

# THE MYSTICRY

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Eric Wilding

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# 1

## Last

Death deuce—undead unborn, I'm tangled, descending  
in the fray.

End it! All of it!

What I have done ... no turning back.

Unforgiveable.

I hear it again and look down. The night is slithering out  
of me. It's coiling around me, squeezing me, remembering  
me, whispering me. Worming in and out, always hissing:

I am you.

No, but I believed it was me. I wanted total control, then  
lost it.

I was caught in a lie, his lie. He entered me, stole me.  
Caught in the act: in sin's mulberry kiss. Two faced, forked  
tongue. Scarlet harlot, clever cuckoo.

Oh, it was, but wasn't me.

Too late.

Infidelity consummates, devours me.

My enemy is my gallant seducer. Drawn in the liar's lair. I was his prey slave, orb'd in his silk will. Trapped in sticky fermenting yeast. Yet I conspired, drank to it. Sold my self.

Now, what am I to do? I am not.

I am you—I am not!

It recalls my conception. I was screwed for this, the greatest mistake. This was my destiny, my death. I have made my self this way. The unforgiveable innate mistake.

Oh, separated soulless self mastery. The poor dangling hypocrite: merciless, unmasked, faceless, self pitiful, hopeless.

I see it all. The terror. Its torn images of me, creating me to destroy. All from my first lie to my last betrayal. It's revolving, judging, executing me:

Guilt, shame, mockery.

End!

No end.

My every vile thing that I thought and did, seething, growling. Done them all. And worse than all. Broken splinters. Burnt vows.

Stop!

They're all turning back on me, regenerating for re-possession.

Cursed!

Champion of all sinners, last of all losers. All others are just pretenders—no, there's the echo:

Unforgiveable!

But who really said that in the first place? Excuse me, why do I need pardoning? What, am I alone to blame? Why so many questions? Always questions, doubts, suspicions, bitterness, hardness. Sour faeces!

Reproach swarms reproach. Oh, shadow voices are stinging, crawling under my skin. The pain is unbearable.

I can never return. No one will ever accept me. I am nothing, a figment of nothing, and worse than nothing to everyone.

Shunned by family, friendless traitor. I became their shame, the thief of hope. They refused my remorse, my hand, my change. It was a lie. Mimicry. Silver sentiments.

They would not accept me; every door shut on my face in acid rage. Orphan abandoned in the alley. Spoiled refuse. No possible prodigal.

Now, every foul thing falls out of me, down to the bottom only to be dragged up. They fill me again and again. Self empty.

No one remembers the good, only the bad. Teeth gnashed to bleeding gums. Cast into outer darkness here at the end of my rope. The falling little redbud. Colourless.

The bile dregs of incessant night, blacker than black, and it goes on seeping and spewing sulphur.

I have been here unseen forever.

It may be a split second or it may be all countless ages: it all feels the same. Boredom, malaise, suffering. Abstraction

after abstraction. And no voice is here but my own, the same voice, the same nauseous thoughts. Decaying fish. Insulting, assaulting. The dirty cawing, pecking.

Stop! Stop!

Forever. End. No escape.

Unforgiveable!

But why do I still clutch to you? The impossible, you are with me. You are there?

No! But it's clinging to me, pulling me back, spinning me, sucking me in. It won't let me go—no, you won't let me go. But it's smothering, burning me. I want it, I want. No, I want to let go.

Take it away! Let it all out: the filth, the stench, me. It's making me sick! Dissolving me. My delusions, desires. Senseless.

Oh, I need your help! Condemned. Now the will, the abyss. Please, there's no one else. Help me!

# 2

## Be

What's this? Where am I?

Look, there: the images are disappearing as they flash before me. My scaled skin is burning me. Acrid sulphur flesh. Let go. No! I must hold on. I can't let go. I fear I am naked. I need the embers. Hide, take cover. No, the ashes slither, falling away.

Oh, bright—so bright!

My eyes want to close, but they can't.

It was dark—dazzling dark—but now it's all light. How's this? When I look at the light, I can no longer see any darkness.

What's happening?

I don't know. The charcoal ash is ... oh, it's raining! And so fast.

Whirling*colours*—a brilliant*bow*—everything's changing.

