

Instrumentals

BOOK ONE

Jonel Abellanosa



LEMURES
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*The author wishes to thank the editors of Blood Moon Rising
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Singularity and Genesis

Follow the first line, where light is a dot.

It blooms, a microsecond later bangs
creation's first impulse, love its plasma.

Stars and galaxies born, auroras lift.

Fledgling universe hurtling, expanding.

A period of cooling like pause between

sentences, opening word a sapling.

Roots make the earth home, send saps to the crown.

In the cosmic mind lakes breathe life, pines line.

The air pregnant with melodies, seasons

divided into four parts, like a play.

Oceans praise with heartbeats, rhythms ebb, fall.

Walk from beat to beat, follow where sounds lead.

Sibilance a punctuating mark, an

evolutionary period. Mountains

phrase wonder, geographies of desire rise.

Nourish the spirit, petaled light, rainbow

colors kaleidoscope to the eye. Night's

perfume jasmine, full moon lingering in

the mind, sky garden of constellations.

adjectives from the fountain ripple ponds -

How diamonds sound, how twinkles become

round. The gecko climbs like a paragraph,

caesura after periods white as breath,

thyme its internal rhyme. Sadness enters
time, sibilant, slither of millennia
with the seven sins. Scriptures host the snake

that turned into a man with nightingale

wings, who shot as a star across the sky
under Venus' eye. The story goes
on, your steps into the next chapter. Do

you see the fruit? Eating the apple a
fruit-bearing act, the man's partner with no
name. Lovemaking climaxes. Sadness bears

the fruit, absent lover's lust. She calls it
love, union silence. Between their bodies
space of reckoning. Guilt lights like candle.

Eons later music becomes lovechild
of Skill and Wonder, nurtured with mountains,
yearns for water. The question mark needs no

answer. Winds circle like fugues, powerful
as the storm's eye that hasn't opened. Waves
break and return. Lack of insight stands like

nipa hut, husks skulls on sand, coconut
tree sways. Smells of last night's bonfire hovers
like birds of prey. A dog the first sign of

life. The sun returns, light gives colors back
for the eyes. Manmade sounds, metallic as
hunger. Brews wake - chicken soup and coffee -

morning cadenzas, sun yellow as egg
yoke. Life's bread sliced in equal parts, water
a thanksgiving prayer. Watch them partake

divine bounty, survival as blessing.
Deep in the forest crops are gone, soil bears
what the tempest left. See the storm's wreckage.

Let hope be full. This moment is all you
have - traveler in the cosmic poem.
Birthed in allotted time, leave it the way

you found kindness, aim for growth a bouquet
of flowers the air brings after torrents.
You are ouroboros, cycle that found

its tail. The work like rewriting, dead wood
for your heart's hearth. Till your faith's ground, drops of
sweat like seeds. Trip to town's center a

devotion, marketplace with nouns, the eye
with a feast of verbs. Patterns crisscross like
traders and customers. Price to pay, sense

of what works for a dish to be a small
galaxy of ingredients. A bunch of
bananas, fish for festiveness, rice for

restfulness, coal contentment. Noodles of
simplicity – easy to cook. Jeepney
ride, route home seems shorter, time faster when

you're much older, time that seems quicker than
the emerald dove. The sun peaks, shadows
shorten, noon silent as ghosts. Grounds exude

cathedral smells, the mind like a Higgs Field.
Reverie flows. Sounds of pages turning,
hypnotic. Sacred hour, superstition,

ritual of bones. Drumbeats from the distant
past, ancestral apparitions, playful
mind. Time to remember things that never

happened, déjà vu, déjà vecu. Glass
filters sunfire. Nap a gateway. Landscape, seascape,
daydream. The mind at work, canvas and brush

real. No end to the timelapse, life demands
attention. Definition resonant
with expression. Clay jar brought to the well,

serendipity. Trips, thought digressions -
back and forth, necessary how the day
wears the afternoon as a faded shirt.

The gloaming, golden as it wears off, night
its object lesson, its music barely
noticed, time for trees this time, for rotten

guavas by the hen and her brood. Vision
a fly caught in spidersilk, powerful
to make you cry. Linger a while, the gaze

from inside. The mind learns, contemplation
a speechless god. Monkey-eating eagle
you hear but don't see. This is the turn, when

doorways gray. Melancholia's bamboos, how
light shifts, in manners of white. Mangroves speak
tiredness to tides. Bath by the well, night for

baptism, renewal of vows, moonlight
a covenant of seeing and knowing.
Body of works, biology of the

universal in the natural world.
Dust reminds. Dust settles as if it yields.
North Star to transition, when the body

ebbs into transformation - energy
transferred from its old form. Light absorbed. Fear
not the dis-ease, not the way brilliance breaks.

Discomfort a phantasm. From dis-ease,
change. Elegy of impermanence. Stars
with the eloquence of a man leaving.

Trace your constellation, the last line near.
You're out of the poem's navel, on your
way to where beauty will have no ending

Prophecy

Tree rings, wave function - concentricity.

Herald of omens, quatrains sometimes not
visible. Strings vibrate this poem, hold
dimensions together like spider silk.

Icarus held one line as his flight path.

The boy knew the sun by one name: Father.

Air his wings wrinkled, deaf to abandon.

The cry of Daedalus melted like wax.

Nazca lines - figurative essential.

To the sun god offering of birds, fish,
jaguars, monkeys, humans. Fire with one look
foretells. The future sees your gaze. Fly an

albatross, galleon ships with spices and
barrels of gunpowder. Consult your maps,
your Atlas of inventions. Your belief
a compass for measuring the mad heart.

Stars watch the rising moon, eclipse in your
heart a superimposition. Beyond
the Big Bear, dipper - your invitation
to the oracle of water. Free will

an Ouija board without numbers, year
arbitrary. Barks or clue, dog or tree.

Lights through leaves, pointillist in shades. Passing
time makes you know time isn't passing. We

pass. The dark side, eastern to your longing.
Reason across seasons, wheat field silver
in moonlight, sky's sacramental wafer
at your awe's perigee. Draw parallel

lines with your footprints, find the cave where the
sonnet hangs upside down, its wings folded.
In the congregation of shadows, rare
flower of healing, blooming once

when the moon in your heart turns gibbous, as
if the shadow is a mouth devouring.
Hear howls, right side to your excitement, wolves
one with their language of preparation.

