



**A Selection of Love and
Erotic Poetry**

Book I in the Poetry Series

Lindsay Traynor

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A Selection of Love and Erotic Poetry

Book I in the Poetry Series

"The universe came into Being for Love's sake and for Love's sake it continues forever.

The Law is Love; there is no other Law" -- Lindsay Traynor

Bondi Orient

the coast walk meets horizon where open expanse greets sea.
together sky and sea form an enduring partnership
that has never been perturbed by the unshures
of men or the assaults of mighty empires,
such things are as nothing here.

the insignificant city, behind, reduced to a play
of pettiness and woe, is unable to intrude;
the Bondi track affords reorientation, a fresh perspective.

i am drawn to the coast when the agitation of mind
and anguish of heart require the soothing expanse onto which
no pain or tribulation could adhere.
Ebb/flow/Being synchronise, spirit is restored – all becomes One.

the beat of a tortured heart
and the crimson passion it pumps through veins
are off-beat to waves crashing over soft rocks –
worn smooth with relentless ease.

Afforded freedom and release once again,
how is it i continue to see your face in wisps of sky

and your body in contours of the sea?

the salt air is overcome by your fragrant scent;
the easy wind caresses me and moves about my body
like your flowing hair.

who would have thought that Love would ambush me again
then linger like an impromptu guest or playful child?

As it is

a word,
a sound
a scent
any one or combination
of which
could trigger
the response.

a reminder and
you appear;
emerging from deep
within my spine
intoxicated and dishevelled

moving,
ascending
rising in spurts,
flooding
my hemispheres
with soma

right-left
oscillations
of the brain,

rhythms
re-collections
of You
growing
within me
like a mountain
pushing into the sky.

i offer my entirety;
flood my mind
quicken my heart
overwhelm my world,
release your harmony
and synthesise the incongruous

tears flow freely,
my heart bursting
unrestrained Love,
my mouth
uttering nothing but praise,
adorations
until my entire being
convulses and
shudders in bliss;

my first and last Lover
my creator/destroyer God,
my unborn
undying
Self

Om namah Sivaya

Juggler

he dances on toe and heel
in quick reflexive movements,
eyes glint and sparkle
as he jerks his head
from side to side

he pipes
a maddening melody
on his tubular flute
that resonates across
existence

he dances
before me
delivering a message
from the core of creation

so close

his presence is both re-assuring
and disconcerting

he sweats as he dances,
liquid beads crystallise
into tiny gems
that he sprays
from his lashing hair

he dances,
i am mesmerised
by his spasms and turns

his vortex eyes catch mine
in that instant my former life
ceases

he moves quicker, frenetically

faster than the speed
of light

i am stolen

scintillating before me,
his magnificence
and power are beyond
comprehension and measure,
i am lured into his
pulsating, spinning plexus
and realise
that creation has gifted me
with itself personified

infinity unfurls before me,
light blistering the darkness
into oblivion
in an incomprehensible instant
between breaths
he stops, stares,
time stands still
we exchange places

he returns instantly
and resumes his dance,
he cocks his head,
tilts his elbow
and thrusts his flute
into the centre of creation --
galaxies burst forth
spinning like giant flowers
of light,
which spread across infinite space

all the Gods appear,
bending their knees

in obeisance

time rolls into a ball
i see everything
that was, is,
and will be
at once

the piper twists
catches my gaze and
explodes into blinding light
permeating all things

He reigns supreme

Frame

the necropolis by the sea,
a city built by the living
but only populated by the dead,
which explains its peace

white marble tombstones press behind,
lamenting the mediocre skills of cemetery
sculptors, yet the view is limitless,
unframed, escaping all definition

it is good that someone living is able
to see the sea moving ceaselessly
toward the necropolis -- its time is limited
as time limits all

i steal images of various subjects, none living,
though if life were present it would be murdered
by the picture taken, presented and framed for viewers

as a lie, a misrepresentation of actuality,
as frames destroy by exclusion and confinement

i withdraw my eye from the viewfinder and look beyond --
into borderless space ...unlimited,
what paltry apparatus is able to capture unframed infinity?

