

HER CALENDAR

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Here on the mesa, feeling became a resonating frequency in my body waking me at night, as if through a series of vibrating lenses.

So my longing and acute night illness co-create a field for us, lenses instead of distance, tones not measures of distance.

One wants experience from one octave transmitting to others, like vibrations across water.

A physical symptom resonates with terror, which resonates with immanence, its opposite; then, even the speed of light is limiting.

I let a quantum of pain shift into feeling, a transmission like photons of sensation.

I sit in the dark suffused with all kinds of feeling-feeling the mountain, dark space, transmits to me.

I gaze at the mountain using my peripheral vision.

Whereas classical memory records like objects along a string of time, this corresponds to writing in empty space between pain symptoms.

There's non-locality in sensation, as if at night in my own study I see a woman reading a book, and words transpose into my mind.

She makes time passing in the night into a camouflage.

New information arrives imperceptibly by adopting the same tempo as her pain, then dissolves it in a larger wash of sensation, to change experience.

Lying on my side, holding my neck in my hands, as if guarding that space.

Still, dawn comes, without moving, gradually saturating morphogenetic memory.

Rose-colored sand on the ridge maintains a perimeter between chaos below and an almost numerical perfection of blue sky, when in fact blue radiates down *to* me.

Time locks obscure walking with static, until my attention to this season generates new calendrical energy, animating objects; stones cross the arroyo at night.

There's an embeddedness of stone, winter bush, crow in connections that emerged, self-organized at their origin.

These plants are exquisitely sensitive to perturbations in equilibrium they experienced when all plants formed.

They remember that moment, they're attuned to it.

I sit by an Apache rose in late afternoon, winter sun.

I remember its pink luminosity last spring, and I imagine its potential in sleep now, tiny gray leaves with red tips, dead wood, dry tufts.

I may confuse longing with response from a plant, creativity I mentioned as air in the riverbed I know to be blue and loose as a bundle of petals in summer, when disease didn't exist.

Sacred time moves into calendar time.

It's hard to break off a branch to bring home and prepare as a remedy.

I think the plant hologram is more accurate inside me, and if I need direct contact I prefer its song, which moves through barriers in awareness, I mean openness, flooding my domain to its source at rest, light and light's parallels.

The causal line of objects becomes a spontaneity of perception then meaning, the palimpsest.

I render physical pain into emotion.

Emerging awareness of my soul elicits awareness of cycles of motion and return, so the archetype sun, force of deterioration, of plant oversoul radially interweaves with the day.

I experience today and my prophecy becomes more apparent in darker shades as light grows stronger.

Light emits from a rotted flower.

Dawn is chiaroscuro across convexities of valley, hillocks, ridges, volcanic rim, juniper.

Trying to stay awake has the same resonance as her physical metabolism that changed into feeling, collapsing a span of night illness into immanence.

Days are tones.

A tone embodies the cohered night frequency field, which if not for her dream of physical suffering would be completely abstract.

Shifting between day and night so rapidly, my mind tries to backlight cyclical time with my perception of one piece of quartz, one ant this winter, air leaving blue around my arm.

Content, outside events, slows time and intuition reveals an aesthetic dimension.

The power through which attunements arise, the power of poetry, animates objects in heaven, rainbows, daystars, wild rose.

There is not polarity between bright stars at night and stars in the day, so consciousness, a calendar, dawn, will predict awareness as her body's potential at night.

And waiting is force.