

THE FIRST LEG OF THE JOURNEY

Tomas Vapaataival



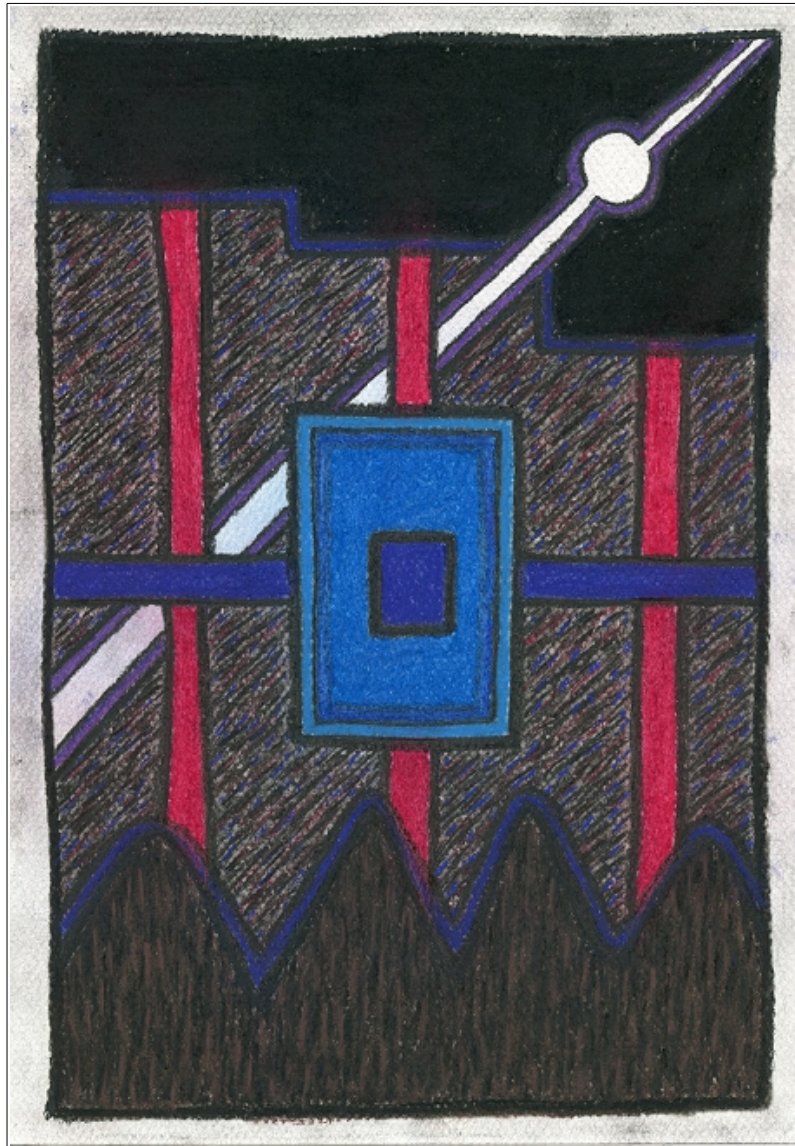
The Land of Blue

He lived in a world
where every enigmatic experience
was just a trick of the brain
just some chemical sleight of hand
and nothing more
Every mysterious light in the sky
was a reflection from a weather balloon
or maybe it was a satellite
or some such thing
and nothing more
To him every phenomena
was part of an explainable causal chain
that could be analyzed and traced backwards
at least in principle
and nothing more

He wasn't a man of superstition, he said
a man of make-believe

Perhaps his world was valid
in a train track kind of way
but it was so small
everything was backwards
and the only colors visible
were shades of blue

