

EPIPHANY

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

The Poet, like any person, may be awestruck by Sunset, but the Poet attempts to wrap the sensation in a lexicon, though the Poet Knows that the lexicon itself would need rearranging, or better yet, shattering, if it were to adequately express her sensation.

In her awestruck state, while chills cover her body, the Poet differs in that she sees The Sun make light and fun of the human condition by saying,

"You there, believe what is only an idea that fire does not love water, and yet, you are both fire and water, both liquid and a flame. You there Poet see me now kiss the surface of the ocean though millions of miles away.

Everyday I attempt to eradicate the limitations of mind, bound only by technicalities, upheld by the lexicon and its arrangement. In my display, I THE SUN, defy distance as an obstacle to LOVE and affection by kissing the Ocean's face.

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And when I display love without limitation, you accept The Miracle that in fact, THE SUN DOES WALK ON WATER. And as Miracle sets into your pineal, what you witness begins to deepen.

And you see that it is indeed a dance you're observing, a beauty in the dance of unbound love, reflected in the glistening of her face.

And just for just a fleeting moment Poet, while you stand with chills and eyes filled, rendered without a word, feeling high on the EPIPHANY, you become unbound by the human condition and there, float out of your body.

In that moment, I SEE YOU, SEE ME, and in doing so, you acknowledge your true Self. Your unbound Self. "

And so every Poet waits for, and even *lives* for, moments, where she is rendered speechless. As ironically, it is without words that the Poet is even more herSelf.

Nicole Bonomi