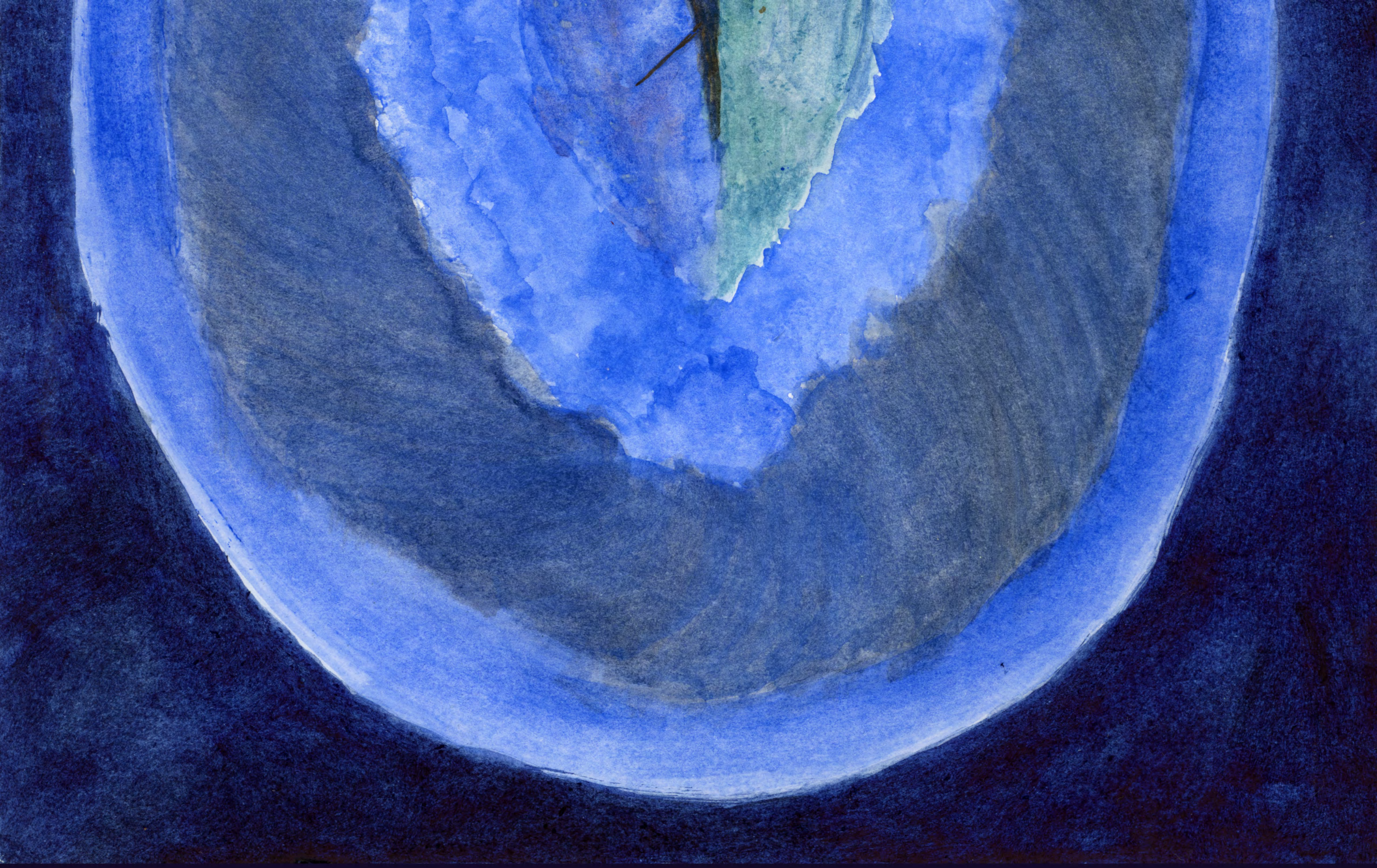
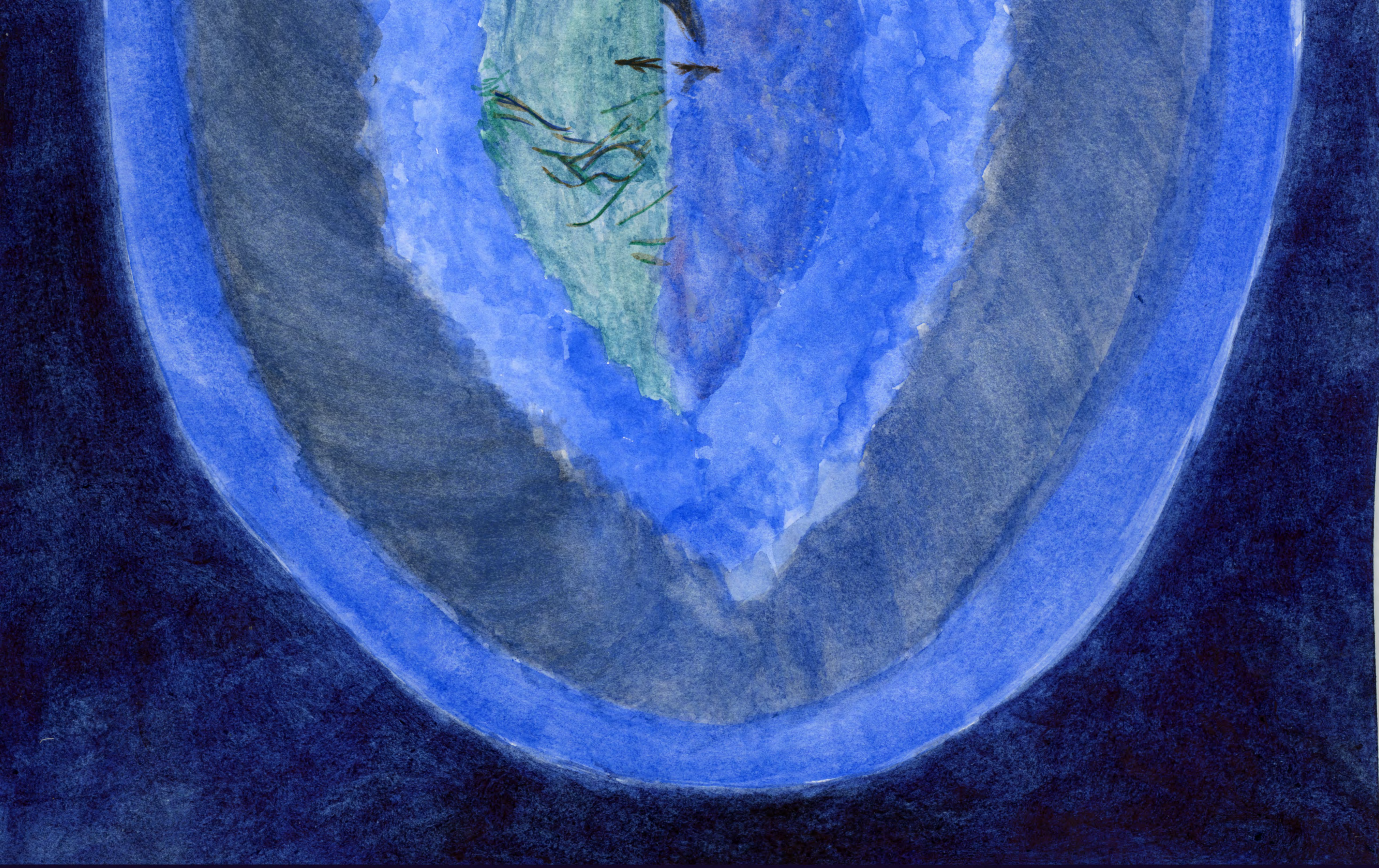
Through the Sea







