

## SULDUCK FALLS, CANADA

God beams photographers called them.  
God beams as if heaven had opened its heart to  
earth  
and the light of the universe shimmered before  
you  
and you were in the presence of creation itself.  
You were but could not fathom the presence.  
Through the shaggy green of Sulduck Falls, I saw  
what I had only seen in photos by professionals  
as I stood before the beams pure transport  
that glided me into seeing through the eyes  
of what was pure light because it came from me,  
and that I didn't see, and didn't know how to  
photo  
pure transport that metamorphosed the invisible  
visible,  
as I glided and flowed through with the beams,  
though I had no belief, no God, nor gods.  
I knew not what was happening so turned around  
was I as I stood stunned and then ran after  
the ever beautiful mist of attraction: light  
made me into light and lightness of incredibly  
indelible print of the original paradise.

The slides of the scenes failed to capture the  
immensity  
Of those moments in the camera's small dull

frame,  
not being able to preserve it though living through  
it  
evoked the need to preserve it so as to repeat  
the bliss of being that woke the whole of creation  
in the beam that day in every way  
that yearned you for it to forever stay.

My wife and I experienced it as lovemaking  
of heaven and earth that day. No words could say.  
Nothing was lost because nothing could be lost  
in the lovemaking that was beams of light  
from darkness in forest green frame of no frame  
for that was where words and images are born:  
god beams, ecstasy, birth visible,  
infinity's body, subtle lovemaking, a crow  
on a cross as a voice of, vivacity that deposited me,  
here, in an instant that moved as live photos  
of the beams of beauty that birthed the heart out  
into the woods of Sulduck Falls from the beginning  
of time. A light not yet formed into its being, yet  
so glorious a gift that keeps living me  
in a time that has never been, is not, nor will be –  
free and seer and a...I search for words, for image  
as I realize it is not the small I who is here  
as the translucence appears, as I see through  
myself  
and out of the pen pours the radiance, out of being  
Sulduck Falls all these years, without realizing it.

I've tasted the light mist of wholeness a little,  
a completeness that is pungent, deep, green  
chlorophyll of being of all that made me here,  
all that is this very moment that was that moment  
of eternity and that though never visible  
is always present and ever appears here,  
a beam of infinity as light years I am, we are.