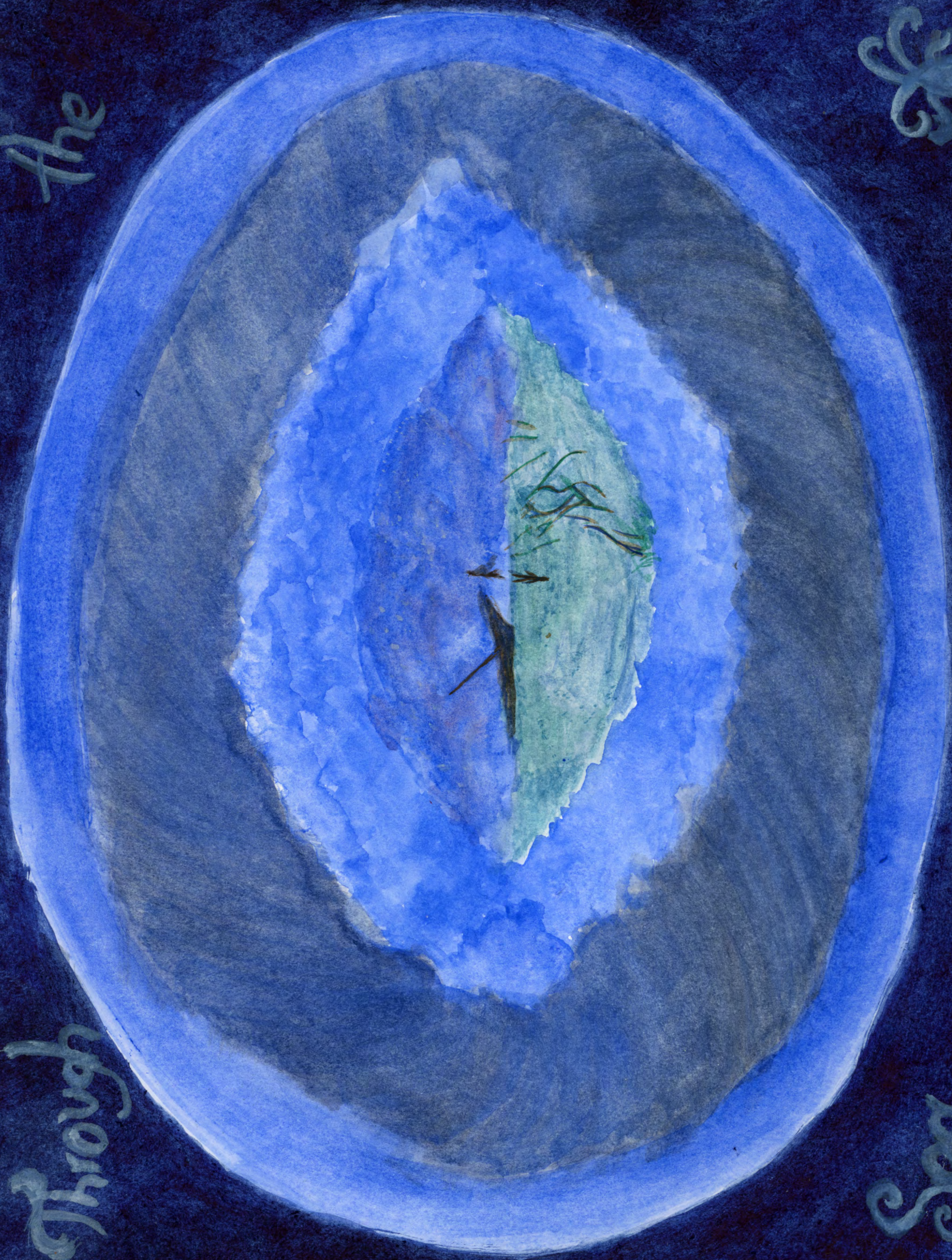


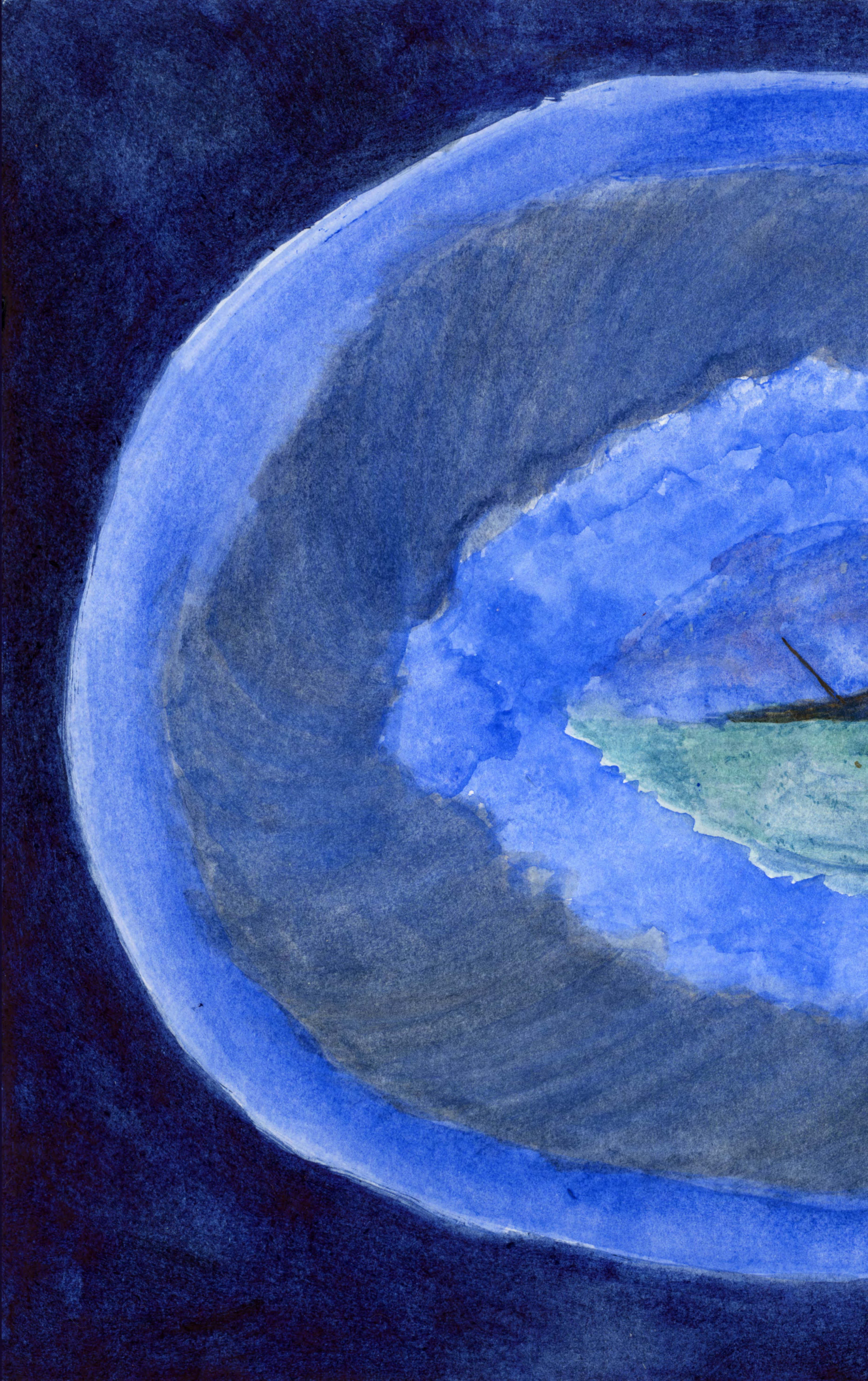
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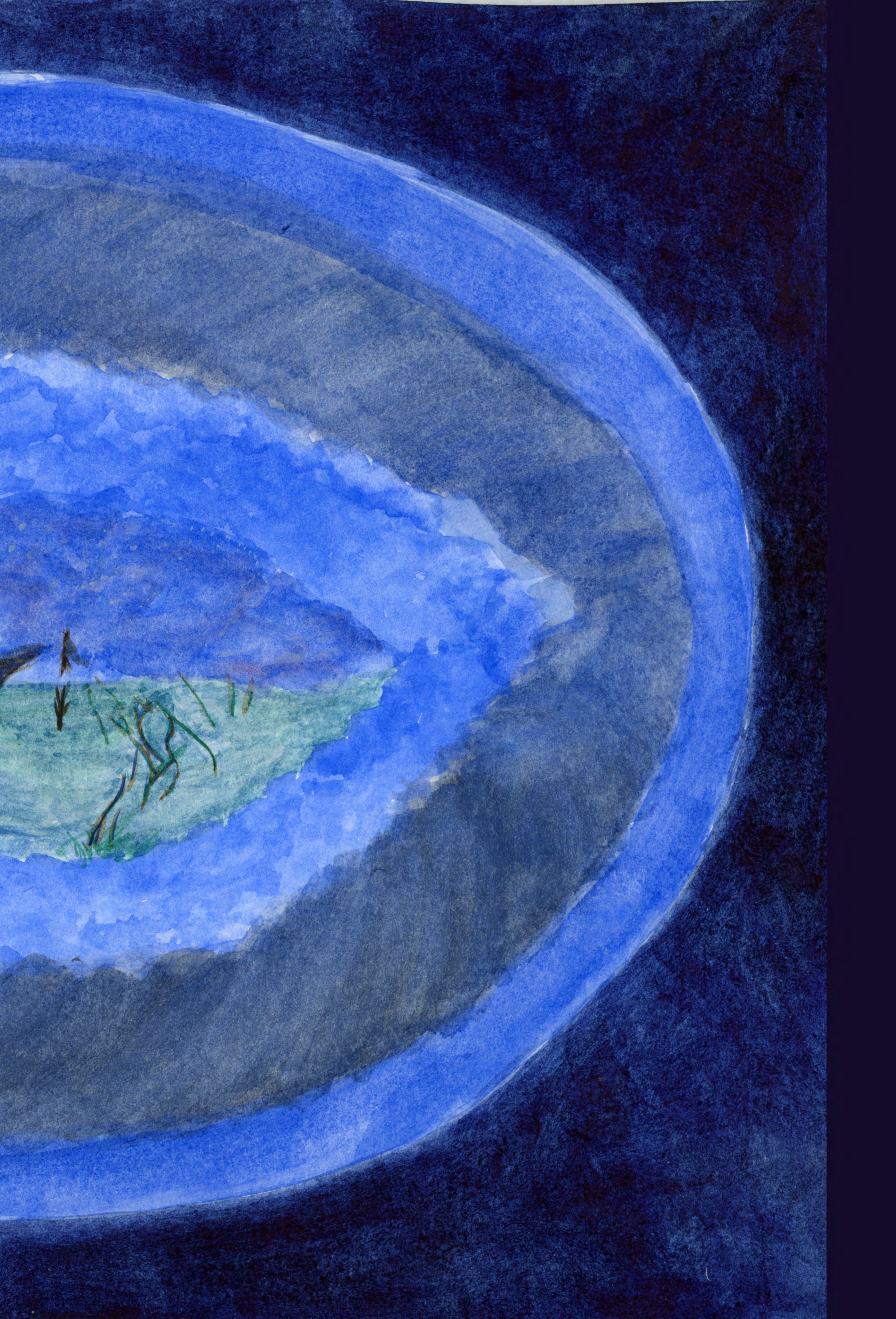


Through

Sea







Through the Sea

Two small children had sailed from shore

Now Out in the middle of the sea

The lights always glowing in their little ship

A single star on the endless ink

Day and night they drift along

Alone in the middle of the vast ocean

Nothing else can be seen

Naive and young

All day the sun beats on the floor

And empty quiet

At times the sea looks like
a mountain range

At times, a field of clouds

Back to back
on a meshed deck

the little girl turns to the boy
eyes squinting in the sun
memories erased

and he looks back
stand face to face

barely known as a
But they can barely speak

on a tiny ship

(by comparison to their what surrounds -
their world -
the environment) -

how long the deck
that they can stand so far apart
and facing back to back

it shrinks and stretches and they can make circles -

watching the sea learning its character

day by day

adding more words to their vocabulary

Not another ship in sight

only the chronicler of stories beholds

We watch the sea burn
and so do we
never knowing what horror
we were seeing

what is alone, what no one is there to see.
will ever be

how many vistas they saw over lengthy days

playing over the waves,

making everything that can be
out of the ~~dimly~~ moonlit sea.

