

WHAT TIME?

PREMIÈRE SÉRIE // PT1. AR // BY NICOLE BONOMI

Well, what day is it darling?
What time, when snow cannot freeze you?
What time, when all the structures are but lego blocks?

When scars from where wings were severed, is now a
temple-mural of gold leaf mosaic?

(Sine cithara)

You need no instrument,
But the vehicle I choose.

/

(Chariot child)

/

No battle by **Light** is ever **lost**

(Etiamsi apparet sic).

And Light should be so kind,
As to *let* the shadows fascinate on the stone walls,
There - you **see** in Paris.

Purity of heart is vision itself.
So then those without vision,
Are but those who suffer.

Whose hearts are calcified,
Whose eyes need cry,
But instead, truth deny.

So then what time is it?
When The Field is for a merry apple tree and to
receive an intergalactic truth?

[Gold, Olive Oil, Frankincense, Sea Salt and Myrrh]

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And what time for you there,
If your faith has amassed so great, you need not the wings of
an aircraft to fly?

That you have discovered your True North,
Gifted the Jaguar Totem,
(That you feel Me when you throw your body to the waves),
And that you should meet the Theologian in your dream?
Then what time is it?

Aye says your Guide,
Your time is now,
And the skip of a second,
And the moan of a moment,
And the haste of an hour,
- All evaporates.
- All collapses.
Time collapses.

//
Timeless now.
//

Made page by page,
In The Light Name,
In The Right Name,
The unconditional love claim.
Now.

Nicole Bonomi