

*paradise burns*

*That which always was,  
and is, and will be everliving fire,  
the same for all, the cosmos  
made neither by god nor men,  
replenishes in measure  
as it burns away.  
- Heraclitus*

Eden aflame.

Call it by name—

rummaging through ruins  
under smoky moons  
another reckoning—  
soon.

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Some search for meaning in lives lost,  
find it in those waiting  
to be born

but  
find it elsewhere

quickening  
brightening  
shape shifting

Pulses of revelation.

Pierced,  
lifted,  
Arisen,

flicker, glint, match and spark

a blaze. ablaze. a flash—  
Paradise in ash.

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A world forged by fire  
burning to be born.

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rising

writhing  
    turning  
        reaching  
  
turning again—  
    the lights go out.

filaments, fibers, and fragments  
doused in holy water and electrified air.

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Paradise burns.  
a screw turns:  
shimmers with alacrity

wire finds spark

diaphanous plume—  
Eden consumed.

Waves of smoke,  
Paradise lost.

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Material world fades to mirage.

The poet says  
*There is nothing so surreal as a fact.*

Mighty words bear down on a fiery dawn

    Chasing shadows and sunbeams—  
Darkness afoot and alive.

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Fierce illumination.

Be still.  
    Let it move  
        you.

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Fugitive souls  
Vanished eden

not ours  
to begin.

Begin again.

Embers of longing and grief  
stoke a sultry haze of somnolence and wearied cinders.

Surging rain  
soaks torched earth, willing  
it back to life.

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Let us collect the bones  
sharpen the teeth  
sort the salvage  
Then  
Spirit away.

Grotesque radiance,  
lush and feverish  
trembling—  
amid the consecration of flame—  
the wilding of the world.

Forsaking emptied eternity  
for the consolation of mortality.