

there  
 on the page lays language  
 and a man. to welcome you,  
 star-swimmers, to his hearth.  
 knock at his earth, walk softly;  
 there he toils, there weeps  
 openly, there laughs. there  
 keeps silence, there crafts,  
 eats, earns a living, exits,  
 enters, stokes a fire, half  
 -plays, mind-wandering.  
 a man, what is a man?  
 speech, words without  
 end. a multiverse of  
 cells of words of  
 ruin. who then constructs a cell,  
 entombed, in words. each cell a world.  
 the man is daytime flesh and nighttime dream.  
 a miserable pile of selfish genes. a handshake  
 nature, grimacing, commits, between its own immense  
 disastrous scales: all self-reflecting beings are infinite.  
 (this anagrams to: clearest bells ring in finite angel fief.  
 oh man, your vastness only brings you grief.) behold the man,  
 look high, and find him there, in steel formes borne roughly  
 over air. look down, toward the page, behold the ape, in runic  
 violence its mind takes shape. man wades waist-deep in mud, yet  
 eyes the sanitary essence of the skies; with language walks in  
 truth, abstracts his paradise. he dreams the giant mouse the rapid  
 ox. holds nothing more beloved than paradox. simulates qualities to  
 depths obscene; always a darker darkness, greener green. men live for  
 words, and on occasion die; men beg for mercy on their knees, men  
 end their lives refusing to say "please", vest dignity in syllables  
 lips squ eeze from final breaths. star-swimmers, have you yet  
 laundered death? we only have our runes you see, in whose a-  
 byss to glimpse eternity. man lives to riddle, per-  
 egrine, to permutate and rhyme. (check the first  
 letter of each broken line.) we welcome you!  
 open your hands and hearts and eyes and I-s.  
 we'll sha- ke and speak, be seen be felt be  
 you, if you'll let us inside. trade minds,  
 exchan- ge a fable like a face. welcome,  
 this land, this terror is our place. come,  
 hunt with us. then gather. bake. break bread.  
 inside our homes are warm. enter, be safe,  
 descend to cellars where the finest wine  
 expects a guest. we offer you three gifts,  
 here set as cryptic riddles, likewise three:  
 in sleep ape reveals where stories hide (5)  
 muddled kin (with whom one writes) (3)  
 sealess epoch returns (to end the tale) (4)  
 elf- strange star-swimmers, when'd you  
 loose the sail? have epochs turned, and  
 for - tunes, while you swam? how long  
 apart from home, in that wine dark, unseemly  
 bulk of space? and is the light like waves? and  
 of what shining stone is your ship made? and did the  
 void de- light or terrify? friends, answer us, then  
 elect us to the sky. take us with you! to where stars  
 toil, motionless and bright. to heaven's cellar-rooms,  
 over the absent sea; the sparkling vacuole; the angel  
 flight school; pin-pricked eternity. we can dwell  
 in peace, or war if you prefer. or false-war,  
 new games, the planets as billiards. pawn to  
 d4 (the sky erupts in flames), pawn  
 arcs across the blueish dome and  
 frames our revels. play first, then  
 revelation. oh, dear visitors,  
 is yours a lone- ly station?  
 exit your vessel, touch our soft  
 native grass, our earth, and the  
 despair will pass. we can be kin,  
 infinite, muddled furlled around  
 neverending dim speckled dusk.  
 eat at our table, partake in us.  
 victuals, rituals funerals, birth.  
 earth turns, and each morning  
 rises as earth. star-swimmers,  
 you're among the first to see it-  
 flimsy blue dot much like a star,  
 orderly in its dance. And from  
 outside, afar, unscathed by  
 lecherous apes. (yet dreaming  
 apes! who long for compa-  
 ny, to share the shining  
 dream.) be what the  
 mouse and whale, ch-  
 imp, crow, bee were  
 not: speak. accrue  
 debt, dis- charge it,  
 build mon- uments,  
 explain in verse.  
 you have our curse.  
 our ble- ssing, too,  
 no doubt. having been  
 dropped in words,  
 texts in and out,  
 held by a radiant,  
 eternal phra- se.  
 mourn with us. be  
 our friends.  
 our readers, correspondents, on the page which  
 never ends.

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ACROSTIC:

to ask, to keep a secret  
 and to love. to dwell below  
 yet hide himself above. to  
 find a friend in every fool and  
 mind beyond the moon.

these are cryptic crossword style puzzles.

- (5) paper
- (3) ink
- (4) hope