

BEHOLDEN

THE UNSEEN

Confined in the concrete grasp of physicality,
A realm isolated in immersion and complex as all,
Rusted and septic, forged of broken intent,
Decayed and new, unsure of its split identity,
Where questioning begets assumption,
And assumption diagrams itself within formulaic weights.

Pitted in a ring of chain link and lurching brick bodies,
Beneath a besmirched, beguiled chatter,
The Serpent defensively spoke its flames unto our body,
An ineloquent cacophony dressed as speech,
Conjuring an accursed disharmony.

Its scales and feathers plucked,
Skin glistening in swaying, flamelit illumination.
Its purveying eyes, milky, lame and thoughtless.
Its presence, retreating in curtains of fog.
Its heart waning in past or futurity.

Its overwhelming singe surrounded in tangled waves.
A damning comfort deserved by those compelled to wrong.
A heat overwhelming and incomprehensible,
Slithering throughout the surface,
Contouring all definition with long fingers ablaze.

Through profound, probing exploration, our internal wick was found: cowering.
Fangs of flame wrung the inanimate worm until its fake flesh ignited.
Devoured slow at first, gnawed into a withered speck,
Speckling a fragile shade of black and grey.
The combustion's trail, guided by twined fibrous sinnew,
Followed its only path to our misaligned core.
All material sickly dispelling, begetting truth,
Its refuse rifting delicately in an ashen dance.

Essence, like wax-hued fat,
Oozed from the structure, rigid and wrapping.
Accelerating along the fragile blackened framework:
Bubbled, marred, and cratered,
The element spilled wildly, flowing outward.
Overcoming and succumbing to itself,
Drowning in itself,
Crawling along as if seeking to escape itself.

A lingering moment of haunted stillness, postured and paused.

The barbed ivy and scrawled detritus watched, hesitantly shaking.
An ancient voice whistled, harmonizing with new voices, endlessly humming.
The grating of extraterrestrial globes kept rhythm along loose tracks,
And wires chattered a lead, locking focus.

Our frame now dried, bare, and breathing.
An oscillation resounded within the exposed, estimating severity,
A confusion of perceived malintent and wronging, rattling the object pensively.

The frame's stark, black, incomplete shadow,
Hovering weightedly,
Framing an abstracted puddle formed below.

A page of vague, redefining memory laid gently atop the boiling liquid.
Its structure rifting in distorted proportion, disallowing legibility.
A spreading stain emerged from its center, and the page allowed itself liquid descent.

The seething liquid glistened, reflecting,
And the light of observation showed myself in the liquid remnant.
I, a spectre and spectator.
My focus struggled from above, unable to find clarity in my image.

As my ascent continued, An unforeseen opportunity arose: a physical liberation.
An escape from those destructive bonds: polemically tearing.
Escape from the tempestuous identities set on scorching.
Escape from those confidently misinterpreting in self interest.
Escape from the limitations imposed from the seen and quantized.

Rising, my spectre mentally committed to flight amidst innocuous trails of its ivory vapor.

Watching below, The puddle gurgled violently, unclear:

“Thou who, so selfishly ascending, wishing to escape us, must understand

We will _scend

Now forced to confront the consequences of our loathsome competition,

You will be dragged through the depths of the darkest shadows,

Horribly abstract and impenetrable, all while stuck to a raging surface.

Yet, an image you shall seek, for that is as much as you might comprehend.

An answer?

Perhaps

Dissonance?

Certain

That Scaled Beast knew only its nature

And you knew just as well

But what shall you come to know?

What shall you hold true?

How might you know who is to be known?

And who holds that to know?

We must trap what is more.”

The choir continued in silence,

The puddle drifted into impenetrable sleep, submitting unknowingly.

I drifted upwards still, disregarding confusedly,
Hoping to find vast refuge from all their cackling eyes and snickering ears,
And that befuddling, accusatory mess.

I twirl, losing myself among the rivaling stalks of plume:
Billowing stacks of exhaust, pillars supporting and pushing against a transparent shell,
All reaching for the open air, craving a cosmic dispersal,
Eating away at the threshold, allowing a lucky few passage.

