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Multiverse

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Multiverse

MULTIVERSE

A prose-poem by David Sparenberg

Once upon a time, in the multiverse, on a planet farther than far away from us, began a celebration of perpetual joy. Smells of savory viands mixing with sounds of glee and rapture reached into the deepest recesses of gathered shadows.

Inhabitants of both dominions considered the diametric curiosity of mirroring opposition. Tears were shed among the happy without understanding the why and wherefore of weeping. The obscuring masks of miseries cracked, painfully exposing vain attempts at lightheartedness and laughter.

In a splendid hovel, beyond towers of palaces and walled castles, a withered crone stood before an occult mirror, bent, with pouting lip and contracted brow, watching obsessively a face of virginal beauty. The eyes of winter balefully searched in the soul of spring.

Throughout the multiverse, who and whatever is seen is blessed and cursed with seeing. Who and whatever is heard is blessed and cursed and opens the opportunities of self-overhearing, and metamorphic art.

Scientists and practitioners of bygone magic puzzled over the paradoxical meshing of dimensions, charted an auspicious course of action, and continued doing nothing. Chaos menaced creation and amid carousing songs and the gnashing of teeth, confusion spread.

Once (for keeps), where the Tree of Life stood haloed, parasitic vines choked branches, and gardens, where spleen-colored serpents nested, bore the fruit of lifeless ashes.

In the blackhole of uroboric time, sweetly the sigh of bliss resonates and rolls like continental thunder into the voiceless scream of agony. Whenever light and imagination fail to assert the morning, dawn, enfeebled, dims before outrageous night.