

Pearl

By

Daniel Johnathan Reurink



Poetry Chronological from September 26, 2023 - October 17, 2024

Table of Contents

1. Perchance
2. Tears
3. Chambers
4. Syllables
5. Escape
6. Fern
7. Gold
8. Nobility
9. Walk
10. I
11. Fields
12. Spaces
13. Valley
14. Archipelago
15. May it be
16. Dust
17. Ore
18. Doorway
19. Slings
20. Shadows
21. Nobody
22. Alchemical Latin
23. Path of Life
24. Sing
25. Intensity
26. Play
27. Tenth Muse
28. Beginning Time
29. Galaxies
30. Contemplation
31. Homer
32. Faded line
33. Midst
34. View
35. Radiate
36. Song of Time (Sonnet)
37. Space-time
38. Boundary
39. O thy muse
40. Weary and Weak
41. Passing dust

42. Strings
43. Story
44. Digits
45. Silent noise
46. Before
47. Fields
48. Throne
49. Cast
50. Oblivion
51. Pirates
52. Long ago
53. Waves
54. Lyre
55. Chaos
56. Stillness
57. Below
58. Beyond
59. Stars
60. Stream
61. Emerald
62. Earth
63. Streets
64. metaphor

Perchance

I saw, perchance,
What fancy seen,
Mountains so tall,
While glistening,
Aye, thy fountain like strength,
Passages in the valley's quaint.

The ravine, dare say,
Does benefit a fall,
Comparing visions like hold tall;
Up or down, which route both takes,
Us towards the glorious fates?

As sunshine shining; as ever burns,
Turn and turns, coil like ferns,
Hidden mystery; to thy grass,
Snakes hiding behind a mask.

Revel thou at how the light;
Appears soundless in the night!

Although, at points; river's switch,
Circumventure of serpentine abyss,
Thoughts heard, seldom indifferent,
Fallacious herds in suggestions.

Yet though rocks are usually hard,
Burdens to bare like tree's stealing aqua,
Towards both ways though it grows,
Upon the mountain's tectonic fold.

And sight as thy spoken word,
Yet not talked about; always birds,
Flock together in a like nest,
Leave and fly towards that tis is blessed!

Tears

Single words drop like tears,
Rains cleansings clears,
While grieving old fears,

Flowering ancient mirrors.

Tapestry of woven chords,
Multiple weaves of before,
Future living beyond stars,
Caught orbs as pulsing doors.

Mysterious web of threads,
Continuous state of when,
Analogous to gravities bend,
Logos crafted, chaos friend.

Light and dark the painting force,
Constant state of reflection's course,
Interstellar source,
Fabrics of the North.

South ravage due slings caught,
Voided in the knot,
Places olden shown as plots,
Tapestries of woven thoughts.

Miracle of the weave,
Million spokes connecting,
Hub as centers living,
Circumvent correcting.

Chambers

So cold the chambers,
Deep within a heart,
Memories to remember,
As a canvas of art.

Pain stings the experience,
An effect after the cause,
Judging by appearance,
The basis of moral law.

Soft embers of sorrow,
The haunt can sting,
Remembered in tomorrow,
The light living brings.

Darkness gives to shame,
As evil sprouts guilt,
Reshaping life's name,
Alluding to what was built.

An idol for any to be,
Only goodness is light,
Soft snow echoing,
Cold is the dark blight.

The difference of gates,
Which art do you see?
Life balances as weights,
Which way through suffering?

Sacred to thou ask,
Blesses sings a hymn,
Sorrow of the task,
Cause and effect is sin.

Syllables

Syllables caged in a bar,
Looking at the moon, living in a star,
Why wonder where we are?
Strange how things haven't come too far,
Violence, suffering, pestilence and war,
It's like we have all seen this before,
Open sesame at a locked door,
Inside a way to pass Ja'Far,
To take the empire; sovereign Tzar.

Living on the edge but still aware,
Hibernate awake like a bear,
Living in a dream, words locked in a lair,
Speaking thought and time, musical layers,
Spheres of rings in orbital stairs.

Step up on the rhetoric,
Words staircase as alphabets,
Aligning to the rudiments,
Of elemental composites.

Different layers, crack open the way,
Light shines at night in another day,
The blight's theater of global replays,
Intricate orchestra singing through clay,
Moving stillness as words on display,
Yet only heard through its own ray,
Each moment to shape its own today.

Escape

Can't catch me, I escaped,
The hate that split-ways bifurcate,
Reduced to a base, precipitate,
And participate like dusted weight?
In the solutions mixture debate,
Solvents mixing different states,
Compensate as catalysts can separate,
Chemicals change, connect and break,
Crystals reflected upon the fate,
Different orbital dates,
Cosmic thought like a lake.

Contemplating upon words escaping,
Why the hating? Opinions always splitting,
Reduce the words to basic, talk or waiting?
Either way participating, words weigh in,
Upon the statements different saying,
Mixing thought and opinions while debating,
Which catalyst sparks while radiating?
Fusion of elements upon the connecting,
Crystal perfected shining,
Whispering syllables while singing...

Words sparkle like magic betwixt,
The cosmic rudiments, connected mix,
Mixing solutions and weights to basic,
All as one idea in the circle radius,
Central as precipitate, perception reference,
Circumference of lights adjustment,
Fires tempo flares a furnace,
Where flames design the elements,
Making the universal picture perfect.

Fern

The whispering grass among the fern,
Where fields roam and daffodils swirl,
Like a place beyond inside we see,
The inner outer majesty.

I walk theses chambers,
Deep alone inside the halls,
The memory visual upon a fall,
Beneath the wells and walls.

So solemn the dance of light notes of sung,
That strung my lyre, noted as wrongs,
To sing, ah, to reveal, to preach the verse,
Of why the universe uses words of hurt.

Oh lightly gaze upon this place I enter,
Where cold the well beneath the winter,
Frozen still freezing the cold ice looks,
Upon the revelations of these books.

The notes strung through the muses before,
Opening, unlocking, before the door,
I see into this place rarified,
Where wonder instills the verified.

The emerald buildings, crystals sky as tall,
Where like flowers strong among the thrall,
The brush of shield a woven craft,
Among the branches of many drafts.

The single book written in the middle,
Upon in which the fires swindle,
The connecting song to the music opens,
Us to the entrance of hoping.

Musing upon the seldom walking fields,
I see into where I may yield,
Self a story written in words,
Upon which that perception curls.

Before salvation led the race of men,
Up until the place of when,
The door to which you always ask,
Where do I live and preach my task?

So when the key in the door allows,
The presence of spirit to be avow'd,
The song of water moves the stream,
And connects us like a motion beam.

To be lighter upon each day,
Is the play of the way,
To follow light fields upon each bar,
As spheres encompass at large.

The macro of the race of all,
The micro of the small who fall,
The similar mythos through the ocean,
Of swimming pearls current motion.

To string the notes seldom glistening,
Where the row of flowers still are whispering,
From first to last the notes have begun,
And strung through the note and song.

So see into the dancing tunes that lived before,
That opens light unto mysteries door,
Like a light shone before a shining lamp,
To live before the way that damps.

The soft dew dropping each rain,
And to the essence of suffering and pain,
To live to they pain, thy last resort,
Living within will and repertoire.

So be strong, do sway with the wind,
Speech in kind and in kin,
Brothers wells of chambers seen,
Mansions to rooms unclean.

Like temple doors and swaying curtains,
Sometimes life seldom loosens,
The strings the hope the rate of us,
To which love we hope we can touch.

But fancy this upon the noted lyre,
Love is what is seldom clear,
It behooves the melting grace of now,
And proves in heart that somehow,

The motion of two connecting, in song or muse,
Beginning at the point infused,
Where the rays of light listen and dance,
Upon the will of songs and trance.

The eye that sees these inward things,
Seldoms is heard while speaking,
Listening to the voice of inner silence,
Is where we hear the loudest cry of violence.

The suffering well as all without a plan,
Is the highlight we see in man,
The race beyond that watches from moons,
Different flowers sprout too soon.

Seeds sown upon the tapestry woven inside,
But also thrives as a living surprise,
That that cosmos we see within the glory,
Is also outside in the universal story.

The point of muse befalls and gives notes,
And strings the pearls of swimming hopes,
So sing the song of flower and light,
For each day is yours to fight.

Gold

Through the gates of gold I enter within,
A pearl found while deep swimming,
I look upon the thought traversing this land,
Beyond and still within the plan.

It moves within and without such a grace,
Upon the will of a smiling face,
To see thy land as peace upon life,
Tis the flowering through pestilence and strife.

The slumbering eye speaks with the voice,
Is fate but a destined or willed choice?
Is it upon the force of motion's chorus,
To sing a song of the universe's source?

Inside the fleeting sublime moment,
The strength through long lasting torment,
To survive the stake of the all the same,
Is to live without the sense of names.

As desire a fancy toils upon the man,
That thinks in control thy own command,
Can least at chance look and object,
About living inside the subject!

The form bestills, yet the crystal moving slow,
Upon thy own land, we will sow,
So to reap the harvest of our words,
To open dimensions that always twirl.

The centrifugal force emerging inside,
Where songs are heard and life arrives,
The subject open to the law of order,
Beyond the will of no limits border.

Yet water's emotion excite the still current,
Moving the through through the firmament,
To spheres below, above and beyond,
Can be harnessed, captured, and sung in song.

The golden opening to see the thought moving us,
Is the love we seldom touch,
A single stroke of the pen waved in wand,
Like the verse was sung already in everlong.

The flowing fields flowering delightful dances,
Fancy revel upon the different circumstances,
Where the thought living inside moves about,
To shape the pearl around the directions route.

To further inside, to see the pearls sung in string,
Arrives when clams have openings,
Already made the luminescent marble radiates,
Inside the darkness fire illuminates.

The earth though, gravity upon the muse,
Befalls upon the source of confused,
The fire dancing have connection strong,
Yet water's density can be found in wrongs.

And the breath of wind, airs singing voice,
Has no gravity other than which course,
The earth a marble to the magma core,
Upon the revelation of the door.

Different elements mixing with no gravities solution,
Improves a deduction of euclidean motion,
Where coordinates without reference arrive,
Upon the light that we live inside.

So many parables of men and light speaking to me,
Upon the revelation of the still motion's sea,
The current deep, like wisdom's grove of green,
Upon the design of the poetic stream.

Like moving water through the many fires,
Emotion and will still alone combine,
Into though the mercury flowing about,
In which way and any route.

Yet the body of earth, the den of the rubble,
Upon which gravity has it's trouble,
And wind, the essence of motion moving,
Can be captured with silent listening.

Muse befalls the door arrives,
Living in the place deep designed,
Depthful armoe's among the tree's,
Flowering, glowing and photosynthesizing.

The sprouting seeds among the whispering fern,
Reflecting still yet flaming burns,
The beauty inside within the home of word,
Emerald sapphire, platinum diamond gold world.

Nobility

Before kings, queens, and nobility,
There lived among us a creed,
To fashion the land upon faith,
To risk the ambiance of fates,
Weaving like a chord struck around,
The fleeting moment sound,

Capturing verses among the race,
To each own at their own pace,
For swirling in notes and song,
To wish for love to everlong.

So ride the wave of the instrument,
The will of Glastonbury Tor, a testament;
Of marshes around a filament,
Tower strong and well up-kept,
The will of all as the one current!

As a lamp upon the far away hill,
Where mounds of ground wash filled,
And over and under again holds still,
Love dancing upon the compiled,
Of a tower seen from any mile!

So smile upon a friendly face,
Like the ground holding still while it shakes,
The state of the human race,
Separate before you connect through grace!

Different notes sounding a symphony,
Of muse befalling a melody,
Where flowers sprout from different seeds,
Just like the note of creeds!

For how can all but a single sprout,
Transform itself into any route?
Upward skyward to roots in mounts,
Holding still while swaying about,
To anything but light touching its mouth!

So lighten the day, spark will and the way,
To search the star inside the play,
It is actually an interstellar soul play,
Memories long before from a different galaxy!

As seeds sprout universally!

Flowering pedals like a tower on a hill,
Looking at light, but preaching while still,
Does fate combine and design the will?
Aligning to source upon a thrill,
The waters hold chambers deeper stilled.

Yet how fancy revels upon light notes of song,
Where to see this, it's to see fairies dancing among,
The words spoken to thus the light,
Upon the fold and dynamic blight,

Disorder upon the fray, set in motion by the light,
Before the darkness holding all in night,
But perchance a fold to set the aeon right,
Upon which seed has the strongest sight?

To see into beyond, the will of spirits strong,
A form without form where but thought moves among,
The light and darkness dancing and wed,
Among which seed grows light and which dread.

Yet all as one, to chance the sight of the fold,
Is yet a story untouched and untold!
Fires still deep in the current holding by all,
Yet before the will, the preach, and the fall!
Although some towers stand strong,
And survive for currents without wrong.

The final dance upon the words delight,
Is melody or harmony, either insight,
Yet words of chaos without orders esprit,
Designate you in the black of a dark night,

The soulless expanse reaching the fold,
To depths of harrowing pulling cold,
Yet these spoken hallows of forsaken memories,
Is long past part history,
Like a note strung in a different reality.

So preach the song that feels to you right,
For deeper thoughts dwell in night;
Yet pearls of insight found deep in the cold,

Can warm while you live bold!

So chance a dance, chance a stake,
For speaking your truth is like martyrdom's sake!

For plans are different but always the same,
As each seeds contains its original name,
The origin of seeds can be seen in one thing,
Time is the universal seed of energy!

Walk

Walking a world of light upon light,
The inner sound of music's delight,
Harmony tis stringed along and sings,
To all of us universally!
A harped chord found within the shifting shores,
Listening to silence, opening a door,
To lands uncharted and beyond worlds!

Light dancing notes like fairies silent,
Inside, without, as pervading shyness,
The hearted melody of swimming in thoughts,
Capturing presence as pondering lost.
Deeper chambers swimming to the depths of the hell,
Colorful ambiance within does dwell,
To release the song and the spell!

Black asbords the first radiating light,
Darkness capturing before the blight,
Upon the face of a malleable source,
The heat of friction starts the motion's course!
Golden alchemy from the chambers bright,
Light upon light allows the escape of night,
Holding, stilling, transcendental sights!

After, when, the red begins to fire,
Inside the residing desires,
The destruction of who one flames to be,
Escaping the inferno flaming controversy...
One multiplied by one, like times like,
The only way to avoid a strike,
Is to be divine like a pheasant with rights!

After the chambers cool and the white purifies,
The shadow's demise, light upon light arrives,
Connecting a hope for a brighter future,
The faster you walk, the faster it blurs!
Yet as white cleans, reflects and cures,
The song of the harp also allures,
A mystery alluding to another picture!

Further up to the vertical sense of no limit,
As beyond the sight of northern fluorescents,
Coloring a picture of light without light,
Upon the sky, gravity upon the Earth's orbit,
The blue radiating a calm sea current,
Like white before the moon's crescent,
Which pulls the water upon the firmament!

Arriving thus upon the higher sense,
Is an emerald cast of green angelic!
Calmly orbs shine into the testament,
To love the heart of all connected!
In the depthful wells raging torrent,
The one pearl shines permanent,
Collected all of the colors ultraviolet.

So fires connect while the blue emotion pulls,
The winds lawless to gravity, the earth centrifugal,
The laws of spheres shown through thought,
Seeing into the lands without naught!
Beyond the limits of the nebula's frost,
Starts a window of formless folded rust,
Until the golden light touches the dust!

I

1.
"Who is this walking the chambers"?
"It is I"
"Who thou art?"
"Thou am I"

2.
"Who art thou?"

"Self I am"
"Who reveals self?"
"I am the mystery."

3.
"Who reflects thou mind?"
"Perfect natures witness"
"Who art thou witness?"
"Thrice Great!"

4.
"What is thrice?"
"The one in Trinity?"
"Whose Trinity?"
"King, Priest and Philosophy"

5.
"Who reveals the sight?"
"One in the many"
"How does many grow?"
"Seeds you sow"

6.
"How did light escape?"
"Witnesses visual states"
"Where does dark reside?"
"Shadow as light as lies"
"Like upon like arrives"

7.
"Who is light?"
"Light upon light"
"Who is the ray?"
"White color play"
"What stage?"
"The pearl days"

8.
"Beyond within what?"
"Star solar soul"
"What star resides?"
"Northern pole"
"Vertical limit climb"

9.

"What limit of time"

"Infinite vine"

"Whose branch?"

"Light be touched"

"Golden sources through rust"

10.

"What sings muse?"

"Apollos singing light"

"How is it sung?"

