

If There Are Parallel Dimensions Let This One Be A Reminder

By
Alicia Cahalane Lewis

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In other realms where Earth isn't, but Earth is considered, there are words, such as these, to define. In other realms where poetry exists words aren't needed. Words, because we create definitions of, delineate and corral. In realms of poetic thought love isn't written, rather it becomes the exchange of thinking. Poetry, the subject of rather than the byproduct herein. Language, the probability, science, the debate, and poetry tossed about to create variables in motion. Poetry, the rustling in quiet realms. I am never without a whistle, pen in hand. Channels define, cut from bedrock, and language, designed to take us from here to there, but what if poetry, without definition, because we can shift shape, turns in on itself? There are long streams of consciousness turning our landscape barren. Cut into, chisel, this, a poetic discourse, a nomad's dream.

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To simplify poetic thought we once devised a plan, and words corralled such as these, appeared to bind. Limitations, such as language, give us the impression that words are everything, for they constitute thinking, but as thinking expands, lanes divide. There are symbols, yes, but these are shortcuts to thought. True thought is communicating at rapid speed, and the time it takes for a poet to write corrals the lightening bolt. What if poetry, the forerunner to containing, because it in itself is a container, redirects us, turns to itself instead of asking of itself to re-create love? Where in the Universe becomes a sonnet when language, and those occupied with the over simplification of, fail to manifest from love, said language? Can it not be here, in platforms designed not for love but for thought? How can one think, write, create poetry by using up the page, stretching out lanes? Is this important? I, for one, prefer to build thinking blocks that, like bricks, create new buildings. Think of this as a tower. One piece of a poem on top of the other on top of.

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What is poetry, if not the containment? Language limits. There are only so many variations of syllables, thoughts, avenues a mind can entertain. I wander, and at times direct thoughts into symbols that remind, but for the most part ideas that prove to be poetic are fortune, because of all the ways in which to communicate poetry affords one the opportunity to explore. We're subjects, adjectives, submissive at times to other thoughts that design, but herein lies the true nature of poetic discourse. It is what it is because we create it to be; therefore, if we create it, and the action, the verb, continues further contemplation, then poetic thinking is forever ongoing. It can not be contained. If we choose to corral thinking we will forever adhere to the notion that poetic liberties are limiting, but this, a dawning of a new era, will be where discourse is no longer corralled. We've let the cat out of the proverbial bag. As Earth tips, so do we.

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The Universe, a multi-verse. What is it exactly? Poets ponder universal thoughts and come up with this and that, but the Universe is a multi-sensory reflection both good and bad, the poet under the impression that he/she/we can cannibalize it all and dish it up onto the page, but poetry in the universal sense is fleeting. Nothing remains. In due time rationing will become important. Will a thought stay the same? And because we know all thoughts morph into other thoughts (although obvious, I'll remind you we're a creative species, having been created, therefore continuing to create), over time the thoughts begin to disintegrate and old thoughts become new again. Circles work like that. And one Universe becomes the recreation of another. Poets ponder this. Nothing stays the same.

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Unless this is some weird symbiotic suicide of a species, which in truth it could be, then like a pod of whales we are turning to death to recreate. The creation. I do believe poetry won't solve our problem, but if we look more closely at how others in the multi-verse subside, then perhaps writing poetry in new directions can open our eyes. And if to build is symbolic of Truth then we're created to put one thought on top of the other until we create structures of multilateral thinking that will either a) topple or b) transform. Personally, I'd like to believe thinking can reposition itself to transpose. Language is a rudimentary concept but it is all we are, and without words we're eels swimming up against a tide. Look skyward. We need only remind ourselves of the predicament we've become. Corralled too long in something we recognize, but we keel, ever so slightly, as the Universe shifts. We're too long protecting. Start thinking. If there are answers we need to look beyond. And if there are parallel dimensions let this one be a reminder.