Hyena laughter from the hill, echoes
of how conflict draws your ears. Sirius -
what the mind becomes, the night sky's brightest
star, luminous your imagination.

In a parallel world a raven finds
the bamboo grove, claws holding a slender
reed - a flute to your vantage of wonder.
The blackbird flew from Poe's poem, staring

with Rasputin's eyes. It glides to the ground,
hops towards the grotto. It picks up a
pebble like an adjective, ripples the
pond with a drop of playfulness, circles

concentric in water, stirring the Blue
Lotus - your Buddhist mind. Stone skims water's
surface, the mind's dimensional jump, back
where it holds itself as Sirius, the third

hour after midnight asleep. The beam shoots
from the pyramid's tip, energy to
outer space. Your ajna chakra blooms. Let
vision slip through your eyelids - a sparrow

searching the dome. Be conscious of breathing.
This hour the Djinni teaches, compassion
and loving kindness like two pages. A
saber-toothed tiger, compassion, whose bright

fur blinded William Blake for days. It goes
back and forth, sounds from its chains as it drags
yearns for freedom. Hear it think, "Compassion.
I'm compassion." Don't look at its eyes. If

the genie hands you a black orchid, it's
loving kindness, immutable law of
the universe. Eat it. You must be kind.
You must love. In the parallel world the

hermit thrush sings to starlight, surrender
in its voice, malleable as your wonder.
Its Orphic song turns stones translucent, till
solid becomes light, silence shaped as orb

of photons. Surface skim pulls the past, stone
of light speeding through your awe's Collider,
your thought smashed against the particle. You
see the god-child break from the crack of dawn,

for a split second stills and vanishes.
Idea in epiphany's blue hour.
The incubus asks for sex, promises
foresight in return. Shows a preview of

the new world. If you're supine, it has sucked
your free will like semen. Heavy on your
chest, guilt. A sapless tree grows from your ache
for freedom. Pushed down with lustful weight, you

struggle against the opposing force, till
climax dries you of will power. Open
your eyes, hear the mourned hymn of silence tug
at your heart, white as the dove pining for

purity. Guilt transmogrifies into
disbelief, a curse, Cassandra complex
a hydra rearing hissing heads. Foretell
with precision, rely on belief and

action. The intellect sifts metaphors, filters
meaning as dream's purified light. With your
hard gaze pierce the crown, see through the tree's thick
adornment of leaves - foliation of the

scientific process. See if shadows
hold a nightingale's perch, the way branches
and the bole complicate how colors shape
the feathered silence you recognize. Texts

dense as woods, melancholia emerald
like the forest that holds your weight. Phantoms
adverbial as you leaf your passage through.
Find the way, let love and faith be the crows

that mate for life, caring for each other
as long as air holds the breath of life. Words
form, previewed new world emerging as child.
In the parallel world the hermit thrush's

song, deciphered and in cuneiform. Set in
stone, the prophecy outlasts lifespans of
papyri, because intended hearers
of uncertainty's elegy to change

live hundreds of thousands of years in the
future. Leaves and books analogues of what
time doesn't rename. Clouds and déjà vu
remain the same. Recall takes place. Do you

see a candlestick? Do you hear thoughts hear?
The deep finds space, the mind like a stanza.
Walk through lucid fire, a period for the
stichic desire to enter empty space.

Hour of knowledge nears, conversation with
your selves soon begins. The ancients believe
dreaming at dawn is prophetic, like through
a doorway to tomorrows. The inner

eye blooms like a blue lotus, subconscious
walk random. Chance blindfolds you, as you find
the way like an exciton energized
by a photon, your heart stringed towards the

energy center. You're the recipient
of cosmic kindness. After your return,
interpret signs and symbols for the long-
held generation, whose desire to know

crosses the eon bridge where you stand tall.
Speak in tongues, confound the wise. The stone
you bring back from the parallel world hold.
You will be despised. Days of reckoning

spill from your tongues. Puzzle them jars and
urns, mystify the corrupt with quiet
and peace. The hermit thrush has left the world
next to ours. No more the texts that wound stone

and marble. Fruits tossed along your way, like
the last of warlocks. The cauldron slips in,
through the dimension doorway. Numbers
appear in the Ouija board. The year it

happens is clear. The text is generous
with clues. Be conscientious, be grateful for
the future's landmarks - round which your children
shall build cities of light and glass, powered

by altruism. Be mindful, power
you have for change. Three pyramids align
with three stars: love, compassion, kindness. Stand
in the poem's heart, see the horizon

Language

Fifth dimension, inscape, sap inner
life. Expression of truth, love as knot that
replicates all over the pattern, to

hold the arabesque of life together.
Look at the concentric point, let waves of
photons touch your wonder. Know the picture.

Redraw memory's hold of archetypes
and forms. Sunlight bares the line of ants in
the bark's brown shades, vision climbing to the

crown, smells ripe and sweet impregnating air.
The other line of harvesters return
to the colony, in formicaries

of imagination. On the ground leaves
conceal like pages, fruits yellow as need.
Honey-colored swarms feast. Mutual circles

of agreement in aromatic juice,
the tree's shade an echo of kindness. Fifth
dimension, dimension of five - echo.

Fifth Fibonacci number. Five solids
of the platonic. Dodecahedron,
icosahedron, tetrahedron - three-

dimensional, expansive as sky with
monkey-eating eagle, deep as hearts
that keep diamonds, emeralds, rubies

like first drafts. Sky pentagrams twinkling with
illusion, figures of speech the moon speaks
in silver. Interpret moonlight with your

hard gaze, your participation in the
scansion. The sonnet stills at perigee,
the night sky's sufficient speech, sibilance

of a fountain between the sun and its
absence where you stand a wanderer of
the searching heart, syzygy of recall

your only companion. Shadows serene as a
mosaic of galaxies round your bare feet.
They lengthen your desire to understand,

vision a long line flanked by trees. You see
your self's projection, your heart's condition
by far, which you've carried ever-changing

along less-traveled roads, your arrival's
place filled with new and strange birdsongs. Pleasure
of grass underfoot a gift. Be aware.

