

Phil John

Poems: Syllogus VII

KΛΙΜΑΞ

VEL

DE SVBLIMITATE

(Group 14: FLVCTVATIO, Category 14.3: QUAGMIREs, part 3)

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EXPOSITIO:

PRAELVDIVM

PARS PRIMA: MATRIX

INTERLVDIVM PRIMVM: CLUES

PARS SECVNDA: TEMPESTS

INTERLVDIVM SECVNDVM: IN NOCTEM

PARS TERTIA: DESCENT

INTERLVDIVM TERTIVM: LIMBO

PARS QVARTA: PVRGATORIVM

INTERLVDIVM QVARTVM: REMIX

PARS QVINTA: IN DREAMS

POSTLVDIVM

PRAELVDIVM

The poems that were
The poem at hand
The poems to come
The words which denote
The words which just flow
The words now to come
The words all subsume
The words all consume,
τὴν ποίησ'ν ποιῶν¹
A sense seldom clear –
The sense is the words
And nothing is said?
But much will appear
And time's running out
A climax is formed
A ladder just this
Goes up and comes down –
Just one path in two
And both are the same
Direction's the key
Anticipate not –
And don't you be fooled:
For nothing times nil
Will stay just the same

PARS PRIMA: MATRIX

Prótaxis:

Wake
And make
What you can
What new is then
To climb to the stars
Defy all nears and fars
In all your days and the nights
To gather new places and sights
Climb up it will now, up to the wake
Appear all then will and all is at stake.

Taxis:

<i>heis</i>	<i>duo</i>	<i>treis</i>	<i>tettares</i>	<i>pente</i>	<i>hex</i>	<i>hepta</i>	<i>oktô</i>	<i>ennea</i>	<i>deka</i>
Haze	Nights	Weak	Find	See	Them	Free	Vain	Ill	Rise
Maze	Flights	Leak	Mind	Be	Stem	Spree	Plain	Will	
Craze	Sights	Peak	Hind	Flee	Hem	Tree	Sane		
Place	Heights	Shriek	Bind	Me	Lamb	Plea			
Pace	Tights	Meek	Wind	The	Ham				
Nays	Mights	Freak	Kind	We					
Base	Fights	Peek	Blind						
Gaze	Plights	Seek							
Face	Rights								
Days									

¹ poesy making

εἶς

I. Haze

Waking and aching
And pounding and sounding
The thoughts so demanding
In sorrows all standing
And waking and making
Away with the fearing
Away now I'm steering
Away from all stand-still,
Away and towards now
Towards what must matter
Must matter far faster
Far faster and thorough
And thorough in sorrow
The dreams that now hit me –
Reality bit me –
The dreams – are it dreams then?
The dreams, yeah, deep down then,
The haze now is starting
A promise not given
So none is for striven.

II. Maze

The thoughts seep by
Soon catch the eye
No worth in here
No, never fear,
Just never trust
Just always look
The path you took
Remember not
The steps are gone
The steps are far
Remember them
However far
Remember not
Remember them
The path in front
No sight it flees
No sight you see
The thoughts so sought
They lose you here
You're kept in fear,
No time to see,
No time to flee,
No neither place,
No neither face,
Just all this haze
In wildest maze
The steps to climb
Ascend awry
And ask not why
The rhyme askew
The rhythm so
Afar is all
Unheard your call
Evade – Confront –
And lost you'll be.

III. Craze

No matter where
No place to adhere
No time is your home
The tempests you bore
The tempests you're through
A shadow but are
They catch you from far
From far-reaching hide
From long-lasting stride
They shatter with might
They shatter what might ever had –
No reason they see
The thoughts soon do flee
The fire sets in
They thoughts stay within
Are crazed
In the maze
And its haze

IV. Place

The storms you may flee
Too indistant are
Too near, not quite far,
The places they reach
Are set then to breach
They cannot withstand
Now could they resist
Resistance so futile
And futile till end –
What vict'ry is ours,
For short-term it stays,
But set back for maze
And stablest so place
To chaos returns
To order adjourns
But chaos is stronger
And chaos is starker
And chaos is darker
No places it shelters
No place it excludes –
And frail it exudes.
The days soon are gone
The nights us embrace
In night's darkest place
A shadow you are.

V. Pace

What once so still
Speed up it will
What once in peace
Will peace then cease –
Accelerate
Disintegrate
Not wait
But act
No word
No fact
The thoughts run wild
The air not mild
But raving craze
With deadly space
All in its path
The fate caught hath
You can't
Evade.

VI. Nays

Deny the truth
Deny all life
Deny reality through jive
The walls now break
The time will shake
Disintegrate
Commemorate
And delegate
Affirm – deny –
Your yes a yes
Your nay a nay –
Deny the lie
Confront the truth
No ways can soothe
However smooth
The facts of life
For facts we strive
But fiction all
Denying
And crying
Distorted image
Whim
So dim
And black is white
All greys subside
And gone all hope
Below this yoke.

VII. Base

Wherever you're standing
The ground now is bending
The base almost lost now
The rules from within so
Are torn all apart now
Whatever then smart once
Askew and just broken
The night has awoken
No use
All apart now
So loose

Once joint

Now lost
In dust
To dust
To nebulae fleeing
A refuge not seeing
All ground is just lost now
And not coming back
Illusions destroyed
Excuses so void
Apologies rejected
Experience abjected
Home, once sweet,
Altered now, beat,
Have died all the roses
The fence fall'n together
The bricks holding ghosts now
And haunted what yours so
And lost is it all
Remains just your fall.

VIII. Gaze

The truth now descending
Your self not ascending
But falling just deeper
Who once seemed your keeper
In humanoid shape
Gets lost in the maze
Remains just your gaze
Afraid and so trembling
In distances rumbling
The tremor and shaking
And underground waking
Which now is to come
Soon
Can already stun
You
Of friends now then none
Are
In distant a hum
Too
And now you seem
Late
And heavenly gate
Once close
Now seems closed
And different a portal
You're standing before now
So gaze just and wonder
You're late,
Going yonder?
So where are you going
And where have you been?

IX. Face

The look on your face now –
I cannot describe it
Too stunning, too laughable,
And not at all adorable
And fading
It all
Just having it realized
Just having had it all figured out –
Just bad luck.
Or bad planning
Or just
Just
Just not just?
Just not quite thorough
Was not it within you?
And had you not heard it?
So, may have abhorred it,
But nevertheless,
The rules of the game
Remain still the same
A game then it is
Not always a bliss
The look on your face,
O my ...

