

Between

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the shimmers and pulse
clear the fog which issues from the known
revealing a membrane
behind which translucence
shapes appear and disappear
or so it seemed, though these ephemeral bodies
merely withdrew and presented themselves
in various proximity to the translucent screen

images nailed with cross, crescent and star
no longer hold the captured mind and caged body

a key of vapour began to form which would open the
thin inviolable skin into the world of dancing shadows
though relative is the view from the wrong side of creation

with a wisp of smoke the membrane split neatly
and wept the dew of gratification
with a phantom thrust between the open slit
i was on the other side
which perspective offered a view into the absurdity
of the known

the phantoms were radiant beings sailing free
on a shoreless sea never to be fixed on land
or anchored in false belief

i watched this sea which waves became anything imagined,
my thoughts became real until a new thought changed the scene
into which i could enter and live if desired, though i refused
to indulge my fantasies pretending reality then slowly disintegrating
confronted by the light of realisation

illusions stacked on illusion never make a reality
and so i let it all go and entered that sea and floated free
until such time i took to wing to sail across that radiant, shoreless
sea

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-514.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-926.html>