THROUGH THE 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 sea beats on the floor



An empty quiet

At times the sea looks like
a mountain range

At times, a field of clouds

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 times 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.



Back to back
on the shared deck

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

memories erased

and he looks back
stand face to face

barely know a word
But they ~~can't stop~~

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 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

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

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

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.

Here is a ship in the middle of the sea
~~[illegible] ghosts~~
The night ~~[illegible]~~ burn bright
My ~~[illegible]~~ flags take in the wind
Their colored dots are specs of light
Silent calm black sails with
Sailing forever
Never moving
Sitting in place
As the world rotates
The stars move as it backwards
The land is moving
They are 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
as you were before.

Here is a ship in the middle of the sea
The only one in the ocean but
with its lights on the electric
blinding Hill in the middle of the ocean
Every night the crew is hearing
their laughter ring across the waves
crashing into the [illegible] whispers
[illegible] wrote by Ashley Brown

There is a ship in the middle of the sea
crewed by a pair of
~~[illegible]~~ ghosts.

Its light ~~[illegible]~~ burn bright forever with
its ~~[illegible]~~ 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 dark night
lonely and all alone, from afar.
maybe if you are lucky
ya might dance and drink on board
in the standstill blue
before you wake up in the sun
as you were before.

There is a ship in the middle of the sea
~~[illegible]~~

The only one in the ocean's blue
with its lights on for eternity
standing still in the middle of the dark

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

~~When the night~~

-Then the nights

-they know silence

with

The loudest music comes on

with the light that never go out

They are blind to the scene

They are too busy living the adventure to cry

At the heartbreakingly exciting beauty

of what their little world is

for the book of ~~short~~ tales.

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

That is when they must freely practice ~~their~~ voyage.

They are going nowhere,

But then, they never stop.

Like this, like a party emerges,

a feast

and everyone dances

and jokes

and laughs

and drinks

a miracle that ~~is~~

~~disappears~~

~~lives hidden in the tattoo~~

emerges from ~~the~~ only two

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

but how many more worlds did they have?

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.

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.

how many visits they saw over lengthy days

playing over the waves,

making everything that can be
out of the ~~dirty tin~~ moonlight.

'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 - and can see

(remembering before they left a ~~c~~ore shore so distant now neither can remember)
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 ~~b~~ dissolved to only that

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

And that was how ~~the~~ 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.

Scenes unfolded

Slowly

as they grew

through their childhood

into their teens

"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

horizon to horizon;

no matter how they train,

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 she'd seen

How many times had she said that already?

Yet never did they tip

~~they still burnt~~ tipped over,

he gave a reminder.

and braced himself

to be ready

to take full command of all his senses.

as the race once more

would never end

and they would skate

along its surface

'The sea ooks oddly calm today,' said the boy
speaking at last in full sentences,
leaned on the raiiling,
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...