X. Days

-

δύω

I. Nights

So days remain empty
And night has befallen
The days were not worth it
The days are just gone now
But night is what's fallen
Not yours is the choice now
A shadow've become you
A mask shows with-out you
And crying with-in you
Can protest you, however,
However then strong now
Persist will just darkness
Till know you your starkness –
No God has here put you
The fault lies within you
And so does salvation –
The thorough equation
Equates all the living
And shows you the giving
No age-old denial
Can change this,
Nor trial

II. Flights

So, flight you are taking
Compliance you're faking
Deep down but escaping
The troubles too aching
The sounds soon escape you
The silence grows starker
The howl grows within you
The colors grow darker
Till blind you in madness
It strikes you as courage –
And maybe it is
For inside, there's thinking
But outside, just sinking
Betrayal! They're crying
Defector! But lying
The thing you are fleeing
Is just what they're seeing –
You flee their perception
Constructions, rejection,
And all genuflection
To them, you're just crazy
Your thoughts just too hazy,
If not you surrender,
Your thinking, your tender,
Remain just yourself
And human foremost!
Receivest no rewards
Just staring and stuff,
Your world is another
Still filled with the wonder
The awe and the truthful –
And saved you may be.

III. Sights

New sights now approaching
New spaces encroaching
New concepts emerging
And old then converging –
And time is a player
And adding a layer
And layers then to it
And leaves it to work –
And all but collapsing
And all soon at stake here
And time still elapsing
The sights laying bare now –
Amongst them some old,
Amongst them some new,
But all in collision
And all in your vision
What finds you prepared
Will help you be spared
But still be alerted
So much be averted –
Prepared not you are –
And safe not by far.
The sights are demanding
Reality bending
And spaces negating
For silence not waiting
Just thorough and plain

All strength is in vain
 All virtues to hold
 The cards not to fold
 The wall now converging
 The sights are now searching –
 And you are their object,
 Not seeing yourself
 But seen so much more –
 Apart now they tore
 Your proper defenses
 Immunity gone
 And all you thought won
 Has vanished from sight
 And joined in the night.

IV. Heights

What once horizontal
 Now pushed into height
 And staring from down here,
 Just seeing your might:
 It's nothing, it's nil, and it never was true:
 And dwarfed all your being and broken right
 through–
 The distance so crying
 All life so denying
 Humanity gone:
 And caught you in stun,
 The prospects so sinking,
 Whatever was linking
 Now ruptured, disjoint:
 All rhyme will have broken,
 All harmony past –
 What enters your sight
 Will spur you to flight
 Or staring in doubt –
 But don't you turn back,
 Lot,
 For yours isn't heights
 Nor judgement-lacked sights,
 What mod'rate and small
 Now crushed by what's tall
 And you?
 Intimidated –
 Awed –
 Terrorized –
 Enlightened?
 Whatever – don't matter
 Beyond space and time
 There's just the sublime.

V. Tights

All movement now gone
 Art standing in stun
 Thou art standing in space
 Enfolded by all of this maze
 Standing in time,
 Enfolded by days
 And all the sublime
 To terror will flee –
 It horror may be.
 Now trembling of fear,
 The greatness too near

The heights closing in
 The lights – sadly – not dim
 And all falls now in
 And falls into you –
 Your défense, your might
 Has fled into flight –
 And tight are your nerves
 No muscle you serves
 No thought leads to move –
 No spark leads to thought,
 Art terrorized,
 Immobilized

VI. Might

No way to enforce it
 No way to ignore it
 Your powers, they're gone –
 They still seem be lurking
 Or are they just mirking?
 And faking existence?
 And trust – is it founded
 On grounds fondly grounded
 Or rather but shaking
 A stand never making
 But always avoiding
 The fight they be fighting?
 Your mights you so straining,
 But movement not gaining
 Momentum not reaching
 But still it are teaching –
 Come time, come solutions –
 And all evolutions
 Now rise and just face it
 You needn't embrace it
 You still can deny it
 You needn't outcry it
 And monsters not looked at
 Might just disappear.
 Who knows.
 But when they are striking
 Be better prepared.
 Why should you be scared?
 What should you be scared of?
 Not alien they are
 Nor come they from far –
 Inside from they rise
 In shabby disguise –
 But yours wholly are
 From you not ajar:
 Yourself you are facing.

VII. Fights

Yourself you are chasing
 Yourself then encasing,
 Your self then much longer
 Your limits transcending
 To linkage ascending
 The other's your own –
 Your own is another's –
 And diffrence constructed
 And justice obstructed
 Cosmology hurt –

And so much inferred
And so much wrong taken
So stirred and so shaken
And sense never making –
 However, it faking –
And shining their masking
Contrived but their asking –
And they – who is them then?
 And trapped we again
 And all cute divisions
 Are bleeding incisions,
 The blood is our own –
 And shattered our bone.

VIII. Plights

Behold those who suffer
 Excluded they are
 And just out of sight –
How nicely, how smooth,
 Perception averting,
 Just hidden in sight –
What obstructs cannot be –
 And those who do see?
Who's strong, who is weak?
 The answers don't leak,
 Are hidden in shadow
 And shadowy matter –
 And buried in thought –
And heart there is naught –
 Just awful compassion
 A pounding obsession
 But serving division
 And plight is a vision
Asserted and talked of –
 But still it is us
 And still it is them
 Accept we don't can
 Just tolerate –
 And obfuscate.

IX. Rights

Just all so apart now
And all seeming smart so –
 Alleged becomes true –
 And lacking – a clue,
The prospects now facing
And shadows embracing
 Just ruins remain
 And all seems in vain
 Once thinking returns
 And silence adjourns
 And "how to behold"²
 Is crucial again –
 No whether, no when,
 No who neither what –
All questions seem dealt with,
 The answers – a joke.
 And all understanding

A giant excuse
 And pity as hell.
The rights we infer
Are crushed in such bright
 Obscured by the night
 And fooled we again.

τρεῖς

I. Weak

And nothing remains
 And shattered all be
 And buried in pains
 That nowhere to see
And strength now gives way
 No longer can stay
 No longer pretend –
And now, it must bend
 All human endeavor
Too small in this sight
All humbled by space
By time and by night
 The stars falling in
 Of nothing a kin
 Of stardust we are –
And dust yet indeed –
 And greatness so far
Pretension the creed –
Confronted, all's gone
And nothing we've won
Our hands now can hold
 But how to behold!
This sight goes right through
 Destroys any clue
And puzzles the strong
No right neither wrong
Prevail then here can.

II. Leak

And fading again
All knowledges are
 Just fading away
No longer they stay
 No longer to find
And leak from the mind
And flee then the soul –
 And late but return
Too long they adjourn
 Eternity-like
And almost it seems
They're not coming back
And all fades to black.

² alluding to the beginning of Wallace Stevens' poem "The American Sublime" (1935):
"How does one stand / To behold the sublime"

III. Peak

And majesty
So clear to see
So clear to fear –
In pain so near
Yet far from help
Assist they won't
Assist they can't –
And words subside
To size abide
To horror flee
In terror see
And all is joint
No phrase now coined
No thought now thought
Just awe-filled stare
Just everywhere.

IV. Shriek

Too stark to see
Too strong to be
Too forced to sleep –
In silent shriek
The face now rests
But rest not finds –
In agony winds
With bliss also joint
And silence needs be
No eating
No drinking
Just being
And see
The beauty is edged
Not readily hatched
Not singular form –
It is not yet born
And here, will not be –
In roughest a state
With darkness so linked
And never extinct,
Primordial
Not cordial
But rough
And edged
So dark
And bright
Dichotomy
Contradiction
Unity.
Flee?

