

PSEUDO-NARCOSIS

Inca Mandala

Submerged
In a deep and silent ocean.
Drifting; Numb;
Through soft green waters.
Oblivious to the deathly chill.
Parlyzed.
In an icy chamber of darkness
And the waters swirl about.
A whirlpool of Time and Space.
There is no Death.
No Pain.
No Reality.
Suspended in a frozen crystal
Contracting
Into fragile shell of
Pearlescent ice.
The warm snow flutters softly
And the blue-green flames
Are luminous in the twilight.
A thousand shimmering sparks
Melting, thawing
And the fire still is bright.
Glittering liquid,
Beads of violet water.
Gilded spangles falling;
Falling from the ceiling
Of the crystal cavern.
An earthquake of coloured lights
And moulten emeralds.
Neon flashes of pain
And tortured hell of opal shadows.

Phosphorescent.
The blinding mosaic of
A million kaleidoscopic prisms.
Throbbing in the white heat
Of translucent existence.
Grim and parched,
The desert shores—
And like a sea of platinum sand
The waves of air are thin
And half of black is white
Suffocating.
The bubble bursts;
Wisps of poison thick and green
Encompass the quivering leaves.
The dull sun spins across the air,
Plunging deeper
Into the choking lake of thought.
A blazing disc
And orange rays crushing the last moist vapor.
The very soul made then of Truth
Stabs the shattering brilliancy
With mirror-knife
And writhes in pain itself.
And the ideal transcends its purpose,
And the sea swallows up the desert,
The jungle; the diamond glacier;
And quenches the fires of hell.
There is no Death; no Pain;
No Reason to deny oneself
This solitary happiness.



Water photographs by Adger Cowans