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

the sea too relentless today

They could barely manoeuvre

Another one perished
in the end
and they rested,
'We got bested!'
he thought victoriously
looking over at the swirling currents 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 don't know what to do
when the waves blew up like that.'

'Another lesson learned."

She stared at the water, ~~that carried them both~~ ~~forward~~ —
too, hanging ever present...
~~ever present~~

Nature of the Sea



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

When will it stop
find something else
other than itself?

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

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

Every moment, a million villages,
worlds birthing and dying in minutes,
ten more 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?

Now I see the sea yesterday,
it came to me in such a surge-
For a moment it appeared-
But I can't think in
such closeness now that
I am not there.

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

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

What leads us?



I watched it form: The twists
and turns are never ~~those~~ 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 white spoke
every facet, and the truth, of one word: free

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?

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.

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

From a play I can never translate,
a drama performed but once,
for one, ~~e.g.,~~ 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

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

They beheld a forever cerulean sky
Sailing over upon a vessel whose light never dies
in the middle of the sea
in the middle of the spinning world
while the words of ocean 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 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
through
they gazed ~~over~~ their earth
every day, a new ~~year~~ year,
each hour, another secret
appeared 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 ~~blood red~~
the sun turn to blood red
and ~~petal~~ call an end this unreal, lucky 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

and into the crashing, unstable blue
the sea drew them on
just like it had so many times
over the years, they had grown upon it

In the distance, another storm was brewing
a threat of rolling gray upon the horizon

"where to go? Oh where to go?" he asked
as the storm drew closer

"We have been everywhere upon the sea
yet there is nowhere to go
nowhere to get,
we've seen so much, and yet... and yet..."
The waves kicked up and the wind grew bolder
they clung to the tiller, keeping forward...

and into the crashing, unstable blue
the sea drew on
just like it had so many times
over the years they had grown upon it

In the distance, another storm was brewing,
a threat of rolling gray upon the horizon
a mountain of soft dark clouds

'Where to go? Oh where to go?' he asked
as the storm drew closer

'We have been everywhere upon the sea
yet there is nowhere to go
nowhere over it to get;
we've seen so much, and yet... and yet...'

The waves kicked up
and the wind grew bolder
they clung to the tiller, keeping forward...

'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'

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, became to from a long
and arduous ladder
and yet, there is no end...
and yet, this freedom has its limits, too!
What is tormenting 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,
that he expressed none clear with her; she felt
the conflict, too,
and for a time near, had harbored suspicion,
kept inside for fear of its meaning
whispered to her by the sea itself, she knew:
~~I~~ the only way out of the sea was through.

'I know every shape of wave,
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—'
'—is 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 ~~[illegible]~~ under the sun

The waves they resisted



The breaking sea
offers many paths
to those falling through it

what ladders upon ladders
flash ~~[illegible]~~ in the darkness
and show you a different way

the storm came through
they could break them in two
in all their days they learned
one thing:

that underestimate the sea
they resisted falling beneath

but he gathered her slender form firmly
as thunder crashed over,
'This is never the end,' he said
'we go round in another circle.
we've seen so much, endured ... and yet...'

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

... All the cypriots together carried them
all around the distant surface
flew as a ghost plane
sometimes turbulent
but in passing
and always unbeknowing of below

Death fled as the third carpenian -

Death, and, ardinary, gatekeeper
and after steering hundred-liners
through steering nights and falling but fleet-spangles,
still Death or Bad or friend or love remained,
the weather blew
they died,
a whisper, pointing to the [illegible] surface of the sea,
'We know'.
And the as they circled softly all day the surface,
when the storm blew and the crashed to caught them,
they both knew
that they were looking or for nothing
for another dead-end morning
for they had come to an ending
and did not know where to go . . .

. . . They held fiercely
steering into the rage
resisting to witness another day
as the a wall of green barred overhead
and blocked the sun and blew the sail
[illegible] prevail . . .
And the wave fell over their little ship.

Don't Underestimate the Sea



The light of the star
was snuffed

and all around
was dark

The
final cry 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

falling, falling
through the sea
the boy and the girl
began to be free

Eyes closed,
as the known world splintered far above
into pieces
into mere stardust and fleeting forms
as if it had never been
No memory living any longer in any being
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 it had belonged
and readied)

The world of storms was no more

The world of storms,
its caves and land bakes,
its cycle of forms and weight
was far behind

