

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