

THE BREATHING THE MARROW OF THE SUN GATE

Again above

The thick concrete slab's shattered fragments of an unknown teaching, then,
Again, then, he laughed down then, "Keep digging until you see the light. Then
When it gets cold your water gets bitter because when your pipe is rusty then
You can't repair it. It takes too long. Then you need to put in a new pipe," then
With ear shovel, nerve hammer, eye click, electric quick heart pic, star drill, then,
In the spine dark pipe tunnel we were digging then, a child bright then
Yelled up quick then, "I can see the light! I can see the light!" Then,
Mr. Benson,

We tunneled under concrete slab cracked fragments of the unknown teaching
For the sun unknown being we knew we were. We were reaching

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Now then down in the darkness, I heard him yell brightly down again,
"I'm tired of fixing leaks. I'm putting in a new pipe." And in that then
Was the hot breath then when breathless then I realized the way out, then.
Then he yelled down then, "Man does not live on air alone!" And again

"Is it in back of your neck, in your spine, or your heart?" He laughed down, then.
"Just exactly where inside you is this Self you're trying to remember now," then,
Looking up at darkness ten feet underground, air dead before death's then then,
Then, again all my dark life a bright star, all my dark star a bright life again, then,
Well then, that then was the cool breath then when I never lived on food again.
Well now, that then was the free breath then when I never lived on then again.
Now that then was the big no thing breath then when I never lived on air again.
Then I knew then, I was alive then, not to take any dead shit from death's then

ever again.

* I was sun. I stopped. Strange star rain began to run. (wake bread from sun?)