

Chameleon Enlightenment

Contributed by Mark Sargent

CHAMELEON ENLIGHTENMENT Fingers, tentacles, transmorphic spatulas, what does it matter, the intelligence of bone remains. How wise it is how spunk shiver moon pith perfect & pierce a cotyledon articulation an infant's choice is nothing to bet on even if that hut appeared in the lama's dream in techna-fucking-color, wheel of samsara spun by Vanna in g-string and pasties, oh quiver those ghosts away and bring us to the shimmering Nirvana casino with unlimited credit how spunk shiver moon how elaborate our sufferings' camouflage. How to be what you find yourself in? How jungle in jungle, urban in city flux, avian in air? There are reflections of light and there are the things reflecting and there is the air through which these illusions become manifest, space filled to the blurred edges with the atomic vibration and discharge of your personal geography that travels with you, a bubble, a force-field that lets everything in and so, saturate, we waver breaking apart in the afternoon heat. The Aegean stretches south past as far as the eye can see, how to be dolphin, how to be dolphin in that sea? 13 May 2014