We were all given the eye of the creator.

The Madrigal the infinitesimal The arterial kind.

Its no wonder really, That we forget, This world is made up Of soul patches Stitched up at the seams.

And right below

Exist a hum that is cosmic, That connects us without knowing

That we are made of the shine, and the shine is within us.

See, the creator believed in the old ways. Thats why he created DNA,

So that we can watch.

He created movement, so that we could move So that we can make sense of it all.

The chaos, the organization, the meddling rulesTo rule by thumb.GravitationalMomentum andMomentSuspension andSuspense.

In the silence of this particular beginning We encounter strobes of light flicikering Light-dancing the jig of shadows. We anticipate We watch, and within us, true night. Like the old attic window, a prayerful portrait of dust And charismatic shade, slant shine on the infernal highway Where might-dreams carry the stars, The lead in a black ocean symphony.

There is no wind here, only what finds dwelling in the fragment. Cosmic laws delivered in our bones.

Not everything begins with a spark, sometimes there's a hum A whisper, a dramatic push, a desperate pull. Sometimes there's pain The pulse, a freshness nestling new life marking the chance That we could lose it all, tiny grains of dust swallowed by the sway And ocean thunder.

Its been said, that we could walk for 100 years and never take one step Toward heaven. That we have to wait to be gathered.

And here we are, gathered all in all. Lighthouse with a gaze. A primitive form of wonderment.

There's nothing more magical than the simplest thoughts of the faithful stars, Tiny portraits of history. Polaroid nebulas, kinetic only by starlight.

When the sky blinks, even the oceans take notice.