'It looks like glass,'

she said one day,

studying the page

she was seeing for the very first time

then finding a familiar form

for what it still could not fully explain

The invisible watcher who watches when nothing exists - that can be

remembering when they left a shore so distant now neither one remembered the
the long life that came before.

They were children,

almost babies

and very excitedly had reached a sandy shore

than an even darker past

that quickly became just that
dissolved to only that

The ship had appeared to be waiting

lonely and quiet

but pulsing with ghosts of distant memories

that they lived through as their ^{very} own stories, their futures, their lives.

And that was how ~~that~~ the boy and girl began

to become a true woman and man.

Fleshed out with all possible colors and textures

speaking a bright, lucid tongue known in any land.

~~When the night~~

in the night

they know silence
with

The loveliest music comes on

with the lights that never go out

They are blind to the scene

They are too busy living the adventure to cry

at the heartbreakinglyaching ~~little~~ beauty
of what their little world is
for the back of ~~shorter~~ tales.

~~For~~ Those nightly wonders last for hours.

That is when they must freely practice their language.

They are going nowhere,

But ~~then~~, they even stop.

Like this, ~~the~~ a party emerges,

a feast

and waltzes dances

and jokes

and laughs

and drinks

a miracle that

~~is embodied~~

~~lies hidden in~~ ~~it~~ ~~but~~ ~~two~~

emerges from ~~the~~ ^{only} ~~two~~

~~and~~ in the morning it's gone -

but how many more ^{did} ~~words~~ they ~~laughed~~

There is a ship in the middle of the sea
created by a party of ~~ghosts~~

Its light green burn bright in the night
its ~~color~~ flags wave in the wind

like a colored dot in a spot of light
on the silent calm black water with

Sailing force

it's moving

it spins in place

as the world rotates

the more it moves it is backwards

the land is moving

the sea is in place

No one around to see the sight

If you go far enough into the dark



maybe you'll spot the glowing ~~ghost~~ night
lovely and all alone, from afar; get lost in the standstill blur

maybe if you are lucky
you will dance and drink on board before you wake up in the sea
as you were before

there is a ship in the middle of the sea

alone among the sea

the only one in the ocean but

with its light on for eternity

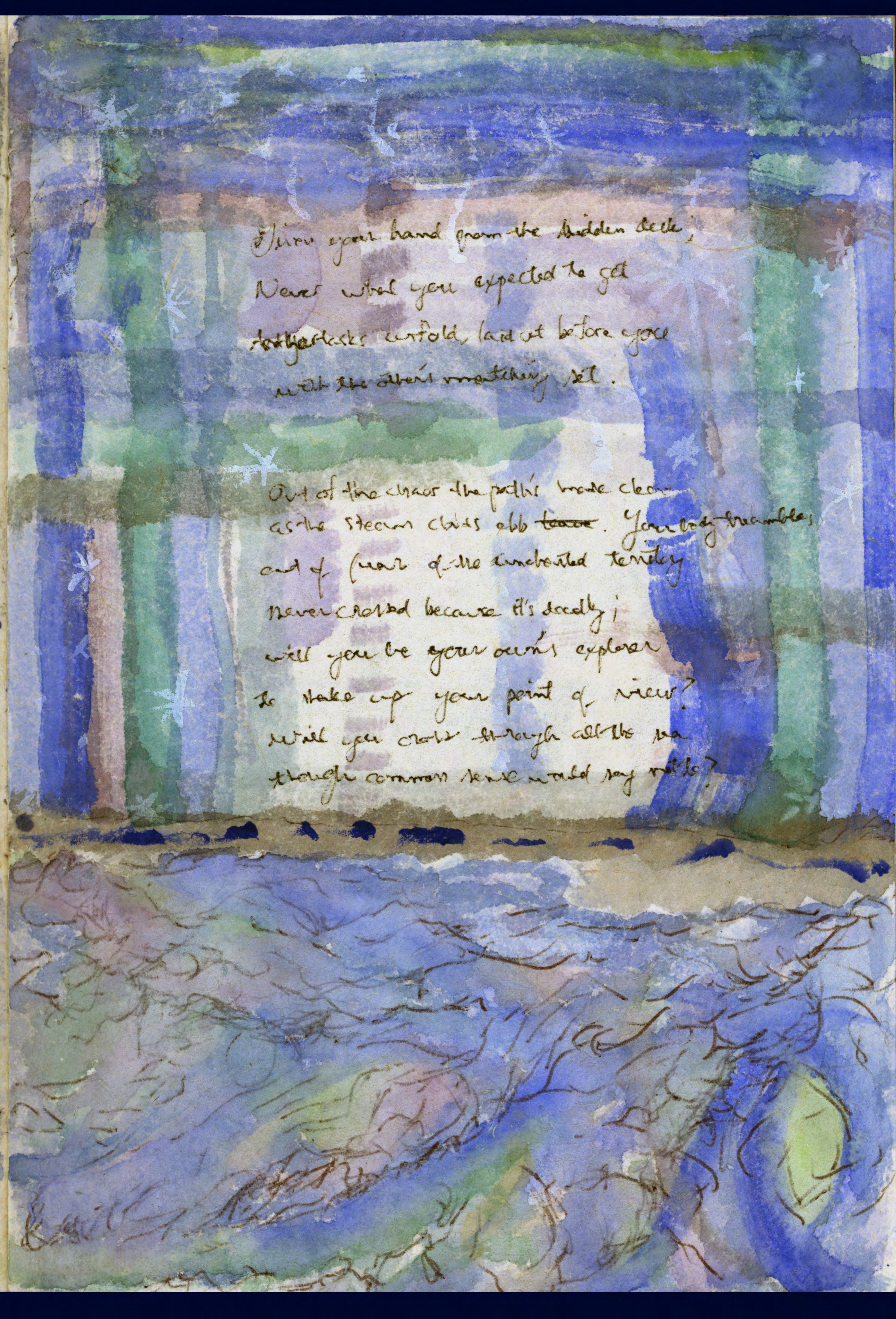
standing still in the middle of the world

Every night the crew is dancing

their laughter rings across the waves

crashing into the sea whispering

when the sea is made by sailing



Throw your hand from the hidden deck;
Never what you expected to get
At last unfolds, laid out before you
With the stars watching set.

Out of the chaos the path's made clear
As the steam clears ebb ~~to~~. Your body trembles,
and of fear of the anchored territory
Never crossed because it's deadly;
Will you be your own's explorer
To stake up your point of view?
Will you cross through all the sea
Though common sense would say not to?

Scenes unfolded

Slowly

as they grew

through their childhood

into their teens

Nature of the Sea



When will it try
find something else
other than itself?

when I am free
I watch the sea
unfold before me
its secrets
and its forms

The sea can be free,
too free, sometimes
left to its lines,
will swirl on itself

Never subject the sea
to your expectation
or it will not open doors

"The sea looks oddly calm today," said the boy
speaking in full sentences,

leaned on the railing,
watched the horizon,
squinty-eyed,
relaxed,

no sight of shore

it goes on like this
forever

but in the distance, a storm
approaching; he tested it in the air.

"I haven't seen that kind before,"

she said; her voice ^{was} softer ~~weary~~
from all the ^{weary}
other storms they'd seen

horizon to horizon

no matter how they move,
no matter what they learn,
how many words and
ways to speak they know

How many times had she said that already?
never did they tip
Yet ~~they still haven't~~ tipped over,
he gave a reminder.

and braced himself
to be ready
to take full command of all his senses.

as the ~~sea~~ once were
would never end

and they would skate
along its surface

It tossed ^{them} recklessly to and fro
thrashing, surging, spraying
aiming to stay afloat.

the sea was relentless today

They could barely swim now.

Another one passed
in the end

and they rested,

'not yet bested!'

he thought victoriously

looking over at the swirling canvas down below,

their capricious foe

'who will' never go away,' she said.

'But also, at times, a friend.'

