

Falling Awake

The Sea

The sea has a way
Of reminding me
Of birth
And death

The great mother
With her water womb
Lulls me
To sleep

And I dream
Of a bottle
Birthed on the shores
Of another world

I wonder if anyone will find me
Going out
The way I came in
Water on flame

I cry out
Lost,
My message
At sea.

The Secret of Creation

When my heart cracked, the whole universe did.
I peered over the edge and let the abyss pull me in.
There wasn't a lot to see; dark matter of forgotten dreams mostly.
And speckles of light, white and blue windows, in the 4 dimensional canvas.
I sank deeper in this space
Until a red orb appeared
Pulsing
I knew this place
Where He does art -
The two become one.
That's what love is!
Still
Beating
Together
In the sea of dreams.
7 billion broken brushstrokes painting the masterpiece.

Dark Matter

Dreams are so fleeting
Made of a material that flickers out in the waking world
So color them
With words, or write of them
In art, a
Medium for translation
Between the worlds.

Marvels

Dreaming
Of being a circus performer
No pressure to feign sobriety
And I Am
On a spiral stage
The Milky Way?
Balancing
A living orb between my feet.
I run and it spins,
I push it away and it returns
Every time
Flawlessly
Naturally
I indulge
On the marvels
And slip
Into bliss

Falling Awake

A faun
Adorned, in war paint, white
Bade me
"Come"
Into the woods tonight.

So into the woods I went
Mercy!
He was heaven sent
With a furry flag of white
Dancing in the late day light
Mystic music in the air
I was awe struck
Hyper aware.

Then awoke into a dream
Found a pan flute and a gypsy queen
Brought both to the other side
Once a thought, now alive
Glad to learn
For heaven's sake
How to finally fall awake.