

Love Balances Chaos

No more bad dreams. I am all analogue.
Escaped the poverty of the changeless.
No more songs of pain and no more songs of more pain.

No more languishing emptyhandedness.
The snake and the bird no longer at war.
Down from the fairground cave, into Athene's arms.

Translating another re-invention.
A rhythmic dissonant hierophany!
I now accept my collection of perceptions.

You see, there was this wind. It blew. Things changed.
Living inversions and duplicities.
Arabesque glimpses of the miraculous real.

No more cruel introspective tragedies.
Inquiring headbred, where we belong,
joyously embracing the imagination.

Be my corporeal nag hammadi.
Loneliness is not next to godliness.
Although there's a darkness, love balances chaos.