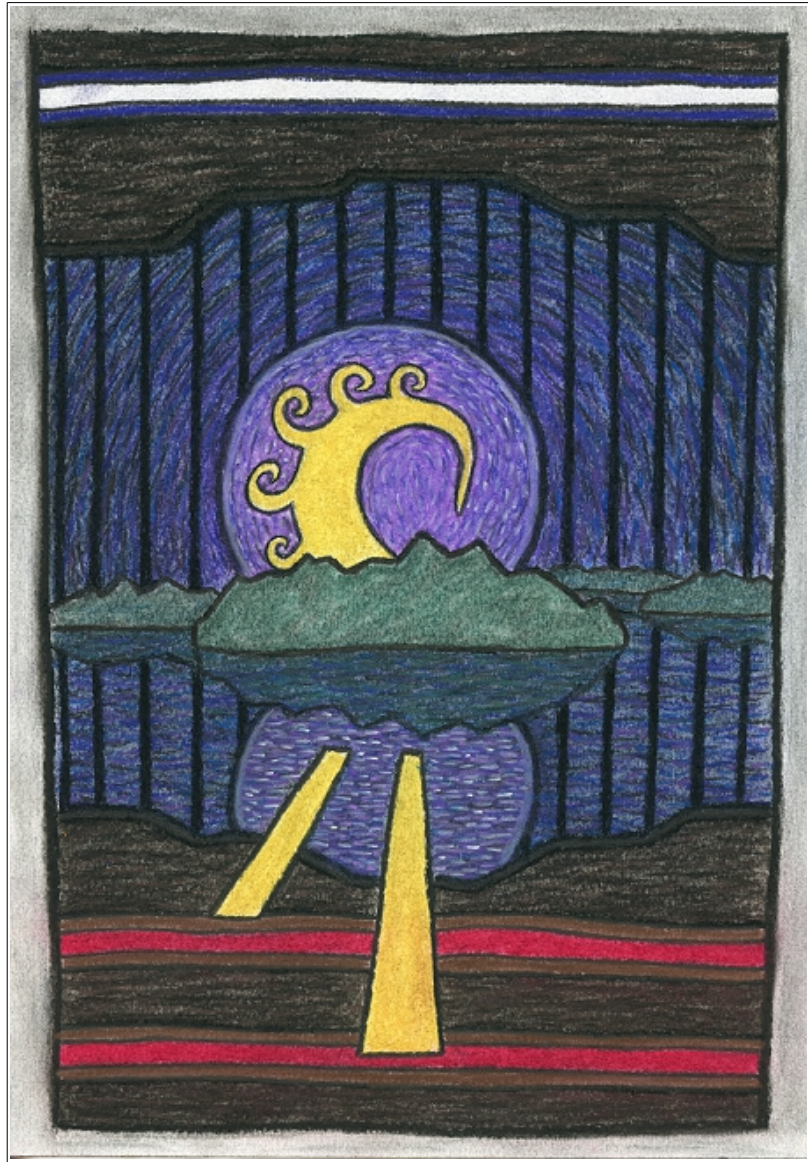
I left him there
without saying goodbye



The Moon

The moon arose above the lake
but there was no knowingness
it was the moon
Only later it was moon again
now it was a strange asymmetrical sphere
with spiraling tails on its edge
a living being full of awareness
full of intent
shining
shining

There was reasonable doubt indeed
it was not the moon
that big rock orbiting the earth
we all knew so well
No, it was not the moon
and it rose higher to the sky
shining
shining



The Cube

A glow of gray light
no transparency
just a cube
in the middle of endless emptiness
and someone
witnessing the scene

