

Dense Sense

There's a flurry in the faceless stones.

Hurry [scurry] molecules pinball-ricochet to pay the worship that is due.

One day [we'll see how low we lie to the ground]; found to be with our foreheads in the foliage.

[We] who raise our eyes to angels and bridle everything else [will learn].

We'll burn with truth that sweeps us to our knees and freezes all the self-esteem that's blazing at our core.

Our grandest planning will be stopped.

Rivulets and waterways will break through the locks of our greedy levee gates and take the lead in greeting [the first breath of the Next].

The breeze will be [paroled from simple drafts and tempest blasts] to cheer with praising trees.

Thin curl-clouds of cumulus and vapor-sheep of stratus will break our [feeble] silence; our records will be matched to that of Heaven.

[Just wait.]

Both [breathing species] and the [breathless plants] will rise in dancing.

Jubilee is only marking time.