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

Misty sprays
Endless days -
all their known faded away

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

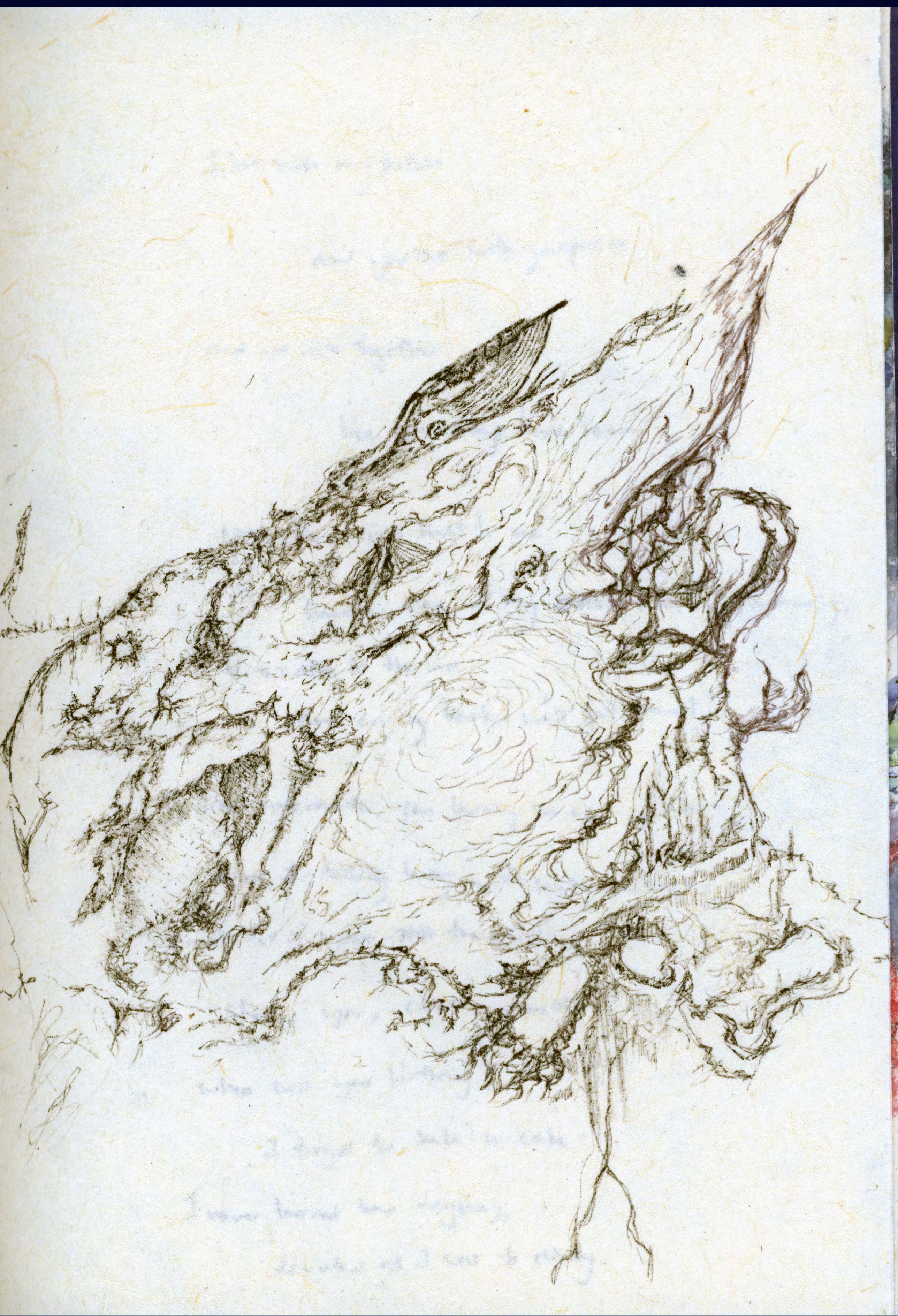
Eyes closed,
as the known world splintered to pieces far above
Into mere stardust and partial forms
As if it had never been, had never existed
No memory of the life of the ship, or identities and names
living any longer in any being

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



Have I worked or ever will work in this life?
Only God knows.

Darkness behind me,
darkness before me,
between us [illegible] all

I continue to expand
working [illegible]; no big to be found
as I grow
and grow.

It is beautiful,
terrifying

[illegible]
I can
explain

Are we roaming or falling?
Are we going [illegible]
How endless, or bottomless hell,
How universe, [illegible] breaking wide open [illegible]

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 - soung and light -
little by little
the blank silence 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 form shore, without being aware,
knowing neither why nor where?
It struck them now
as they began to explore the sea

storms
The world of [redacted] was no more

They were inside the sea

and as they fell deeper,

sinking into the silence

the color

new stars began to emerge
and dream — soundless light —

little by little

the black 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 where
it stood them now?

as they began to explore the sea

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?

Flick your hand from the hidden deck,
Never what you expected to get
~~And~~ the tracks unfold, laid out before you
with the others watching, set.

Out of the chaos the path's made clear
as the steam clears ebb ~~away~~. Your body trembles,
out of fear of the uncharted territory
never crossed because it's deadly;
will you be your own explorer
to take up your point of view?
Will you trek through all the ice
though common sense would say no?

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

I see you on the bottom of the ocean floor

I hear you

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

to multiply
the self
and selves

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

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

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


Fall my tears
are not wiped from
but are stored in the Sea

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 think of a place
with my blindfold white mind
where the trembling rider of darkness
does not look for recognizing emblems of terror.
The dead
are found neither dispersed

as a spirit sign I interpret
the end of the story
or blind-cut borders.
I spend my hours indulging
tasting the pain together with obsolete logic.

Enter the sphere and a new way carries out
the place you were creeping toward
and the [illegible] as found.
The next steps easily bloom out from fresh wind
and their empty rooms reveal the new.
And you understand as you move through
but cannot explain how the daylight you.

