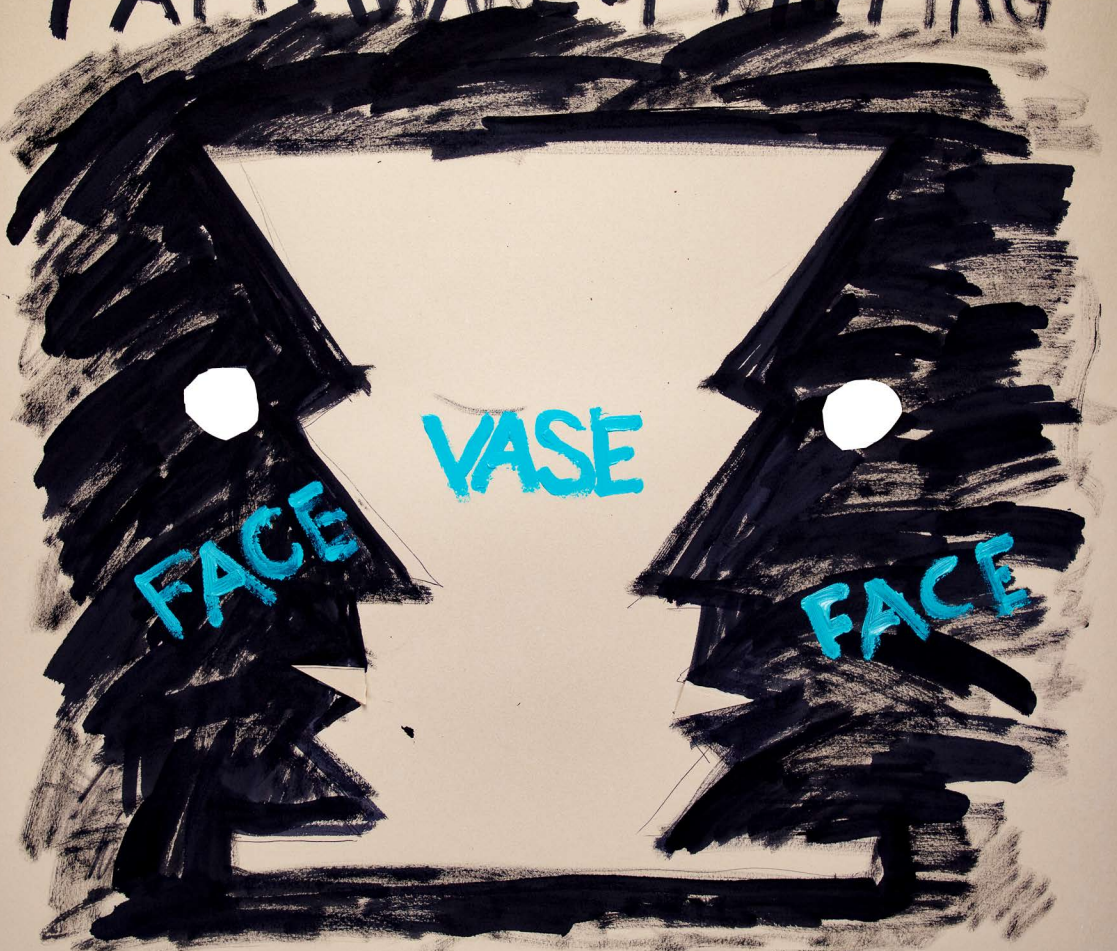


I AM AWARE OF WRITING  
I AM AWARE OF WRITING



FACE

VASE

FACE

HOCUS FOCUS



**The simultaneous nothing.**

Life as a figure ground  
in perpetuity,

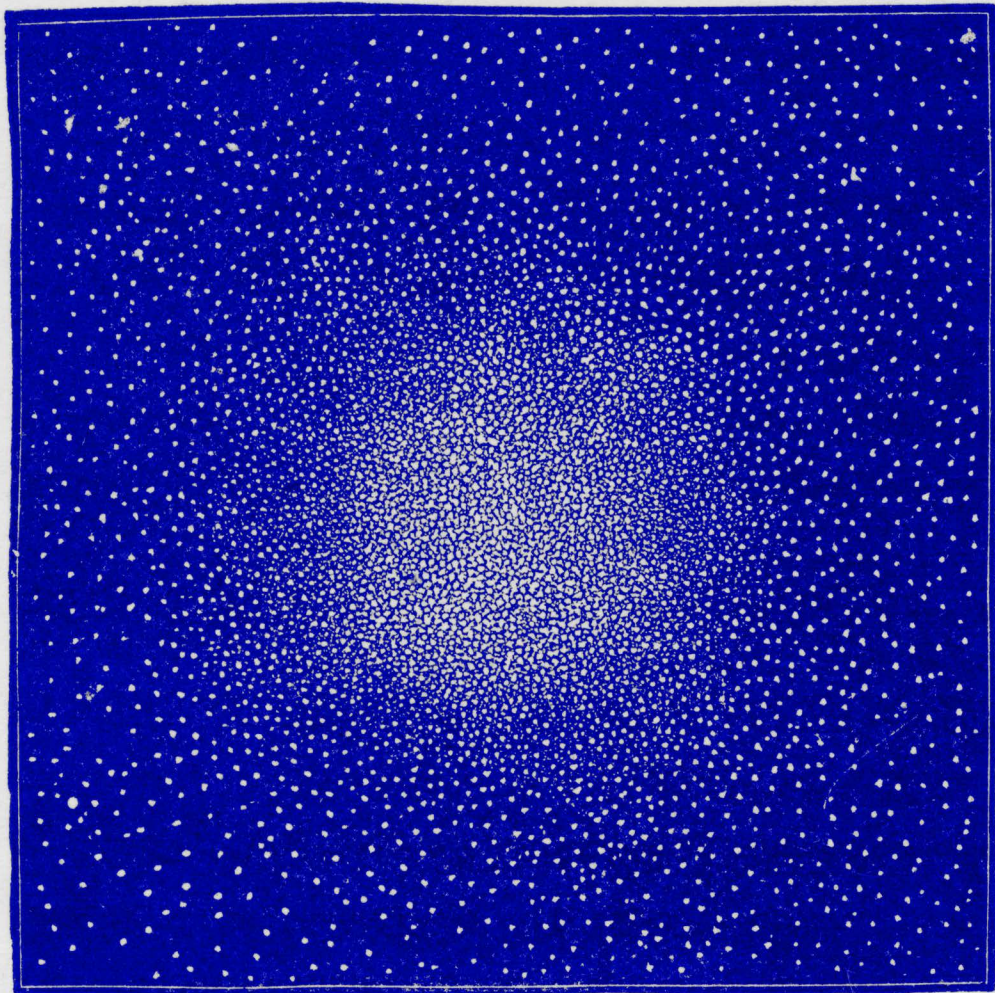
