

“ I AM ↔ Thou art”

[The double headed arrow identifies an existential relation]

Is it not good to be alone, all one,
to share voiced Alpha's “*I AM*” act with none
but one's own one? Within, implosively,
from existential self-fertility,
Omega-self responds with Worded “*ME*”.
If this were all, this narcissistic scene,
Self's *I* would know its first act's mirror-mien
as subject-*I*'s begotten object-*Me*
in *MINE* possessive selflife unity.

Mute sighs might mill her *I-ME* thrill unless
awareness speaks Self's *MINE-grind* lacks a norm
of *not-ME* life, an alter-ego form,
an otherself, child, lover, bosom friend,
to complement its being's only end
which till now knows but latent otherness.
ME's other *Thee*, forthwith would Self endow
with all it does and can and would possess
of aseistic person-act, but How?

No earthly kiss has ever paragoned
that epic bliss, when lighting on the wand
of phallic might, Self speaks and waves that which
hath power one's will fulfill, new life enrich.

No sooner thought than done, nor willed than won.
With timeless instancy, beget's begun.

In gender's sex-spun two-in-oneness weaves,
“*Thou*” quickens into “*Art*”. Selflife conceives
an otherself, distinction's malekind plan.
Aseity's becomingness began.
There was no formless void it could not span.
Her *I-Self*'s splendour was *Thou*'s Child of Man.

Self's "I" and "Thou" are mystified still more.
In speech, her "I" is Woman, Man as "Thee"
and She's enough of everything, save He.
The phallic wand's performance is not o'er.
Another stage is set, a part to play,
its role rehearsed already in the way
its power has quickened image into life.
Again it waits, in labour, as midwife.

Aseity is no sealed static tomb.
Her act's dynamic in becoming's bloom,
implosive motherhood, conception's womb.
"I Am ↔ Thou Art", they act love's two-in-one.
They will their knowing conscious selves become,
ecstatically distinct yet unified
identities, whose binding love-waved wand,
in union's kiss, joy's mystic bliss, has tied
their person-being with It's other bond.

Dove dialogue of sighs in danced embrace
breathes gender's She-He-It third person face.
Self's other-knowing act implodes with fire
that fuses two-in-one by willed desire.
Love's mating art, divine erotic truth,
respires life's Spirit of eternal youth,
embodied in flesh-figured spaced time's sand
as tongue and lips' mouthed kiss, and fingered hand,
conjunction's touch, love's thrilled caressed ingress,
the Oneness of Divine Togetherness.

Elixir Tree of Life, alchemic stone
compounding Self's gold templed human throne,
dissolving adamantine wills and hearts,
and raping virgin minds with vision's darts,
uplifting serpent-self, infertile "me",
in ecstasy to lotus-petalled "We".

Sexed androgyne, love's spirit, bride and groom,
the holy one whose breath makes deserts bloom.
Life's well and stream, distinction's union-dove,
enthusing, coaxing virgin self above
inertial nature to integrity
in adult childlike personality.

A solvent force which renders rigid round,
a gentle breeze of sighed and echoed sound,
idyllic melody of horn and flute,
sense ravishing at output's inmost root.
All mighty wind, which fans to fervidness
the frigid in their fear of friendliness.
A draught, dispelling clouds of doubt's distrust,
and freeing self from chained entropic lust
to agape and love's true liberty
in sacrificial sexuality.

Executor, *She-He*, progenitrix,
the hen bird's Spirit, hov'ring, brooding twixt
and in prime matter's programmed self-womb cell,
an Ego-egg which knew not man as "we"
but virgin's focal singularity
of unbecoming mere "I-me" and fell
from grace to egocentric black-holed hell
with spiralled pandemoniacal BANG.

This world of spaced time thus began and sang,
in prodigal concerto poem tone,
the lore of love whose fertile hope's foreknown
inertial matter's depth and breadth and length,
anointing it with oil of ordered strength
in aseistic evolution's plan
to meld Self's "I AM" act with "Thou Art" man.