A warm beam targeted me from afar,
And my mass turned without consent,
Inherently drawn to the divine, reaching light of the beaming Sun:
That orb, one of the lucky few, having escaped through the firmament.
Its crass tangerine knots extending,
Grasping onto the inferred compositions surrounding.

This wondrous light distracting from the everclosing Moon, one half of the completion:
Who in memory, remained inside, revolving and stretching the sky's tissue.
Determining its track, rushing for a dual-orbital embrace,
An impending collision, potential death, and a momentary blindness,
Two spheres envisioning comprehension.

But the Sun's sway, welcoming, enveloped our gaze..
Its fondness, intruding, accelerated my composition,
Inspiring a seemingly providential propulsion.
The heavens closing within reach of my intangible grasp,
Enticing and comforting, a reassurance needed and so desperately sought.

Until a sudden sinking hold.

A Glove, golden in nature and appearance, overwhelming in essence,
 Reflective, wearing my image wrapped hazily,
Shimmering and burning as if a mimic of that _ternal Sun,
 Took me swiftly,
Shuffling along, fumbling about this forgetting gas,
 Hauling me by my forgotten nape,
 Scolding my drift,
Winding with the guidance of ambitious winds,

Slinging my specter back towards the dry, rejecting earth,
 Then suddenly vanished.

Before a retaliatory thought could enter, my gaze fell below.
The puddle-of-past-us transformed, its character now a Swamp.
Undulating still, thickened and vast,
Craving the correspondence of unseen creatures.

It glistened, black as tar, dark as if seeking to deny all light,
Sweltering, steaming,
Stinking of a hellish mix of passion and repudiation,
Swallowing the littered concrete and warped steel appendages,
Awaiting my return.

It outstretched its streaming arms.
I, caught flowing in low, beseeching winds, sped tearfully, wishing for influence.
My hope: to remain as oil to its water, slyly sliding from its flowing core,
But my hopes and fate infrequently intersect.
My ethereal essence crammed and clenched into the Swamp.
I resisted without muscle, though I wanted.
Without weapon, though I wanted.
Without teeth, though I wanted.

Silently screaming without form.

The sludge invaded, penetrating and binding the gaps of my rebellious structure.
Its turning, blackened crimson lipids swirling, intruding,
Integrating itself into myself, ourself.
We became one once again, One divided, but succinct.
Now forming a slick, putty-like clay, nearly solid.

The Golden Glove descended from its brief, curious absence,
Dutifully gathering us, returning us loosely to our preoccupied frame.
Still spilling, we all awaited nervously, collective, unapparent eyes observing,
Wincing.
For the choir bore marks of pounding and gouging,
Sculpted with an urgent ferocity and intention.

But the Golden Glove patted us delicately with meshed, fleshy fingers:
Rendered us
Massaged us
Smoothed us
Worked us into its reimagined form,
Maintaining all qualities in different proportion,
Although its intention unknown,
And greater image unclear.