a frame is measured by its dimensions which vary according
to its capacity yet only consciousness is able to view the frameless,
the moving sculptures teaming toward the sea and inevitable doom

the cemetery is indeed alive though at peace
as it is unframed, free

boundaries, borders disguise themselves as useful
yet they imprison and lie, unable to capture the moving
splendour of an unframed moment of continuity

i return my camera to its case where it belongs
and live the living view as only a living being
is able

word-chains and symbols race thru mind like a movie
tho only composed of measurable finite images/thoughts feigning
life,
frame by frame

it becomes apparent that culture
is also framed and captured by language
which traps every expression described,
culture is only able to re-produce itself as the limited is unable
to produce the limitless

the sea, air and sculptured marble move at varying
rates, which rates define the illusion of stasis and kinesis;
movement thus seen and unseen is always a lie as culture is only
able

to present what is framed by language and its gadgets/productions
culture fails the living test, as every possible production
is stillborn and death cannot produce life

so i return to my japanese companion
sitting on a rock overlooking the sea
with exposed navel and lily-white belly moving in unfettered
sight/delight
and feel that movement create movement in the most likely
place

she turns her asian eyes toward me and my body quickens
much to her delight --
her vermilion lipstick smile
betraying her intention

how fortunate we are that her english is basic and my japanese
is non-existent, tho our living bodies share an unspoken common
language which leaves red circles on her medium of choice

Revive

The forests change during a breeze
the swoon of branches
the dance of leaves,
myriad cellulose cymbals symphonise your being
as nature rejoices your ways.

The fall of your hair, wave-like furls,
gently caressing your neck.
The touch of your skin, silken weaves;
the fullness of your body
fragrant, inviting

A desert after long drawn rain in multi-varied bloom

fragile flowers – vibrant – colours – Life,
your many facets.

From your breasts flow forth the firmament blanketing the world
Between your young curved thighs resides
the violet flame of splendour
Twin to Isis you are from whose womb
flows Creation.

Warmth draws from you like a rare ray sliding through the canopy
reflecting smoky mists
lighting velvet moss
and nurturing the cool.

Glad

what would u write today?

the warmth of the sun
against my naked body,
the contours of my hips
outlined in the sky,
or the gentle breeze
playing around my thighs
stealing my scent,
carrying it to your senses?

perhaps a fine metaphor
of the horizon disappearing
into haze, veiling
limitless space,
dissolving form and propriety

would you gauge
the depth of my

limitless Love,
or take it for granted?

just be content with me
a while, release ur frantic mind
have u forgotten
that everything is transitory?

be sure,
make haste
no one knows what
tomorrow brings
i may not be here again;
what i offer freely
Now
may not be offered twice

my body is a vehicle
to my heart and soul
which you have already stolen
with stealthy harmony
and nimble artifice

take my body
allow it to release you
from your self-imposed prison

satisfy your life,
sate ur raging desire
u deny urself
for nothing,
explore my entire
being and rest in my arms
i implore you,
emerge from ur exile
i am ur escape,

ur passport to
Freedom and Love

Liberation

paint me across ur canvas,
spread me across the sky
beyond the reaches
of time and space
a willing candidate

drape my hair
across the deepest groves
lay the plains across my belly
position my thighs
to support the temple
but save my secret place
for yourself

launch me into paradise
fill my cup with ur ambrosia
ride the galactic wind
all creation is your
range

do not abandon me
to mediocrity
or leave me with
the living dead,
revive me

wake me from my stupor,
haul me from the grip
of trance and delusion,
save me from normality

take me wholly
until every aspect of my being
quivers in release
from one endless horizon to another
from limitless seas of light
to oceans of sound
that resonate to the core of my being
immerse me in ur universe
never allow me to
doubt or falter again

For my Love

I conquered worlds for you,
presented unimaginable riches to you --
you were not moved

