

to read the world

This world is thinking through you in the only way it knows,
as a child sent out to fetch the wisdom
for its mother draped in rags.

This queen with eyes burned out has no knowledge
of the hive, no sensation in her boundless legs,
just the autogenic peace

that enacts a flood of eggs who multiply in love,
and fulfil themselves in sight,
as they die in carcerating fear,

as yet unbothered by the knowledge that their honey
stays alive.

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Go forth, child, and scrape the dirt from underneath a nail,
but assess the ways in which that matter happens
to penetrate your bounds.

Breathe incessantly these different airs and taste
the dust of varied life;
watch carefully the dance and play of sorrowful endeavour,
that unfolds around your radius as we bleed
into each other,

only cores of conscience holding forth
against the rain of calling arrows
that implore you to attend to their piercing threats of love.

Walk the streets and scream your knowledge to no visible open ear;
the ground instead will take your suffering
and the long horizon -
 infinite crevice -
will unfurl to hold your precious crumbs.

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Know that crumbs make bread, not the other way around,
and that this loaf will form itself
to feed your blinded
 sorry mother.

It will nourish those who follow too,
and give them fuel to build a place
that has and always will exist in its
groping dream to know.

A breathing feeling place that we call home and calls us 'child',
but is simply us in calmness,
stark alone and without thoughts,

apprehending the dazzling pulse of pain
as the blood and yet the veins,
 both the blood and still the veins,
the flowing water and the overflowing cup.

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Now watch the flight of birds across a wide, carving river
before you prevent a fatal jump
by tugging forcefully at a collar,
and feel the heft of bunched attire
 as a sensation just as bold.

After all this, don't presume that things tumble in their unknowing;
that they don't deliver themselves unto you
with purpose and intent.

Behind the curtain lies a language lies a speaker lies a mind;
the aura of a mountain is an intense communication -
portentous air, that heavy linen,
a desperate, washed up, scribbled note.

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Love is not some accident, some beautiful bracing chaos,
but the blood and yet the veins,

the river and its flowing,
the very fact, *the very fact*
that unfolds all in its search for knowing.

Return from this adventure and be content to be at all.
Be there in your gentleness -
simply be there in your openness.
Read this deceptive, aching world and listen to its eternal chatter.

It will hear you cry in all your ways;
old friend, sorry mother, ancient love.