

Green Windowpane

*I eyed an infinitesimal iota of green gelatin
tweezered from a magic vial in front of me:
Windowpane...what a joke this must be.
Doubling the dose, I waited for my trip to begin...*

*The window opened into a hidden dimension,
colliding with my vision of a stable reality;
a kaleidoscope imprinted itself on my totality—
color, form, motion, all fused in my perception.*

*Lite-Brite was never quite so fascinating as a child.
A lit cigarette became a blazing wand trailing
afterimages; freeze-frames distracted me from inhaling,
as the glowing butts breathed, beheld, and beguiled.*

*My dissociated hand sprouted long, tapering fingers,
melting like a warm votive drawn to the fire;
the wax drippings attracted the attention I'd require
to spurn the burning effigy—a flashback memory still lingers.*

*Days passed that night; confused at first by Time—
the alarms blared from the sky and boom box
in stereo, then echoing polyphonic: clocks, clocks, clocks.
At last, the ethereal Pink Floydiness began to chime.*

*Before, or maybe after, I heard the electric warcry
of a Voodoo Child, machine-gunned, in a purple haze,
bending bullet-paths with a wah-wah pedal, eyes ablaze,
touching down into my atmosphere to kiss this sky.*

*This was my experience, one different than any before.
I can return to it only slightly through the wormhole
of remembrance. Altered-states of consciousness I do extol,
but not this way any more. I've found another door
and I have left it ajar.*

Blowing Bubbles

*Inward I go
closing blinders
breath drawn in
pucker, part, depart*

*Whispering out so
gently expiring
into the mirror
through a mystical ring*

*Kissing the surface
of cleansing elixir
the film convexes
reaching outward
letting go*

*A delicate structure
the bubble shimmers
framed by endless sky
glimmering it hovers
above lingering
then spirals high
spinning slowly round
an invisible axis*

*Inside this universe
all is transparent
to its inhabitants
looking from outside
through a different lens
light refracts
images bend and blend
the seer is reflected
projected onto the surface*

*When the observer
peers through this medium
surrounded by iridescence
again appearance curves
boundaries blur
the life within is masked*

*Looking outward from within
the enchanted orbs
with the right vision
one can perceive
other realities
floating by
universes untainted
by the human desire
to control*

*In my dream
most bubbles popped quickly
but some soared higher
searching for perspective
freed from illusion
gaining stability
insight along the way*

*These chosen ones
existed forever
persisting and guiding
affairs from afar
but always remaining invisible
to anyone claiming
to possess all Truth
contained within
their own reality bubble*

*The vast majority
in this realm
were created
by human beings
when life was breathed
into them through the ring
affixed to the magic wand*

*Unable to handle the altitude
the most zealous ones
burst the quickest
as they encroached over
into another's boundary*

I awoke effervescent

Driven

*Fueled by emptiness
my transport is
stuck in reverse
I keep adding mileage
but never get anywhere*

*The map I inherited
gave some direction
although the author
had a somewhat
different destination*

*It is assumed
that I must find my way
following their map
remaining lost
if I ever deviate
from their plan*

*I know exactly when
I make a wrong turn
since I've internalized
the map so well
I feel their pain*

*I find myself seeking
others with similar maps
similar directions
trying to find
their way home
also lost in the dark*

*Tired of idling
I idolize a savior
an object bringing me
to my destination
a starting point where
I don't have to qualify*

*But this never works out
because my savior
has their own savior
they're looking for
on another track*

*Instead of venturing
into new territory
I turn to the past
a dead-end so familiar
I don't even recognize it
as the path I'm on*

*I've become a passenger
helplessly stuck in traffic
too often forgetting
I am the driver...
but more importantly
I am the map-maker
free to create
my own path
through any territory
I choose.*

Sisyphus

*My Sisyphean boulder
weighs the same
yet I've grown
bolder, stronger
the wait has been long
but now over
I rest this burden
atop a plateau
and breathe freely
surveying the landscape
contemplating...*

*I could nudge it
roll it off the ledge
watch it crush
memories of where I've been
the struggles I've overcome
and put behind me
it would careen out of control
speeding down the mountain
and be smashed into fragments
dashed against the wall--
the rocky foundation from
which it was born.*

*But, no...
this rock was meant
to be borne again
I've traveled with it so long
we've become friends
it has taught me everything
I need to know
about persistence, hope, happiness
it has witnessed growth
atrophied muscles finally
flexing with a purpose
training against resistance
to build up strength and endurance.*

*Looking up I see
another mountain to climb
the boulder lying at my feet
awaiting a push
it shall go before me no longer
with a shrug I lift it
onto my shoulder
and take two steps forward
then it falls back
rolling all the way down
to the foot of the hill.*

*I feel no surprise
no discouragement
it is exactly as expected.*

*Knowing lessons learned below
carry over into new heights
I feel genuine confidence
piggy-backing on past success
lightening the load
making virtually all uphill
struggles surmountable.*

*It's time to re-unite with my mentor
to engage in conversation
while we take another stroll.*

Wishing Well

*A visual echo emanates
from the entry-point of his musing.
Concentric rings race from the center
of the reflecting pool
butting up against the wall
of a finite reality,
a wall imposing limits
regarding what is truly possible.*

*The waves dissipate instantly
at the point of contact
with the concrete barrier
containing the watery universe
inside an existence limited
by stultifying boundaries,
disrupting the rhythmic
outward pulses of fluid motion.*

*Tension is felt at the surface;
beckoning from beneath,
thoughts stir in the depths
from a mysterious consciousness
seeking to renew its breath—
To become alive again
embodied in a different being.*

*Another glittering coin is flipped
into the air toward the target;
the token arcs downward
spiraling into its chosen destination.
Ripples radiating from the
splashdown surge forth
flowing through all barriers
standing in their way.*

*The growing waves
gain momentum and power
transforming into
an oscillating field of energy,
branching out in all directions
encompassing the surroundings
in a bath of scintillating light
penetrating all the inhabitants,
imbuing them with a sense
of purpose and heart-felt unity.*

*The tide then recedes without
leaving a wake in its path;
no evidence is found at the sight
no possible explanation
for this implausible scenario
have ever come to light;
we have only the tale
of a single witness remaining.
To the skeptic, the outside world
the fantasy is easily dismissed.*

*The only mystery left to explain
is the twinkle in the eyes
of the well-wisher
how he has changed so profoundly
how he seems to infect everyone
with a knowing smile.*

*The villagers know him well
even though he usually remains quiet.
He believes that if you remain
on a higher spiritual path
you too will eventually
bear witness to miracles,
not needing tangible evidence
or theoretical explanations,
to justify yourself
or your beliefs
to anyone else.*

*But he is a humble man
never proselytizing.
He finds great satisfaction
pondering the mysterious beauty of Nature
and probing for untapped resources
within the human mind.*

*You can only hear him
when you're ready to listen.*