

Rising

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international / poetry / post

amplitudes rise though resonances
remain unchanged,
every sound, frequency, motion has
already been struck -

existence expands to accommodate variations
of the existing tho there is nothing new in the new,
it's the same discords and chords
regardless of where one looks, sees
and feels

my wand made according to the art
is an extension projecting will/power
at a target, there is no defence against this
projection as once created it continues
as all else, in one form or another
though some vibrations harm and others heal
what to do with this power stolen from
existence?

the juggler/magus/conductor manipulates what is, to produce
what is not, transforming what is thereby,
combined polar energies of their own accord
attempt to cancel or destroy their opposite
in order to neutralise what is not which eventually becomes
what is
until another chord or discord arises from the
dissolution of both, which raw, unblemished produced power
swirls and births more harmonised chaos and creation

we are left at the beginning of creation always,
the notion of arriving is false as the journey
is the realisation of continuous beginning,
there is never an end to this symphony

what is your place in it,
which resonance or symphony is your particular
sigil/signature?
how high is the amplitude of your creation, as it remains
undetected in the flux?

have you learned not to Be?

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-897.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-982.html>