



arborescent bliss

a poetry collection

by

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'til this afternoon

the ancient oak on which we sit aflame,
tempestuous acid gales corroding oxytocic bonds,
our vision tapers and our candles dim.
mist blackens, seems to conceal not an arcadia but
an impending age of infinite death,
destruction, despotism – *desert...*
a regime of cruelty, until mercy strikes:
the tree's reduced to ashes, the crackling ceases
with a final pathetic wheeze
from the last of the moisture trapped inside the wood.
doubtless, this is a clear vision
if we opt to gaze into the fire, divining, mourning.
but, perhaps our candles are really very stubborn,
perhaps our links too strong to deliquesce
from hollow, barking winds, mere blunted whispers,
or acquiesce to the Great Slaughterbench.
and perhaps it may well be that Elysium exists
in the domain of triangles and rhombuses –
waiting to be summoned,
aching for birth,
needing to *be* –
and yes, perhaps, it, like the ideal shapes,
has no place in the world of scum & dirt & imperfections,
but perhaps our absurd Sisyphean struggle
as the midwives of an Eden of our own
is a three-sided triangle,
the fire a pale moon ignorant of the dawn,
each tiny light a dogged, radiant sun.
and now, a final, urgent observation:
the longer that we sit and stare
at the spectacle of the flame,
the faster it grows and multiplies;
the harder it is to contain.

psychotropic gaze

we were lying side by side
in a narcotic haze
when you struck my glassy eyes
with your psychotropic gaze
and this self-imposed, rotting,
opulent prison
was raided by the biting dogs
of manumission.

the cage

in this infinite domain,
the bitter and dreary wilderness,
a fork with two well-tread paths awaits me:
do i accept my fate and surrender to the cage,
or bash against the bars like an animal in a kennel
with my whole entire being
until i can no longer resist?
this binary is certainly enough
to shatter the human spirit
in a million tiny pieces
that can never be reassembled.
but, if i refuse to let my eyes adjust
to the dazzling assault to my sensorium
radiating from the road of resignation, then
just barely, i can make out the faintest glow
of yet another pathway –
one scarcely tread before
prickled with lacerating thorns
and oh, so obscure and lonely,
with its muddy stream impeding every step,
leading to the one source
from which all things derive and depend.
dare i reach in my back pocket
and procure my only tool,
a blunted machete,
and hack away brush,
in search of the exit?
the rancid earth beneath my feet is sinking.

aphantasia

one day i forgot how to imagine,
so i went outside for a walk.
it was dark out, and
i begun my aimless foray:
i could see every crack and scuff on the sidewalks
and the walls of grimy buildings,
and all the broken glass,
and every piece of trash
adorning the urban wasteland,
plastic bags and cigarette butts and steel reserves
from the dejected souls of the midnight.
a night in streets deserted, drab in sleep;
in the desultory stroll, i felt contaminated,
solitary, gray, in fallen grace.
it seemed the world around me was drained
of anything resembling life, or affection,
mechanical, sickly, dirty and decaying.
for hours I did nothing but float
through the depraved maze of the city avenues,
haunted by my complicity in this horror
waiting for sleep to rapture me.

circadian rhythm

at her whims, stochastic goddess, capricious tempest:
i'm on her leash. my collar is taut.
she stomps my face
with her shiny black combat boots.
mercy.

seed

acorn on the sidewalk,
use your little legs
and join me in the soil.
you're stronger than you think –
don't just decay on the concrete
when you can become a towering tree
more sacred and majestic
than anything you've read about
in your books.

acorn on the sidewalk,
render all your pleasures transgressive,
come join me in the soil,
and let us become beautiful together.

you are alive.
start acting like it.

the precursor of volition

manifesting the implicit
in the ever striving of matter
towards more lovely forms
enchants all things
eviscerates all hate
and defies oblivion

the material is not sterile
the void is a breeding ground
for life

dilapidated turtle statue

an urban nest drenched in nauseating smog,
suffocated by wires and synthetic miasma,
filled with the cacophony
of myriad machines and piercing sirens;
in the totalitarian towers
there is no self left to speak of.
you may search for one buried
in the endless boxes of forms and documents,
but all you will find inside
is the rotting corpse of an unhatched embryo
expressionless
breathless
no spark
dead.

untitled short essay

We must first prepare the soil for social revolution. The alternative is to vainly sow seeds in a barren wasteland. The ground on which we lay in an anesthetized haze has been rendered a toxic desert unfit for life by consumerism, fast food, wasteful production, endless growth, social atomization, the false images of advertisement, deceit of media, alienation from nature and the rest of the endless web of capitalism's crimes against life. But through small actions, both social and individual, it will soon be rife with the microbial life of desire and love and the nourishing nutriments of hope and empowerment, ready to grow the both the individuals and social organizations necessary for a revolution that is radical to the core and prepared to take on anything.

But first we have to shake ourselves out of this daze, get up on our feet and refuse to be abused any longer by the present social order and isolating culture of capitalism. It won't be easy - stepping outside, casting aside the lens which blinds us to the disgusting, dysfunctional wreckage that we call civilization, seeing our world for what it truly is, facing it with complete honesty, unmediated by any comforting delusions which we cling to just so we can operate in daily "life" without breaking down and despairing. But we must analyze the soil with disaffected candor if we want to remedy it, to make it fertile.

Further, we have to reawaken the drive for harmonious communal life and freedom embedded so deeply in our psyches in the Neolithic era that not even 6,000 years of the most brutal, torturous barbarity of hierarchical civilization can completely rob us of it - to open our hearts to our innermost instinct for life and the manumission it demands, forged through the heritage of four billion years of evolution, so pure and sacred that no repressive culture, no matter how vapid and emaciating; no virtual simulation, no matter how indoctrinating and seductive; no patriarchs, no

matter how powerful, greedy, brutal and destructive, can ever dream of touching it.

This rotten hierarchical civilizational order cannot be sustained forever, and within each of us lies the potentiality to become the agents of its destruction, resolute, full of hope, determined to bring about the daybreak, ending this millenia-long night of institutionalized dejected tragedy and despair, growing a future where love reigns and we fully embody the unkillable nisus of life towards endless creativity, consciousness and freedom.

In the centuries following our awakening from this nightmare, its memory will abate as a bitter dream, its scars on our collective consciousness will fade, and life will once again overflow with meaning and promise, like an eternal kaleidoscopic flower gazing at the infinite light of the sun.