

Sensations

David Worrall 1994.12.31

For J.

The proximity of presence
that is touch,
communicates much,
through expectation
and only partial fulfilment
of an imagined other
that lies beyond the literal.

Hearing is a form of touch
as any little cochlear knows!
An immediate memory,
an inflection,
a glissando into the heart.

Bits and bits of pieces
float through the ether
primordial soup of consciousness.
Bits of bytes of bits and pieces,
pecks of peppers picked;
mammary memory mammary
memory mammary memory.
Touch of tongue complete
absorption in absorption.

Sight, the giving sense,
of re-cognitions,
of the flexions and reflections of the soul.
Seeming more transparent than the others,

we forget its cloak of philosophical wrappings
and quaff the beholder's purple poppy.

That quintessential sense,
of knowing without remembrance
(memory re memory).
Nurslings of immortality:
the mind's eye,
the mind's I.

The unstruck sounds of the universe
opens consciousness for falling in.
Moving from the transcendent,
one encounters duality.
Time is Past and Future
and the Mind is in the middle.

The dance,
between material forms and dynamic
functions,
weaves its mercurial magic;
conceived - deceived
received - perceived.

The snake sheds its skin
as the moon,
three nights dark,
sheds its shadow.