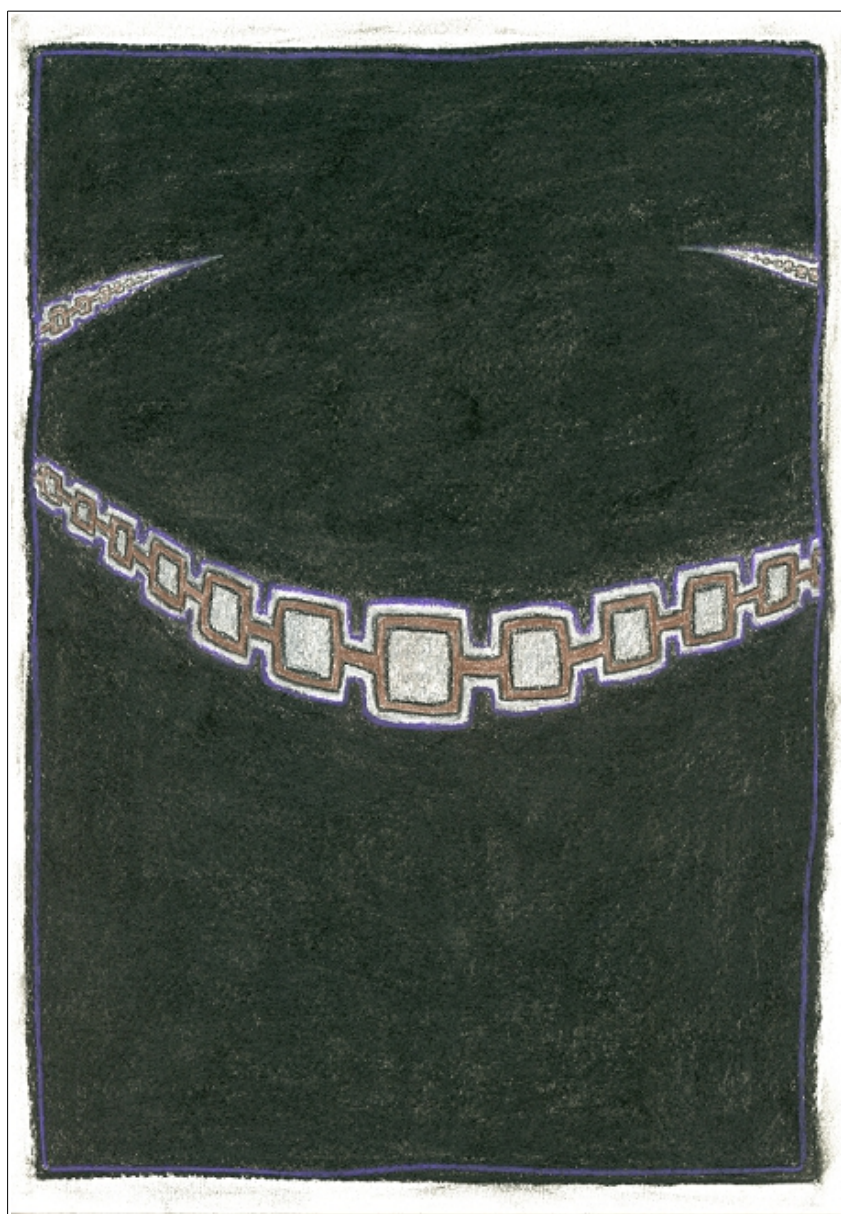
It wasn't dark there
there just weren't anything else
but this cube
attached to a row of cubes
and someone
witnessing the scene

I knew what the cube contained
It was a life someone called his own
It was all there
every perception
every possibility
inside this little cube
in the middle of endless emptiness

Then
a shift
and

no cube, no emptiness

an ordinary life continued
a life
I called my own



The Shooting Star

The Northern Star shot me
without warning
It was a headshot with a ray of ectoplasm
a starry night drive by shooting
and when the ray hit me
I began to dance

The Moon was watching the scene
distantly
She had seen all this
many times before
and just shook her head knowingly
as she began her dive
below the horizon

The Northern Star was still on the sky
its body language didn't reveal
its true motives
and I was still dancing
to its celestial tune
As I danced I howled to the Moon
to come back and help me
but she was gone
The waltz of the starry night continued
and I howled
to no one in particular
and danced



The Blue Lady

The Blue Lady spoke to me
through my dreaming
Four vibrant rays encircled me
fifth penetrated from below
sixth pierced from above
seventh came from within
and the hall of mirrors around me
was no more

As she held me in her arms she spoke to me
with thousand different voices
The Luminous Wind blew through her words
calling for remembrance
calling for joining
calling for me

