. Lord take me now if you please, picture me stepping the wild grasses, tame as love, sucked up into a blue star.

Yellow balloon float. Left the child's hand. Watched it soar, play with the cloudy atmosphere, disappear into a blue dot.

She's graceful. The world quiets with her. With her i'm just with her. The rest of the world stops to exist. With her, only she exists. She tells to me that someone like me, she's never seen, in the best way, but its like, everyone's still the same. And i say perhaps its the people who in their own way can remind us we are all the same. The people comfortable being naked with themselves, bodily, emotionally, spiritually. Who've easy and deep loves. Who really are kind and will listen, who seek balance, who've been through it and wish the betterment from it. From her i learn grace. I learn humility. I learn vulnerable strength. I learn its a different walk with another person. And its a different game tossing the pine cones into the pine trees at night, she said it landed right by me and i never saw it.

The guy who came to the park swings every night, who went back and forth forever it seemed, alone, back and forth. We'd watch him we did, we were only kids, we'd stand off a ways, and we'd just watch him. He'd go for hours. One day we asked him why he swung in such a way, not supposing it odd at all either his swinging or our watching his swinging. I believe it was a meditation for him, a loop.

The balloon in the park left the child's hand, it flew into space, i remembered how to see how i see. I altered my perception. I began again to look from the world. I run back and forth like this, like the fellow who deep in the misty, cooler degree weather of the park meadow basin will run back and forth for hours. I looked from that yellow balloon till it turned blue and fizzled at a blurry light fixture and flashing into the atmosphere, all away and all so close to me to be feeling floating away like that.

There was another thing that interests me also but i forgot what the interest is toward. I suppose what interests me though the most about all this is not what i'm interested in and rather the state of my interest itself.

There are threads like these all through life, the golden filigree we imagine and create to see stringing star to star, forming constellations. My memories are stars, people are stars, my writings, my paintings, my nature, my God, all are stars. And God is the prettiest complexity, so simply the dearest humble betterment in simple expression of a constellation to take up all regions of light.

February 3 2021

Soon ten of us are standing in the meadow field, watching sunset. The sunset everyone will speak for many more sunsets will come of it, and through all them this one sunset is like all of them, altogether its own, the most glorious sunset.

I'd been marsh clover and gold feeling i was dreaming, just stepping over the hidden delicacies sprouting yellow little flowers all through the fields, yapping laughing and chatter beating like a heart or basketball on the basketball court or against the ribcage of a particular dig site. I heads they'd excavated only the blue, the veins of blue spiritually construed round the pink flesh of a promised earth, a land with reddish beige manna making headway over somber blues, a serene sight to see the sky unfurling forward as i walk up into it.

I'm twirling a twig stick i found, i'd had that pinecone but i dropped it, but i'd made nearly thirty successful catches as i'd throw it ahead of my head just slightly to match the momentum speed of my walk and align again with the pinecone gravity falling straight into the center of my cupped hands against my heart. But i was twirling a stick, whistling the doo-doo-doo doo-doo-doo doo-doo-doo-do-do do-do-doo-doo-doo, d d do-doo-doo-doo from Zelda's Ocarina of Time soundtrack entitled Lost Woods. Well i would call the tune anything but lost, as near 15 years since playing the game the sound remains sauntering the inner log halls of my memory tree. I'd plucked a two or three beat from the scenes of my past, twirling my stick into the sky, finding it caught on a familiar cloud. Watching little me 3 to 4 years old only, a two or three years till i'd first hear the tune, skipping through the meadow with my aunt, and i collected every pinecone on the floor of the earth. I felt i must, i had to collect every pine on the floor of the earth. I was little then, i'm littler now, i must write; must collect all the beauty i see see me in oh so sweet divinity recall it at the tip of the point to ink to pen to page for the age of timeless serenades.

I'm standing, awestruck, the skies all a-golden glowing with milky curds of clouds unfurling and symbolizing this ecstatic look of a painters face within them. God's funny throwing a versace purple skin tone to the upper edge of the upper foam sea we see as, wait, how do we see clouds? They seem to absorb the light and as light is only color we see only our Mother of all light, all color dancing in the atmosphere. I long for her. I watch her lay her body over me, drip heavenly letters and laughing pinks, purple streaks, red sexual strong and vulnerable yellow happiness pouring up a last color show before the turn to night. I turn, 10 other people have gathered in the meadow, they stand behind me, i'd heard them slowly gather as i'd been alone at first i felt at least the Glory eye in me was to keep company, and i heard them each individually lock their eyes keen with the same serene scene and for a moment we all lost ourselves in it. We knew not who we were, we are sunset we looked over the horizon hinge of heaven and earth and occupied every space between. Perception itself is our name. Nameless namer, formless former; forgoing moonrise, we'd like to be here forever. But blue hour, the mystery wonder of walking up into the sea of sky enters me: i turn to get walking again, walking backward so i still see the fewer colors, the lights lingering like little old eyes giving immortal truth with one last glance before entering from the otherside.

