Inhabit My Absence
By Quin de la Mer

For The Wanderer
Love, Via Pustel


Changemaker distills divine beauty

Chest heaving

One day soon

in a single glance
I wander born of dark, empty music

Planets and stars stir opening depths of awakening

Feared and revered through traceless transformations vast and mysterious we feel endless

rehearsing memories thoughts appear and disappear
Consciousness is wild woven together identity in primal form.
This is the fabric of our lives the perceptual experience itself.

To find you Quiet mystery I follow ice.
Beyond light I roam here, for you lost drifting whole empty.
And you adrift in yourself.
poetic celebration
that selfless
drift

we turn away
to mourn
another day

Wandering out into
those expanses
always already
new ghosts

Broken clouds
news from nowhere

spirit wounded
twilight

flame-red
snow
illusion lingers
meaning is meaningless

in the end

ruins, rivers and mountains

all these separations

startle the heart

smiling

heartbroken

awakened

cast into exile

All night long, we share

rain tangles

twilight’s ragged edge

emerald wine

news from nowhere

a rich kind of nothing

collaged together

in fragmentary structure
knowing not-knowing

* I feel you *

not knowing not-knowing

* is loneliness *

... ...

winter bleeds yesterday skies

Has no one seen

... ...

lit thistledown

on a city-wall

river-swells

bury mountains

... ...

Has no one seen

... ...

seeing through stories

a restless hunger

answers

no solace, no sustenance

... ...

wandering unfolds
exquisitely beautiful
a rich kind of nothing

a thin slice of
bellied dark
edges silver
the Star River
dusts ancient passes

Between river banks
wind-drifted
frost-singed
I stand
human

custom sorrow’s
sources
they vanish back into
a loom of origins
Standing alone there
dwelling in silence and emptiness
prior to thought
an absent presence
an inner wilds
a most primordial self
indistinguishable from the loom weaves
Mystery

nesting in the eaves
smoke trails drift into the crow-haunted night
bottomless skies define liberation
memory, meaning making
even self-identity

the cocoon of human kinship
taking refuge in the terrifying worst
finding companionship in that murder of shrieking crows
reality asleep. Shivering mere feet away a single formless journey

You I glimpsed at that edge suspended between form and a formless dark moonlight between us

And the story just opens away all dark music in the end
inhabit my absence

remember falling

through a sliver of moon

drifting through song trails

here at the edge half abandoned

not alone

inhabit my absence

Blinds open

I leave candles unlit

beside lucent water

and sit alone, sleepless

Touching poetry

voicing silence

shaping what is yet to come
lingering light
another night
I stand beside a post-station

cast adrift
another Wandering Star
following waves of moonlight
to reach you