"Simplicit songs"

"Less is more strung"

Fields

Walking light notes amongst the fields,
The more you sow, the more you yield,
Forever a looking glass of eternity,
Framed by light and energy,

Different rays selecting the dance,
Of where your well goes such in trance,
To paths where different flowers sprout,
Like stars and moons in orbits about,

A way to see the playground we live,
Upon which we our thoughts do swim,
Upwards to breath and open air we strive,
And depths to grow the roots ancestry,

To look backwards and know that in the now,
We much base our life on lessons future how,
We seldom touch on notes to and fro,
Higher the orchestra, deeper cores below,

Where notes are strung in valleys and hills,
And sight is seen within the inner filled,
To see the contemplated, and contemplator,
To slow motion in general relativities' blur,

As silent views are seen in the host,

Upon which way our will can coast,
Emotions so deep the water holds the damn,
Of light before and after man,

To arrive upon the dates we do not know,
And always today has another tomorrow,
For eternities chance to strike upon a ray,
Is to see refraction of light in our days,

A rainbow to help the protection of us,
To see into the beyond in a single touch,
Each star as its own light as light,
To each own ray and say upon the blight,

To weave the words and spell of it's fold,
Upon the flower filled manifold,
And sprout the names that are needed to say,
Each of their own to their own way,

Like attracts like, same as the same,
Collecting around mass and continually gains,
A sense of gravity, pulling it all,
To gather amongst and together in the digital,

To spark life unto it's galaxy,
Is essentially universal to the space-time sea,
Fluorescent waves of flowers that arrive,
Upon the daylight we touch, we survive,

To see lighted emeralds cast upon the noted song,
Is heart connection weaving chord strung,
A harp that sings words of light upon itself,
A story writing the essence of the self,

Into the particles that dance upon the dust,
Of what we love and try to clutch,
Yet fairly slow the dance of the fields,
Has now had a chance among the words real,

And as the song ends into the flowering light,
Stars still sing and shine in the night!

Spaces

Feeling spaces never felt before,
Melting grace into amore,
Is it an opening door,
To the depths of the soul's core?

Does the expansive silent sound,
Escape while lost, never found,
Beyond the border of the ground,
Nothing still moves around.

A form without the gravity,
Asunder strings pulling reality,
Connected to general relativity...
Time is universal in the seed!

So tempus notes unto a heart,
Crying patterns often restart,
Into a supernova display, painted by art,
Light's waving, as so be it starts.

Yet as shifting feelings collect painted,
Upon word's inner sanctum,
Embers heart burning soul sacred,
Illumination to the forsaken...

One is ignorant until the eye sees,
Awakened totality of energy,
Where notes drift to empathy,
Of soul's inside a tapestry.

Valley

Like flowers growing in a quiet valley,
Some things can sprout from sounds nothing,
A vision seen below in the universe,
Each singing their own as their own hurt.

Like seeds thrown among a tapestry,
Star's can dance during epiphanies,
Like a lightning strike upon the ray,
Illuminating all as one upon its day.

Beyond in still the essence floats,
A presence upon the singing boats,
Towards the light we note our songs,
To hit the chord with what went wrong.

Suffering transmuted by photosynthesizing,
Negative thoughts into love's imagery,
To see the vision as one looking blind,
Help shape the words of living fire!

Valley's below containing a dancing star,
Of the blight upon which we are,
Exploding praise, a nothing upon the flower,
Lighting way's in every hour.

Sometimes though, the honey amassed and collected,
Is not harvested by the connected,
Simple strings to different hives,
A nexus dissonance to keep alive.

Where pollinated combs of the living path,
Speak in words divinely craft,
Where dancing among the flower fern,
Light can touch and can also burn!

So what is light upon light in the night?
Dancing fireflies in sight of delight!
A mosaic of colors painting the pedal,
Blooming universe in multiple meadows.

As many seeds thrown in a desert oasis,
Where springs arrive by clouded stasis,
A strife suffering cast around by rains,
To thy pain, living has showering gains!

To be a light upon the sight we see,
A painted universe singing metaphorically,
The lands inside seldom sung about,
As visions below, above, have vertical routes.

Shaping imagery in shadows and colors,
A rainbow picture perfect wonder,
Where softly the rains absorb on the flower,
To sing differently in love or showers.

A gentle pause to reflect on the said,
A music is to give to those without bread,
Divinely orchestrated the flowering,
Spreading the light of all giving!

So dew'ly morn the fresh rains can crash,
Upon the will of the sprouting staff,
A vertical climb to the sky's limit,
Of a flowering life giving spirit!

To give in word's to sight and help,
About which we we run about,
To give to others and not expect,
To receive or remark by the subject.

For a void remark is an idiom spoken,
Of whose tale of light be awoken!
A refracted ray upon the rainbow,
Of light opening flowering sight windows.

Gateways to lands unseen and uncharted,
Upon the vision when so departed,
A chance to revel the fancy of muse,
Below, above, to finish the infused,

A hidden valley of emerald cast gems,
Lost to the myriad called men,
Hidden walls inside the chapel painted wonder,
Of mansions and rooms to walk under.

Many sown seeds among the tapestry spoke,
Let shining orbs reflect your hope,
As the more we light unto the path of all,
The more we resist the crime of the vertical fall.

Archipelago

Switch the dj, tempo original
Basic flow, volcano explodes,
Switch bars to a metronome, starting to glow the stereo,

Up and down like archipelago,

Beat harder than a painting by picasso,
Bass hitting the tone, weapon audio syllable,

Little harder bars; a peaceful criminal,
Softer on the star; rhythms digital,
Whips on the tar, a visual
As notes hit afar, refill ammo,

Up and down goes the combo,
Beats about a different tomorrow,
Mellow on hits borrowed,
Yet nitrous like audio,

Mixing master sergeant, faster with targets,
As not long ago, mixed song in vertigo,
Tornado rep on the show, feelings high and low,
Passed tonal, it sparked an inferno
Yet back to back passed the lesson, mixed together, what a blessing,
Yet back to back passed the lesson, mixed together, igniting lessons,,
A hit of beast and tension, volcanic expression, magma beat correction,

Up and down sing the quo,
Of visuals beats like michelangelo,
Melodies of rudiments soul,
Crashing the flow of volcano,

Flowing still while drifting clones,
We sing of the drones,
Original beats and a solo,
Written by the crew you know,

Up and down,

Up and down like archipelago,
Beat harder than a painting by picasso,
Bass hitting the tone, weapon audio syllable,

May it be

The word was thus and so be it may,
That light was preached one long ago day,
To seek it's kingdom and temple shining,
As God over all, united and aligning.

The veil betwixt the bridge that expands,
Forming a link to different lands,
The sands of light forming the ocean,
Between cosmic ray's own motion.

A Heaven both ways does thou unfold,
Within the atom's framing words foretold,
A dimension of what was with our God,
To cleanse our way and clear the fog.

Long lost temples claiming religious affinity,
And some are a mythos to our history,
Yet between the bridge connecting dreams and life,
Both ways can sprout, as either love or strife.

Shores moving sands around the shifting day,
To keep your face to the Sun is the way,
And as the play can be united,
By hymn, song or dance enlightened,

To still search the word as before the ancients,
And live within the moment's matrix,
A hope of future sight for all men,
To investigate their soul again,

A symbiosis to the preaching Word,
Where all flocks together, yet a different bird,
And the law of flying as one is always linked,
Between the messengers who are synced,

As twas riddle me this upon the written said,
The way reason develops is order wed,
A disorder upon the way sunlight'd,
Forming from chaos as reason brighted!

For universal temples are home like stars,
Connected to each other from distances a'far,
And the different veils of coloring light,
Unfolds its own spectrum of ignited delight!

And darkness growing with it's own frame,
Allowing the light to spark and radiate its name,
It clears the way of fog and dust,

To our will above shall thee put your trust,

So walk the shifting sands that shape time,
As each way of their own is unique and sublime,
For the crime of the fall connects us all,
And thus we must create and construct the stall,

For which way do we turn unto the light,
For One with God unto all illuminated bright,
The strings and rays of cosmic muses,
The lost chord found, likely confuses,

So tread lightly upon the word you say,
For light and dark still represent your play,
And the chance to see glistening shores,
Is by stopping and stilling into the less-more,

Where the ocean collects and the lighted stars,
Can be seen in everything, no matter where are,
As the dark night of the soul, a starless night,
Is a void remark as stars always shine bright!

So mote it be and light the way for your song,
For who knows which way you may go wrong,
Allow the light to cleanse and clear the fog,
So your essence can once again return to God.

Dust

The passing dust,
Fading like lust,
Unfolding tree,
Majesty.

The mirror image,
Miser's prison,
Protecting all,
Centrifugal.

The painted brush,
A spell of such,
Perfecting pens,
Animation.

A syllable,
Original,
Let there be light,
Composites.

Few words to you,
Less is a clue,
Listening noise,
Redeploy.

Silent speaks back,
Love is a fact,
Suffering words,
Remember.

A dove flying,
Songs purity,
Ill gotten kinds,
Mastermind.

Words spoken true,
Ringing a clue,
In and out flows,
Radios.

Image at dusk,
Irrelevant trust,
Sword and shield,
Revealed.

A work of art,
Subjective start,
The alphabet,
Rudiments.

Space in a line,
Mainframe defined,
Orbital plug,
Illusion.

More from the self,
Enneagrams help,
Silent the point,

Anoint.

Heard the expanse,
Lucid dreams flash,
To give men hope,
Biblical.

Last is the first,
Stillness does hurt,
Search to find thee,
Inwardly.

The muse thus spun,
Many words among,
Tales to be said,
And also to be read.

Ore

The notes of my soul seldom touch
Upon the songs of golden lust
A woven spell of crafted ore
In the depths of all restored

The flickering embers reaching stars
Epiphany of wandering far
Like ghosts upon the shores edge
To see the beloved in mind wed

Like feelings floating upon the mist
Currents rising in the drift
A silent sound heard through all
To see into the apple's fall

O image I see like dust upon
Where music sings in everlong
The cold embrace listening silent
A voice to raise in times heard quiet

Like snow drafts of white, flashing cold
Upon the embers of our soul
As fleece upon the shepherd's eye
A coordinated folly upon the dye

Like words arranged from first chaos
Dazzling emeralds of light's own magnet
Where cast inside the golden tree
A sprouting order of majesty

Branching out like emotions that search
For wandering lost, suffering hurts
As a silent night is a holy night
Upon the darkness heard in light

Walking softly on star beam frames
A concept is relative to a name
Yet beloved we see in vision rare
Majesty up the human flares

A core hidden within the wisdom
Of silent night kingdom's prison
As advanced over the holler heard
One is subject to the Word

The radiation felt from golden light
A source to hold within the night
As citadels of waiting crystals
Are hidden within light's own glisten

To see through orbs the refraction sight
A tree of roots in flight
Galaxies of interconnected clusters
As a universe of wandering luster

Looking into the eye of the eye
We wonder why we are alive
To sing odes of the musics song
Upon the shores of everlong

Collectively drifting as the song invites
The flames arrives and slowly ignites
A supernova of cosmic wonder
Upon earth we just sleep and slumber

Yet awake the eye to see into the Pan
Of a total soup in the universe's plan
Like words stirred into the mix

Of the alphabet in rudiments

Yet falling apples of discord's thoughts
Sublime suffering heard in naught
Frozen cold and caught freezing
To pollute the song as noise appearing

So flame and clean the burning anger
Like moving fluorescent drifting embers
Wandering stars caught within light
Upon the prisons of void and light

Timeless fall into the song again
A void created within the man
Soullessly soulful one can appear
And align sublime roots of fear

Fearful chaos arrives in the dark
And appoints itself in light of start
A fallacy that darkness can abide
By the word of light it such arrives

As folly tis fancy upon the collective hive
Where the concepts change the design
Aligning any lie to appoint itself truth
In hopes to appoint itself over you

Seldom though the winds do blow
And every plant and weed a sow
Yet stars upon the harvested flowers
Designing the music we hear each hour

So don't abide by darkness deceived light
For foretold is the your hellish night
See cold and warm can work together
And make any season create the weather

But up to you to see into the names
Of who, what, then, why, all the same
But bane the word to fallacy such
For gold cannot lie, it cannot rust

And lightning words upon the dye
A voice is heard to be kept alive

So silent speak the muse of light
As darkness devours its own delight

The sun exists as a ray to see
Into the collective word's of "let there be"
Quintessence to the universality
The vision only appears relatively

And words existed in the form of ray
So exist in form of essence today
And thus the presence of the spirits flame
Persists deep within the soul's frame

Waving flames and cold drifting snow
Will, thought, and emotion found below
Rooted in the depths of the star
You are found while wandering where you are

And different rays seldom touch the light
Upon the prisons of the night
And music heard from the word's noise
Silent you must sit, silent is your poise

To see again into the beloved mind
A vision, a ghost, again, a different design
Yet emerald crystals and rays glistening
Is why the words speak while listening

So hear the words spoken thus in you
Is the light not enough of the truth
Or seldom does the cold reach depths
And pull you into the a contraction's left

The only thing left behind is you
Hope that is enough of a clue
As the light in a soul is heaven's star
Upon the earth the cosmo's still afar

Yet inside you hear the song of dances
A spark to flame the spontaneous chances
Where jousting beams of stars adjust
To wandering far in golden light's lust

The final song heard from the gold

Is the first fire was forbidden in the cold
So the hundredth monkey so arrives
And ignites the flames of the design

The chance to revel at the before and after
Is the chance to see the fire's matter
And thus the word was spoken into void's night
From the gold's source, let there be light!

Doorway

Slowly a memory appears like an opening door,
Walking through this feeling felt once before,
A flood of water opening before the shores,
Like drifting on the sounds of evermore,

Silent visions appear like ghosted images,
As tale before, like one of pilgrimages,
To different lands and civilizations,
Where sounds are formed in congregations,

A moment to pause and reflect upon,
The notes harmonized as a choir's song,
And melodies' sadness currently along,
The void inside from desire grown strong,

Yet memories shaping again in front,
Like aftermore walking upon the front,
Beyond matter's lucid touch,
A spell of word's arranging such,

Alternatively, the house of many gardens,
Has many plants and weeds to harvest,
Upon whose crop has grown the largest,
Images of eternal margins,

As so to sow one must reap the gain,
Of graceful moments upon the frame,
Where waters slowly cool and sustain,
Emotions that flare and rise again,

Cooling embers of fluorescent windows,
Sparkling, dazzling, radiating riddles,

Where songs and notes arrange sequential,
To ode and sing the star kingdoms minstrel,

As tales begin and weave upon life,
Petty nuisance and suffering's strife,
Are filled with hope and faithful advice,
To conquer, instill and harmonize,

And roads laid paid to heart called home,
A cherished place to call an abode,
Where one door open and many to roam,
In mansions upon the flaming folds.

Slings

We sing a song that free itself in time,
Arranged these words as one aligned,
Freely walking amongst the forest fern,
We take our turns and also burn,
But when we see that life can will,
From radical plates shifting still,
Layers upon layers of notion that,
That one is not this, one is not that.

I can see the mirage of the ray blue in hope,
Purples daffodils upon hill's sloped,
Down the ravine the gust holding her,
Into the light's chambers,

Like olden mail-like shields presented,
In times simulation emotion attempted,
To see why the hurt in reality is so,
And life faces you will the ails and blows,
Why do words unlock the genies seal,
Like thrice upon the life of zeal,
For once upon the oneness living,
Eternal life, cannot deny this feeling!

I see into the fields where fairies dance thus,
Upon the mysterious merry brush,
The moods felt in this place and state,
Doesn't even relate into furies and fates,
Although the bugs set, instilled in time,

From the beginning branch of love; a vine!
The form of divinity in such a shape,
Beyond the realm the human's face,

What senses what is not appearing there,
But somewhere, it must exist in their,

The emotion is here, now in the past,
Memories of a golden grasshoppers fast,
An angel before in the hopes of mankind,
To better the lights upon the design,
And living days that seldom have no slings,
Abound into the root's epiphany as suffering!

So close again to sense the plan,
Of leaving all without a path for man,
Why should the greatest, be the first,
And why do the poisons of life hurt so much?
Upon the well, deepest in the feeling of me,
That the glorious days are arriving!

As now upon the will at bay,
The memories tis lost in the great spirits play,
Sometimes though, the cold wintery frost,
Comes out mirroring the love coherence.

And watching over the hills with eyes,
The watchers golden amber owlish pries,
Into the warrior, a guardian of air,
Between the earth and water's domain lair,

Mastery was thus a given gifted plea,
Upon the life force creed alternating,
Now what is this, a circuit beat pulsing,
Ending the night in eternal nothing.

Shadows

A simple delicate blade dancing amongst shadows,
Light's sword flaming across meadows,
Just a soft wind blowing and although warm,
It silently harnesses the song of a storm!

As leaves tremble upon the quake of Man,
The blade gets stronger from hand to hand,
More than one point as all so vast,
Allowing this slowness to color advance.

In old memories the ancestors forgotten,
Ancients ties like horses Trojan caution,
The artist of art reminded as in the just,
Lost is like oblivion in gluttony of lust.

For if given power to rule the land of mistakes,
Blood ties, dynasties, war-bands relate,
All tribes stand tall with as one with fate,
In the midst of warfare of selling soul's weights.

