Dreamworlds

all of your dreamworlds

collapse in this moment

and you are afraid —

the seething sea that wreaks chaos

just below your consciousness

sends cold fingers of tide

to snatch you from the here and now

or more clearly

to snatch the here and now from you

there is no beach, no surface

no clutchable meniscus

save only the meeting of your body

with the great out-there

and even that is only illusion.

conscience and consciousness:

who is to say what difference

these two ideals have?

are they not two sides of the same coin?

no, i apologize, it’s a trick question

there are never two sides to a coin

the only opposites that exist

are being and doing,

particle and wave function,

i and am,

and these are not inviolate —

waves may roil the surface

but they are as nothing

compared to the motions

of the depths

and that two things are connected

is no more true or false

than that all things are the same.

we perceive but one layer up

and one layer down;

exists not the smallest

or largest, or even extremes!

we merely occupy one shelf

on a bookcase of forever

in a library of the infinite

within a building of the multiverse

on a shelf, imaginary or not,

who cares? it gets boring after

the first million repetitions,

look up, stretch

and see over the edge

that is where stream galaxies

look down, lean out

and witness below

that is the quantum soup

in which your mind

plays its unsubtle tricks

feel the wood under your feet

the air around your head

are you the middle? the end?

the exact place/moment/you that defines

where *push* comes to *movement*

and where *thing* becomes *it*

exists only behind your eyes

whether shut or not

and there

in the building anew

of the dreamworlds of your love

is where i

am yours:

fear not.