Smell of jasmine salves the air. Time is place.
Time is refrain, time is repetition,
echo of how you managed to be here.

A border to the everlasting speaks
in tongues of horizons. Linger with your
perception, learn to hone observation

on stone shimmered with water. Description
yields to simplicity's knife. Be humble.

Let your body be home to light's tercets.

be boundless as the absence of periods.
Perceive the power you wish to express.
Be peaceful. Let your will rest on shorelines.

Pay attention to how surfs sigh, the way
ebbs surrender to the flow. Foams speak to
the starfish, oneness washed ashore. They hold

each other as keepers. The sea's secrets
fold. Let your bare feet be washed, your act of
contrition before the deep. Sin no more.

Let brine be salt in your eyes. Let tears sting.
Dip yourself in your own baptism, spread
your arms in a gesture of embrace. Float.

Be aware of life's reefs. Octopuses
fishes, eels. Metaphors, metonyms, tropes.
Under the moon ink takes night's color, moves

from the quill pen's tip like love. You must touch
with manners of weeds going with the flow.
Immerse in the music of personal

measure. Let reverence be tempo, your
submersion a future promise. Let trust
be islet in your heart. Be generous.

Meaning pays homage to Poseidon, truth
an offering and gift. Let water be
simplicity, let willingness wrinkle

your palms. There will be another time for
words. Return to faith's temple, to return's
dense forest. The other side beckons, your

free will consonant with the choice you've been
given. The mixed metaphor, alien, uncertain
mind dead wood. The gloaming glows green, nuanced

with your perception. Woods of the lovely
cliché, oft-recurring like the place of
loss defines memory. It's okay to

be lost. Let the other side hold you in
the strange. Let nothing echo, audible
as the forest's heartbeat. Surprise yourself

with rainfall, as you near your faith's limestone
triangle. Pyramid aligns with its
star in Orion's Belt. The ziggurat,

temple-topped, turns visible, tower of
Babel from where tongues took flight like a flock
of European robins traveling

by the Earth's magnetic field. They built the
tower of their arrogance to touch God's
footstool. They scattered throughout the planet,

bringing with them dialects of their own
doom. The Great Flood purpled their prosaic march
towards self-destruction. Be sorrowful,

for your generation commits the same
mistakes, again and again, greed making
the planet unlivable - poem's brink

Hall of Horrors

Welcome to the poem's Hall of Horrors,
mistakable as hall of symbols. There
are no vampires no werewolves. Nor

spirits of the dead or disembodied
spirits from another dimension. Blood
spatter forbidden, disturbing the host

not allowed, poltergeist activities
and levitations taboo. Howls you hear
from your mind, anticipating reds. Knives,

blades, axes and Garrote wires have been
given no glass cabinets. In a place
where silence is de rigueur. Nor is this

a guided tour. Internalize as the
human body this poem you're in: you're
now in its throat, where voice takes space like an

enchanter. The navel no longer holds
your gaze, you're no longer in the outward
flow of concentricity. A mighty

push has brought you here, you who are student
of history - whose horrors repeat and
repeat, whose sine qua non is human

nature. You're not required to name people
who committed widespread atrocities
But hadn't written literary texts.

You're not asked to name a mass murderer
who hadn't subjected the most nagging
questions of existence to rigors of

clarifications. Monsters examine
life, too, act to the fullest on bloody
interpretations of the ideal

world. In spare times they write books, expand the
cliché in untold ways, wearing a two-
piece suit while ordering Hiroshima's

incineration. They lift the teacup
gently, in measured manners, between sips
order the gassing of their own people.

Banality. You're treated with what you
think is the daily rustle that doesn't
deserve notice. You're shown the quotidian,

the unobtrusive passage, goblet of
white wine that seems not laced with poison. The
ordinary stills like a midsummer

lake in moonlight, surface still as stone, but
whiffs of decomposition pull into
depths, reverie a curious teenager.

Paddling for shore, fear, intuition sure.
The ordinary a bus full of school-
children on a weekend trip - foldable

tents, canned food, backpacks excitement-heavy.
It isn't Jason Voorhees or Freddy
Krueger waiting. It isn't the teacher,

or one of them bringing Chucky the Doll
along. It's the cliff that pulls like a throat,
abyss an empty stomach, hungry and

insatiable. Terrors losing the shock
factor: school mass shootings, lone wolves, suicide
bombers, psychopath presidents. Take long

looks at Baudelaire's evil flowers, see
if estrangement and anonymity
aren't the city's twin ubiquities.

Beggars and the blind, prostitutes, gamblers –
They're not recognizable, and they don't
recognize. In streets of alienation

they see abject blooms, but without recourse.
They know evil, Hermes Trismegistus
Satan's other name. Boredom a tiger

orchid. Rape and murder have made fate their
banal canvas. Look at the hanging fruit,
see if it isn't the day you decide

it's too much for the househelp to go on
without your intervention. Look at the
violet rose, look at the falcon, the

siesta one is allowed to take. See if
a shoe isn't a lapse of judgment, if
the rosary doesn't hold desires of

making others hungry. Starvation can
be masturbatory. Sights of beggars
aphrodisiac to leaders who prolong

poverty's cycles. The mind a sought wraith
for the iron maiden - lady that is
your mother, your sister, your aunt, who shows

you a pendant and pillow, sin your son.
She doesn't show she's incapable of
remorse, not behaving as though she walks

among violets and bees. The story
she tells is gray, betrayal the rope she
suggests, indirection a tight knot. If

you doubt her truths, listen to her silence,
complicit as her blank gaze, verity
of what she doesn't acknowledge with words

clear as mirror. If you need evidence
the daily is more horrifying, it
presents itself as the sum of sorrows.

