

## Burning

by taylor *Thursday, Aug 8 2019, 7:22pm*

international / poetry / post

the bush is burning  
snapping synapses  
crackling like neon wasps  
revealing an open monologue  
with God but it's me  
doing all the talking as usual  
which serves to increase the heat  
turning red fire into white

ethereal smoke rises from thoughts  
the bush has set tree on fire  
burning with a heat that neither burns  
nor sings flesh, an awakening perhaps?

this is no candle in the wind, it's furnace heat  
moving up through layers of antiquation,  
residual conceptions and failed ideals  
no longer necessary or useful,  
this fire dims the sun and immortalises being --  
every book read and the opinions/theories therefrom  
reduced to ash in an instant

uncoordinated synapses now fire in harmony  
without thought to interrupt the flow that  
answers all unasked questions like the swirls  
of Van Gogh and the syntax/poesy of Rumi,  
they also spontaneously combusted

the cool drear of the herd baying in the background betrays them as  
servile,  
mindless beasts, only this fire cleanses mind and reveals  
what has been secret for millennia, that there is no secret  
only ignorance and folly upon which meaningless cultures  
are built leading nowhere or rather to sorrow, pain and despair

the time is always now, enter the white flame  
and burn with me until the difference disappears  
leaving only the distilled, pristine  
ineffable perfection of One