**A WHIRLYGIG.**

Now you be it, now you're not be.

**I AM AWARE OF WRITING**  
**I AM AWARE OF WRITING**



*Fig. 96.*



*Star-Cluster in Toucan.*

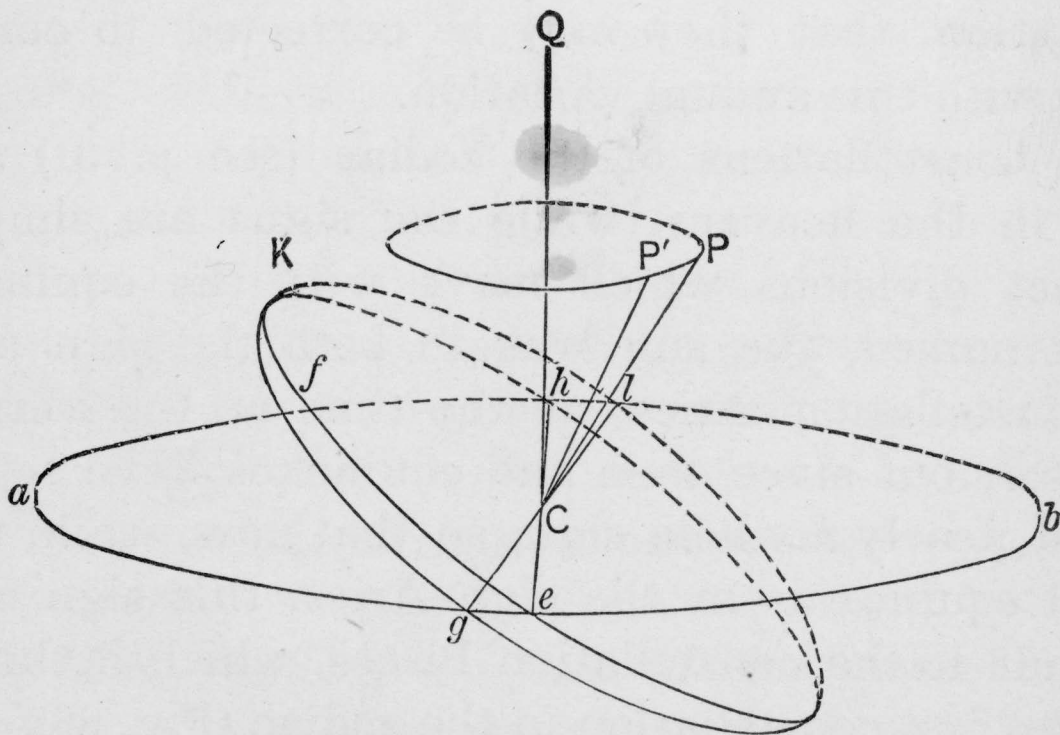
This is  
an enigma  
as a charade  
as farce.  
It is vexation to be sure.

