

Thresholds

I have seen without perceiving
I have been another man
Let me pierce the realm of glamour
So I know just what I am.
- Van Morrison

I. Green: A Dance
I found a way to enter.

The luck to find the threshold,
With the broken limbs supporting the green heavens,
The ivy carpeting the moss,
Was a ticket of its own.

The morning's dew rolled down many of the ushering fern's fingers,
Gracing each ivy leaf
A miniature shimmering token.
Spears of light broke through the foliage
Every spear for every token.

A slight fog dressed the ivy's stems,
And with it,
A gentle wind,
A silver wind,
Merged with the fog.

The ivy performed with grace,
performed with balance,
performed with emotion.

Succumb hither, Succumb hither.

I slid through the green cloud,
I left the earth,
I closed my eyes.

Succumb hither, Succumb hither.

Green foliage wrapped me,

The dancing ivy lifted me,
The light shed my tears;
 I was performing in a ballet.
A ballet,
 might I deliver it with as much grace as I might submit it,
Led me to the exit.
I did not want to leave.

Succumb hither, Succumb hither.

I wanted to dance.

Succumb hither, Succumb hither.

But to the mother,
To her green skirts,
To her fluid jewelry,
I was done dancing.

I found a way to exit.

II. Red: Bleeding Feet
I found a way to enter.

Red stones,
A maroon mosaic mast,
Birch wood tendrils,
Wrapped into one another.

They pushed and pulled and grabbed and released
Chaos coursed through their red coats
I hated this place.
The ivy gradually died into this threshold.

The green faded into red with much attention to detail,
For the Mother and her Anger swirled together,
The colors were evenly placed;
 I swirled with them.
I was mixed with the colors

The ivy
Which covered the stones as if they were a mere obstacle,
Slowed its dominance

Alas; the stones were conquerors.

I found it harder to walk on the stones:

 Their surfacing heat,
 Their arbitrary jagged edges that cut deep into the soles of my boots
 Their redness:
 it was dreary and sickening.

I was dizzy

I could make out faint purples:

 tiny splotches that manifested as much as my nose from the corner of my muddy
 eyes.

The world circled with its royalties.

I could not identify any such rhythm in the swirl

I could not identify my feet from the stones:

 My blood dominated my skin.

III. Purgatory

I found a way to enter.

I found the third threshold.

I stepped in,

Quite aware

 of my errors of...
 of my judgment of...
 of my actions of...
 of my repentance of...

...Moving forward

Yet I moved forward.

I hoped that my revelations

Of the Red Threshold

Would lead me to another exit.

I did wish,

This exit

Would be pearly white and foamy with happy bubbles.

IV. Blue: Peaceful Lost

I lost a way to enter.

I was not there yet.

I was on a beach.

I might have lost it:

 I was at peace.

The threshold was blue.
Sand
And water
Swirled together and arched in the sky.

It was peaceful
I loved it
My bloody feet
Dug into the sand
And
My emotions
sifted into the earth.
I had finally found a place where nothing was needed of me;
besides what I needed from my self.

I stood on a dune
Silver wind blew the tall grass
Carrying beams of light over the blades
They looked like emeralds.

The wind carried
Thin sheets of sand:
The surface of the beach.

The wind carried
Thin sheets of emerald grass:
The surface of the beach.

Emerald grass swayed
The sand danced among itself.
Silhouettes twirled around me
And I spun with them,
laughing with great joy and freedom.
I spun down the dunes
I rolled down whenever I fell;
I made it to the bottom without a scratch.
I laughed the whole time:
eyes shimmered tears
cheeks shimmered roses.
I was free.

I looked at no exit.

