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CONJUNCTION (VERSION 5)  
Edwin Thumboo

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Sometimes, when the sun is twice itself  
With light that quietly breaches certainty,  
You feel the distaff side grow warm and glow.  
Pores of light erupt: something is to happen,  
Unexpected, free of context, beyond intimation.  
Perhaps a visit that starts a high-road journey.

Not into the desert, but that sudden squall within.  
Somewhat familiar, but this time its eye is hidden.  
A secrecy, a preached word, wrapped in turmoil;  
Kept unreleased, unleavened, all these years, thus  
Leaving language lame, with neither fret nor fever.  
Perhaps a downward curve whose end will rise,  
Takes us up.

Words begin to feel a somehow finger touch their  
Shoulders. Then move down the spine, stopping  
At conjunctions; laying energy behind eyes, ears;  
The tongue's tip tasting darkness. Then a burst of light:  
Grandpa's face, as he lay wrapped, final and full of love.  
This time its memory finds the door and turns the key.

At others,  
Surely that eternal Thought which made the universe,  
Takes you into a world of dew, or a shooting star's  
Brief statement; or the moon sipping golden evenings  
Before rising. For some, a grammar of words meditating  
Upon us, makes the leap, unlocking, steady as they go,  
Small infinities. One who knew said Words alone  
Are certain good; Even the world is but a flaming word.

So, at times,  
The uncertainty principle becomes clear and certain –  
Stabilise into moment; just long enough to do its work.  
Thereafter, we go back to the ordinary; to what we know.  
The day will not alarm; a return to familiar harmonies.  
All is usual. Once more the world has four corners.  
At least till when the sun decides to double itself.

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