



EARTHWALKER

CREATIVE COLLECTIONS

Lilium Candidum

I'm a poet, seeker and bibliophile. (India)

I
When did it commence stealing, creeping,
into Living, into Being?
Of a selcouth evening when Moon and Sky
turned strangers? Of an airless
matutinal moment when an unlit Star
allied with an irate Angel?
Was it born and borne like souls and bones
through lives and ages,
like the aggregate of yesterdays wreathing
today's portal?
Do its markers pattern the Elements as
they mar thoughts and fates?
It reigns like a lesser divinity,
this clairsentient, omnipresent Loneliness
I knew before my own name
as it purred beneath my skin like a restive
fledgling, carving my innards
Into its nest of fleshly Rubble.
Yet I contemplate its contours this iridescent
hour as an unthought realm...

It whelms the cityscape;
it thrums like a Heart within its foundations,
in its hallowed, hollowed bricolage
of concrete nerves and treeless core,
searingly distinct,
coldly glistening in Summer's
tearing desiccation, yet lost as estranged
parts of somas that raised its fabric
of asphalt Allness and metal constellations.

A Silence of steel and exilement storms around
 my slightness; I rise into a subspace,
 the sectio aurea of these wordless Geminates
 each protracting the other,
 Twin Flame Arcs of man's inherited Destiny
 the Dance of Life and Death composited to a
 lightless Shell. I stumble through
 the cordate Void, bemused as an eye that
 sees only out of its corner,
 that sights only the knowable unnameable,
 moving as a spectre over an
 playerless stage. Does falling away of warmth
 and belonging bind me to its Shadow,
 that I may feel and seek in symbols?
 Could I allegorise this Solstice of Stillness?
 Not the soundlessness resounding
 in caverns of Sorrow or Death,
 but the un-quietus, the floating bedrock of Fear
 that dims the Sun and limns grey as Blackest.

II

A desolate Continuum surges and swarms with
 wraiths of moments dreamt and dreams
 dispossessed implying motion and flow.
 Absent voices stem my hands
 rubbed raw, stripped of touch; ghost embraces
 linger as pangs in my arms.
 The Sun rises and rises to misted eyes and ears
 that pare wagtails' yellows and
 kingfishers' teals. A Mind ranges over measures,
 six feet, clusters, seconds,
 days. Pod wakes. I claim worlds within words
 and pictures, imbibing bokeh and
 chiaroscuro, inscape and interiority, willing such
 to glut the saturnine hollow
 ungrasped Expanses wrought into my spirit.

A greater Art now calls anew upon her Devices
 of dark luminescence, opening her secret tome
 across ever present chasms,
 unveiling her daedal design to lost senses,
 to depths that yearned for her burst of Beauty.
 She crests and breaks;
 in the breaking is a making, a renewal of Phase
 wherein an exquisite gleaning awaits,
 wherein I shall be led into my bright inherent
 capaciousness a higher Expositor made.
 Time folds Space into a Womb
 that births Afterlives within Lives,
 interregna wherein Story may pause, breathe.

Artist Statement

“EARTHWALKER” is an attempt to concretise a surreal yet spiritual experience of a deserted city one summer afternoon in the midst of the lockdown.

Streets and structures I believed I knew well transmuted into an assemblage, an artwork that stopped me in my tracks and spoke in a not unfamiliar tongue I had hitherto failed to heed. The cityscape seemed to wear a melancholy, almost preternatural beauty, imparting at once a sense of immediacy and transcendence.

On returning home, I pondered how the pandemic has compelled us to re-evaluate our relationship with both peri- and extrapersonal spaces and the manner in which we occupy and navigate them.

The palpable absence of our fellow humans, the sense of separateness from others and the innate loneliness that pervades life and spaces that witness it in times of growing alienation from community and even ourselves are what I had hoped to portray in this piece.

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