

Inhabit My Absence
By Quin de la Mer

For The Wanderer
Love, Via Postel

Source material by Hinton, David, *Awakened Cosmos*, 2019

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 thistle down ■
■ 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

facing 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