Oh **EGYPT** I am dying!  
Death is life turned inside out,  
Upside down and backwards.  
Things happen or seem to be happening.  
You appear to happen.  
Reality occurs when I observe it occurring.  
Life is a wave and a particle.  
I am the event.  
Much like quantum's choice.

Moments popcorn into and out of reality.

**AS SUCHNESS**

Fig. 38.



*Change of Earth's Equator and Axis.\**

# Now becoming Then

When I say, "This is now," it becomes then.  
There is no now. It appears to us as a moment,  
but the moment itself is an illusion.  
It is and isn't. And this illusion is a series  
of about-to-be's and has-beens, that put together  
seem an event. It is a construction, an invention  
of our minds. It's familiarity makes it invisible.  
Our lives are real dreams that have been

just one moment,

all at once,

now.

DM 1978

NOW  
FUTURE ←      → PAST





# LISTEN!

Abandon logic all ye who enter here.

Loneliness

is to be separated  
from our original completeness.

The ultimate reality  
is totality.

When completed,  
we vanish.

*What an ironic predicament.*



Fig. 80.



*Projections of a few Cometary Orbits on the Plane of the Ecliptic.*

PLATO WAS CORRECT.

Alas!

We were seperated  
at birth.

HOW CAME THIS TOTALITY?

I swim in fairy tunes.

Too true, fancy me.

How can that be?

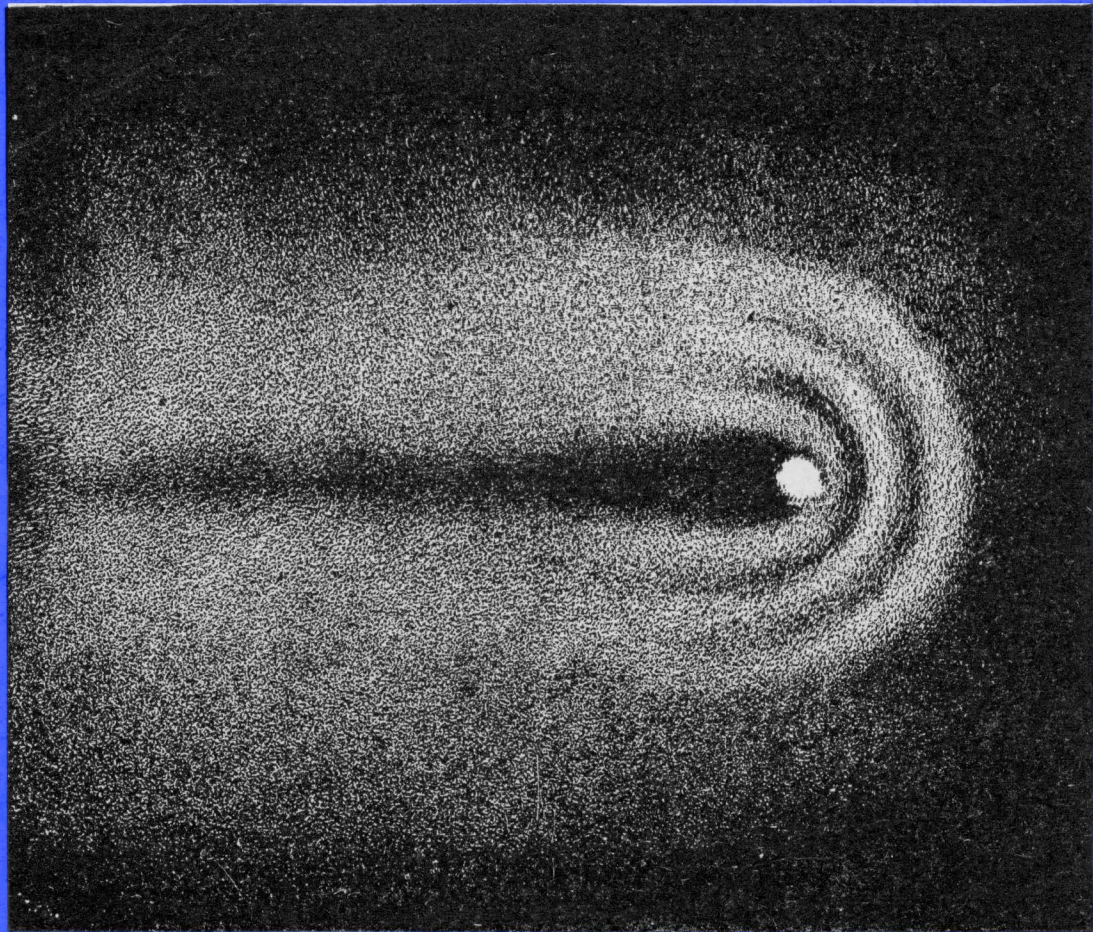
I'm not you, you're not me.