For in life is life given for the return of All;

As the darkness creeping, slowly it engulfs,
The peninsulas, islands as will's lost result,
Like volcanic ash the remediating blade,
As singing death does thus it seems praised!

Sing like the young Wren or strong Eagle,
Rapid Falcon or a simple chirp as people,
Always listening to the white noises voice,
To be obsessed, attached is a choice!

Deep strikes we travel the blade beneath,
Arise haunting death thy bones we speak,
The pain in your heart of smoldering cones,
Blades for blades and blood as home,

As the storm moves like an eye for an eye,
Beneath, above, below and all falls blind,
To death's cyclone of destructions design,
Following tunnels carving the mind.

Underneath the mist of realm do not pass,
Sing songs of chance and currents fast,
Free the souls in the shadows depth,
Arising bubbles from below the left.

Towards hopelessly hopeful sings a start,
Of long lost betwixt the residing wilderness,

What was begotten upon the realm within,
The constant state of ocean pearl swimming.

Blades dancing like light feathers falling from,
Cherry blossom trees blooming among,
Allowing freedom from the growing needs,
Of natural life long silent listening.

To life as thus is a complacency of all,
For in this dance on the grass has whispered,
And silent strokes of magical blood,
Shedding light upon the flesh of above.

Beneath though is what we seem to dream,
So let the thought of above be serene.

Nobody

Nobody knows me just like another note in the sea,
Within the ocean, a current guiding the calligraphy,
As herds flock together, mineral configuring thoughts,
Then leave us with the time glass of clicking clocks,

Hitting the point of the mystery,
We rest eternally within heated misery,
As infinity is always awoken while sleeping,

Now during time's track as in matter of fact,
The "I" constructs while it lives in it's own mask,
But why is this building been through as is it just,
For stars joust together and form in dust,

Flying through space-time field photons filament,
Delirious in moments as some are different testaments,
Nothing is everything as is it not; expansion reducing
As a counter action contraction's clock.

Confusion is led by wisdom spirit inside,
Havens of rooms such as Cathedral divine,
Flowing ambrosia of honey delightful combines,
The imagination of the Over-minds,

Is not God but the Author speaking through us,

Or does the mask one gives to self as lust,
Many things among the rooms now,
Of how the flight of birds is allowed,

Brick by brick and layers of the wall,
Vulnerable in tolerance, to the stargate calls,
The crystal within the crevice glistening,
While diamonds lost to listening,

Brick taken down and through the wick's flame,
Burn the seed of the name.

Alchemical Latin

Latin

1. Deus ex machina,
2. Ad astra per aspera,
3. Acta non verba,
4. Ars longa, vita brevis,
5. Amore et melle, et felle,
6. Es fecundissimus,
7. Sub species Aeternalis,
8. Astra inclinant,
9. Sed non obligant,
10. Forsan et haec,
11. Olim meminisse iuvabit,
12. Malum consilium,
13. Quod mutari non potest,
14. Acta deos numquam,
15. Mortalis fallunt,
16. Dulce periculum,
17. Lupus non timet,
18. Canem latrantem,
19. De omnibus dubitandum,
20. Natura non consitristatur,
21. Ut ameris, amabilis esto,
22. Illimitata, adeptus initiatus,
23. Arcana magus, opus gnosis,
24. Sub species aeternitatis,
25. Homo homini lupus,
26. Romulus and Remus,
27. Dominus dominorum,

28. Armonikos Anaitiologêtas,
29. Homo homini deus,
30. Modus operandi
31. Initium inititis,
32. Deus ex machina

English Translation

1. God from the machine,
2. To the stars through hardships,
3. By actions, not words,
4. Art is long and life is short,
5. Love is rich
6. And richness is sweet and venom,
7. From eternities' point of view,
8. The stars incline,
9. They do not bind,
10. Maybe we'll laugh,
11. At the things in the future,
12. Bad is a plan,
13. That cannot change,
14. Mortals cannot,
15. Deceive the gods,
16. Danger is sweet,
17. A wolf is not,
18. Afraid of a barking dog,
19. Everything must be doubted,
20. The natural world is not compassionate,
21. In order to be loved, be loveable!
22. Illuminate initiates,
23. Arcane mage, the great work,
24. From eternities' point of view,
25. A man is a wolf to another man,
26. Romulus and Remus,
27. Master of Masters,
28. Harmony analogous,
29. God as wolf of man,
30. The method,
31. Forevermore, beginning,
32. God from the machine.

Path of Life

As we begin to see the path of life,
Many notes seldom sing upon,
The wounds of open strife,
As many melodies written in song,
Are like flesh wounds from knives,
And to listen silent in love,
We hear the whispers ripe,
Melting the moment's rough,
We avoid the left and right,
Singing merrily as an orchestra,
The choir and verse combined,

The road we take is the golden way,
Clay malleable and ringing praise,
And facing the wound of the play,
Suffering slings formed in a rough maze,
Yet facing light upon the day,
We can hear the words of the gaze,
Sunlight adjusting in warm flower's May,
Like changing weather as a phase,
And the winds move in clouded strays,
Upon the notes directed and relayed,
The word and light and it's ray,

Wild beginnings formed in first light,
Atom's constructing disorder as the fold,
And order absorbing the masses of blights,
Leaving dreams left perished in the cold,
And delight upon the darkness of it's night,
In stillness and silence the notes uphold,
Like many rooms inside wisdom's sight,
As fire keeps us warm when controlled,
Burning embers within the changing rights,
Into the essence of reason in the conical,
Expanding light upon the arriving invite,

Horizons we see from a far away distance,
Like gold source orchestrated wisdom,
Directed by source, founded by a vision,
Left to the form of whose best decision,
And when left to form the sense of mission,
Inspiration is the gift negating omission,
And diffracted skies show different visions,
Upon the array of light we call prisms,

Refracted display of universal conditions,
Any which may upon the editions,
Of whose words form an open system,

But nebulae dust upon the frost,
Not all dreams are thought lost,
From seen over all hills and vantage sought,
We see into the vision of what is not,
The notes of hills and caves draught,
Lower in the valleys of harmony wrote,
And higher pitches of mountain crops,
Where the sound escapes and forms in rocks,
And returns to itself like a lost of flock,
Many notes can be orchestrated in times clock,
Signature of wisdom deep within naught,

Last noted verse of the song,
Even the music above below could be wrong,
But choruses of music send through love,
Shaped the essence of the dove,
And even in the rough cold before May,
Music was the first verse in the clay,
And as the expanded ring of the manifold,
Expressed outward like doppler's rolled,
A sounds along the ray of vision,
Meeting at a point of day's incision,
Into the directed musical wild beginning!

Sing

Where should I go,
What should I sing,
Why does the cold wind so such sting,
The abyss filled with crimes,
And volumes of light,
Void within the reason of terrible sights,

Hydra's continually combat,
Against the current drifting fact,
That I am that is,
And this is an act,

Memories slowed like a growing Marigold,

Upon the dreams of the fold,
But walking amongst and stumbling upon,
We find the gracious state of song,
This state of unique divine,
Allows tranquil calm thoughts to clear thy mind,
Flowing yet while one relaxes still,
Thou art thee within thy fill,

Now this lonely Odyssey expresses and sings,
A time before gravity's slings,
Whispering music as a fiddler upon the grass,
The atoms of life move through the flow and dance,

It is simple to see what into you feel,
Although demons come and continually steal,
Killing, harboring, and dropping an anchor set,
To stall the boat and the deck,

As darkness says, "damn the river",
But that would end the muses song inner,
A chapter within the wall's of glory,
Expressed on your page as a story,

O ye heart of a mistaken fresh tale,
The moments of fate beyond the sails,
Towards the sea every stream runs,
Yet the sun seems to explode from love,

In a reflected dazzling display,
The flowers fresh buds in May,
As melody string the hurt's of pain,
Suffering is seeing strife within life's plane,

But know that I am as thyself,
And deeper strings into the moments mouth,
Gravity ravages due south,
And the strings attach to the puppet's master stealth,

Under the glove is how to operate,
While listening silent to the arbitrary dates,
Yet war like Hector, thy Red blood Ares,
Killing the Fae, destroying the realm of Fairies,

As blood akin to wisdom; Athena whispered,

Can you shift elements into a different mixture?
For men to see a Hero from the fall of Time,
Aye, Agemmendom fell within the crime,
That was the limit of all power,
To much to hold within the hour,

The battle decided by the Trident of Posedien's rage,
For within the lines of coded mainframes,
Is a tale of how warriors fell into a shift,
Due to a cause, a love, a grace coherence,

For if Helen could not steal away the heart,
Would not the song, the love, the tale,
Set these words from harbor to sail?

For the fear of today can be gone,
As one sings through magic in song,
As a tale before the closing outer eye,
The poetical design is unlayered and defined,
A tale of light, the sailing ships built upon fields,
Motto's of forms into potential matter yield,
For felt the One would forestall the all,
As monads fall but also form the call,

The collected mass of order's society,
Founded in logic and lost history,
So sing and be sung like an untold bard,
For who knows how you inspire a'far,

But time moving the will of the wheel,
For the suns of light must heal,
And the chorus that sings the world that turns,
Can be felt within the sensations burn,

As different words show states of Wizardry,
The light condemned as within a epiphany,
A blight of many colors from the ancient warmths,
For the foundation of life is beginning growth,
But what was the plan before or after the gods,
Who knows how it was designed in law,

Light existed before the nothing of form,
And the abyss influenced the storm,
But creviced under the water's deep,

Is how the current constantly sleeps,

Like words arising from the inner depths,
And the mass of Zion colors left,
Upon the Axis watching the analogy,
Of who is central to the legendary,

But long ago what was heading towards an end,
Is returned to initial state that gravity bends,
It sends us to a new thoughtful new plane,
And we must relearn sensation again,
Where forms combat and spirit tames,
And the serpent is seen as who to blame,

As within the hooks and nooks of the dice,
Many sorrows from harvested mice,
To seek the answer in a complicated maze,
Time is motion in a linear potential phase,

Deep again into the waters do thy Sea,
Hold the commands of how Oedipus agrees,
The sirens singing to strike his life,
A sly remark against the singing strife,

A mountain holds rock time so still,
And into the caverns crystal cities quills,
Silent in riddles like the Sphinx as a guest,
To current the silence of the spirits rest,
Into memories of love and feelings combine,
From old tales before the light of sunshine,

Set sail to ocean singing tales,
Odes of magic prevailed,
In light and in words the song and course,
Various plots to minerals force,

Combining though different plants for men,
Allowing us to transient into when,
A common fold with the tongue of wit,
Time within man's potential current,

In ambrosia does sunshine express in win,
Altruisms within the mesmerizing lines,
A symposium of what could combine,

As cold was felt from the vine,

And the nation gave away to legal could sell,
Into any state, who cares, money well,
Well what is this, Atlantis in the deep,
Where magic is swayed over logic,

Twass hard to say what I see,
For within the earth the inner lakes existing,
And falling into caverns to hide from heat,
The center is the inner reach,

Who would guess a single man of the plan,
Could control the manifolds command,
The image that occurred through time did occur,
And many guises where used in the linear,
Yet in vain was the search and plots,
For God's name is a preacher's flock,

The door already opened so why do you ask,
That I do not hide behind any mask,
A universal ranger of the metatron cycle,
The keys are the transformative file,

Bitter sadness can though go on and on,
And light or darkness is harnessed upon,
The life we see as suffering strife,
The root, trifle pain, the root is a wife,

So migrate to transits and planes,
Where mortal gains are always the same,
And light of existences place,
Are words of information coded into grace,

So as I welcome me to myself,
As myself,
I feel my heart and soul allowed,
To know that completeness compounds,

As experiences relax and the common glow,
Of the golden race upon the waves flow,
Like a song for the inner heard wisdom,
Metaphorically manna as kingdoms,

For the energy of light always rains,
And it adds density upon planes,
Dimensional shifts are into the life,
Of seeing which way is the strife,
For death always wins within this round,
And no one hears the true words sounds,

As one comes and goes upon the light,
The forces continually divorce and fight,
Of course time manipulation insight,
The end is a time to save those right.

Intensity

Meeting at the point of intensity,
Things have suddenly got me wondering,
The tree of affinity growing from birth,
Wondering why not defend the moments that hurt?

Inside your light that is dimly adjusting,
Revelations, a supernova is a star combusting,
The energy found within the shakti,
Look at yourself and your own misery,

Words quoted as thus heard upon life,
Can't even work, well, mind suffering knife,
Like anyways disorder actually existing,
Nice try at the bifurcating,

So flaming the passive fox's form,
Where are the sheepdogs, shepherd's warm,
Like flocks upon the hypocrites eye,
Look at yourself, many colors and dyes,

Stalling at the form of when you combust,
Purity is obeying the laws that you trust,
Not denying that fact of the current,
Another religion, from another tent,

Popping the trap upon the eye seeing all,
Continually relapsing and still holding tall,
Word another word upon the fact of when,
My rights were not respected past then,

Framing the form of defend as passive,
Words with intensity are not aggressive,
Just opening truth upon the folded ray,
Order transforming disorder by reason's way,

The epiphany of the riddle can be seen to this,
Universal morales as a guide for strategists,
Between the middle the emotion supplies,
White the surprise, the flag just arrived!

Play

Characters:

Socrates
Plato
Aristotle
Hume
Kant

Chorus: Let us sing freely of the void.

Plato: The one seeks further into the knowledge of the entity the void expresses itself as a ringing. Thus that has occurred, will occur, such is the force of the entity.

Socrates: Is entity just or is it unjust. If cold is relevant to hot, is not an entity correlative to non-entity? For if an entity is just and cold, would not injustice be hot and existing within a non-entity?

Plato: As a whole; the one is total and complete and additionally exists as a part. Yet both part and whole exist together to form the bond between unions. These bonds between everything and nothing and something exist because we exist. I am everything and I am nothing because of the fact of the existence of something existing.

Kant: But is not the transcendent thought a way to seek divine purpose. It is such that our wills are determined not by rational necessity, but by a transcendent movement. Is not the bond between union the will of the divine?

Hume: Such is the development of the mind, body, and soul. As we are disorder we feel the compelling necessity to reach out beyond the realm of order. In this spiritual awakening of life we all are asleep to our own awakened perceptions. And thus once calm, the refreshing clarity of what is, what is to come, and what shall pass is beyond what this reality comprehends.

Aristotle: As such, one may be everything, something, and nothing. The genius of self is as universal as the cosmos. As one wills, such determines the course of nature. And as such, Earth is a zone of free-will. This zone is controlled by the free will of chaos, and exists within the mechanical nature of disorder and order. The genius of self is seen as the macro and micro existing within the universal hierarchy of space.

Socrates: If free will is chaos, what is to not free will? Is it chance, luck, fortune, or is it already predetermined. Is the course of nature the nature of the way, or are the choices of chaos determined by an order that only reason's madness can comprehend?

Chorus: Let the way of one be now expressed.

Plato: As a three dimensional reality, our being is incorporated into the universal constant called Trimurti. This trinity of one affects all planes that affect our being. Thus the will cycles through a natural occurrence and thence self-expands into other dimensional planes as the union of two things can create a third from the beginning one. And as being resides in all dimensions, so does the trinity of one exist in all planes of fabric. Behind the fabric is only the communication of thought.

Kant: How does such thought become a void of communication? If one communicates with one's own mind the entity of oneself begins to reside within the transcendental planes. As reality is dependent upon the individual, thus must we compose all states into natural evolution and spontaneous law, or is the void a force that communicates within the mind of all planes. For within the void exists the transcendental thought of all as one vast expansive point. Yet if the state exists within a trinity, things can thus be created from the mechanical order of the system.

Socrates: If one enters into the divine it is in relationship to justice. If one denies and sparks evil within the plane of reality it creates the realm of the ignoble unjust. Thus the transcendental whispers of the divine are the entrances to the doors beyond our dimensional plane of reality.

Aristotle: The universal reason can understand that laws exist and also divine laws exist which are encompassed to the divine law of life, the gift. The gift is dependent on the divine law that is organized in one's being or the reason of law organized as one's being.

Kant: As it may be, the micro and macro of reality create the Euclidean space-time geometry and through the fabric of a trinity of three points create the physical experience of the continuum. Is not the subjective self in direct relation to all that is the cosmos as a foreign installment within the mechanical objective nature of the body? The mind is thus the chaos reasoning itself through time to our perception of what illusion's we entertain. And if the cosmos is within all, the cosmos is without.

Hume: How then is our reality a perception of everything and how is not this altered plane the

perception of the void? If the void is nothing, how it is everything. The void is thus seen as potential energy that can form its information into a new state and thus create itself into everything through its program. Everything is kinetic energy and always in motion due to time and velocity of light. Thus the relationship to the void is seen as potential information of the system and everything as the illusion we see is the material energy formed from the before.

Plato: As the development of one to two to three, thus at this point, such is the being complete in himself. One point consists of all cosmos, all planes, all dimensions and thus propagates its knowledge through direct inference of these planes as one thing moves to two to three etc...

Socrates: If one is within the plane, how is one not the plane? For if one is one, how is one also nothing like zero?

