

Uncertain Certainties

Imagine a Chrysanthemum Seed in all of its sparkling Yellow Earth.
Riding Alone For Thousands of Miles.
Grown Under a Hawthorn Tree, told To Live.
How must it find The Road Home?
A certain Chrysanthemum Seed... told to be red.

Consider, first, if the seed refused to see.
It saw only its master, his red clothes.
And he turned reality into a monster—evil, dark, unimaginable.
Then, all is certainly understandable for the seed.
Suffering cannot be explained; so it needs no explanation...

Consider then, that our bodies spread inwards.
A tangible understanding— we're valuable notions,
under or over, inside or outside, a group... anybody...anything.
We have plenty within, they said. We can love.
I comprehend it, they say. We all do.

It is certainty for us.
Grasp what we feel; certainty is an entity.
Dive headfirst; plan, pretend, pray, pollute,
life is too messy as it is—we must.
“If there is purpose in my suffering, tell me so I can live with it”

But what then, for us, who do not raise the red lanterns?
Incapable, entirely; must we flow velvet charcoal?
We've become wanderers, from and to where?
Where must we all go for questions?
Must we all Cry and Whisper?

I grow tired of your love and fear—cynical affection and those stupid white cheeks.
And every time I hated you, I've tried to turn it into compassion.
It is not a Sea of Faith... but an idiotic junkyard of trivialities. You must escape.
God is the very glory that fills this earth. He is enough.
Now put on your dumb red coat so we can go.

And we put on our red— gowns, sweaters, hoods, and dresses.
And we hold out our hands— drums, violins, strings and keys.
And we grasp our skin— touches, laughter, screams and tears.
And as we hold our eyes high, we keep our ears low—our music cannot be too loud.
Here, we hear a fleeting hope; maybe everything wouldn't be lies.