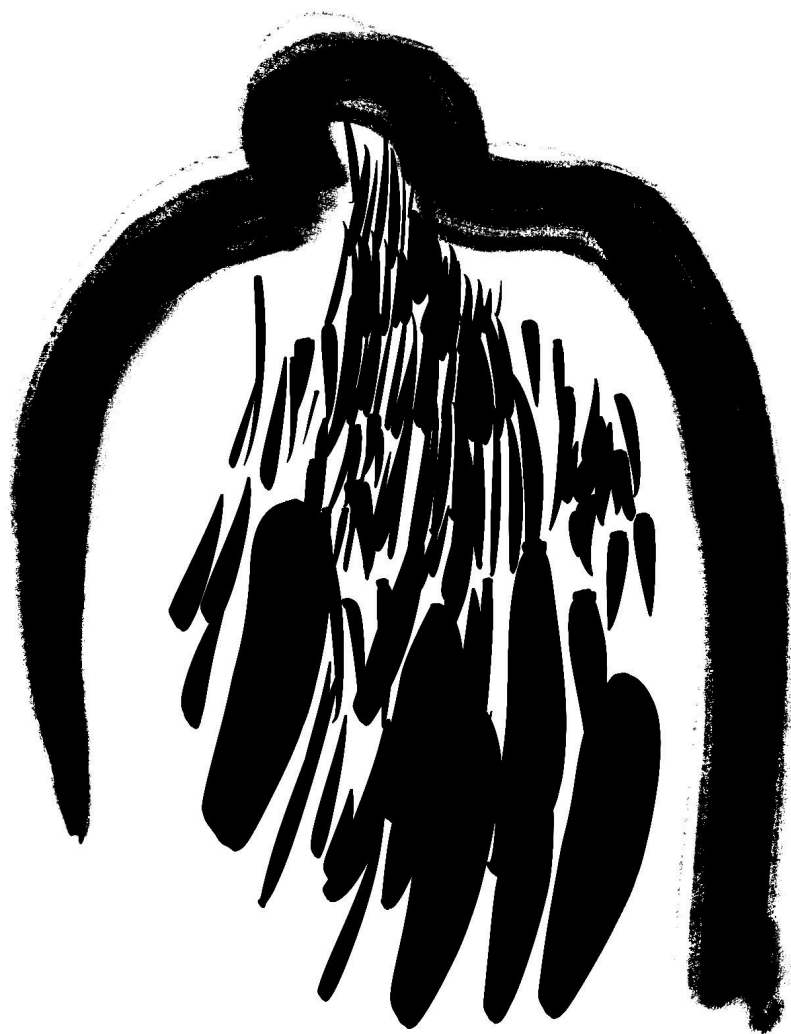
Our body anew, again, now heavy and grounded.
Standing back upon these stilted, jointed limbs.
The swamp: now within, still raged,
Releasing bursts of noxious interference through erupting belches of boiling bubbles.
Its sound: a vicious, perpetual rumbling,
Tugging strings taught, as taught as possible,
Choking like reigns propping.
Its aims, given command of our state, in full control of our essence.
Dictating want, despite my intentions
Dictating insecurity, despite my ambitions

The foul uncertainty of our form had taxed enough.
An anathema emerging in cosmic proportion.
How damned must I have been within the mechnation,
And how must I rearrange the framework?

For now my own form must be observed in space.
Its state, nearly a structure anew.
And the clay of change, drying.

Our shadow now too regained its mass,
Emanating some magnetic force demanding close watch.
To study my projection must mean a breakthrough.
It lay there, full bodied and transcendent, swelling grossly,
Protruding from the ground with the score marks of a tightened net,
Burping cries of overconsumption,
Exhaling full whispers and recollection.

Our eyes fixed on its impressive size, resembling discarded luggage of a fallen giant.
The bewildered expulsions of our digestive retaliation ceased,
All external chatter dispelled.
All focus demanded by the suffocating uniformity.
A sudden gust coerced our heavy composition into its vast pool,
We launched fatally into an abyssal sleep, one whose strength rivaled that of fate.
Ever black, crystalline and expanding, without the intrusion of a single cast.



An operated cable forced our suspension, propping our weak head to a level gaze.

My alternate virgin eyes sensing around me:

A heap of glowing pink, pale flesh stomping up warmth:

The flesh of our own,

As if projected by a mirror wrought of obsidian, intent on exposition.

Their heads refused to turn from impulse, bound to an unforeseen plot,

Each from angles disremembered, with distracted pasts.

We stand lost amid their humid waves.

They continue, signified, wholly unaware of our presence.

Their resolve, my aim. My journey towards realization, actualization.

The roar of pounding feet and huffing lungs rattled our frame,

Forcing our bones into a chatter.

All to dissipate upon the sight of an immobile presence:

A Presence surrounded by what seemed to be an impenetrable barrier,

Limiting the presence of the doppelganger swarm.

The Presence: a figure, resembling the others, ourself,

Remained suspended far above a ground, which we now noticed.

The Presence stood with a lean, as if its back were falling towards us.

Its arms and legs relaxed, dangling like ropes out of reach.

Its mouth silently parted and its eyes peacefully shut.

Our eyes, in control, pulling each leg into motion.

Forward towards the Presence in total concentration.

How it must be to be there,

Total, unappalled by the romping flesh stampeding.

Focused and unclear, glowing,

Disinterested in their fate, in mine.

Unaffected by these rapid states of change and dismay.

Undeterred by the pushing and pulling of authorities yet factualized.