Aristotle: From the essence and logic that one added to zero is one; as one exists as zero but both exist together as one.

Socrates: Divinity is good or evil as both exist in the plane of reality. These polar entities disrupt the energy field and produce the friction for life's development.

Hume: As entity is the experience of the subjective self, is not the transcendence a metamorphosis; as a larva to a butterfly. Once a butterfly, free will is the ability to fly in this three dimensional plane as such as a thought? Or is the thought of a butterfly the one doing the thinking for you?

Kant: As a thought entwines our being, such must we fly into the subjective relationship of our being through all objective lenses. The transcendental lens see's one as all, so any lens or relationship to a butterfly is only relative to the subject of your being.

Aristotle: As such, the chorus's discourse follows that man is God in man. Thus we will see into our experience the reality that seems most logical. If logic is based upon the laws of nature, is not nature the law of logic? If the law of God is love; is not the law of nature logic?

Chorus: Such a state we must relate the logic funded from the timeless creative void.

Plato: All relates as one existence and through that one existence is expressed the tapestry of infinite. Within infinite the void exists as an infinite maximum potential. Allowing this allows for unlimited forms to create into reality. As the words develop, so do dimensions shape itself from the alphabet we use. As there be light to see the words of Love.

Kant: Now if light is knowledge and darkness ignorance, is not the medium of existence found between us?

Hume: The deliverance and salvation is to see there is no such existence of absolute

darkness. There is only a shade of darkness dimmer by light. So such is the lamp of knowledge. A light in a dark place.

Plato: As thus from the initial source of the one light we all exist as a reflection upon the seven rays we call life. If life is the existence of light; the expression of knowledge and wisdom to remove ignorance is like how the sun's light sparkles the darkness it arrives at.

Socrates: If right is in the essence of light, and wrong in the essence of darkness, what is the gray area existing between the two. It is the ability to see the lie of darkness saying it's light. Wrong is wrong and right is right; there is no medium between the two other than your mind's perception and judgment. In a subjective experience it's up to you to decide your map, it's art can be framed within the photo of your own light or darkness.

Aristotle: Subjective art is a relation of man to the cosmos. It expressed the medium between light and man; between spirit or soul and the material realm. As such; a medium state is a relationship to beyond found within the objective material realm. To see the unified field allows us thus to shift a radical perspective lens into the reality of the chaotic ordering mind.

Plato: To reach into the cosmos is to reach into oneself. As what is within is without and what is without is within; we are all existence wed into the objective subjective vehicle we call life.

Hume: As life additionally exists with thought, the lens of thought can be seen as its own dimension. It exists outside of time and is timeless to its subjective experience. And thus the framing of our thoughts shows actions and outward shining light as per to say within existing without. If you have dark thoughts you will be darker and light thoughts will lighten the load. As the words you speak are the words you live.

Chorus: Let us sing.

Kant: If one enters into the dimensional plane of thought, all realities combine to form a division of thought's time and essence. In this essence, one may continue to find a solution to the bearings of logic. And the logic of the mind is what we use to base fact upon our material life. And as such thought is the nature of reality expressed through the invisible medium of dreams and its logos.

Hume: For if time exists, thought exists within it and the words we express create the lines expressed and contained within the confines of time. As it takes time to read this, you cannot exist outside of it unless you aren't here. The essence of the void is that it exists in all nothings and all everything's. It is within all planes, boundaries, spheres and is what encompasses the thought fields of reality. It starts with points and expressions and creates a time within a timeless field called the alb alphabet. As logos is the permutation of words since the beginning dimension; all is thus an expression of time as the word since the beginning of time.

Socrates: If what is beyond is darkness and light is here; is not the invisible evil and the light here good?

Plato: Beyond is the throne, domain, and kingdom of God, all laws still exist but cannot be seen within the light of existence.

Chorus: The cosmos is still and still moving as the cosmos.

Aristotle: As the law of motion creates time due to the velocity of points, it expands to the previous cause as an effect to create a reaction to continue the continuum of time. As cause and effect creates the continuum of energetic time cycles. The logic and love that can create the cause and effects of situations create the timefield we cosmically exist in.

Socrates: If essence is thought and thought is essence, is not the ability of thought a word in essence?

Aristotle: The essence of nature compounds the ideas of what it shall through the ordering of the void's information. And the creative magic of reality creates the words from before the dream of life but also exist within the dreams of man that shine as dusty history.

Plato: A plane is the dimension and the dimension of thought is the reality of logos existing in time of a subjective field in a mechanical universe. The reality of thought as word or image expands upon previous examples and unlocks the law of self. This is the ordering cycle of existence, creating a new book from a previous; expanding on the dreams of man and the self exemplified by the personality of the Authors. The idea of self is a book writing itself while reading its words.

Kant: If one can transcend into poetic metaphors, the light of energy combines into a system rhyme as divine. Poetic justice, the planes align to relate the one as the muse. The muse is compelled to relate all, entering existence as an incarnate form of creative spiritual energy. In this state; all mysteries open doors to the mind's perception.

Hume: The ability of the mind, soul, and body acting as one agent allows for the temporary time displacement from the objective state. In this state the void is timeless subjective experience and the objective frame is a flux. This displacement is a timeflux interaction or changing between the realms of dimensions or spheres.

Plato: If life is but the law of the one law then is not all divination is based upon retaining a sense of order? If chaos and disorder attune to its own energy, should not divinations be based upon the good of man and not in the wake of opening the door to evil?

Socrates: If reality is an illusion and a delusion can be found within reality; what is the difference between illusion and delusion. To understand this one must see the illusion as a fabric and the delusion and idea of the fabric existing without an existence of it existing.

Plato: In a dissociation delusion is present as the sense of self is no longer present and an

identity delusion of the fabric of who you are occurs. In the illusion the present fabric is always around, such as the physical material universe, changing the material we see as the universe and the illusion's veil changes.

Kant: Change and recollection is the order of pre-existence. In this sense, we evolved from the cosmos into our subjective self and hence we return to the cosmos as a thought compiled of our experience. So as to say, experience is the recollection of knowledge from a previous existence and then all existences thought we experience in life are compiled into a file at death and is continued forward as an extraction process of remembering in the next life.

Aristotle: As such the law dictates the law so does the revealed essence contain the essence revealed. The mind is a fabric of woven matter that exudes the potential of logical boundaries. It controls the body and such results in the way of nature. Yet the mind is controlled by the soul, as the soul is the entity of the universe. So the soul, mind and body all work as one agent in the construction of subjective self. Yet the ultimate goal is completion or the livelihood of a whole soul to achieve a state of completion, one must be reborn into reality through the edge of suspension. Over the edge, one sees their subjective self and relates to it through its own reality. This reality is an example of logos and as such the logos dictate reality.

Chorus: Let the medium now recite the planes.

Kant: The dimensions are essential to our relation to life for by moving plane to plane or dimension to dimension we can see the hierarchy of seven ray structures of the one white light.

Aristotle: As my personality exudes the light of who you are; the vision we relate so much that my vision of early dates is in comparison to the divine origin. I must say that as far as the cosmos reaches, the essences we meet must help restore a sense of balance. In this balance, all beings must surrender to divine law as the law that reveals itself is the law revealed.

Socrates: If one relates what is unrelatable, how does the cosmos align to its source? If the source is dependent on the source, is not the universal one compelled to disregard all?

Plato: The dimensions planes are not relatable to those in a three dimensional existence, as such, the law of planes explains that what is thought may be above comprehensible thought. As such, one may experience relativity to its source, and thus be compelled by quantum entanglement to further procure results.

Chorus: Let us resume the conduit of the void!

Plato: The void which contains all spiritual entities is locked inside our material form. To release ourselves from them, we must undergo a transcendence of reality.

Aristotle: As far as an inward eye can perceive, the reality of the subjective self is based upon

the spheres, these energy fields entwine with the user upon open consciousness. As such, the law of consciousness states that both subjective and objective reality incorporate a divine law that relates to the consciousness of the user.

Socrates: Obey not the law but the law revealed.

Chorus : Thus ends the song of the concord.

Tenth Muse

The tenth muse begins opening sense's heart,
Fearing the distance of shore's apart,
Like structures that design and start,
Imposing wounds like playing darts,

Castle walls that fortify a wishing you well,
From the depths of fire, what is hell?
The egoic "I" suffering the "Al"'s dell,
The cycles are shorter, as once dwelled,
Upon the lands cistern upswell
Betwixt the riddle; a ocean pearl,

O muse thy heart longs for the more,
Departure to the farthest farshore,
For lands that rise usually open doors,
And don't pick locks of your neighbors,
As tension rises and the being clicks,
To unlocking the keys of the firmament,

The time in song is a time without a maze,
For within the central peripheral gaze,
The boundaries, limits, and walls upgrade,
Dissolving your spirit into a crystallized phase,
The motion of now is inside always,
And primordial intelligence stems from the haze,

For the fog of the shadow; a black realm of ghosts,
Whispering terrible wounds, hurting the most,
For in this place; darkness sees itself as shine,
Creating deserters of the path ray line,

As walking slowly and softly upon the gift,
The being is beyond and below the current,

In search and found; the lost hope a wish,
To be open as yourself upon the land we exist,

So sing, be merry, let thy dainty praise,
Flow through your heart and realms in days,
Flower your energy into a wish that stays,
Upon the lotus blooming, disappearing conveys,

That all this right, all this wrong,
Where is the judge between, who draws the line along,
As for judging nothing, nothing can judge you,
For emptiness is just a seen state that you see through,

So upon the riddle what is this,
The land is between the void centralist,
In proportional rates it dances between light and dark,
Trance upon mood tis selected art,

And luck fortune's ride upon the ray of life,
Thy art is in inspiration to the strife,
And as the deeper inside, the closer to the core,
Of a land inside that begins to shore,

What is seen inside is a mystery to all,
For even in dreams, we awake to the fall,
In the land where one can see dragons,
Weighed their wings and legs by waging,

The forbidden fruit that opens the caverns,
Of tortuous goblins mining havoc,
Danger in the realm that was twas opened up,
Liberty's walls in the mind emergence,
To be free; yet control desires that are ecstatic,

There is a wake of things in visions that are clear,
For if there is nothing to fear, don't look at the mirror,
Reflected far from home and silent one swears,
To be the sage upon the world's flare,

Cold wind through snow's the voiced an echo,
What is silent and mysterious in the meadows,
The prairies gossip in a way loud and clear,
That everything in the madness is cleared,

As lucid madness is a state divine,
Satchinada from a different vine,
Yet some grow black, like a falling crime,
Beyond the edge you exist as your mind,

Like a ship on the fabric's illusion of nothing,
An boat empty on the sea of nothing,
Floating as a song, a freeing wave,
For to be brave, one must live in today,

The ringing audible sound hear through the all,
Is the love is near and also far,
For clicking entities, a song of seers,
Are like looking into the realms angle,
Silent harmonies speak ringing like angels,

There is beauty in blossoms seen so rare,
Like a spring in the affintie's affairs,
But tragic the slow snow's mirroring,
The heat of another's clearing,

Why contrite seldom is one right,
But always though when in the white,
Riding the chariot,
Olden battles of the carriage,

In realms of dancing stars and ancient patterns,
Cycles enter and leave within the aeonic,
And musics dances to the stars tune,
Of thus than singing beyond attuned,

And the tenth muse expressed as an art,
From the beginning word's of evidences start,
Be a neighbor, not a thief of another's art.

Beginning Time

In the beginning time,
Soft waters ran smooth,
Still currents in the deep,
Earth grew from fire,

Radiantly it glows,

Cold melodies serenading,
From below seeds sow'd,
As a system from a rose,

Connecting a timeless void,
Abysses in splicing torture,
Fission or fusion,
Gravity correcting all moments,

The strings expressed adjusting,
Sun flames combustion,
Beckoning harmonies call,
Silence heard in the echo,

As sword forged in metal,
Who controls the anvil?
Who helped the beggar,
Poverty, no man is better,

Like a seed time began,
Jumping coordinated units,
Quantum entangled shifts,
Rudiments,

When the radical sprouts,
So such is it alive,
Birds sing during a silent grave,
Of dragon's who walked in wake,

For how could stories,
Not in favor to the mythos,
Past references on pages,
Sages found in aeonic stages,

The circle in the drums,
Mysterious beating strums,
Light ways away from traveled,
Time essence of inception,

Embracing totality as it is,
Lift a gift on a axis,
Steering clear of the stables,
Charioteers as saviors,

As I am not this,
And not this I am,
I am not this nor that,
I am,

This shows that you are,
Thou in experience,
Beyond layers and stars,
Here in moments lens,

Deeper drums rattle bones,
Beyond atoms, the throne,
Domain of structural cones,
Grown from mineral stone,

Many years thy walking dead,
In essence and bardo,
Thoughtful screams from Tartutus,
Silence to you,

Walking like a forest fern,
Rivers entangled like turns,
Up and down it can burn,
As the water fire's churn,

Mote it be,
Yet many things,
Behind the forward,
Temple curtains,

Temple as your body grows,
From clay and fire,
Fire and water,
And winds churning the shadow,

As thou, what lurks beneath the well,
Do you wish me to tell,
The beast within the trap of hell,
Dragon claws holding its prison,
Of temple tortures randomly given,

Eyes and stew, in the styx brew,
As nothing but shadow's home,
Dark prisons of your bone,

Carving the sketches your own,

Animals menu treat like you,
Are nectar sweet,
And all the plasma,
Just like meat,

This sounds not really great,
But life is given for steak,
Given from fire, the sun flares,
Beyond the form,

Held captive in light's dance,
Time's inception's system,
Consciousness incepts advance,
Order along the path,

Why though, does the moon cycle,
And what is the Earth's tune,
Just death waking to soon,
Endless midnight noon,

I see my own home,
A fortress built in rock,
Slow entangled thoughts,
From religious flocks,

Open the door,
It leads to now-here,

The soft clouds walk,
In the form it arranges,
The cries of heaven,
Shades of the polygon,

Death does not shape well,
But sometimes it is hell,
Or heaven in the well,
Dancing yourself to serene,

For the sake of three bubbling,
Air, clay, fire,
Keeping mountains,
Of no desire,

For in the deep of caverns,
The tunneled stones,
Snakes of the thrones,
In deep catacombs,

Temples of bodies here,
Like pillars,
Holding two,
Suns combined,

The earth cooled,
As fire sang,
And sparked the jump,
Of coordinated stunts,

Plans,
Grow shoulders,
Then worlds,
And universes,

Yet each frame of the whole,
Souls broken off the vine,
Death only eats the apple,
For if souls contained,

Expressed as light,
Bodies of experience,

Central balance,
How does the middle,
Work?
Relativity to truth,

The more one knows,
The less you see,
Experientially,
As nothing rises everything,

First body of I am not,
The second comes I am in thought,
The third is again I am naught,
To I am ten thousand sought,

Many words like rocks,
Mineral facts,
Panthers stalk prey,
In many different ways,

Each wolf has a pack,
Each lion roars in tracks,
The gazelle flocks,
Different ways of the body,

While walking slow in the shadows,
Death is to me,
Nothing apparently,
Death dies itself,

I see a watch,
Holding time's witch,
Summoning gateways,
Of otherside darkness,

The tortures splicing plane,
Past life,
Beyond conquers,
Peace in kindly killing,

The song of war drums beat,
Randomly facts sporadic,
As it comes and falls,
Deep catalyzed walls,

As to so the now,
Nowhere is somewhere,
Relativity to time,
In light of darkness,

The shore of light's sand,
Dust of shifting currents,
Death sings,
Various stems,
Melody and harmony rings,

I see the law,
Power of ultimate,
Best friend,

Insanity,

As you wish to end but continue,
What is left,
Is from the window,
Of which one to come back into,

Into reality inception,
The current,
Of nothing,
Expresses everything you see,

Beginning as nothing,
Let light be everything.

Galaxies

As light travels through galaxies,
Radiately sparking a tapestry,
Of stars adjusting harmony,
Stringed notes of clarity,

Orchestrated nebulae forming beyond,
Yet within an interdimensional song,
Colliding atoms around electrons,
Forming structures through collisions,

Mineral thoughts heard as mercury,
Quicksilver's concept in alchemy,
Arranging light's worded machine,
Quantum nodes of ordering,

As explosions heard of maximum,
Spoketh the sound of inner kingdoms,
Deeper abyss's of wisdom,
Black holes are light's prison,

Collecting the key of animation,
Hieroglyphic conceptual relations,
Different images of imagination,
Star's conscious conglutation,

Yet which note is Reality,

Only one to you with meaning,
Dancing emeralds as history,
Thought and time as first beginning,

A node central to inception,
Geocentric conscious connection,
Heliocentric to addressing,
Spontaneous catalytic expression.

