**Lattice**

my love

is a lattice

of molecules and light

it is a mathematical precision

recordable

if we only had the means

my love

could be stored

in the memory

of a machine large enough

to be a god

my love

is an architecture of yeah, really

too much to save in books, or even blu-ray

hark now – you hear the music in the distance?

wait for it – here comes that oxygen now

with a lemony twist of carbon

precipitating

a Transition of State

triggering

a nanoslide of water

a picotaste of sugar

a femtojerk pulse

a candy-bowl of blood to spill its sweet liqueur

love is no easy matter

but from one mind to another

let me tell you

one who has known it can discern it’s shimmering shape

with the shuttered eye of intuition

can know it’s cuttlefish colour

with the grasping hand of inspiration

and can trace the angleless flow of its time

with greedy imagination

my love

theoretically

can be described

investigated

and saved for later

and as such

it exists apart from the head that holds it

if my head were detached

tomorrow, or Tuesday

my love would still exist

(trees do make a sound)

rain would pass through it

and change nothing but everything

as it dripped down the collars

of the cursed

who swim in the river of fog

my love

could wander forever

being the account of all my earthly desire

a balloon freed from the child’s hand

where do those balloons go

when their helium brains have leaked out?

wacky philosophers, always with the questions

i am not great

i have bits and pieces i would exchange for lottery prizes

some would have me worship me

sit in the pews of my heart

exclaim accidentally on purpose

that all of me is perfect

i can’t do that

i would expand to fill my world

the puffer fish deadly at the core

aren’t i big enough already?

what have i been telling you all this time?

on the milk-crate which serves as my altar

i have

a stone-chipped arrowhead of once upon a time

and a flame on a votive candle of exactly now

the smoke of my cow-dung fire

will stink up your hair for weeks

actually, that’s incense, some people don’t like it,

burning somewhere in a place we haven’t reached yet

i like to drop loonies in the lap of a golden buddha

who sits under the dust of shed skin on my shelf

if i say the words just right, everything will be perfect:

My Love

has a great big hole in the middle

(it is NOT a donut)

that you could blow smoke rings through

plasmafied particles of vegetable love

have you ever seen two clouds come together?

stupid question, of course you have

if you wish to gaze upon the radiance of my shell

who am i to say no?

i’ve waited uncontrollable moments to strip myself bare

press my flat feet into the giving sand of mama beach

and if you must feast on the photons that reflect from my european flanks

i don’t care, do what you will

photons belong to everybody

and my imperfect perfections are as much your property as mine

i know your eyes bother you

that you can feel the sand under your lids

and i would never do you the harm

of pretending to know what you are, or how you define

your pain

but within the limits of my intuition

(yes, that intuition)

are the pillars of sympathy and understanding

that have bred me apart from the rest of you monkeys

when you tell me your pain

evil pokes my ass with dull claws

till i feel you being born

in the shadowed cave of my gut

and like the cat with the bassoon would tell you

we can all blow the low note

and hear each other sublime in the halls of the temple

my temple is a beach at sunset

and i can hear your low note from a mile away

so if my beige skin must be yours for a second or two

don’t pretend you weren’t looking, you’ll only hurt my feelings

*(aside)*

so to backtrack a minute

there are three evils that i know of

make that four, one of them comes in two flavours

the first is one we can eat for breakfast

the desire to make everything flat

the dark purpose of erosion, of perfect order

the next is the evil of an afternoon snack

to put a spoon in my smooth jell-o

and make the world lumpy, with no hint of sanity

the last is the twain

to love suffering, one’s own or another’s

to make suffering where there is none

the last is the other twain

to pass the meme of fun falsely:

i have been a prisoner of flesh and the weakness of ambition

are you only just reading this now?

i came late to the table, when i was starving already

never shop when you’re hungry, you’ll buy cupcakes and fish sticks

it is not in my power to remake you

perhaps i will never save your life

but i can describe it in more detail than you can

i only say the things no one else wants to say

no thanks needed, just doing my job

*(thus endeth the aside*

*the jester has poked holes in the bag covering my head*

*i must thank him one day)*

*coda:*

my love

is a bell whose ringing

continues long

after Quasimodo has left the building

my love

is the bank account

that still gathers interest

after the books have gone to dust

my love

is a perfume whose rosy scent

hangs in the air

after the lap-dance is over

forgive me, i didn’t mean to say that