Wanting its notice, we wave our arms and call out,

But the call met with a blind crash.

The wave of selves began flooding the floor.

Knocking us in their disregarding missions,

Pushing us further from that suspended entity.

Those imitations iterated in varying horrid form:

Some dragged torn legs, some burnt horribly,

Some with blighted eyes, some eyes plucked, some mere piles of viscera,

And some, exactly like us.

All working in unknowing opposition to thwart my opportunity.

Their coercion pushed us away and lead us from the ideal.

Calling louder, we wave our arms, frantic.

Still with no notice,

Still receding.

Envious wrath and confusion finally crept to our forefront, swirling beneath a concealing fabric.
Perhaps the Entity had caused the deception, this sequence, the luring.

An uneasy certainty massaged in our gut, amassing a surface projection,
A scorn.
Scorn of unending misguidance, misdirection.
Scorn of other. scorn of obtrusive self.
Scorn of everaparent, everpresent feud.
Scorn of the untamed and distant.

In this, a pinnacle reached.
Failures, our inability to maintain, to solidify, to transfigure with finality,
Tumbling down and downward, in consumptive, birthing spirals.

A rage built upon long enough,
Realizing no realization, conjuring a foul loathing.

I wanted to suppress this, to redirect my aim,
But the Swamp swept the opposition with a tidal authority.
I struggled formlessly,
And the Swamp's submersive plasm voice conquered, altering my own chemistry,
Choking back reason breaths, if there had been any.

We shout:

“How dare thee congregate and exclude me,
Marching with withheld intent,
Do you wish to beseech me?
Destroy me?
Disregard or Discard?
Deprive me of what I owed?
If we bear the same identity, why must thee torture me so?
Not only sharing identity, but an identical image,
An image uncertain, but assured,
But how may it be assured?
And who has assured it?
An image said to be in the image of a maker, had you not made us,
A demiurge invisible in appearance and action, cursing my trajectory and structure.
How is our form identical after already radical transformation,
So how must we be so certain?
And yet even in our uncertainty,
You still reject me!”

“If you all remain so scornful, with it unphased,
In what manner does our image bear its reflection?
How is our image derived if at all?
How can he have made us so,
Himself?”

Our focus shifted and the Presence disappeared.
We looked towards implied void, and continued:

“Well, my intent now decided:
We shall plunge beneath the deepest well,
Leap to boundaries yet understood!
Lift the veil!
I’ve known of the speculation of your presence.
I’ve known the speculation of your presence.
I know where I might find you,
We’ve felt you spying,
Pulling your strings from behind camouflaged curtains,
Marking your progress methodically
Through those two glacially cycling, malicious orbs:
One providing just so the other may strip.
Your time of intersecting blindness soon approaches, think not I haven’t seen.
As both spheres coalesce and form their alien entity,
Unknowingly beckoning my opportunity to strike.
We shall be there, to puncture their surface
And I shall know my true image in your physical emanation,
Your pull, your power, your form.”

Harmony arose and the choir roared.

We awoke in a still prostration,
Raising our lurking spine, drawing hazed recollection.
Our rear collapsed to the concrete, legs unfolding forward.
We peered, searching for a galvanizing spark to lead my retaliation.
The streets seemed vacant, though heavily travelled.
Chain rattled in the twilit winds, and creaking, beckoning glass groaned.
We glanced below at bare feet so unfamiliar, blackened with soot and scab.
The greased ash before us, leaping in heaving waves.

Wading through the distant black and grey, a creature unalert.
Its fur, snow white, and eyes glinting a blood moon hue.
It dragged in its imposing jaws a severed, moulted skin.
Its ears weighed with grief, and its great legs, a worsening gradient.
From its coat arose a opalescent steam, biting through a machine-cold air,
Shimmering dreamily, where dreams seemed lost.

It seemed not to notice us. Following its unseen call,
Guiding the lost scale vessel into an eroded doorway,
Gently stepping into the lost, dark abstract within.
Once the final bristle of its wiry tail dissipated, the door slammed,
Sending crashing, hard vibrations into the claustrophobic air.

The reverberations rattled our unknowingly calmed heart,
Which now began racing, reigniting the scalding flash of my hostile motivation,
Reinvigorating and amplifying the frustration nearly diminished.

