There is a hole in the pavement, the contrails trace delineative patterns below a scattered cirrus,

eyes turned in opposing directions ?

a fly alights the lens of a camera . . . is it banal *now* to speak on focusing on the minutiae that clogs the conscious mind with forgetfulness ?

> as such the dead leaf still crumbles beneath the weight of any form of matter,

we need not be specific;

but wherein lies the ego and its intention, its need for an autonomy that breaches the perimeter of its own

ontological citadel ?

opposing natures only

appear as separate

to the eye,

there must follow the trace the mind delineates

once it perceives

itself

above the cloudy labyrinth's placation and play in matter's dualities, the (w)hole no longer denotes a descent into a region unobservable,

it is in the creation

of form

and void

that forces the eye to hone its focus

on the presence and/or absence of what is quantumly discernable outside a nothingness the mind cannot sustain-

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Voices fall silent in a day without rain a precipice-edge falls off into obscurity . . .

this physicality is more for the mind's satiation;

what of Bunyan's allegorical sense of the sublime ? what of the muckrake reality that occupies these corporeal hands? is it enough to know the weeds are conscious of this intention? is it enough to know the same underlying aggregates structure the singular and the many? the singular is the many why the human mind is is the reason clouded by the ego . . . *(it is a day without rain)* 10 Clouds as metaphors for transience . . . substance and light curious manifestations subsumed in a visible architecture:

the idea(l) of perfection looms within every cell, is it enough to know this, yet deny its reality ?

certainly there is clarity, it is the focus that fails the eyes :

at times a sun appears, indistinct and lost amid the surrounding structures, the sundry-weeds that occupy a noonday's countenance extant amid the (mind's) enormities of clutter and insignificance, a crow's trajectory that appears undefined and random to the observing eye . . .

it matters not if the imagination manifests this space designated: reality, it is in the fragment that finds its own place in the building of a mind's conjecture:

so much that is is hidden in these abstractions, obfuscations and clarities alive in the blood, so much that cannot be delineated in the focus that forms itself in transience and dualities, reflecting only what engages the mind *immersed in physicality's reality* - Life appears an indiscriminate collection of occurrences . . .

> a sparrow falls, the human eye is turned away,

clouds approach unnoticed at night a spent energy of gravity diminishes . . .

who speaks to the anchorite heart, alienated, alone in the throes of isolation ?

vultures flying across the face of a sun, soon the graying overcast closing heavy eyelids lost in mortal thot,

> dust accumulates on the pages of a book, the *sacred* space of the written word denying death's weighty sentient presence possesses, tangibly and inescapably, the moment intimately at hand . . .

much must be

and is written in faith and incertitude, ultimately a faith must remain incertitude

Want that we are oblivious to the knowledge that animates this existence a bell in the distance pulsing resonance the aperture in the doorway (letting in) the outside world (essence) felt as an invisible fabric the visible universe likened to a clock, ancient knowledge stirring the primitive root insects instinctually vanish into the thickest, the pace quickens and we appear an older self in the mirror but our reflection does not change -

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Who speaks of mystics embroiled in uncertainty? a candle burning from both ends and a faith which hovers somewhere above the dividing line of fact and fallacy;

as if ones motives could be deciphered in the light of a *true* objectivity . . . now Olson's gloom seems a more oracular utterance than when first penned, who knows where his 'box on the sea' now drifts, it is only this oceanic illusion the mind creates - The mind's will deviating impossibilities to assimilate intuition's absence, a lacuna gradually apprehended peripheral modes altered consciousness . . . a teleological mindset that desires an apocalypse to purge the blood, to cure the ills of its own undoing, the notion that a termination must inhabit all forms of matter ... speak now to when the mind transcends the chains of its own bondage, its own mortal immersion in the limited synergies of ephemeral structure -

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To speak in abstracts against the wind, dissonant echoes in romantic tonal windowdressing attempting to hold the tempest at bay, it is a futile attempt to breathe life into the inanimate straw dogs that gather at the gates of a mind's eye trying to decipher why the bone of a contentious ontology lies buried in the inaccessible parts of the human heart -

TRUNCATED ONTOLOGICAL IMPRESSIONS

to live totally for the mind to live totally in the mind a lab-rat chemical-death (l)imitations of reality voices in the spiraling vortex the thunder that looms in diffusive articulations the cloud mass moving thru the (e)motion of stasis the vagueness, luminous in potential the obsessive minuteness structure evolves painterly faiths that aspire to three dimensions all talk of being a metaphor to instill a self with a face for an identity a ghost circumnavigates the leafless branches of winter the crow's obscurity is only a music to denote the poverty lingering in changeless pockets the abyss the mind formulates from fiction light castellates a new moon Wallace's 'uncertain light of single, certain truth'