

Visions From Beyond

I am bookish,
I find reprieve in the
Thoughts,
Feelings,
Worlds,
Friends,
of Time's Great Minds.

I love Philosophy,
Poetry,
Metaphysical Myth.
The Symbolic Image.

And yet my learning,
Tempered in the flames of the above,
Pursuits in Time
Comes not from this Realm,
from Passing Time & Physical Space.
For in the Climax of
Silence,
Images Abound.
In Shedding
my Mortal Coil—
I see Angels.

My Teachers Reside in Silence.

The Lady of Light.
She Hovers Above
the Black and White Checkered Floor.
In her Window,
The Earth Shines in the Light
of the Sun.
Robed in a Flowing White Dress,
In Light,
Her face shines too Bright to be Seen.
“We are but passing Through Matter”
She shared the Aeon of Creation,
The Essence of Generation,
Seed,
Tree,
Fruit,
Seed.
Germination,

Maturation.
Flowering, a Seed Falls.
It finds 'The Cold Sleep'
& Warm Germination.
Quaternary Progenitor of Becoming,
of Motion & Time.

Ah, to FEEL an Aeon.
Pure Potentiality,
The Infinite Nothing,
All Manifestations,
Everything and Nothing.
All Rivers in which
the Aeon's Water has Run,
and Yet Aeon is Nothing,
Pure Potentiality.
yet the Eternal Dimension of Manifestation,
Moment of All Moments.

How now am I to communicate with Language?
When I Have
Felt?
Seen?
Been?
This is a very Sad Excuse
for Communication.
the Poverty of 'Language',
Impoverishes our Being.
Language Constructs
Our Peripatetic Shackles.
It is the Root
of so much Human Suffering.

Each Day I Find,
Truth in these Words:
The more you Do,
The less can be Seen.

Now those who Know Me,
Know Me only through the Silence
of Love.
Without Silence,
I strike the eyes as
Simply Mad.
And that in a World
Where Madness is Criminal,

a Sickness to be Medicated,
to be Dominated by the Psychiatric Clergy.
the High Priests of Modernity.
Dogmatic in their adherence to
Economic Theology,
To their First Cause,
Matter...
Thus they Sew Order
with Domination,
and Reap only Death.

But there is always the Fool's Hope,
My Hope,
For "when you step into the zone of love,
language as we know it becomes obsolete."¹

It has been said that we find Stillness
In the Climax of Motion,
and I know this to be true.
What must also be said is that the Climax of Stillness
Brings Motion
Energetic Influx,
Visions from Beyond.

Bright Lantern in the Dark Room.
the Dragon of my Soul,
Two Heads
of Ice and Fire,
Swirling White
Body of Cloud.
Sun Sets,
the Sword Pierces the Lake;
I am Illuminated.
Eternal Light Permeates
My Being,
Bound by Eternity
in Eternity.

I may not always find my Rock,
May not find a permanent reprieve
from the Winds of Time
from the Passions of Manifestation.
But I can always FEEL it,
and Thus am Protected

¹ Rumi

From that most Sinister of Passions
Doubt, Fear, Hopelessness.

Ideology and Belief
are Thoughts,
but Faith is Feeling,
Being,
The Living Light.

My Faith Shines forth
from this Light of the Setting Sun,
My Rock,
And my Being is Warmed—
The Thaw is Begun,
The Ice Coating my Heart
Melts into the Blood of my Spring.