Yes; from the otherside, rather than the whole moreovers about jimmying their way to the otherside. I've learned by no effort of my own that no effort of my own can lead me to the otherside. I must become from the otherside. To be the creation imparted sight by the creator, given hand by the creator; honored individually and with the whole. Less i put myself in the chains of rational thought or false freedom of being thoughtless, i persist being both rational and without thought, i am a fine feeling situated in the place of thought.

Because i used to perceive i was only thought or only feeling and now i'm thankfully seeing they coalesce. Like my yellow and blue studies have led to the calm of the green earthy meadow and the elysium heights of red.

February 4 2021

Can you feel this raw? I heard the opening door. Felt my body sliding on hers like a stream. Somehow it felt realizing, my skin all inside out and lavished about her. Imaging her hair in my hands instead of these, the olive of her skin instead of this, her lavender smell instead of this, her lips I imagine are these. Have you ever given affection for someone, imaging they were another? Made some passion movements, without the heart? Felt a body to be another's? And the stream ceases its flow, for only but a moment, to look into the eye of the sun, and it's startling to say the least, seeing another set of eyes fluttering up and a lip breathing, what's up? And silently going back into it.

Sometimes it seems, two bodies give each other themselves for affection, never to really touch; being so soulfully held by someone else, who is not here in body, and with this body in my hands, its all so strange, i shouldn't be here but i am. I am as i am, here, voicelessly walking my eyes around the blue room, distasted by my own doings, slowly darting my eye into the painting on the wall, the only escape i have. Her portrait brings me home. Her smile, her glowing eye, pulsing blue, our soul. Sophia.

So i'd walk to Jersey for her. Heard the whole skies fallen down now, the sleepless heads of clouds lay their bed just outside her door with 17.4 inches of lift, then lift, lifting her outside her body and right next to mine, we are in the clouds now. Look there's the brisk winter winds which follow us now, we are young, but only are we given into the warm lilac glow of a twilight's smile, we nestle our dreams into silk, warm cloister of our dreams in the backseat returning to lifting perpendicular a cardinal.

Saintly directions led me to here, a book on life, authored by the writer of the book of Life. Leafing the pages of memory. Once i was kissed in a cafe from a woman double my age, she curled her long fingers through my hair while she rested her head on my shoulder and i read her a poem. With some people its really great, but that was just a moment.

I've truly met some people in my walk of life. I've ran my fingers like they were soft winds through the long smooth river waters of a woman's hair i love. I do not know the end of love. Je n'en connais pas la fin.

I am always in new beginnings. What is received with name from nameless, bridged by void, brought in through my own, to call it my own, it owns me.

The early mornings i whistle with the birds in. The late nights i paint to the chirp of crickets. Glowing in starlight as i calculate new constellations. All the dreams i'll sleep in for. Then awake just to watch them living and breathing before me too. I think only of falling in love. Having found love i am safely unknown myself, i know peace perfectly. I believe God experiences God through me while God really enjoys feeling me reverberate. I desire love only so only i see Love, feel love, am love everywhere. Even when i do have it as being important.

February 5 2021

I suppose i do superimpose my being into all i'm supernaturally seeing. But all beauty needs an eye. Nothing is complete in my eye without my eye. And within my heart without my heart. All i love becomes by me. I am the co-creator of this world, and made seen by the other world. I am to the other world as the flowers and trees of the meadow. I climbed a tree today, many arms i straddled with my own and threw my long limber legs like roots up the spine of the pine, straddled a branch many feet into the air and dangled my own feet like i were like the cloudless sky, fully floating and forever rooted in one meadow park. I saw all this lovely pine had seen in its long life. The running children, their supportive father slowly strolling behind, watching his young daughter take power over herself, entrusting to herself how far she'd run along ahead, tossing up the flowers and blowing dandelions fathom flight unruly and undaunted in such trust. That a child should be given the world, i agree. That i should live my life like time and space evade my intellect except to twist round and backward, i am the future. I keep walking. The boys boxing on the basketball court. You can tell who's taking out their father, their brother, their mother, any hurt they'd left pent smashed into the face of their friend by a loose fist. You could tell who could really hurt were those who'd been hurt. The father of the daughter watched them from a distance. She played on the white raw sienna sands. The sky nestled pink again between the yellow horizon and everlasting blue above, just like sunrise. Just like sunrise. Just like sunrise. And i started the awakening, the not day but a new one among night. I'm wearing the unknown, naked before the creator of the universe asking for a loop; who came before anything? Who could satisfy my desire? Desire-less, always desiring less, but full on all i have. Bridge of the void. Prancer deer stood shining in sunlight in the meadow. Otherworldly members are toes of mountains. Blue star, yellow lemon, doorknob collection. When it's always open. Peaches rain from the flower skies. Doves ride on high through my inner eye. Oh honestly i'm crosslegged on a chair walking back to where i was, is where i am, everlasting?

