

The Shattering of Amber

Julian Langer

February 15, 2017

Trapped in amber
We melt like candle wax
Into a cool stream
That permeates walls into becoming
Like a cloud that defies description
There can be no inscription
You lack the diction
Flow of the motion
Like birds in the sky
Or fish in the ocean
There is no repeat or return
We are a wild fire that burns and burns
Call me the river or wind
Can you find roots that begin?
The presupposition of a present to enframe
But it all slips away
The false dichotomy of life and decay
It all changes and breaks
Like a forest in flames to make way for the seed
The present springs forth
Like blood gushing as we bleed
The red flow from the heart to the ground
A new spatial field
Whose lines escape cartography in the details
The colour of the amber pervades the sight
The melting, a reminder of being alive
Take the blood from another with the edge of a knife
If a tree would bleed you clean water to drink to quench your first you'd drink it
In caves, with still quiet pools, you wouldn't think it
But there no fountains atop mountains
And you're licking droplets off the rock walls

In a place devoid of scent
The absence it consumes all
You're all the children of Abraham
Laid out as sacrificial lambs
In your Faustian bargains
Trading on the market floor
Get out of my sunlight
Your shadows draw the lines
Inscribing a map behind
The presence of dimensions in shape and time
The ending isn't traumatic or static
It's just death
The transience of our flow through breath
Another becoming
Now let the sun in

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