

Vernal Summer leaves fall

May 17, 2009

-- The world is not hard to see,
for each one of us cannot help but be a part of it.
We are each a part of a world, the predicate of our
actions.
The world we are, and so worldly we be.

We spawn worldly places,
villages, cultures, concepts and ideas.

We pass like the days we change with the seasons.
not out of touch with human nature can we ever be.

Summer's triumphs always fall as the leaves do.
Winter's over only to rise again in the spring where vernal
life
turns over vernal death to the other side- [undo the knots]

How each spring does pertain to much more than warm
light;
for each spring is a beginning
that has no future beyond that one summer.

Is not each summer the one and only?
As if it did happen again and again over and over.
Always changing the figures the objects
It all never was anything more than faces in the clouds.