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Long ago, poetry was distinguished by the number of rhyming lines. Sonnets created form. Form was important to us, as a body, floating in space. Form delineates, dictates, and until we're willing to admit it, we will continue to careen in some adverse way through space trying to contain this fear. Poetry speaks to the need to corral, and that's not a bad thing, it's just that the whale, as massive and ever encircling the globe, like us, circling, is telling us something about ourselves. And we should listen. Fluid thoughts need bricks and mortar to help shape them, and without poetic frame the thinking tilts, as we are tilting, into. What will become of us traveling as we are through space? I'd like to think we're safely on a trajectory through time, but the more I realize Earth's shifts the more I am beginning to think it's not so easy to understand. We're without a rudder and we don't trust anyone claiming to carry one.

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Centuries ago poetry was defined by the carving out of the thought so that prose essentially became known for the structure of its distant cousin, the poem. Purists will argue that poetry came first, and I don't doubt it did; therefore, the return to poetry, ever shifting, becomes our evolution on a planet evolve. Fluidity is grace. Thoughts that strictly bind, uninventive. In a multi-verse Earth is. She exists. But we're creating insecurity. Where in this form will we find ourselves? We are first and foremost a thought based species, like the whale, encased in a container, Earth, and because there is no where to go we artificially fight, first with ourselves, the planet, then with one another. But the whale is at peace, or so I'd love to believe, encircling. Poetry can teach us to encircle peacefully. Poetic discourse, or dialogue, once brought peace, but peace is difficult to render absolute. There is nothing resembling peace as we are volatile, in need, careening in space.

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Slam! Poetry becomes the rebel. Were we to careen off course, which I do believe we have, poetry will mimic this cry for help. Poetry has evolved to disengage itself from love, simply a poetic imbalance, that microcosm of the species, but as poetry evolves, and thought evolves, and our humanness all wrapped up in insecurity disengages with itself, we will trace our lineage back to the first word spoken. Fight! We are at war with a planet incapable of protecting us. Why? The first word and the last will only be what we see and nothing a sonnet will do will erase our need. Earth isn't. She is. But because we're cartwheeling without structure the old disengages from itself to create anew.

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Do whales, if they are living in peace, rationalize a higher thought form or are they content knowing the salt water is their home? We have a lot to learn from the whale. I think if we spent more time focused on our land and less time debating the origins of our existence, the likelihood of us caring for one another would be proportionally more substantial. Poetry, like the whale, is roaming in relative ease. Sure, there are collisions, disappointments, substantial overtures with debris, but words, like whales, are symbolic of space, and the way these words fit on the page just as imperative to reasoning as a whale thrusting itself in and out of the wave. Whale language, some would say, a song, is poetic. There are unseen energies used to communicate, and like a poet they have become the unsung heroes of the shift.

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These lines, caressing the page, won't be picked up and read for what they are. We're trying too hard to read into thought what exists in plain text. Poetry is stumbling, tumbling down a page, or into, or through, at times across, and there's no one less poetic than I, but that's because poetry, to me, is imbalance, words scattered, trying to remain. If whales are scattering, and you and I, a smattering of language, witness but do nothing about it, how can we subscribe to poetic thought? Poetry is action, humbling as it is. Words build, one against the other, substance, and poetic forms that tumble remind us of the importance, but what if whales, like words, are built tough, but gently remind us to pay closer attention to ourselves, could language change our realm?

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The whale is a lot like the human, inhabitants of a planet we can't stray too far from. If we're a sub-species formed from one of Earth's molecules, like the whale, where do we draw comparisons and where do we go to disavow the findings? We're so afraid to be descended from something unfamiliar we tell stories. God is love. Love is creativity. If there is a god, and we are descended from said god, why aren't we love? Sure, we need to know pain to know ourselves, I get it, but seriously, what is it going to take for us to change? Do whales commit suicide? Is this our pain?

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Whales commit suicide when they beach themselves. I fear we're committing a suicide of the human species and the whale, protecting Earth, is reminding us to stop, look, listen. If we continue to fight we will do nothing but shoot ourselves in the foot. Or worse, the head. And then where will we be? Extinct. Whale language is poetic. Whale song is love. If there are parallel dimensions let this one be a reminder. Earth sings. Earth mourns. And the inhabitants of our realm remind us we're not alone. I once wrote simple love songs, and for the most part they were too trite to be worthy, but now that I'm paying attention to love, and I know that love is mourned, I write of loss. Whale song is love. It is Earth's lament. It is time for us to listen.