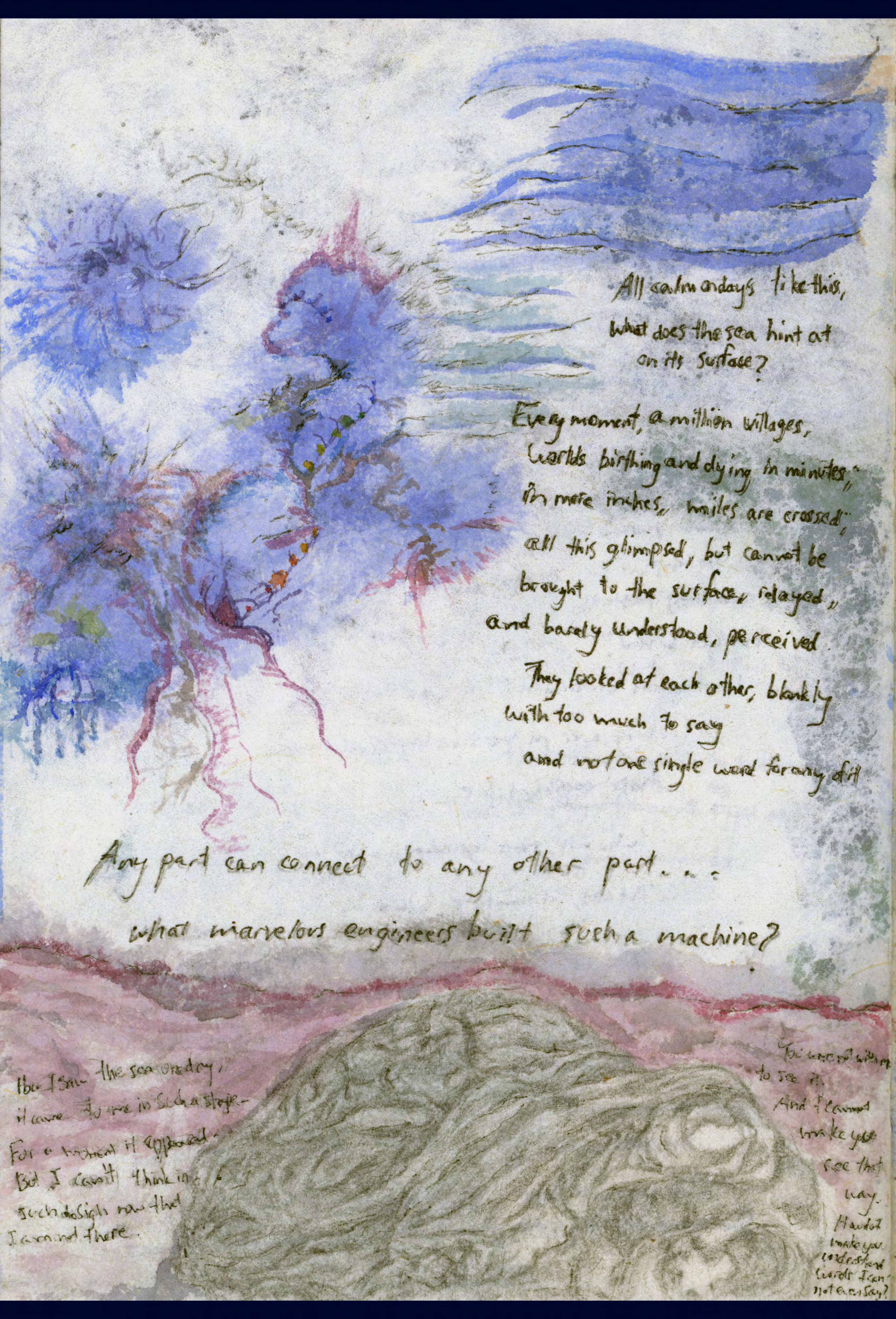
'Indifferent at best.'

An element to be witnessed

'I didn't know what to do
when the waves blew up like that.'

'Another lesson learned.'

She stared at the water, ~~that carried them~~ ^{ever present} ~~board~~ ^{po, hanging ever present...} ~~toward~~
~~again~~



All calm on days like this,
What does the sea hint at
on its surface?

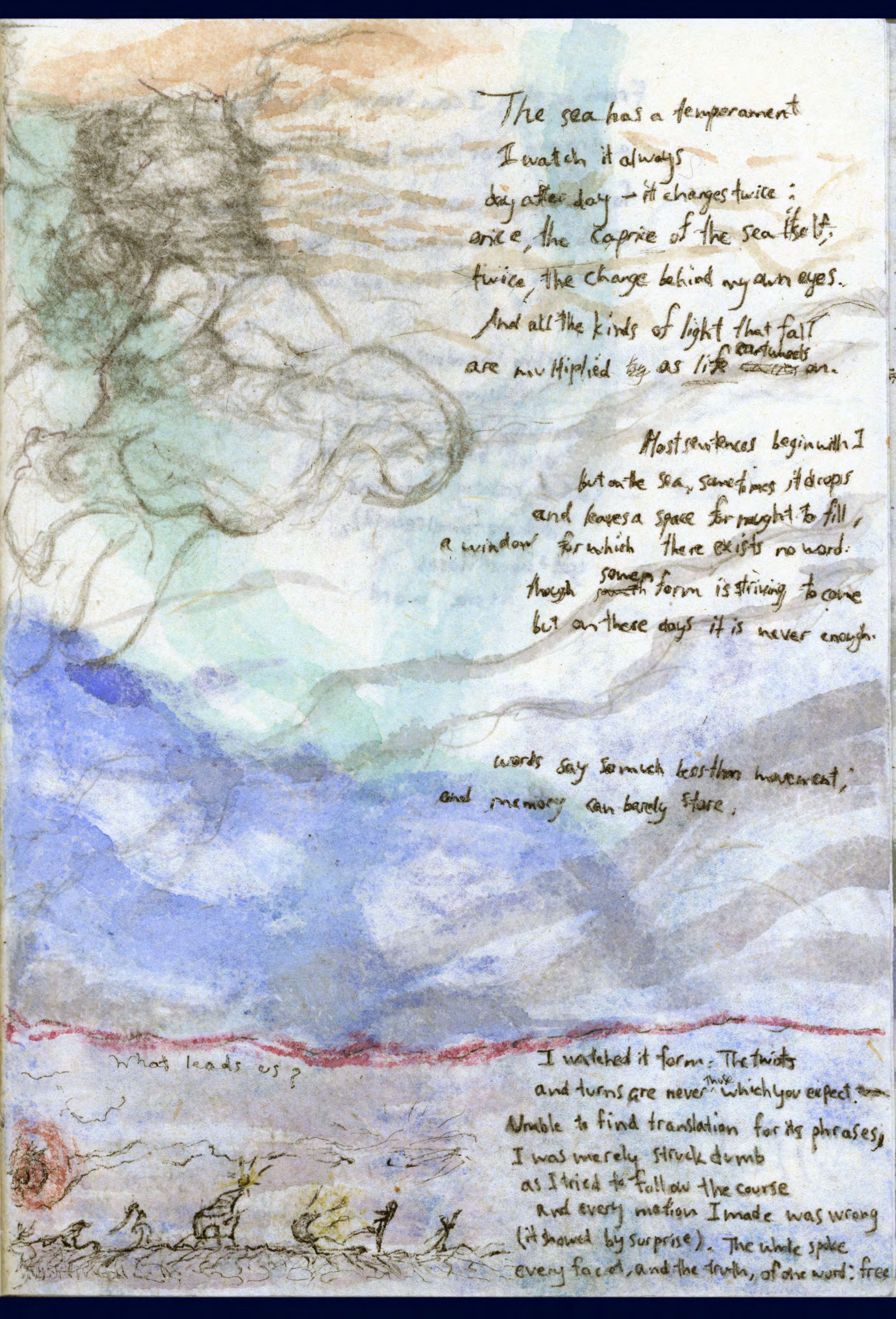
Every moment, a million villages,
Worlds birthing and dying in minutes,
In mere inches, miles are crossed;
all this glimpsed, but cannot be
brought to the surface, relayed,
and barely understood, perceived.
They looked at each other, blankly
with too much to say
and not one single word for any of it.

Any part can connect to any other part...

What marvelous engineers built such a machine?

But I saw the sea on day,
it came to me in such a stage -
For a moment it appeared -
But I can't think in
such a design now that
I am not there.

You cannot wait
to see it.
And I cannot
make you
see that
way.
Hard to
make you
understand
what I can
not even say?



The sea has a temperament
I watch it always
day after day - it changes twice:
once, the caprice of the sea itself,
twice, the change behind my own eyes.
And all the kinds of light that fall
are multiplied ~~by~~ ^{as life} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~on~~ ^{on}.

Most sentences begin with I
but on the sea, sometimes it drops
and leaves a space for night to fill,
a window for which there exists no word:
though ~~some~~ ^{some} form is striving to come
but on these days it is never enough.

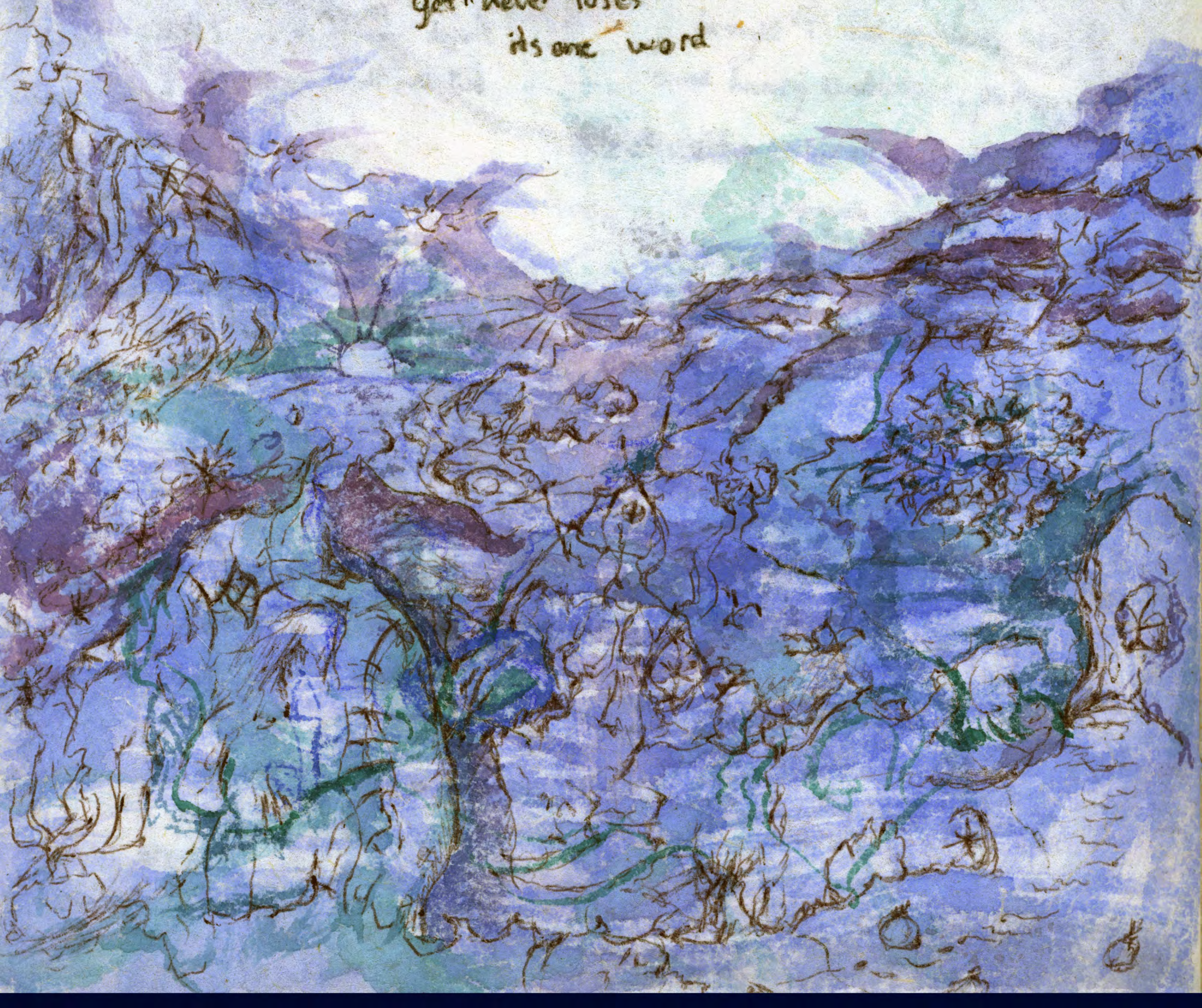
words say so much less than movement,
and memory can barely store.

