

“For the Eye altering alters all”. – William Blake

OCULUS MUTO



Marvel the eye of the altering mind gone dim on the body
Witness the quaking eyes shimmer of the mad hatter lad poet
Like a Shakespearean tragedy in the starkest of moment
My God my gods! Their eyeballs scream in hearts lament
Staring on yonder, like animal eyes trapped in a primeval cage
Bard croons on—Why hast thou forsaken me in all the age?
Father Time’s fallen parade revel atop the Everyman Stage.

No escaping the drama of humanity or its transcendental hold
Ponder the prophetess saint...Blessed Mother of Teresa of Calcutta...her secret told
A half-century muteness from Christ smoldered her faith with desolate cold
A cross Mother carried in radical love amid the dying and poor by God-thirsting zeal
But an eye-altering spell upon both psyche and soul casted in a subterranean seal
Declared the “Dark Night of the Soul” christened Mother Teresa’s mystic ordeal
Like a silence rung beyond the cosmos in ghostly rhythm to the Book of Job
Under a masque Mother hid a vale of tears, stalwart in her Catholic robe.



And while the planets and stars dance in choreographed fusion
A monstrosity invisible as God hides in costume illusion
This creature waits to be woken through chaotic confusion
Prince of Shadowland we’ll call this eerie-eyed bloke
Every sin, deception and hatred spawn from its shadowy cloak
Imagine ye olde deluder Satan...A fool’s Halloween joke.

Beware of Overman or Everyman whose feral soul steeps in blood-lusting shadows
“queer as a clockwork orange.”

Center stage of the mind presents Theatre of the Berserk, in living carnage
Medieval artistry paints a morality play of savage spirits in marauding procession
Surreal impressionism transfigures berserker aggression into alien eyes
Floating delirious in hyper-expression.



The hero’s bold loosens berserkers hold in forgotten lore
Smashing the faceless alter ego’s wretched whore
More profound, Christ-knelt passion unto prayer and silence evermore
Ravish mind and heart to agape peace, a gift of holy fire.

Heaven knows, before the culture of death God was truly alive
Shooting stars recall the twilight voice of ancient Socrates to arise
Cosmological faith lit up Einstein’s telescopic brain and stroboscopic eyes
Everywhere a universal God was truth no theory could demise
Or blow your own mind and chime a nursery rhyme
Jesus loves me this I know for the bible tells me so.



Escape to paradise lost, a poet-painter engraver, his kaleidoscope stage
 Stood anarchist visionary of London, Sir William Blake (1757 – 1827)
 Who was revolutionarily knighted prophet and sage
 By a tribe of purple haze hippies tripping up or down the nuclear age
 As Jimi blasts Excuse me while I kiss the sky! Sister Death strums goodbye.



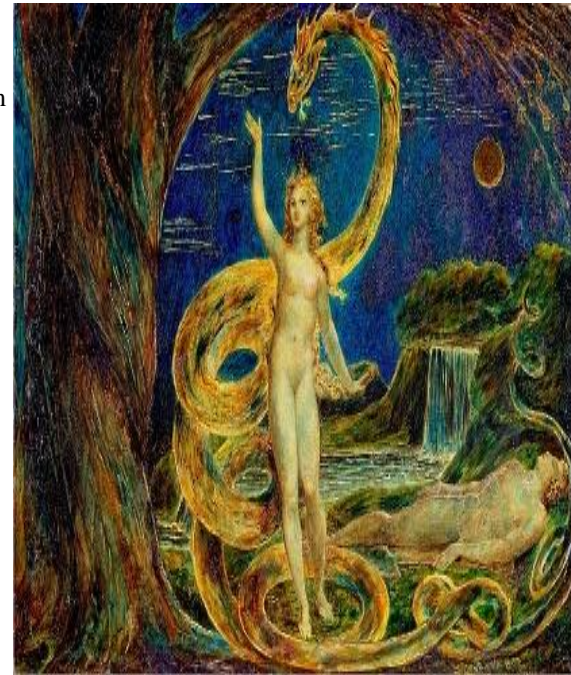
So too the Englishman dreamt symbolic reality thundering alive and awake
 Mythology merges with First Book of Genesis according to Blake
 Adam Eve and the serpent's psychedelic ground zero
 Cosmic creation the glorious lone broken hero.

As Sir William the artist steps through this mind-altering realm
 Rebel in wonderland, where his roiling colors overwhelm
 Hence Blake's all-psychedelic eye falls in double visionary spell
 Reflecting how the celestial dragon and humanity fell
 Creating The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.

There Blake's well journeyed mind dualistically wandered
 Evil's true origin, so he wildly pondered
 Till God and the Devil become two-of-a-kind
 A zodiac work of a mastermind.

Poet-wonder William Blake found no epiphany
 In heaven or earth
 Mind – flashing visions like a 1000-eye symphony
 Blake meditating helter skelter eternity
 What of the mysteria of evil's primordial birth?
 Brews mightily inside the Mental Traveler's
 Forever worth.

Dramatic the naked eye flickers...
 Unto it's mortal gears.



William
 Blake