What's this? I've lost my balance. I'm slipping, falling, yet rising. How?

It's all so new, completely new. I feel something, someone, covering me, wearing me, or me wearing ...

What's this scent? This breeze of ... there, it's pine—yes, and cedar—oh, and cypress forest. We are ascending.

Who's this? I've never dreamed I could be clean, pure. Why? I'm forgetting my self and it's being replaced with ... yes, now I know; I remember once ... these gardenias of joy!

Where did I go? Was I here all along?

So many questions. But I feel my companion: *peacereast*. Oh, yes, please take the lead.

Now I am here, fully here. Not else where. Present for the first time. And I take it all in, cherishing each passion-fruit sip.

But where did the time go? I think it's foolish, but it's real. And so quick. I can't see myself for what I once was. It has vanished into the night, the age of darkness. How am I ...

*Be*

Who said that? Why is everything all at once turning red? *Rosered!* And everything's entwining in the blossom-*fragrance*, in the *newecho* ...

*Bebeloved*

Me? That's not me. I—they ... the voices ... it—never called me that.

What's that sound in this voice? It's familiar. I recognize, but don't understand. It's too loud! Too much! But I'm sinking in this gentle vibration:



*LublubLublubLublub*

Why am I saying this? Absurd. What's this language, this noise? What does it mean? My tongue can't stop babbling, echoing it—oh, it's delightful. It drowned the shadows. I've heard, felt this before. When I was ...

Oh, now it's everywhere, growing.

*Bebe do you love me*

Questions, so many questions. Love? What's love?

*Beloved do you love me*

Why do you call me—ask me that? Why is it all red here? Where am I?

*Bebe do you love me*

Who are you? Who am I? Oh, I don't even know anymore.

# 3

## Roselips

*Bebe*

I recognize your voice. It's you, oh, your balm*caress*. But you know I tried to take everything, undid it all. I be—

*Beloved*

I can't speak. Why these *roselips* silence me, pressed to mine? Their warm *cinnamonoil* bathes my ... oh, consume my every sense in your tenderness.

What's this? I am rising on an *orchardbreath*, a word, a song:

*Bebe*

Everything is evermore changing as it always was! Oh, yes—oh, ho! This is it ... but not where I should be. Is it?

It's irresistible, the song. The most beautiful poem sung through the most beautiful lips—ah, the *windword*. *All-comingtogether*.

Where I once saw space between, no more. *Silksails* blow over me. I'm pleasure rapt. How can I understand?

But no, don't think. Watch!

I see the sail*song* is a kiss received by other lips. I am in the midst, pressed in a rose*kiss*.

Are you with me?

The lips open my eyes to see.

Yes, I am here, here in one kiss, *lipstolipstolips*. I am amid their tenderest*kiss*.

What is it? I don't know, but I am ignited, suffused in bliss. It feels like it has been going on forever—it won't stop whispering the name of the endless*kiss*. It will never stop. Oh, please, never let it stop! Why would I turn away?

The lips pour in the kiss: I am drowning, breathing in their kiss. The calluses kissed away: lily*white* purity flooded out all my cindered filth and stench. I keep forgetting ... where is ... why is ...

Ah, I feel lucid in this *roseredkiss*. I am freed by their *sweetblossombreath*.

No, I was never old... The song, moving me, always calling my attention. The lips are bathing me in the nectar of song. Effervescing reverberation, pouring into others. If I've gone mad, let me stay here imprisoned in the gladdest lips.

# 4

## Kisseyes

I look up from the midst of the kiss and I see eyes—eyes of light—the *kisseyes*: they are the kiss as much as the lips.

Inside, I know them. I have seen them all. They were there always. My family, ah, what else can I call them?

They are all *eyestoeyestoeyes*. With the lashes reeling *intertwined*, I see anew. In each eyes, I see the others. Pure reflection:

*Jasperinsapphireinruby*

Now, I see I am in the eyes, behind the eyes. I see each as they see each other. I am there, right here.

Really, I see, I see, I see! Every disfigured image has vanished in the clear *glass*. My, our eyes see *altogether*.

And, oh, millions more senses than I have ever sensed. So much more.