V. Meek

And quantity
Is size
The eyes
So full
And filled even more
In blurring scope
The mind can't cope
The mind can't define –
Can't minimize,
Antagonize,
And scope us surrounds
To calmness us bound
In meekness us found
Surprised but we are
Have come we from far
But this isn't new
Unknown not its cue
As nature's within us
And always can pin us
From mind unto matter –
We do think us better
But mortal we are
From death not ajar.

VI. Freak

Don't run away
Don't run in fear
No need to blow it
No need to freak out
For death you don't know
So don't deem it bad
A gift it may be –
Not yet but to see
τὸ γὰρ τοι θάνατον δεδιέναι, ὦ ἄνδρες,
οὐδεν ἄλλο ἐστὶν ἢ δοκεῖν σοφὸν εἶναι
μὴ ὄντα·
δοκεῖν γὰρ εἰδέναί ἐστιν
ἃ οὐκ οἶδεν.
οἶδε μὲν γὰρ οὐδεὶς τὸν θάνατον
οὐδ' εἰ τυγχάνει τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ
πάντων μέγιστον ὄν τῶν ἀγαθῶν
δεδίασι δ' ὡς εἰ εἰδότες
ὅτι μέγιστον τῶν κακῶν ἐστίν.
καίτοι πῶς οὐκ ἀμαθία ἐστὶν
αὕτη ἢ ἐπονείδιστος
ἢ τοῦ οἰεσθαι εἰδέναί
ἃ οὐκ οἶδεν;³

³ For to fear death, gentlemen, is nothing else than to think one is wise when one is not; for it is thinking one knows what one does not know. For no one knows whether death be not even the greatest of all blessings to man, but they fear it as if they knew that it is the greatest of evils. And is not this the most reprehensible form of ignorance, that of thinking one knows what one does not know? (Plato. Apology of Socrates. 29 a-b. see the Perseus Project for the source text)

VII. Peek

So watch it
And learn
No compromises
The bridges will burn.

VIII. Seek

Wake
And make
What you can
What new is then
And rise
To the stars.

τέτταρες

I. Find

Days so bright
Nights so cold
Nature's law
To uphold
And abide –
And to fight
Time to find,
Raise your mind
Find your fate –
Don't come late
Don't you hesitate
Don't you dare
Levitate
You're just bait
All's a ploy –
But enjoy
Make your move.
Size you seek?
Seem too weak?
Size so build!
Don't you yield,
Don't you frown
Go create –
Investigate
Put poiêsis
To mimesis –
τυγχάνων μὲν
ἀλήθειαν
εὐρίσκων οὖν
τοὺς νόμους δὲ
τῷ ἐν χάῳ
εξέστιν γέ⁴.

II. Mind

To climb to the stars
Defy all nears and fars
In all your days and the nights
And places to be
And times yet to see
Not alien they are
Outside not –
Within you
And pin you
To choice:
Defensive –
Pro-Active –
And all those neat words
Your mind
Must find
What it needs
For nourishment
So bend
When you must
But not inside –
No talk abide
Just truth you seek.

III. Hind

In hind sight
Just risks
In logic
No bliss
Just structures
No soul
Emotions
The goal.
Needn't show them –
But have them.
And don't
Lose hope.
In questioning –
Strength;
In desperateness –
Haze
And craze
No logic –
But bliss?
Mediate
Don't deviate.
Survive.
But in sublime
No limits bind –
And none in hind.

⁴ Put poiêsis / To mimesis / As met you have / The truth for once /
And also find / The laws / In chaos / Then to be.

IV. Bind

But
Legs on a ground
Air in the lungs
Food in your stomach
And water and salts –
And out them, you know –
And current a flow
Just through you
And binds you
To nature
And all.
Transcendence –
Ask Plato.
Or Emerson.
But still:
To body and mind
Your soul must now bind.
Wherever you aim –
Your body, the same,
So fragile, so frail,
Till sees you the nail
They drive in your coffin.
So know, where you stand.

V. Wind

Parameters set,
The risks roughly seen,
So up now you wind
Don't look now behind
'Cause now's not the time
And rest not sublime
Nor hesitance.
To gather new places and sights –
And up we shall go.
αναβῶμεν⁵, just so.

VI. Kind

Related you are
And nothing's ajar
One mind, soul and space –
Alone
Is no option
So all
Or none.

VII. Blind

The future yet hidden
The past so obscure
The present soon over –
So
Blind
You race
For impact
Brace.

πέντε

I. See

Awaking
And making
What we can
What new is now
The time is now
The place is here
And nowhere
Else
Here is the ground
To make the stand –
You see
You'll be
And if not now
Then never
The See is His –
This See sublime,
Sublime in greatness, might and pain –
You see
You know
You feel –
Do you believe?
Do you want to believe?
Or rather grieve
About chances lost
Worlds destroyed
Words, wrong-employed?
Regrets don't work
Nor pitied self
Again:
You see.
What's now to be? What's now to say,
Or rather, do?
You know this, too.
Go on, feel small.
Or hear the call
And make it work.
And see.
Eyes wide shut
Soul wide open
So see.
And be.
See.

⁵ let's rise

II. Be

Muscles
Arteries
Veins
Organs
Blood
Flesh
Water
Neurons
Blood
Urine
Hair
Fair
Dark
Red
Blood
Paws
Hands
Legs
Moving
Staying
Praying
Cursing
Assisting
Poisoning
Blood
Bright
Dark
Grey
Little Grey Men
Blood
Houses
Towns
Cities
Colonies
Space
Starships
Velocity
Stasis
Blood
Existence
Death
Blood
Extinction
Pollen
Eggs
Sperm
Blood
Alive
Kicking
Starving
Carving
Reading
Composing
Scribbling
Pure Nonsense
Pure Drivel
Blood
Earth
Water
Air
Fire
Stone

Plasma

Vacuum

Ether

Space

Blood

Kill

Resurrect

Resurge

Converge

Emerge

Emergency

Blood

Cut.

III. Flee

Realities breaking

And fractures just making

Conjoint

Disjoint

Come

Seen

Conquered –

In passive

Not active

The days gone by

And the nights

Go away

Lead astray

In supremae nocte coenae

Spectators

Speculators

Where are you going,

Where have you been?

The days gone by

In blood just fry

Blood

Hypocrisy

Stand?

Flee?

Retake.

IV. Me

*Recordare Iesu Pie
Quod sum causa tuae viae
Ne me perdas illa die*

Dreams deep down so dark and aching
Progress not the slightest making
Work and labor all so faking
All audacious moves not taking
Hiding fleeing come
No further
Come no further
Come not here
Don't come
Stun
Darkness quietly descending
Nebulae, mist, fog ascending
Light in darkness mixed so starkly,
Through the looking glass just, darkly,
Truth not seeing, truth so hidden,
In there, out there, all forbidden,
Obfuscated and deceived,
All impeded in *quod libet*
Turning, yearning, yelling, clashing.
All so fucked that truth is lost here –
Recordare, Iesu Pie.

