

Episodic flash sight

Poems



Neil Richardson

Rainbow

Drop of water fall from cloud

Turns into vapor

Becomes invisible

Yet transcends ephemeral substance to become a billowing cloud

building block of rainbow

Sunlight penetrates the rain droplet with a crooked eye

And ecstatically responds morphing white light into something new

Eternal return in seven hues!

Raindrop is journeywork of a million reincarnations

Is there a point at which the raindrop ceases to exist?

Cascading downward falling back to earth

Forming river torrents

Finding the sea

Eventually to ride...part wave part spray

Until the great mother sun beckons

*Sucking the liquid from the droplet body
To begin epic cycle again and again and again...*

*Rainbows appear as an arc to the mortal eye
Even as they exist whole
What does your eye not see?
 less real if not revealed?
Any drop of water in you may have been part of the salty brine
 yesterday or five hundred or five million years ago
 or in me
Is there a forward and backward in the cycle
 toward what end?*

*As the color fades from this world
Its spirit expresses
What is unseen white light is equal in measure
 to all shades of the spectrum
Rainbow
 as beautiful and as imperceptible
 As me as you.*

A wave does not need to swim it only needs to be

*With an eye always observing limitless spheres
Shifting like liquid kaleidoscope swirls
 my mind's eye reflects innumerable colors...green, red, purple,
 yellow—more
Recalling adventures of body, spirit and brain
I see ecstasy, ennui and pain*

near the ceaseless thundering din of craggy shore.

*I see in shadow's despair—the best mentor
I do not wonder regarding suffering
I wonder regarding resilience and courage to bear transient agony
 I ask...what of grace? By god or by divine sight?
Do you suppose it a gift to be given or realized?*

*In brightening light, I see cobbled path heading toward sea
Sun with billions of sister stars twinkle orgiastic on undulating waves
Percussive thud after percussive thud
 Plunge into beach, within the mist...
 I hear the surf whisper come closer in salty breath
Beckoning me to dive deep, become wet
...to become the sea.*

*What is the muscle that flexes kissing lips soaking in timeless brine?
Come near, so that we may fuse our souls without permission
 enfold me in churning, pounding Eros and crashing Agape
Can you feel the communion of soul with Thou?*

*My heart releases, forever—fragmentation into strong current
I am neither swimmer, wave, nor even sunray from warmest star
I am all.*

*I declare the sum far greater than part
No longer given to wait for grace
A wave does not need to swim it only needs to be.*

Thoughts of Benares....

The river both quenched my thirst and made me thirsty. I feel like I was in a week long relationship with a beautiful woman. There was stillness and movement and she turned into something fantastic and new each day as I got to know her body and spirit. The Ganges forms and becomes a seductive curve as I look at her winding shape and staring at her in the night with steaming tea and with my soul sight during the day. From the wetness lapping at the Ghats to the confusing alleyways I penetrated from a variety of positions on walks during the day and night, I felt love. I left something of my eternal seed and being in this timeless city and gained a powerful insight of the transience of love and desire and the corresponding gratitude of knowing henceforth I am a transformed man. The search for wisdom and insight is now over...I am wisdom and insight. I will love this beautiful woman always and carry her insights with me always and I feel like the Kama Sutra came alive and became a reality mind, soul, body...and spirit.