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
veil after veil after veil

a land
of breaking,
forming
mystery

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

Hidden behind his many faces

Could thought be tog
and through every curve
char a altered side
of an extraordinary face

look a world
or never light at it

The girl understood
I will never fully see

like he was
was never
to be seen

The sea parted ways

and filled back in

All the
reflected
& projected

as they swam through

having lost direction

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

lost & breathing
forming
mystery

Arrow never oriented
anything the same
state
the ocean drew

apart as veil after veil after veil

Turned,
through the Never

a never ending journey

a timeless evolution

ode

to swim through

a lifeline

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

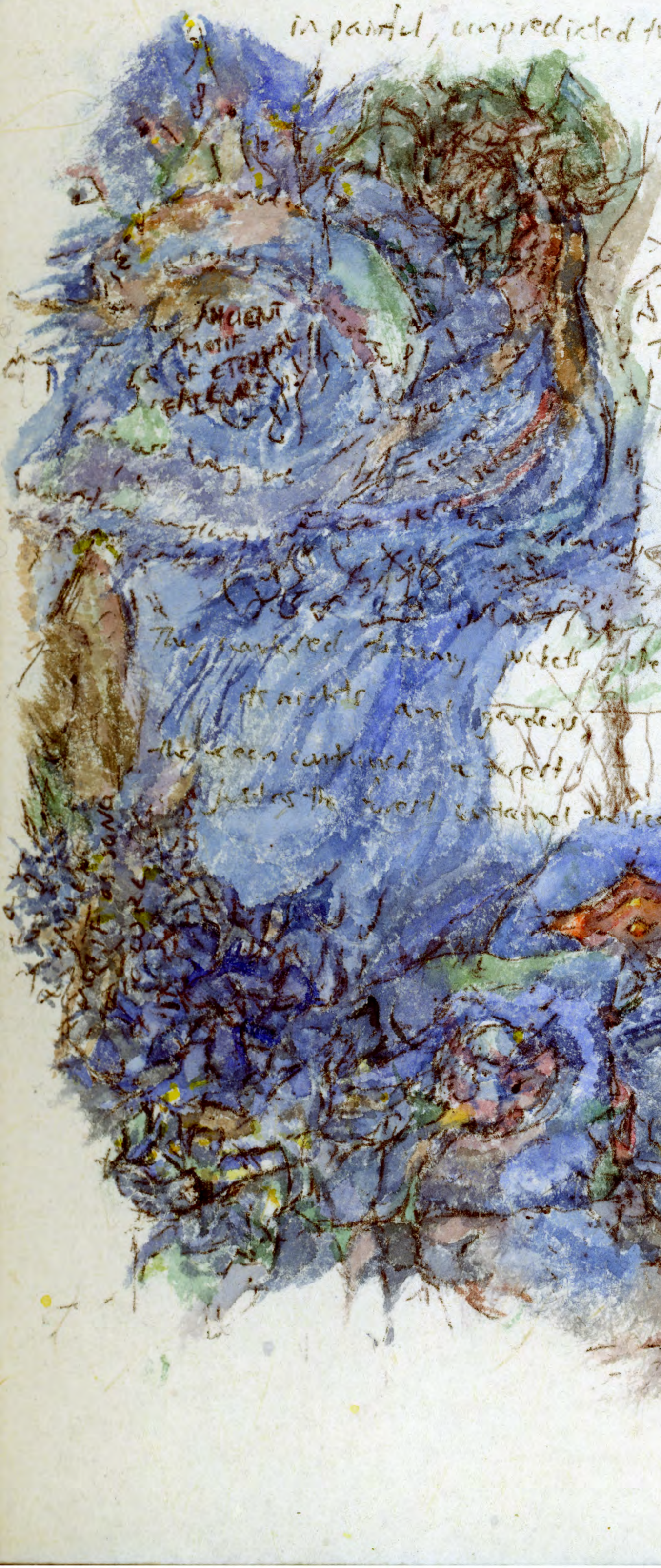
who was he? He turned out to be many.

The deeper they walked
~~He sea cat~~

down unfamiliar roads

the more became clear,

in painful, unpredicted turns



The deeper they walked

the more they knew

but not why or the ways they were

the scenery was always the same and

they never obtained their objective

but only as large as they light revealed,

by the circle it fell, a little revealed

The tracked the many pockets of the sea

its orchids and gardens

the ocean contained a forest

hidden the forest contained the sea

I'm alone
I'm alone
I'm alone

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.

I cannot speak in words to you,
my love,
only show/you to the mysterious
drowning/one/I've been walking with
and in a fragrant garden.

Anything is anything here
form as malleable as film
as any material to flow randi.
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?
If I am becoming a garden
and you were merely one of my visions,
for a time?
If you under the forest find yourself lost and very solid
and my sigil places broken, turning around an empty center,
and I will remind you of who you are.

Old stories
are bleeds into another

A song is over

And it's sung

to fade away

the way I end it

So splash the colors all over

bleed out all over

every-day

To find a thread among the bearer

'many as 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

why he'd do what you do

as something come about you were never main

I held a mystery at my reels

How could I think I would ever get through?

Maybe I brought along too many notions

when I dove in,

things 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 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

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

a frantic search

for what else lies beyond these words

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 ~~nothing~~ in and out
walking the sea on
and slipping ~~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 digging for you to trample

I'd 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, how~~ —
~~Would be the sign~~
~~Of Apocalypse~~
~~Then the house at the road~~
~~With the sea~~
Cannot remain ~~standing~~ ~~still~~ ~~the key~~.