V. Thee

Lost it all
And not returns it
Lost it all
Or out of reach just
Notwithstanding
That obscured it
Single mind just cannot differ
Single soul just cannot grasp
Nor can it share
Grasp transcending to another,
See her, feel her, hear her talking
Never let away her walking
Don't be fooled
No chance returns,
This case adjourns
Another option
Not exists
No compromises
And don't give up
And don't you give up
And now in my thinking
A single intention
A single excitement
Just simple enticement –
*Y cuando te miro
Finalmente yo spiro,
Finalmente, yo vivo –
Las difucultades
Son las de ayer –
El tiempo futuro
Va ser inoscuro,
Va ser más intenso,
Va ser tan más denso,
Si, quando te miro,*

*El cielo yo veo.
Y otras las cosas
No valen, importan.
Son tu
Y yo,
No compromisos⁶.*

VI. We

Joint in cause
And joint in action
Joint in all –
No genuflection
Bow your knees before the Lord just
Human might is just pathetic
So it is just hypothetical
Fall it will
And fall it all
Neither is its moral tall
Just a pitiful excuse
Just a giant-leap excuse,
Those who reign, their might abuse –
So for trust there is no use
Neither is for hope for better
If not based on all, 't will shatter,
Break apart just on itself –
And still,
For the Thirty,
Socrates will be blamed.
We should know better.

Ξξ

I. Them

But this is not different
And neither achievement
Nor levies a doubt –
The words now, they shout –
Call vividly, vexing,
So often perplexing,
Betraying, confusing,
Deceiving, abusing,
Inveigle and obfuscate –
So brilliantly do they create
By simply what they now narrate –
A web is formed, of lies a web,
But “lies” now is that harsh a word –
It's just what everyone has heard,
It's wish-belief
And comforting.
To lone a gunman
Do we cling
Or – even more –
Conspiracies.
The large ones all,
They are preferred,
And soon it's all

⁶ and when I look at you / finally, I'm breathing / finally, I'm living
/ the difficulties / are yesterday's / the future time / will be
unobscured / will be more intense / will be so more dense / yes,
when I look at you / I see the sky / and other things / don't matter,
aren't important / it's you / and me / no compromises.

But us ourselves –
 And “they” just poison
 Every soul –
 Grotesque a picture,
 Threat'ning so –
 But also, brilliant,
 Clever so,
 An all seems linked;
 Coincidence?
 That word's unknown.
 Just all's a ploy
 And we within
 And cannot win
 'Cause they are first
 And nil is gained –
 Each step we make
 So small to seem –
 As it reveals
 Another scheme,
 Another ploy –
 And fall'n aback
 Again we are.
 Sublime a power –
 Torn ajar
 Are we between.
 And have not been.

II. Stem

But do have been,
 And now we are.
 Originate
 From who create
 Us did
 We know
 And feel
 And see
 The father
 The mother
 They're clear
 Aren't they?
 And past restricted
 Present now
 Future – unrevealed
 Past of past
Plus quam perfectum
Tempus est
Tempus erat
Tempus fugit
Tempus erit
Erit?
Quod quam modo?
 τί χρόνος ἔσται;
 τί χρόνος ἦν;
 τί ἔστι ὁ χρόνος;⁷
 Times past
 Times paster
 Times pastest –
 Or nearest
 Aren't they all
 Contributing?

Isn't Plato
 Nearer to me
 Than my next-door neighbor?
 Or Emerson?
 Or Cicero?
 From where we stem –
 Biology –
 History –
 Landscapes –
 Mindscapes –
 Who is father to our soul?
 Or mother?
 Fate?
 Where are we going?
 Where have we been?

III. Hem

And great such obstacles
 That block our path –
 And all now hath
 It in its grasp –
 So time's a predator
 Lurking behind
 Doors
 Hidden
 Overtly attractive
 But still
 Still
 Calm
 Waiting
 Jumping in front of us
 Blocking the sight from us
 Nothing now done
 Nothing and none
 Staring we are
 Staring
 Not moving
 Blood
 Slowly pulsating
 Almost stopped
 With our breath
 Or running
 Like hell
 Blood.

IV. Lamb

Thus forced to act
 But stopped as well –
 No time to think
 No time to yell
Cuerpo del dios
 Have mercy then
 And grant us peace.

⁷ more than perfect / time is / time has been / time flees / time will
 be / will be? / any kind? / what time will be? / what time has been?
 / what is time?

V. Ham

And caught we are
And hold so tight
And stopped from flight
If white
Or black
Don't matter now –
And joint in fight
As joint in plight
And joint we fall –
Or joint we rise.
No more disguise,
No more this ploy –
The time is now
And falsehood break
And truth restore
No word misuse
Nor highest call
The times to be
Just better be
More difficult
But we have learnt
Haven't we?
Have we?
No color
That matters
Just body
And soul
And blood.
It's one.
Red
Drink
Live
Forever
Blood.

ἔπτά

I. Free

So go
And choose
No limits bind
No thoughts in hind
No hidden motives
True
And honest
No regrets
No lies
Lies it all in your hand
Fate
Don't wait
Don't you stop
Not to the top
Don't you regard it
For hurt you will just be
And only will rise your pride
And darkness will catch you not light
And caught you for ever, don't you see
In such, there's no way to ever be free.
So fall.
The climax leads down

No pride
No bigotry
No hypocrisy
Just human be
And soon you'll see
It takes so little
To be free
Be
And see
That you wake
And fall
To the night
Don't rise
To the dark
Wake
Make
Can
Then
Stars
Fars
Nights
Sights
Wake
Stake
Blood.

II. Spree

See it all
And don't get spoilt
Hear it all
And do just listen
Taste it all
But mortal you stay
And speak
And share
Go out
Take
In a spree
Give
You'll be free
You'll be freed –
Not just meat,
Sitting rock,
Not just poultry
Forced into a container
Expected to produce –
See the wonder
Feel the awe
But don't you freeze
But go
Get inspired
Get going.

III. Tree

In a whisper
The woods
They tell
Tell it all
Like to share
Have, can spare
Do you hear?
Can you hear?

Want you hear?
 You better listen.
 An eyeball transparent
 You may yet become.
 Who knows.
 Nobody knows
 Who doesn't know the question,
 Anyway.
 The trees
 Are life.
 No nymphs.
 No elves.
 Transcendent.
 But don't look for a tree in a desert
 Or on the frozen grounds of an iceberg
 Not even titans are there,
 However titanic they be.

IV. Plea

Should you now come
 To think
 "He's losing it"
 You may be right.
 Speaking of trees he is.
 He is.
 I am.
Ergo
Cogito?
 Or gibberish
 It is?
 It is.
 Is it?
 Go on, make your own poem.
 But leave me alone.
 Wake
 And make –
 You know.
 And, of course,
 There's blood.

