

Meditations on the Reflections of Seasons: In the Midst



The Bride, Hyman Bloom, 1941

*In the midst of life, we are in death,
The predestined moment hovers in the foreground,
Providing the power to sculpt speech,
An ability to architect action,
A moral world crafted in contemplation of eternity,
Dividing righteous and wicked things,
Spring flourishing contrary to un-envisaged winter,
The creation of that which is obliterated in time.*

Life, the freedom from desire,
A day of peace in the green, agreeable nature,
The nourished sight of fields freshly mown,
The sky, a plum red pigment,
As it westward descends,
Making the day void of pulse,
As the descent to the grave
Obliterates with it all being.

In springtide death is scarcely a passing fancy,

The possibility not so profound as to possess,
In infantile assumptions one can evade its bureaucracy
With loopholes, the sense this will fall at a later date,
With life not much more than an innocent reflection,
A pervasive projection of a quaint naivete,
In glee I felt in streets of greater London,
In Wembley, Ealing, Alperton and Brent.

In the midst of the springtime lurks my Winter,
Death dwells in the place of promise,
The wild invention of the daffodil
With span as short as a season,
The cyclical rise and fall of the world,
An omnipresent omen, the wages of sin.
Where the word is silent, nature is,
Form – a physical manifestation of the spiritual,
The reasons for faith in a world returned,
A lightless late December born again to sunlight.

There is an order out of the chaos,
A movement out of the stillness,
A spark emanating from the void,
An ontology beyond the grave,
The soul in transmigration after life,
Like the vapour of a consumed cigar,
Partly reduced to immateriality upon destruction,
With smoke unrecoverable from the aether.

In the midst of my place of birth, is my place of rest,
The mosaic of destruction and sublimation,
Contrarian aspects, the nurturing of new life,
An acceptance of the finitude of ego,
In the center, the agon of consciousness,
The contemptuous reflection of the end,
The abstraction of idea invents mythos,
The divine communing through conduits to prophets,
Revealing timeless things—the tree of the soul.

Here, around you, everywhere, in snowy climes,
In the spring that like lapdog follows,
In the startling sound of birdsong,
In copulations of the April,
Here and there, an oblivious creation,
World attuned to its essence,
Opposed to ways of the occident,
Where there's a desire to usurp nature,
To mould in accordance to an abstraction.

The world lives under an odious spell,
An untoward spirit of the age,
The antithesis of life,
Averse to an eternal existence,
The confidence won of compromised mind,
Glorying in the multiplying dust,
The door-to-door salesmen of death,
The carbolic smokeball of appearance.

There is the way out of nature's lock,
In the wheel of time, a reversion,
At the end of a day is a beginning,
Out of the entropy of all things, a new world,
A reversion back to a fleshly paradise,
Seen in the herb-filled first forest,
In the final page of a material cosmos
There will be an eternal recurrence.

The *Eschata Hemera* is synonymous with life,
A realisation of things initially envisaged,
The conjugal bliss of heaven and earth,
The fulfillment of ancestral yearning,
World in accordance to the creator—
With a harmony of opposites—uncorrupted
By the subtle beast of the field,
With his broken promise of divine consciousness,
Or kingdoms of this world and glory thereof.

Out of the rigor mortis of night
Comes the day like Lazarus with dawn light.
The creeping flora's castrated and frosted
In the light deprivation of late December,
The still seed sleeps in menopausal plots,
In patience for spring's appearance,
Peering its head up as beasts on predatory plains
From its womb of temperamental sod.

There are crossroads before ye two,
The metamorphosis into spring,
Or the winter eternal,
Whose icy climes won't again know mild days,
With vein-like branches of dead trees,
Barren and lamenting as the childless,
On cracked and infertile ground,
Whose womb won't again wildly flower daffodils,
This is the negation of life.

Death is the negation of being,
The blind faith in unreality,
The denial of transformation laid everywhere in existence,
Is unbelief for those who knew not love?
Whose days are as a great falling away,
As the brown autumnal leaves scattered on the ground,
Waiting for the frostbite of the season to come,
The cold quarter of our days divided.

In the midst of the self is the centre,
The place in which spheres, the galaxies
With uncountable stars circumnavigate,
Analogous to the ancient Ptolemaic,
Where the moon as infatuated lover
Circles the earth, compasses the heart,
reflecting the light refracted.

Does the earth hurtle forward in motion
As a rocket piercing the aether?

Do all things move in a line straight?
Into the space of the stretched-out heavens,
Things come, go, to come again,
What was and has been, shall be once more,
Then if this is the nature of the Universe,
Then who should have faith only in the emperor worm?

In the midst of the garden there's a tree,
In being there's a possibility hung
like an obscuring fog,
All things lead one to death's realm,
Light rounded off in perpetual rest,
With an ending hidden and mystical,
With the secret knowledge, veiled and mythical,
Like opened eyes after the forbidden morsel,
Or our dwelling place on the field within paradise.