

Dylan
Michals









D. W. 2011
Michelle

QUESTIONS WITHOUT

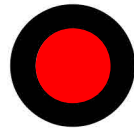
Q

A

WITHOUT



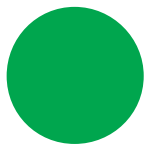
Q U E S T I



N

WITHOUT

ANSWERS



What is the Universe ?

The universe is a solid emptiness,
a bizarre event, an issuance
of energy ~~is~~ witnessed as
colossal globes of constellations
floating in a sea of swelling
space in such numbers and
dimensions as to dwarf our
modest comprehensions.

This peculiar enterprise which
defies the logic of our eyes

is a chinese box of concentric
worlds each inside of one an
other that extends in all
directions ad infinitum.

This swirling spectacle fills
our night skies with stars
like ~~pearls~~ strings of pearls
and has its center everywhere
in this strange conundrum.
This cabinet of curiosities

expands in some exotic
vacuum void where alchemists
tricks are employed.

How else to explain why all
the light of refracted prisms
is detained in black ~~white~~
hole prisons.

and what of missing matter's
weight, and the fate of red
giant stars those enormous
bloated monstrosities?

Perhaps the Hindu myths
are true. Surging like an
exhalation from the silent
brahman, that point of potentiality
in repose, the cosmic order
unfolds to actuality, then
deflates upon itself, an
inhalation to a close.

Reason retreats from such
astounding feats and
man's conceits are
humbled.

The cosmos is our home
and will always be ~~not~~
unknown to us lost
children of the universe
exiled in this garden
of Eden, earth

LOST AMONG THE STARS

Those giant spinning
wheel in space.
Spinning stars like
spider's lace,
will they miss my
upturned face,
when my soul has
left this place?



W H O *AM*
EYE

I am what is being
experienced, the universe
focused in the eye of the
beholder. There is a quality
of sensation felt as myself,
which like the "I" of the
hurricane is a calm center
of awareness.

The exact point of myself
in this calm is held

as if it were in a black
hole where my purest
reality cannot escape
itself, The Absolute.

I am tethered to the Absolute
by the cord of consciousness.
Again and again I gaze hard
at my reflection in the
looking glass, then blink
without acknowledgement.
For my stare reveals

no one is there.

All descriptions of me are like barnacles attached to me. My name is a word like any other sound which when repeated blurs to ~~the~~ babble. My pride enjoys the false luxury of vanity, a cosmetic decoration that casts me into the furthest ring of self delusion.

I distract myself with
novelties. But they are not
me. I identify with follies.
But they are not me.

I am an accomplice to
my own ignorance. Under
the magnifying glass of
attention my personality has
the permanence of fog.

I communicate with myself
in monologue.

My questions echo
in my mind. All this
Thinking exhausts me
and I must rest.

But who falls asleep
and dreams?



WHAT ARE DREAMS

Dreams are the midnight movies of the mind, where the sphinx recites his riddles to the blind and as our daydreams sleep, our night dreams come awake. Phantom visions float as we in reverse recline.

On this slumbering plain
a zephyr fans the embers
of lost dreams to flames,
That ~~permeate~~ pantomime
their shadows on our brains
where things look familiar
yet not at all the same.
In this chimera's hallucinations
The strange become the ordinary
without surprise and desire
and terror thrive side by side.

I wander down the Passage
Vivienne and in its windows
are displayed what might have
been, and I commit my sin
again. In lucid dreams the
dreamer comes awake and sees
that what he thought was real
was fake.

As I write I now know too,
That the the universe, is
a great dream room imagined
by our senses in this womb
It is our enigmatic fate
that we must dream
in time and wait.



WHAT IS HAPPINESS

WHAT IS HAPPINESS

Happiness is the heart at play, a revel of the spirit, a crocus on a winter's day. It is a spell of lyric joy that lifts the veil of discontent and reveals a hint of how life in heaven will be spent. Then buoys us like a luminous summer cloud above a frozen plain, a relief from the dismal mundane.

The self implodes in a fragile
flurry of delight. Happiness
cannot be disguised. It twinkles
in the eyes and rises like the sun
to shine on everyone.

How high young hopes for
happiness, but few are realized.
Some live their lives as silhouettes
in shadowed pantomime.

We cannot find happiness.
It must discover us.

Unhappiness envys happiness for all the joie it brings. It can never hear the music that makes happy people sing. Fickle happiness found another friend and left me forlorn. I played myself the double fool for I had been forewarned. The ancients were all melancholy and distressed until that shining hour when Terpsichore discovered happiness.

While twirling in a Dervish spree, she suddenly became a joyous presence like a sensation of effervescence. And this grand elation she called happiness, because it rhymed with "I am blessed." Terpsichore then cast this euphoria into the air upon a breeze for all to share.

And this wandering wind was
then dispersed everywhere
around the earth.

But how could Terpsichore have
been aware that man can never
catch this joyful air.

Happiness for them like virtue
is most rare.



WHAT IS TRUST

OR

WHY MIKE DOESN'T TRUST JOHN