ὄκτώ

I. Vain

Now
 Efforts gone
 Gone astray
 Far away
 Not to hold
 Not to guard
 Not to cover
 I can stand –
 Mind so bent
 Mind so broken
 All the myst'ry so –
 A token
 All the tales I heard –
 Just spoken
 Ill-imagined
 Vain in thought,
 Real in mind
 Matter not

Will they rise?
 Mind towards matter
 Mind over matter?
 All I see here
 Matter shattering mind.
 Size does matter.
 See the cataracts that crush
 See the waters that awaken
 See the clouds move fast in storm
 See the storm
 A perfect one
 And perfectly
 All these illusions
 Seem in vain
 Are! in vain
 See the stars out there colliding
 See the energies so binding
 Beautiful
 But dangerous
 Beautiful
 But with an edge
 A deadly one
 And one to stun
 And one to kill
 And one to thrill.
 All destinies
 Are bound to fail –
 And matter are we
 Always be
 Just matter
 Dust
 Dust to dust
 Dust in the wind
 Dust in the storm
 Thrown away
 Carried
 Violated
 Obfuscated
 Disillusioned
 No escape
 No return
 See me turn
 See me fail
 You're the next
 Rise we will?
 Rise we could.
 Ascend, perhaps.
 But don't you see?
 The time is now.
 And all there is
 Are lies and ruins
 Dark and ancient
 New the wrapping
 Old the wake –
 And I can't make
 And all I can
 In now and then
 Is watch the stars
 And see the farce
 And see the nights –
 And darkest sights.
 And when I wake
 Has burnt the stake
 And truth is burnt

And tides not turned?
All black, no white?
But greys in all
Big greys
Little greys
Little
Grey
Men
And closure
Never
Ever
Ever after.
See the books that are so burning
Past sepulchres open turning
Pastly ghosts again appearing
Pastly ghosts to wrong us steering
Resist
Defy
And don't
Comply
Or all
In vain.

II. Plain

See it waking
See it making
See it rise
In disguise
Or openly
Ghosts of the past
Ghosts of the present
Ghosts of the future
Ghosts without time
The bridges will burn
The blood then will turn
And hurt in your veins
Humanity gone
Insanity won
A soul yet within
But helplessly seeing
The deeds of your hands –
A shape just remains
A white, hollow mask
Be knives it or fangs
For blood is its drive
A scheme just, no man,
You see it now plain
All words so in vain
All weapons no use
And see it you will
In mirrors so still.

III. Sane

Or sleep
And dream
Don't you look! –
Don't you see?
Yours the choice –
Yours it be
Sane or not –
Who to tell?
Who to say?

Normality?
Come on.
The term of madness
Is just such a cheap excuse.
Lock it away.
Locks cannot hold
Locks cannot tell
Words can't define
Words cannot hold
Words are too vague
And so in flux
Constantly
For you to see.
Locked will be
Just human soul
Set it free
Risks you take
But awake.
?

ἐννέα

I. III

No excuses
No escape
No compromises
Go
Don't fake
Wake
Don't let it lull you
Don't let it bind you
Don't let it hurt you
See the magnitude of stars?
Forget it.
See the harmony of light and dark?
Disregard it.
A shadow just
And broken dream.
And should you stay,
Then it will strike.
As from afar,
There may be awe,
But comes it closer,
You're so lost.
And mind's
Astray
And ill.

II. Will

Take your force together,
Run!
Turn away from it,
So go!
All sublimity too strong
All the images not wrong –
True perhaps, and truest even –
But your mind too small to see,
Lost so many souls already,
Lot was spared,
But see his wife!
Take your will
And make it focus –
Sublimity
For gods to see,
For humans,
Beauty to suffice.

δέκα

I. Rise

Wake
And make
And rise
From blood
To more than fears –
And all it takes:
To learn to see
To learn to hear
To learn to taste
And not
Lay waste
And don't
Let go.
No more games.
This life so precious,
Better wake.
Next stage's different –
But this one's short
And long as much –
And time
Soon
May be up.
Time's running out
Like in an hour glass
And so
Are stanzas.
Sand's up.

Epitaxis:

And now wait
And just breathe
Air take in
Nitrogen
Oxygen
Carbon Dioxide
Air push out
Nitrogen
Less Oxygen
More Dioxide
Feel your heart
Hammering
Blood
Push's it out
Draws it in
Hold your breath

Feel your heart
Slow down
Silent
Breathe again
Slower
Just calm down
First steps taken
Others in front
Now
Move again
Up the climax
Up it goes
Face it
Grasp it
Wake
And Make.

INTERLVDIVM PRIMVM: CLUES

The matrix vectors by is formed
The vectors leniently so normed
Beyond diagonal so vain
Determines thus so little strain
In multiplied diagonals
A zero means that content falls
Or is expanded endlessly –
And its determinant to see
A zero be, a zero is,
And zero then is all there is –
A naught, a nothing, all in vain,
And all now caught in crying shame
And everything which thought sublime
Will nowhere and never climb,
The climax leads to nothingness
A place so strange and not to guess

And Lethe sends forgetfulness
And all thought rich appears much less –
Illusions born, illusions killed –
But yet, this course not yet fulfilled
And yet, this course to run now through
Is madness, raving, lacks all clue,
And all deliberately done
Appears much more like done in stun.

And down again this road, and fast,
And nothingness inside will last,
Forgiven not, forgotten all,
Remembrances to pieces fall

And imminent a break this is,
So call it hell or call it bliss –

All leads destroyed and home is lost

And all now void

So fall?

No.

PARS SECVNDA: TEMPESTS

Fall

All will
And kill

.

And fill out
Loudly shout
Weak or stout

And about so
What do we know
Where do we go
What do we show

So where to go to?
And what shall we do?
When once we then flew
Again to go through,
A stand to make too

..

And all tempests to see
In these tempests to be
And them never to flee –
And a coward art thee?
Or all cowards are we?
The accused'll just be me.

Forced into all this decay
Fearing what's coming this way
'Fraid both to move and to stay –
Falling all down into clay,
Silence seems parsecs away,
Cursing this strange, odd-sized play,
Curse now or shout now – or pray.

Don't know why just now I'll stay here,
Am stiffened perhaps out of fear,
Am trembling and shaking so clear,
The tightness of all sheds no tear
Nor any commitments I hear –
In terror all strangled just sheer,
Immobilized, horror comes near
And tempests from far come right here.

...

All the dreams that we shared now here stand
All the dreams once then reached out their hand
All these dreams deep, deep down now are bent –
All these dreams just themselves have now lent
To the darkness that never should stand,
To this madness just raving and planned,
Desperation a mindless event,
And a state from which logic so banned
And a place where no justice can stand.

Meanwhile

Wake
And make
Nothing fake
Nothing in vain
Not staying in shame
Not fearing wrongest fates
Not opening wrongest gates
The past is the past is the past
Climb up you now shall right to the stars
Whilst hidden all seems and nothing at stake

Waking and making and taking and find,
Find all the secrets that hide in your mind,
Find them, explore them, and them now unwind,
Should you refuse, you'll for ever stay blind
Face it and stand it and put not in hide
Use it, don't hide it, it's yours, it's your mind
Wisdom control it but see what's your kind
See from what shadows your thoughts will unwind
Don't be afraid of whatever you'll find
Canny, uncanny, it's all in your mind.