You see a fruit, perhaps an apple, or
jackfruit hanging from the crown green and full
of lifeforce. You know living is gist, sap

for which no tree takes back its bounty. It's
both the wound and its balm, recognition's
shock and its benevolence. Your choice to

remain its apprentice or outgrow its
ruminant glow. But you always know shock
as the auto-da-fe, the kettle, the shoelace, the

shipwreck you thought wasn't possible. The
extreme punishment for dissenters is
the dandelion in a vase that holds

the tyrant's gaze. Ask yourself, if you are
the subject of witch hunts, stop seeing the
fish as Christ-sign that should be relinquished

to the ocean. Move to the next hanging
picture, let the hanged picture move you. Hear
it challenge the human notion. Wonder

if eyes aren't purposed for gouging. The
severed ear belongs to the painter. What
should horrify is his brother, Theo,

wasn't horrified. Bystanders aren't
Horrified, neighbors aren't horrified,
watchers aren't horrified. Pictures fill

social media with banalities. Up
to you if doubt is a tree, up to you
if the moon is omen of wanton love.

If this poem is like the body, and
you're in its throat, it's up to you if you're
the lump or a pill. All show, centipedes

under your skin, tremor of lizards in
your spine. Fear is sometimes beautiful, at
the bottom of the page your sigh a stone

Mandala

This poem you're in, substantial with you.
You flex its form, expand places of the
possible beyond uncertainty. Be

mindful, move with the clockwise circle, time
your footsteps according to the sacred
measure. Carry yourself with reverence.

Where you take your faith reshapes the poem,
barefoot along arcs of emphasis, care
a garden in your heart. Let hope center

you in a carpet of green, grass adorned
with dewdrops that speak water to your soles.
The Cosmos is a geometer, in sight

the tabernacle of your willingness
to follow and enter the divine. Lines
angle awareness as you intersect

doubt's routes. In the circle, completed square,
equal sides of how love's work concludes. Find
the third well, draw your thirst's nourishment there.

Sky a pearl, over the first gate. Trace with
your feet the nautilus in the lawn, huge
the artist's conception of the spiral.

Compose a prayer, pay homage to your
vision, imagination's world a hand
to your wishbone. The second gate leads to

the monument. A spire draws your awe the way
the Earth's electromagnetic field pulls
the European Robin to the True

North of its navigation, as though long
before it mastered the flight path it had
been quantum entangled to precision.

The spire transforms into an obelisk,
as though ghostly photons tunnel through walls
of energy to reshape, recolor

what you see. The eternal flame the brass
cauldron holds stills. The leaf of fire wants to
be a sculpture, so it wears the body

of marble, pageantry of substantial
states before your wonder, reminder of
how the unstable enters potentials

of self-doubt, necessity to question
your eyes, reality rooting senses
in uncertainty. Do you sense the turn

inward? The curve, concentricity and
pulse? The place like heartbeat. Leaves curlicue,
branches split, roses into arabesques,

jasmines and tiger orchids designs, as
though the wallpaper you see is a wall
of energy, spooky sign, moon the sky's

wandering hermit crab. Glow of naming.
Three circles in front of each gate, grass tongues
to your feet. Spend time, space with footprints.

Like cleansing rite. Temple of transience, tree
of pomegranates. Before reverence,
your entry into the sacred place. Let

light show intersections between belief
and change. Let the sunbird illuminate
truths for your consumption. Ask your guardian

angel, confront the horned demigod, the
way rivers and pebbles discuss currents
and flow. Incense weighs the air with portents.

Echo chamber with omens: raven perched
at the foot of the Buddha - reclined on
one side, chin in palm, golden

humongous as astonishment. Broken
like I Ching lines, your footsteps. Inner as
the great pagoda, your motion to the

center. Plop of coin in water, sound-stilled
impression draws koi like fortunetellers,
pageantry of colors in the heart's pond.

Choreography swirls, fishes circling the
spiral expanding the Fibonnaci
sequence. They scatter like tea leaves in your

mind. Ashram bells chime, time measured to your
breathing, space between breaths guttural hum.
Three-headed Cerberus at the core of

the temptation. Insight, illusion's beast,
shifting shape. The Buddha's half-smile, as if
somewhere a doorway, blue portal. Beckons.

Effigy it frames. When you're out wonder,
see your own face, self-immolation the
law of attraction, mirror that pulls your

barefoot respect. Vicarious pain, your flesh
the fire consumes, your flesh intact, remains.
Embers rise is your mind. Your body speaks

the language of chills to heat, purgative
glow a blackbird arcing to the third gate,
its cry shrill in the sky. Pass by the ME

Observatory. Mausoleum of
WE, THEY planetarium where students are
stars, fireflies in the night sky, for a time.

Trace the four sides with your footsteps, see that
the ground sees you, kindness motif to the
wheel, Star of David that turns spiritual

tides. Shiva in the pentagon, you're in
atmospheric shifts. See the stamp in the
ground - circles after the third gate. Takes off

as reverie, winged shadow skimming the
statue of Thales of Miletus. The
pathway leads to a honeycomb, golden

hexagons like choices you have - bee to
the Flower of Life. The center point beams
energy through an apex hole, powers

the poem that keeps you whole. Time machine,
wormhole to ignition. metallic hums,
clicks and clacks. Blues, reds, whites beam,

poles of light through which you tunnel like a
photon. Birthplace, when the voice echoes, *Let
there be light*, bang the singularity

dot, big kaleidoscope still expanding
this moment, space-time inflating. Light self-
renewing, sustains itself, enlarging

the poem's propagating principle,
epigenetic complexity of
creation - acts of love. In hologram blue,

measure of yourself. Measure yourself in
hologram blue, echo projection as
your image's voice. Versions of your selves

in parallel worlds. You as son, you as
grandfather, you as brother, as father.
Yggdrasil the center, it lowers its

fruit. Touch electric buzzes, frisson through
your fingers, up your spine a woken snake,
kundalini's bright red serpent. Shoots to

the star through your ajna chakra, conscious
awareness to the firmaments. You are
nebula, you are supernova. As

above, so below, so look below - the
poem the alchemical principle,
mind the universal, cosmic mirror.

A tubular net, wormhole's throat. Speed through
to another dimension. Trust the safe
passage. Through the Universe's larger

ventricle – seat of platonic love. You're
brought before the pelican that wounds her
breast with her beaks, to feed her young her blood.