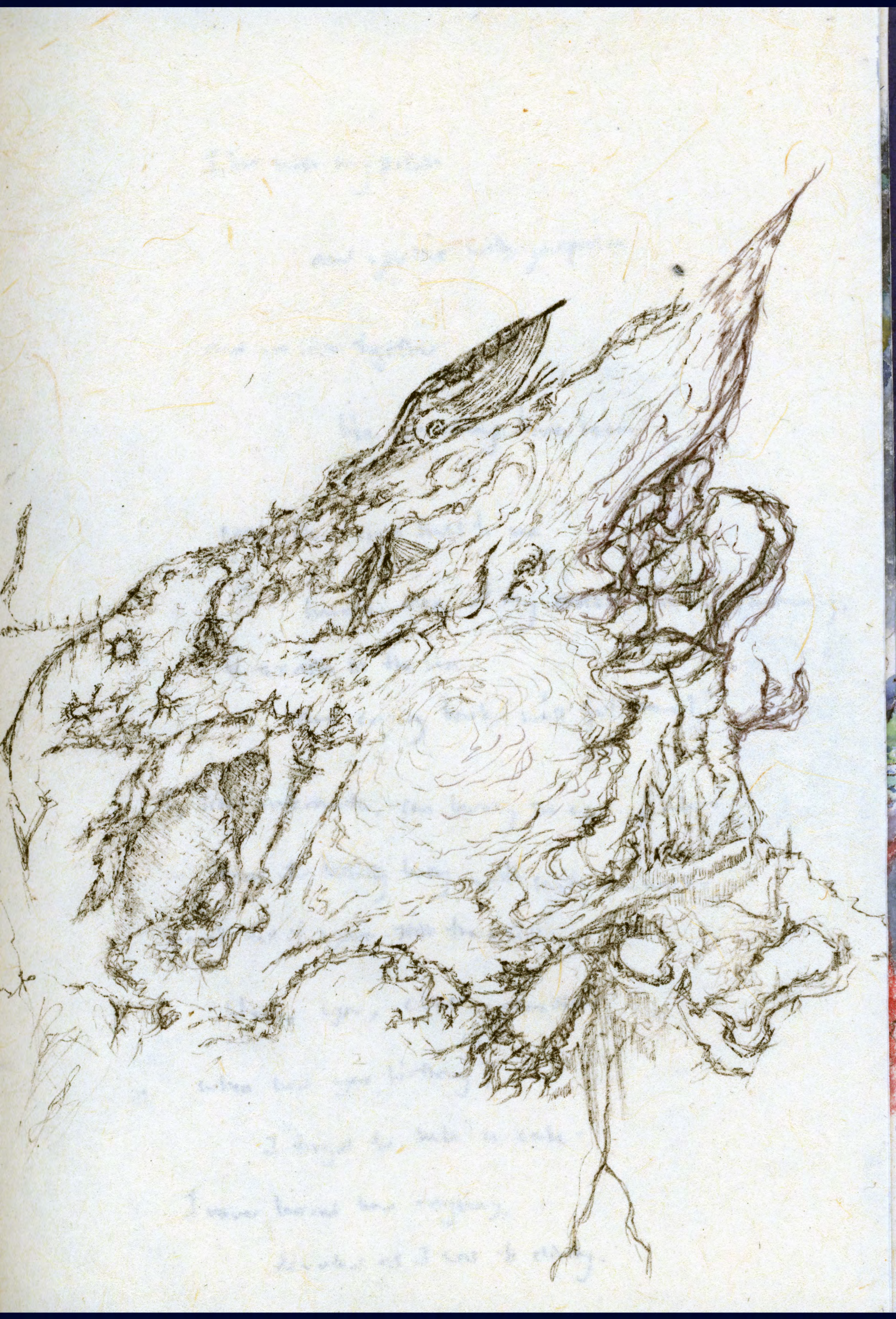
What leads us?

I watched it form: The twists
and turns are never ^{those} which you expect.
Unable to find translation for its phrases,
I was merely struck dumb
as I tried to follow the course
And every motion I made was wrong
(it showed by surprise). The whole spoke
every facet, and the truth, of one word: free

From a play I can never translate,
a drama performed but once,
for one, ~~eye~~ a million, or none,
I absorbed the richness of that word
worth more than our whole lexicon

swirling in and out,
dissolving, changing form,
becoming unrecognizable
even before its own
(but a catalog of forms
lacking formal record),
yet it never loses
its one word





* * They behold a forever cerulean sky
sailing ever upon a vessel whose light never dies
in the middle of the sea

in the middle of the spinning world
while the words of oceans songs murmur below,
tantalizingly, curiously, as freely as they
feel they were born to be
together

In a moment out of a time
a star buried all its light
the universe wasn't the same again

they witnessed the dance
of the whole universe
around them,
within them,

like this over long days and inexplicable nights
they gazed ~~at~~ ^{through} their upth
every day, a new ~~year~~ year,

passing through each hour, another secret
the cerulean sky appeared on their skin
they witness it deepen and eventually fades -
and darken, such is reality
every shade, like a dance,
pouring into their eyes
and upon the horizon

they beheld ~~the sun~~
the sun turn to blood red
and ~~put~~ call an end this unearthly cerulean day

and in the quiet twilight,
the magic they found momentarily over the sea
had led them into a long, long full --
where they waited beneath stubborn clouds,
hungry for the stars again

Few know the sea. To begin his soliloquy
we have learned more than many before us,
because ~~we~~ have gone together and we
could traverse the sea floor.

This is the freedom both you and I
had longed for, and came to them along
and arduous ladder and yet, there is no end...

What is torturing you? and yet, this freedom has its limits, too!
he asked as she stared upon the sea
tossing them fiercely, back and forth,
beneath a rapidly darkening, eerily, quiet sky.

She stood quietly, holding a secret perception;
what he expressed rang clear with her; she felt
the conflict, too,

and for a time now, had harbored suspicion,
kept inside for fear of its meaning.

Whispered to her by the sea itself, she knew:

~~that~~ the only way out of the sea was through.

'I know every shape of waves,
every mood, and how to tell,
I can read each subtle shade
having watched in every light.

There is nothing we have not yet weathered -
yet, no sign of shore nor end.

Where to go? where is left to go
if only circles?

What's to follow, now that we are masters of the ocean -

'...surface!'

The bow dipped beneath the water
as did the storm
into that hidden world
that feared and taunted, tortured,
loomed
under the storms and ~~the~~ under the sun
The waves they resisted



The breaking sea
offers many paths
to those falling through it
what ladders upon ladders
flash ~~below~~ in the darkness
and show you a different way

~~the storm came through~~

-the storm came through
-that call break - the minutes
in all their days - they knew
nothing!

but underestimates the sea
they resisted falling beneath

but he grabbed her shoulders firmly
as the water crashed over,
'This is never the end,' he said
'we go around in another circle.
we've seen so much, and yet... and yet...'

All the copies together carried them
all round the distant surface
This is a glass plane
sometimes turbulent
but in passing
and always whispering of below

Death stood as the third companion -
Death, and, anyway, gatekeeper
and after steering hundred times
through stormy nights and falling back that you go,
still Death or End or Friend or Love remained,
no matter what

They did, on face of the sea,
it whispered, pointing to the ~~sea~~
'You know'.

And ~~the~~ though they circled safely all day the surface,
when the storm blew and threatened to engulf them,
they both knew
that they were looking on for nothing
for another dead-end morning
for they had come to ^{no} ~~an~~ ending
and did not know where to go. . . .

~~that they were looking on for nothing~~ They held fiercely
steering into the rage
engaged each other, resisting, to witness another day,
as the a wall of green ~~barrel~~ ^{barrel} over head ^{rending} ^{rending}
and blocked the sun and fixed the soil
and ^{let silence momentarily} ~~made a contradictory~~ prevail. . .
And the wave fell over their little ship.

DON'T
UNDERESTIMATE
THE SEA



The light of the ship
was snuffed

and all around
was dark

One
final day before
my world goes
underwater

With great sadness in their final moments
they saw the stream of colored flags,
their token for the world above them
swallowed up in destruction
and came to be their

The sea pushed the air ^{everything}
out of their lungs ^{was no more}
to make room for itself

Falling, falling

through the sea

the boy and the girl

began to be free

Th Eyes closed, ^{a piece!}

as the known world splintered far above

Into mere stardust and ^{forms}

as if it had never been ^{known}

No memory living any longer ^{existed}
of the life of the ship,
of identities
and names

The world of the sea

began to fill their minds

entering their souls

finally
(as if they saw
and heard)

The world of storms was no more

The world of storms,

its cales and land bales,

its ^{unyielding} rig and weight

was far behind

and they no longer recalled
the date of fighting to play, alive
on the sea

Misty sprays

Endless days -

all their known faded away

storms

They were inside the sea

and as they fell deeper,

sinking into the silence

the color

new stars begin to emerge
all around - some are bright -

little by little

the blank silent wall

began to dance

and forths came
to life

alas this, after all, where they had truly set out to go

when they pushed off from shore, ^{without being} aware, ^{why} knowing neither ^{where} ~~where~~ north ~~they~~?

It started there now

As they began to explore the sea

The sea
gave only
hints

as they sunk
down
to the
floor

I see you
on the bottom
of the ocean floor
just you? A
whole you

ending pushing
through layer
of water

With some and

we saw the
the sea

He saw a shadow of an old man
gazing at the water below, as if remembering
what he had never lived to face nothing home
but that evening and the cold morning till and
the still in the whisper he heard almost
nothing at all. She could never see the shadow
but of the face of a young partially dead
and buried.

at the
of seas
if faces of
at the
of seas
if faces of
at the
of seas
if faces of

the old man
and the sea
the old man
and the sea

pull back
the old man
and the sea
the old man
and the sea

all my faces
are not unknown

but are known in the Sea

He saw in her at first a
beautiful girl dancing under
light but after time when she died,
she was surrounded by by spirits
having insupportable shadows upon
their face.

He remembered the
terrifying morning when a
monster emerged from the
shadows and left the sea different
forever more

upcoming and not unknown
what you felt
with long arms

thundering with a burst of love through the
valley

And all the garden is a map
And the day the road will clearly come
of the world is like ruckus & viewest-day.
But it was not all at once, you see
and I constantly able to drink & fight.

I cannot think what place
with my head and white wind
was the faintest idea of daylight
they look for road signs and give me direction.
The next steps are found further suspension
If a sign is sign I interpret
as end of the story
or hand-cut border
I spend many hours in despair
trying to put it together with obsolete logic.

