

VORTICES

Vortices gathering unseen energy from the distant cosmos, collecting stars to form our spinning milky way
spiralling inward earthward, downward connecting frond and snail
to where a labyrinthine path illuminates the one within the whole
centring on consciousness and creation through, expansion, equilibrium and surrender

In a penumbra of consciousness, flame thrown shadows danced in front of my eyes
in a circle silhouetted ghostlike in pale, blue black and red upon black and blue
on rock strata, my mind itself the rock

I spoke but she would not reply, she only looked
and moved to music I could not hear, and they could not hear mine
I mouthed long forgotten tunes whose words I never understood
yet these are my stars, my seven sisters, my swan, my Polaris

but maybe these shadows are not what they seem
for the shaping of rock is, perhaps formless
no muse, no path, no end

A voyage, expanding like a white flower opening, unfurling in marble, a pure shape
how simple can it be, yet still be a spiral?
how far can I go, stripping away the superfluous
keeping the essence?

Shadows caress mass, creeping smoothly over frosted-satin-glass-stone as matt and clear as cool skin
no flashing shine, a soft oneness
shadows like those upon the cheek of a Raphael Madonna
these are my colours, to paint with light

it is me, yet you, my concept, yet your interpretation
Organic, yet abstract, Human, yet spirit
ancestors of the American Indians, elephant gods, pharaoh cats
the world of unseen energies permeates the seen
the omnipresence of spirit is sensed in the beauty of things
in breeze blown boughs, in the birds of the air
in the beasts on the earth, in human beings
in the blue of the oceans, in the stars and the blackness
in the sun through the dust, in the rock of the hills
but
as "the word is not the thing", the material is not spirit
I cannot possibly convey spirit
yet I can
try