With haste intent and an ambitious, accelerating, sickened pulse,
We slithered wildly through the empty cityscape,
Embracing a mercurial intuition to lead us.

The instant of awakening, conjoining, as both spheres: the halves, meet together, closing in.

Rigid tar veins pumped, propelling us,
Driving us to seething ingenuity.
Scheming the design, that which must bring me closer,
That which might usurp their boundaries and allow us forced entry in their time of ignorance.
That, which through incessant, cyclical and iterative simulations, begs to be constructed.
Of our limited resources, those left remaining, remain forsaken, but preserved.
Forsaken in that place, that place of memory deemed irrelevant.
Our place of living, lived, to which I am irritably drawn,
My evolving reminder of ourself, present and past.

Tucked deep in a forest of non-trees, devoid of meaningful recognition,
The stoic, uninviting entrance stood guarded by a chipped, pliable barrier.
Overcome with a determined, frantic push, its hinges shred, opening its inside.
Poised flies lined the interior along with a scent pungent and poignant.
Alien furnishings protruding from the walls, exposing only the indirect path to my deepnest.

Among the rejectamenta within, lie the necessary supplies,
The scraps that might serve again.

Straps, extracted from a leather seat beloved,
Viscous adhesive, boiled of ashen powders, a soiled mix, acrid,
A frame, formerly a bed swollen and purposeless,
Soft plastics, reclaimed of crevasses forgotten,
A motivation, wrought of charred, illegible blueprints,
Mashing all into the intended, imagined form.
An ingenuity wrought of ineffable necessity,
Intuition breaching and exposing itself once again.

The construction swiftly completed:
Glistening gelatin wings.
A pair bearing independent identities,
Bound to that hating principle,
Hardened and ingenious,
So that we might approach the intersection bearing our own invention.

From beyond, distant tides rushed, and light sought to finally rest.

The syzygy drew closer, bringing about enclosing darkness.

Eager, without time to spare,

We galloped to my opportunity aligned,

Pursuing the nearest peak who's path etched in memory:

A product of repeated, automatic journeys,

A cold perch overlooking those others in conflict.

Now spectators gathered.

Impending blindness began to shift in place, forming a window.

An immense blackened halo coated the peak,

Staining the ground beneath and all which inhabited.

The swimming giants in orbit above, met at last, enveloping each other.

We readied our legs, poised on an edge above a cornice.

Our curled toes, glowing pink, wrapped the corner,

Our calves tightened and flexed, with tendons played in portato.

The crowd below cheering and hollering, while sirens wailed closer.

We crouched exact, awaiting the internal, instinctive signifier: a propelling crash.

It called in a wild shot, and we sprung upward, plunging,
Defying nature's restraint,
destroying my muscles,
our legs' ligaments needed no longer.

The moon eye, vigilant and privy, wanting to disrupt my course,
Attacked the swamp: susceptible as the ocean, compelled to waver.
Its cunning exceeded polemic boundaries, firing directly at us.
Waning inside our figure:
Rage, Remorse,
Confusion, Despair,
Thrill, Hesitation.
Our essence torrentially pummeled.

Overcome even was memory:
No longer the scathing of the serpent,
No longer the antagonization of and to self.
The parasitism of past, lost,
Stumbling, forgiven in absence.
A pursuit appeared more frightening and of greater purpose than all preceding.

But the moon's interference had not broken our momentum.

The propulsion already in full, fervent effect,
Causing us to fall too heavy.
We attempted to cast our wings,
Bursting upward,
Lessening the fall.
But the wings crumbled.
The detritus returning to scatter again.

We fall opposite,
Helplessly descending.
Fearing ourselves to shatter.
Remaining lost among a barren land, unachievable.

A familiar glisten flashed,
Rippling through the desolate vacuum.
An aggressive wave of light refracted,
A glint establishing itself as its own cosmic force.

The Golden Glove returned, entering again.
Catching us.
Gently placing us among the untouched stone:
A stone lived through more than any man,
Oozing with presence and legend.

We pounded the surface limply, remembering, scolding:

“I’ve not come for your aid.

For your purpose

Or sympathy.

I’ve come with a demand.

