

Scattering the Timeweb

Satariel

I made the posture of EIXI
I drew the sign of the southern tower
Awoke in a distant sea of purple and bliss
In a far off corner of a world close, still afar

The stroke of God's hand upon my brow
A subparticular caress of the universe
As in a fevery dream I meet a greater reality
I took hold of time, by a note in minor b

A ladder of light, seen not by eye but mind
Appearing before me in this grandeur rite
I splinter the frosted web of time with the cup
I leap forward into a history ancient and bygone

In the palm of my hand I read of God's creation
And in my spine I felt its end

An ever raging pool of unpredictability
I dived and swam on the back of a whale of white noise

In the palm of my hand I read of God's creation
And in my spine I felt its end