

I. Seraphina

"Stuck in her Cave of Crystals,

Seraphina cries pastel tears of Magnitude,

*And the soft song of the Life whom she is the
Prelude,*

Twinkles like iron candles in a million fractals.

She is sad.

*Light blue sad, tasting of frozen Lights through
the petals of an empty stage,*

*sounding like the gentle Hope stream pouring
down her fingernails,*

*Painting her skin with a clever shade
somewhere between Milky Way and Cinnamon
Gold,*

*Drawing new veins that will forever flow with
fuzzy particles of Freezing Cold.*

She doesn't have anywhere to dance.

*Still, she counts anxiously the soft tempo of her
Pandora Heart, afraid of letting the little ghosts
glide in between two beats, if she was to lift her
Mind."*

She stops speaking, and listens. She can't hear a thing beyond the thunder in her ears; the wet soaking in her skull - so she shouts once more, louder than before, out singing the music of her loneliness - the music of that treasured city - the music of the screaming, thirsting earthen pounded and punched by the Water from above. There's a defiance to the act. A courage. A shiver. A pulse of warmth that flows

through, from the back of the head, to the body; her fingers tingling; her breath catching; her legs bringing Her to her feet with her eyes staring straight ahead at that beautiful, sacred & breathing city. She stops speaking and starts talking, making no sound but her gentle and rising hum. Hearing her song, quiet and strong, for the first time. Seeing her beauty. It's getting louder. She things to herself: it is getting louder. In a space incomprehensible ears turn into white noise eyes towards voices listening. For the small singing galaxy in a centre of dissonance. They listen to its song. They hold it. They love onto it.

*All at once, the thoughts of which her soul was
constituted*

Stand up. They flicker against the ceiling.

*She is tall, within herself, even if she can't see
it yet.*

In her World, Crystalline,

She contemplates her outline,

And Shivers.

She didn't know she could feel cold.

She looks up.

Everything around and within her,

*Starts shining with the Silent Glow of Lucid
Minds.*

*In a whisper, she Understands. See-through
isn't Alone. It is proximity.*

And it doesn't exist until you think of it.

II. ØM - No snapping fingers

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, let there be light" [Gen I,1 - KJV]

"Let there be light." An original fraction of peace, Immensity holding its breath in the midst of Nothingness, watching itself, for the first time seeing its outline from stable now until and in all those random, inescapable afters. A primary condition, immense, not in space but in time, divinity self-contained in this moment of recognition, still, the very first second of calm listening to the very first second of calm in the noise before the Song, so smart, so small, so quick before it all stumbles.

God? An original fraction of peace, from which to derive every little bit of Life.

Life is no snapping fingers, but a flow of witnesses witnessing witnesses, conditions upon conditions, order created from chaos, a divine Law, that "divided the Light from the darkness"; a path, to a necessary end that is, the beginning. So inevitable.

And what is God, if not the first witness of it all, the Eye in the mind of what was to be and become thereafter, the Eye in the mind of something that was clever enough to call itself clever,
strong enough to call itself beautiful,
complex enough to call itself good.

For the first time, listening to itself.

Life is no snapping fingers.

"let there be lights (...) and let them be"

Blessing life, more than creating it. Letting it happen, pointing at it with names and Holy Names, watching it grow as the divine glow that it is, a sacrosanct shimmer emerging, not from chaos, but from Order, a holy song sang beyond His own control maybe, surely, for God didn't decide but "saw that it was good".

God himself, bowing at the immensity of the beauty of what was to come, a world of great whales swimming a firmament of seas, of Men "in our likeness", like-minded, like-crafted, Witness amongst the witnesses, Eye amongst the eyes, Gods created by Gods in the God with eyes for All and for all to see. "let there be lights (...) and let them be."

Life is no snapping fingers; but a humble reverence to itself.

III. ÅNIMA

(Finally, I can hear,
But now all there is is silence.)

I see the thirst of sea-less lands,
Wooden hearts catching fire as I go back to sleep -
Alleyways with water for pavement and black wires as stars,
An endless map of states hurting my skull, great as they are.

Therein,

I see kisses begging to break the glass they touch, shoulders lower than backs but knees straight, nonetheless.

I see unfamiliar faces but recognise their stories on sacred flat surfaces telling of love and misery.

I see pillars of images, walls of seven by four or five separating them from them for them to be together.

It's all quiet. All this gold hurts my eyes. It is austere, but I can feel the preciousness of it – decades of silent praying, of churches with no crosses, words with no mouths, religions without god. Until it was all freed again, under the wire-marbled sky.

I see the thirst of sea-less lands,
Wooden hearts catching fire,
No waters and no stars even,
An endless map of states hurting my mind, great as they are.

Stealing my hands away, are gaps I refuse to give names to.

I will die together - in this, I find joy and shapes beyond the shapes my lips can make.

I pray. I tell that I found Heaven so many times, but it does not seem to stay still. I tell of stories with red flowers picked at the wrong time, endless sorrow and waiting, birds turned into Man, Man turned into Kings, kings turned into beggars and fools and saints and Man again, love, truth and happiness, stories within stories all echoing each other like the inevitable Russian doll that is my life.

I pray to God.

I am thankful that my faith has had time to grow. (with distance, love tastes differently but its nature becomes much clearer. With distance, and time.)

I cry because through it all, it somehow remained.

I bow down, because in the midst of despair, numbness, anger, fear and frustration, even though the lack of itself,

It survived. (It being myself of course – only oneself can stray away from God for God never leaves oneself.)

IV. Flames from inside / epistemic tale

"Let [your soul] direct your passion with reason, that your passion may live through its own daily resurrection." Khalil Gibran, The Prophet (1926).

In Autumn, the beliefs fall.

In my garden, there was a tree that I called "tree of everything". I made it my home, poured light and rainwater and all I had in between on the ground around it.

I loved it very dearly, slept underneath and cut my hands on its bark taking care of it.

As the seasons passed, the tree would grow, but nothing would come out of it.

People were quite sceptical about my tree - can't you see its trunk is barren and empty? they said - Each time, I would nod with a smile, but internally I would tell myself that I knew something they didn't - One day, I thought, one day flowers and fruits would come.

I don't know how I knew. I just knew.

But winter came and it died anyway.

Left alone without a thing to care for, I sat under the dead branches and wondered.

What did I do wrong? Nothing they said - Winter would have come and it would have died anyway. Its tree was barren and empty.

I see, I said with a sigh. I laid there and cried.

What did I do wrong?

Magnifying songs into prayers, reading gospels in stories, hearing nothing but the sound of my own meaning dripping on roots that I thought reached far beyond what I could see. Not believing meaning could have purpose beyond the care of this tree. Not seeing value in my water beyond its ability to feed it. Here lied my loss. Here were my mistakes.

It all happened a while ago - I don't regret, but I now fear idols wherever I see them.

On crosses, below crowns, in gardens, internally I call them

Liar,

Lunatic,

Legend,

Lord - I wonder. I thought I knew, but I was wrong. What do I know now?

"He died so they may be one" [John, 17, 22] - this I know.

I wonder if it will happen to me too - this I've learned.

Something quietly hums: "Melvana, melvana why have you forsaken me?"

I respond: "Because humanity is fallible."

Again, I wonder: what can I know now?

That I believe in human fallibility. That this belief saved my life. That my garden, the sun above it, and the soils below still exist. That water and meaning are not dependent on a particular tree. That I can stand up and look at myself.

I stand up and look at myself.

Intrigued and amused, I notice tiny roots below me.
I am tired. With care, I take light and rainwater and all I have in between,
And cautiously start pouring it on the ground around me.