Again I departed with my armies

I laid bare ancient civilisations for you
in myriad worlds for you --
you were not moved

I gathered exotic perfumes, living treasures, countless slaves
from every corner of the universe for you,
yet you remained unmoved

I surrendered my strength and armies
to you and laid bare my soul --
you were not moved

I tore out my heart for you
and sacrificed my mind to you,
still, you remained unmoved

So, I went alone,
one last time
to find a gift for you

bereft of heart, mind and soul
without armies, fine clothes or thought
I turned inward
and discovered one last treasure,
a gift from you

A swirling shaft of light, adorned with seven spinning jewels
I gladly returned to you

You smiled, embraced me
and took me into you.

now I give my best to you
I dance, sing, play and write verse
for you alone

you are now very well pleased,
my Love

Mad for You

flashing eyes
dancing thighs
every onlooker spellbound

ur sensual dance
mystic song
and syncopated beat,
the worlds unfold
every fiery glance

sets the sky ablaze

Asian eyes,
hold me captive
body, soul and mind

in quiet night
i hear ur stringed gourd
and ankle bells
tinkling, jingling
closer
then farther
but always audible

at times i feel the vibrations
of ur bare feet beating
a rhythm on the ground

ur mystifying dance and haunting melody
draws portals
in the sky

i am crazed, intoxicated,
forever pursuing you
a most welcome madness,
this divine intoxication

but tonight the constellations
rise
it's time for us to dance, sing
and drink wine pressed from the vineyards
of paradise

Overnight

u approach with open palms,
but is it a gesture of want or offering?

the chimes and brass bells
on ur verandah, a fairy wonderland
that tinkle in the wind and stimulate desire
but of which variety?

the physical is easily dealt with
by immediate satiation
or more rarefied perhaps
and sublimated, expressed as creative endeavours

i have never been fussed either way,
perhaps it's the secret of my prodigious
output

u position urself against the warm light
of the setting sun
allowing its soft rays to define the contours
of ur breasts, hips and thighs
thru ur flimsy summer garment

how many forests have i explored
in my life? i remain unmoved
as the only way to my heart and phallus
is via my brain,
what a shame for 99.99%
of women that have never learned
to carry an in-depth conversation

bored with feeble approaches
i return to town and join the boys
at the bar fervently engaged in philosophical
debates like, is Buddhism a derivative
philosophy, or is 'Being' an existential or mystical
concept?

then I notice u entering the bar scanning
the patrons looking for ...,
as ur eyes lock onto mine

u approach and straddle a bar stool,
u manoeuvre in such an adept fashion
that no-one except me notices
u left ur knickers
at home

so i ask what is ur pleasure inferring a drink
but u clasp my groin and do not withdraw
ur cupped grip until u are sure
of a reaction

the philosophical debate ceases immediately
as attention is focused on ur bold manoeuvres

so tonight boldness and persistence
have lured me to ur bed
but tomorrow is another day

it is not impossible that
u could master meaningful
conversation overnight,
but i doubt it

Tassels and Conch

which of ur forms would seize me today?
i feel it rolling in like the sea,
steady, smooth, powerful

the arms of my watch

seem stationary, does time continue its march
when interrupted by creation? such interference is welcome

steal me away from the pedestrian triflings
of an ignorant, disconnected world
that weaves its own destruction,
i am urs, u know it
true, sure, real, beyond all known cultural constructs,
fictions and charades

how pleasant ur interruptions tho
i have no regrets, only gratitude;
riding with u on the wind and cutting through oceans
of light, i am happy that u steal me away from this place
to ur realms of bliss
though it costs me a permanent identity, a position
in society, what a laugh --
a sacrifice gladly made

what would u that i express today,
the gossamer wisps of creation, or the thumping
nuclear throb of creation?
u know words fail to accurately capture the process
but they allude and guide those waking from their sleep
and see more than is offered in tinsel town -- media-opium dreams
or the echoes in hollow chambers of meaninglessness

today i would rather u appear in three dimensional form
so this body is not further troubled by its needs
which distract and obsess

u approach like an exquisite ghost tho not entirely
immaterial, i feel u, my body feels u

u begin to take form,
ur lashing hair, sweating brow
and glittering eyes

betray ur throes of ecstasy that bewitch my
coil and tantalise my spine

stark naked u approach, burning red
armed with tasselled spear, imbibing blood from a human skull

all the rivers flow,
wetness shines from ur thighs,
ur passion overwhelms and explodes in what is left
of my disintegrating being

