

Twelve Fold Chain

The Books

at last it started in the middle

beginning as it all begins, it forsook the source of things.

and that which moved flowed over that which stayed, it made the choice to form a standing wave.

it leaned the out against the in, unfolding in a place to call its own.

and it gently draped six senses over this house of cards that it built, and opened ground to the roots of touch and let them in.

incredible sensations

it was the insatiable feeling of a feeling of insatiable desire.

and all that it could do was hold tight to that that it was not.

it told itself it needed names and in so doing it became.

this is the birth that everyone is always talking about. the one assumed but not remembered.

but death does not forget.
the end will remind it to cure it of itself.