

So Many Fucking Facets

Somewhere there
peering down straight out of the solar sky
into my senses
Somewhere here
peering up straight from the worthy earth
it is here the battle runs
(war words at a time like this)

The psyche is a completely convoluted maze
of attention grabbing perspective
all floating the same moments
co-creating the evolutionary pathway
of complexity from simplicity,
self organization at the edge of chaos

I feel sure
it doesn't all boil down to anything,
just too many fuckin facets
the potential trouble, of course,
is believing that's what it all boils down to

The permanence of impermanence
the spirit of play hidden but threadlike everywhere
from moving air to affairs
the molecular heart of allurements
drinking in the smells and sounds through senses
barely aware
such smashin' passion part of the problem,
part of the solution
part of the paradox