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CONJUNCTION (VERSION 6)
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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,
Unwarned, free of context, beyond intimation.
Perhaps a visit that starts a high-road journey.

Not into the desert, but a sudden squall within;
A familiar gathering. But its eye moves hidden,
Perhaps inspecting secrecies, a preached word,
Kept unreleased, unleavened, all these years, thus
Leaving language lame, with neither fret nor fever.
Perhaps now 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 final face, as he lay wrapped, 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 she goes,
Making 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 what we know, the ordinary;
Return to familiar harmonies. The day has no alarms;
All is usual. Once more the world has four safe corners.
At least till when the sun decides to double itself.

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