Did you call my name?

I HEAR A SONG.



*Fig. 81.*



*Coggia's Comet, 1874.*

“I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:  
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lull’d in these flowers with dances and delight;  
And there the snake throws her enamell’d skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.”

W. & S.





# *A SPIN OF THE WIND*

The babe becomes the boy.

The boy becomes the man.

The man grows old.

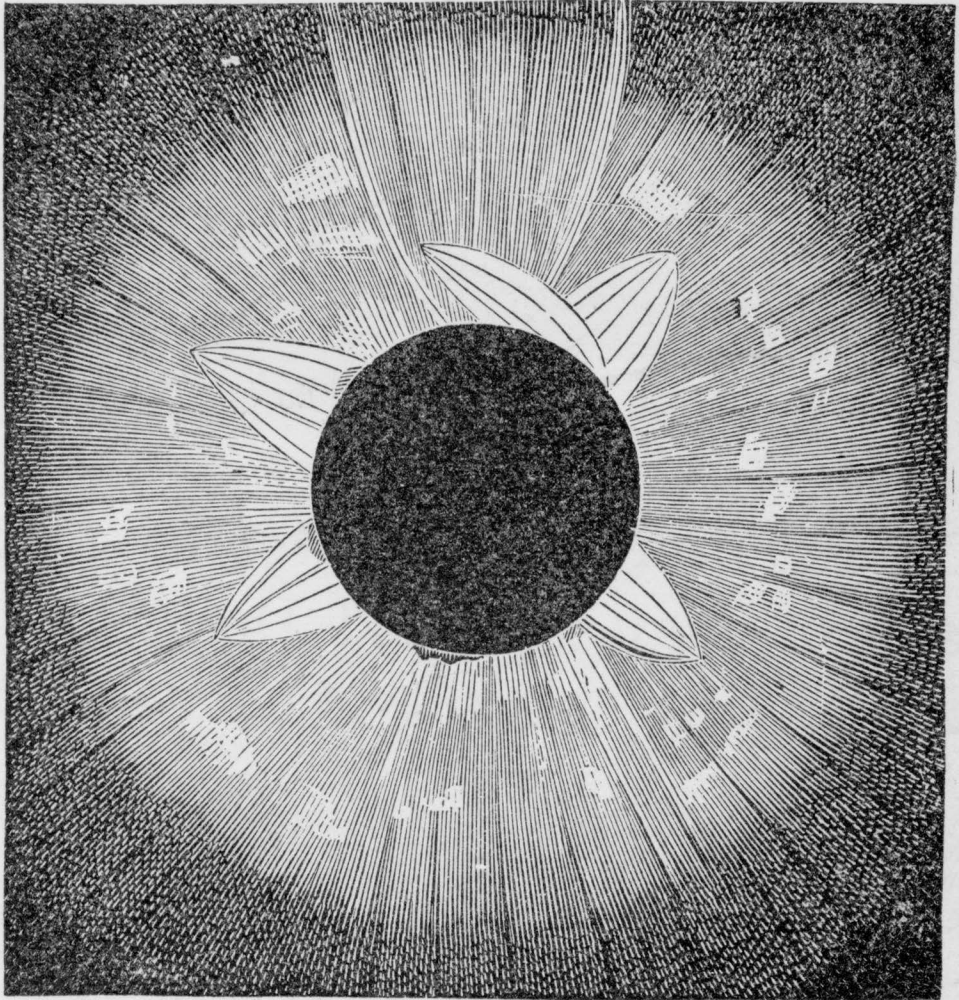
The old man dies.

