

Breakthrough.doc

On a night when

Words

flowed

And seemed

liquid on a page

And all ran together like strange
Varieties of eels following each other

Over rocks and peeking into hollows

Of dark shadow and clumped somethings clumping

Each sensing the other

Growing pregnant with the other
And birthing with each other and many anythings

Running off into many realms and birthing

Perhaps, Yes, birthing

Perhaps

Birthing with each other

and adopting young everythings modifying one another and extending the other to somehow run
together and then to run on

Into somethings diminishing and swelling up with each other guessing

About one another and always and only referring to each other to make multiple everythings
collapsing into each other with connectives like elastic bringing them back together forming
loving spoons

Fitting each other and clattering without space

Transferring elements of one another to each of the other and so bringing forth bowls of some
liquid or another with which they anoint one another, bringing forth color that swarms over the
page with every shade and hue of prismatic color and someone turns a wheel that makes

everything white and causes a general jubilation that makes everything want to go home in general and so everything goes back home, finally. Everything goes back, goes back into color

where everything dances with the others, first springing into color and then not, then yes, growing back into trees I had missed

and sky I had missed, and earth I had missed, and sea I had missed that was dancing under boats I had missed dancing on sea under sky I had missed over earth I had missed and then everything I had missed was going back as if drawn by shape, drawing forth image filled with stars growing together going back through ages

of clumps in hollows through the eyes of eels in water to words again to a second jubilation and took on the appearance of a golden ball

and then I was happy because a poem appeared

a poem whose every word was filled with whole libraries of dancing books come together and the whole thing was perfect, drawn into place by a force of symmetry and grace and was perfect, the whole thing, perfect

with shadows balancing with good into a moral sense and every word and word within word explaining the whole thing and one another in regard to place and was perfect, and all things of the senses of everything were joining and touching and dividing and extending and feeling and explaining everything to everything else

It was perfect

I was exultant. I was exultant and clapping my hands and streaming with tears and everything was breathing, drawing away and going back in together to live through the ages and I could detach and let it go on through the ages without me. I could detach. No. I loved it. I loved it. I could not detach.

I heard a voice in my empty room, behind me

Dad dad daa...ad

Sort of musical like that, but not
Maybe plaintive, but no, not that

With a tone...with a tone that asked a question, but not quite
With a tone finding something, but no, not quite

With a tone that was like...
With a tone that was exactly like...

Yes, exactly like that

With a tone in still air in air that was exactly like...

The tone of someone who couldn't find something with his eyes
That his heart knew was there

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