The eyes dive *inthrougharound* each other. An infinite *ocean* of seeing themselves, believing themselves, dreaming themselves. Washing *overinthrough* all. It's beyond what I

can call it. One perfect view. All good—good all. All too good—all this goodness. Mmh, I'm babbling again.

Layers are lifting. The kisseyes and nothing else, nothing else outside of the kiss.

My head! I am flushed. Losing my focus, my mind, my self! But I am foundfully, fullyfound in the foolhardy kiss.

Ah, I must stay together. I'm soberinebriated, awake-dream:

*Jasperinsapphireinruby*

Please, stay with me. Hold me up. Yes, we are not alone—never alone.

# 5

## Bebelalabye

The *kisseyes* look down and I dive to my face. Not on the ground, but *facetofacetoface*.

I fall through the *lipsdoor* and plunge deeper inside the kiss. I am free sliding, drifting, releasing into a hug. Ah, yes, the hug embraces the kiss.

Do you feel that?

Perhaps I've been inhaled. I've become the hugged*hug*. And I am here as I am. I feel the pressing of arms and chests. It's *closecloserthanclose*. What's distance, delay? Ha, nothing!

It's all here, now. I sense being *everytime everyplace* altogether *allatonce*. Here, always here. Ah, my mouth is running everywhere and can't catch it. Yes, tell all now, but how? I am effing the ineffable.

Wait.

Oh, here first. I am cradled in the *hugmidst*. Yes, yes, it's the most bestest!

I remember this: I am an infant here in my family's embrace. Newborn before I was born, wrapped*floating* in

the womb, sharing a sigh*laugh*. All acceptance, all good, all is ...

*Beloved*

Again, I hear the voice. It has always been *speakingwhisperingsing*. But I was not paying attention then.

There, accompanying the gentle sound, the *lublubbubblingvibration*.

I'm trying too hard to understand. Rest ... the warmest rest, ah!

I am a little*baby* at the beauty*bossom*, in the *milkdrunk-song*. Mmmaaah, *stickythickgold*. All is flowing ever deeper in the *honeycreamharmony* kissing my head.

I look up and behold again perfect*grace*. That's it, *love*. I close my eyes and *drinksing* along:

*LoveloveLoveloveLovelove*

I knew—I know the caressing words by heart! But now I taste in this song—another part—a *lalabye*:

*Beloved Beloved*

*My beautifulbeauty*

*Beloved Beloved*

*My beautiful Bebe*

*Beloved Beloved*

*My beautiful beautiful*

*Beautiful beautifullove*

*My Bebe My Bebe My love*

# 6

## Home

I am succulently drawn deep within the bosom through the *portaloflove*—*liquidlove*.

I am a little*boat* being driven upstream by a great*wind*. Oh, it conducts me up the rapids, sailing, careening through the euphonic corridors. The choir is *allenveloping*. Every voice, a unique instrument. Ah, feel this, all sensations! I am the song rushing at *dreamspeed*.

Mellifluous rhythms channel me deeper into the tributaries.

Oh, the hug has swallowed me into its depths, I can't keep up!

I'm trying too hard again.

Don't resist ~ Rest ... rest ... yes, I will, submerge, flow and be gathered.

My tears cannot stop overflowing into the confluence of milk, water and everything else.

What's this now!



Yes, I taste, see ... I have~yes, everything has turned to wine!

All is in total view. I'm over my head, passing through a *kissvalve* and coming to a clearing.

Here, I flow into this *delugepalace*, larger than a grand mansion with *transparentrooms*, no separate chambers.

This is the source of the *winerhythm* drawing, calling me. But the mansion—the tower rises higher than ... it's beyond any place, yet is intimately everywhere. I can feel life. It's alive. It's a heart~the *roseredheart*!

Now, I am captivated in its centre. I am home ... the *hearthome*. My hope! Ah, I have arrived and will not go beyond.

# 7

## Heartflames

What I am looking for, I see ... I taste. The three~the treble*flames*~in the *roseredheart*.

How did I not see them before? They were always in the heart~or the heart in them. I'm not sure which is which—they are each other. And they were holding me, nursing me, drawing me.

Yet how is this? The flames blaze in the wine~the wine-*heart*~without going out. Oh, they blaze ever*brilliant*. Look at that! The heart is engulfed in the treble*flames*.