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We are one of the multitudes, part of something bigger than ourselves, but the desire to be better drives us literally to destroy. And we're not doing anything about it beaching ourselves over and over, finding open ocean only to beach again, until one day when we discover, all too late, our fate, there will be no one to bail us out. Thank the whale for his/her contribution to our education. They are killing themselves to save humanity. We are killing ourselves, killing them. Suicide is sometimes slow.

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Poetry is exploration, unintended consequences, unimagined realm of possibility. Like the Universe, poetic language shape-shifts ever careening into or unraveling, bending, turning in on itself, collaborating, co-creating. We're inhabitants of a distinct star, dust to some, poetry to all.

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Poetry caresses need, the expression of experience. Were we to not know we would not write. Were we to not test hypothesis after hypothesis we would not fight. Poetry, like the whale, is beaching itself, and we, the poets, should teach. Humanity depends on careful consideration of the pen. There are parallel dimensions and the whale reminds us to listen. To ourselves. This is not poetry as poetry was, this is poetic alliance with a new shift. Humanity needs a reboot. Language, as language, isn't, because we've shifted our relationship to it, but lest we devise a new communication, such as whale song, we will not understand these shifts. Energies parlay across our memories reminding the heart to love, but the memories are clouded over in fight! Fear is a powerful aphrodisiac. Listen to the whale who signals fear. Let the whale be your beacon and lift your heart to the call. Distress is telling us something about our realm. And we're the keepers of a kingdom we are no longer worthy of. Please. Give the key to someone else.

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This is a big phylum class act of which not one of us is ready to direct. Poetry reminds us to think, act, ruminate, draw any number of conclusions, but this is where poetic recourse is stuck. We're too busy trying to outdo the other even poetry has gotten in on the game. We can encircle one another, ensnare, but the time it takes to care, even more precious. I almost gave in. Decided poetry had become, well, unchecked, and I told myself *anyone can become a poet*. It no longer mattered what contribution I made to it all. There are only so many ways for us all to say the same thing. But then I rewrote the rules. For myself. I don't have answers. Poetry, freedom to break.

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Language is limiting, but elsewhere in the Universe language, seen as a classification of some order, from what I am trying to piece together, is light. If language is light and love is language then god is a form of love/light/language altogether unreasoned or simply mass produced. There are multiple reasons to lift language and use it elsewhere, such as in this text, but how can a poet write language as light? Encircling the globe are mass energies, gargantuan examples of limitations, and there are only so many chance encounters to be had where life and love reverberate. Thoughts such as these, bound to shape. Poetry, pulling away from it. Should I unravel sentence structure or recreate it?

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Poetry, as subject, not clause, is a perfect example of how difficult it all has become. We love to write/talk/skip about selling ourselves as dilettantes to love, but when it comes to transporting poetic language into light there are only so many vocabulary words we can use. I used to find poetry more the problem than the solution, but the more I take from, those pieces of myself no longer necessary, and transport myself, my relationships, my longings into light, the easier it is to write. We're simply encased beings tripping ourselves up over stock market quotes and the like, but light, as difficult as it is to imagine, is simply too easy to ignore. We're systematically self controlled to contain, but herein lie complexities. We're corralling thoughts on a planet free floating in time. There is no corral. It's an ever shifting mind fuck. There is no set pattern. Encircling is the snare.

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But the whale, one specimen of thinking, one molecule transported to become, continues to be. I know my ancestors looked at the whale as light, but the whale is. She encompasses something less understood. She is Earth, as an inhabitant of, therefore reminding us to trust. Earth. I am. We are. Together. One planetary spark. There must be other planets in distress, because distress creates, but aren't we tired of this script? Desire a new beacon of light. Looking skyward is an option. Do we look out to look at? There are variables in our land that exist in thought just as there are variations of a theme. Writers write. Poets linger. If there are multiple dimensions let this one be a reminder. We are subjects of. Proponents. And as we propagate we recreate. There is no other way to define it. The whale is asking of us. Must we swim in a circle for all eternity or can we find new channels of thinking? The whale is rudimentary, but only because she simplifies the debate. The whale is exemplary in that she shows us the way to love. It is contained, herein.