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Meditation

Timothy Dwelle

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Meditation

These revelations that come in dream
Are those of the iconoclast ---
The dark, underwater light reflections
Of bent lines and twisted universes.
Lost somewhere in the dreamglow.
We follow past the spatial or the temporal,
Or the paradigms from which we hang reality
Like a rusty scaffolding,
And chance to glance at the very breath of the Divine
Misting on the looking glass of consciousness.

It is from this that the Artist of the New Morning
(The great grave robber of the mind's eye attic chest)
Chooses to construct his palette:
Capturing the colors of the translucent rainbow,
The texture of emptiness.
And in the print on the canvas or the words scrawled before us
We dare not look to see those misty perceptions,
But instead attempt to rationalize and judge our very dreams.
We nighthawk evangelists turn our eyes away,
Look about this world that engulfs us,
And do not see the wind ---
But only the sway of the leaves and branches .

And so we direct the artist to put down his pen,
We destroy our masterpieces and crucify our masters
And we are left with the mundane,
The uninspired,
That which fills us but does not quench our hunger
Or even make us question what we hunger for...

Timothy Dwelle, '96