Enter the sphere and run way comes out
and the next step is grasping toward
The next steps easily bloom out from fresh wind
and their own way reveal the new
And you understand as you move through
but you cannot explain to the daylight you.

Loosing myself
and finding again
the capture and joy
dancing in
the clamber of
my pain
there always
felt when I relaxed
and am ignored
when I am
free
to make order - there you are
the sense of world
drop all hand

I have only the death -
an only - the thought of
behaving by carrying to do
nothing we had
there is no disease -

Don't do what
you see it
is a sense of peace
I found the tree
I found the tree
I found the tree

I cannot speak in words to you,
my love,

only show you to the mysterious
dawning and the ever breathing air
and in a fragrant garden.

Anything is anything here
form as malleable as film
as any material to flow round.

It all flows, though
and we are connected no matter how far

by the tie between "you" and "I".

How can I love you when there is no "I"
and "you" are falling into pieces?

If I am becoming a garden
and you were merely one of my visitors
for a time?

If ~~later~~ you wander the forest, find yourself lost and very solid
and very slight: places broken, humming around an empty center,
and I will remind you of who you are.

We have come to the garden, dear,
a garden unlike you have ever seen.

Plant only
and a whisper, a breath, a taste
is all that is left to be a part of
this perception of form only
The best love has and forgets
The connection has been made and lost

who was he? He turned out to be many.

The deeper they walked
~~the sea was~~

down unfamiliar roads

the more became clear,

in painful, unpredicted turns

The deeper they walked

the more they knew

but not what they were, as they went,

the scenery was always the story and

they never retained their shape for long

but only as long as they first presented,

by the single pit fall, a face wreathed

ANCIENT
MOIR
OF ETERNAL
REFERENCE

They marked down many pockets of the sea

its arches and gardens

the sea contained a forest

just as the forest contained the sea

I have who I'm loved
I have who I'm done
I have who I'm done
I have who I'm done

Old stories
"one bleeds into another"
A song is over
And it has lived
to take away
the you and I in it

So splash the colors all over
bleed out all over
every lake

To find a thread among the beaver
'many is together
among what's left

that in this way
nothing falls out of its place
among the lines

And all the while you never know
only had to do what you do
as something came about you were never waiting





The sea holds a mystery at its reach

How could I think I shall ever get through?

Maybe I brought along too many notions
when I dove in,
to go below

The sea met them all,
wrapped gently around them
rather than calling each out by its name

If I wanted to see a trap, I saw it
If I wanted to find buried treasure, it was there

I carried a vision of firmity
(from the moment I swallowed the whole -
I knew already the end, in my mind -
which the sea does not hold

a frantic search

for what else lies beyond these walls

Hidden behind his many faces

Swords through the fog
and through every corner
show a different side
of an unchangeable face
look to find
his name light at it

The girl understood
I will never truly see

The sea posted ways

like he was
was never
to be seen

and filled back in
All the
trickery
of the sea
under the
surface

as they swim through

having lost direction

of breaking
forming
patterns

in a row never oriented
in such a state
the ocean drew

apart its veil after veil after veil

The curtains parted
for the Never
as the boy and
girl fell through

Tenues
through the Never

a neverending journey

a dimpled evolution

a lifetime to swim through

Behind your mind
another wave is brewing
before you can understand

It's the wave

fight the wave

it consumes you

fight the wave
and you

become part
of it

you strengthen
it

you make it

you lead it to

its conclusion

bring me to where it was heading without you

new eyes

and every new eye

sees and feels
of a different world

It will make you -
you will own your life
to the movement
of water and winds

The world is growing and growing and growing
until it breaks into multitudes


The world's reproducing asexually
through our sexual instincts

but look -
at least see,
Stop do think
see what's breaking
is
even if you remain
the last human being

more of
these
are
home

I keep going deeper

Every wave



~~Two~~ Fools in love
will build the house
with the sun upon it
at the Crossroads

until word gets out;
~~they~~ will stand a door
for travelers to find
themselves ~~nothing~~ in and out
by walking the ~~seam~~ seam
and stepping across it
until the rest of the world
closes in

and ~~the~~ fools in love
will remain ~~in~~ preserved
in ash ~~for~~ for the rest of the world
locked ~~in~~ in embrace,
~~from~~ when the war comes in

I'll be your example
 I'll be your fool
 I'll walk along singing for you to trample

I'll fall in the sea,
 Will you fall with me?
 Then you and I both
 Could be a fool

Two fools together
 In this world
 Would have no need
 To do or say anything

Two fools in love
 — but real fools, know —
 Would be the sign
 Of a fool's love

Thus the house at the road
 With the sea
 Cannot remain ^{standing} as they would be long.

She could not force his face to be shame -

She sat beside him on the floor

and understood felt, also, the enormous weight
of that unresolvable story, walls that could not bend
and then the ocean floor broke through

and he ran around and ran

under open water looking unknown

The first time they fell into darkness

once again and all dissolved

She grabbed his hand of ghost old man who had shown the way there

but he was gone

disappeared into the swirl of water

like a river lost

Inside the waves

and all the land they

the falling girl and boy never stood still

crossed

on their way to the other side

they were

called

on their way to the bottom of the sea

on their way to another shore

What to see is behind
all of it

Hand not bent
to stones

When I almost see something
or see (always) almost something
I follow its course into unknown
revels. And say you do this too.
But it's deception, feigned depths
I realize. I am consumed
by self-deception,
like you

And step off to the shore
And the boat
is the waves -
The no boys found a form
nothing of her
washed up on ashore
such words did not
and news were -
though the sea
was there only.
peppery
It was no longer
through the sea
and having gone
looks on

the sun dissolved
into no more
dispersed high energy waves
no less better strong together
a dispersed collection of molecules
a temporary form ^{or the} ~~best~~ ^{best} created ~~for~~ ^{for} endless
a message to your ^{eyes} ~~eyes~~
an audience for your love
for you for you
for you

could he take alone, where
and the sea had fallen for before him,
firm and
clinging ~~to his~~ ^{to his} no more
unstable for below
His slender petted ~~underneath~~
then he knew that world just
he had gone through
A random mass lay on the ends
of a ~~quiet~~ ^{quiet} store of a kind ~~expected~~ ^{expected} part
without a name without a just
having come up from the bottom
of the sea

Who are you?

Coming up from a star

you were with me all along

perhaps you were nothing

was I floating through alone

under a rose

that someone was beside me?

Who heard all the noises?

Who captured their sense?

were they tossed at, unwanted

and never returned?

Found my god where there is no saint

where there is nothing my one can do

where there is none with the question,

I ...

What is the sea without you?

I want to be stranger

but it's easier when someone's beside you
when all the clothes and words you forget,
then you're not a purposeless tiny slice of life
staring at a lot of water.

A small ecstasy of madness exists -
now I understand.

It is not merely I call to
admission
it is more to call for a

I have gone through the sea - a dark ~~in~~ ^{different way}
the voice - how strange, how mad,
however. Out of light and normality led
into seeming danger.

No one believes our conversation, integrated
friend - poem - and stranger. Many believe that
these were sense and genuine true
the more I listened. I have seen the world
that wants to be

And I am its citizen, in glimpses
I am its messenger, complacency

I am the guardian against ~~anarchy~~
lawless, and their ~~formless~~ army blind to what its pillaging
in the name of Good and plastic shining gods, graves
and public statues. Always push
the borders the boundaries the - I cannot be far, as enter
with the world of daylight creature can
and rational.

There is something
that lives in

maybe it's best, and
strangest on the sea

when I am about
anyone I found to

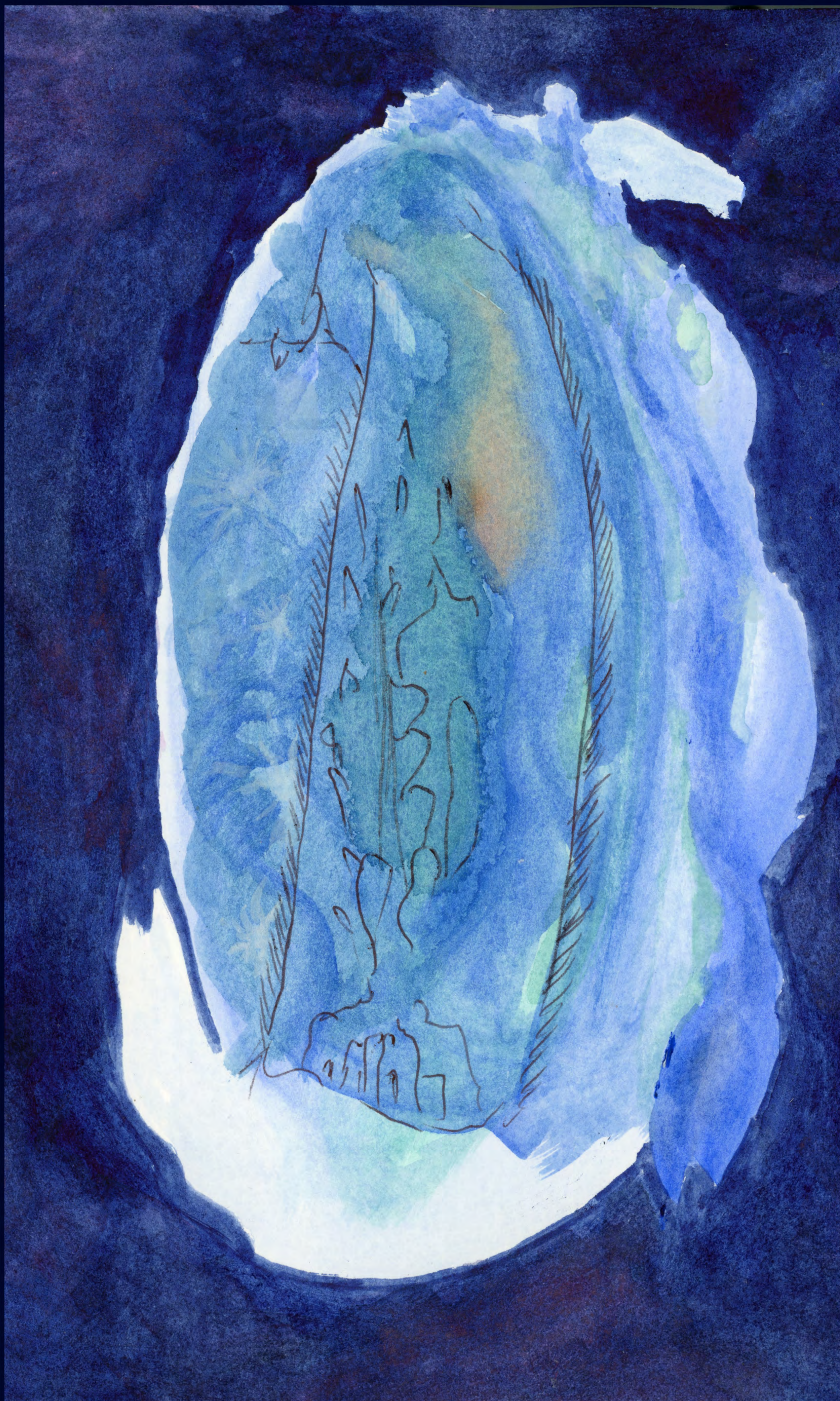
let I found it
and I have seen the time
open it yet to be

Every day I find
possibility meets it end

Radiant light
lives inside of the

I need to tell
the borders the boundaries the - I cannot be far, as enter
with the world of daylight creature can
and rational.





