

There is a hole in the pavement,  
the contrails trace  
delineative patterns  
below a scattered cirrus,  
  
eyes turned in opposing directions ?

a fly alights  
the lens of a camera . . .  
is it banal *now* to speak  
on focusing on the minutiae  
that clogs the conscious mind  
with forgetfulness ?

as such the dead leaf still crumbles  
beneath the weight  
of any form of matter,

we need not be specific;

but wherein lies the ego  
and its intention,  
its need for an autonomy  
that breaches the perimeter  
of its own  
ontological citadel ?

opposing natures only  
appear as separate  
to the eye,  
there must follow the trace  
the mind delineates  
once it perceives  
itself  
above the cloudy labyrinth's  
placation and play  
in matter's dualities,



Clouds as metaphors for transience . . .  
substance and light  
curious manifestations  
subsumed in a visible architecture:

*the idea(l) of perfection  
looms within every cell,  
is it enough to know this,  
yet deny its reality ?*

certainly there is clarity,  
it is the focus  
that fails the eyes :

*at times a sun appears, indistinct  
and lost amid the surrounding structures,  
the sundry-weeds that occupy a noonday's countenance  
extant amid the (mind's) enormities  
of clutter and insignificance,  
a crow's trajectory that appears undefined and random  
to the observing eye . . .*

it matters not if  
the imagination manifests  
this space designated:  
reality,  
it is in the fragment that finds  
its own place  
in the building of a mind's conjecture:

so much that is is  
hidden in these abstractions,  
obfuscations and clarities  
alive in the blood,  
so much that cannot be delineated  
in the focus that forms itself in transience  
and dualities,  
reflecting only what engages the mind  
*immersed in physicality's reality -*



Want that we are  
    oblivious to the knowledge  
    that animates this existence -  
a bell in the distance  
pulsing resonance  
    the aperture in the doorway (letting in)  
    the outside world (essence)  
felt as an invisible fabric -  
    the visible universe  
    likened to a clock,  
        ancient knowledge  
        stirring the primitive root -  
insects instinctually vanish into the thickest,  
    the pace quickens  
        and we appear  
    an older self in the mirror  
but our reflection does not change -

()

Who speaks of mystics  
embroiled in uncertainty?  
a candle burning  
from both ends  
    and a faith which hovers  
    somewhere above the dividing line  
    of fact and fallacy;  
  
as if ones motives could be  
deciphered in the light  
of a *true* objectivity . . .  
    now Olson's gloom seems  
    a more oracular utterance  
    than when first penned,  
who knows where  
his 'box on the sea'  
    now drifts,  
it is only this oceanic illusion  
    the mind creates -

The mind's will  
    deviating    impossibilities  
to assimilate  
                intuition's absence,  
a lacuna gradually apprehended  
peripheral modes  
                altered  
consciousness . . .  
                a teleological mindset  
                that desires    an apocalypse  
to purge the blood,  
to cure the ills of its own  
undoing,  
the notion that a termination  
must inhabit  
    all forms of matter . . .  
speak now to when  
    the mind  
    transcends the chains  
of its own bondage,  
its own mortal immersion  
    in the limited synergies  
    of ephemeral structure -

( )

To speak in abstracts  
against the wind,  
    dissonant echoes  
    in romantic tonal windowdressing  
attempting to hold the tempest at bay,  
    it is a futile attempt  
    to breathe life into  
    the inanimate straw dogs  
    that gather at the gates of a mind's eye  
trying to decipher  
why the bone of a contentious ontology  
lies buried  
in the inaccessible parts  
    of the human heart -

TRUNCATED ONTOLOGICAL IMPRESSIONS

:

to live totally for the mind  
to live totally  
in the mind  
a lab-rat chemical-death  
(l)imitations of reality  
voices in the spiraling vortex  
the thunder that looms  
in diffusive articulations  
the cloud mass moving thru  
the (e)motion of stasis  
the vagueness, luminous in potential  
the obsessive minuteness  
structure evolves  
painterly faiths that aspire to three dimensions  
all talk of being  
a metaphor to instill a self with a face for an identity  
a ghost circumnavigates  
the leafless branches of winter  
the crow's  
obscurity is only a music  
to denote the poverty  
lingering in changeless pockets  
the abyss  
the mind formulates  
from fiction  
light castellates a new moon  
Wallace's  
*'uncertain light of single, certain truth'*

()