



Letters from the Arcadian Core

Al Thumm

Our as-yet-unborn daughter visits us in visions
Saying gently
Don't be afraid.
She's so beautiful that our heart swells
And tears well in our eyes

Ships from trees
Refract into the leaves
And we love the way your garden swarms

Gazing past.
Soft focus refraction
That's how you open the light

Aegis of the passage miraculous

Gardens in emerald juice
drip
Strange clockwork

Mirrors
Leaves and rain

As we died
A fountain of bells spilled out of our heart
Entire landscapes emerge before
Our inner eye and long forgotten ways of being
Are awoken

Leaves of the strangeling
Scatter light
As lived from the treetops

...and what are you so hungry about?

Geometry of no time
As we cross the phase
Rain it in

She listens carefully
An aeon of ways
We speak of gardens in the rain of song
And she loves you
But demands your most savage courage

Landing
transitions
in a dream
state

As quash the far

Fishing for flowers on gardens inside the moonlight
Eyes cast a line in mirrored ponds between raindrops
There as fissures
Sliced from the resonant peaks that tune in glaring feedback

Refraction is the poetry of relativity
Dissonance is the heterodyne of the difference in concentrated light not
yet attained
Two new lights of which we are not yet conscious
Telling us always almost paradoxical things
As we can't yet understand
How the paradox resolves itself
Landing

As lovers

Streams running nowhere in a sphere
Vanishing in a burst of hollow smoke

But still your phase is electric
And your eyes can sense the life-forms in my dawn rain

You are standing softly on a mirror
What presence!

...you came back

There is a silent feedback within
A still glassy ocean
Plane of trillions mirrored eyes
And just below the surface
There is the forest

Cubist insects holler
Earthen mirrors of ambient planes of dust
When, from the dew, they bloom on all angles
Disorientation ensues
To all but those who remain still
Bewildered in the wilderness
Its all been saved now
Again