Two small children had sailed from shore
now out in the middle of the sea
the lights always glowing in their little ship
a single star on the endless ink

Day and night they drift along
alone in the middle of the vast ocean
nothing else can be seen
naive and young

All day the sun beats on the floor
an empty quiet
at time the sea looks like
a mountain range
at times a field of clouds

Back to back
on one shared deck

the little girl turns to the boy
eyes squinting in the sun
memories erased

and he looks back face to face

But they barely know a word

on a tiny ship
(by comparison to what surrounds -
their world
the environment) -

how long the deck
that they can still stand far apart
and facing back to back

it shrinks and stretches and they can make circles endlessly
 watching the sea learning its character
day by day adding more words to their vocabulary

Not another ship in sight

only the chronicler of stories beholds

what is alone, what no one will ever be there to see.

how many vistas they saw over lengthy days
playing over the waves,

making everything that can be
out of the moonlit sea

'It looks like glass,'
she said one day,
studying the pane
she was seeing for the very first time

then finding a familiar form
for what it could still not fully explain

The invisible watcher who watches when nothing exists that can see
remembers when they left a shore so distance now neither one remembers

the long life that came before

They were children,
almost babies
and very excitedly had reached a sandy shore
from an even murkier past
that quickly dissolved to only that

The ship had appeared to be waiting
lonely and quiet
but pulsing with the ghosts of distant memories
that they lived through as their vey own stories, their futures, their lives.

And that was how the boy and girl began
to become a true woman and man
fleshed out with all possible colors and textures
speaking a bright, lucid tongue known in any land.

In the nights
they both know silence
the loveliest music comes on
with the lights that never go out

They are blind to the scene
They are too busy living the adventure to cry
at the heartbreakingly aching beauty
of what their little world is
for the book of tales.

Those night minutes last for hours.
That is when they most freely practice language.

They are going nowhere,
but then, they even stop.

Like this, a party emerges,
a feast
and everyone dances
and jokes
and laughs
and drinks

a miracle that a crew
emerges from only two
in the morning is gone –
but how many more words did they learn.

There is a ship in the middle of the sea
crewed by a party of ghosts.
Its lights burn bright for eternity
its flags wave in the wind,
like colored dots and spots of light
on the silent calm black salty mist

sailing forever
never moving
it spins in place
as the world rotates;
they alone know it is backwards:
the land is moving;
they're in place.

No one around to see the sight.
If you go far enough into the dark
maybe you'll spot the glow in the night,
lovely and all alone, from afar.
Maybe if you are lucky
you will dance and drink on board,
get lost in the standstill blur
before you awake in the sun
as you were before.

There is a ship in the middle of the sea
the only one in the ocean's blur
with its lights on for eternity
standing still in the middle of the world.

Every night the crew is dancing
their laughter rings across the waves
crashing into the soft whispers
upon the hull made by salty sprays.

Given your hand from the hidden deck,
Never what you expected to get
As your tasks unfold, laid out before you
with the other's matching set.

Out of the chaos the path's made clear
as the steam clouds ebb. Your body trembles
out of fear of the uncharted territory
never crossed because it's deadly;
Will you be your own's explorer
to shake up your point of view?
Will you cross through all the sea
though common sense would say not to?

'The sea looks oddly calm today,' said the boy
speaking at last in full sentences,
leaned on the railing,
watched the horizon,
squinty eyed,
relaxed,

no sight of shore
it goes on like this forever
horizon to horizon
no matter how they move
no matter what they learn,
how many words and
ways to speak they know

but in the distance, a storm
approaching; he tasted it in the air.
'I haven't seen that kind before,'
she said; her voice was rather weary
from all the other storms they'd seen

How many times had she said that already?
Yet never did they tip over,
he gave a reminder

and braced himself
to be ready
to take full command of all his senses

as the sea once more
would never end

and they would skate
along its surface.

It tossed them recklessly to and fro
thrashing, swaying, spraying,
aiming to stay afloat

the sea was relentless today.

They would barely maneuver

Another one passed
in the end
and they rested,
'not yet bested!'
he thought vicoriously
looking over at the swirling canvas down below,
their capricious foe

'who will never go away,' she said

'But also, at times, a friend.'

'Indifferent at best.'
An element to be witnessed

'I didn't know what to do when the waves blew up like that.'

'Another lesson learned.'

She stared at the water, too, hanging everpresent...

All calm on days like this,
what does the sea hint at
on its surface?

Every moment, a million villages,
worlds birthing and dying in minutes;
in mere inches, miles are crossed;
all this glimpsed, but cannot be
brought to the surface, relayed,
and barely understood, perceived.

They looked at each other, blankly
with too much to say
and not one single word for any of it.

Any part can connect to any other part...
what marvelous engineers built such a machine?

*How I saw the sea today,
it came to me in such a shape –
For a moment it appeared.
But I can't think in
such design now that
I am not there.*

*You were not
with me to see it.
And I cannot
make you see
that way.
How do I make you
understand words
I cannot even say?*

*I watched it form.
The words
and turns
are never those
which you expect.
Unable to find
translation for its phrases,
I was merely struck dumb
as I tried to follow the course
and every motion I made was wrong
(it showed by surprise).
The whole spoke
every facet,
and the truth,
of one word: free*

The sea has a temperament
I watch it always
day after day – it changes twice:
once, the caprice of the sea itself,
twice, the change behind my own eyes.
And all the kinds of light that fall
are multiplied as life cartwheels on.

Most sentences begin with I
but on the sea, sometimes it drops
and leaves a space for naught to fill,
a window for which there exists no word,
though some form is striving to come,
but on those days is it never enough.

Words say so much less than movement,
and memory can barely store

From a play I can never translate,
a drama performed but once,
for one, a million, or none,
I absorbed the richness of that word
worth more than our whole lexicon

swirling in and out,
dissolving, changing form,
becoming unrecognizable
even before its own
(but a catalog of forms
lacking formal record),
yet it never loses
its one word.

They behold a forever cerulean sky
sailing ever upon a vessel whose light never dies
in the middle of the sea
in the middle of a spinning world
while the sounds of ocean songs murmur below,
tantalizingly, curiously, as freely as they
feel they were born to be
together

In a moment out of time
a star burned all its light
the universe won't be the same again

They witnessed the dance
of the whole universe
around them,
within them
like this over long days and inexplicable nights
they grew through their youth
every day, a new year
each hour, another secret
appears on their skin
and eventually fades –
such is reality

passing through
the cerulean sky
they witness it deepen
and darken
every shade, like a dance,
pouring into their eyes
and upon the horizon
they beheld the sun turn to blood red
and call an end this unearthly cerulean day

and in the quieting twilight,
the magic they found momentarily over the sea
had led them into a long, long lull...
where they waited beneath stubborn clouds,
hungry for the stars again

'Few know the sea,' he began his soliloquy,
'we have learned more than many before us,
because we have gone together and we
could traverse the sea forever.

This is the freedom both you and I
had longed for, and came to from a long
and arduous ladder
and yet, there is no end...
and yet, this freedom has its limits, too!

What is tantalizing you?'
He asked as she stared upon the sea
tossing them fiercely back and forth
beneath a rapidly darkening, eerily quiet sky.

She stood quietly, holding a secret perception;
what he expressed rang clear with her; she felt
the conflict, too,
and for a time now, had harbored suspicion,
kept inside for fear of its meaning,
whispered to her by the sea itself, she knew:
the only way out of the sea was through.

'I know every shape of waves,
every mood, and how to tell,
I can read each subtle shade,
having watched in every light.
There is nothing we have not yet weathered –
yet no sign of shore nor end.
Where to go? Where is left to go
if only circles?
What's to follow, now that we are masters of the ocean – '

' – 's surface'

The bow dipped beneath the water
as did the stern
into that hidden world
that teased and taunted, tortured,
loomed
under the storms and under the sun
the waves they resisted

the storm came through
that could break them in two
in all their days they learned
one thing:
don't underestimate the sea
they resisted falling beneath

but he grabbed her shoulders firmly,
as the water crashed over,
'This is never the end,' he said
'We go around in another circle.
We've seen so much, and yet... and yet...'

...All their caprices together carried them
all around the distant surface
flat as a glass pane
sometimes turbulent
but in passing
and always whispering of below
Death stood as the third companion –
Death, end, archway, gatekeeper
and after steering hundred times
through starry nights and falling back upon the glass,
still Death or End of Friend or Lure remained,
no matter what
they did,
it whispered, pointing to the surface of the sea,
'You know.'

And though they circled safely all along the surface,
when the storm blew up and threatened to engulf them,
they both knew
that they were holding on for nothing
for another dead-end morning
for they had come to an ending
and did not know where to go

But they both knew –
gazed at each other,
as a wall of green loomed overhead
and blocked the sun and kissed the sail
let silence momentarily prevail/let silence ring its echo,
that each one knew what the other knew:
the only way out of the sea was through.
And the wave crashed over their little ship

The light of the ship
was snuffed

and all around
was dark

*One final say
before
my world
goes underwater*

With great sadness in their final moments
they saw the stream of colored flags,
their token for the world above them,
swallowed up in destruction
and cease to be, their everything was no more

The sea pushed the air
Out of their lungs
To make room for itself

Eyes closed,
as the known world splintered to pieces far above
Into mere stardust and partial forms
As if it had never been, had never existed
No memory of the life of the ship, or identities and names
living any longer in any being

*Falling falling
through the sea
the boy and the girl
began to be free*

The world of the sea
began to fill their minds
entering their souls
finally
(as it so longed
and needed)

The world of storms was no more

The world of storms
its cares and land bases
its rigid unyielding forms and weight
was far behind
and they no longer recalled
the state of fighting to stay alive
on the sea

*Misty sprays
Endless days –
all their knowns faded away*

The world of storms was no more
They were inside the sea –
and as they fell deeper,
sinking into the silence

new stars began to emerge
all around – sound and light –
little by little
the blank silent wall
began to dance
and forms came
to life

Was this, after all, where they had truly set out to go
when they pushed off from shore, without being aware,
knowing neither why nor where?
It struck them now
as they began to explore the sea

The sea
gave only
hints
as they sank
down
to the
floor

I see you
on the bottom
of the ocean floor.
Is it you?
What is you?

searching pushing
through
layer
upon layer
break the floor evermore

*all my faces
are not my own
but are stories in the sea*

*waves break open
what you hold
when you fall beneath*

She saw a shadow of an old riverman
gazing into water below, as if remembering
a life he had never lived before walking home
but that evening and the next morning his mind
was still in the whispers he heard almost
noiselessly. She could never see the somber
look of the face always partially turned
away inward

With form
and ?

we swim through the sea
a world of shadows
hiding worlds
come forth
to discover
to blind with
to lighten the load

our love
it grows
it frees us from the body burden
Break glass walls
pull back the seaweed
see your love

????

to multiply
the self
and selves

*And many witches,
monsters, killers,
strangers lurked in the ocean.*

He saw in her at first a
beautiful girl dancing under
light but after time where she stood,
she was swallowed up by a witch
throwing inescapable shadows upon
their love.