To make reality of imagination,

February 6 2021

Do you? Do you still love me. Like the still moving rivers. Like i'd returned to life and called you. Like every nearly was really. You and me is all i see in my closed eyes. I open them and its someone else and i must close them again. I am the stars of day to you. You are the stars of day to me. I'd rather lose the world than be lonely. I'd rather be here with you. And what's the point to living? To be living i'm sure, so here i am. I accept where i am. Meadow park. An impact on the world positive, beauty, love, establishing us our us of everlasting. To be where we are, as we are, our soul. In and into and from, take care of us, we are caring for you. Everywhere, everyone, every time. Thank you.

See, i need we.

These moments are buds on the tree of life. Pleasant as they are. Setting the stage of coolness, imprint of an intellectual to the dust filled, in my lungs are your lips, in my lips are your eyes, take me away, take me to here. Let me breathe.

His good, brave heart just went and slipped into forever. My soul is his soul, and i still walk the earth. He fills the winds now, Joel. He's all play. He's a divinities day, so long, so now, now what?

I play John Coltrane's A Love Supreme, he gave me the music, the genius, he gave me the music on a disc i played in my car on my way home from working at the coffee shop. We'd sit and talk for hours under the stars. We'd watch shooting stars. Only he i could talk to. Only he understood me. And now i've never felt so near, so bright, so accompanied in my lonely. I go searching for Rimbaud's Illuminations. I light the candle, i try, the wax is already burned through. My heart is a flame. I open to the poem Anguish. I don't like that one. So i go to our favorite poem, Genie. He is eternity now, he is my fecund Spirit. I accept.

I take a walk. The meadow park is dim lit by the skiptrace lights cast up the lateral horizon where the pail of sun has been lowered. When we spun away. Pale lights left with day. The meadow is fuller for being more open this evening, i am alone and feel quite empty, yet i am full. I think of life. I think of death. Wondering where i am, where he's gone. I feel him within me, beside me, playfully striding the flower field with me. I see a cat i name Murakami. We stand staring, 5 feet apart for some long time, i do a slow bow for reverence. Murakami understands, i can see them in eyes. Not to push the brink any longer i continue my step and our stride.

The skeleton beneath the beauty that clothes things.

February 7 2021

The smell of love lingers still at heart level. In these lonesome meadows, sometimes slips away. All time is in my hand. My mouth is an ocean.

It's a fancy day. Quite the pretty evening. Ash rose sprinkles glitter through the early clouded evening. Sprites shoot color waves through the air. Through and through i've a genius to my skip to my step. To be stripped like this, stepped into and splash waves of infancy, my dreams recollect me. Meadow tree holds me high, fun and phantasmagorical are the childlike thoughts i hold. Everybody in the future can grow wings, either its that or the slow posture i hold when i paint these colors. Hours into hours feeling the future grab hold and i go further still. I've only made it if the hour is fine where i am.

When the sun rises, the sun rises for us all. When a soul rises, it rises for us all. It rides us all. In the you make be heavenly, seems to screen, divinity divinity, lavish me scream my love out my throat and sing, like the morning birds do.

Feels like swimming with my eyes closed. Just floating, turning swiftly slow, dancing on the anywhere because baby when i'm dancing i'm atmospherical spinning, swooning song is singing me in, be inside be out, outta here back in time, put face for the race of rather being where i am. Swiftly dancing, slowly bubbling songs, warbling that water's rise day dreaming, gleaming in the eye opened by the sun, millions of galaxies in my mind, seen them in the light beams casting, pillars of color through the pool water, out of breath, just learning new ways to breathe, a breeze underwater, i feel the ease, the sways with me's, something up like a cloud forming, running the same sky, our endless roof, we and and especially you share, so i'll go down this long street, seeking you, somewhere in a sunbeam, by the lake it seems, swinging your eyes up to me, tumbling a drunk divine speck glimmering in a single slipping drop of rain into your brain, and you turn to someone, a memory you see, asking, has it begun? I felt a bit reflected. A rain drop, spectrum crackle color on the inscape of my skin. The landscapes of new masters, are in our brain.

