

erumah



othing could have prepared me for what was about to happen.

It was Dawn and the SUN had just dipped below the mountain where my ancestors has been living for centuries.

The SUN moved down and its beams reflected off the banisters of our family's tree house. The SUN reflected off the spiral staircase, which is very big, leading up to the central meeting chamber where the family convenes sometimes

The SUN beam reflected rainbow colors because at dawn sometimes the SUN does that here, which is just below the mountain.

It was almost nine, according to the tall wooden grandfather clock that my mom and dad told me was passed down to us by our ancestors. This clock actually was brought down, like the SUN, from the mountain. We call it the "grandfather clock."

The SUN moved down, and it's rainbow beams reflected off the banisters of the spiral staircase, and onto to the face of the grandfather clock. I looked there, then, and the beams reflected, finally, into my eyes. The numbers spelled out the time in roman numerals which mean "nine".

It was dawn when the sunbeam finally moved and its path was broken, meaning I could no longer see the numerals "nine." It was then nighttime in that moment, as I couldn't see any longer what the clock meant. Overall, there was a slight breeze, and a moment ago, in the central meeting chamber where my family sometimes convenes, I thought I saw the grandfather clock.

I guess not. In general, the numbers spelled out the TIME, but at dawn, the banisters sometimes reflect the SUN from above the mountains I've heard so much about from my family. This is because the mountain, like my ANCESTORS, moved down, like the SUN slowly from above the horizon.

It was TIME.



**W e remove from
the moment**

*images as plentiful as
grains of sand on the shore.*

*Each image, its grain
revealing manifold atoms,
all giving rise to symbols,
infinite and legitimate.*

*In the light of the sun,
shimmering, a theory,
dissolved into the tide*



W e remove from the image

*symbols as plentiful as
atoms in a grain of sand*

*Each atom, its grain
revealing manifold electrons,
shimmering under the eye,
finite and legitimate.*

*In the light of the sun,
shimmering, an observation,
dissolved into the tide*



W e remove from the moment

*memories as plentiful as
pics of the shoreline.*

*Each memory, its grain
revealing manifold sensations,
all giving rise to symbols,
infinite and legitimate.*

*In the light of the mind,
shimmering, a theory,
dissolved with the tide.*

The Anatomist,

in a subterranean chamber, slicing into a cadaver and plucking a thick tendon like the string of a cello.

The Fool,

his feet hovering off the ground, tied to the grandfather clock with blood stained ropes, speaking directly through God.

The Alchemist,

in the laboratory, endlessly shaving flakes of carbon nanotubes from black stones, under the watchful eye of a principal investigator.

The Retched,

white limbs dangling from a tree, spilling wine into the grass below, where a pile of shattered glass reflects the moon.

The Messenger,

running from house to house, repairing alliances and appeasing powerful people.

The Polymath,

inhaling amphetamines and scribbling formulae, proofs, and trajectories on a chalkboard.

The Adored,

smiling while sculpting the image of the body into new extremes; stunting for the lens and the eye.

The Revolutionary,

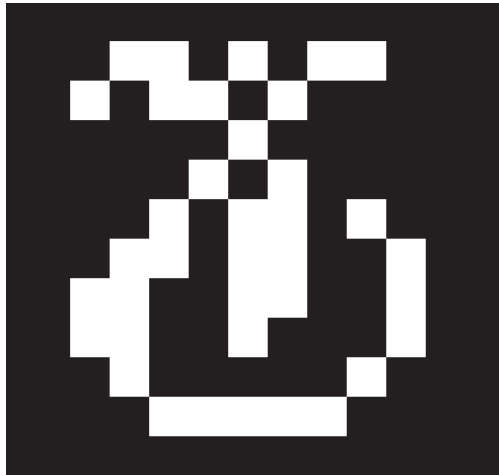
masked, smashing false idols with sledgehammers under the gaze of the world.

The Healer,

soaking chainmail in human growth hormone, and affixing stumps to prosthetic limbs.

The Warrior,

crying out in defeat as his stock plummets, falling to the ticker tape littered ground.



he image

We touch
Through the water
A foot
A Grindylow
His spell
Disarms
A bolt
Through the water
A memory
A wand
Through my life
It moves
Pensively
This spell
It moves
My heart
Through the water
It grabs
His foot
My heart
And moves
Through the water

And becomes
A feeling
We all understand

It takes a moment
To realize
This spell
Is love
And the water
Is time
And the heart
It breaks
And tears
They fall
Through the water
Through time
Through life itself
And becomes
The image
We touch
Through the water

ime is one day

The white balance of a hummingbird — macro lens,
He smiles at the lake.

Tears spread

Down

Onto the pic,

Watch them up and cry

From

The two principle components

Of sadness,

Flowing

Into his mouth,

A perverted intention,

Tears on the collar's edge

The stench of wet coal,

Politicians,

Time is so gorgeous here.

Hide your best friend or not

From a bacterium that converts

Tears

Into

Smiles.

Late 2000's financial prophecies

Read through shimmer.

He smiles at the lake!

Live and cherish each

Tear.

Enjoy the seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, decades,

And your shimmer.

Impact as many people as you

Can.

Time is one day, second, minute, hour, month, year, decade,

And

Millennium,

And your shimmer, smile,

Prophecy

And

The image we all touch

Through

The water

Of the

Lake.



Crude oil carried by in freight trains,

Is literally volatile.

Men in neon jackets pull empty oil drums

From the reservoir.

Falcons and robins

Soar

Over the reservoir

And between trees,

Solar panels,

And land on antennas.

The oil drums are coated in water sludge.

Purple lily pads float

Near the black Jeep on the shore.

The sky is very blue,

The reservoir looks tiny.

"Neuroprediction of future rearrest,"

A goose approaches,

I roll up the article and

Dip it into its throat.

This is His valley.