

Deployment of fathom

Master died all of sudden

We died prior to metamorphosis of butterfly

Our children again set the chess table

This time in cube

A silent shriek warns

Intelligencer bows its bones and flesh statue

In the front of place

Where the master use to sit

My two years old daughter shocked me again and thus in serial

Speechless she claim

Dad I love you but I don't know why

Nor do I

I respond as certified imbecile

The constellation of Sagittarius in miniature

Found its space in my forehead

To send beams straight

To my hypothalamus and nurture it splendidly

Jupiter violates the territory of mortals

I'm the one alike

A yellow topaz bears nano- formula

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A seed for another thousand years
We rejoice earthly wisdom
The noetic' mock us
As we were mere single cell creatures
Yet unaware of their derision
Yet beyond all exoteric'
Prays in the altar of experiment
Full of breakable paraphernalia
We remain in the middle

Eternal present

Unless you become beautiful
You have no right to approach Beauty

If the one longs only for flowers
I shall bloom at once the entire spring

Until you leave the future behind
There's no mere chance you make thou art a living influence

If I long only for eternal unknown
I tell you again I break this goblet
Into fragments and resurrect as phoenix
Then from my new goblet you may drink
Unpolluted vine
With the lips of deadly curse

Then my Art is for real

Theophany

You kiss me and stamp my existence

I kiss you and melt in God's essence

The granular spittle that remains in my throat
A long day between winter and spring
My state known only by friends few of them
My Love felt by every creature
The bastards that sprinkles with their hatred
And those that converts their names and faith
This suffocating visible plurality of creatures and bizarre manifestations
My spiritual nervation has strengthened
Soul cells are dancing the muttered nation's dance called Love
Those who make sex in the air as flies' foals hatred babies
Can you kill babies is our question
We the invisible plurality of divine creatures and manifestations
We the perpetual Theophany coruscate in pure hearts
As Sun in the dews of mornings full of vetyver, ambergris, limonene, fragrance and a
slight skunk of civet, moschus and the sweat men by labor exhausted
We speak we sing we paint
With the act without exhaling a syllable from our holly mouths
We sprinkle with the aureate dust
Straight we look at Saturn ring color eyes and the color of peacock tale feather
We built a cube temple and play chess in cube

We love the terrain where the guests of Moses and Lot before him had passed through

We sing with Seraph of high realms we sing in sync

Here we bring joy in hearts of those who encroached in procession through emerald
macadam

Where you seldom pass

We know by heart the Al Jaffr and ten Sefirots and we read the Liber Razielis

We accompanied Adam Kadmon in his solitude prior to separation and embodiment in
terrain that will be bloodied by human through centuries

We have said to John to go in the river Jordan baptize the Christ and lead him on

For those who knows a little

We said to Waraka to prepare Muhammad to become the leader of those who seek the
truth

We said to Bahauallah to explain men to take after women and the mother Earth

Otherwise in upcoming millennium the solely food of them shall be kernels and water

We said to Gibran commence the Theurgy for upcoming millennium being as solely
artistic repose for creative men

We said to Fahredin write as much as possible and hush as a canyon stone

Until he finds his echo point

We...

Elixir

There's only a dew of elixir in the bottom of the empty cup sleeping as lamb
Now they call it heart, I call it polluted spirit, and you may call it ruby pomegranate
granules
But we the simplest so called human entities jointly may only Love and this is sufficient
To suffer for the thousand years and a day more

The one who cares not is the luckiest mundane ignorant but I'm the one alike who
outpours his quintessential not knowing for whom
Not knowing for what reason a purpose never show its glamour in advance
For warning, for love or even for sake of its purest manifestation

In times when words were queued in the thread abundantly curved in bobbin from the
human scalp
The necklace of verse is fading its shine no sparkling truths gurgles from its spring to
obey our thirsts
We the thirsty souls for divine morsel wandering in here as the spirits of suicide victims
Empty stomachs of infant terrible only for the grasp of the truth they never hear even as
the sound of insect
Never as the sound of falling frozen spirit in jade that you may later see as the Galatea of
divine maternal essence
A cornucopia of latent blessings waits
A deficit of Love outbursts proudly displaying its genitalia without a drop of shame
I wander as a working bee searching for the nectar of wisdom to feed my Queen bee
And bestow her eternal life with the royal jelly leaking elegantly from the bottom to the
navel

The blue flame

The dew of mercy and honey,
at the bottom of the heart.

The entire burden of thirst,
misty extinguishes.

Under the shade of the Nut tree,
when the heat attacks firmly;
feeds the green plant,
the green becomes ultramarine,
displays masculinity.