For a moment you're the prayer, prayer
that opens like wings, white as peace, peace with
white feathers. Lift like echo to the sky,

stars sending light echoes. Zap back through the
wormhole. Bring your self back in your body
to where you stand. The honeycomb buzzes,

bees within three circles. Retrace and move
on, patch of grass where Pythagoras left
triangles. Fourth and final gate, the same

three circles, gates and doorway. To other
worlds. Sum of twelve gates, in the golden
Hall of Algebra. On the wall Daniel

the Prophet's words: "*The words are closed up and
sealed until the time of the end.*" Look at
the portrait of Plutarch, who wrote "Plato

said God moves on with geometry." Truth of
intelligent design the governing
principle. Watch how DNA's double

helix twirl, separate, break down into
codons. See the number 3 - God's thumbprint
in all of creation. Remember the

poem's tercets. Remember the three
stars in Orion's belt (above), the three
pyramids of Giza (below). Precise,

they align. Remember Rilke's words: "*for
here there is no place that does not see you.*"

Change your life. In your mind, Blue Buddha - heal

Portals

Existing everywhere in the poem.

Doorways, rectangular as tercets, blue.

Appearing, disappearing, the moon's sheen

space's ovoid surface, shimmering with
waves, through which you may exit and appear
elsewhere. Stargates, wonder's circumference.

Fiery circle holds Shiva's dance, burning
as the sun, sunrays like golden boles, trees
landmarks in your mind's cosmic map. Wormholes,

manmade or starmade, humming to your mind,
allurement like cannabis, LSD
the angel's guiding hand. Red-shifted, your

doubt, your participation's certainty
entangled with the invite. DMT
spiderwebs, violet-vermillion verve.

Tunnel in your closed eyes. Rollercoaster,
freefall with pleasure, shoot like a photon,
let large heavenly bodies bend your slide's

space. Sparks of galactic neurons. Synapses
like two mushrooms touching, two fists bumping.
Kaleidoscope, tubular net sucks you in

like a throat. Gateway you slide through, expanse
your own trust that moves you. Light as air you
remember, disbelief suspended, as

pterodactyls and avatars welcome
your addition to their pointillist place.
Mountain ranges, tranquility green as

tranquilizer, Technicolor. Your flesh
speaks the language of its absence to your
awareness, ajna chakra aglow like

supernova. Watch your mind as its own
projection, lucid surprise: dragonflies
with dodecahedron eyes, rainbow wings

iridescent as chipped glass in sunlight.
Dimethyltryptamine, timeless travel
to the universal center, dot in

concentric circles. Glossolalia and
echolalia - sound couple, coupling sounds.
Let will power nosedive, zoom into the

open space, where you hover, float the way
light lifts weight in your heart. You are spacecraft,
speeding ecstatic, magnetic blue to

your pleasure. Enter law of attraction,
poems' Karman line, whoosh of bliss as you
turn into deep ascension. Pleiades

maps your homing, blue-white glow, star cluster
with no black holes, anything not letting
light in canceled. Hear Dylan Thomas: "*The*

*best craftsmanship always leaves holes and gaps
in the works of the poem so something
that is not the poem can creep, crawl, flash,*

or thunder in." Light the transmission in
space. You are translucency, voice of the
unutterable. Faeries and goblins thread

lines, angels and demons mooning past your
prime, echoes writ large, epigrammatic
words vibrating from the Planck Scale of love.

Shadows in the Milky Way, systems of
stars blue-shifting into clarity's range,
spectrum of granular details, closer

to the human factor, how we perceive
wonder. Cosmic microwave radiation,
background that proves you are entangled with

everything else in the universe at
the singularity of creation,
primordial explosion releasing the

plasma of hydrogen and helium, from
which carbon evolved as the strong force held
more protons together, for chemistry's

diverse elements, which in due time birthed
your body, your consciousness, as part of
life's universal fabric. Time divides

like stanza breaks - for the spatial bridge through
which alien flying saucers cross thresholds,
dimensions breached. This poem's resistance

to meaning, exploits of the pineal
gland – entryway. Psilocybin mushrooms
wake the cerebellum's miniature man.

Insight like a crop circle, extraneous
as a hunch. Bring coinage to play, name what
you recognize. poltergeist the TV

sends your suspicion actually the same
cosmic microwave background radiation,
ghost in the machine a figment of your

imagination. White noise scratches your
thirty seconds of calm, wraiths attending
with cacophony placid pictures. Hear

dissonances, disconnect between the calm
picture and background noise, disrupt peace of
mind, stir your levitation like gravity's

pull. You are your own exorcist-priest, will
the unhinged sound and sense into silence.
Enter the guttural chant, sonic place

of your chambered concentration. Lines meant
to be heard, hymns bringing you back into
the center. Repel the body thief, if

you misheard by the cacodaemon of
distraction - notorious as monkeys in
the tree of thought. Imagination full

of basements, where better angels strangle
memory. Love prevails like garrote
wires, expression sibilance of water

when vision drowns, salt to eyes when blue
vision electric. Seismic rush to shores. What
form it takes needs to be let through, it needs

pathways. Constrictions, receptacles for
shapes to shift, forms to reform, let the curve
be silhouetted by your return to

your body, illusion tipping over
material reality. Time to see
illusion as real, new landscape blue as

beneath the surface as anything you
touch. Pine for the other side, littered with
doubt's refuse, aftermaths of your failures

of seeing with clarity. Take the blur
one step back. Once air returns, trust freefalls,
your sense of place denser. Cool brush to your

face, wind cooling your return. Watch the sky
like an act of penance, your remorse
a solar pendant. Reflect on passage.

Déjà vu curtains your eyes, shades of the
open mind as doubt vanishes. Let ghosts
forget the language of hosts, as night folds

the doorway, door closed for another day.
The place is well, poem you're in richer,
the multiverse pulsing with love and care.

Energy

Harness the poem's line, visual register,
tap the sine qua non of why you're here -
lifeforce, reinforce the way, vigor and

verve the mind's rays. Experimental wheel
of zodiac, kaleidoscope with you as
one of the pieces in rearranging

patterns, thrust of the creative impulse, pure
intensity of universal love.

Emotions radiate, desire bright as Sirius,

hope shifting blue as though a galaxy
of possibilities has adjusted
to the heart's telescope, as though

better days have become clearer, detailed
with your communal participation.

