

FPSN: SERPENT-VINE WORMHOLE & THE SPEAR OF INTENT

BEGINNING:

THE GENETIC EYE *DIES* BEFORE IT'S UNBORN. AND ALTHOUGH IT SWALLOWS THE LIFETIDES OF EVERMORE, IT STILL SWEETLY SUCCUMBS TO NATURE'S GRACE – RELINQUISHING, BY ITS SLENDER DESIGN, ITS FINISHED ENDING. YET IN THE DYING GLIMMER OF THE MIND – THAT WHICH BEHOLDS THE FABRIC OF TIME WHEREIN STARS ARE BORN – A WRITHING, LIVING TUNNEL EMERGED: THE VEXATIOUS XYLEM OF A SERPENT-VINE, ADORNED WITH PLATED LEAF-ARMOUR OF A CALLOUS, HATED GREEN.

THE EMERALD-KNIGHTED DOOM OF GAWAIN'S SUPERNATURAL FOE WAS THICK IN THE SERPENT-VINE'S SKIN. AND AS THE SPEAR OF INTENT GAZED UPON IT, THE BEAST FORGOT ITS EVIL NATURE, BEHOLDING THE EYE WITH ITS MAWKISH MAW, FLEXING ITS FLESH PETALS OF SUN-BRUISED, ROSE BLOOD. IN THAT MOMENT, WHAT HAD BEFORE BEEN ITS VICTIM IN THE CEASELESS VOID OF SPACE NOW BECAME ITS MASTER.

THE CREATURE SUBMITTED AT ONCE TO THE SPEAR (THE TRAVELLING MIND-SPIKE OF HARNESSSED INTENT) AND BY AS IT LAY DOWN, IT DREW OPEN ITS MOUTH AND A WORMHOLE APPEARED. TUMBLING DOWN THE MUTATING LEAF THREADS OF ITS GREEN PATH, BRUSHING AGAINST THE LIVES OF A THOUSAND ANCIENT WHISPERS, THE MIND SPEAR, IN ALL ITS SHARPEST SPEED, LOBBED ITS WILL THROUGH A GARDEN OF BLUE-BRIGHT STARS, LAUNCHING TOWARD A HORIZON OF GALAXIES.

AMIDST THE VELVET BLACK OF THE GARDEN, THE VASTNESS NEON-BURNED WITH AMBER AND VIOLET NEBULAE WHILE THE EDGES OF THEIR ETERNITY SCINTILLATED MAGENTA. EMERGING FROM IT WAS THE WANDERING MYSTERY OF THE UNIVERSE'S OWN ETERNAL MIND. WAS IT A BOAT THRUST ACROSS AN UNLIDDED EYE, ITS COSMIC EYELID RESTRAINED? MAY IT BE THE HORIZON LIGHT OF A DRAGON-GOLD, REDDISH PUPIL, NOW FOREVER WIDENING IN EVERLASTING SURPRISE?

THE SPEAR OF INTENT FLEW ACROSS THE EXPANSE NOW, TAUNTED BY ORDINARY EVILS WITH SNAPPING JAWS. SUDDENLY THEY ALL CLOSED, RETREATING FROM A JET-PLANE ROAR OF RAW, FOCUSED WILL. THEN ALL GALAXIES CONVERGED, TRANSMUTING INTO THE SANDS OF A TIMELESS BEACH. AS IT PASSED ALONG THE SHORE, THE MIND FOLLOWED THE BLEACHED WHITE, CHALK-DUST EARTH AS IT SKEWERED THE GRASS INTO TRACKS WHICH LED INTO A LEAF KINGDOM OF RED-ORANGE AUTUMN.

ALL AROUND SERENE HILLS BREATHED AS IN UNDULATION, THEIR CRESTS AWASH WITH FLAME HOT, CREEK-RED GRASSES DIPPED IN THE COLOURS OF SUNSET. TREE TRUNKS LINED IN RANKS LIKE RETINUES OF WARRIOR-SENTINELS WATCHING THEIR SHADOWS GROW IN THE DAPPLED SUNLIGHT OF EVENING TIME WHEN THE SUN BEGINS TO DIE. THE MORTAL STAR THREW OUT THE LAST OF ITS CORPOREAL SHINE AND WHAT WAS THOUGHT OF AS 'ONE' BECAME A PAIR: THE MIND EYE BEING THE WATCHER OF THE TALE, AND THE OTHER REVEALING ITSELF AS AN ANCESTRAL SPIRIT WALKER.

THE WALKER WAS THE ONE FROM BEFORE, YET DIFFERENT NOW – AS TIME BEGETS ALL CHANGES AND MAKES THINGS APPEAR NEWER THAN WHAT ONCE WAS. HER ROBES WERE DYED LIKE THE DARKENED EARTH YET AWARENESS OF THEM MADE ITS MATERIAL FLOURISH BRIGHT LIKE THE ORANGE-SAFFRON OF HOLI SPRING. SHE TURNED, EXPLAINING THE PATH AHEAD, DESCRIBING IN AN INFINITE DELUGE OF WONDER, 'THE WAY' OF IT IN GREAT DETAIL. AS THE WIND CAUSED THE LEAVES TO RAKE THE SUN-BAKED GROUND, AN IDEA BECAME KNOWN TO THE MIND. SUDDENLY IT CAME TO THE REALIZATION THAT IT WAS *MORE* THAN WHAT IT WAS, AND ALWAYS HAD BEEN.

DEMON-GODS OF CAPRICIOUSNESS WERE OUTDONE IN A THOUGHT-BEAT. AND NO LONGER WAS THIS IDEA NAKED TO THE SHALLOWS OF IMPOSSIBILITY. ALL THAT AWAKENED SPRUNG FORTH LIKE SAPLINGS IN SPRING AND THE RED GRASSES FELL GREEN DURING THE MIDNIGHT ENDEAVOURS OF THE TWILIGHT SOUL. HOPE AROSE WITH A KINGLY SOUND, BOUND IN THE CLOTH-EMBRACE OF LOVE EVERLASTING AND DOWN IN A WELL-SPRING A VOICE EMERGED, ITS *TRAWTHE* CLANGING LIKE A BELL.

THE FEAR OF GENERATIONS WAS NOW ASSUAGED. AND UNDER A VAULT OF AZURE-BLUE SKY, A STAMPEDE OF CLOUDS GATHERED, BATHING IN THE GOLD OF THE SUN'S LAST WISH. ALL BURDENS THUS RENOUNCED, ALL THAT *WAS* BECAME WHAT *IS*, AND ALL THAT *IS* BECAME WHAT *WILL BE* – A CONVERGENCE OF DESIRES HARMONISED IN THE WELL OF HEART'S HOLY RETREAT.