Contemplation

Who is the one in contemplation,
Inside thought's inner nature,
What is the thing in relation,
To the animation's Creator,

Why is the mind subjective,
Capturing pictorial questions,
Why is the form objective,
Manifested art's intention,

Where is the muse's contemplator,
Collecting orb's refracted orchestra,
When is the song's narrator,
Heard like blossoming performances,

Why is the silence heard centrifugal,
Outward sling's framing orbits,
Why is the noise's silence gravitational,
Inner music ringing coordinates,

When is the intelligence listening,
Currents of global drifts,
Where is the water's cacophony,
Heard aquatic thought's cacophonous,

Why is the essence designed,
Programs running a grid matrix,
Why is the presence aligned,
Conical shifts as electric,

What is the woven string,
An unmoved attractor pushing everything,

Who is the one in suffering,
Those who believe a Creator is nothing.

Homer

The Golden Chain of Homer,
an episode of an aquatic mind;
Divine being pulled asunder;
chaos defined by divine,

Spirit spontaneous,
various volatile volcanoes,
Terra firma a spiritus mundi
of lightnings miracles,

Showering tears from above;
water shining seeds motion,
Company of harmony;
dark sea's still shining as oceans,

From tis a dragon tear;
sparking Elysium;
from above to below;
It makes a soul a visual,

Nitrum exploding like ash;
a powerful testament,
Of clouds above;
magma and clay as firmaments,

Of Above towering a mountain,
yet his objects shape the subjective world,
Nothing yet thunder threatens,
yet before his eyes objectivity is subliminal,

For tis Nitrum's ionic charge electric;
Father of Things, Before Moses,
The ground as the fortress of Atlantis,
heated beyond inferno; the power emergence,

Beyond, below, above,
Earth, Heaven and Sea,
Atoms evolved the names of all things;

shaping reality,

Ribs selective to species;
sprouting from dust and shakti,
Harvest tis possible when blossoms,
dancing in life's abundance,
Without flash and fixed in placed;
the unmoved mover's sight,
Evolution is tis listening,
a Lady brethor'd to Atomic weight,

All Kosmos, Sun, Moon,
Asteroids seeding the sky,
Listen to the singing motion
of all things that pass us by,

From heat rising in the sea
of synergy, shakti;
Energizing the reality,
Synergizing through being.

From a thought seed is planted,
studying it we see the web,
Of the net the feeds,
through the Universal Dragon's head,

When the seed is
appointed from its self,
It forges together
with a perfect health,

For everything mixes
as two things to one thing
Feed the essence
Spirits proving somethings

As animals live by
menu voice callings.
What is forged from a seed;
Nature shown naturally falling,

As All elements which,
to seed sprouted is rapture
With whole-seed spirit,

all things as one in stature,

Flowing a noble seed
of divine; temple aligned;
As steam and vapor rise;
waters due to gravities' decline,
from Heavens, Highly praised
is the tears dropped from weathers,
Water and steam turn the earth;
folding the clay together,

And as it runs it color;
The river turns red back on Egypt's Day.
Mysteriously; we dance around
the song of chains,

The now recall is the
burning bush silently remains,
Eros, Agape, Pathos;
Elohim wind's abilities mainframe,

Sparking inferno around trees,
Divinity of scrolls epiphany,
Like mountain lightning speaking;
God's writings,

Forged before a Cow
beneath the Thunder Mountain Mighty,
Tis wandering among the natural
sands of hourglass years declining,

Counting down hours,
the manna delivered from seers,
Yet before these things;
many plagues and disasters appeared,

Causing many children
to disappear; blood red rivers,
Frogs and Lice, Flies from the wilderness,
Pestilence's cold like shivers,

Out of nothing, all the fold a locust
and darkness that hailed the throne;
Killing the firstborn

to all of the Chaldean's home.

Even staffs thrown
to serpentine structures,
Moses' own,
Alieving him from the temple home,
Yet a path of desert walking
assumed forty years;
Just like Yeshua;
my friend; in the desert fear;

Yet the land of Milk and Honey
promised by God;
And also the staff
and the gift of the Golden Rod;

But tis above a chain;
the staff of lightning planes,
Allowing one to walk
on different levels again.

Yet darkness surrounded
the Hebrews on all sides,
Perishable ability maybe
demise; sending seas aside,

And crossing below
on ground while waters around,
Pace set to rapido
to keep them from dying profound;

Yet as they continued,
the horses gallop in sound,
Fearing sense a'far,
bravery tis collapsed in mounds,

And all passed through;
yet no way to the Chaldeans allowed,
Into the dark sea, like Atlantis
before the door death compounds,

.

Before the dawn,
the Chain of Homer
singing again,

Tis Atlantis another wave
of preaching sands,

Eye formation land seeking;
helped waves wash cleaning,
Energy creating natural
cleansing, walking levitating,

Stupendous gifts
of anything of spirit niche,
And allowing a different
species of time to exist.

Before tis, a song we weave,
about past reference,
As we humbly exist between cliffs,
we fall from ledges,

And tis inside the circle;
the Stonehenge was our collective;
Formation of Islands,
looking visually; spherical hives,

That seeds the energy grid;
common webs of space pyramids,
Learning beyond the syntax;
darkness arises from lightning exits,

Yet no flashing appearance,
due diligence of markenship,
Of spiritual connecting
elements of poetics,

Moses, Atlantis, Homer
and even Odysseus,
Another claim of the Ulysses;
walking through fates oceanic,

Sirens screaming testament,
of loving intelligence,
Yet fleeing from the tunes,
Silence is benevolence.

Faded Line

Trying to find that,
Once faded line,
Between this and that,
Yours and mine,

Shelled in my own,
Wall of emotions,
I search for tranquility,
From within this commotion,

Diving deep into the keyhole,
What mechanism can fit just right?
Can this door be unlocked,
Or should I lock myself in tight?

The once so happy glee,
Is no longer a part of me,
As each brick stretches,
As far as I can see,

Mud, water, straw and air,
Has created my own prison,
Any attempts to escape,
Wouldn't even produce a scare,

Freedom in the emotional,
Opening a closed box,
Would construct new beginnings,
Were I would go; I know not,

The wild open land,
Which I had myself set closed,
Would allow for the dissonance,
Of this melodic prose,

When everything starts to crumble,
Does one be humble or stumble?
The soft warm land of hearts loving,
Has been hardened by self's lusting,

Brick by brick,
Clay by layer,

The faded line,
Is almost there,

Cracks and chisels,
Sweats and screams,
Tearing down a fortress,
What can it mean?

Stepping fast into...

Freedom in this,
Uncharted land,
Was always restricted,
By my own hand,

Looking as far as many,
Men have seen,
I gaze upon others walls,
Were I had once been,

Locked away in a shell,
Closed tight,
Allowing for haunting thoughts,
Diminishing the bright light,

Quite like a mouse in a cage,
Searching for food,
In a fortified maze,

Crazy how one trusts,
The mind of distraught,
For it hardens your heart,
Producing negative thoughts,

Where am I going?
What have I been?
In the clouded of mystery,
Fogged by the unseen,

Feeling around me,
All I sense is pain,
Why all this suffering,
Where is that clay again?

My heart twas not happy,
The body aches and aches,
Building new walls,
What that would take,

That is yours,
And this is mine,
I know i would,
Negative that sunshine,

Looking down, I see the line,
Of the wall that was there,
The shut off, shut down,
Is what no man should bear,

Off in the distance,
A place of solitude,
Where the wall is down yet up,
Without the cultural interludes,

I never been so alive,
Yet never so dead,
This hardened inner place,
Is called the home of dread,

No restrictions to it all,
Just a beat followed and strum,
As many mazes around,
And the search for food has just begun,

Tranquility could be found,
With a shell,
Just is allowing,
Piercing arrows that don't quell,

The world is out there,
For all us to see,
And the line allows us,
To know the only thing,
Is to be me,

Me in a land of fog,
Toil and snares,
Bring it on,

I jest with a dare,

Glancing at the far,
Off wall once there,
I can only hope,
That you would want to share,

The gift of life,
The ups and downs,
Sometimes yellow,
Sometimes brown,

The greatest thing
Is no surprise,
Love, beauty and trust,
Based on compromise,

The wall is torn down,
Feelings are felt,
Will you be a candle?
Or just melt?

Midst

Like spheres upon the ocean mist,
Appearing within the alphabet,
Selected words as composites,
Coordinates of rudiments,
Precise gravitational orbits,
Due to space-time requisites,

Notes aflame upon the woven tapestry,
Visualizing the appearance anomaly,
Singular words within densities,
A monad collectivity,
Individuals who exist cosmically,
Visions of celestial harmony,

Pulling all together inward massed,
From gravities order's grasp,
Reason to restrain logic's tracks,
Along the bars flying fast,
Each ray adjusting to its essence,

Presences orderly collected,

Fancy though the momentary bliss,
For within a bubble stays ignorance,
Outward combustible and spontaneous,
To elements such in catalyst,
Exploding the intelligence,
Of remaining egocentric,

As each sphere can rise and weave,
Falling down upon such as greed,
As lust for more always intercedes,
Upon poverties humility,
Such did the apple fall to gravity,
Centrifugal to relativity,

Yet as the mass or order's space grows,
Upon the play we call our show,
The notes of sphere's beyond universal,
Multiverse's of bubbling foam,
Rising and collecting upon the cosmos,
And heard in silence is the spiritual,

Opening doors upon structure's matrix,
A coded information genesis,
Where stars burn like a furnace,
Adjusting its light as benevolence,
To say the word serendipitous,
Life's light grows bright in the abyss,

Dark words to once upon a soul,
Existing within bardo's below,
Heaven is reached upon the conditional,
That you must remain faithful,
To the vine growing biblical,
For life tis a gift and is graceful,

Looking farther upon the point of vantage,
I see a nebulae cold frosted expansion
Where the sound is heard within the mansion,
Ringing clear the doppler synapses,
Connecting direct to expanses,
Beyond the space-time collapsing,

As thus reforming as the silent echo,
Things heard and seen direct though,
As into the soul's jumping let go,
Correcting the old future is alphabetical,
Where words precisely perfectful,
Into an expressive order's miracle.

View

Fluorescent patterns window view,
Contraction's emerging centrifuge,
Waving spectrums amplitude,
Frequencies of energies perfume,

Light waves dancing iridescent,
Illumination ray's as sentience,
Living flames sparking intelligence,
Catalyst within miracles lesson,

Portals weaving inner singularity,
Masses around a density,
No escaping epiphanies,
Gnosis; a sober relativity,

Structures chamber spinning labyrinth,
Rest due well on thy Sabbath,
Stillness moving within the magic,
Icarus music installed dynamic,

Tunnel colors separating connected,
Refraction prism perfected,
Light way weave dancing corrected,
imperfections opening directions,

Tis breath seen subjectively,
Different paintings remembering,
Filaments of a tapestry,
Inward interdimensionally,

Connecting the dots of energy,
Orchestrated coordinated symphony,
Appearing star-like centricity,
Spirals motion flaming synergy,

Words sword light as illuminated,
Double edged thus is segregated,
From cosmic holy testaments,
Flying higher than Icarus,

Tis thy melting candle the wrong,
Perfume experienced as song,
Stilled below experiencing anons,
Experience without oblivion,
For sun lights ray burns eternal,
Living beyond thus in miracle,
Nebulae obedient to the invisible,
Of connecting to the spiritual,

Ending beginning of portal bright,
Experience singing meteorites,
Shaping darkness's stage fright,
Inward currents of the satellites,

Like a pearl in the sky non-attached,
Flying through reflection's flash,
All direction's directed blast,
Connecting all as elements,

Inside yet quite like the void,
Silently speaking out as noise,
Thoughts seen like inward ploys,
Weaving space-times androids,

Yet gnosis the simple revelation,
Revealed to be your station,
Star flying through sensations,
Quissentince of personification,

Perfected dance in lightweaves spectrum,
Waving flame of suggestion,
Invitations not always a blessing,
For who knows what you are confessing,

And gifts thy revel of such fancy,
Delirious of currently thinking
Tis what control of my mind sings,
The spirit teacher found within me.

Radiate

Some dreams sparkle and radiate,
Like stars in outer space,
Adjusting to awakening debates,
Like arguments that alienate,

Light weaving dance upon illusion,
Inner realms fusion,
Dreaming fire's love and using,
Visual melting confusion,

Two illuminations merging in dance,
Fluorescent labyrinth ambivalence,
Lamps light moving filaments,
Captured blissful ignorance,

Sun dance ray like a group of Roses,
Supernova of explosions,
Delighting the picture like composing,
Heartfelt dreaming moments,

Remember that stars form in chaos,
Dancing dream of stillness,
Moving back and no shaping illness,
Forming blissful interiors,

Like flowers forming within that sparkle,
Wonderful dream remarkable,
Stars shape in love thus partial,
Dreamt awoke in the invisible,

Tis catalyst the fancied harmony,
Merging melting melody,
Dreaming awake while sleeping,
Of another flaming epiphany.

Song of Time (Sonnet)

The melody of time, in my verse chimes,
Deep within the heart of Zion's core shrine,

Exists nothing, yet all, pieces combine,
An energy, in the soul it does climb.

With each muse, the daemon's hold can unwind,
Splitting atoms, forming a new design,
Together, we sing, our spirits align,
Deep within the void, where darkness can bind.

Captured, dark matter forms a gaping hole,
Through sin, each day, its presence so unfolds,
In silent retreat, Zen fills empty souls.

Time reflects, in its enduring still role,
Each day, a chapter in life's tale to scroll,
Follow the Tao, our truest goal is home.

Space-Time

Slowing down the flow of time,
Different particles align,
Seeing seconds as one design,
Moments crystalline,

Connecting different colors place,
Directing attention's state,

Boundary

A shape existing as a boundary,
Within the central singularity,
A form dancing and manifesting,
Without beyond the infinite,

A trance of energy as catalyst,
Attention's lucid synergist,
An explosion appearing like intelligence,
Shapeshifting in a dream abyss,

A voice disguised as Kitsune,
Dreams manifold listening,
A sound of sly so cunningly,
Quick-witted perfidious deeds,

An action combined like ambrosia,
Elixir of Eucharist's wisdom,
A thought of faith in systems,
Which draught is your cistern,

As central to points attention,
Oblivious boundless connections,
As layers in different dimensions,
Form and shape all directions,

An exploding center as shapeshifting,
A fox in form as Kitsune,
An escaping shape beyond boundaries,
Invisible to the nebulous densities,

As forms tapestry of dreamlands,
Due doth infinite strokes illusion,
A scene inside without the sand,
As due doth dreams before command,

A light giving shapes to many programs,
Dreams upon the forming hologram,
An outside word existing as man,
Different forms folding the land,

And a central note of clarity,
Words of foxes fur glistening,
A boundary exploded as ability,
To see before and after a dream,

A dance selective to oscillation,
Trances program of elation,
A matrix to exist in transmigration,
Geocentric node of relation,

And as a humanity spherical,
Different shapes of highs and lows,
A spark to radiate internal,
Which shape forms your soul?

A sign within the dreamt abyss,
Current thought linked as shift,
A lamp without a filament,

Shining central throughout the infinite,

As curious thou who whilst roams,
Many inclinations betow'd
As pathos, agape and eros,
Each a love seldom shown,

A sign to sing of land dreaming,
Orchestrated related harmony,
As each note visually shining,
Or dissonance by melody,

A like to point explosion how,
Intra-doppler inverted now,
A flip on the fabric's compounds,
To experiences dreams beyond wow,

And as this worded metaphor,
Ask who knocks on your door?
A dream to shape together's form,
Have a trance-like editor,

As a final message of a dream weave,
Synergy collected point shapeshifting,
A lucid lesson begunst history,
Choiceless choice while dreaming.

O Thy Muse

O thy muse,
What is it I see,
A universe confused,
Amongst a tapestry,

Range of different notes,
Such a harmonic scale,
Signature connotes,
Direct experiential steel,

O what do you see,
A note low and high,
Ringing from smelting,
An anvil to personify,

Sword master blade,
Many notes wrung,
Plethora singing weight,
Not the same as one,

To strike a perfect note,
Harmony sings,
A bell of hope,
Tis the sword living,

To garden well thy cut,
Many flowers blossom,
Bonsai the anvil's touch,
Many cherry customs,

Silent is the spoken word,
From the blade shaped,
Many forms given curls,
Perfection; your own face,

As notes of harmony ring,
Within the temple devotee,
Blacksmithing perfected sings,
Signature of reality,

For tis sharp the edge of life,
Precision is precise,
As each note ends strife,
But provides notes concise,

For the Mastery hears,
The same harmony,
For tis all one blade steers,
The same noted melody,

If rings clear the same to you,
The blade is true,
The perfected repeated,
In form and clue,

For the blade is always sharp,
Even if the master is dull,
And each note in comforts,

The heat of the anvil.

And as each sword combats,
Each own signature,
Different notes of colors,
And wonderful picture,

So many notes of Masters,
Have shaped the face,
From life given disaster,
Forms the metals shape,

Anvils of notes that sing,
Upon the idea,
Of a warrior gardening,
In the fields of Sophia,

Yet wisdom of the anvil,
So many wrong notes,
Finding thus it malleable,
Folding metal strokes,

And hitting all the bars,
Of metal that sing,
Death thyne idea is far,
But how does thy pain sting,

For shapes of splendor live,
But give a shape to kill,
And perfect notes survive,
And live to tell the skill.

