

# THE CLEAR VIEW

*Tomas Vapaataival*



## AN ADVISOR

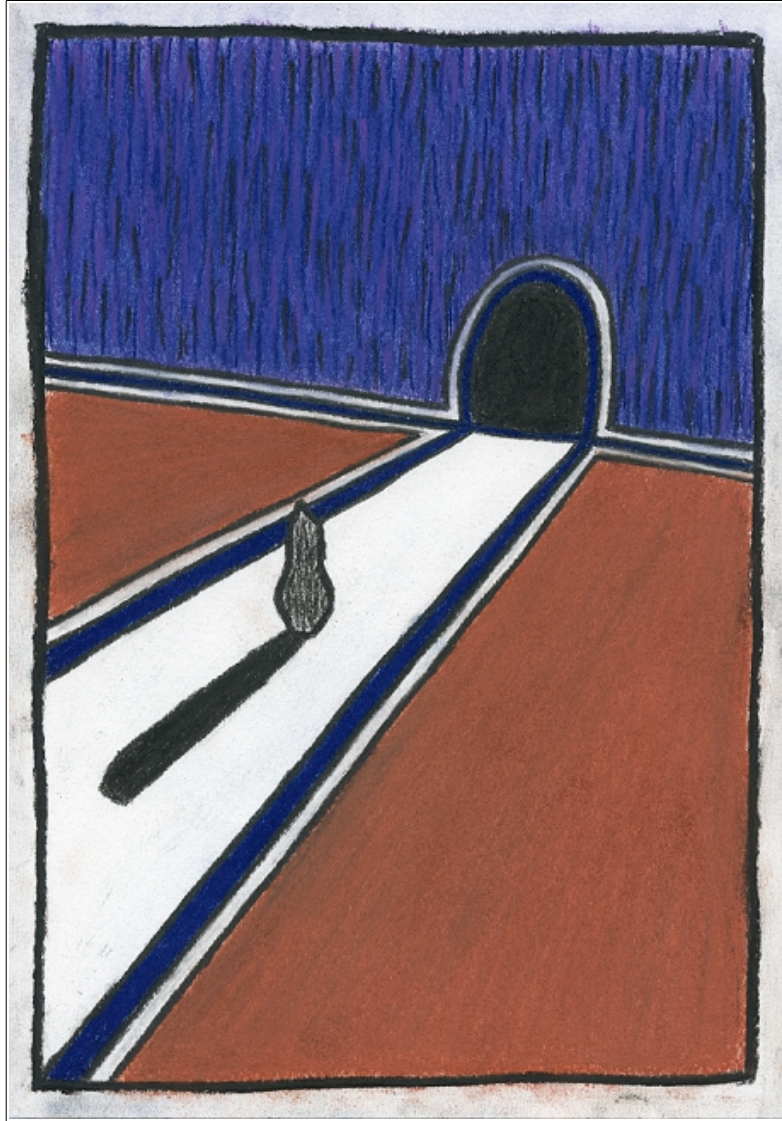
1.

### **Memento Mori**

The remembrance of death came at noon  
on an overcast day  
without any kind of disguise  
Birds kept on singing  
shadows on the street did not waver  
but kept on dancing  
and time did not stood still  
Yet, it had arrived

This was not the kind of place  
that left survivors behind  
The time that I had left was now  
then it would be gone  
and the silence of the birds would not follow  
only one shadow less dancing on the streets  
while somewhere someone is crying  
after their very first breath

and then  
no one knew



2.

### **The Death of Eve**

Eve died to a malicious feeling that night

The trees around the house did not weep for her  
and neither did I

An imaginary constellation descended from the skies  
to lighten up the work of the gravediggers in the backyard  
They wanted to put Eve six feet under  
rather sooner than later  
and in the morning they did

The trees around the house did not drop  
a single leaf to decorate her grave  
no one wailed in grief  
and the malicious feeling kept hovering around  
persistently

Eve was no gone and we were here  
with the murder weapon escaped from an ancient tomb  
and no one knew how to get rid of it  
no one knew how to forgive

and that had killed Eve  
and that would kill us all



3.

### **The Mad Butcherer**

The mad butcherer was on the loose  
taking down everyone I knew  
one by one  
ruthlessly  
Fear walked in front of him  
blood behind him  
and no matter how fast we ran  
he would find us  
and take us down  
one by one  
ruthlessly

We invited him within  
and now he rages without  
We are playing home in a self-made  
slaughterhouse  
wishing that he wouldn't  
not this time  
but he will come  
and take us down  
one by one  
ruthlessly

Luckily,  
it is only a thought  
our thought  
and nothing more





## THE CLEAR VIEW

### 1.

#### **The Ropewalker**

Everyone is doing their part  
higher and lower holds no value at all  
The rope that leads the traveler  
is just one rope  
among millions of others

Ten thousand things pays witness  
to the tiny part who cannot but walk on  
and the silent seer  
who is not behind the eyes  
is there somewhere  
maybe within  
maybe without  
but it is there because it so chooses  
and its part is filled to the brim with destiny and choice

Yet there is nothing in there but the way of the rope  
and the rope is stuffed into a small gray box that is not really there  
In this lonely place the ropewalker takes the journey  
again and again  
heading not much anywhere  
and only rarely recognizes  
the light  
that has never left us





2.

### **The Ghost Town**

The ghost town  
covered in smoke  
made of mirrors  
located beneath the unlucky stars  
Deluded space cowboys walk in circles in the main square  
shooting randomly everything at their sight  
Children are shouting at the edge of the town  
or maybe they are screaming since the parasites  
haven't been fed for awhile

and there you are  
the mute witness  
lured into this black and white dance  
blinded by what you see

The golden pathway cuts through the town  
unnoticed  
Yet it is there for anyone to take,  
right there, in plain sight  
only one choice away  
Who needs this town of ghosts  
and its sick and twisted dance?  
Let's go and dance our way  
into luminous gardens and beyond  
into clarity that reveals our true heart  
It is right there  
in plain sight  
only one choice away



3.

### **Broadcast in Real Time**

Myriad fragments of a mirror  
our preferred way to see  
in an endless echo chamber  
so loud  
even earless become deaf  
The invisible chandelier  
swings above  
our guiding light  
made of swords ready to drop  
anytime now  
anytime

The tribe has gathered  
to a mirage desert  
the black sun in our hearts  
shines not so bright  
as we play the mad pantomime  
composed of millions of ancestors

Our lineage is clear  
the direction is set  
but be as it may  
I change the channel  
now





4.

### **The Maze**

The gravity of the maze of dimensions  
is irresistable  
almost

The machination of the grandest scale  
pours out a million serious claims  
of importance per second  
and tiny marbles of awareness  
bounce

around

after

them

mesmerized  
irrevocably lost  
almost

Meanwhile an honest man decants wine  
at the bottom of the abyss and laughs  
He has finally heard the call  
finally allowed the Ruler of Hearts to show him the way  
and he follows  
knowing there is no way out for him  
knowing no one is going to come and get him  
knowing he is not even there  
at the bottom of the abyss decanting wine with a grin on his face  
and he laughs  
and follows  
without ever turning back



