Inhabit My Absence
By Quin de la Mer

For The Wanderer
Love, Via Pastel

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Changemaker distills divine beauty

Chest heaving

One day soon

in a single glance
I wander
born of
dark, empty music

Planets and stars
stir
opening
depths of awakening

Feared and revered
through
traceless transformations

vast and mysterious
we feel

distant
rehearsing
memories

thoughts appear
and disappear
Consciousness is wild woven together identity in primal form

This is the fabric of our lives the perceptual experience itself

to find you Quiet mystery

I follow ice

Beyond light I roam here, for you lost drifting whole empty

And you adrift in yourself
poetic celebration
that selfless
drift

we turn away
to mourn
another day

Wandering out into
those expanses
always already
new ghosts
Broken clouds
news from nowhere

spirit wounded
twilight

flame-red
snow
illusion lingers
meaning is meaningless

in the end

ruins, rivers and mountains

all these separations

startle the heart

smiling

heartbroken

awakened

cast into exile

All night long, we share

rain tangles

twilight’s ragged edge

emerald wine

news from nowhere

a rich kind of nothing

collaged together

in fragmentary structure
knowing not-knowing

I feel you

not knowing not-knowing

is loneliness

winter bleeds yesterday skies

Has no one seen

lit thistledown

on a city-wall

river-swells

bury mountains

Has no one seen

seeing through stories

a restless hunger

answers

no solace, no sustenance

wandering unfolds
exquisitely beautiful
a rich kind of nothing

a thin slice of
bellied dark
edges silver
the Star River
dusts ancient passes

Between river banks
wind-drifted
frost-singed
I stand
human

facing sorrow’s
sources
they vanish back into
a loom of origins
Standing alone there...

...dwelling in silence and emptiness...

...prior to thought...

...an absent presence...

...an inner wilds...

...a most primordial self...

...indistinguishable from the loom...

...weaves...

...Mystery...

...nesting in the eaves...

...smoke trails drift...

...into the crow-haunted night...

...bottomless skies...

...define liberation...

...memory, meaning making...

...even self-identity...

...taking refuge in the cocoon of human kinship...

...finding companionship in the terrifying worst...

...that murder of shrieking crows...
asleep, shivering mere feet away a single formless journey
You I glimpsed at that edge suspended between form and a formless dark moonlight between us And the story just opens away all dark music in the end
inhabit my absence
remember falling
through a sliver of moon
drifting through song trails
here at the edge half abandoned
not alone

inhabit my absence

Blinds open
I leave candles unlit
beside lucent water
and sit alone, sleepless
Touching poetry
voicing silence
shaping what is yet to come
lingering light
another night

I stand beside a post-station

cast adrift
another Wandering Star

following waves of moonlight
to reach you

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