

TAMALPAIS FOR ETEL

"COLOR IS THE SIGN OF THE EXISTENCE OF LIFE"
it lives in the perception of waves of numinous-

ness

-no

V

O

Y

A

N

C

E,

no Novalis, no Etel, no cliffs, no sky
without art coming out of the black. We dye,
with stone-pale ichor, and let lie
the inert eye and numb fingertip.

The blackberry, purple iris, quark of the raven
are endlessly craved to birth our souls.

"The wild garden becomes a moving patch
on the floor of the forest."

Torments dream us as we answer with bliss
made of flames and fires and blind tsunamis,
making soul-science and meat spirit
as they fill the coldness and emptiness with glamour.

We are the mindless *hoo*-ing on the streets
and the paradisos of bacteria
as we sleep listening to foxes
when they bark by their dens
at the top of the ridge,
under the forest above the smile of the surf,
on a slope-side near the top
of the mountain.