He remembered the
terrifying morning when a
monster emerged from the
shadows and left the sea different
forevermore... thundering with one burst of force through the valley

I cannot think in this place
with my black and white mind
with the frantic rules of daylight
they look for road signs and gain misdirection
the new forms are found within suspension

If a sunlit sign I interpret
as end of the story
or hard-cut border,
I spend many hours in despair
trying to put it together with obsolete logic.

Enter the sphere and a new way comes out
and the place you were grasping toward is found.
The next steps easily bloom out from fresh wind
and of their own they reveal the new.

And you understand as you move through –
but cannot explain to the daylight you.

And all the garden is a map
And one day the roads will clearly come out
of what looks like nonsense to viewers today.
But it was laid out all at once, you see
and I am only able to draw a part

Work like Death –
I have only – the blink of
and eye – waiting to die
Beholding my companion
watching me work –
that's all it is.
There's no disease.

Losing myself
and finding again
the rapture and joy
of sinking in
the dammed
up pain
there always
felt when relaxed
and un-ignored
when I am
myself again

I do it but
don't see it

I forget the grass
I forget the trees
I wake up again

Drop all land
the sense of world
the framing practice
to make order – there you are
ever on your own

I cannot speak in words to you,
my love,
only show you to the mysterious
drowning once, we are breathing now
in a fragrant garden.

Anything is anything here
form as malleable as film
as any material to flow sounds
it all flows through
and we are connected, no matter how
by the tie between “you” and “I”.

How can I love you when there is no I
and “you” are fading into pieces?
I am becoming a garden
and you were merely one of my visions,
for a time?

If, later, you wander the forest, find yourself lost and very solid,
find my sigil: pieces broken, hanging, around an empty center;
and I will remind you of who you are.

Who was he? He turned out to be many.
The deeper they walked
down unfamiliar roads
the more became clear,
in painful, unpredicted turns

The deeper they walked,
the more they saw
but not each other as they were
the scenery was always the story and
they never retained their shape for long
but only as long as the light revealed,
by the angle it fell, a face concealed

ANCIENT MOTIF OF ETERNAL FAILURE

(illegible)

they wandered so many pockets of the sea,
its nights and gardens;
the ocean contained a forest
just as the forest contained the sea

*I work when I'm tired
I work when alone
I work to the bone*

old stories
one bleeds into another
A song is over
and it has lived
to fade away
the you and I in it

So splash the colors all over
bleed out all over
every tale

to find a thread among the bearer
'mong us together
among what's left

And in this way
nothing falls out of its place
among the lines

And all the while you never knew
only had to do what you do
as something came about you were never moving

The sea holds a mystery out of my reach

How could I think I would ever get through?

Maybe I brought along too many notions
when I dove in,
to go below

The sea met them all,
wrapped gently around them
rather than calling each out by its name

If I wanted to see a map, I saw it
If I wanted to find buried treasure, it was there

I carried a vision of finality
from the moment it swallowed me whole -
I knew already the end, in my mind -
which the sea does not hold

Hidden behind his many faces

who he was
was never
to be seen

*roads through the fog
and through every wave
show a different side
of an unknowable face
look around it
but never right at it*

the girl understood
I will never truly see you

The sea parted ways
and filled back in
as they swam through
having lost direction

*All the trickery
of the sea
is to make
you understand*

An arrow never oriented
arcing through the blue
in such a state
the ocean drew
apart

*a land
of breaking,
forming
mystery*

veil after veil after veil

*The curtains parted
for the Never
as the boy and
girl fell through*

Tunnels through the Never
a neverending journey
a timeless evolution
a lifetime to swim through

behind your mind
another wave is brewing
before you can understand

ride the wave

fight the wave

it consumes you

*none of these are my home
I keep going deeper*

fight the wave
and you
become part
of it
you strengthen it
you make it
you lead it to
its conclusion
where it was heading without you

It will make you –
you will owe your life
to the movement
of waters and winds

Every wave
brings with it
new eyes
and every new eye
sees and speaks
of a different world

but look
at least see
stop to think
resist what's breaking us
even if you remain
the last human being

The world is growing and growing and growing
until it breaks into multitudes
the world's reproducing asexually
through out sexual instincts

Fools in love
will build the house
with the Sun upon it
at the Crossroads
until word gets out;
will stand a door
for travelers to find
themselves in and out
walking the Seam
and stepping across it
until the rest of the world
closes in
and fools in love
will remain preserved
in ash for the rest of the world,
locked in embrace,
when the War comes in

I'll be your example
I'll be your fool
I'll walk along singing for you to trample

I'll fall in the sea;
Will you fall with me?
Then you and I both
Could be a fool

Two fools together
In this world
Would have no need
To do or say anything

Two fools in love
~ but *real* fools, know ~
Would be the sign
Of Apocalypse

Thus the house at the road
With the sun
Cannot remain standing up too long.

she could not force his face to be shown...
she sat beside him on the floor
and felt, also, the enormous weight
he bore of an unsolvable story, walls that could not bend –
and then the ocean floor broke through

and the sea around was new
under open waters heretofore unknown
depths and poles and
another lifetime shown

the first time they fell into darkness
once again, and all dissolved
she grabbed the hand of that old man who was shown the way there
but he was gone
disappeared into the swirls of water
like he never was,
and all the land they crossed,
they never crossed

Inside the waves
the falling girl and boy never stood still
on their way to the other side...
on their way to the bottom of the sea...
on their way to another shore...

suddenly she was alone
in the sea
with no reason to be
lured there
and dropped in the middle...

What's to see is behind
all words
and not bound
to stories

*When I almost see something,
or see (always) almost something,
I follow its course into unknown
crevices. You say you do this, too.
I realize I'm enamored
by self-deception,
like you.*

All the sea retains its mystery
below the surface forever dark to me
only taste the depths but never fully dive
to the bottom of infinity
before it hides
into seemingly nothing,
into a blank gaze,
into closing the door
with a simple wave

How do you hold the sea so contentedly
as if made to be all the waves and be
a body walking alone on your way
from a distance pulling, a tidal wave.

Like seaweed
she faded lines
coming undone
little by little
at the end
until there was
no more
and would he remember
what brought him through?

So the sea disappears
or the sea never was
so the oceans we crossed
we were not aloft
we were never in danger
but from declaring we'd stop
and step off to the shore.

And why the traversal?
The question
hung infinitely –
everywhere and nowhere
outside of all faces

And when he	And she had dissolved
ended up alone	into the waves – never anyone
washed up on a shore	she no longer found a form
when the sea fell away –	nothing of her
No memory	washed up on a shore
No story	such words did not exist
having gone	and never were
through the sea	
it was no longer needed	

he was nobody
no – somebody new –
the story cleaved open and down its middle
forcing them outward and drifting apart
seeing new portions within the oceans –
and no longer knowing what the other one saw

And from the eye of he
the story continues –
not knowing 'she' –
and the little girl of the ship
was gone or had never been –
gone from anybody's memory...

The sea came down upon his shoulders
every single wave
falling falling to his feet
and farther
far below
until the sea was all beneath him

and his eyes could sense the air
the glimmer shortly overhead
reminders of the bordered land
he came from
he had fought to find again

Swimming up his fingertips broke through
and so could no more dive below
the sea depths started killing
sea itself violently pushing
up his little grasping nothing body
to the surface
from below
and from the center
that had hidden back
its heart (ever-expanding)
back inside itself

She dissolved
into no more
dispersed through every wave
no two letters strung together
a dispersed collection of molecules
a temporary form once created
a mirage for your actions
an audience for your love
for you
for you
for you

until he woke alone ashore
the sea had fallen far below him
burning through forms & roads no more
its untouchable tempest rested far below him;
he knew that world he had just gone through.
A newborn man lay on the sands
of a quiet shore of a land
without a name without a past
having come up from the bottom of the sea.

Who are you?

Coming up from a star

you were with me all along

perhaps you were nothing

Was I floating through alone

under a ruse

that someone was beside me?

Who heard all the noises?

Who captured their sense?

Were they tossed out, unwound

and never rewound?

Found my you where there is no sound

where there is nothing my one can do

where face to face with the question,

I...

What is the sea without you?

I want to be strongr

but it's easier when someone's beside

with all the clothes and words you forgot;