Meru

black shining fire drapes ur face
and flows down ur neck
like a suspended rolling sea,
it consumes every particle
of my being,
willingly offered

riding on ur back,
gallop and prance like the wildness u are --
flashing black eyes that burn thru me
paralysing my volition

i could never be moved
from my stronghold until u entered
my sphere, temptress, seductress
coiling around my spine
rising, whipping my brain
into ecstasy

flying,
one leg kicking high
exposing ur naked jewelled vulva,

moisture running down ur thighs
and up my spine
like mighty rivers

embraced,
twirling like intoxicated dervishes
until the fluid fire fuses two souls into one
quivering in unbearable delight
more intoxicating than the ambrosia
consumed by gods
that kneel before us

spinning,
dragging universes into our orb
until light is unable to escape

devoured,
ur blackness devours everything

drowning in ur dark fire
until a shimmer begins to
move in me and spurt white light
so bright it consumes ur blackness
one alternating with the other
until all is gained and lost simultaneously
my (nuclear) Himalayan yogini

Letter

spiralling into oblivion
together
we had much in common
you and i
none of it conducive
to survival

down we went
together
determined to die young
fully cognisant
aware,
sharing each other's tragedies
in hopeless embraces,
in intravenous discourses

on one such excursion,
(another insane coursing)
i decided to
survive,
Live
there was something
i needed to fulfil/accomplish
tho i wasn't quite sure then
what it was
but as u see,
i am very sure now

you wouldn't stay
i begged u not to go
but u were determined
i couldn't change ur mind

one of my enduring failures
is ur loss;
no amount of tears,
pleas could sway you
you chased death
with a manic passion,
u were determined
to die

you said in death

you would be with me
forever
unconstrained
by materiality --
you kept that promise
but you robbed me of
solace, and left me
comfortless

i'm not sure now
whether you haunt
or inspire me
i am a man possessed
regardless

as true as ur destructive desire
is mine to create and live

they continue to come
seeking an urban shaman,
casualties
continue to gravitate,
and enter my orb
desiring healing dreams
surgeries of Light and love

from every corner of space
they come;
they seek Life in death,
transformation
not annihilation,
i never allow
final destruction

they All survive now
i have ur experience
to guide them thru

tho they are changed
forever, for the better

they die
to their previous existence,
their manufactured identities
burned on the altar
of increased awareness and growing joy

our spirits remain
inextricably entwined
i mourn u still,
how is this possible so
many years,
so many women
later?

a death pact is not easily broken
it seems
though i attempted to retract
it made no difference,
ur presence endures
while i endure

they are not aware
i embrace two,
inhale two scents
caress two bodies

years spent in a haze,
fulfilling a death pact
has tattooed my soul
producing something invulnerable,
fearless and true,
harder than diamond
and clearer than summer skies

the past
shapes the present
so i thought i would
comfort you/me
with a poem
a letter
a reminder of things past,
present and future

time curves when conquered,
it spirals
open ended
and loses itself in
infinity

yes, i Love u still

be pleased with
this thing we do together
this externalised conquest,
this remarkable feat
that vexes the sinister,
disturbs their sleep
and plagues their evil waking hours

we are victorious
tho the cost was
far too high,
forged and tempered by
unbearable pain,
torture
tragedy and so much death
i am now invulnerable
impervious to their
poisonous darts,
their arrows cannot pierce
the armour u provided

a deep appreciation
for Life, Harmony
and Peace is the result
of so much tragedy
and pain

one poem,
a letter to you,
neutralises
all their evil lies
and defeats all their
impotent armies

you were right,
we have defeated
death with Life
we have overcome
together

i love you still,
u know it,
[this Living] Love endures forever ...

