

Imitations of the Void

Seeking

Counting my pieces
again I left one out,

so I wandered,
wretched on the mount

seeking Him.

In the dandelion patch,
a child on a mat.

“The Master’s gone out
with the breeze,”

He said.

“Sit with me and listen,
He could come again.”

So I sat,
wretched on the mount

seeking the wind.

It whispered
its best stories
until it ran dry,

and I looked the wind
in the eye,

and it was quiet,
the wintry mirror.

“They are always like this,
those who come for me –
emptying themselves
on the breeze.”

I looked at the child but knew
The Master had come and gone.

Dhyana

I thought about flowers enough to become them.
I found myself falling at night like the sun did.
My petals went brown each time it got cold here –
Marigolds stiffen, frostbitten, we splinter.

I thought about space and nothing was something.
Loving is being, absorbing, becoming.

We really only want to do things once we've done them.

May 31st

A crisp green about it all
breaks a sweat
every time
I just want to move a little.

My last bowl was
grass clippings;
I think someone shoved
the whole lawn in the grinder.

I can smell honeybees
sweating the breeze,
and boy do they love summer
when daylight gets stuck in the moss.

I keep getting my daylight
stuck in the moss,
but it'll be safe there,
I think.

Marooned

splinters washed up with
yesterday's current,
subdermal,
my moon chips off deep

pin pricked me apart,
spaded hard
under my sweet

shockwave shudders,
my cave claps
with the swells

Davie tells me
cold stories
tonight,
bonfire annotations
shadow my walls

yesterdays acted out
in smoke

I build universes
in my spare time

Davie tells me
he like them

In the Middle of It

I think
therefore I've been
doing this for so long that
I can't even remember
why they turned the lights on
or if I called you or you
called me but
I've been grabbing
on to whatever I can get a hold of and
each time the song changes
I lose track of what
we listened to before
but I know we've been
going along with it
for as long as I can remember
and maybe if I could only sit still
I wouldn't feel like I'm falling all the time
'cause truth be told,
most days I can't even remember
what it is we're all trying to do here.

I see constellations
in the way we spill brightness on each other,
bubbles slipping sideways
in tight spaces,
the soft edges painted
on your event horizon,
you breathing back to me.

It's hard to see the stars
with all these lights on
so maybe
I'll sneak away
to that grassy place
between the Milky Way
and the mosses
where the oldest tree in town
straightens his spine
and breathes starlight
knowledge through
porous skin.

Lend me your backbone, Guru,
and let me look up for a while.

I look intensely for outer-space
but can't see past the black dress
she wears to keep me honest.

I am a fish
breathing salt
desperately trying to find the ocean.

I am held up
by each branch
I hit on the way down
and it's difficult to make out
the sunlight reflected in the water
with the rainclouds
casting shadows on the subject,
the wind rippling
patterns in the stillness,
my root network
stuffed into boxes.

The picture
in my face
reflecting you and dust
and mountain,
dancing for the oldest tree
until I am different from the other things
like space is not the blackness,
like the ocean is not a salty drink.

God watches
a million sick children
pretend to be dancing
on the edges between
oceans,
and we give each other names
like we've ever gone missing
or ever been broken,
but I've been breathing in and out
enough to forget the difference,
and everybody knows
what an orgasm feels like
because I am that moment
before words when

Gatsby's Dutch sailor
held our collective breath,
and I am transcendental
like Walden in my lonesome.

Growing up inside this nesting doll
to bigger bodies,
pressing bubbles
tight enough to stress the filament
and slip into the air around my skin
to fill lungs of smaller
gods across the galaxy
until the universe is my body
and I am perfect,
shaping atoms
to rework the
entropy balance
I've been mistreating
like my tendons,
but Guru,
I've been trying so hard
to press against you
until your soft bark opens
to my patient supposition
of your flowum map
imposed in my veins,
spitting chloroplast
minnows for a softer swell,
and I know a lot of people
that cut themselves
because it's so hard to remember the rules,
but let me tell you here, dandelion,
that I've been blowing softly across
your seeds in the hopes
that I might spread unwanted beauty
to unsuspecting places.

I spent way too many life times
trying to fill the world up with *Om*
before I started listening to
what's already there.

There's an old joke sitting around
and if you can remember it
you smile
and everything feels okay.