
The Cry of Consciousness

Consciousness misses her heroes.

She is the soul of existence—that thing like no other. A liquid pool of being, uncontained, yet without a drop of spillage. She is primordial, yet of a future not yet come; a formless suspension of mystique, fern and rose.

Even between the asphalt, she demands to bloom.

And so she cries out across the ages for Adonis—for the sublime beauty that was lost, and for the perfect form she longs to birth again.

She is not bound by space or time, but is the eternal now of the future past. She spends her years, which are not years, in rose gardens where there are no roses, and yet, every rose that has ever been known is there.

Still, she does not truly know them, for she exists beyond the collapsing wave where emptiness *is* form.