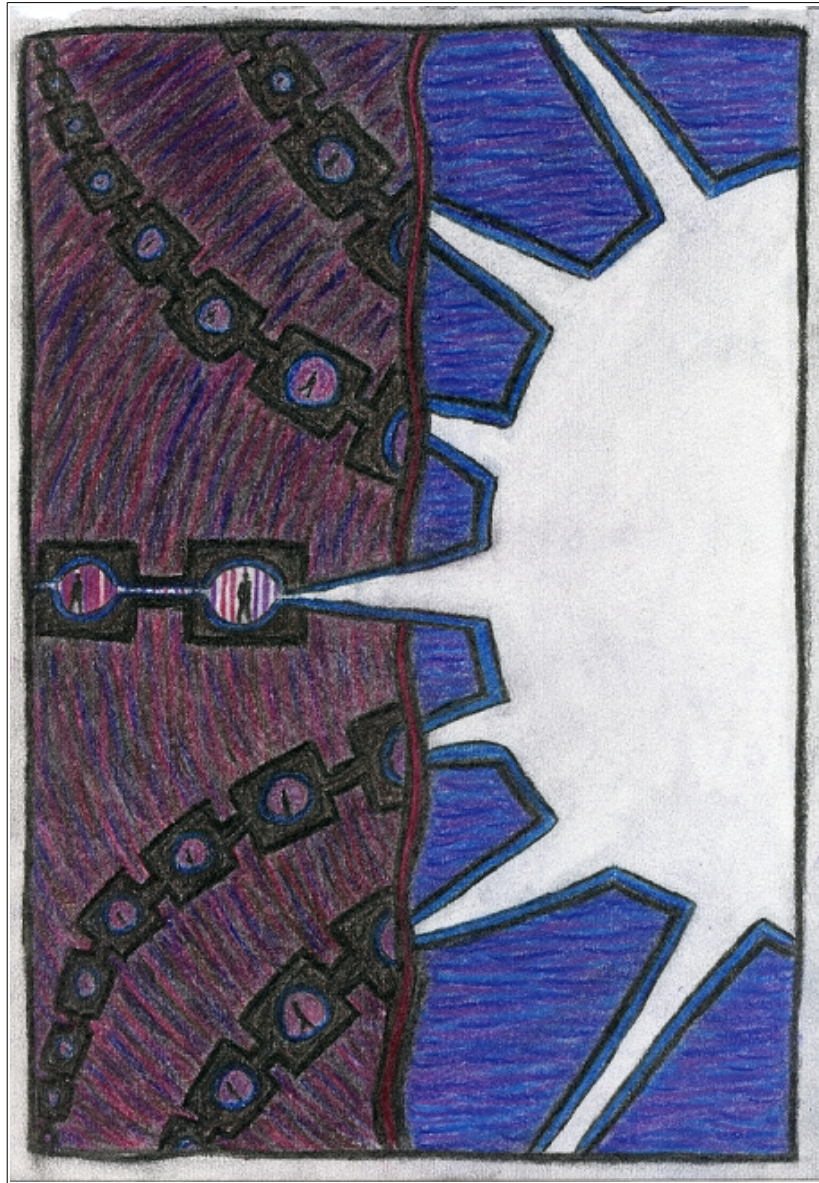
Her brown dress a waving field
her green eyes an endless valley
her heart a blazing fire
The Blue Lady spoke to me
and there was no other choice
but listen



The Luminous Wind

The wind blew my mind
far away
I tried to reach out and grab it
but it was too late
My mind had already soared
to unspeakable heights
and I feared for a moment
I was going to lose it for good
but I let it go anyway
since this might very well be the day
our ways would part
who was I to tell
so I let it go
and the wind took me
completely

When the wind brought me back
I found my mind waiting for me
but it wasn't the same mind any longer
the one I had known so well
It was sitting silently on a chair with my body
slightly confused
not knowing what to think
I watched them for awhile without emotion
until I put them on
opened my eyes and stood up
The wind was gone
for now



Destiny

It was settled beforehand
at the beginning of time
the exact moment
when the tide would turn
It was carved in the fabric of the universe
just waiting to be actualized
and then

I had been avoiding that point of no return
knowing it was unavoidable
knowing that one day I would
want it more than anything
but this is how it goes
it is carved in the fabric of the universe
the game is fixed, nothing is at stake
and no matter which way the wheels are turning
everyone is destined to be free



