



Well, Window & Will

John Earwood 1994

*Out of the black, formless
depths of chaos,*

*Oozes the subliminal
potentiality of mystery,*

*Raw, primal stuff, whirling
a vortex of imagery:*

The matrix of memory.



*Daemonic genius imposes
patterns on shapeless energy,*

*On the raw material
of possibilities,*

*Projecting a panorama of
poetic forms*

Upon the inward eye.

*Directionless thoughts are
curbed and sparked*

*By volition in the service
of inspired conception,*

*Wielding a flashing whip
of desire, and*

The ruddering reins of will.



*Thus, mystery is exposed
as a lightning flash,*

*And concrete constructs
are created from chaos,*

*While forms of old retreat
into formlessness,*

To await their rebirth.

