

# *Crystalline*

In Breath,  
Out Breath.

Life opens  
and reveals a crystalline form.  
It has no end  
It has no boundary  
Yet I hold it as a finite space.  
A glimpse into the infinite perhaps.

A house, roof removed,  
becomes a garden  
And the walls vanish  
The Garden Floats in the Clouds.

There are many colors  
All colors are clean  
Each color is a self  
No color is mixed with another  
But each color reflects in the others.

There are thin strands  
Like glass  
Or silk  
or a spiders web made three dimensional.

For the first time I can hold this form  
I stretch out my arms  
to cradle it  
Define it in the air  
Make definition to the undefinable.

A crystalline rainbow infinity.  
It is vast  
It is lonely  
It does not fit another like a Lego block should.  
It is graceful  
Yet it has no poise  
It invites me in

will I be the only one there?