Between Prophecy & Autonomy

The mirror melts to crystal, dreams like gold on marble.
Some can see better in the dark,
some are good at laughing.

You don't need to drink the dregs to taste the end.
Is it all too hard to imagine?

Why things happen as they happen—
Star upon moon upon cloud upon branch upon stone—
And don't just happen to happen.

We are being watched, we are losing touch,
we're all in this together.

The remedy is the poison, the dagger of ambivalence, the changing
of guard, the fish that fight upstream.

All things fixed in order—the mouse does not steal; all things known
from offset—the cat does not kill.

This is the tapestry of the universe: the rub that makes the spark,
the wind that bends the willow,
the snowcapped morning and friction that lets us tread on.

It is the fate of our will which ensures the will of our fate
—our resistance, our release.

~ Mark Fitzgerald

Out of Chaos