

Invisible reflection - 2

Our world stands cradled between the arms of two seasons.

Each street is too the south a glimpse of late winter frosted facades awaiting thaw- the south facing the embodiment of spring awaiting more room to grow into. Time stands with one foot in two separate meteorological divisions and is transported to a phase as disoriented onlooker.

Be most watchful, most attentive to witnessing this unparalleled juncture. Can you see the juxtaposed life and death, beginning - end, bud and fallow remains on each type of limb?

There is another place also of equal renown, a space suspended in wakeful dream time that fosters the invisible ones; those phases of cyclical development that lie between new bud and hollow remnant of what was once a lilac, a poplar blossomlet, or berry.

Life – the whole process of it all- on any single branch is fully articulated around us.

The first concept of a living ‘thing’ is there; the last evidence of itself somewhere too in its ancestral otherness which survived the coldest equinox but now lacks the fibrous strength to cling much longer; instead gently swaying on withered stems towards inevitable fall and regeneration after death.

Between these sentinels of beginning and end there is also all that there is...almost, all that will be... someday with fullness of life and, all of what was... enroute to being memorialized ...all simultaneously poised behind mystical veils of invisibility.

It is there I stand shuddering in tender, naked nothingness, yet in my clenched fist is the determined potential to explode into life. Yet, I am still too twisted in the bonds of shroud that ever binds me to the metronome pendulum ebb and flow between the me who never could be in the immature past and the me so full of wisdom before demise that lies ahead I can hold on no longer from the weight of it.

Where are the cinnabar tinted glasses to don that permit opening of vision to this hidden state of ‘in-between’? What is my translucent form, will I recognize it once transfigured? What colors make up the mix of my pigments? How variegated, or not, are my petals? Will I know the sound of my own self

when I hear it prayerfully produce sounds in harmonic antiphonal reply to the fragrant breezes of summer evenings?

The masses move past without consciousness, without appreciation for the fragile stirrings of new life manifesting in the visible plane or thoughtlessly, without regard for reverence due to the miraculous relics of life, tear the dead foliage from its places of lingering repose in the name of spring cleaning.

Of those who do pay a measure of attention, who have been given the eyes to see, how many yearn with me to download into immediate existence all the time lapsed images that reveal the glory of the invisible life that lies in the space 'in-between' and through which each perfected prototype the window opens to breath eternity?