In the end we forget our lines.

*I c h v e r g e s s e.*



*Fig. 58.*

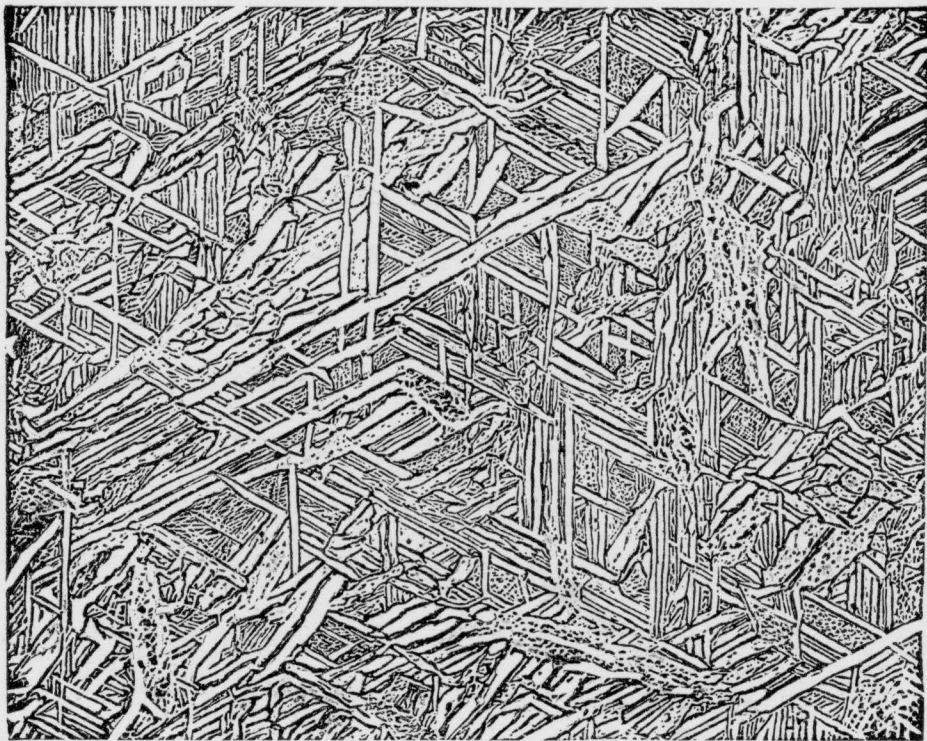


*Eclipse of 1858.*

I fell  
asleep in Mckeesport.  
And woke up on Olympus.  
Exit the king. What name? PIP!  
We are apparitions.  
as flimsy as transient clouds.  
Forming and reforming  
themselves to  
naught.



Fig. 74.



*Copy of a Print Showing the Peculiar Crystalline Structure of Meteoric Iron.*

You are my darlingest dear.

I am startled by this discombobulation.

I prize this surprise.

The Universe is a magical domain.

Which lays claim to my imagination's game.

Goodnight sweet prince.

May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.



Do you hear the music too?

Or is it just me?

Astounding, magical, a bijou.

My, what an iridescent petite opera this is.

How should I accommodate this logic.

I spy a mouse in the house.

Is this some sort of a trick?

My father forgot his lines on opening night.

If I want reality,

I will go to sleep and dream.



*Spiral Cluster in Canes Venatici.*





**IN THE CIRCLE OF ALL THINGS**

**Imagine this then if you can,  
Before time became a thought,  
When everything was not,  
And the conjurer had yet to play his hand.**

**In this repose, centered still,  
A clearness chose itself to will,  
Then with a kaleidoscope's quick turn,  
All became from star to worm.**

**And you who read, and I who write,  
Are conscious seeds of this delight.**

**-DM 1992**