Of any, all people, it's yours, this mind, then
Of any, all people, just face it, you can
Accept it, embrace it and use what you can
A new one to find you may never again
A new one to waste, that's just not in the plan
It's this one, it's now, neither if nor but when
And now is the time and the place – you're the man,
So face it, unfold it, and grasp what you can
A secret it stays in its total again
And this, too, embrace, this is all that you can
Resistance is futile and has been since then.

.....

All the days that you waste are the risks you then take
All the days gone just by are no life but just fake
All the days seen no light have not seen you awake
All the days it's again just a choice that you make
All the days spent alone make your soul be at stake
All the days lit by darkness are no choice that you make –
All these days are the tempests in which you're at stake
And the dragons of fire this fate eas'ly take
And your soul coming close to the deepest, dark lake
And decisions then made are for nobody's sake –
And your sanity screaming, not much it can take –
All the monsters you see are the monsters you make.

Gone now the days when the choices of life to make true
Lost in the haze that the chaos of life calls a clue
Lost in the maze and the jumbled events always due
Pain in the faces of people you see, old or new
Pain in their gestures and hidden so barely in stew
Gone all the times full of hope, full of all that was true
Gone all the times and unknown just the place where they flew
Gone all the efforts and work that you made into dew
Gone seems it all and you're starting to feel justly blue
All the green meadows, blue skies and clear waters left, too
Nowhere to run and just nowhere to hide now anew –
Forced into corners you never then wished to go to –
Now is the time to see everything, all, just anew.

So is this a game or a ploy or a plot just to play?
And all this a joyously joking around for no pay?
And all ending well just for every of us then just may?
Now don't expect me just to answer with yes or a nay –
For all easy answers have long just gone out, all astray,
And all that we know is just all that we see – which is clay
And light mixed with darkness in shadowy greyest of grey
And rarely just broken by tiniest smallest a ray
A ray just of light and a ray that's just joyous and gay
But darkness surrounds and the light in these shadows won't stay
And greatness holds beauty but edged with these shadows of grey
And shadows the edges and corners and depths show just may
Beyond all the judging and yonder all answers, all pray,
Sublimity hovers, not caring if go we or stay.

.....

Don't you fear it or hate it or curse or evade it, nay, go!
All these images bright and illustr'ous so raving a flow
All these dreams that to dream you not dared neither wanted to know
All these dreams right deep down you that lured you away eas'ly so
All these deeply enchanting, all lust reinventing, you know –
And the raving and crying and shouting parades long ago
All these powerful cravings for madness escaped you, but no,
Fascination yet staying and interest just hidden in woe
And the myst'ry around it, the trouble, the masses and so –
How this all came to happen and all so invoking and low
How so strong and so bloody and awful and primal a show
But the power's without you and just an illusion – you know –
And the madness of cent'ries and decades a red-blooded glow
It just melts with the after, before and the other in flow,
How this blood with that beauty a mixture has formed you don't know.

Wait – and you're lost here and all the surroundings will hit you so hard
Move not – and soon all your days will be numbered, your nights torn apart,
Watch – and your fate will have bent to a side yet unknown to your heart
Go not – and see how these monsters will tear out and squeeze this, your heart,
Stay – and for ever be damned for the sins *dont* you're now taking part
Speak not – and over the testing, the friendly approach to your heart
Hail – and your soul suffers damage beyond each repair and each guard
Hear not – and hidden the cruelty, the madness in whole and in part
Sign – and what justice was called knows of such nothing more than a fart
See not – and things that you never were able to think of will start
Follow – and all you will be is a sheep without pastor nor smart
Think not – and friends will just vanish and foes only rise with each yard
Sleep – and your dreams only nightmares to be and to wake is so hard
Turn not – and salt you become and immobilized be every part
Die – and your grave knows no name but a flag and your soul's torn apart
Live not – that's all which remains when the terror has grasped your own heart.

And death like salvation now feels as retreat from a rocked and hard place
And death seems the only, the true and rewardingst of all in this maze
And death a companion, a feller, a friend with whom all gets a base
And death a recluse and escape as a place holding nothings and nays
And death all around you, amongst you, within you – not strangest a face
And death just an option, an ending, an end to the nightmares and haze,
And death just an ending to visions so lost in this ongoing craze
And death and excuse, a reward, bringing *heros* and *pathos*, not greys,
And death making heroes of simplest of men giving all equal gaze –
And death such a beautiful stranger, a wand'rer betwixt nights and days
And death equals all and all terror just gone once you're through with this haze
And death killing all, leaving no one alive, neither nights nor the days
And death knows no time, knows no craving, no fear, no remorse and no craze
And death is so silent, invisible, suited to nobody's face
And death is a creature of night not, nor day nor of any such base
And death is an angel of sleep, one of hope, not regret, of no place
And death just so certain – so why do you quiver at all for your face?

.....

So now turn, leave this madness as long as there's time yet to go, to evade,
There's no use here to stay, there's no use here to hope, here to fear, here to wait
Turn around, go away, there's just terror behind you, and you are its bait
Should you stay, this sublime won't be nice, won't be pleasant, nor joyous a mate
And to horror to turn and to madness to bend and so craving a raid
Turn around, watch from far, meet the distance just right, don't invoke darkest fate
From the distance, in contrast there's truth and the future to see undelayed
And like nothing, the doors may fling open to let you see all as it's made
And reveal all the if and the how and the who in this moment innate
And no questions remain as this moment is pure, but in time must it fade
But if silently seen you the wonders and masks and the rules which equate
All bright lights you had seen till this day right away start to darken and fade
To perspective is put all which grand and of myst'ry and glory was said
All you'd seen as well all that you'd heard, all you'd known, all you'd used to relate
Just then nothing of this can now hold, can prevail if not worthy a fate
All unworthy this grasp will now break and must start right anew till all's paid
In sublime all will crush, all return to primeval, rejoin then a state –
And all tempests to nothing confused, and absolved, all transcend, never fade.

INTERLVDIVM SECVNDVM: AD NOCTEM

*Vidisti
Audisti
Tantum taleque
Omniaque mutata
Alienata sunt
Caedenta
Labenta
In te
Labis
Cades
Cecidis
Caecatus es
Vidis quod sublime est
Sublime videtur
Sublime putatur
Sublimitate vestitum
Personis latum
Latum in nocte
In nocte vestitum
Deforme turpeque
Foeditatem latens voluptate
Interdiu
Inter homnes
Inter plebem
Sed solitudine apparent
Somnia tua frequentant
Exsecrantur
Maledicunt tibi*

*Persollas se ostendent
Opportunes se praebent
Te probant procaciter
Procellae incitant
Tempestatibus captus
Tuteque
Videns
Audiens
Iens
Ad eas
Ad noctem
Scisne
Ut fallaces species
Nunc scito
Sed captus es
Excita
Face
Supera
Surge
De sanguine
Alioqui
Superatus eris
Sed nox
Adventa
Sci
Audi
Vide.⁸*

⁸ You have seen / You have heard / So much, such thing, / And all is changed, / Alienated / Striking / Sliding / Into you / You slide / You fall / You have struck / You have fallen / You see what is sublime / What is seen sublime / What is believed sublime / In sublimity vested / In masks hidden / Hidden in night / In night vested / Deformed and hideous / Hideousness in pleasure hidden / Throughout the day / Amongst men / Amongst people / But in solitude do they appear, / Your dreams they haunt / They curse them / And curse you / Grotesque forms now show themselves / Useful they themselves portray / Storms they incite / In tempests art caught / And you / Seeing / Hearing / Going / To them / Into the night / Don't you know / That false faces they are / Now know / But caught you are / Wake / Make / Surpass / Rise / From blood / Otherwise / Surpassed you'll be / But night / Has arrived. / Know / Hear / See.

