

I–The Freezing Point.

Detailed analysis of daily thought
Could it ever be more descriptive than this?

Sensations biting at my soul ... ‘Come out, come out, whoever you are’.

What resonates in my mind?
Rhetorical puzzles and puzzling rhetoric....

What has happened to wintertime?

Always wishing for spring–though little changes but ones mood or point of view.

Tra la la/ I want to be happy/ But not misinformed or delirious.

Paralyzed force–the music flows outside–the moon is nowhere to be found–I think of
her–

lost in the folds of time and space.

I’m dissolved, displaced...all is absent.
I will die someday in a mass of great water.

Something lies between why and when. There are sounds that take on delightful form...
praise their cognitive warmth.

To stop or simply pause. To stay or go the distance. I remember old spring evenings
downtown. How strange and inconceivable, definitive and low key, aggressive and full of
laughter.

Blue red paper dreams, alive in this waking hour. Subliminal words on walls...words I
now forget.

Tropical storms–will she have me or hate me?
Golgotha reminds me of Macbeth.
Waves, crests, sand, remind me of those eyes.

Silence is the only bearable thing in a one light room...
no predictable setting...me, myself and I...an unholy trinity...I call out in the fog,
hearing

voices echo in the tunnel.

II-Open skies.

A deluge of rain will come and wash away all those unwanted instances.

She stepped inside...

I sat in my chair, my eyes wet, the evening sky free of cloud, the ground heaped
with snow...my condition worsening.

And I could not trace those voices...so achingly beautiful...those voices that
were such strains on this brittle mind.

She fled without saying goodbye. I ran and sat down by the ocean.

A festival of new fire prevents me from seeing this world collapse. I move on to
familiar ground...lowering myself...drinking when I should not, living
because it suits me.

No one sees or cares to look—a flock of citizens—common talk—common scribbling.

I look to the sky and see endless blue.

Endless, endless, blue.

III-Equilibrium.

Can I see beyond the tunnel?
Beyond all the buildings and ragged roads?

In my youth, I saw beyond life itself.

Speak to me and I will listen.
Touch me and allow me to achieve silent death.
Leave me and watch me blossom.

A door opens—another closes—the corridors are an enigma—I myself am a mystery—
at once instance a light, the next a godless mass.

Forgive me father for I have sinned.

And perhaps she believes in quick hate...and I assure myself I admire her still...she
smiles

and I quiver.
Who will follow in these steps?

IV-The True Eye.

Paradise—between rivers.
Also: Cain and Abel, Adam and Eve.

And from the Womb came a Savior...

Forty days spent...leopards and juniper.

The cries recede into the tunnel, my back to a wall, smoke in the stale air, and a cup
of tea on a varnished table.

I offer a prayer to heaven and wait solemnly by the phone...
Could He have lost my number?
To dwell without purpose is commonplace. The grass will grow taller, and the bees
will collect their pollen...by season's end I will no longer be seen...covered and
at peace.

Then someday I will rise and slowly walk, using the stars as my guide.
Learning the myth, learning to cope.

Once more the ocean calls—a tangle of mystery and beauty, emptiness and cool
breezes, low tides and high waves.

Hear me now!
...a rush of wind, so fast, late one evening.

V-Permanent Daylight.

Everything seems unmoved—full of inertia.
Self contained—splendidly calm.

This is a New Day. And with light comes vague hope, vague dreams, vague
memories.

Is this the Other side, where the voices once cried out?
Fazed by warmth?

I see no one—I only hear myself—she is gone as well, once again lost in the folds.
Come again soon. No more pain. Shift to the sky. Blue, endless blue.