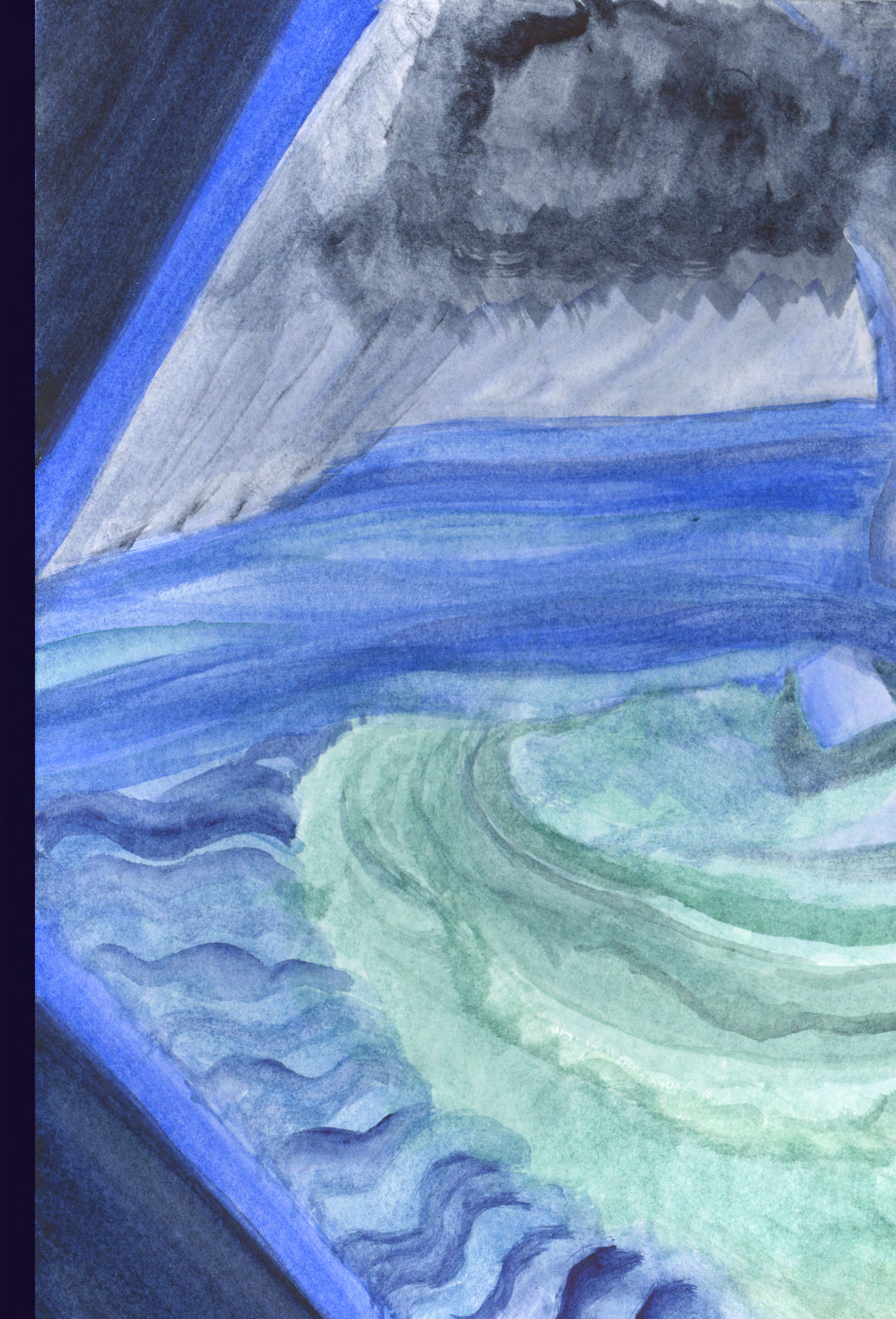
then you're not a purposeless thin slice of life

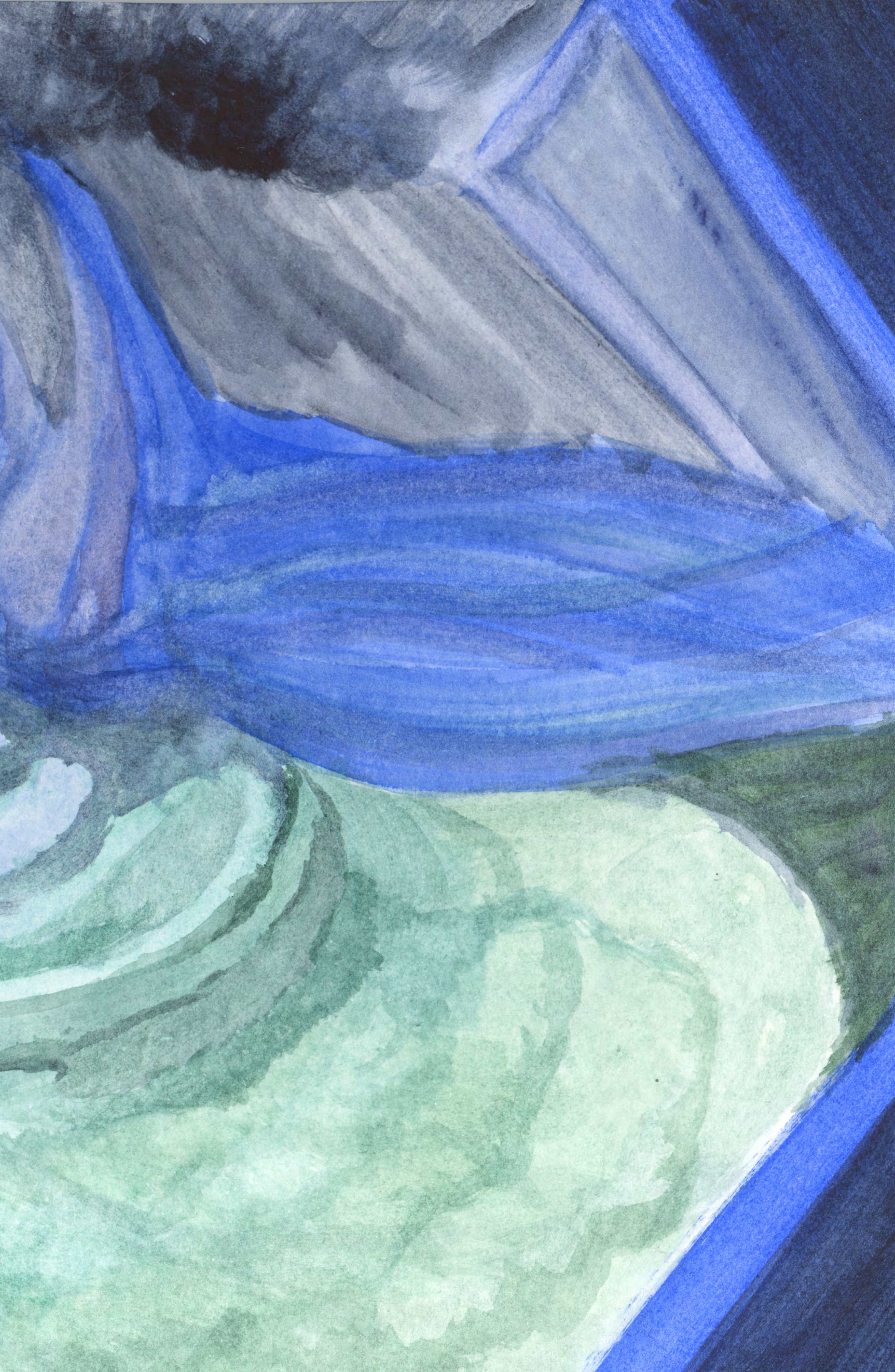
staring at a lot of water.

A small ecstasy of madness exists –
now I understand.
I have gone through the sea – a once in a lifetime –
I've followed the voice – how strange, how mad,
however. Out of light and normality led
into seeming danger.
No one believes our conversation,
friend – path – and stranger – stranger every day
the more I listened. I have seen the world
that wants to be
in glimpses
And I am its citizen,
I am its messenger,
I am its guardian against common sense,
comfort, and their formidable army blind to what it is pillaging
in the name of Good
and plastic shining god figurines
and public statues.
Always push
the borders the boundaries the – I cannot be your mild assenter
with the world of daylight creature comforts
and routines.

There is something
that lives in me –
maybe it's best, and
strongest on the Seam –
when I am about to go –
only once I found the Road
but I found it
and I have seen the home
upon it yet to be.
Every day I sit in the everyday,
possibility meets its end.
Radical trust
lives inside of the steps
I need to take – will you place
your radical trust
in this I feel?

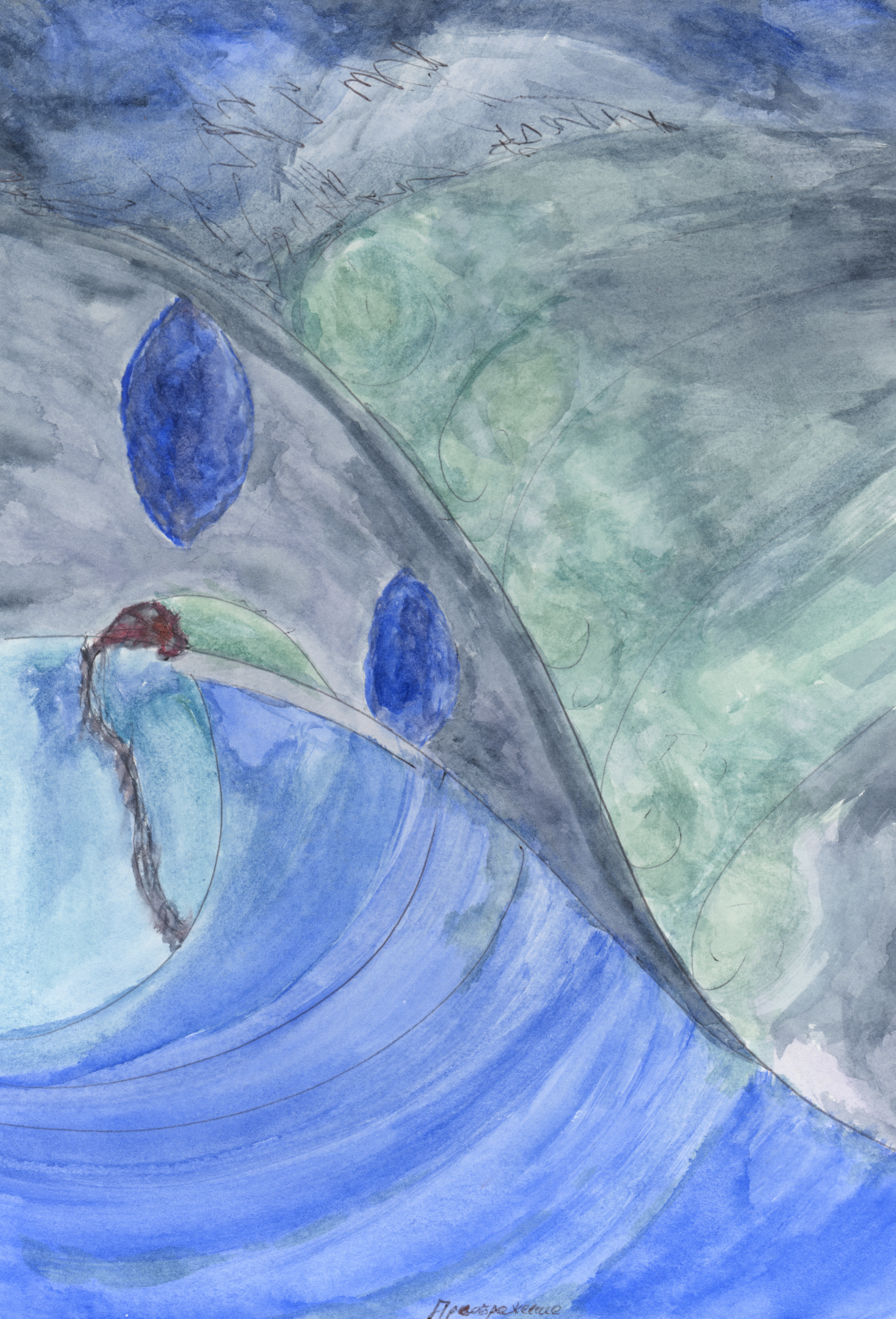
It is not merely
a call to adventure
It is more a call for
a different way to be
and relate
to humanity
to nature to
how they have integrated.
Many believe there is
danger on the road –
no, Death sits at
the table of our complacency





Series:

The Invisible Forest
The Impossible Life
Through the Sea
The Gray Sea



Преподание