Mel

do not say she's dead
lying on the floor

do not say she's sleeping
a syringe hanging from her arm

just say
it's a
culmination

her departure assassinating tragedy.

[adieu my love.]

Flowing Soma

write me
torrents,
flowing
rivers of love

snow-white words
on virgin parchment
elude profane minds
but make music for my
eyes

string your letters,
amethyst and pearl –

compose your verse
with glistening beads
of body sweat

play me
until my frame quivers,
track your verse along my spine
form rivulets of joy

spin me a rhythm
my lord
weave me a rhyme
wrap my mind around your Being

twirl my senses
in wild abandon
release me
i am a drunken dervish,
an insatiable bride
on her wedding night

shape my longing around
your desire,
leave me trembling
before you

who would have thought
your lyric whispers,
tender caresses
and ecstatic kisses
would thrill me to abandon?

i am frenzied
lost in exquisite delirium

pierce my heart
penetrate my soul,
i am happy to die in your arms
my towering lord of Bliss

write me to death and life again
catapult me into paradise,
together we inhale
and exhale Existence

free my blocked emotions
with your lyric stanzas
insert your stylus
and release another
measure of your draught,
fill my busy mouth

satiate my being
with your ambrosia

prick my flesh and draw
vermilion, a token
rose of [my] surrender

i am yours
lured, trapped, captured
forever
by your rhymes
my poet, lord

play me, slay me
until i lay panting
completely subdued
swooning like a
dying swan,
intoxicated on your verse

release me from
formalities
customs and constraints
fill me to overflowing,

drape my heart with
your signs and symbols --
your words make amulets
of the sun and moon
and charms of stars

turn time on its head
again and again
my lord

let this pulsating moment
endure forever

from nothing
you inscribed all existence
for me

Born

i was born to love u

these words carry
the depth of my soul,
the enduring commitment
of my heart,
i know no other way
but to love
you

few know how to love
and release themselves in its
infinite sea –
too busy pursuing
mirages
and gratifying transient
desires,
fools
they miss life's
most valuable treasure

there is no greater tragedy
than to be human and deprive
urself of love

whether fear, greed or
narcissism prevent
self-sacrifice is irrelevant

if love is forsaken,
one may as well not have been born

miserable beggars of the soul
beyond pity are those that reject life's
most precious gift

easily identified as perverse,
sick, they are devoid of love,
devoid of heart
devoid of soul

do not deceive urself,
u cannot love and harm another
or lie and manipulate,
or seek personal
gratification at another's
expense if u are true to love

love embraces everything
and everyone unconditionally,
it carries and sustains all
in its bosom

endless is its wonder
and continuous is its
bounty,
no other way offers
total fulfilment
of that be assured

i loved you before creation
churned the ocean of existence,
before the cosmos
came into being

love has overwhelmed me

no vestige of identity
remains
nothing exists but love,
the entire universe
is transformed --
born to love,
created for love

it was not chance
that brought us together,
i was born to love
You alone

One Day

u've pressured me
long enuff -
one day i'll
make love to u
but it will be like,
how should i say?
superficial,
contrived,
but well performed
and complete
in its dissatisfaction

u can't help what u are,
a (vacuous) vase,
and i can't help being
so accommodating