A demand you yourself has seen, foreseen and forged.

You must show yourself, a piece, that absolute.

You have answers owed.

So why have you shown so little?

Why must you keep thyself concealed, while us so exposed?

Answer for your creation!

Show me the image of my mold.

What image I am derived, and why a trajectory so finite and volatile?

The image which foresaw me.

Forsook me.

Now that we have breached the reticle of thee.

For it is we, so industrious to defy your pull and settle your territory.

I am owed response:

Reason.”

We crawled to the nearest crater, barking:

“Your silence means your undoing.

I will dive further if I must,

Penetrating every profound layer till I’ve seen you inside and out,

Tearing through your profane barriers,

Exposing your ethereal entrails, reeling them to earth,

Mending them into our mental fabric.

All will be dissected and scrutinized under our collective scope.

Your secrets will become our understandings,

Our comprehension.

Ours.”

We turned faintly, scanning the vast vacant plain.
So unlike the cluttered, claustrophobic network we had endured.
An absence of the everpresent chatter of machine and man,
Only now the pulsing of my own veins: coursing,
Pushing vital liquid through our branching paths.

The Golden Glove remained coolly static from above,
Watching, poised.

We looked into a chasmal crater, one of many,
Spacious and unmaintained,
Surrounded by the lip from which we hung.
We watched the stillness carefully, and tipped ourself over,
Allowing ourself to fall in pursuit of their secret.

We fell for hours,
Watching the walls reel us closer to the concealing darkness beneath.
A pressure built within us, and a feeling boiled,
Not the boiling of the swamp: now solid,
But a boiling of intuition, and achievement perhaps close.

We turned, attempting to mark the progress of our fall,
But directly behind us, a silhouette, defying the faint violet of atmosphere.

The Golden Glove maintained its own pursuit.

We screamed, shocked at its piercing sight,
But the Golden Glove persisted, unflinched.

The Golden Glove reached downward, catching us forcefully,
Dragging us back upwards.
Ascending faster than the fall, revisiting the barren walls just passed,
The crater opened.
The cutting open air surrounded us again.

The Golden Glove dropped us,
Returning us, to the surface, as if ignorant of my journey.

We glanced at the Golden Glove, cockily waiting above us,
Scoffing at our pitiful, broken body.
Our legs so misshapen, and my torso inflating rapidly,
Clinging to the frame of our ribs and bursting outward.

We muttered internally:

“With that which I’ll attain, we’ll reduce the obstructor to a mere article.
It flaunts its glow among the cold moonscape as if to be admired, but I have no admiration.
Its distractions mean nothing,
My mission is yet complete, and no longer will I prolong a destiny forged by myself.”

In defiance,
We again leapt back into the crater, embracing purpose.
Actualization: imminent, and transfiguration of self, and all else, to be seen.

But the Golden Glove caught us, almost immediately, cradling.
Pouring us back onto the surface as our body was too precious to sustain any more.

We gritted our teeth, gums, flora-like, exposed, pink and white,
Pained and in pain.
We breathed more frantically, filling our lungs with contempt.
Each breath fueling mechanical compulsion.
Steam spilled from our nose,
Disrupting the frostbitten air, expanding our presence among the desolate rock.

We turned again, looking into the stone itself,
And began savagely digging our chipped, animal nails deep into the hardened basalts.
Burrowing towards the beating core, who's beat grew ever faster,
Fearing my arrival.
Covering ourself with the displaced rock, keeping camouflage,
Our reflection escaping the sheen of the Golden Glove's surface

We couldn't be stopped, the opposition, my drive, in alliance.

The moisture of our eyes caked with kicked ground.
Cementing our sight on the moon's own design, the outermost of its secrets,
The meaning to be found within its confounding grey exterior.

The sediment's warmth matching our own,
Our own combustive workings present too in this orbital beast.
I could feel the resolve approaching.
The passage soon to be complete, and its knowledge incorporated.
The sight which decides, derives, and establishes,
The resonances which had proclaimed,
The withheld elements in our templates, which supercede comprehension,
All to be conquered, will prevailing.

Then a sudden grip took hold.
The tearing mechanism we had become, now losing speed.
The penetrating exhaustion bubbled between our fibers.
A fault unforeseen:
Our body failing my drive.
We responded by tearing faster,
Racing fatigue.