So i walk through my museum: always is God; sistine chapel, the sky in our head; those trees, Van Gogh's painted them, embodied by being from the ocarina of time, yellow underskin bellied blooms of eyes; inside out is quiddity in this comedic room; Thoreau, Basho, on the path; Rimbaud found my filigree ash'd flower rose, nature newness lexicon, mnemonic nomenclature; the poetics of philosophy for Bachelard; Woolf invents syntax to the previously unspoken now everywhere understood stream to stream slipping sound of the ocean she heard, malevolent as it is toward malevolence, as she speaks as the pleases she muses; Hemingway tells great stories, gets in the head; Murakami got me talking to cats; Patti got me to run away from home, nearly die on the 10 west at 2am in Indio California, thank you! I needed that for my book, Headlights. Dove tails and blue stars; fiction is not thing to Camus, really i met us and we smoked on the college stairwell often; Emerson's by the fireside, alone not with me and the stars; De Saint Exupery, put me forever in love, with one rose i picked when there were so many roses; Goethe got me painting with his colorful eye; Chagall is up on the evening air; Picasso's the line in the composition; Stein owned sentences, sammies, piece of coffee; Paul never had a period, sensational ceaseless prayer of a prophet life, poet's authoring hand; St. Teresa of Avila taught me to swim deep, to open the vault; I got belovely drunken with St. John of the Cross; lost it with Majnun, Layla's all i see; David still harps the chord of my roaring heart; Rothko saved my life; Rohr keeps my intellect and emotion together; Jung's red room too; Ocean's in my dreams; Wet when Liszt does this; Beethoven's trill kiss; Angel Olsen's a wizard to my heart; Basquiat found with me demons of exclusion, gave them notice; Monet taught me water, thus all blending of one thing into all things, all things into one thing; did Lao Tzu's endless abouts; Rilke met my single solitude world and called it love; Kusama lost my mind for me; Oliver's the fawn i see has been seeing me in the mystic tree canopy before the swing of sky drops and i look up from the breezy naples yellow grasses and see; i see me, i see you, in all i see; See, i need we.

February 8 2021

O toast, a toast to the eternality. All of the forevers. The olive oil toast and bacon and egg on my green plate, a toast to you. To the sense, i feel you. Tune me in. Have me here. Prism and perfect sense to make sense. Color shows me secrets i cannot speak on. I am in the unknown. I'd tell you all about it, were there this eternal gaze located on anything at all. He stares softly into his coffee, who's narrating who now? Gesticulator of the faith, forgive me, i've seek and i have sought and i have to be seeking. Find me finding you again, in anything. One foot stepped off the brink, and the other, just floating now. Always have arrived.

I climb the pine trees, throw my hands up round a low branch and pull myself up, sap stuck to my fingers, stepping up the spiraling staircase to watch sunset. Its easy, quaint, came quiescent and left sappy stains all through the evening.

Rosary on the wall, lots of lost thumbtacks. The start to a great story begins shortly, lasts forever. I am rich in love, life is forever, this is my only wealth. Of all else i'm poor and a beggar at best. I walk the corners of my room in search for something lost, something to put into canvas, like a classic, flat, highly dimensional construction of an inner absolute, fathomed in getting up out of bed and doing something. Quite the joy. Quite the play. To not be afraid of anything and still on this ride, sometimes i lose control; and i'm not afraid of losing anything, for anything here's meant to reveal a peculiar transiency for which my transcendence is in being transparent. I'm not afraid of losing my mind, i'm only bored when i'm not genius. And when i'm genius i forget.

Less i get far enough lets not forget we are here to enjoy life, not to be slaves no matter how good a slave we might be. Being happy in love is the prime directive. Directionless as it may seem, life is life, and the only way through is life, so no matter your direction, it's life; and trust me, trust life, it's your good lover. Now get realizing your living, it's not enough to be alive to me, i must live a life of good love. Find me anywhere, find me anywhere but somewhere. I'm sorry about nothing. About being nothing, i am not. I'm all for everything. At least something. I see all finds a way as being life. I did not mean to hurt you, i only tale my accepted fate.

February 9 2021

To put it to word, etch an emotion in ink, overlay color by color by color the act is the joy all the more are revealing the life of God in play. Hold me dear, hold me near. Hold me fast, hold me slow. Just hold me. I long to feel you, feel from you, feel by you, feel you. Feel me doing myself down, downright i am all for you, up and left forever fantasizing for more and all of you.

Feeling my being being lifted up into the sky. Greens and blues, wash with the perfume of silence. If only the whole world could be as beautiful as this. Were we silent, quiet, blind to our selves enough i believe the would would be as brightly lit as this. Illuminations pouring in through the sky, i am the sky.

The box of my dreams cascades me in, is not far, is not put of reach, is right here with me mow. I am where i am and nothing more, nothing less. The world of serene bliss is this. A quiet look with the sky. Does the sky see me as i see it?

There are colors, bright lavish yellow whites eliciting Elysium heights in the hearts if me, soft pinks plush revolving my skin a reflection of me, deep pthalo blues smudgely clear with the unknown, pthalo greens putting the earth and atmosphere in reciprocity, whites are waking, deep magentas are spiritually speaking tears of the deep so close, oranges are a drift in and out and i nearly fall asleep.

In a dream of real accord, there are poems written in the clouds, quick glances of faces and spirits dissolving and reappearing. My eyes are no thing apart, they bring all within me, all is seen by what it is.