I feel the *roseredheart* is embraced in flames. One are the heart*flames*. Can I explain it otherwise? I can't understand, but awe*wonder*.

I merge into the bliss of the walls: they are a *winefirefall*, beating cascading from the heart. They wash my eyes to see all.

Oh, the flames appear as one pure fire. But look *close-closerclosest*. Yes, I see they are

*The trebleflames*

*Whitegoldcarnelian*

I close my eyes and look deeper in the flames; the hues illuminate:

*Whitesnow*

*Goldglass*

*Carnelianorange*

My eyes—my mind—turns outsideininsideout. They open to see their eyes looking in one another:

*Jaspersapphireruby*

I recall, they're unlike any eyes I had seen, but like every-eye I had ever beheld.

I recognize the warm*flames*, the *kisseyes*. But they are beyond flames as I have known. They are flame*persons*!

As they *blazemingle**reel*, I am swept to my knees and feel my way, swaying into their song: *velvetwoolsilk* ~and inhale lyrics~ *flowerfruit**spice*.

I look up through the *jammyincensecloud* and hear:

*Loveglory*

*Loveglories*

*Alllove*

*Allglories*

*Agapedoxy*

*All sing*

*Our story*

*Our Loveloveglorystory...*

# 8

## Snowflake

The brilliant*cloud* has floored me in jubilation. And I want more: show me all!

*Bebe Beloved*

Yes! I hear your harmony within my—your heart.

*I am love*

Oh, I see you and speak with you, the flames. Tell me, please, who are each of you?

*We are loveglories*

As you sing, I see more: your ro*sed*heart in your treble*flames*. All appear one:

*Flamein*flame*in*flame**

*Snowing*gold*in*carnelian**

Then you all circle again, from *end*to*beginning*to*end* ... yet without beginning or end ...

Your flames pour out the full*mass* of your glory, creating thunderous*laughter*:

*Haloing* rising *spiraling* exulting

Completely beside myself, I merge into your ecstatic glory  
and soar into your snowflake.

Through your deep blizzard, I see you—goldcarnelian-  
flames—marvelling:

*You are our Abba*

*We are your glories*

*Spirit and Son*

*Glories to glory*

*All we sing*

*In our lovehood*

*Our Abba is*

*Abbasolutely good*

# 9

## Newheart

All is still.

Then your *thunderlightning* flashes through me like an idea across the *eternalexpanse*.

Here again I feel the pulsing beat~your *roseredheart*.

In it I hear something, it's an echo. The echo is coming from within your heart: *galewithingale*.

The beat is gusting from within you, *goldglory*. Deep in your *sapphireeyes*, I see your *roseredheart*.

Oh, *snowcarnelianflames*, you comeingle. You're playing something new. It's a *childgardengame*.

Mmh, now the echo is *increasinggrowingfilling!*

That's the sound. Your *roseredheart* beats another. From the centre of your heart, it appears: a *mirrorimage*, but with a *newhue*:

*Rosepinkheart!*

Oh, yes, listen to it: the *sweetsound*, just like your *roseredheart*.

I feel your twoheart\$ beat their deepcolours ≈ creating everycolourfragrance I've ever-never sensed~into oneanother. They flow in eachother as one roseredpinkheart.

Within the flames, I see your lightningwrit thundersing:

*Loveloveslove*

*Heartinheart*

*Songinsong*

*Loveloveslove*

*Oneinall*

*Allinlove*

*Allinall*

*Oneinlove*

*Oneinall*

*Allinlove*

*Loveloveslove...*

# 10

## Trillione

Others—yes, there are others! It feels like a million-*billiontrillion* heartbeats are beating in your *roseheart* all around me. The music omnifies~I hear only one beat

I stare at your *rosepinkheart*, seeing *newflames* igniting together. They look like you, their *grandgoldflame*. Yet each of your *newflames*~the *trillione*~has a beautifully unique *goldhue*.

Look, the *trillione*flames are inside your *rosepinkheart* in you, our *goldflame*. You are inside your *rosere*dheart inside your *carnelianflame* inside your *snowflame*. All are inside your others.