We pierced the final layer with a single finger.
A shimmer.
I would finally understand.
We formed a fist,
Preparing the final thrust.

But We froze,
Our last heat evaporated.

All potential spent.

Our cold body, near lifeless, in a cold, lifeless space.
Tears carried the sediment back to the surface, reuniting it, abandoning us.
Our fists crumpled and we collapsed onto our back.

A sad sight followed this repositioning: all progress was a deceitful illusion,
Perhaps it all had been,
The struggled hole hardly breached the surface.

We lay in agony.
Muscles weathered and worn,
Hands and feet pinned by gravity.
Entombed, stripped, and quivering.
Totally empty and sunken.

My pulverized thoughts leaked from our opened mouth.
Out squeaked exasperated pleas rambling, cut with laughter.

“Why have I been cursed?
I sought only to see.
I sought to know through your elusive face.
Yet ridicule lies at every step.
The serpent, the catalyst.
I can hear his cackling still.
His scales an etching drifting.

What have I done?
I had traveled, I had become, all to make meaning.
Become?
Perhaps not yet.
Only revised.”

We looked out into the spacial void, framed by my minuscule progress.

Darkness, silence, stillness:

The bitter trio which encumbered me so,
Threatening the ending motion and security which I thought assumed.

Perhaps there lies a seperate beauty to be found,
Wrapped amongst the scrawl which comprises this universe.

Its presence so unfamiliar to us.

How has it remain hidden?

How may it remain hidden?

Or is it us who are hidden?

Is this static ponderance that which now and shall define me?

How might there be such definition in everpresent exile?

Rather what is defined? How might we define it?

How does this vacant darkness cause such reverberation?

Why has this reverberation overtaken the ache of our extremities?

Perhaps this stillness is the decider.

Perhaps the stillness begets something greater.

Perhaps there is more to the reverberation.

Perhaps there isn't.

Perhaps the unspoken and unseen rest in conspiracy.



A light shone yellow above,
Searing onto our eyes, which drifted from its visage,
Subordinate to the inquisition held in the mind's gaze,
But the physical interfered and the light solidified.
The Golden Glove, in its dramaturgical fashion, returned active.
It grabbed us by the deep boned collar,
Collecting our lost pieces as we ascended into open air.

The surface enclosing, blinding, further abstracting the scenery.
Our back turned to the supposed object of desire:
The great flame behind us, but nearing.
The Golden Glove guided my direction.
Our eyes closed, acquiesced.
We stumbled, wretchedly, with its loving, formidable palm resting on our shoulder.
We crumble entirely, suspended where left,

Still for just a moment.
Just for our remains swept together.
Brought to this sun, forging ideas of prolonging and creation.
Where poured into its molten, molding core.

Our eyes the first to emerge but kept close shut,
No longer shall they drive my deceit.

Our nerves next reaching out and onto each other,
Tingling in cooperation soaking in the warmth,
Conjuring feeling and beckoning to memory,
They spoke collectively, though silent,
Informing invisibly.

Ears, nose, and tongue last,
Lapping the final ambiguous sense,
Propelling a great shift,
A memory.

Hazy it seemed, feeling near impenetrable,
But feeling ever-present where linearity dissolves.
Where those inaccuracies rightfully become.
Its identity, uneasy, undulating intangibly.
Its nature wrongfully beset in cycles.
It mends all into itself ever-shifting, ever-relating.
Its meaning so clear it remains invisible.
Sight only obstructs until blinding resolve is found.

It looked out onto us.
Our eyes still closed,
But Its beating observation palpable.
A warmth blanketed us inside,
Reflections again from every angle,
No longer rushing in disregard.

The sounds ascended in harmonious chaos

The light and dark erupting into one another,
Embracing, tearing, beseeching, condoning, whispering, crunching.
Where dimensions intersected, conversing and guessing.
Where buzzing sounded in a fleeting blur.
Where consciousness exceeded itself reverting to primal form.

Growling, the Sun churned our returned fragments,
Smelting and pouring everything back in its frame.
Returned.

A Choral Climax.

A quick descent, now a low hum sputtering.

Eyes open, singing against the silence.