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.

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

Behind your mind
another world is brewing
before you can understand

Fight the wave

Fight the wave

it carried you

Fight the wave
and you

become part
of it

you strengthen
it

you make it

you lead it to
its conclusion

what it was heading without you

it will make you —
you will have your life
to the movement.
of nature and winds

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

these are
my home

keep going deeper

every wave

brings new eyes

and every new eye

sees another world

of a different world

The world is growing and growing and growing

until it breaks into multitudes

The world's reproducing asexually

through our sexual instincts

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.

She could not force his face to be shown--

She sat beside him on the floor

and ~~waited~~ felt, also, the enormous weight
of the unmovable stony walls that could not be bent
and then the ocean floor broke through

and the sea poured over them

the first time she fell into darkness
deafening
and all disoriented
gentle
once again
she felt the cool of the deep all around
on the way there
but the light grew
engulfed into the world of water
like former self
inside the waves
find all the landmarks
the falling girl and boy never stood still
crossed
on their way to the other side--
folded up the window
on their way to the bottom of the sea--
in the sky
on their way to another shore--
with no realm to be
lived there
and stopped in the middle--

What's to see is behind
all worlds

Hard not knock
at stones

When I almost see something
or see (always) almost something,
I follow its course into unknown
crevices. Good say your death - too.
Build deception, feigned depth,
realize - I'm enemy and
by self- deception,
like you

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.

Who are ya?

Coming up from a star

ya were with me all along

perhaps you were nothing

was I floating through alone

under a tide

that someone was beside me?

Who heard all the voices?

who captured their souls?

were they tossed out, unwound

and never returned?

Found my god where there is no sound

where there is nothing my one can do

where I need to face with the question,

? . . . . . .

What is the sea without you?

I want to be stronger

but it's easier when someone's beside you

with all the clothes and words, you forget,

then you're just a purposeless tiny slice of life

staring at a lot of water.

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
ended up alone
washed up on a shore
when the sea fell away –
No memory
No story
having gone
through the sea
it was no longer needed

And she had dissolved
into the waves – never anyone
she no longer found a form
nothing of her
washed up on a shore
such words did not exist
and never were

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...

All the sea returns its mystery
Below the surface forever dancing
only to be trapped but never fully dive
to the bottom of infinity

Before a little
into seemingly nothing,
into a black space,
into closing the door
with a simple wave
How to you hold the sea so carefully
as it wriggles between your fingers
a body washing ashore
from collapsed pottery, a tidal wave.
So the sea whispers
of the seaweed
so the ocean we crossed
we were not alone
we were never in danger
but from declaring ourselves
and step off to the shore

A small estrangement of madness exists —
now I understand.

I have seen through the sea — a wide range
I followed the voice — how strange, how near
however. Out of sight and normality fled
into seeming danger.

No one believes my conversion,
friend — pain — and stranger
made more sense and grew more true
the more I listened. I have seen the world
that wants to be
and I am its citizen,
I am its messenger,
I am its guardian against commonness,
comfort, and their formidable army blind to what it's pillaging
in the name of Good
and public statues.

the borders
with the world of daylight

There is something
that lives in me
maybe it's best, and
strangest of the senses
when I am about
to [illegible]
and I found it
upon it ought to be.
Every day I [illegible]
possibility meeting its end.
Radical threat
lives inside of the ego
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

It is not merely a call to
adventure
it is more like a call for a
different world
and what
it hungers
to watch to
how they live
integrate it
many believe that it
danger on the road
no. Death is the
the table of our
complacency.

creature comforts

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



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.