Oh, my head feels lost. But, mmh, yes, my heart knows it's found. My sail's aflame, this *littleboat* blown into *one-perfectlove*. A sea full of *starclouds* rolling, deeper into the vision, your *masterpattern*:

*Beinginlove*

*Loveinbeing*

*Lovekindinlovekind*

*Kindlovebeing*



With a joycry, my hands rise, weaving in their reverie.  
All is intertwined, inside of eachother.. The deepbeauty of  
mysticartistry.

I stare with mouth agape, breathing in your pattern as a  
child before the wholeofwisdom.

Then my soul staggers as your cosmos whirls in wonder  
through me.

My heart perceives your lovelogic, the music. I see you,  
the composers, createplay your symphony. The themes and  
variations unfurl from you, their lovekind.

Then, I hear your euphonicwhisper playing the same  
tune in a secretkey~this opens the door:

*I am your author*

*Beloved*

*All my poem*

*My song*

*I am your Abba*

*Beloved*

*In my Spirit*

*In my Son*

*I Am love*

*We are love*

*Unalone*

*Allone*

# Woolwonder

Now, I see your *bowthrone*. Oh, *goldcarnelianglories*,  
you flurry from the lips of your seated *snowglory*:

*Heartflames*

*Loveglories*

*Come sing*

*Our newstory*

*My wordsonman*

*Loveking I am*

*Loveloveking I am*

*Behold the lamb*

With one *breathsong*, *goldflame*, you gust into a new  
form, like *whitecurls*. I see you, *snowcarnelianflames* blaze  
inside.

In the *rosehearts* is everything. I see all. Something new!  
Completely new:

*The goldflame*

*Creatorbecoming*

*Unitingcreation*

This immutable transfiguration will*h*appens.

You appear as a little dancing wool*wonder*: as you spin, stars and spirits form patterns of life.

All this is from you, love*glories*. And in your sucklin-*glamb*, I see every*being*—all*glories*great*small*—giving all-*glory*.

I look deep in the lamb's blazing sapphire*eyes* and see the *jasper*carnelian*eyes*. They smile, enflaming all you have loved into being. And they dancesing:

*Good*

*Verygood*

*Allgood*

*Holyholyholy*

*Good*

*Verygood*

*Allgood*

*Allholyholyholy*

*Good*

# 12

## Fall

Your song circles everywhere, never *ending* interpenetrating *all* things. Now, in our lamb before all this I am.

At once, I see you standing on your book—the book of *all* stories. You roll open the flashing leaves with *thunder-lightning* wind. You are in the centre, writing from your heart.

What are you doing? Why?

You nod at your *snow* carnelianglories and bow your head.

You fall upward.

What! You are hanging, lying down. Why are you doing this? Covering, signing all the leaves in your flowing blood. Oh, you are dying! I can't watch.

No, never!

No, this shall not be. I will not allow it!

I sense something come over me. Where did he go? I look at myself. I open my mouth and hold my breath. Then I turn and conspire.

I see evening shadows—outside. I know to turn away. But I look towards them in fascination, seeing them for the first time. My tongue slithers into their enticing delicacy. No, I don't want them. But, oh, I do. They devour me in darkness.

What's happening?

Everything is shadowed, tumbling. Dissolving to cinders, dust biting the sunset. It's attacking, mocking, twisting, devouring the lamb. And now I am ... I can't stop myself. No, I want this more than anything.

His heart is beating anguish.

Stop!

Piercing—wood and metal—puncture, burst, gush.

Nothing.

I expire with the other lost gold embers. We have become little ashes—before we ever were—blood water flooding from the side. Falling, sinking to the bottom of the endless desert night.

A terror dazzles, churning, deluging me in bloody vinegar.

At once, I see myself flowing in two directions: from him and into him—in out, out in. How is this? Down blood, up water.

Somehow, in the darkness, I can only see him from outside. The breathless lamb. I had pierced and burned his flesh. I stained his wool by swallowing, becoming the shadows. Devoured!

My mind cannot grasp the freezing fog of time and eternity: they appear and disappear in the *lambset*. Pure innocence before filth and guilt.

I try to turn again, but it's everywhere: my darkness, betrayal, abandonment, pain and death. I see it all hanging, a corpse, everyone, everything.

What—who—brought him to this? Me!

But he chose this. Me.

