

In Free Courses

Wulfinna

28 April 2026

Be Still & Sated, Hearts at Here & Now
or, *In Free Courses*

These.
And these, and these
along the distance between observer
and observed. These,
becoming seen —
 seeing seer and seen; seeing these
and these, seeing distance —
 I see these and all I see is bullshit.
A word, absorbed young, repeated
in repetitive stresses that personify
insanity by engagement:
 keeping *calm*
through the gray waters
 of a life shared, a life imposed,
biding *The Real World*,
the storms it makes.
If I could see “I” she too would be shit.
That there’s sight—or other sense,
that’s what’s there,
 not what’s only “seen”.
Words, or workings, or words
themselves as workings,
 spark a helix, make elemental
the one flame that keeps lit
what’s pulled in dark
 by concept bombardment:
of concept to preface a life.

Now the helix burns a strange hue
of me,
the shape: the chisel
that crafts the shapes of me
to become. Refining, unwinding
well into decomposing,
supine in the sunlight.
So much of the Sun that did not remain.
As radiance of a Mother Goddess
surpassing the mantle of wonder
while here we were, contrasting as crones.
The savoring, sweetness of dusk breeze,
the traversing the same total path of paths
as mortals. Here's the soil of substance.
The illumination that is immediacy.
Here faintly remains what's called
purpose, drawn in the shapes of every course —
as bird flocks huddling, diverging. Huddling ...
diverging. Skewing,
drawing free
in free courses.

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