

## 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>

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