I see him before me. Naked, nailed, laid on the winter tree. This is where I turned from him. Rejected, denied, forsook him. Dissolute pain! The silver spear turns to bloody acid in my hands. I am choked.

# 13

## The Corps

Where am I?

Night shades, crouching, crawling backwards.

Nothing has happened. Aren't you nothing?

Where do these doubts and questions come from? They throw me, roll me.

No, I don't belong. They don't belong.

Although I thought I knew, now they are wriggling back in.

How? Why?

Oh, no, am I dead again? Fled to my origin. The withered branches of the winter tree. Snuffed ash, splinter fragment.

Everywhere the flapping cries swarm. The serpent coils around my neck. It's playing me. It's biting, pushing, swallowing. The doubt, the darkness, all its acrid poison. The hanging cauldron whispers:

No hope, Unforgiveable, alone.

But what was this ... all I saw?

It was all a delusion—deception. Too good to be true. The good was a lie, a beautiful lie to make the end more tolerable. Or a scourger sent to torture me with what I may never have. Oh, I am weary, falling asleep. Insomaniac! Close. No, this is the end of the end. Fear of closing down to nothing, all for nothing. This is the only reality, no reality. Nothing left to believe. It's all a maudlin dream turning into a terror. I'm trapped in the darkness behind these ice walls. I am my nightmare. This is my punishment. All is lost.

Suddenly, my eyes shut and I see them all alone, an innumerable abandoned crew. These severed ones are sitting in the dark distance. But they surround me. They are creeping closer and closer into my sunken craft. Their sound is excruciating, mourning themselves, unloved and unloving. Their cinder eyes are closed, gnashing sleep.

The dark wading dreamers are all underwater, drowned in oil tears. They're on their dead sea bed, weeping, refilling the sulphur undercurrents.

They have seared their eyes closed. Holding, savouring the freezing darkness.

I feel their breathless grasping pain, ripping their sails around their necks. It lasts for ages, seconds. They try to turn away, crawling, hiding beneath each other under the winter tree. The blood scratched dirt covers their fingernails. They have gone too far, done too much—not done enough. Omitted omen. Cursed curses. No hope, no kindness, no mercy.

Unforgiveable.

What is this they are whispering with my tongue? It's deafening:



We are you.

Me? No, you are not me!

Unforgiveable, you are us.

The dead dreamers recognize me. Their eyes are worms and their tongues are snakes. They are telling me my story—they have been dreaming my nightmare, watching it, living it. They tell everyone everything that I had done—all the wickedness, the worst. Nothing is hidden from them, for I was one of them, was them. They are me. Rotten fish at the bottom of a barrel, we are confined together within the walls of the city. These denizens of Abyssos point their ossified fingers at me, puncturing my coffin ark. Some bluster, looking away in wrathful disgust. Spitting black green phlegm. I can taste them filling me.

No, no! I am me—not you, not them.

But they look like me. Or I look like them. We are all the same. They try to divide themselves from me. But we are conjoined, chafing eels devouring us together.

We condemned you to the corps of *dispair*.

Oh, it is me. I am them. Was, will always be them. Ashamed. We're scuttled ... capsized ... deserted ... sunk ... wrecked. I fragmented into questions and doubts into a million billion trillion splinters.

All as it was before, imprisoned in putrid petrification. The light extinguished in my faeces. No more chances. I can't even ask for help—never more. I am always as I was, death deuce. Undead. Unborn.

# 13

## Crosseyes

Why, there it is again. I heard this before now. Oh, a voice overwhelms the ocean eclipse. A whisper swallows all the other whispers:

*Be*

What?

*Beloved*

Who?

*Bebe do you love me*

After all I've done, why do you call me, Beloved?

*BelovedBeloved do you love me*

How can I love you? I am dead. Do you not see my darkness and what it caused?

*Bebe do you love me*

Oh, I want to love; please, heal my dislove.

*Give for*

What does this all mean? I recall this voice from long

ago. As if it was real. I want it to be, but can't be. Yet I feel like I am already seated *high* in the voice. How can this be?

My eyes are closed. But I see *eyestoeyes*, your sapphire eyes blaze mine open.