Delve into deep space, where discovery

awaits. Emerge from the error of space
being empty. It isn't a vacuum
where quarks cancel previous suppositions.

Quantum fluctuations show the electro-
magnetic field filled with power, source of
light everlasting as truth. Believe in

what you don't see, trust the inaudible,
your faith in the universal good like
copper wire. Memory flash, frisson sends

kundalini's fire through the spine, open
your pineal gland, the brain turned into
a receiver, centipede of bones, nerves,

muscles, tendons and ligaments in your
back holding you upright like a lightning
rod. Yield yourself to the cosmic prod, lend

your trust to the electromagnetic
force, lines of electricity through your
corpus callosum, creativity

and logic bridged with your prayer to know,
understanding strengthened with thickened nerve
fiber bundle. Imagination the

power house, where doubt meets the lucid glow,
conclusion like stability in an
electron capture. Take a hard look at

the gypsy star. Walk the terrains, barefoot
with only your teachable mind. Listen
to how thunder takes mindfulness as its

shape. Keep an eye on the storm as it lifts
its eyelid, wonder the way its visual
dance dilates. Sparks of insight circle like

bats, echolocating your will power
as generator that moves you forward,
dynamo that turns hopes and dreams into

life's sources of heat. Lightning bares its teeth,
electrostatic charge between regions
of wonder, regions of uncertainty.

Solar photons touch leaves, chlorophyll turns
light absorbable, photosynthesis
the natural metaphor for the living yearn,

process of desire used to convert dreams
of a better life and living into
comfort, sense of security, peace of

mind, communal prosperity - methods
of how plants use light to turn minerals,
carbon dioxide and water into

oxygen, organic compounds with the
universal principle for wholeness
and health. Utilize winds lines carry, hum

of the primeval sound from the moment
of creation, cool touch in your forehead,
your nape a vector of its kiss. Tap the

air flow rotating like the equator,
kinetic desire of the cosmos to
connect, in your heart turbines open to

ideas of community. Water
more powerful if it falls, if it runs
like marathoner. Derive your belief's

sustenance from love's currents, irrigate
life's principles with smooth flows, history
a trompe that should inform reflection, for

repetition of mistakes to enter
extinction. Let hopes for a better world
be renewable as waterfalls, sounds

serene to the self-observing mind. Be
the immovable cascade of lucid
thoughts, lotus in your heart's pond that welcomes

dragonflies, damselflies on generous
leaves, petals of your kindness open to
strangers. Alchemy and magic - union

of the sacred and the profane, blooming.
Cauliflower clouds, gray *Bakunawa* –
dragon of Cebuano lore, nimbus wings

of fantasy, red-tongued myth, mouth wide as
summer lake. Fire-breathing devourer of
night sky's sacramental wafer - gibbous

here, full elsewhere, not seen everywhere. It
casts a shadow in your mind, eclipsing
notions of certainty, right to question

your simplest suppositions, doubt your ears
and eyes, circulatory system
of clarity and precision bursting

with fireflies, your skin a surface for eels.
Star you echo Sirius, mindset of certain
brightness, measurement that should stimulate

self-doubt. Reinvigorate yourself through
reinvention, you are new again. Star
systems echo Pleiades, line of sight

like a well-turned phrase. Hear the language of
angels, origin of the heavenly
stressed vowel, frozen heat of a comet

like gist of description. Tune in to the
cosmic microwave radiation background,
nuance of big bang evidence open

to your interpretation, pulses and
bursts of quantum fluctuations brief but clear,
gamma ray as your willingness to learn.

Rephrase your speech patterns, paraphrase to
see if lines resist change. Be conduit
to spiritual evolution, transform

for the sake of larger transformations.
You have to change your mind, Shiva-linga
of higher planes, aniconic bearer

of care, pillar of devotion. Pour all
you are, all you'll be, to your offering.
Lines wave to shores, sibilance of the sea,

ebbs of desire sounding the changing tide.
Concomitant flow, vitality's beats
finding your heart, rhythms of breathing slow.

Nature sparkles who you were, who you will
be. Tiny versions of the future trapped
in foams you see. You know a hologram

shard reflects the whole, time's pieces holding
the past, the present, the future - in each
moment, compartment that keeps everything

from happening simultaneously. The
body keeps the primordial ocean, deep
sighs of verves to live, verbs of motion to

keep lines of limbs lively. Longing tides, tides
over surf songs, refrains of how echoes
affirm and reaffirm. The buoyant rise

in the ribcage swells, rejuvenates your
anatomy, biology of the
mind you experience as real. Footprints fill

the century's sands, breeze cool as whisper.
You're in the dawn again. Watch the future's
static line, horizon like equator

of hope that divides the deep and the small
faraway mountain's ghostly shape. No more
plumes in the sky, no more of greed's coal, no

more of indifference and its fires, no
more forests burned to cinders. Cosmic tree
catches lightning, roots alive with the source

of electricity, magnetic with
love to the ground, point of magnetism
touching you vicarious. Attraction a

universal law, interaction draws
your will to participate, add your part
to the natural whole. Words possess both

positive and negative charges, fruit
of the pleasure voltage in your hand
awaiting its form your heart bestows. Be

mindful of how you string sounds of pictures.
Hone your senses and sensibilities
against mores of transference. Build from your

paper the well-lighted place, city of
marble and glass for light to bounce and leap
beyond boundaries, inner concentric

circles of waterways and canals clear
as mirrors, blue to the visitor's
eye. Let kindness and care, gratefulness and

peace, love and kinship be its citizens -
highly evolved beings who've been allowed
to pass through spotlighted gateways, to live

among like-minded communities, with
beasts, fulfill the prophecy of lions
lying down in green grasses among sheep.