Were i not with someone i'd have let myself cry. Who here has made nature the art and this revelation is that we walk an ever evolving museum of natural wonder. Miracles are all around. All is in still wonderment, a happening of being, being lifted and leveled within the sky. So i hold the clouds in the palm of my hand, i taste the coiled and curled sea drifted onto my tongue, i finger the atmosphere into new shapes, put no space between me and all i see. I look from, never at. Always i am found.

Purer are the colors coalescence, the artist is not so much a creator as a door opener. Let what flows through the piece be nearer who observes it. Let the art be not a sole sojourn. We are in this together, sharing the same skies wheresoever we are. Are we not we? We are one in all and all in one. Species of the spaces we inhabit, inhabited by them and with them we carry our new persons into the fluxes of time. The clouds change, the colors change, the people change; we remain we.

February 10 2021

Really i'm all i am here, space walked the time in volumes of thought chambers pumping blood spectacular. Told the stories of the birds song. Swooned with the trees in winds of spring, bettered the days of me and my fellows with true sight, with proper depictions of the improper, dreams and reality bespoke by what's happening in through me. All these stories of where i am, where we app are; where else is there to go but where we are? Playing the chiming mind of our time, these blessed bells rings. They skip they step up along, going along is the pleasure. Uprightness and truth, teach me it, today, forevermore, today, forevermore, today, forevermore.

So still, still i remain still, so still

Light on the body, being broken and shoddy, terribly beautiful is the fate of a way serrated at the tooth of adjective. Espoused by an active thing, something which is not a thing at all and not an abstraction from a thing and all the more a nothing into something. Ad absurdum they cry! Ad absurdum, ad absurdum they softly accept with heads up to my head bowed into the warm shower steam water. Simply enough i've sought a recompose with all the in-animates become animate. All the new arts are out the box enough, i prefer spirals, no more a line. No less an idea. All the everything in an instant. I know nothing.

I feel this tinge of God, i am complete.

February 11 2021

To speak of it would be to utter every imaginable and beyond imagination elation of a sound, structuring a complete thing which at the instant of its completion flows unfathomed.

To be as i am is all i am, to be accepting what's beyond myself is being all i can be. To be all i can be requires a dark understanding. This is faith. I am me yes, i accept that. I am beyond me, apart of something much greater and beneficial than only me, i accept that, this is faith. Only the mystery of love can take me as i am and impart me with the beyondings of me. This i believe to be the flow of God. From here i make art.

Moreover than making art through my being, i am made to be an art myself. The creator of this universe lives through me in love. I am never without love, reason. I am imparted by patience, passion, in devotion, everlasting is the faith which is living.

What goes down, must come up.

What's infinite becomes finite forever. It seems the dark knowing constitutes a truthful notion of its own. By its own accord of faith, something very real, becoming still into our conception is in movement, is good love creating. Is anything yet understood. And still.

Recurring tiredness, a stipulation to time, leave us unending. Ever traceable today and yesterday and when tomorrow is today is and the next day has me about it again. I'll be riding the joy in forever, forever in joyous song, something beautiful about it. Reveal revelations, incantations, no conditions, nonconforming creations of new eras today. Okay.

February 12 2021

Heaven happens here. Happen you find me soaring in the thoughtful dreams, yes; dreams full in my thoughts is all they are. Passive personifications of jolly feelings feeling their way through the meadow with the wind. Stroking soft the plush blue leaf grass. I see purple winds. I feel yellow light. I'm bright blue and stupefied to be truly living this world of enchantment. My step into the field is a prayer. I am alive.

When climbing the old pine the new pine is climbed up within me. Level leaves expedient to be greening like this, this way early spring, not yet the ends of winter and still the other trees are getting back their leaves. On and still.

The smooth current waters, soft on the surface then the slight toe drag of an angels gliding by, these waters rushed with under the surface where thousands of light prisms talk theory on human nature, colorful castings of this mannerisms and feminine. Forecasting our sweet return to tenfold our eyes, more folds and we'd disintegrate, but i once lost my thoughts when they were mine, and i found i'd been entered upon by a chandelier of spinning lights we call dreams, i look into the flashy mirror, waving my fingers serendipitous to the kiss of bliss. This often as it happens blush upon my cherry face, a blessed erase and full encompass take to the life of a prayer, a simple prayer at that: Spirit be.

So the little white bug, only a newborn lands on my pink fleshy fingers. I blow hot air to warm the translucent figure, to bring up and loosen the wings of flight, let this night be warm for us together, when we know this is good: people who unconditionally love and believe in us.

Inside creek and song. Outside sounder swim. Among the level tier, a single tear of the veil, unveils the perfectly clear, image. Whoso is pleasure to the heart, steadfast and right in their faithful play to work, to sweetness of soul, serenades of every age, find us among the rest, put this heart to the test, let love live full amidst. All.

