

MEDITATION

*Slow, celestial spheres,
rhythms of a large music,
enveloping turbulence,
striding parallel
with hurrying, random staccato,
billowing, softly stretching
but containing frantic fists;
slow, celestial cymbals,
clashing clear as mind,
concentrated as all sound,
all other ears and eyes
and what they see, reflect,
vibrate in their gyrations,
rattling in a chrysalis
and eating away its walls
to the chrysalis of air,
mind, walls, awareness
of cell walls within walls
of cells within wall-cells
within walls within cells,
bridges to slowly undulating
cymbals clashing with infinite restraint,
sounding before they meet,
after they meet,
while lying flat on a table
pointing in the direction of meeting
across the sphere of the earth,
the infinitely slow universal sphere
in an ear-lobe seen by an eye
revolving in an egg in an egg-cup
revolving in a spoon
in a dish upturned over the eye
blinded by a cymbal's clash,
rapidly traversing fluid, air, earth,
while the mind's ectoplasm
with imperceptible slowness
softly, softly, softly settles . . .*

Martin Sivad