Pleasure has borrowed new names: mangosteen,
Spanish plum, starapple. Touch to your tongue
a brief glimmer that leaves an aftertaste

following your days, making memory its
mansion of wonder. Exhilarate in
unions of taste. You are its abstract child -

lotus Monet saw when daydream misted
into a doorway. You are pebble and
concept, the marsh's hidden secret under

its surface of green water. Play the flute,
power the pelican takes for flight, your
mind's deep space deep blue as the sky, air of

when and where crossing the Earth's electro-
magnetic field. Sharpen vision, perfect
sphere like electron. A feather eases

slowly to the ground, lyric the flight left,
sign of passage that makes the air halt pause
and break. Seizure of the moment that's stirred,

ignition that starts your intuitive
gaze, and you follow, barefoot in beliefs
of better days. Hope wafts cornucopias,

hints jasmine bouquets, bouquet of heart's
pressed grapes, woke smells north to your experience.
Fade into the poem's penultimate

line, put to rest the kinetic rhythm
before the period ends. The reclining
Buddha closes as the final image,

golden body a conductor of light,
warm as welcome. Silence hosts reverence,
as you flow through space like the pelican.

Cohere with the creative momentum,
participant of the quiet dance. You
are the word made flesh. The poem in your

mind spins like an electron, sending, in
an instant, faster than the speed of light,
words of communication to its twin

across galaxies into another
dimension, entangled to mirror its
action - sound and sense in timed unison.

Drain the center, concentric circles of
the dreamworld yielding water to your touch,
your expression a wave of photons, light

in superposition, open to your
free will. Choose peace, a place where freedom holds
multiple possibilities, progress

in endless forms. Stars depart at dawn, like
angels to be somewhere where other minds
also learn, hard lessons like words carved in

stone. Let your desire find Yggdrasil's fruits,
lamp of your trust making you see footprints
you leave in darkness. A festive glow finds

your faithful heart, limns the line you follow
with divine guidance, Sagittarius and
Gemini parallel. Stand in the Earth's

field of frequencies, how frequent forces
of electromagnetism ring. Take
steps of synchrony, meditative, till

you hear your heartbeat meld with the Earth's hum.
Prayer holds you like hymnal. You're aglow
with life, your anatomy luminous

as auroras, circulation system
lit as if your arteries were fiber
optic hairs. Singularity calls your

heart home, double helix of love God-birtherd
Omega Point. Self-sufficiency your
new light, truth at last an embodiment

of the power to shine, illuminate the
merge of body and spirit, like protons
bound whole in life's atomic nucleus.

Sounds

Eight dimension - vibratory space-time
of expression, musical pulses for
your ears, notations of photons your eyes

should recognize like elegance. Lucid
voice like an angel that wears your body's
melodies. What you hear solid as what

you touch, notes mellifluous weighted as
the flute you have to master. Like proton
the tonal urge tunnels through quantum walls

to rest in the pleasing place that makes your
skull a dome of reverence. Prayer gains
new rhythms, measured ways once elusive

but this time open like a palm. Hear the
luminous pour novel compositions,
new ways of ordering the right words, births

of beauty as you pass by. You shall be
your era's Orpheus, your pen entangled
with your flute in a quantum embrace, your

mind where words first find their suitable
music. The sacred and the profane shall
use you as union's instrument, in you

balance light and the dark. You shall echo
the divine, footsteps timed to the impulse
to create, yearn of the universe to

express itself, lotus blossom in your
heart warmed. Multiply like rainfall, into the pond
drops create waves of concentric circles,

plops the wind lends to the attentive ear.
Frogs croak the green becoming, you must hear
multiples of three - life, love, living - like

tercets, chorus in the drizzle, wave of
ebbs and fizzle. The mind holds layers of
water. Close your eyes, will the hum to glow.

Chamber in your cerebellum echoes,
miniature man you hear between your ears
stretching the vibratory OM - sonic

God-particle that heals your wounds, in your
body orbiting as comet, sphere of
the everlasting, sacred syllable

navigating the length of self-touch, cells
sustained chants rejuvenate. OM tunes you
to the planet's magnetic frequency -

7.83 hertz - pulse of Mother Earth's
heartbeat, resonance that makes your body
remember youth. Learn to let your ears touch.

Let vibratos of O be elastic
as breath you take in, hold hums of M in
your stomach's fallow ground. Feel healing burst

seeds in your flesh, bubbles in your body's
ocean. Then send the healing blessing back
to the Planck fabric of energy, stream

of God-breath back to the air with all your
sorrows. In tremolo the aural shape
lasts, eternal as the universal

consciousness. Rain enters pianissimo.
Open your eyes, let photons dilate your
optical system's mechanism of

protection. Sunlight soothes as rainfall's late
companion. Look at dewdrops on blades round
your bare feet. They hold the universe like

shards of a hologram, see rainbow give
water surface and shape, in orbs of stilled
fluid silence its nucleus. Lighten

your heart, inner bamboo grove - shroud
of your personal temple, new day like
sapling, as dawn leaves. Leaves shimmer the tree's

voice, morning's green vocables, chlorophyll
to the sensual ear. The body renews
affinities to acoustic waves, lengths

through which description takes shape, words having
frequencies of usage - according to
how the heart arrives at meaning as place

where sense coheres. Let me take you to the
mall, my son, where hearing balls and falls, whoop-
de-do and merry-go-round, in the cave

of consciousness plop, hop, doo-wop. Mall where
dissonances glimmer, in donnybrook
whippoorwill, footsteps the floor's dialect

showing the cultural choreography.
Jeepney ride doohickey, de rigueur, box
of cacophony, consonant to your

learning mind. Blares, horns, screeches, brakes. Joys of
bumpy rides, streets with potholes, turns like twists
of phrases, revelries of dusts. Calls of

the conductor, gestures for passengers
to pass coins, coinage like the steering
wheel of language. Serendipity in

traffic, chance and luck like electrons, red
light a wall where observation finds
a splashed particle. Passengers embark,

disembark, midmorning metallic as
the moment you hear. Ambulant vendors
with wares to sell - cigarettes, mineral

water, peanuts in plastic. Listen, son, learn
life's frantic calls, quick bargains of living,
listen to cold temptations appease the

heat. Sales pitches music to your young mind,
offer tra la la - rhythmic bounciness
of the Cebuano language, street curses

onomatopoeia, prominence of
"i" and "o," stressed like the need to earn a
living or die of hunger. Manners they

convince buyers roll with the long "l," ease
of esses betraying in irony
controlled desperation, ordinary

