

Maitreya:

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My hand, I hold you in the air and so wave fortune.
Be not out of grasp, my fortune!
Shimmer mirage of image there-
Set forth by more than what I constitute-
fortune you can no longer be a ghost
You can respond to me
I wave my hand as to command you
Fortune I am here.

How can it be that you take the form of my dreams but I
cannot take you to my life?
I devoid myself of sleep to catch you awake
The air will shimmer
sometimes it does crackle like electricity
flash and flicked
Yet never fortune throw you to me

My ears will not ever stop to listen,
for that when fortune drop you
the air will carry;
the ground will stop you
in explosion so fortunate enough that I may hear.

Understand my superstition lays untouched to my
philosophy
my mind holds one while my gestures signify another.

Those are the movements that now and others someday
will transcend us.

Touched by superstition
decayed by madness
this is the beginning.

Let me use my metaphysics
my rhymes and riddles won't convey this
to en-graven with your likeness
A sense that's growing stronger
so to constitute you
I call you to existence

I can incant you
If I find you
before I die, to make the gestures
You will break apart the world
You are the water
And so I be your night
and you be daylight
I will past, your future
I fast and pray in your honor
If you so shower me and enlighten the world

Will you yield to me this night, Oh Fortune?
You have the power to incarnate, to maintain them
if I lay the symbols in the sand

My Fortune do you hear me?
I call upon the one I love...

The heart that beats in me
I can not help it;
and my prayers are not to gods but to you
My superstition is you
My philosophy and heart beat sing for you
the listener who I imagine;
Your whispers captivate me-
like unwinding rhymes and rhythms
a slow percussion as every word is folding
and every line and syllable
will wash away all fear

I cannot help but wonder why each day each tide of souls
that passes
By whose fortune does bring them, if not our fortune-?
Of whom I speak freely of and do not fear cold destiny
Stop my heart or clot my blood, destroy my brain and I will
be in no less harmony
Not ever less than this moment can I ever be

-Be it a wiser majesty, my own fortune,
will be realized by my spoken words

by breath and in here and now

Fortune make it be not longer
Say they have forgotten already
they have forsaken always
the coolness of the waters
And I can not even but myself bring

the hand to tears nor calm the storm-
-electricity beyond the horizon

Fortune stop spinning!
realize the material to listen
be that spoken air transcend us
cleans blood and flesh with clean waters

Manifest by fortune, secured by fate
Like gravity, the sun
Manifest the philosophy to stop for a moment,
the sun; so we can transition
from fortune's darkness into the light
I will be in darkness until I join you in the next life
I fear the darkness now will not make it to the next age
I worry not if life persist but I worry I will miss this world
Here and now and this moment
it could be as I cast symbols
Only to now wait and see
the sun will illuminate them
and fill the depth that I engraved them

O' fortune I say the measurements are perfect
the last drop to the brim
which I dare say was my own tear
It can be that this world falls in fortune's light
and still not interrupt the next mortal life

So, but revision philosophy now and in perfect balance
lay the future, not disrupt it
Be not where the future lay now!

I can see it
You, fortune, are the future
I can lay open for you the awful past

Fortune you set this world into motion
I once thought I did control your manifest
your mandate I may have never to possess
In habituate the darkness; I confess to you
Lake waters, far off stars, predicates of the mind
You speak to me, fortunes spins and my hands tremble
The voices scream and my vision moves like life
intoxicates me

The matter of my bones are dust when enlightened
you can stand dust and ashes
as you, the light, blows them away
And so I will be at fortune's darkest moment, flesh?
With the glyphs drawn in the sand to see you
This come rising morning
From whence I will rise un-slept
to carry out a lifetime
to find you manifest in symbols
or in flesh and in the light

I know my thoughts and prayers do reach to you
for all that you are I know
You're there, you curve and bent the time and space
All our matter orbits around the moment your light rises
and is raining

Let light be admits the air today and not against it

let me thrive the darkness or so expose me

End the past now so the prophecy has ended
before the need of it does end-

End it, the need

Take my flesh to do it

but do not just let darkness juxtapose
the dark past.

Fill the air with light, sun!

Show my skin is just the philosophy I make it to be

The sweet taste on my lips

The impression of death

Be it all those things I take it to be

realized by archaic rituals you will be

and somewhere far off, so will realize another

Come so to transcend us light and break apart the world

Here and now so many do away you; They need not to
forget

Through the darkness they can see not to know

Fortune cannot but hardly sound to those who careful
listen

My loudest yells are echoes to you

Fortune- Do not let this time slip

I cannot command you not to

Let go!

Let break apart what may

and in the last minute lay philosophy in pieces

and so to all the world revision

Hand I waver, touch the air before me
the gestures will follow through the air to reach you