Everything is bubbling. The eyes cross and change places—everything is changing places. A *lightword* beams in each eye:

*Give for*

Again, they *crosseyes*:

*For give*

The reversals happen *overandover*, dizziness-multiplying until the words *whirl* into one dance within:

*Give for*

*Forgive*

*Always given*

*For all*

*All Forgive*

*All Fore given*

*Given before the fall*

*Given before the fall*

*All forgiven all*

# 14

## First

Something pierces the night pitch—a beam of light-*wood*—turning like an immense key.

*Brilliantrosedawnrays* invade the nether marinescape.

They blind my eyes. I close them and open them again to see what I feel: massive gates and walls quaking. Every shadow comes to brace them.

The key turns *fullcircle*—a blast! Abyssos trembles and all the fountains of burst forth. The city crashes to gasping ruin in the *fullflood* of *springlight*.

The shades take to their horrid wings, for dancing on the fallen gates is the *nakedlamb*. Then I see into the light.

Who is he? He transfigures into a man bearing a tree.

The shadows freeze as he reels through them. He takes the iron thorns from his hand and breathes on them. They transform into a *livingword*. With this word, the lamb pierces the dark ruler of this world and writes his sentence in blood.

The *lightbeings* surround the shades and cage them with *blazingspears*. I behold the horror and shame of all the foul spirits. The jailers are caged and paraded for all to see—

these unmasked seducers, condemners, destroyers. My false friends. They tried to pretend that they were not, and I was them. Now they are nothing.

In the dawn, the dissolving shadows seep through the ground. Shrieking and screaming, the liars return to their under lair.

I look away from the darkness and see the pure*light*—the gold*glory*, the lamb. The God*man*. Yes! Now, I see you for who you truly are—my king*Salvacry*. The radiant oil runs fresh from your head to your beard, to your toes.

You dance around and over me—me, your worst enemy. Your betrayer, persecutor, judge, crucifier, killer.

I lie naked, filthy, ashamed and dead.

Yet you are not repulsed by my rot. Do you see what I cannot?

You reach deep into yourself and pull out your gloryment. You cover me, clothe me in yourself. As I sink into you, you say:

*Belonged to me*

*Beloved*

*You have always*

*Belonged*

*I am not your judge*

*I am love*

*And you will always*

*Belong*

He will not stop singing to me, calling me this. It is all too much. How can it be that I am his beloved?

In the thrall of my weeping question, he kneels and takes my rigoured dead body in his arms. He draws me to himself and he kisses me.

Oh, it really is you. You kiss me on the lips! You breathe in me. I inhale your breath and am inhaled in your breath. I feel your flaming *warmth* billowing my sails. I feel *you in me and me in you*. This is like the first time. Ah, your *jasper sapphire* eyes smile.

*It has always been*

I can feel you tingling *fully wholly all over*.

My trembling depths overflow as I rise, turn and bow.

I kiss your hands. My tears flow through the holes I made.

What are you doing? You are lifting me up, standing me upright above yourself.

No, how can you do this? And to me! You are on your knees. Your lips are kissing my ditchfeet; you are washing, cleaning them with your tears and drying, perfuming them with your hair.

Your tears draw mine and I fall before you. I kiss you as you kiss me again and again—yes, every *part* of me—my head, my mouth, my knees, my feet. Look! Your kisses and tears have bathed me in wine. Oh, my heart! Your heart!

# 15

## Unveiling

Straightway, this little*boat* is drawn back upstream. I am where I was.

I feel the beat and the flames. Yes, I remember now.

I open my eyes, to see the crowd has disappeared. Still, I sense them here, all in your heart, our heart, one rose*heart* in the dance*song*:

*Nevertheless*

*We love all*

*Nonetheless*

Your eyes are irresistible as you watch me dance. I am transfixed and follow your every move.

I cannot stop myself from your joining. I will never want to stop myself from you. Oh, too*joyfull*!

Your gold*flames* ignite, the trillion in me in you, hearts intermingling around the eternal*dance*.

You whisper in my ear:

*Bebe*

*My beloved bride*

I jump back, astonished.

Me?

You're speaking to me. You see me ... as your ...

*Bebe*

*My beloved bride*

You won't stop calling me this. How is it possible, me?  
Me!

Now, your wounded hands hold mine in a ring of gentle*grace*. The blood rushes through my cheeks and lips. I cannot control the deep*wells* rushing over my eyes.

