

I've been thinking about water.

Feeling it crest at my legs.

Watching it rage in front of me.

Being in it.

Essence: flow. Eons of flow.

Flow from some far-off world, flung into space, time, distance outside mind
comets hitting earth, bathing it in water.

boiling, then liquid, filling the air.

How flow passes around you but is you.

I am a river.

Not a molecule — separate, unique, Brad— but the flow of all water.

All at once.

Curving cutting the terrain
collecting silt eroding rocks sometimes raging
full
white rapids,

and times of drought and ages of stillness.
I breathe in an ocean into my lungs, that flows through my veins
and out my mouth and into yours.

We are the same river.

We twin or fork, fall off cliffs

enter into the open ocean, or
get trapped on the top of a mountain, or fall deep into the ground
and collect across time.

I am the flow of light
vibration
and pushing and pulling
That streams in my mind and
out of my mind and
onto the page or
across digital time and
back into my eyes

where I meditate on the essence of flow and
time and
waiting
doing and
watching
loving
aching.

I flow through time on all of this and then I am time, not locked in a memory
ever blasting into the future.

I attune to time and time attunes to me as we slide and wind,
cutting and splashing with no real beginning and no real end.

Absolute flow.