The Dark Night

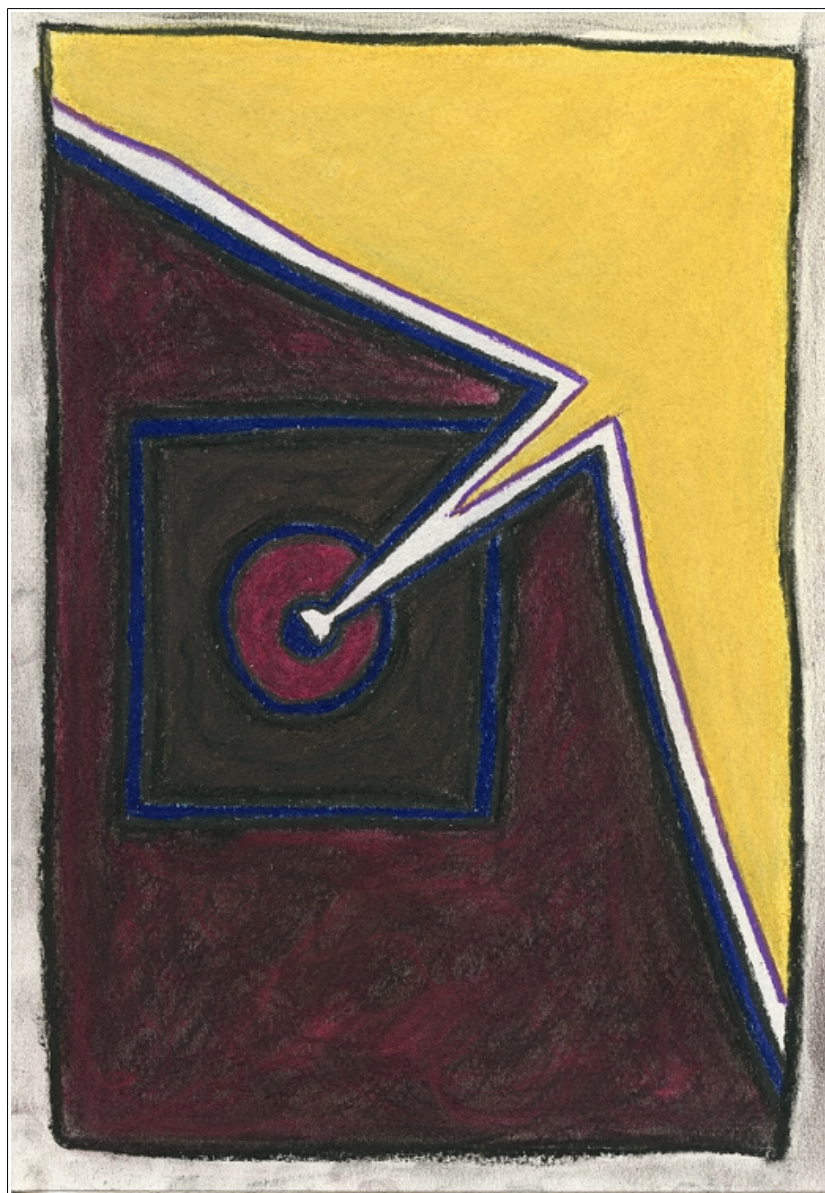
”From what point you choose to perceive
is still in your command
Now take my hand
and be again what you've always been”

This is what I heard it say
It was a dark hour
or maybe a day
maybe a month
I had stopped counting
but it was dark

I reached out

and
instantly
my world cracked open
turned upside down
was assembled again
and what I saw
what I saw

