

Dodsengel

"The Serpent's Head"

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Born from formlessness
The I arose solemnly
Into a vibrant confusion.

Stretching ever outward
This love, it burns
Longing to touch the other
Finding only traces in this outer.

This corroding poison
This love, it burns
Purposely and Holy
Sacred and serene.

This I, my phoenix
Slain by time
For there is only Now

Past is spun by memory.
Future spun by the mind.

AUM

The I is the Now
Life and Death entwined
into the whole
Indivisible by nature.
Unsurpassed in beauty.

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