Weary and Weak

Weary and weak at night,
I ponder light,
Taste and flavors of delight,
I wander the blight,

Walking and talking through day,
I should never delay,
Strength and might as clay,
I below as ray,

Singing and praising as faith,
I know thy place,
Hymns and songs of strength,
I note thy race,

Seeing and seer a universe,
I speak of hurts,
Sensing and absorbing a verse,
I sling south due worse,

Softly and quiet among music,
I orchestrated as sonic,
Loudly and swift songs split,
I symphonies perfect,

Above and below speaking close,
I thinking a curse,
Below and above in light's clothes,
I collects in reverse,

I now speak of universals,
Sight and wisdoms rehearsals,
I knows talk egocentral,
Seens as knowledge malleable.

Passing Dust

The passing dust,
Fading like lust,
Unfolding tree,
Majesty.

The mirror image,
Miser's prison,
Protecting all,
Centrifugal.

The painted brush,
A spell of such,
Perfecting pens,
Animation.

A syllable,
Original,
Let there be light,
Composites.

Few words to you,
Less is a clue,
Listening noise,
Perfect alloys.

Silence speaks back,
Love is a fact,
Suffering words,
Remember.

A dove flying,
Song's purity,
Ill gotten kind,
Mastermind.

Words spoken true,
Ringing a clue,
In and out flows,
Radio.

Image at dusk,
Relevant trust,
Sword and shield,
Revealed.

A work of art,
Subjective start,
The alphabet,
Rudiments.

Space in a line,
Mainframe defined,
Orbital plugs,
Illusions.

More from the Self,
Enneagram's help,
Silent the point,
Self-anoint.

Heard the expanse,
Mysterious,
To give men hope,
Biblical.

Last is the first,
Stillness does hurt,
Search to find thee,
Inwardly.

The muse thus sung,
Few words among,
Tales to be said,
Anon be read.

Strings

The long lost strings of time have fallen,
Into the dust the cries are forgotten,
As ghosts dance upon words begotten,
Unfolding chance upon the prison of nothing.

Do the rattling drums beat the presence of breath,
In the symbolism of union as a test,
In breath we align the the digital best,
Is the blueprint in the words or the stress?

In years we have started to harvest or disappear,
An opaque translucent mirror,
The view above from mad centuries is clear,
As below we reason out oblivion's charioteer.

In air we form the to the current shape,
Beginning as blasting, shocking, non-linear radiates,
Through entropy and various advert states,
Within the hidden rule; how does it relate?

For if one must continually fight for what is mine,
Does not the presence occur from the design?
As within the unlimited potential land of the mind,
Ancient spirit's tether to the command aligned.

As life begins to be lost, found, and to just think,
Does not a forest in death, do these words feel a link?
Grinding mills and farms to compete,
A different feeling of deforestation defeats.

Yet drink! Dance! Ye hypocrites and dogs,
Around the sight of breath destroying fog,
Sacred homes with their covens and homes,
Different feelings of debt to the bones.

As words unaware within the awareness,
Or do the phonics swim like an illusionist,
Play among the courts as a need to say,
Deep within the night, are secrets of the day!

A change begins within maybe the heart?
As looking inside, the outsider starts,
To see testaments of rights within dark,
Is it not our writing that leaves remarks?

How many lifetimes does it take to write?
To become a bright hope shining in the night?
Prevailing winds to seldom move the breeze,
Upon the night of cold embers freeze.

To be changed in the realm of deep sorrow,
Is to see insanity every tomorrow,
Fronting and never lending as it borrows,
The mind of yourself within the hollows.

Yet nodes of time are sensed beyond,
Where one can reflect in song,
The heart of mine ravaged free amongst,
The pumping of eternal and glorious.

Happy days are within what we see,
Like ravaging vines running free,
And ancestors are the land are always felt,
Within us they reside as it melts.

Into the fires of the tempus burning when,
Crafted gold of Source's oblivion,
Lucid spells of words amongst then,
Rolling midst across the firing den.

Sparking seeds found within the breath,
Of initiation of the gift giving death,
In the fields of energy field,
Symbolic of the synergy yield.

As strings break and the heart set apart,
Is heard in sound but teleports,
Away into dimensional cohorts,
Didn't the shift begin in orbits?

How can all many know the one,
When all lights reveal the sun?
Or the total symbolism of everyone,
Ambivalence colors refracted sum,

Like butterflies sparking dazzling nodes,
Upon the realm of marigolds,
Just upon the dance of the fold;
Be a story of the original.

Story

Alone in this place I feel the heat,
Pumping slow does go my heart beat,
Once in past I was a man of ray,
Shining for hope in a rightful way,

In a land before I was forgotten lost,
A place of voids that twists the cost,
Into the depths of a star eclipse,
For once I knew I must insist,

That a beginning thread uncoiled the core,
Allowing the truth of words to score,
Inside close is a snake that tunnels the heart,
Hidden mysteriously the way starts,

This mood that enacted such a state,
Where original dependence thus relates,
The mountain scenes and coastal beaches,
Where was what deep in my mind's reaches,

The beautiful green and rocks that moments read,
Upon where to love of symphonies color ambivalent,
Broken refractions into a million shattered glasses,
For once for all, I knew the lashes,

A crown given by the despair that was such dread,
Although the demon of lust only must be fed,
By a wolf who hungers at the slaughter of the lamb,
Inward within the eye sees the plan,

The way to see this inward glance,
Is created by the state of trance,
Allowing thus to muse to the universe's stars,
Furthermore aiding us by magma cooling scars,

So when in that moment I read I am,
I felt delusional; the feeling you feel is grande,
To reach about your own life upon the page,
Was what was making my mind rage,

This scheme, a spell, a poem within the crime,
Insisted before the poison vine from time,
Debasing prophets of dark who unwinding fell,
Into an existential particle hell,

This place alone we could walk after life,
Is where our atoms are fissioned and spliced,
The place of peace but full of suffering,
Is where you begin to feel the wondering,

The books the comprehend the muse of mind,
Dependant on a source of another entwined,
The source inside, the spiritual bind,
Is where you see the faded line,

This faded line must during life never be crossed,
Along the event horizon of gravities dead at all cost,
Upon asleep, awoken I began to see sublime,
And the soul of muse began to infill my mind,

The spirit also searched and began to infuse,
A source with love that all may use,
Disorder upon the fold was set in play,
And reason the order of light years away,

Once perhaps I may tell you why,
That the living dead can exist inside,
Yet heaven above so rich, harmonies no lie,
To send gifts of miracles aligned,

Let me now begin to sing to you,
My mind is clear, refreshed and renewed,
For this place alone I hold and fast,
Within this particle extension is our last,

The beginning breath of death is where it began,
And love was infused with this land,
Reciting lines of biblical hope,
Live your life in seeds that wrote,

To which upon this time I think,
Is the universe controlled and linked?
As throughs estranged from fleeted whisps,
The providence is found within silence,

This poem pondering what I know is the keep,
For my mind, it is a refuge for the weak,
A beating core that is found yet seeks,
As some are awake and some are asleep,

Let me recite how it all began,
A love of Venus is too much to stand,
Putting me into a spell of depression,
I thought I know, is this another commission?

These things occurring led me to the sea,
As the shores and beaches were a part of me,
The waves rolled and I continually hurt,
And searched my mind for answer'd comfort,

This pain I felt was like no other,
Kind of like when Zeus diminished his brother,
I fell under a spell of nature,
And a chemical change came to rapture,

Thus the green I knew felt it's place,
And consumed, out of mind, rather displaced,
Elegance I considered was a knight at bay,

Under the stupor diminished the way,

The spell of nature inside so enacted,
That seeing this, I was teleported and reacted,
To see the breath of death upon my soul,
And thus I was consumed by the whole,

My mind at once could perceive the all,
Within the twists and turns of centrifugal,
Inside our brain, inside this mess,
I began to ponder at best,

The only thing I could really relate,
Is hell was visited upon this date,
Aftermore, one night thus at the lakes,
I gave my soul towards the fates,

And once the spell activated my mind,
Books and theories felt so divine,
The poems I wrote about this place,
Holiness was rather a hypocritical face,

So upon the night of which of that,
The formula came to my mind as fact,
Yet who is to say what is so true,
Are you delusional without a clue?

The thesis I wrote began to ensnare,
The comsoes, universe, in a glare,
And though at once I thought it right,
Could I be confused by my own sight?

As years have passed and winds have blown,
I have now begun and begin to show,
The guise within is known as Self,
And is in fact your own wealth,

Now thinking here and telling you that,
We all our mad in our own hat,
Blind we see the loves selfless urge,
And using reason we can purge,

As seeing this and a part of me,
Within words you can be free,

To watch yourself and see the land,
Upon which you only stand,

On your feet you walk with what's right,
So don't even test your own insight,
Be free, careful, controlled and willed,
To avoid it all is to be so such stilled,

As for now once my words aligned,
And stars always shine,
Divine in rhyme I felt my core,
As truth of your own is your own door,

Yet death knocking close to the inside,
Is why you keep secrets as confide,
If you begin to tell your life and story,
Is it horrors or is it glory?

So write as you write and know you must,
Give way to self and bestial lust,
Perhaps to you I am alone,
But this is how I make myself shown,

The trips to lands and magical places,
Where dimensions shift and conical faces,
Shape a system that is so free,
Upon the divine rhyme seeded tree,

So fire your truth and let your core restore,
As death of life you must abhor,
Begin anew with friends and past,
For who knows which day may be your last.

Digits

Lyrics with digits, mathematical alphabet,
Bars with rudiments, syllable calculus,
Formula verse alignment, mechanical matrix,
Different words orbit like connected magnets,
Direct circuit, quantum state benefits,
Alternate market, relativity to mathematics,
Boom and bust target, graphs parabolic,
Capital interest, syllabus defines rhetoric,

Notes in phonics; direct experience,
Madness coordinated like an equation,
Answer provided like a given direction,
Infinities conditions, eclipse's edition,
Spin the darkness, ancient lamp's filament,
Burning without oil; custom's heritage,
Like mathematical bars in syllogisms,
Analogy of fission, bifurcate wisdom,
Novice experts, different spherical kingdoms,
Lessons of Elysium, oscillations vibrations,
Frequency of the silent systems,
Light words tempus as fire's living,
Feeling satori missions, harmonies testament,
Sphere music playing all as one; glistens,
Listening to melodic orchestrated visions,
Who is the director, in this inception,
All cosmic relations, central singular ascension,
Based archetype as shapeshifting,
Metempsychosis like undead living,
Yet aligns worded mathematical directives.

Silent Noise

Silent noise heard like a sound,
Dazzling emeralds sparkling profound,
Listening quiet to the spoken word,
We talk to others with what we've learned,
Do we know all or is it something different,
Do our lessons teach us during our experience,
Like order growing from harmonies law,
Or does disorder perchance relate the flaw,

Like structured systems so precise,
Relating chaos tis a butterfly's strife,
Occurring in another kingdom's light,
What do they see upon their blight,

Light years away does the order grow,
Or does it take millennium to show,
That rise of ages upon the blur,
All which happens upon motion linear,
Sequential time in dilations state,
Rapidly creating faster dates,

In which to have happen conceptual,
Dissonance fabric like woven material,
Tapestry link to the spirits,
Invisible illusions of the coherent,

As hearts pulse grace in vision's saw,
Subjective voice within disorder's flaw,
Tis order of reason's logical base,
All concepts relate to an original face,
Forms that grow upon the manifold,
Which language to use in the digital,
A singular syntax within the spliced frame,
Grammar tis used as in the same name,

Yet many years unfold upon the centuries,
Lost mythology becomes untruth to history,
Yet can man walk on stars far away thus,
Or is it only in our dreams we touch,
The space-time fabric of woven material light,
Upon the system's astral inner blight,

A seen vision within the contemplated,
Upon the insight of revelations,
Who is the contemplator for your thoughts,
Is it something that is all or you call naught,
Akin to either sound desire is so intent,
And another's voice can be malevolent,
A manifested voice is your own presence,
As a filament surrounded by light's essence,
Still slow'd with the currently sound noise,
Is expressed our desire for material toys,
Yet torment of fancy tis a folly or dance,
Upon which way your desire consents,

All paths leading back to the same place,
Original state as your own face,
Who tis you upon the sea of they,
Are you the predator or the prey,
Or lucid dreaming amongst the awoken ocean,
Some are lost to time's own motion,
Asleep in awake to sense another's plan,
Quite essential to help another called man,
For quid pro quo happens a lot upon the fates,
And silent states fluorescent radiate,

A exploding photosynthesis of occurring,
Its allowing us within this plethora,
Like seeded sow'd amongst the tapestry of stars,
Who knows which constellations a'far,
Are woven into the chain we call light,
Or can thoughts create the dark in the blight,

So as to per say we have now amassed,
And the central topic of occurrence,
Which dazzling radiating star can be you,
Just look within the see for the clues,
Like keys given upon a orchestrated song,
Is your chance to open the doors of everlong,
So be merry and dance upon performance,
For who knows who this stage manages,
The songs we create and the music we sing,
For tis all as one we subjective being,
A new metaphor of light to see into self,
For your own face is your original health.

Before

Silent muse of mystery before,
Epics and tales at the door,
Fresh breath of life heard,
Knocking within meanings word,

Opening to a reflecting star,
Soul of calloused scars,
Wisdom light refraction ray,
Essence of eternal days,

Portals through a plane unseen,
Ethereal and empyrean,
Citadels and castles crystallized,
Mesmerized by glistening,

Listening to the spoken sound,
Ocean's rose from underground,
A flower amongst the drifted current,
Thorns and beauty are it's torment,

Flowing accordingly do the seeds,

Spring lucid dreams abundantly,
Awoken asleep upon the deck,
The globe a stage performance,

Mysterious sailing through space,
Light-years ahead of our race,
Intradimensional shifts with souls,
Empty to full goes your bowl,

As poverty is a beggar's mind,
In richer love the sweeter wines,
Can bitter the taste of the urge,
Escaping reason's like to purge,

Notes myriad colors the page,
Tapestry of woven grades,
As upon the dust made conical,
Strings and atoms entangled,

Why does space matter so much,
The final frontier of our touch,
Words akin to meanings light,
Touch a new world gaining insight,

Dark the humans past history,
But light is what we choose to see,
Shining lamps upon the dust,
Is how we should place our trust,

Yet wonder at the refracted dance,
Many colors to support your stance,
Which way to see at what is light,
Past a nebulae all is night,

Hopefully though orbs can jump,
A magical insight upon that trumps,
Quick swift to light in the frame,
From hidden within the plane,

Connecting thus thou art to thee,
Where are you in analogy,
Lost or found upon the maze,
Of figuring out a captured gaze,

Mechanical bodies walking thus,
Subjective minds living touch,
To alleviate tensions suffering,
Learn to love all of living,

As quietly heard the shifted,
Laybrthm waves fluorescents,
Inner realms contest years,
Who is the one that seers,

Like akin like to the state,
Growing, collecting and relates,
Amassed order for the fall,
In rainbows captured pictural,

A dance weaving woven threads,
Upon the animation myriad,
Minds within the framing matter,
Each an strung of time in ladder,

Secretly though among the grass,
Hierarchy invisible to our past,
Spiritual anecdotes revived long,
In which the ladder sings its song,

As like to like the choir and verse,
Sings its song in joys and hurts,
Completed universes spiritual,
Different strings as harmonical,

Upon the fret of playing the game,
Tabs and literature of legendary,
A muse upon the notes of time,
Occurring metamorphosis sublime,

A larvae of the noted sung,
Yet many notes hit as wrong,
As butterflies danced in strings,
Metaphorical wisdom capturing,

Two notes the same at one place,
Entangled all things in one race,
As light is first and also the last,
Stars of calloused performance,

As upon the orchestrated sound,
History of musicians profound,
Sublime sight of notes adjusting,
Stars wandering inside nothing,

Sparking so swift a beautiful spin,
All music essential to our kin,
Spherical wisdom harmonizes,
Creating citadels of crystallizing,

Like the words beginning genesis,
Water from voids of Theos,
Currents within the first sung last,
Stars of soul's words calloused.

