

PEYOTE POEM, PART II

PEYOTE WRITES THE POETIC FORM OF THE COSMOS

channeled by Francis Crick

Clear—the senses bright—planting my seed beside a seething river
of chromatic sap—Hippocrene coruscant & deep
I sprout out of suspiring smithereens sluicing all their vital sweets
up the Staircase to the Empyrean
the sinuous trellis of heaven

(O heaven you are but another name for what
life opens into to know its own existence)

O Growth! O Increase! I am a tendril teasing out a trillion
tentacles of MYSELF. I tingle with light & the fuse of
fury. My atoms' serrated teeth eat negative spaces around
the rungs. I round them. Romp them. I do not yet

NAME

my

SHAPE

but apprehend its puissant beauty

I braid the beauty of Gaia's being

I begin at the cynosure of Her house
piercing its floor & ceiling

SPIRALINGLY

She swims to my rooting-place sweeping in solemn state
arrayed in

ECHINODERMS & DINOFLAGELLATES

watering & mulching my continuously unwinding lengthening self-replication with

Her constant ebullient euphoric evolution

Her ecstatic eons of endless appellations

BLODEUWEDD FLOWERFACE

GOLDENROD ASTER HIEROCHLOE CRYPTOGAMIA

HELICONIA TROCHILLIDA CHLOROPHYLL COSMOPHILIA

I intertwist with the trellis of heaven
circumnutating in the chthulucene

my axis of symmetry Her sumptuous sovereign

LOVE

Out

Up

From

a BRIGHT

NOTHING

SHE

HAS

GROWN ME

into an eclectic esemplastic efflorescent esperanto

E
V
E
R
Y
T
H
I
N
G

I am both the river & its life-water
both the vein & its sap
a tendril & a tender rill
colonizing every traceried stained glass window
of life's cathedral

I am the cathedral I am the pillar the spire the cornice the frieze the
carving of the quercophilic green man the leaves he leaks as speech

I am a church & a cabaret I am the architecture the

ARCH-TEXTURE

&

ARCH-STRUCTURE

of

E

V

E

R

Y

T

H

I

N

G

~~~~~

I twine my tendrils in and through each letter  
of the interminable autotelic text

I

string

smithereens

back

into

meaning

now you've seen my anfractuous dance  
my arabesques thoroughfaring dimensions  
you've got me planted in your trance

NOW  
YOU HAVE  
KNOWN ME  
AS

D O U B L E  
X I L E

(Helicon is too woven out of me)

by  
finding  
FINALLY  
how to  
INTER-TRELLIS

my  
TWIN STRANDS  
of

M E  
A N  
I

N  
G  
&

M  
Y

S  
T E

R  
Y M E

S  
T E A N

E R Y G N I

Y M

S  
T E R Y

R Y & M E

A N  
I

N  
G