

**Gustavo Alberto Garcia Vaca****Ping**

dark, and fire

this, the outlet  
this, the media  
an intricate immediacy

the murmuring woods  
the owls in the aether  
the cataracts of endless, unknown currents

ascending vaporous ledges  
lightning rising from the east  
upward in the intermittent sky  
sinking stars  
accosted continents  
flailing forests

transfigurations  
threshold  
the shallow river / the gold-bug / the sycamore trees

chasms  
climbing, clinging  
caution - across the other peak, the ruins of an abandoned structure and its clarified voices

**Ariachne**

all inside

they say that we are all inside of the labyrinth  
and that the labyrinth extends across the width of the Earth,  
that we are all trapped within the labyrinth's high walls, with no way out

they say It will always see us,  
with Its darkened vision  
they say It will continue to feed on us, into Eternity,  
until we are all devoured by the monster that was spawned  
from the abyss of our emotions

they say that this plane of existence  
is an extrapolation of Daedalus' failed construction  
and that we are all doomed to walk these innumerable winding pathways  
until It finds us,  
until the inevitable destruction of what we call ourselves -  
"rational"  
and  
"aware"

but I know there is more -  
more to this twisting land than what we can see,  
more to what It feels,  
more behind Its eyes

I know there is purity inside of It  
I know because we are born of the same womb,  
we are of the same blood,  
but Its eyes are not like mine -  
It sees only confusion in stone and mirrors,  
It sees only winding, dim endlessness

I see light across the labyrinth  
I sense waves beyond the echoing chambers

I know this gold,  
this brightened thread,  
is the solution

I know that It can be lured into the light  
and that It will walk,  
on its many limbs, following this thread  
into the reality beyond Its violent, dysmorphic dreams

And Its eyes will be illuminated  
by the shattered impossibility of Its own existence

**Dissolution**

After a blankness -  
five phosphorescent circles sift from out of the sky

The world seems to be renewed  
and from its distant wastes and dark places,  
a flow of colours -  
charged by the five phosphorescent circles

And the carven rims of those glowing circles enshroud us

Distances are now reflected,  
time is refracted,  
ice sheets dissolve  
and transform  
the planet into a vast abyss

A pit,  
a maelstrom - unnamable, unsearchable

An isolated point  
in a formless infinity

Through noxious air and piercing wind, twilights flail

Within blurring luminosities of the abyss -  
words,  
language itself,  
crumbling

The miasma of utterances,  
disembodied ideas,  
vaporous intentions -  
dissolving,  
dissolving...