Under the spring*tree*, you stand before me and smile.

You unveil me, your beloved. I see the last secrets blown away in the cherry*blossom*wind. We form into a cloud. And in the cloud, I see us, the trillion*e*bride. I see me dancing in your sapphire*eyes*. We are altogether*alltogether*. I cannot say otherwise.

You, my bridegroom, lock*eyes* with me as you leap and turn the cosmos inside*out*.

Entwined, we feel the drum of our rose*hearts*.

I kneel before you, heart*whispering*: Lord, may your lips never leave mine.

You kneel in promise with the tenderest*kiss*:



*My bride my bride*

*My beloved wife*

*We have always been one*

*My heart my joy*

*My holy delight*

*My poem my vision my song*

# 16

## Merryage

My bridegroom, you lift and carry me, your body, a spotless *virgin* robed in *whitelambwool*.

You reel high up the *crystalriverpath* toward our home.

And I see one waiting at the *stardoorway*. Oh, my ... my bridegroom, you look just like him. He dances at the sight of the bridegroom carrying the bride home.

You shout:

*Abba*

*I have done your will*

*Saved your chosenchild*

Abba sings:

*She was dead*

*But now alive*

*Your godbride my snowsmile*

His eternal arms open wider than the cosmos. He runs toward us. And every *cloudchild* rushes within him.

I cannot stop singing his name with you, my *lambbridegroom*:

*Abba*

*Abbababa*

*Abbababa*

*Abbababababa*

Abba's *eternaljaspereyes* laugh. On our heads, he lays his hands, ambrosed with *freshbreadwine*.

Our Abba kisses and gathers us, the *groombride*, in his arms. He pulls us deep into himself: crossing the threshold, restoring his home, making *allthingsnew*. And I feel his *snowcloud* fills all.

Our *carnelianglory* blazes through everyone, filling the *snowcloud* with the bubbles of her *highsparklingnectar*. She releases all in *holywildlaughter*. We are holding one another up in a *holykisshug*. I feel her there, always here, orchestra-lauding everything. Her wings unveil the *wonderfullness*. Now I see before the beginning and beyond the ending:

*Snowgoldcarnelian*

*AbbaSonSpirit*

*Loveglories*

*Kisseyeslips*

*Roseheartmarriage*

∴ You have treblized *meus* on your *greatbowthrone*.

What's this? The walls are vanishing. We are in a *great-lilyfield* with the stars shinning in the *vaultinghopedomes*.

Surrounding us is the angel *myriads*. Their triumph *procession* compasses mirth *heaven* all around mount *shalom*.

In your eyes, my Salvagloria, I see my reflection, the radiant *peaceful* bride. There is another standing with us, she looks like you and you like her. You embrace her, your other beloved, our mama. She's standing on the *great* feast table with arms raised high, singing:

More wine

My dear

More wine

More cheer

Divine

New wine

More wine

From tears

~ A joy *roar* rises as we kneel and toast the bridegroom.

Every creature together whispers *shouts*:

Thank *glory* praise

In our love *lord's* merrymage!

Our Abba rises. Glowing, he lifts his glass—kissing *all*—*nall* again and again:

*I have declared*

*My word from the beginning*

*Our purpose is accomplished*

*My good pleasure is finished*

# 17

## Godbridedream

Quickly, oh, my bridegroom, sweep me into your reverie.

A *thunderflash* and I see, we are always in your garden—*heaveneden*—*altogetheralone*.

We are under the wings of our *secretspringtree*. The *pinecedarcypress*. You take its leaves, creating a crown and placing it on my head. You pick the *lifefruit* and give it to me.

Ah, I taste your *winefullkiss*. As I swallow, I hear the *greatrushingwaters*.

I feel you, my beloved, filling me with your *endlessbreath*. It is more than *everypleasurepossible*.

I open my eyes: oh, your *deepcrystalriver* flows from the middle of your *springtree*. As I fall into you enflamed, our tree takes *dawndoveflight*.

*Youinmeinyou*, we lack nothing.

Our *windbody* rises in *everrenewingecstasy*.

Oh, my *loveking*, is this just an all*gloriousdream*?

*Yes my Bebe*

*And the rest is*

*Our mysticry* ∴