nothing living and no big idea, nothing but

There's nothing we cannot speak of, not if we talk from the heart, not if we emote round our thoughts floating above our catastrophes,

BALLAST

till our wills lift us out of our pride-lands,

not if our minds don't convert the divine,

we shrug away our amoral fabrications, those things that ought to wake us most nights.

not if we're willing to rise into unknowing;

there's nothing worth killing in this world, nothing worth destroying our spirits over, unless it's our certainties, our constructions, the shadows of our stay-lust, death and its accompanying rebirths to necessary ends; the biggest idea, thought in another heaven, a whimsical place of ongoing conflagrations.

there's nothing we wouldn't do to save time, forgetting for a moment love's dominion, resist the world that is the world, our case, our inability to not squander momentum, our forgiveness hinged to our uneternities.

there's nothing wrong with anything, not if we're willing to accept our actions, imagination's sovereignty, wherever our dimensional passions lead us, whatever our inclinations toward obscurity.

felt with fury, not if it keeps us grounded, not when time is independent of our insights, our encompassing needs for their-assurance, our inability to not squander momentum, our forgiveness hinged to our uneternities.

we consider matters with ultimate now-trust, not if we want to arouse our instincts, not till our insights are discarded as obsolete, or anticipating the loss of everything unreal, or

RAMICK