

Betwixt and Between

All are rent asunder
crumbling emotionally,
Disabled.

The physical predator
becomes the emotive
Violator.

When can I walk
into the space
Promised me?

All my life, I've
heard the song,
The call to service.

The drums throb, the
cymbals clash.
My name is Cyril.
And I am hungry.

--

Listen, listen to the quietness.
Do not be afraid. There is a
still point in the midst of
Your sacred place, surrounded
by an area of infinite
nothingness.

Learn to move through the
thickness.

The densities recede, to
reveal...

Nothing.
Dance through the
complexities so when
encountering the
nothingness, you can
be still.

We think once G!d calls us,
It will be easy
Lost in our dream of
this union with our Beloved.

If you manage to move the material with another material,
experiencing a moment of Grace,
you eventually need
more potent varieties
to produce the same effect

As it absorbs the material
thus becoming addicted.

The interim slips and slides,
The soul struggling to enter
And deal with the spaces
Between the oneness,
The continuous line of existence,
And the binary paradox of the feminine,
With the soul that enters
the nothing in the empty space
between.

We exist, in the midst of this and that.
We cannot capture the moment,
While we run, betwixt and between.