

Wheels of Ascension

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a circle that does not close
becomes a spiral turning in or out
in perpetual motion as
is replicated in the heavens
but note the divine direction is outward
ever expanding, never contracting
in on itself

as above so below,
the wheels to which i refer
spin in each being on this plane, seven in number
alluded to as candlesticks and the churches of the East
or the serpent that ascends and descends
or the ladder of Jacob
hidden well by the wise
that understood only the wise of future generations
would be able to decipher their allusions and metaphors;
yet the 'secret' is hidden in plain sight as there is no
better hiding place in a world of dulled and fearful entities
the eyes of the blind fail to see
the Truth forever blazing in their faces

and so it has been said,
let the blind lead the blind
and the dead bury the dead
as none could be more dead
than the dull of this plane

yet those that see are with us always
like the bright white flame that banishes
ignorance/darkness,
tragically ignored by most;

and so it is in this cycle of creation
that the great purging approaches
do You see, are you able to read the sky like a book?

life is of its nature, life continuous --
in it there is no death
only the ignorant truly die though
they imagine they live, but as is apparent
they are profoundly dead so these words are

written for the aspiring, which beings never rest until
they discover Truth, which is life everlasting,
as indeed the universe bears witness

and so to return
and refer to the trees encoded of old;
these divine trees are inverted,
their leaves and branches absorb nourishment from the ground
their roots splay outward to the heavens
upon which lights they feed,
the fluids formed in the trunk
ascend and descend
in an orbit
which nourishes and energises
the seven (seals) wheels in its path
that turn in every living being
and when the movements attune
to the harmony of nature
they synchronise and illumine;
all creation is laid bare to those that
harmonise with nature's cosmic rhythms

and all that was hidden is seen, each action
bears its fruit and for the dull that fruit is bitter,
the mystic garden however, offers the fruits
and ambrosia of immortality to all, but few partake
of its offering

meanwhile the dead continue burying their kind
as death knows nothing of life --
beware, as i am given a warning
the great purging the dead have sown by their,
selfishness, violence and greed is at the door
life discards death and the dull will be no more

and those whose lights shine will increase
in intensity until all discord is removed
from this plane, the dull reduced to sterile ash
from which no life is able to emerge
and to those that teeter
i say sit quietly and offer peace,
bliss and Love from heart, mind and soul
to all beings in all directions
and actively wait in anticipation of the ineffable
Glory

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2441.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-687.html>