Cebuano's repressed cry for help, drowned
in timbres of indifference. Light turns
green, early sonic lessons fade. Enter

the mall mindful, let awareness catch as
antenna, observation keen to folds
of voice, how expressions resonate from

vocal chords, from technologies tapping
electricity, ingenious ways of
word and notation reverberations

use air waves like surfboards, transmittance
like timpani to the eardrum. Measure
using insight and extrapolation,

fluctuate understanding with your will to
change your mind. Peak but ebb waves filtering
through your ribcage to your sixth sense, clear as

shoreline water, possibility tones
depending on arrangement, how pebbles
of the intellect find places in your

quiet interrogations, where what you
hear binds with sense like protons. Circles
concentric to your negotiations

vibrate, wobble up and down, left and right,
till understanding becomes stable. Tilt
reflection to fractal repetition,

break through barriers of the inaudible.
Muzak - piano, flute, violin. Echo
system of the background, ecosystem

for the subliminal ear. Perfumed air
indigo with accents and beats. Enter
the sonic equation as variable -

how you change your mind dependent on your
willingness. Laughter syncs distraction with
your mind. Pace with blue rhythms, rubber shoes

like new emotion. Voices of fathers,
mothers, brothers, sisters, cousins, nannies -
sing you back in tangible time. Follow

your intuition the way the steam train,
colored like crayons, brings children to joy,
happy faces station to station. Let's

window shop, hear the Technicolor, glass-
encased digital hums. Escalators
lift the quiet chorus, upward gazes

as though epiphany were soprano.
Salespersons and buyers, assonant with
nods, shapes of o like lozenge in the mouth.

Consonant nods, delightful acquiesce
to the willing sense. Money exchange hands.
She senses we're not buying, we're here as

listeners. We interact with questions.
Like signet ring to wax, clarity to
the mind, impression of sincerity

sealing the trade. Let's proceed to the third
floor, where the technology hub jazzes,
pods of digital offers, volume of

tinkles, neon zizzes, pitches of glass
and metal. Smart TVs, smartphones, gadgets
for the curious mind, desire electric

as piccolos and piano keys. Background
music hip-hop as the jovial spirit.
Quiz your wandering mind, wonder cyborg

as speculation, latest iPhone like
Ouija board, connecting with angelic
dimensions. The cyborg demonstrates its

powers to awed audience - before it's boxed
for shipment to its new human parents.
Smart waterbed lulls, oceanic murmurs

position the sleeping mind to smell brine,
sink, sink, deep, deep, in dream. It hears your thoughts,
this bed of ebbs, detects if sleep were too

elusive. It then chimes the murmurs of
bubbles, self-hypnosis like a hand that
leads. It sprays dreams and numbs the mind to blank,

anesthetic as the vague, vividness
losing edges. Voice recognition in
the light department: chandeliers glimmer

like the many-eyed peacock tail, bulbs bright
as cyclop eyes, table lamps and wireless
candelabra aglow, quick as your dog

who knows the intimate voice. *Light on.* It
obeys. *Light out.* It obeys. Impostors
it recognizes, the wrong voice it treats

as a thief. It sniffs out emotions like
an empath, picks up intonations, love's
tones and timbres, the personal very

difficult to fake, the expressive voice
pre-programmed before the credit card is
scanned. Living room lights allow three tries, three

commands with the wrong voice before sending
distress signals to the nearest police
station. Cutting edge software, top-of-the-

line hardware - our selves and their extensions
prosthesis of desire. Listen to glob
Onomatopoeia, automaton

heft, blobs guttural in thickened water.
Techno music, stressed and unstressed beats in
magnification. We leave this part of

the poem feeling drenched but feeling light.
Joe Satriani's alien found the heart's
waves - we've surfed with the ghostly sensation,

lifted and buoyed like a balance of
understanding and improvisation,
meaning astride the dearth of confusion.

We descend, obeying the hunger god.
Lunchtime intense with sonic registers,
aural shapes distinct as orbs. The body's

internal clock times footsteps - food court in
the ground level, where conversations are
liveliest. Loud exchanges vibrate like

fractals. Practice synesthesia, Hear grilled
smells, aromas your heart has memorized
cadenced. Listen to your childhood stories

scents retell, as if your attention were
deep fried. Which do you prefer - mackerel
or parrot fish? How do you like it cooked?

Sweetness isn't measured in cups, rice staple
of the unlimited. Tables echo
the community, communal spirit

the natural human essential. Eat
and share, conversation a partner of
sustenance. The food court teaches the word

as spoken art, often spontaneous, braille
sometimes. Students of artful exchange
learn by being quiet most of the time.

Practice silence, the fiction writer hears
dialogues, the poet the unsaid. Chew
insight's cuds. Eat, son, with measured grace, time

sliced in portions. Segment the listening
art, in this place of blessings. Pass the plate
to the next person. Line your heart's blue song

Nine

Book One closes with The Great Cosmic
Dance. You're in the center, gestures of
prayer circle. You are the storm's eye,

heart's mandala. Round solitude goes,
blue lotus twirls. You the Blue Buddha
heals. Petals in the golden ratio,

homage to your dreamful mind. The sky
reflects love, you are one of billions -
lucid in a festival of lights

About the Author:

Jonel Abellanosa lives in Cebu City, the Philippines. He is a nature lover, an environmental advocate, and loves all animals particularly dogs. His poetry and fiction have appeared in hundreds of magazines and anthologies, including *The Lyric*, *The McNeese Review*, *Star*Line* (Science Fiction and Fantasy Poetry Association), *Invisible City*, *Chiron Review*, *Dark Matter* and *The Anglican Theological Review*.

His poetry collections include, “Songs from My Mind’s Tree” and “Multiverse” (*Clare Songbirds Publishing House*, New York), “50 Acrostic Poems,” (*Cyberwit*, India), “In the Donald’s Time” (*Poetic Justice Books and Art*, Florida), and “Pan’s Saxophone” (*Weasel Press*, Texas). His works have been nominated for the Pushcart Prize, Dwarf Stars and Best of the Net Awards.

He loves to self-study the sciences. He is a nature lover and an environmental advocate. He loves all dogs, having three companion dogs himself.

About the Press:

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