

Fool's salt

*When they swell,
And sadness first
Claims of posit;
"That it be just as well",
Since before the notion
Came the attraction, leads
Pointing back, through
Sense-less deception, the river
Streams to taste the scam,
A trail of knowing
Confusion's lust, for pertainment's
Just-less residual forms
Blurs inner eye focus
Not on prior see,
But rather black hat's white
Rabbit pulled forth, magic's
Appeal to the head-dress
With tears at intangible fabric,
Nothing before instances', matter
No longer recognizing
"Separate" from "itself"
Crying, salt flavors
Ruse's bitter evidence,
That what is shed
From disguise's, eruption
Of desired reality?, a course
Away from the source-
Less of "begin"
Indifferent from now,
In the presence's allow,
End thought its' farce-
Mixing for the quality-
Emergent lay bare, evaporate
Quietly seeking careless*

Substance never there,
Signified by despair's
Symbol of identity's want
Escaping the fear's chase
At irreconcilable pace
To find substantiation,
That it all be not waste's
Fortune to forget, thinking
Brought forth from empty
As "yet", be only enough
Silence, for urge
To be more than, some
Process flagging cognition,
And the stakes for awake
That "I" be only pity
So not all be for-sake-in
Bloom from no seed