

Lila

by sylph via claire - Jungle Drum Newswire *Monday, Jan 30 2017, 5:40am*

international / poetry / post

let it glide
until it begins to swirl,
light begins to take form
first two dimensional
then prismatic, multi-dimensional, so clean
and pure tho cut surgically, appearing hard
yet only comprised of soft light

see with eyes closed
if u truly wish to see
and the universe will unfold
before ur internal eye/vision

triangulations moving until
apexes collide then penetrate
each other, myriad triangles moving
from huge to infinitely small into
each other forming a centre
from which they emerge again
but from indeterminate 'locations'
from large to small and in reverse simultaneously

jumping dimensions to continue the form/process,
the largest to the smallest where both merge
and reappear as many though remaining as ONE

it is the dance of the cosmos, eternally ONE
though in appearance, many --
are you able to reconcile the paradoxical many/one
without effort as creation is effortless, spontaneous,
so easy

the sun explodes on the dawn horizon
but we see only a tiny range of colours
with our limited external vision
yet the single, internal 'eye' has no restrictions,
it sees all

and if u listen everything u see is accompanied by
sound, vibrating to its peculiar nature
though all vibrations emanate from one original pulse
which explodes into symphonies of delight

do not try to fathom creation with ur paltry intellect,
a product of culture, it cannot be done
only intuition is able to span infinity

intellect engages in measurement,
comparisons
each finite thought has a beginning and end
how could thought span infinity
the finite and infinite are mutually exclusive
to those that see with two eyes
do not pollute consciouness/awareness with thought

perpetual harmonic movements form process
within/out us all, informing us of the patterns of
creation and how manifestation issues
from the known and unknown
but changes with each cyclic turn
a mystery to most humans, i know

however, there is room for YOU to see/appreciate reality
as it is, which mocks the imposed 'realities'
of civilised society, so backward, brutish and inconsequential

you live and die according to your level of awareness
and if u see it all then you never expire as you have merged
in the infinite dance of creation

only the blind and already dead truly die

i wish i could transmit the real glory
to which i allude but its beyond expression
only poetry insinuates the indescribable

but i should reiterate, close your eyes and SEE

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2514.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-701.html>