

An auditory Hallucination

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When you look over
each word each line each syllable
-as they arrange in you mind
let the syntax form a kind of auditory hallucination
and know that visions mine
no matter what vision you see

So, but how did I come across this life?
when all that I am was taken from others,
the roads through the lands were cleared before
the thousand year's houses designed
the life style the diction already in line
as all you knew did come to signify me,
so someday they will come to belong to another
and though they may not come to know you
nor to hear me
yet what we make of things does reach to them
As so you were so crucial in creating me
And be like every known phenomena
unknown to be
other things and forces known to be

Things known to happen
being but dispositions
to see some event clearly while all sudden time

spills out and truly is seem-less

Show me a seam where time spills through,
for there are none,
-just this movement and slow precession
through language, through science, through physics and
life
all the time nothing holds them
nothing pins them in place in part of
or on top of or under another,
What is side by side is really one thing
that is every affinity between them
our words to describe the world-
nothing in the world is like them
nothing holds anything
nor does anything move slowly
there is nothing to move in comparison to
just one big rock, water and sunlight in the mind

One world, one science
the mind generates you for me
the mind laboratory
the mind which consumes one third of my energy

Mind give me time
and all understanding there can ever be