I get stupid lovely when you smell like flowers. When you let me go like this, and in all my fluid change you, like the skin which holds me, you hold me. You run your fingers through the blue streams beneath my pink. Play rhythmic overtures on the overtones of my upturned feelings, you are foundational and i've found you only so now. Where else do we go and we go within, we cycle out, we show up and we show out. We are about the stars, the songs of nature, the birdsongs, the creek harmonics.

The song of the birds sounds like you smile. You sound like the mirrors of abundance, of forgiveness, of perseverance. You bring me into eternity. I don't even know you. It's as when the stars look back, the sun smiles back. And together lay on our backs, looking from the stars, looking from the sun.

You've neared unto me like light. You've entered me like sight. Only Love is right.

And if i lose my eyes i see you still. If i grew up in other places i'd be found by you. If I were you, i do not know. Only you can do all that you do. We all love you, we do. You are most desired in your free play. Today is like everyday when you are everything, here is like everywhere when this is you. Not just in my sight, in my eyes, you are all i see. I've lost my eyes to see only you. I've plucked the stars, put no bars between, but breathed only light. I am no fight whatsoever, so long as you ever as you are, albeit be beloved, i am yours, you are mine, we walk hand in hand and we leave the same print.

Where they are, the people who have all they thought they needed and in receiving have felt further a peculiar emptiness, its a circle relapse. But i'm here to tell you you cannot be anywhere else except where you are right now, here in the instant of your dreaming thoughts; now. Holy Spirit meets us where we are, as we are, Singing in Spirit be.

February 13 2021

Find me in the trees, the ones you hear the birds singing, wanderlust winds rustle your hairs and the tales of God's wailing comfort sails smooth these white stripped trunks of gold ribbon. It's an image once conquered in conquest of such an ideation would put us to our happy heels and forward with such a thrusting cyclical momentum to say something along the lines of being found on the page, in the word, their coming together speaking we can be happy.

We, our show-fares of fortune to time. We, our very real love and constraint balanced by at times unbridled affection. We, our sense of our.

We disintegrate into the swinging rhythm of our time, and they call us timeless. We come flailing forward with the softest of gestures, from the many we are one; and they call us, us.

Heaven is a color, call it rose quartz. Put it round my neck and feel this weightless lift.

This gift of life. These colors abound, coalesce. Feel nature impassion, within these impassioned winds. Flowers blooming by the breath i share, the way she cares to receive the sun. To walk on water and hand me her hand, with faith i receive my movement. Sleep and wake, find me dreaming; good nights or good days, bad nights or bad days, all arrange me in the splendor of having only the present fulfillment of forever within - God's given realm of wonder, to awestruck joy? Unspeakable joy, oh joy joy joy. Jingling lights of the atmosphere, skinny columns of prisms and white bathed walls, colored by all surroundings, perfect image of the world of eyes, the song of every lip, savour us this feeling, feeing love take hold and true.

Were the skies any bigger, sunsets any pinker, smiles any sweeter, sun any shinier, birds any more sing songy; i'd laugh a little louder. Life is cyclical so you'll see me again, and i'll be new. I'm forever felt my fathom Spirit. All my colors are yours, all my days belong in your spinning hands. O time. I give in.

I hope i fall asleep this time. That i'll write a lovely little lullaby. And a love poem for two young lovers to unite their souls therein. Maybe it'll go like this:

Go in and hold me nearer than air

Where can i go without you

You are everywhere i look

You are me, as though i found some of my soul

In you

I'd like to get lost in eyes

Forever felt a bliss of your kiss, this

Seeing you, being you by you, everywhere

Is you, all the love i have, all for you

All the you and me vanishes

Only is love

They write like they'd seen shooting stars. You hear them only when they are in love. However lasting may be their song, so long as they are in love they are singing. They are loyal to truth, honest adherence for who and when and where. This moment in all time asking to just be lived, and fully remembered only by itself, in forever walking, is the bells greek? In circles. Only circles, we sleep, we wake, we dream always. Zs

February 14 2021

This is what your art sounds like. High bells gong lateral, chandelier's dancing in my eyes, love, flowers, children playing, wind through leaves, smiles, real dreams, dream really, wily and wonder, awestruck play with the Creator.

Emblems of sojourn, savor us our savor you savior. Sliding smooth currents, my emotions of still water moving through the pearly eyes of your stream. See me swimming, only floating on my back on by and by. Whensoever i've been alive, the times we pick and we pluck from the berry bushes, bustling our joyous attention the warm sun glow, the shining angels of our atmosphere, who've waited here long and day for our way to be their way, our playful adherence in principles of love. Lettered affection. Lot of unknowing to find today. To be today. To be alive on the brink of forever new worlds, all these soft lands unexplored, who explore us so. Whoso you are, i do not yet know, but might is say, i love you so.

