

# The Mystical Maze

by Brian Coatney

The fiery wheel does fiery spin,  
And chaos does it make;

Or so one deems til entering in,  
Beneath the sulfur quake.

Can rescue penetrate the night?  
Or rest the anguished wheels?  
Or harmony where orbits fight,  
and Nature shaking reels?

A secret in the mirror lies,  
Where eye sees what can be,  
Where longing in its longing cries,  
To know itself as free.

A unity without a hell,  
That's swallowed up would be,  
A unity alone to dwell,  
In a silent unknown sea.

Without the fire it cannot be  
A corporeal thing,  
And lacks all sensibility  
Without the fiery sting.

The salt must pungent humor bring,  
The birthing of desire,  
And mercury must add its sting,  
To sulfur's wheel of fire.

Only then could ever be,  
Unspeakable in might,  
A meek and gentle unity,  
And light soft burning bright.

No birthing of the light can come,  
No freedom craving find,  
Until it gives itself to plumb,  
The dark side of the mind.

Freedom must therefore depend  
On rage's raging crest,  
Which rages forth its rage to spend,  
But never manifest.

The darkest treasure brings to light,  
A mystery untold,  
Forged in a harsh and cruel night,  
Where anguish turns to gold.

The gold in yellow lusted tint,  
In freedom brightly glows;  
When treasures from the dark are rent,  
The seeker truly knows.

But now I've told what eyes do see,  
In the mirror when they look;  
But not yet have I told to thee,  
The rescue that it took.

When sulfur threatened unity,  
And no contesters win,  
The heat burns to infinity,  
From whence is love or sin.

At the point of no return,  
The wheel will soon implode,  
Or as a Cross begin to burn,  
With love its strong abode.

The former is the life of hell,  
The wrath of "me for me;"  
Demonic in its self-crazed spell,  
Which says, "To hell with thee."

It never dies a life to save,  
But only seeks its own;  
No voice will say, "your life you gave,  
You spent yourself to groan."

The latter dies to bring forth life,  
In death its heaven makes,  
Where Christ is Lord and not the strife  
That in the demons quakes.

The Son will not his salt oppose,  
Or his mercury subdue;  
But treats them now no more as foes,  
And their sulfur does not rue.

The rescue grants each one its place,  
For each must wholly burn,  
A fire that transmutes to grace,  
From self for self will turn.

When longing reaches full desire,  
To be forever free,  
Then from the crest of anguished fire,  
The rescue comes to be.

The rescue is a lightning flash  
That manifest was not,  
Until the rescue ends the clash,  
In the Spirit of grace begot.

The one alone proceeds to die,  
To be a one in three;  
For all in love doth fully lie,  
Not in the "I" but "We."

When we love, we linger long  
In loving of each part,  
Where longing heightens passion strong,  
And of passion makes an art.

Originally written in 1992; revised in 2001. This poem is dedicated to Alan Parker who opened up light from the writings of Jacob Boehme and to Sylvia Pearce who helped enlarge these truths and went on to write her book *Treasures of Darkness*.