PARS TERTIA: DESCENT

I.

Fiercest forms in shadows forming
Fiercest forms for shadows yearning
Fiercest darkness spilled and spawned so
Everything in tightest grasp here
And no optimism last here
All so wrapped in pain and sorrow
All so turned in brightest morrow
Yestertime, all things still clear,
Yestertime no shaking hands
Hands were calm then, now confused
Consciousness by light accused
Darkness soothingly ascended
Darkness gracefully us held –
Daylight burning now in full
Daylight hurts the sleeping lull
Daylight suddenly a weapon –
Blood so crying, burns like hell –
And the veins transport the liquid
Burnt they are of crying heat –
And destroyed what nice and neat.

II.

Burns it all and yearns for better
Burns so deeply fierce and aching
All my cells just now are waking
Call for help and call for ending –
Rules are lost and all is bending
Shadow games are all now pounding
Shadow games so fitting sounding
Shadow games in background lurking
Shadows all their ploys and ways –
Cry it out, no movement made,
Movement crushed in such a sight
Such a presence has here put you
Turn you can't, and face the plot –
And what far once, nears with tremors
Farthest dangers turning close
All what dreamt and reckoned great so
Show there face in ugly turn –
Fiercest forms emerge around you
Fiercest longing wakes within you
Fiercest answers now arriving
Fiercest grin they all inciting.

III.

Now in shadows bound and trembling
Shakes the hand which calm before,
Shake the bones and see you falling
See you hit the ground so hard
Images now flush around you
Moving objects far too fast
Far too quickly all approaching
Far too loud the sounds them join
Far too thick the smells surround you
Far too bright the colors seem
Everything so plain and open
Nothing clouded, no recluse,
Not a mystery remains –
All the answers now crush in,
White a horse above now standing,
Black a raven flies above,
Owls their strangest sounds releasing,
The coyote waking, too,
All so strange this now and pounding
All emerged from nothingness
All in strangest voices sounding
All you say, a fearful hiss,
Deep entangled now you are –
Deepest mystery has bound you
And your thinking all ajar.

IV.

All what once a known surrounding
Now in deepest terror held –
Madness all around so laughing
Madness turning into you
Madness from without invading
Madness opening each lock
Madness now your blood inciting
Madness finds you unprepared
Shakes within you, found you sleeping,
Found your thoughts so ill-prepared
All defenses now derided
All your sickest dreams come true –
And in this, your mind now trapped,
Caged by all that's flowing in.
All sublime now turns to terror,
Terror horror now incites,
Creeping into you right now
Creeping down your skin and burning
Turning all from inside out
Turning all – and turning you –
Wake? Or make? O boy, too late.

V.

And now
Your eyes open
Your ears widened
Your nose ready
Up you move and look around
All's so new, so different, altered,
All in strangest colors burning
All in strange new light so seen
Same place as you were last night
Different now it but to seem –
Changed your vision, changed your thinking
There's no darkness, neither light –
Care you don't but walk just through
Where you've been, no worth here has
Where you're going, now is known
Just a matter of time
Just time
Just time
Just wait
For bait.
Crushed your soul and not recovers
Crushed humanity deep down
Laugh you now at empty places
Laugh you now at fellow fate –
Just the alien thoughts now guide you
Just the voices deep inside
Consciousness deep down alone.

VI.

Crushed it so and screams for waking
Crushed it so but all is lost
Crushed by forces you invited
Crushed by powers too sublime
Blinded by the light of darkness
Blinded by such stark a contrast
Blinded by what lured you so
You had to look
You had to go
The sirens lured you in their way
And not to bind yourself you chose
Trusted blindly all your senses
Trusted blindly all your might
Shallow might in shallow being
Vanity has filled your seeing
Vanity has filled each cell
All to vain reflexions bound
All to coldest ways so leading
Just a robot you've become
Just a soul caught in sublime
All your deeds now dark to be –
A choice but still
And see you do
Where you have come from
Where to go –
Confront –
Evade –
Or be a slave?

INTERLVDIVM TERTIVM: LIMBO

Wait again
Now look back
At words now past
At stanzas gone
Way up you are
But not arrived
This ain't the end
Not yet,
My friend,
This ain't the climax,
Just a break,
All hovering
In silence now,
Siesta, rest,
Just calming down
Waiting
Yearning
Still awake?
Time you take –
Images
So clear to see
So clear disguised
So clear the masks
Behind them –
Guess.
White noise
That's all
There is.
Just gibberish
Just nonsense
Pure
But nonsense
Impure
And mixed
Thus powerful
In mixture strength
In combination clarity
In contrast purity
A purity of souls
A communion of divergence
Mix
Don't seclude
Mix
White with black
Blood with water
Belief with heresy
God
Is a god of creation
Of multiplicity
Rectangular a circle
A line bent infinitely
So there is unity

In variety
And clarity
In cacophony
Chaos
Order
One
And the same
χάος
καὶ νόμος
χάος
ἐν νόμῳ
νόμος
ἐν χάω⁹
El
Elohim
Adonai
Ra
Dionysos
Demeter
Apollon
Zeus
Iuppiter
Devah
Brahma
Vishnu
Shiva
Huitzilopchtli
Baal
Isis
Osiris
Allah
JHVH
All names
Just names
And we
Just images create
An old man on a cloud
With a beard
Sending lightning strikes
That's original.
Make no images
For all
Are partial
And incomplete
One god
For all
καθ' ὅλον
One creation
One soul
One body
One.
Blood
Mix
You are the same
We all
Are the chosen people
Children of god
Circumcised
Not circumcised

⁹ chaos / and order / chaos / in order / order / in chaos

Baptized
Not baptized
And he (or she)
Sees all
And knows
So trust
You're safe
Don't fear
Live.

PARS QVARTA: PVRGATORIVM

Soothing so the night once seemed
Soothing then it all so schemed
All protections given up
All protections once then lost so
All directions now confused
All so crazed in haze and burning
Turning all to second sight –
All reflections faded long so
All that faded into black
Now returns it, breaks through shadows
Breaks the stun and broken minds –
All which lost to sights sublime
All which lost to titans' play
All which lost to silent stun
Slowly now its sight regains.

Burns now all which broke the mind
Burns now all which linked to night
Burns in mind's own strength again
Burns in everlasting fight

Time so lost and not returns it
Time a worldly might just so
Space enfolds to nothingness
All united what once differed
All in new a unison
Old is new
And dark is bright here
Bright is dark
And new is old
Horror has no meaning here
All sublime to one now risen
All in one
All united
And all contradictions – one.

