

## Sole Monarch Of A Sea Of Light

### I

Night has iced the cake of Earth,  
assuming frosted majesty,  
cobwebs mandala-like displayed  
in the magic garden, made  
by one single touch of Winter's wand,  
even more magical.

The freezing fog that wrought this change  
still with us, a dense murk, through which  
car's eyes cut like dragon-breath.

Climb up the Tor, and all this murk  
gives way beneath your feet, and you  
then find that you are in a clear  
and lovely loneliness—  
just you, the Tower, and the rising sun  
hatching in gory toil,  
hauling itself through glowing layer on layer  
of mists, rock-strata like though gas,  
'til finally from this vast womb  
upreared it hangs in blazing victory:  
sole monarch of a sea of light.



The hills and towns and fields are gone.  
Fit consort for this reigning sun,  
alone, above this new-made world  
juts ancient, sacred Avalon.

Embroided in the murk below,  
our shut-in vision is a fog

polluted, polluting, our lives  
a fumbling in blind filth.  
Yet here this morning miracle  
proclaims our Real Self is a shining star  
reigning in potency sublime  
over all this lower-order fog,  
irradiated thus into a smear of light  
that gives way further from its source  
to seething seas of indigo.

Further visionary miracles  
are yet to come. The shadow-tower of MIKAEL  
flung North-West for a league  
across the wavelets of this new-born sea,  
is aped, then, by that of my  
diminutive form, which, next thing, grows!  
I watch and inexplicably it grows  
to giant size, and *wings* appear  
although my arms are kept in by my side  
rigidly—how can this be?  
Perhaps a symbol manifest:  
perhaps it's time for pygmy man  
to grow into this true giant stature—  
or even this a glimpse might be  
into one human's *angelic* form?



My cup overflows with awe  
as now a rainbow halo too  
appears 'round this projected form,  
and these forms, The Tower and the New Man  
towering, are cast for miles  
upon this ocean vaporous  
that has erased the land below  
far as the farthest bound of sight.

## II

Mirroring the morning's miracle,

I climb the Tor at sunset  
and find myself a second time  
gazing on an arctic expanse  
of all-obliterating fog  
kissing the horizon's 'O'

beneath a sapphire bowl of sky  
that roars its hidden traffic roar  
as if it were a groaning glacier.

The still sovereign sun low looms  
over blue chunks, wedges, and spars  
of vapour pack-ice.

Rivers of starlings as at dawn,  
undulating like one whole live being  
or in one boomerang-like wing  
pass by, the massed whispering  
of wing-beats the only other sound—  
for though others are gathered here  
to catch this scarce-credible splendid scene  
all are into silence awed,

the easy banal traffic of our words  
laid by for now, as levity  
is cast off in the face of Death.

Every heart here gathered beats  
with humility unexpressed

it may have never felt before; but now  
aroused, one day will surely feel again.

This unexpected largesse, this great boon  
freely by God and time and place bestowed  
conjours not mere astonishment,  
but awareness of how frail the vessel is  
of life itself, how thin the line and delicate  
between our being and our unbeing.

If the seas were to arise like this  
and all were gone beneath real waves  
as underneath this sea of fog  
the world is blotted out—  
imagination stutters at the sight.

This scenic wiping out  
of all man's concerns and of all men  
gives pause: it could be so.

Only, by Order—whose?—is it not so.

We recognise as orderly

all that the whole world sustains,  
each phenomena itself  
an aggregate of order fine,  
specific vibratory beings,  
whether amoeba, human, cell,  
mountain, planet, galaxy.  
Such absolute precision—number based!—  
we see all this, or say we see—  
then wonder if there is  
a unifying, cohering Mind,  
while all around, all we can see,  
or perceive by another sense,  
all that displays ‘tendency to exist’  
is manifest Intelligence  
beyond our puny ego-mind’s  
ability to comprehend.  
Whether ‘personal’ or more remote  
some such Intelligence exists,  
for random chance this Order cannot fuel,  
does not, nor ever could,  
‘Chaos’ being but one poor  
corner of the Universal Puzzle,  
only by its opposite defined.

Were this not so this form could not  
by will exerted now descend,  
walk, willingly now that the sun has set  
out of this empyrean scene—  
down back into the gloomy mist  
of our usual lives and passions so,  
spirit-refuelled and heart-refreshed,  
having had such clear symbols shown  
of Self and self, Above, below,  
and of their relatedness,  
and, being true, of where  
our True Being resides.

Glastonbury Tor, Dec 20<sup>th</sup> 2006.

Update 15<sup>th</sup> Jan 2026

Photo credits –sunrise (c) Rob Bridge, the shadow of tower and myself taken by me on a camera borrowed from the only other person on the scene, he kindly sent this to me afterwards but I don’t know his name.

I have since learned that a rainbow halo around a projected shadow is know as a Brocken Spectre, from the the sacred mountain in Germany where this phenomenon has been observed repeatedly.