Interrupted Rapture

i watch u
appearing and disappearing
in my mind
creating and destroying everything,
nothing escapes
as u/we move
together

u look and see something
that is not me
and i return the misinterpretation
yet we find comfort
in each other's arms

u have no problem
with my mode of expression
treating all words equally,
like a painter his palette

a refreshing change from dropping
the c-nt word at parties
and watching reactions,
people taking offence,
knowing it's me
they really dislike --
manner and unconventionality
always subverting what is polite, expected

it is why we seek outside ourselves
for inspiration
familiarity breeds more than contempt
it breeds neglect,
far more devastating

but now it's different

watching the process of mind creating
and destroying everything
transforming perceptions
becoming something else entirely --
perhaps that is why
we view each other as strangers
and lovers
whoever we really are

we pass thru each other
like ghosts,
an odd agreeable
sensation

i have spent an entire life
un-learning everything i have learned
in order to remain free
but i have not been able
to unlearn poetry
it sticks to me like sap

a lost spirit
desperately seeking refuge
in a safe haven
of my being
or so it thinks
but it doesn't really know me

perhaps now i have earned
sweet peace
a respite from existence clicking
like the tracks of a train
against the steel and velvet wheels
of life

whatever else is said
and done or not done

remember this one enduring reality,
i love u always

Weather

a storm rages outside
but it's quiet inside;
rain pelts the glass
of my windows --
sheets of blurred liquid
dancing in every
direction
the view completely
distorted
by wind and rain

it's cold outside
but it's warm inside;
u have calmed down
and approach me like
a cat seeking to be petted

it is quieter inside
than u think --
u seek comfort and
security in my arms
u seem at rest and peace
contoured snugly
against my body

why then do u
jeopardise this union
with ur incessant agitations;
i have never placed any restrictions
or conditions on u,

it is not my way
u are free to go or stay
ur decision entirely, but
appreciate what u have,
value ur peace and security
above whatever it is that drives
u to drive me to distraction

if u must fight then
fight the wall
on ur way out the door
because unknown to you now
is the finality of ur last episode,
i am not like ur previous lovers,
i do not capitulate on a principle
i deny myself love before i deny myself
something inconceivable
to the female mind

it's the expressions i remember
the incredulity, accepting the reality
that i have severed my attachment
in one clinical stroke --
none remember how they pursued
separation with manic fervour

this is the very last time,
choose to stay
content
or leave,
u have depleted my store
of tolerance

Sunday Morning

i watch you
in the kitchen
at the sink

your bed-blown hair
framed by the window
your outline against the sky

the flower you gave me
on the sill
is withered
dying

Narrative

should i paint u in
cool blue like Picasso
or the warmer tones
of a desert sunset?

not this day,
u are reading
a text
yet fail to read
the most revealing
medium of all,
a human face

an entire history
is revealed in the face
honesty, deception
happiness, sadness
whatever emotion or state,
the face reveals all
yet the majority have

become facially
dyslexic
they have lost
the ability to decode
a face without support
from language,
sound,
gesture
and other cues

my ancestors survived
largely due to their ability
to read signs
in the sky,
in the animals
in the environment
in faces
all around

should i pluck these
guitar strings
and invoke pings
of a waterfall
resonating in the air?

do not turn ur head
i am enthralled by ur face
sweet joy, contentment
with a hint
of sadness etched
from the past
but not
in the present
a scar, a residue –

in good time
u may divulge

the story behind
the sad glint,
a remnant
in ur eyes

the tiny muscles
in ur forehead,
the contour of ur brow
and cheeks
down to ur chin
are typing novels, records
of every moment

some make a permanent
record,
others, a mild contortion
or a lingering expression

today a plague infects
the world
the populace has been overcome
with spoken words
which rarely coincide with
facial discourse

in circumstances where
discrepancies occur
the face is given priority
though the speaker would prefer
that his/her words are believed

words deceive
and lie
by nature
but a face cannot hide
the truth
no matter how proficient

the speaker of falsities
and inconsistencies

look at me
i am enthralled,
i love ur face

Poison Arrows

i must be related to a minor Deity
or alien, as i am impervious
to poison and the venomous bites
of serpents

tho this oddity comes with
disadvantages,
on each occasion cupid
draws his bow with a new dipped arrow
hoping that it will strike my heart
i feel a dull sting and a little infatuation but nothing
penetrates past my oddity
and i am no Rhino

sleek slippery red bellied blacks
and king browns do their worst
making me a little dizzy for a spell

scorpions that love to sting
and inflict agonising pain
turn their tails on themselves
suiciding in frustration
over their failures
to raise a sweat

then u came along

like a garden
of rare flowers,
with a smile
i was smitten and died
in ur arms and tender thighs

it is wonderful
to learn i am human
after all

Untrue Confessions

u promised u'd stay
but u changed ur mind,
should i be surprised?