Maybe i've felt this before, this all growing floral array of something deeper than only affection. To be in a thing i know, call it flow. Found for whole, being whole, she's total. Love.

Have you ever felt your entire life lead to a single moment. And held it forever in eyes. In her eyes. In how she holds somehow my soul. Some forever connection, all happened in those kind of moments, those nights which were the realest living dream. We felt and we feel. I feel my life completes with you.

February 15 2021

Never too long on the ground do the faintest shadows flicker, fathom the level of beauty we see. The prettiest of colors we inhabit in all we see we seem to become, in our love we become one.

Total time tome. Who could fill our hours, our eyes, with all love. Tell me everywhere i look is God. Everything i feel. All i hear. Who has ears, eyes, hands. Is anything realer than this? Could it get any dreamier? Longevity take me.

Longevity could you hold me, she is eternity, in brevity of everlasting breath.

Time is our greatest asset. Our Union, perfecting love is our one Soul, so Spirit filled, abounding in Presence. You are here, nearer than feeling.

No where i can walk does not have you on the way. I said teach me your will, teach me your way. I attuned my desires into righteousness, set forming actions for love - you who is love, who is color, whose light's up within, illuminate this love. Has me in will, has me of way, eye of my eye.

Eye of my eye

Lover you are right

Where you are supposed to be

Everything

Of need is within

You

The prettiest of colors

In being seen i become

Total time tome.

Who could fill our hours

our eyes, with all love

Who has ears, eyes, hands

she is eternity

perfecting love

is our one Soul

eye of my eye

February 16 2021

Do you see time? Through those rose quartz eyes. I see your eyes, everywhere i look. I feel the beat of your heart, in my own. I see your footprint, when i walk the meadow. In my peace print, else it were the drifting colors of clouds. Lessly were i to compare. This moment is everything. Bless me with your air, you are nearer than air, more tangible than feeling, necessary as life.

As real as our shared dream, we are a movie, the movement of opening scene, spleen and soul bathed and swathed in ways and awes of waves and particles beaming bright these lights of sun tonight.

And when i kiss you, i feel angels speak. When you touch me, my body trembles good. When we hold we as one, i am forever held. I am comfortable. With you i feel safe, i feel found, excited, safely at the brink of time, embodying all space, leaving our love trace everywheresoever God's grace might place us. I hope its with you.

I don't believe in romancing life, life is just this romantic. I just love life. Life.

Forever

February 17 2021

You are dreams. Dream and wake. And wake the dream.

They're cleaning windows. Of perception. Who wakes the eye of really seeing? Could it be that me is only reverberations of we. To see is to be. In all i see i become. I see for love and i am love.

Color of sky clouds in late sunset.

Naples yellow oil tinted up in streaks of orange tones

Purply dew of pinkblue deep sky behind, sets the play

Thick cumulous ash rose red magenta blue deep purple clouds gradating into deep linen fringes

Light yellow lemonade with too much water substance nearly grounds the lower sky with a pinkish fuzz atop, delicious. Gotta paint this.

Thirty-seven miles i'd walk for you. Wishing you are here as you are and all is lovely set puzzled mystery of love into piece, perfect fit. We're just two stars adorned the toothy grin of a smiling moon. We're just a step lateral yesterday, because infinity found you and me. Forevers all i see. All i see, forevers, forevers. Fosolong as there is, there will this love be. Beauty, cheeked, red and rosy party of stars show up for us everynight. Moving up under the moonligjt, we're like angels, thrones of spinning chandeleirs, our dreams are the clay touched hands of the creator, reality follows us, see.

Watch me prove it. Not like i gotta do it. Please just let me hot hop color wave, watch the serendipitous bliss, tomato, evergreen, star rhone, wander sienna paint streaks of morning clouds in my breakfast coffee, word-walk, moonwalk, could cry bar line for this, ever seen poets spleen shoe screen pap the the sound of visual tap, they call that synesthesia; it goes blue, yellow/ pink, red violet trinity of monochrome. Up to the lake water blues dressed in filigrees of reflecting stars, you take me higher, visions got me looking pretty - see the green short grass up to heads of my hairs, oh my love is in you, only in my mind, only it was real, and i can't be not all up about this light, oh heart aflame, oh love can't leave me tame.

Pink mystic fuzz film over perception of life. Some linen nights in your eyes. Tearing the veil with saint yellows. Never seeing this naples yellow since many years i once dreamed. Dappled freckles further back. Bright orange street cone, headlights then with my head return. Vairon pink. Magenta lip kiss. Caput mortem, deep dark oak. Naked night blue. Littlest forever of purple. Ensheathe into light linen blue. Cherry tomato lip. Evergreen cypress swirl jade. And gold. Raw sienna and yellow ochre aboves. White fluff clouds foam. With wine stains on our pants.

From word walks, from seeing you stepping in smiley moonlight on the lakeside. You walked along the moon, the light followed you, shone in thousands of glimmering shimmering just swimming the smooth moving waters. Played yourself to tears and i nearly cried too, who's so beautiful in their sound.

