

# MUNDUS POETICA - THE HOUSE OF PETALS

## A journey onwards

### FINAL CHAPTER

They were dying in the pass, the sun was scorching hot. One lay silently on the ground, two were sitting on a rock. It was as only a matter of time, there was still some of it left. None of them knew how much, there were no clouds in the sky. Night was still far off, all the horses were lost. Another one lay down as well, only one was sitting on the rock.

Violet streaks at the edge of the sky like rifts opening up. In this place it doesn't matter, what is a hallucination and what is not. The third one lies down, folds a jacket under his head, this journey will take hours more until the end.

Birds are circling in the distance, eyes follow, then close, not a word is spoken. All is clear, everyone understands, the three witnesses lie in silence on the ground, boundaries crumble, the world opens up, this is the place where death has been waiting all along.

Nigh above, earth below, mist in the sky, the wind has begun to blow. Stars shine dimly through the mist, two of them lie so very still. The third one opens his eyes, the veil lifts, the stars shine bright. One of the stars shoots and takes flight, curves down fast. Eyes glisten, tears well up, chest rises for the last time and

## IT'S RAINING ON THE LAKE

It's raining on the lake, it's raining on the lake, the bumblebees are hiding among the reeds, the reeds... the space sways, sways beneath the feet, you thought it was life but you died long ago it's raining on the lake, there was no life here at all there was just a bardo, life was elsewhere, we continued as if nothing, barely questioned it at all.

It's raining on the lake, thick drops, the lean bumblebees by the shore, the shore... foolish swaying of the reeds back and forth, back and forth, it's raining on the lake. Now take a good look at this place where you try to find solace, here your feet have never touched solid ground, sand or rock, it doesn't matter, here every house collapses and is then rebuilt again and again just to be blown away by the wind it's raining on the lake, the bumblebees no longer care about anything, they charge straight towards, the reed stems pierce the heart, weigh it, declare the judgment it's raining on the lake, endless drops in precise rows, mind sways more and more, all the emotions are here, in the raindrops, in the bumblebees, the reeds sing their judgment and it is favorable, everything continues again, everything continues again, it's raining on the lake

## PHASE TWO

The floorboards creak, crumble and fall. Souls shatter into pieces, are compressed into bales, into pyramids of bales. Clouds clot on the horizon, they spread like ink stains, roll towards, and there you are, your eyes are still breathing the house has collapsed, the clouds scream the horizon bends wickedly no one understands why. All reason has gone away, wasn't here at all.

Where did this place come from, these breathing souls, these collapsed houses, these endless screams, from where?

You will remember, you bring back the Mind, breathe everything back into its place right where it belongs. The clouds over the horizon, the floorboards under the feet, you imagine a house around you, no one is screaming, nothing is crumbling, reason is here because you will it so, and whatever it is your soul looks straight at it, takes its power away and lets it go, frees everything back into its source onto its roots, and soars, expands, returns home.

## THE STAR

A comet, no, but three comets with long tails on parallel orbits. And far below in the bed of reeds are two eels all cold and slimy. And these five form the points of a five-pointed star, whose origin is unknown. The star is uncharted and short-lived, yet etched into the fabric of the universe and not by chance.

The eels sing, beautifully they sing in the midst of the reeds the comets speed by mute. But only for a moment, since the star is gone already, not even dust remains behind, and all meaning has vanished with it. Now there's only a straight line between the eels, and in the sky the lonely triangle of the comets. No one knows why geometry permeates everything thoroughly, no one understands it.

Three radiant tails fade slowly in the sky. The eels' beautiful duet bears witness to their flight. The whole world shivers, a trembling in its hollow core, in its every limb,  
and then even the fading tails disappear, the eels continue singing, the star does not return.

## CONVERSION

A candelabrum, perhaps one of its candles is burning perhaps not, perhaps there is a windowsill behind some windowpane perhaps not, and exactly there the candelabrum has been placed. But tears are flowing, rivering, turning into marsh, and that is the law.

This loneliness, that resides in the shadows of these gray plains, has no name. Beneath this sharp ground lies pain, which must be constantly buried alive. And when the two-faced dance has become impossible, only war and the no-man's-land remains.

No matter how many golden birds would fly into the dark abyss, the darkness of the abyss would stay. No candelabrum placed in some sheltered nook will illuminate or warm for long, only for the time needed for the tears to glisten for a moment before they fall, like bombs they are pouring. They drill a hole in the floor, and we know what lurks in the cellar below the floor, and yet the tears continue falling. Hope is a small creature, who flies on the back of a blind bird, and the name of that bird is Hopelessness.

Finally the mind turns away, and at the moment of turning the whole place is vanished. The candles burn steadily, a gentle wind outside, a few streaks of rainwater flow down the window glass. There is a warmth in the house, so much warmth, something takes the heart onto its arms and cradles it from the inside. Eyes close, an inhalation, an exhalation, a silent smile and a sigh. It is so bright. It is so warm.

## THE HOUSE OF PETALS

On the edge of the valley stands The House of the Flying Petals. It is raining stingy pine needles, it has been raining for weeks now. Green flowing needle streams in the place of the forest paths, along them shadowy figures with bowed heads travel towards the House of Petals. The house is aglow with light, it is a bright golden vortex, radiating particles of joy, nothing else inside the house.

The front door opens, the light bursts out, it dispells the hunched shadows into the ways of the wind and beyond. The petals soar into the air in a gushing shower, the house is gone, the petals float randomly around in the sky in the pine needle rain,

until arrange themselves into sharp letters, into fragments of meaning, into words of a hidden language.

The message is clear, one must depart from the valley. Above the hills an eight-pointed star is guiding, it takes the departee by the hand. The departee looks back one last time, sees you, smiles, leaves for ever.