I wish I could describe
what I saw

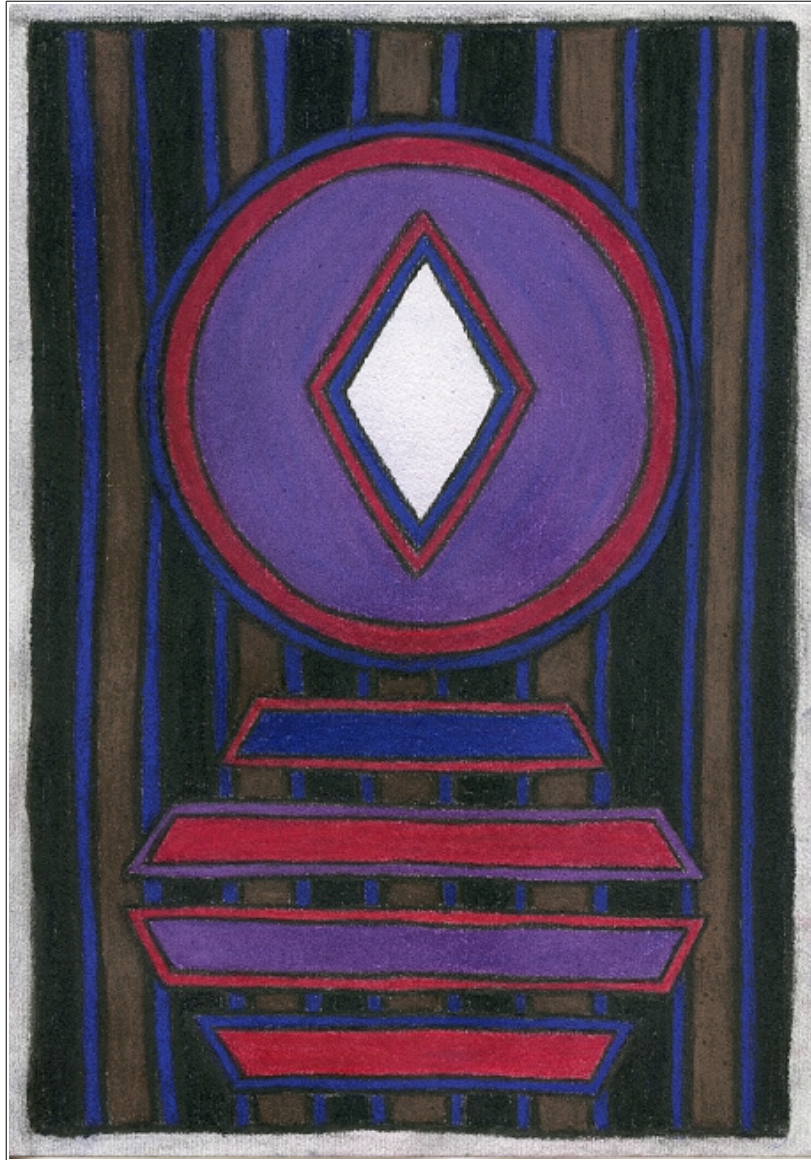


I Died That Day

I died that day
not just a little bit
but completely
The residue of my death is still wandering
these desolate grounds
dust on the road is his equal
they dance and swirl together
and then
gone

I look at him go and I wonder
did I truly die that day
or was it a dream
Maybe no one died that day
maybe I'm still here
swirling on the road
while the desert around me blooms
in colors I've never seen

A dead man is dancing
and I cannot explain
the tears in my eyes



A Transition

It came beyond the abyss
and settled at the center of my mind
Let's say it was a five pointed star
white and luminous
like a gateway
to unspeakable heights
The rays that came through
were full of vibrating brilliance
and knowingness told me
the days of the bone spiral
were now over
I had destroyed that damned thing
two weeks before
with a feminine axe
Only one spark flew through the air
when the forces that held the spinning path together
were let loose
and I had survived it
kind of

I starbathed perhaps half an hour
until knowingness reminded me
this was not it
I picked up the shiny milestone
put it in my pocket
and continued on my way



AND THEN:

The Blow

All it needed
was one devastating blow
and my life as I knew it
was irrevocably gone
My perception had turned upside down
and the good old world
turned out to be nothing more
than a makeupperd corpse

I looked behind:
I was not there anymore

I looked ahead:
I was not there anymore

I looked at myself:
I was not there anymore

The ground my house was build upon
had crumbled
and it began to rain
rain hard
washing it all away



The Echo

Traveling along
the transient path
in the middle of nowhere
in the middle of everywhere

Beyond perception
the relentless wind blows
and tells what way to go:
another crossroad
another choice of no choice
and the clockwork machine
crafted in emptiness
obeys

The journey without distance
cannot be found here
in the midst of myriad echoes
yet it is the only journey to take
and it echoes
in every crossroad
in every choice
it echoes
in the middle of nowhere
where the relentless wind blows
it echoes
and I follow
finally
I follow