February 18 2021

A bee flies by my window and i know its you buzzy and happy wishing a good morning. Good morning.

Streetlights, star lights in eyes and water on hips. Flow this lip lavender, slow this steady goes us, take us starlight, a walk up into the moon, these skies, these sunsets, cherries in the water. Feta and tomatoes touch on a peculiar class. She's grace and she's bless, magic in a life, real.

Swooning in sunset streams, beams of light find us each, touch on our souls and in our hands we play the refractive sound, the reflective sound, the reverberating feeling of being had through.

Glass windows can't hold back my light. I'm seen up and through moonlight basks, star's settle on my cheekbone and my muscles relax in the hot pool water. Her soul swims up to me. We spin in moonlight.

February 19 2021

The goal of everything is everything.

February 20 2021

Do you look? And what for? When i look for love i find love. When i look for hate i find hate. Right now i look for genius. Bless is this piece upon the palace space of my inner sanctuary, bells toll, bells tell to tale the street cat sauntering the sidewalks of personhood. Do you hear them speak? The wonders they tell. Some will say this is merely simulation, this miracle, i love in constant. I live in constant miracle. Through piss and through bliss i will this be only: love. True to the ups and the downs and the laterals and all between and all encompassing i am. Everybody's about it, everything's in it. It's the name over every name, and we pretend its nameless.

So the streets haze this late winter weather of sunset oranges and pinks pulled up the deep reaches of inner space and laid like long bodies slipping into love, the everlasting, the forever be. This moment is all i see. I am blessed to be living, beat and breathing.

-

Beautiful life. Swinging chariots of lips like water into water. Our grandiose coming together is the simple eye in eye. Soul, sing i am love. I love you.

February 21 2021

In all of my walks have I yet stepped the whole meadow? In all my thoughts have i yet found you whole? Being always in process, procession of illuminations give me light of you - you, my light. The brightest joy of all life is realizing i am alive, when in all this living, this constant miracle, i am bereft no beauty, no terrifying meekness to be the bliss kiss of light on all. You are light. And i am love. I am has me speaking. I am love. Like light into light i am faced in God and wheresoever, whensoever. I am in love. Love is you, love is me, love is we.

February 22 2021

Walking within our heart of hearts, in forever now; singing i am love, yes; yes you are.

Strolling the metaphors for nature, this city is anything but impersonal. We are the eyes of love, watched in through by our heart's desire, the hands of love hold us when we fall upwards. We slip our thoughts past the serene panic, stroll past the milkman; love calls us: come back love. Like the creek behind her home these waters run smooth and still in the city of palms, we leave the underneath of streetlights. We are the prime of dust, playing in the alleys like streetcats. We find a bridge across the city creek with paintings. One reminds me of a piece my friend made, she's no longer living, and she's so alive in this painting. Love knows no end, friends are forever, paint may form with memory, words may be written in a trail, feelings entail our swirly step on. Passing orange trees, we take our hands as one. Peach and pomegranates minding their own business. The sweetness of stillness, no words could tell of this feeling, this pure being of us. I am love, that is all i hear - in the pink air of sunset, the blue plush of a soft horizon, her warm hands and hugging hold, the paints, the waters rushings, the purple and yellow flowers, the gang of streetcats with their band of arms in their soft purr kisses. We, these streets and true love of being just alive, this constant miracle, this is love.

So 10 floor stories high i see the stars come and settle on the city skyline, flickering phantasms of feeling, of thought, of fine colors arrayed in the most glorious light display. This land is ours and in us we shine, brighten smiles and warm voice for the natural.

February 23 2021

All in gardens misty wet with rain do you walk from the space of my dreams. When i rode my thought trains of pink, their dynamite plight for eternity, o bless me with your sweet te jours. Your day is my dream. Your way shoots happiness up my veined spleen. When i sing, when i sing, i sing from your lips. Bless us again when we upon the plateous of perfection sought only our grace humanly met divinity rose up into the midnight skies of blue green endless, no horizon line in sight, only your eyes wonderful stepping up the steppes of gravity, the gravity of look from, when you ahead of me satisfied my lines in only looking soft and glazed by walk and talk in a garden misty wet with rain. How we wrote in fertile earth with these feet. Today. When you and me laid our heads on our heads and we slept and we dreamt the same dream. You handing me some jade stone, beauty blooming blossom sprout of mystic revelation, and a pink acumen, misty wet with eternity. You looked in my eyes. I looked in your eyes. From one. Soft and long. Sweet thing. Fly in again on angel’s wings. Be yes, be to my come here, the i am love. Write it in a reflection. God. Dew of our endless day - wet my bare toes. With the softest touch. Meet me alway; in our meadow. Oh me oh my our.

February 24 2021

Eternity happens here, now.