



perception

take this image / photograph / window
ancient seabed wintered sky
snow strewn desolation
creosote and blue flax sleeping
nested in a Mojave stillness
twilight hour alone

you can almost feel the mountains
hear the wind moan
imagine how summer creatures might fit it all together
in some untranscribable jazz

the molecules / the entangled waves
like those that make us up
 free their names and our narratives
make choices / eon long commitments
with the World and One Another
how more sacred a place conceivable

no winning argument abides
no anything-can-mean-anything explanations will work
individuals / societies / networks eventually come to a juncture
either evolve / grow up
or fail

given the pathways / laminated cities
conscious the relationships competition justifies
the privilege coercive power sanctions
what success not question
opinion not drop / risk not take
what possible heavenly change not make