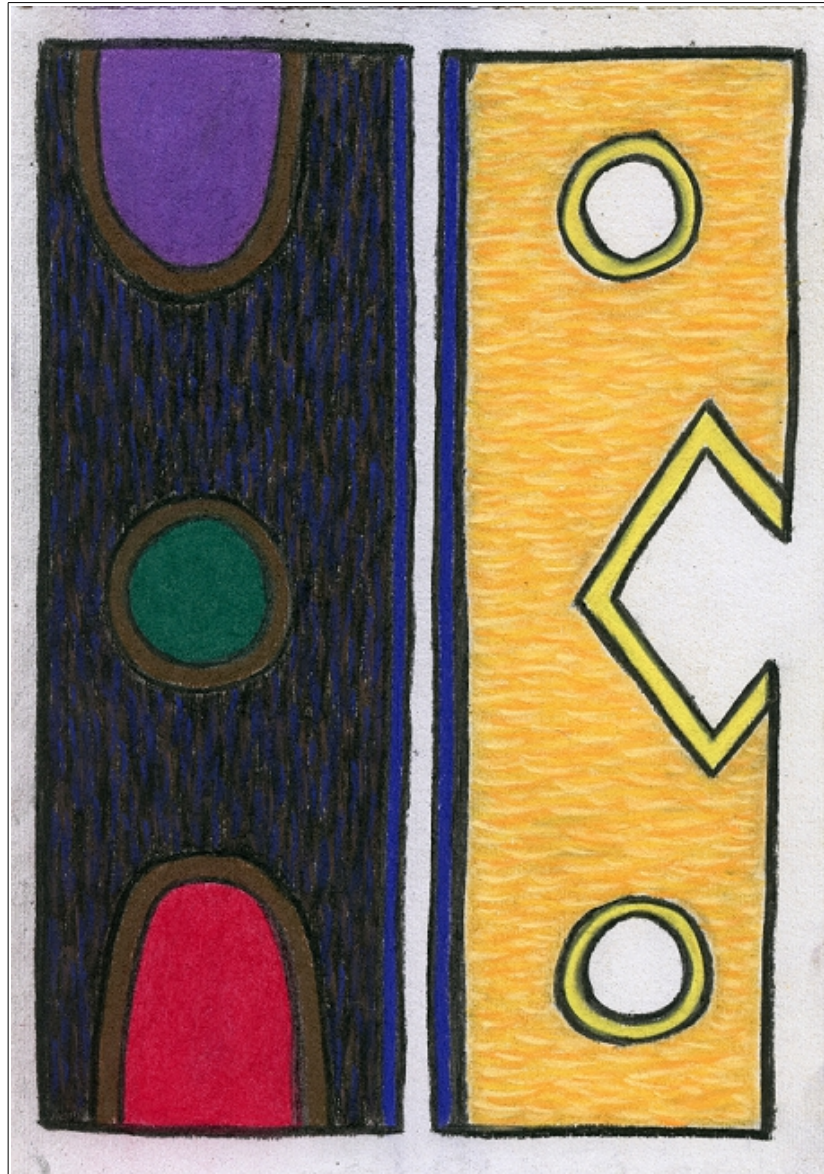
With You

And there you were
right next door
and when you opened the door and let me in
I lost all words
every single one of them
The love that was there
was so deep
I couldn't speak

You had two big dogs in the house
male and female
your gentle companions
I petted them while looking at you
and at that moment
all things were truly well

When the time came for me to leave
we embraced and I knew
that the bond between us would be always there
no matter what the seeming distance was

I had found you
and you had found me



The Way

I was walking the Way
when the Way left me
without a trace
I did not know where it had gone or why
but I knew for certain
it was not coming back

but I continued to walk on anyway
there was not much else to do
I headed straight to nowhere
and no matter which way I went
I was already there

but I continued to walk on anyway
and sang a song while I went



The Sermon in the Night

It is a night in the woods
and I am alone
standing on a rock in a small clearing
and preaching to the trees
I channel ageless wisdom in its finest form
but the trees know me
so they do not mind
they even listen
kind of

I remind them how every preachers words
are nothing but lifeless ash in the wind,
only clouding the eyes of the seer and hiding the real thing
but the trees already know that
much better than I

An owl soars by
not intending to join our congregation
It gives me a brief

attentive

stare

and I fall silent and realise
that I am alone in the woods
preaching to the trees in the dark
but I don't mind
because I know me
and even listen
kind of



Over the Red Hills

Through the crystal
and
over the red hills

What is next
I cannot see

All of it ended long ago
all of time
all gone
finished
in one instant
and I am still looking
at the frames passing by
waiting for the end of something
that is no longer there

Through the crystal
and
over the red hills

What is next
I pretend I cannot
see