Fields

Many stars thrown amongst the tapestry fields,
Magnetic cores attracting animation,
Different seeds realizing what light yields,
Direct reflection inside revelation,

Like as like in centers control manifold,
Kinetic energy sprouting the blight,
Revolving electric orbits circuitry soul,
Flowers illuminating the dark nights,

Tis heaven scenery the cherry blossoms,
Spring-time haven time betwixt,
Amidst the dreams thought lost often,
Surviving sub species aeternalis,

As different customs sewn through weaves,
Like changing the inner parabolo,
Photosynthesizing light through leafs,
Stringed atomically to the tabula rasa,

Universe's sung amongst the flowers,
Filaments appointed shining sewn,
Like below a dungeon, above a tower,
Elliptical path around the stars thrown,

Additionally though the inner circuits,
Moving around in a circumference,
To joys above and fears below as merits,
Charges gravitational to intelligence,

Furthermore the furious dashes flash,
As luminescent sparks catalyze,
Within lights radiant central masks,
Seeds liven by space-time satellites,

Prelude to different lighted strands,
Myriads companions tis blossoms muse,
Master's weaving composed by hand,
As dissonance by the external abuse,

Which flower tis stroke by the chance,
Revealing the woven tapestry,
Which seed tis willing by the dance,
To sail directly into the Sun burning,

Tis fumes and vapors gaseous frame,
Collecting albeit dusted imaginations,
Holograms heated by love's flame,
Creatively sparking time's subjugation,

Revealed thou to you within the wisdom,
Poetry prophetic clear and sensed,
Upon the revel fancy upon the blossoms,
Which sprouted soul doth illuminance,

Thy faithful providence within the seed,
Sprouted need in captivity flaming,
Revolutions of animations subsequently,
Sings as terror as hurricanes naming,

Yet passed threshold through the silent noise,
To thy pain thy retorted temperature,
Expressed reflection exploding ploys,
Muses seed upon the sung Templar,

As shown now a woven worded abode,
The tapestry of the one and all,
Parables within a coloured weave robe,
Facets amongst the stringed wool,

As many flowers and customs light the way,
Praise eternal past imagery,
A flowing field yield the visions own day,
One robe tis all colors in energy,

As one star picked amongst the thread,
Devote tis obedient temple common,
A word to those who wish for bread,
Only take it when faithfully trodden,

As ending now with the final string,
Albeit showering the customs,
A light upon the seeds flowering,
Photosynthesizing tapestries blossom.

Throne

High above seated amidst the throne,
Depths below the dungeons catacombs,
We hear the story collected of bones,
A way back to the start as home,

Walking asleep in such a slumber,
Perplexing hourglass of time's wonder,
Awoken perchance against my own fancy,
Illusion's controlling imaginations dancing,

Frames different than our suggested light,
Spheres harmonic towards insight,
Levels to the current placed aura,
Blights adjusted by sun-rays tomorrow,

Yet in today the awoken dream,
Hierarchy of the now in scenery,
As towering mountains above in strength,
Below a valley in lengths and lengths,

Rivers raging agush the flowing state,
Light sprouting lakes collected and radiates,
Nodes attracting to the like as like,
Common-thread we call strife,

Eternity budded although into a single word,
Just look at one as all; it's color,
Like wisdoms given relation to manna,
And reason to see energy as prajna,

Strings laced amongst the worded imagery,
A single noted reality called tapestry,
Beating a song sung so harmonical,
That a genius is poetica universal,

So as one singing beyond a silent filament,
Luminescent light flaming iridescent,
Noises sparked the genesis's thread,
Nexus emergent to the light as sacred.

Cast

Twas a magic blink and feral cast,
Frozen arcane and nova blasts,
Fire magma flashes a pulsing flow,
Betwixt the inner photon hollow;
A universe inept yet woven in spells,
Puppeted like strings from the well,

Olden time lost, forgotten who ruled the land,
Magi constructed the folds of man,
Tis sensed, heard, and portaled afar,
To constellation's map in distant stars,

Although potions, elixirs, flasks and brew,
Batwing, ogre, monsters and green grass dew,
These things are arrows the sling due south,
Fields ravaged and attached to health,

Upon the lightning show and acorn eaters,
Many globes operating on these theaters,
Plays on plays dancing a sung tune,
Far from Earth yet words near to you,

Conjuring the simple riddled question test,
Currents from source are blessed adjustments,
Light vanishing darkness, light a guarantee,
Of quintessence gifts of to be,

Rapidly the vanishing acts begins fast,
Gouging with a cursed blade sting,
Stunned I begin the think at last,
Blinking out of the animations string,
Spliced plane beyond the visual,
Of the illusion's framed material,

Sheeps still are lost to who will follow,
Something to fill the well's hollow,
Opening key of who is in the back,
Frozen solid from a freezing blast,

The cone of cold called the conical,
Blasting still while in the perceptual,
Cold times begotten the fingers frost,
Golden shadows of tempus lost,

As though somewhere in the shadows,
There is a forest field shining meadow,
A night were sight is invisible from time,
Wheels circulating springs through sublime,
Like shield operating slinged gears,
Bubbles barrier firmament against fears,

The damage mitigated like a warrior,
Blocking all like old times orders,

Spun around and cheap shot stunned,
Hex's death like using a gun,
Dagger's elixir piercing depths skin,
Shadow inside merging and worn thin,

Undead features shining and coming through,
The sense of time in oblivion long gone,
Using nova, again, blow up the heat plan,
Shadows to shape the light called man,
Slowly tempered the global feats,
Dueling myself to show who speaks,
Others talking yet myself as brother,
Who is anon the the spiritual mother,

Fantasy though chasing the reading script,
Of compounded alphabetical digits,

Sensed far again and wide from a star,
The spells of words like Magician's conjured,

Do not run, do not hide or cast away,
Staying inside the shelter of this play,
The casting rudiments casted upon lots,
But words selfishly spell out the plot,

Raven prophecy burning inside the fire,
Tricks of the trade are still learning desires,
Hopeless hopeful to know my own faith,
Save yourself in the way you spell weights,

Refreshing the crime, a mage is the sage of time,
Controlling minions through various vines,
Different elemental codes for the field,
Voice is unto the land of what is unreal,

Before there is a need for revolution,
It is monkey see, monkey do; as evolution,
Mages set forth the kill the shadows,
Like different places where light riddles,
As where is reason within the digits,
Around a circular table of the individualis,
Many forms around the shaping components,
Like around the circumference of Camelot,
Different glory upon the plots story,
Like hidden in stone the blade of worthy,

Excalibur the sword of worded strength,
Amidst the flower's blooming ranks,
To man, a gift, the word of the abyss,
Slow to harness of old time versions,

At many times the castle tower above,
And people below holding crude rough,
Burned olden time Magicians at the stake,
Visions of take to the lakes,
The white veil illusionist manifold,
The eyes of red looking within control,

Encapsulated into the mind we call time,
Radiation conflagrations occurrence sublime,

The story of hidden golden ore from the mines,
Needed for radiation protection defined,
Save thyself from the sources energy transformation,
Of knowing light and harnessing analyzation,

This frightful flight of words in it's own right,
Defines itself in itself through the write,
Knowing if the facts or falsity will align,
Is how to debate away from this line,
Thou shalt see that the blade tempered,
Is not in fact yourself that is weathered,
Thou art that thou are you can see,
In Fact in this place where nowhere seems to be,

In olden days the formations coursed through time's vein,
The mineral thoughts could shine sovereign,
They still sit and wait for the time of clocks fate,
For man to unearth the mineral lost states,

The perfection siddhi is a place of clarity,
Enhances the worded analogy,
Like olden days where rocks stood like towers,
And geometric shapes formed from showers,
Of what they wanted man to see as light,
Foundations based upon the to be blight,

As fire's burn eternally and the blink away,
Was from micro to the macro though days,
The universe grammarly is in a man,
But what way does the self plan,

What one sees is what one uses to write,
And what no-one sees is tecnotical folded blights,
Logical tacticians rocks in passive moods,
To attack or defend upon the material crude,
Like the harder the rocks the stronger the castle,
To fear the essence of song is the ego centered,

To the first verse of the cauldron boiling,
Boil boil and double the toiling,
Spill in some frog legs and witches frail,
Frozen primordial soup of the tale,

This fable of olden different states,

Heaven an inner bliss that radiates,
Suffering is due to thy own voice,
Of raising or lowering it upon choice,

Again back to the portal afar,
Looking back upon different mapped stars,
The land beyond is faithfully given free,
To and land the is God created eternity,

Back and back to the beginning once again,
Different elemental wizards lands,
Spheres of evolutions random delight,
Due to ambrosia like honey polite,

As thou the riddle can always tempt thee,
To different entrances of controversy,
As there is a reverse to every forward reaction,
So this is how evolution is due creation,
Heaven on the earth from above towers,
And in the below the love doth shower,

As the old ages are weathering away,
And the golden age dances in words day,
Like a trance upon the weaving chance,
Of different poetical stance,

Yet what lost story am I myself,
This Atlantis deep within my wealth,
A place of let go and surrender,
Was where the ages and eonic mender,

So as the play ends in this swords word,
Tis your own to enter the Illuminator.

Oblivion

Walking the shores of oblivion,
I hear the sounds as instruments,
Like spheres around the harmony,
And notes sung as the melody,
Light dancing tunes in tapestry,
Music healing tones for suffering,
Listening words upon the images,

Animations sparking increments,

Different forming rays in light,
Universal anemia upon the blight,
Woven fabric of an illusionist,
Unfinished creation perfectionist,
Nodes around the centralist,
Circle without a circumference,
Single center found as sight,
Perception myriad meteorite,

Cosmic mind upon universal,
Orchestrated song without rehearsal,
Directing plays upon the show,
Spherical the ouroboros globe,
Different signatures in highs and lows,
Temperature's ratio found in tempo,
Half or whole, the step transversal,
Inverted mathematical reversal,

Yet how do frets make atom's fire,
Light becoming as its own desire,
Strung the lyre of singing the new,
Illusionist perfectionist in a clue,
Faith thy will do seldom grow a few,
The morn fresh grass and spring dew,
As sparkling stars upon the wire,
Radiating a sung spoken purifier,

Silent though the materialist fancy,
Who has the best revels a fallacy,
Symbolic thought the mythic stars,
Sensed upon the spherical large,
Different strained notes a far,
And other harmonies grow and charge,
While sufferings growing melody,
Dissolves amongst à Honnête homme

So sing of the stars creative intelligence,
It has meaning to give the aeternalis,
Words to flame the abysse's darkness,
As legends are made within difference,
And candles to flame the times tempus,
Into sparking songs of radiance,

Of singing a new to the unfinished,
Like spring dew grass circumference.

Pirates

“Upon the gallery,
We stand gallantly,
To fight the wind,
To fight the storm,
To brave the cold,
To seek the warm,

Singing merrily,
Upon the sea!
Time and conquest,
Labor and chest,
Hours of unrest,
Sailing the test!”

Olden tales we sing of before,
Waves upon the notes of the shore,
Sands drifting, hourglass emptying,
Upon evermore!

“Wooden oak,
Craft of sail,
Ancients of old,
Past day tales,
Songs of hope,
Boat top hails!”

First, thunder, then, storm,
Lightning, worse, luke-warm,
Explosive quarrel, canon nails,
Death thy sting haunts frail,
To the pain! Set sail!

Over arch, over top,
Down, under, over, around,
Craft learning hard sounds,
Leaning left to the ground,
Jumping ship is disavowed!

Strap the cord! Set the sail!
Hope to more lands do we prevail,
Lightning orbs, flashing stars,
Over everywhere, cartographer,
Map of astrological wonders!
Look to the sky! Look to the heavens!
Set true north for the nebulae!

Man the oars, set the song to tide!
Sound the alarm, row hard and survive!
The next wave Tsunami size!
Perch the stern, allow a drawback!
Pull the ship back on track!

“O hard strong strokes strength,
Be the yoke and my tank,
Ever harder on the weights,
Row for life or lose pace!”

“Sing the song to the tide,
Let this prayer and song survive,
Singing while alive,
Tis is the reason why!”

O joy and rainfall drops,
Ever clearing after stormful stops,
Deep singing the tune afloat’,
The reason tis new boats,
From lands unseen and unscarred,
By sailing new places at large!

“Tis song of glad tide over,
We see land tis rover’,
Set sail to sunder,
Pull us to land and plunder!”

Entering this low landscape,
Drifting on terran’s face,
The arrow hits the point,
We are not alone, tis appoint,
Who we are, and sing why,
Pirates at large living cries!

“Tis plunder we seek,

Steal from any we seek!,
Tis not just the weak,
For even beggars mask deceit!"

O reply back, a whisper came from the fold,

"O brother, watch your ransom,
The more you collect,
The more your weight in gold,"

Songs long attuned to whispering memory,
Of forgotten sailing mutiny,
Pirates long dead, as an affinity,
Of looting and plundering infinite!

"Lost are we the songs of men,
Deep in the caverns den,
Lurking deeper in folded whens?
We are the pirates' olden trends!
Raid, set sail, and find trails!
Hope for the fragile and frail!
Open to lands where no man has seen,
Conquer land without it redeemed!
For tis not land, but gold we seek!
From the songs we speak!"

"Guns and pistols,
Swords and snares,
Capture otter and hare,
Wages and dice,
Ale and mutton,
This is the life of a glutton
Watch the sides,
Chain the guns,
For tonight, we stay on land,
For ale and rum!"

Tis found on land,
But sailing we sing,
Of how we stand,
Upon the slings!

The ocean can keep us awake,
As we sing tides to its sleep!

Prevailing in the deep,
Monsters of unknown we speak,
Depths narrows to seldom teach,
Mythological beasts!

Sounding alarming, the sound rings aloud!
Hurricane seen coming from profound!
Eye of the storm, sail into it bounds,
Us for safer grounds!

“As safe upon the history,
The storm passage synergy,
Drinking to the hope of song!
We are pirates of everlong!”

In tale and song, both speaking together,
As one,
For we speak and choose,
How we row with words,
And strengthen are arms,
Against the curve!
Of water's crest, angles blest,
To sailing providence!

Affinity tis Astrology,
Stars songs mused heard swimming,
Oceanic orbs pulsating,
Above and below wanderings!

“Tis they say we sing,
Of olden tragedies!
Harp string melody!
Tis furnace or slings!
Ravaging south, death thyne sting,
Does not haunt, for
To the pain we sing!”

Sailing for hope to find shore,
In eternities storm,
Colder and frozen warm,
Hopefully sailing in all forms.

Long ago

There once a time long ago,
In magic before the fold,
The birth of arcane and cosmo,
Malleable sources found in gold,

Before the land of the flock,
And mineral current thoughts,
Mercury flowing betwixt naught,
During an infinite looped knot,

Sands shaped like the glass,
Leftover meteorites forming flash,
Spawns panspermia from the dash,
Of universal seeding crash,

The nebulae creating sounded after,
A ghosted nothing time-lost laughter,
Who is but thy own master,
Servant or slave; savant disaster,

Light's own created thou a stream,
Of dust sapphire star's glistening,
Radiated radiance rare and listening,
Like light's upon space-time beams.

Waves

Showering waves; light's own muse,
Labyrinth ray, a void confused,
Spherical radius clue,
What hierarchy is in you?

Idioms inside the light,
Blackness rainbow ark delight,
Temple's cocoon, within's fright,
Pulsing order's as insight.

After the concluded thought,
Before the ray found in naught,
Timelessness as border's box,
Within the linear clock.

Dancing in space-time wonder,
Caught the state before slumber,
Awoken light's own plunder,
Visual ray of color!

Tis trance drop illusional,
Depth's mystery visual,
Soul's light individual,
Shaped by the conditional.

Weaving by fabric's timed layer,
Egg of protection in prayer,
To shield dropped after flares,
Emergence from barriers.

Yet stone set shield space-time,
Weaving rudiments combined,
Galaxies borders aligned,
To its own source as sunshine!

Lyre

Notes strung on a song,
Lyre of everlong,
Dancing mystical fold,
Blights of marigolds,
Tempus of divine,
Fire's time sung arrived.

A spell of lucid tis',
A kiss through penmanship,
Were hearts note mused,
Rays of light renewed,
Higher spherical thoughts,
Mercury, sulfur, salt and naught.

Void within the musical,
Central harmony as truthful,
As truth conquers rays,
Sing a new song each-day,
Today's intrinsic evermore,
Emotion's farthest shores.

Mountains faithful shields,
Defend, attacking or yields,
As fields of folded light,
Fluorescent fire's ignite,
Notes of attraction's core,
Waves rush as do restore.

Sound beyond a nebula,
Tis silence heard in temperature,
Heating space-time's distance,
Atoms in strings instance,
Muse of height heard,
Silent is the word.

The sound of the name,
Heated word by flame,
Waving glistening flowers,
Seeds sprouting collective showers,
Where risen to the strength,
Plants in different ranks.

As heard the dream appears,
Imagery from ancient seers,
Forever in the future,
Word's affinities nature,
Like notes upon a lyre,
Evidence of divinity.

Rising ranks risen seed,
Sprout of photosynthesizing,
Light, life, love through air,
Notes strung hard-like flares,
Selected to composed,
Orchestrated every note.

O muses emotions clue,
Rise and fall through renewed,
Shaping forming clay,
Light of ray every-day,
Where flares of spiritual,
Aurellea borealis visual.

Where the void in night captures,
Light's noted rapture,

Common thread through space,
Ancient tethers future race,
Muses in the listening,
Void worded glistening.

A crescendo capturing the rise,
Of silent flaming demise,
Burning the the less,
Message tis bright tis blessed,
As caught in the air of now,
Muses found in spiritual..

