

## Immersion

by anon *Sunday, Nov 13 2022, 10:29pm*

international / poetry / post

as it does, it's happened again  
permeated thru, immersed,  
every fibre and cell porous,  
what is this fluid?

in the unborn again, the pre  
of all prefixes before the  
word/logos before the invention  
of gods, fear, joy and passion  
yet its character and quality  
are bliss

where am 'I'? absurd question  
as the 'I' cannot exist here  
in the drowning of all perversities

how very clear and clean it is,  
this unborn, uncreated no-thing

it courses without direction  
and moves faster than light  
yet it soothes and invigorates  
as it saturates beingness

try in vain to name/locate it  
yet it's ever present - the virgin  
mother of all things