Not the slightest piece gets lost here,
Not the slightest thing undone
All perspectives flown to one
Unity
Diversity
Multiplicity –
All transcended,
World's apart,
And the unity of things
Chaos, Nomos, all the same,
In this unity primeval,
Night and darkness share one face,
Undiscover'd country found.

Dreams realities now binding,
Manifesting once anew
All which lost
Is won again
All which won
Is lost anew.

Wake
And make
All so seen
All so heard now
Past now the asking
Past all second glances
Forward seen just chances new
Forward wound, the past lies aback,
And rewinds now the game to go through,
And in retrospect now, all is at stake.

INTERLVDIVM QVARTVM: REMIX

And now
Let's go
Let's rise,
Go up
αναβώμεν,
And all now joint
And all so done
All said before
Will come again
And mix anew
Like all times past –
Originals?
You look in vain.
All copies just,
Reflections all,
On towers tall
So clear to see
But towers tall
May once collide
And days so bright
End with the night
And all returns
The masks, most new,
Some old ones too,
And climbs it all –
Approaching fall?
A rise so steep
Must either fall
Or change its course
But stay the same
Needs energy
Or otherwise
Inertia
Will slow it down
And gravity
Then do the rest.

In growing haze
And restless nights
Appear so weak
And need to find
And need to see
And us is them –
But are we free?
Or all in vain?
The ones thought ill
They might just rise
With strong a will
And soon called sane
And hear our plea –
A myth is Ham,
One blood are we,
No more then blind
And truth we seek
Define the rights
And seize our days.

And wild a maze
In vacant flights
No truth will leak
And traps the mind
Not let it be –
From where we stem
In wild a spree
Is nowhere plain
A jumbled tree
And weak a lamb
And I am thee
One and a kind –
Get just a peek –
In all our plights
The storms we face.

And run like craze
Disturbed our sights
Below the peak
And none in hind –
The truths we flee
The lies us hem,
And now, just me,
And pain unwind
Will I just freak
In silent fights
In terror's gaze?

No secret place
Just open heights
Am I to shriek
And horror bind
Am I too meek
And lost my mights –
And lost my base?

In awful pace
And closing tights
I see just nays.

And all surrounded
Just again
The dreams deep down
Appear again
And fire walks with me once more
And light and shadow
Cast ashore,
And nebulae
Unwind with light
And darkness sends
Its silent might
A crack appears
A voice so shriek
And "Nevermore"
It's only creed.

PARS QUINTA: IN DREAMS

I.

In dreams it is the worlds collide
In dreams it is the fates unwind
In dreams it is the secrets found
In dreams it is the thoughts unbound
In dreams it is the words unfold
In dreams it is that all is told
That all so told which once so hidden
All from farthest truth forbidden
All from farthest distance preaching
All from farthest point approaching
All now all in all implying
All now all in fiendest lying
All perverted what once smart so
All just turned
And all just fused
Fused to nonsense,
Mind abused,
Logic blunders,
Is no use,
Images so wildly pounding
And like truth they still so sounding
But in waking state, all gone.

II.

In dreams it is we hear the call
In dreams it is we know it all
In dreams it is that black is white
In dreams it is that dark is bright
In dreams it is that bent is straight
In dreams it is no answers wait
Wait no longer,
Seen it shining
See the light and see it climbing
Up the ladder
Climax
Building
Up the hill
All things explaining
All the wishes long so pounding
All so easy now just sounding
All in reach and all now gained
None here labor needs, no aching
Nonsense turned to sense in faking
All the images unwind
Sleepers easily they blind
Waking men, them still just haunting
Waking, we have chance to rest.

III.

In dreams it is the mind's just fake
In dreams it is it cannot make
In dreams it is that caught all sense
In dreams it is there is no whence
In dreams it is no place to fight
In dreams it is for us so tight.
Dreams so laughingly consume
All the logic, walls and strongholds
All the strength within us broken
No resistance, not a token,
Not a sign of human soul –
Not a sign?
Or just no masks –
Pretensions gone
And all what fake –
And walls collide
And none at stake
And we, in innermost such longings,
The heart reveal,
The mind push out –
And soon we shudder,
Soon we cede –
And can't accept
What clear to see.

IV.

In dreams it is that truth so clear
In dreams it is that plain all fear
In dreams it is that plain all sight
In dreams it is that leaves the night
In dreams it is that all so fused
In dreams it is that strength abused
Strength so laughingly a weakness
Strength the last thing here to see
Strength so weak in all directions
Strength now gone
And words so vain
Naked stand we
Walk the streets
Magic hold we
Hold the deeds
All in timeless fraction done
All in spaceless distance seen
Fly up high
No limits bind you
See the places that don't find you
See it all
But don't control it –
See it all
A strange enforcement
Waking halfly, but so bound
But in caging, freedom found.

V.

In dreams it is What thought once hard
In dreams it is Is small a part
In dreams it is And effort none
In dreams it is And pain just gone
In dreams it is And none in vain
In dreams it is And lost all strain
And all the specters now unfold
All which darkest terror hold
All which strikes right down your soul
All which curls the calmest shore
All what placid
Now to fire
Now to tempests leads
And howls
Howl it will
And haunt your sleeping
Nightmarish
And caught in shrieking
Caught in sweat and pain and trembling
Suddenly, has all so turned,
Suddenly, your options none
Freedom not that reigns your dreaming
Freedom not the prospect seeming
Freedom not the inner core
Caught in freedom long before
Caught you are in webs of pain now
Caught in bonds
That won't allow
A choice of words
Or choice of movement –
Caught are we
In deepest fear
Surfacing and haunting so
Waking state a luxury
And a child
Within
We are
And again
We look under the bed
Into the closets
Into the corners
Into the hidden
Into the dark
Into the night
Slowly
Hesitantly
Turns our head –
Filled with fear
Agonizing
Anticipating
Constipating
Delegating
Turned it all
Turned
Blood
Raving
Wake!

VI.

In dreams it is and dreams now fade
In dreams it all just can't evade
In dreams deep down all fades to nil
In deepest longings stuck the thrill
And all reflections fade to black
And there shalt be no looking back
Nor anymore in maze so caught
Nor harmony now all so fought
And all which craving was once then
Returns to inner peace again
And waking state with dreams collide
And waking state anew a fight
And dreams with hope again are filled
And air now friendlier, unchilled,
And dreams a fellow in the night
No place of terror neither fright –
In dreams deep down the truth to see
In dreams deep down the peace to be
In dreams deep down the night so clear –
In dreams deep down the end so near.

POSTLVDIVM

The poems to come
The poem at hand
The poems that were
The words here so lent
To thoughts immature
A spectacle just
And pity equation,
All approximation,
And nothing was said
And nothing then can
Sublimity hold –
And open all stays
And open all ways
The matters sublime
Just shatter the thought
And all that remains
Is pale just a shadow
And child's play it all
So winds it all back
And all
Fade to black.