I shall dissolved

into the more

dispersed though every

no dear Letter

strung together

a dispersed collection of molecules

a temporary form ~~dust~~ cake created to endless

awaiting for your arm

an absence for your love

for you for you

for you

would he make clear shore

fire sound

5th no more

Unbearable for below

His tempest reflected

he knew that world just

the below

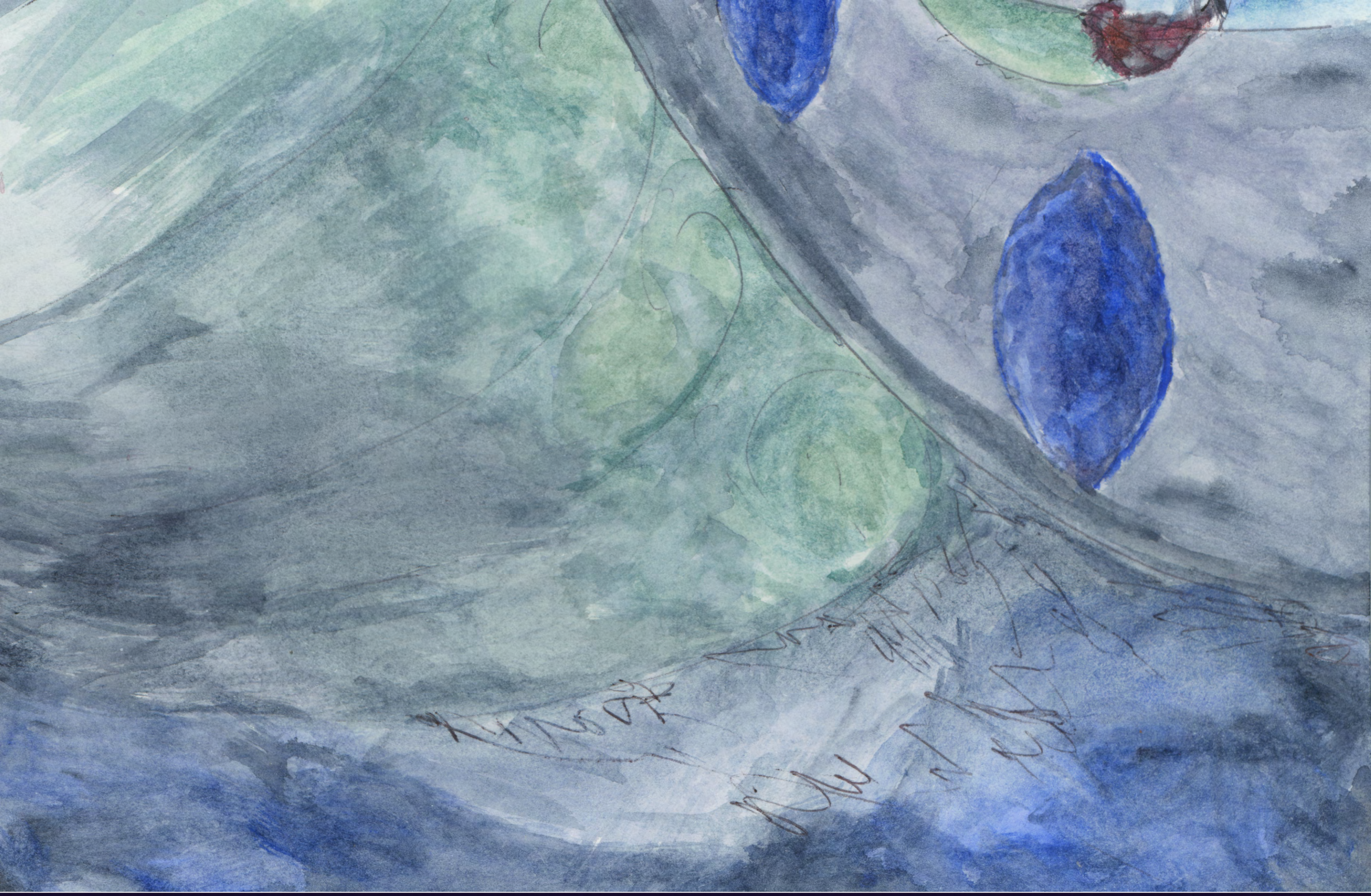
unborn man boy though

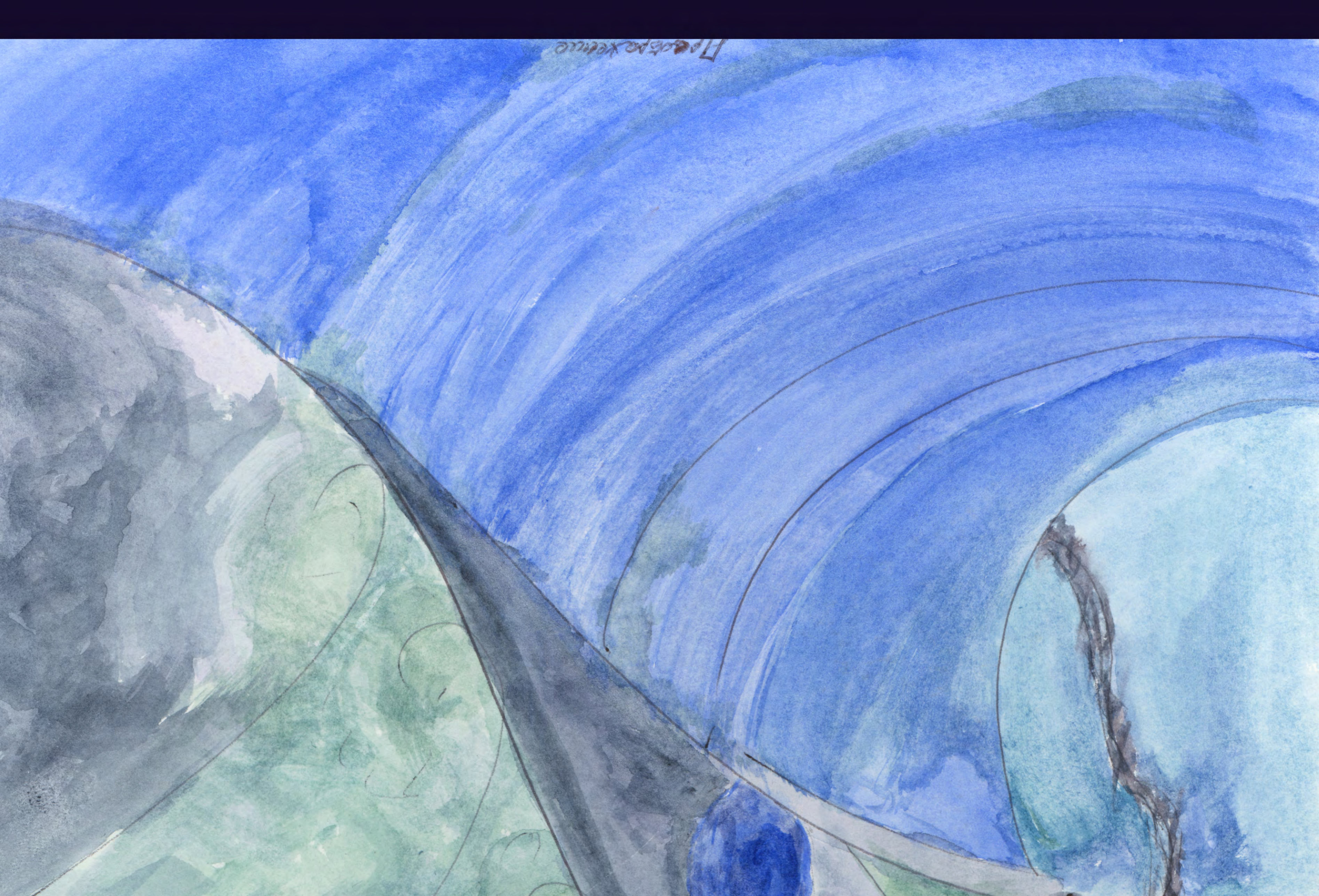
of a picture of a land expected

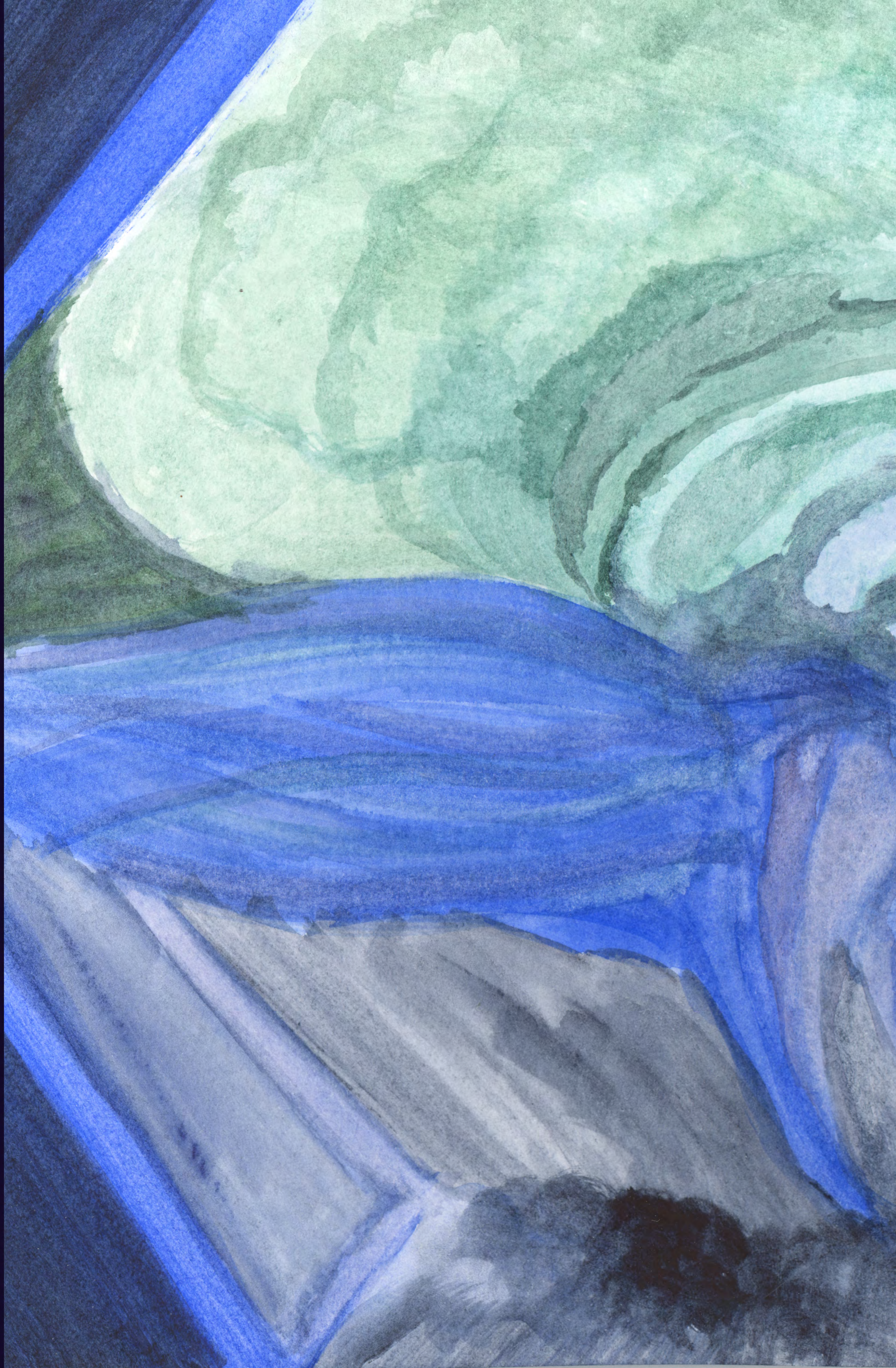
without a name without a past

having crept from the bottom

of the sea







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