

## Scattering the Timeweb

Satariel

I made the posture of EIXI  
I drew the sign of the southern tower  
Awoke in a distant sea of purple and bliss  
In a far off corner of a world close, still afar

The stroke of God's hand upon my brow  
A subparticular caress of the universe  
As in a fevery dream I meet a greater reality  
I took hold of time, by a note in minor b

A ladder of light, seen not by eye but mind  
Appearing before me in this grandeur rite  
I splinter the frosted web of time with the cup  
I leap forward into a history ancient and bygone

In the palm of my hand I read of God's creation  
And in my spine I felt its end

An ever raging pool of unpredictability  
I dived and swam on the back of a whale of white noise

In the palm of my hand I read of God's creation  
And in my spine I felt its end