

The sea, the moon and the desert

June 14, 1994

The sea recedes,
tugged by the moon to wash another shore;
to fill another pool
and leave one here for contemplation,
reflection and self awareness.

Calm and consider-able
blow your hot breath across the surface;
disturb it, quantize it,
less you fall in love with your own image
and forget your oneness with the sea.

Tempest return,
return with Terror
to help me forget the present.
Take me away and consume me
in protecting action
less I come to know
the ultimate truth of Boredom.

The sea-deserts of the deep,
throws up a consciousness, a Jonah
onto the sand
which is but a desert-
crushed shells, kernals, spirits of generation,
what can we hope for but to be silicon, turned to memory,
Prospero and Caliban are one:
and who is Miranda? also one?

Magic and the tempest.
Highest powers, magic and ritual? -
forgetting one's self
and becoming
with the future, with the present, with the past.

Is Ferdinand attracted to Miranda?
History is a kind of cowardice!