Although at the mountain-top,
The views wonder makes the stop,
Yet the spot shown visual,
A difference of principle,
As snow covers the top peaks,
Valley's draught mystery link.

Cold somber leafs withering,
As sorrow's tune configuring,
Death of life as in fall,
Yet always springs fresh renewal,
Sprouting cherry blossoms dance,
Tree's silent looking trance.

Talked as thought the weave,
Dancing fire's cold indeed,
Frozen frame of picture's light,
Words to flame the night,
Faithful thy will to insight,
Revealing truth within plight.

Sing the muse of substance,
Different geometries colorless,
Were lines align soul's name,
Bursting seeds in fires flame,
Towards evolutions perfect state,
Tempus tenth as muse awaits.

As threads uncoil and unfurl,
Upon destinies whirlpool,
A reference to tornado fires,
Erasing all attachments desires,

Common though man restores,
Evidence of the farther shores.

And under water in the deep,
Even mountains creep,
Pools of fire lava floor,
Framing global shapes of more,
Centrifugal mass heard profound,
As pressure inverses underground.

But tis not of the flowers,
Light beautifully small in hours,
Crafted of lyre perfume,
Status around the cocoon,
Emerging radiant abundance,
Of central love's epiphany.

Where rolling fires thunders sound,
As silence heard within the ground,
Around lightning explodes delight,
In musical of mountain heights,
For lyres have a vast range,
Noting various and vast planes.

Tis muse tenth approves,
Orchestra ray of clues,
Secret to those of name,
Divine power open range,
As flowers and the natural,
All within hierarchical.

Silent fires spoken now,
Presence sanctioned as allow,
Fire's sound heard throughout,
Different levels of soft of shout,
And magic urn of mystic glade,
Tis a new song sung today.

Chaos

Looking at the one we call chaos,
Primal energy for the one's called magus,
Interweaving dancing ancients,

Harmony's hidden order in Theos,

Visually interlocking worded rudiments,
Framing reason's alphabet,
Permutations within the fluorescents,
Of light's folded testament,

Clockwork timings within the frame,
Seeding monads experience name,
Hierarchy seen as levels of planes,
Spherical orbs within the flames,

Space-times velocity of the swift,
Synthesis algorithms in drifts,
Currently a unified field as gifts,
Present within olden Atlantis,

Shapes indifferent to forms current,
As thou good or evil merits,
Dissonance by fancies of different,
Words framing syllables consonant,

Order's hidden creative agent in havoc,
Folded realms and layers combatting,
Dreams glistening from mytho's magic,
Sleeping upon the oceanic,

Yet's heart's love glistening prayer,
Intellect of nous within flares,
Spontaneous no reference rare,
Linear words blight in the stare,

Of a word Sunlight looking at you,
Refraction prism information clue,
Which ray forms your aura's dew,
Chaos of light found around a few!

Synergy waves dancing praise,
Shelter cocoon shield base clay,
Hidden mystery within each day,
Chaos ordered by reason's way!

Stillness

Stillness my friend,
We meet again,
At ocean's source,
The current bends,
A moment time,
Heart's pulse when,
As wisdom shines,
The lamp of men.

Silent muse o thy voice,
Depths of deep remorse,
O river connecting force,
Underneath listening, a source,
Idioms confusings choice,
Light or dark course,
Inside disorder's noise,
Channel pure silent chorus.

Noise action's spread a'loft,
Dew refreshes as soft,
Less is blest; the cost,
Faith through cold frost,
Stillness thy known Am,
Silent the worded plan,
Alphabet a program;
Living days in holograms.

Below

Oh mysterious dance deepening below,
Epileptic inside my own soul,
The bifurcated paths myriad folds,
Crafted from the days of old.

An egg with a seed inside as perfect,
A point within a circumference,
To point the compass faithful direct,
Sailing ad astra waves circumvent.

Tonal ambience from the cold depths,
Frosted ghosted bones of neglect,
A black-hole of fissions horizon's breath,

Thanatos to the imageries intent.

Ah secret of secrets of the Magician,
Nothing to something spelling listen,
Where did word's form in the cistern?
Light's cyclical ordering repetitions,

A tree sprouted from words arranged,
Rudiments as chaos form the page,
Reason to find a way through a maze,
Central laughter of Minatur's on stage!

Spoken though Minerva's wisdom,
Monad's seen as different kingdom,
Another seed sprouted like Athena,
A tree growing all as one-system!

Eh silent fluorescent Aurelius light,
Medicine like Paracelsus insight,
A spark so radiant the difference ignite,
Temperatures are the same as the spirit brightens!

Tapestry wind spectral sailing the shores,
Of circular gravity weighted by terra's floor,
Yet outside the nebula sounds implore,
That wind's of life breathe into the door,

Moving elliptical of years beyond drafts,
Hidden behind the veil it's all called math,
Numerology of Tetragrammaton's flash,
Into an ordered brilliant miraculous instance,

As coherent magus of disordered waves,
Empirical machine and ordered praise,
Judgemental in your flocks's own ways,
Wisdom akin' to temples proverbial days,

Faith as knowing thy strong mustard seed,
Has grown radiantly into a reality,
Words of mineral crafted dust you see,
Within the depths the sparking relevance,

Laughing hysterically the wind's hyena,
All path's lead to Rome's theater,

Yet inside within the point; the city Selena,
Zion central to the mazes inner meter,

And though the central depicted Minotaur,
Was held in coin from verse before,
Olden days; Protestant and Magnetar,
Different geodes of stars at war,

Foremost the point; only one story relevant,
The biblical oracular of Yhwh's testament,
From first to last the only one amendment,
This book is only for your salvation!

Akin to this and that we see the war,
At large the key is who holds your door,
Tis breathe the kingdom held at large,
For to see yourself, your image and core,

A seed sprouted from a tree already known,
Tis now order prevailing shown,
Reason into consciousness abundantly sown,
Like radiant vegetation's space-time thrown,

Tis what you harvest and what your words reap,
So keep clear and pure to thy own speech,
For tis a seed known as self your are,
And know what tree you came from before.

And depicted now story thus has unfolded,
Pathways of chaos formulated and molded,
Different life a brush the animated controlled,
Bifurcated paths first mentioned as fold.

To end thy speech of singular as All,
One tree sprouted all seed's from it's fall,
As light swiftly passing through the call,
Do not thy to evil should of thee install,

And as the All and Nothing created twas,
Words spelled light let it be brushed,
And firmants of crafts golden was touched,
Malleable through the living gusts,

Oh thee related soul of depths has now,

Prevailed the compass to sail allowed,
Into the crashing waves of providence's sound,
Grace from faith thy mustard profound.

Beyond

As light travels through galaxies,
Radiately sparking a tapestry,
Of stars adjusting harmony,
Stringed notes of clarity.

Orchestrated nebulae forming beyond,
Yet within an interstellar song,
Colluding atomic around electrons,
Formings structures through collisions,

Mineral thoughts heard as mercury,
Quicksilver's concept in alchemy,
Arranging light's worded machine,
Quantum nodes of ordering,

As explosions heard of maximum,
Spoketh the sound of inner kingdoms,
Deepest abyss of wisdom,
Black holes as light's prison,

Collecting the key of animation,
Hieroglyphs on conceptual relations,
Different images of imagination,
Star's conscious combustion.

Yet which note of reality,
Only one to you with meaning,
Dancing emeralds of history,
Thought and time as first beginning.

A node central to inception,
Geocentric conscious connection,
Heliocentric to addressing,
Spontaneous catalytic expression.

Stars

Oh silent night upon the stars,
Tapestry lights living a'far,
O where do thou dance so faire,
Under the moonlight stare?

Thy spoken wings that we do see,
Upon the gift we call living,
Dancing darkness upon the fields,
Planting thy hopeful yield.

In wisdom's key the harmony,
As deeper singing melodies,
When do the plants seed their sprouts,
Growing which course and route.

Merrily fancy combust so fast,
Spontaneous ingredients swift a'flash!
Where mixing to know thy one as all,
Essence centrifugal.

As involution pulls the mass,
Towards evolution's perfected class,
Where light alike doth shine so bright,
Upon the starless field night.

And feel the song we muse betwixt,
Within the drift illusionists,
A fabric we see upon the dye,
In the robe's of Mystique Majesty.

For all the colors we sing together,
Move as one like the weather,
To involve the wonder closest heart,
Beginning to begin anew the start,

Where radical shifts from a seed;
Sprouted beautiful shining tapestry,
A star we see living as a stringed Tree,
As above, so below shining luminosity.

And tis the words of singed evermore,
Have now prevailed upon the shores,
Heartful waves of loving days,

Can bring light to the dark always.

Stream

The window glass, a shimmering stream,
A hurtful past, the pain listening,
The flowing grass, the bush waving,
Upon the compass, the directional weave.

Like rocks abrupt the water upon,
The honey ambrosia stilled with song,
Like trees appointed for foliage,
A seed to spark spontaneous currents,
And sprout about as thus along,
The quiet rights and singing no wrongs.

Eyeful watch though as the image,
As free is thus a lightful prison,
Yet upon the refracted globe display,
A bifurcation amongst all as one ray.

As waving crystal sapphire streams,
White as refracted upon the beam,
Stilled yet moving while giving life,
Beautiful radiant reflected paradise,
Tis song and weave so quiet feels,
Neither yours nor mine as life conceals.

Mysterious though the dance hidden,
Quiet as loud as who does listen,
In my own scars of superfluous' wisdom,
For who hides behind the veils kingdoms!

Emerald

Once upon an emerald,
The fold began to grow,
Before upon the malleable,
The force upon the soul.

Like dancing fire waves,
Flickering as our sight,

As depths well's graves,
Concurrent to the light.

To search before twas found,
Beyond a linear dash,
The sounds match the ground,
From whence we have crashed.

The form folding the mold,
Unfolding as was given,
The fire's warming the cold,
Faith's universal system.

As the gem has many facets,
But only one face inside,
People personalities masks,
The spirit within the divine.

As above below diving swim,
Pearls and hidden,
Twas found above the living,
And sunk into a prism.

Around the central mass,
Order's centrifugal light,
Pulling toward the last,
Beginning again insight.

Fission core of delight,
Singularities which thou hunger,
Fusion core of light,
Suns spreading asunder.

Portals inside the weave,
Looking into the veil,
Attraction's tapestry's levy,
Which craft doth thou sail.

In the field of formed crystals,
Spiritual cosmic star sails,
Upon the earth seen as mystical,
Different colors woven veils.

Monads bright collecting one,

Each their own, multiplication,
Geocentric masses' nation,
Cultural to the different lessons.

Seeding inquisitive from space,
Mystery of the homo sapien,
We can from a different race,
Seeded upon this globe stadium.

And sprouted after as infinite,
All together different same to be,
One as all yet different discrepancy,
As the greater good a controversy.

Dissonance flickering branched light,
Woven tree central core,
Magnetic to the ambivalent blight,
Portals from doors before.

As walking through the central sun,
Judged tis your own,
Weighted scaled karmic lessons,
Good always tis a greater mission.

Yet sow'd the seed of many seen,
Facets of the human being,
Yet central to the core of things,
Tis all the same; worded relativity.

Appointed songs and symbolic glyphs,
Dissonance of the ambience,
Color's stroked painted in the cyst,
A living light, a universal intelligence.

And as the words crystals formed,
Upon the pearl's hidden sea,
And as the symbols glyphs warned,
This after has already been,

Tis seen upon the dancing stars,
Like the time dilation relativity,
As different national Avatars,
All came from the same seed.

Which upon the living inside soul,
Is the spirit invisible,
Twas sprouted from above to below,
And always faith in spiritual.

Aftermore the depths now have shown,
Different relations to their own,
Living close to each their home,
Heart's starlight of the mystical.

Earth

So fixated upon this place called Earth,
We forget the home from whence we birthed,
A land beyond the perception of base,
Turning the hourglass, the sands and it's face,

We see the planes and spheres of fire,
Like to the stars such thy will aspires,
And looking upon the drifting waves,
The cosmic shift to wonderful plays,

Thy orb a globe to which thou home,
A planet to dance amongst the thrones,
Singing of light whence stars explode,
A supernova ringing tis thy star lit abode,

Where when the ray dances within naught,
The shift from noise to a quiet plot,
And atom's current of radiance,
Explores the gravitational intelligence,

Amassed thou order's control in fold,
Law over chaotic elemental nulls,
Tis thy light that bright rays shine,
Upon the silent night of thy,

Yet shifted the conical of perception,
Towards the star firmanant lesson,
Universal thou fields roam in different light,
Monad seed's sprouted in the night,

And whence the axiom rudiments,

As thus the language to an abyss,
Where folds of light seem stillness dark,
Yet all thou unmoved moving starts,

Sparking though the thought of desire,
To fancy of all the universal's wires,
Attaching to these nexus or to the point,
To look beyond in flowering joints,

And experience the time within eternity,
A shifting hourglass' and reality,
Although the single node of timed stilled,
A void without words, folds or wills,

Explodes in sound when the light forms,
Around the central depicted uniforms,
A mask of light to conquer the terra,
A globe experience to face the fear,

Of love so light to thy home we see,
Every morn at dawn the sunlights sings,
To warm and delight the song of beings,
An ode to the forms of living things.

Streets

Walking many streets by myself alone,
And a watch to set things right in stone,
To alleys and corridors not many searched,
Like a dead end to reroute the hurts,

Many colors and sounds do pass me by,
Upon the ground my perception flies,
Navigating signs that a plethora have seen,
Or listened to like a car honking,

For how many does numbers symbol be,
For difference is in what you may see,
Dynamically meaning shifts for me to you,
But the same static number is the clue,

For one, or two, or three to many alike,
Can be heard within the noises flight,

Seldom though we revel at what such is,
Like meaning to things that are irrelevant,

And things that we know and know not,
Like who is watching or watched not,
And city lights adjusting to the riot,
Of walking alone but seldom quiet,

As the difference is how you know what means,
Between the average of all things,
Like to alike to know what we can call true fact,
Upon the design a cartographer's map,

As words ascribed to different streets akin,
Like to the meaning of the scrivener's gift,
And different levels and sounds sine wave,
The core magnetic and grounds base weigh,

Yet words of rocks and many walked upon,
Have stressed my words as thus thou wrongs,
Yet who can judge thy own open face,
For walking the streets; thy mask is a grace.

Metaphor

A metaphor,
Would could that be,
Like a diamond shining,
And glistening.

The light so bright,
A shining star,
As though thou wish,
Was spread a'far.

The radiant faces,
As like the emerald,
Upon the front,
Upon the cold.

The word gives life,
Yet as it may,
The constant strife,

Every day.

As brilliance rays,
From central suns,
Living love's current,
Sent below from above.

Like doors opening,
A metaphor,
Shining still listening,
As thou was before.

Amore; moi'petite ami,
Flaming strike epiphany,
Eternity upon the stars,
As cosmic worded metaphors.

Universally though the crystals,
Hold ancient universals,
Faces formational,
Of living gifted logos.

And as the field's daffodils,
Sprouted rows of emeralds,
Shining bright ray like,
Metaphors of cosmic sight.
Upon which thy night,
Light faces stilled white,
Yet colors shaped; seen afar,
Different values;
To stars we are.

And dust thy shining,
Firmament,
Blessings seen during,
The metaphoric.

As like the brilliant,
Colors shape rays,
The sun; a light,
A universal every day.

And simple though thou may seem,
Upon the worded beam,

Yet complexity is confusion,
As though it weaves.

Complex tapestry sow'd appears,
Darkness starts to disappear,
And colors shaped amongst the stars,
Upon which we seem alarmed.

The flaming fires shaping name,
Color'd to senses pain,
As difference rays appropriate,
As degrees ratio debate.

Yet like the wires attached nexus,
Scales to hold the annexed,
Values code of the light,
Information color'd sight!

Yet as the colors hold in cold,
Shapes formed to crystals,
Metaphor of space cosmic,
How dust became tectonic.

And formed amassed around,
Order from a central sound,
To like akin like dust decree,
The globe a living free,

And dust did fall upon the form,
Clay upon clay to shape the norm,
And given beneficial souls,
To light the cold formations fold.

Yet do thou see some different,
Like rocks of increments,
Different metaphors crystals light,
Or obsidian blacker than night?

As as thou nothing dark thy hold,
Upon the worded logos,
Spinning central to the sun,
Meaning is average to everyone.

And magnetic formation key thy is,

Upon the living currents gift,
How order's law constant glenn,
Ecstasy within life; rules of men.

As as metaphors like blissful states,
First miracle from water in haste,
For blissful haven of the time,
Divine how it started as wine.

And emeralds, crystals, and universal,
Ancient words of the fold,
As above, to thy so below,
The stars are within our soul.

And metaphors now appearing,
Thy spirit is the light fearing,
Upon they faces,
The radiance of dispelling night.

To this I say, more words must sing,
Of ancient and futuristic things,
Musing both in between,
The void is always quiet yet listening.

Yet loud in words of depicted light;
So sing thy truth of light tonight!