i invented lying,
Satan is a novice
in the art of
misrepresentation
by comparison

i said i'd never two-time,
let's call it ten-time
my only consistency
is inconsistency,
call me man

but i am not daunted
just when all hope
abandons me
a high school girl
spontaneously engages me in conversation --
i love teenage hormones firing
point blank at me

it thrills the blood
in my veins,
call me man

teenage girls lack
experience, their raw appeal
issues from honesty,
a long gone quality
of mature women
who whore themselves
for everything and
then complain
they cannot find love

it is well u changed ur mind
i could have got stuck
with a dissatisfied deceiver
and a commodified crotch

the world is full of vixen
opportunists and fading beauty,
tho occasionally a young girl
with honesty
restores my faith,
but not for long
i am sad to say

Spark

u appear before me
naked
as a million before u
and think it an offering,
a surrendering
yet bodies are no secret

to me or anyone
else

u remain hidden
behind the cloak
of ur nakedness
an effective cloak
indeed

as u anticipated
my nature reacts
to ur nature
but do not be intimidated,
it is you i seek,
the animating principle
of ur body
i seek ur life spark,
ur innermost self
ur very soul

the core of ur being
which may have remained
buried,
hidden from u
since birth,
some people live their entire
lives without having a clue
who they really are

my eyes and mind
have captured unimaginable
beauty in the midst
of horror and abuse,
violence, loss and brutality

i have never relinquished
the nobility of soul

the continuity of
spirit --
i have never traded
the real for the apparent
or perversity for the genuine,
or beauty and truth for a lie

it is the preciousness
i seek
the uniqueness of ur
Being,
but u offer ur mind, body,
emotions, fears, loves,
hates, irrationality and a million
distractions instead

so i offer my essential
nature to u
in the hope that
it is seen for what it is
and that the door
to the chamber
that hides ur soul
opens
and we merge
as one becoming

Tides

the waning moon almost invisible
offers a slim medium where lovers
send entreaties hoping
their love will increase

the wind carries lost songs,

screams, sobs and joyous laughter
long lost to the human ear

the horizon forever runs
like unfulfilled wishes
and impossible dreams
constantly out of reach

i sit in my favourite night place
between the crags
seeing, hearing and tasting the sea
carried on the wind

the sea's brooding vastness
is waiting to be moved by the
invisible power of the moon

Autumn Breeze

the thin translucent curtains dance
on the strong breeze blowing into
my loft
i watch how they ride and swirl,
moving like the sea -
the air is cool and clean
a pleasant change from the turbidity
of the city

trees move in harmony with
the wind, it occurs to me that this sense
is taken for granted by locals
but for a city dweller
it's heaven

i watch u approach up the track

ur hair flowing on the wind,
u sense my gaze and lift ur head,
fixing ur eyes on mine, and smile

distance becomes meaningless,
nothing exists that is able to separate us or
break the bond of our love

it seems i have known u before time began,
u are more familiar to me than i am to myself

i hear ur bare feet running up the wooden stairs
and turn in time to catch u in a reassuring embrace,
words fail as our lips press together

it's just another perfect day with you,
the autumn breeze and everything

Roll

roll back on my pillow
allow me to swoon
over the sight of ur contoured cheeks,
graceful neck and exposed breasts,
so natural and captivating in sleep

i dare not wake u and spoil
this wonder sleeping next to me,
how completely exquisite
a picture u make in repose

i recall when first we crossed paths
it was the presence created by our
encounter, a third force,
which overwhelmed us both,

neither of us attributed
this phenomenal attraction
to that force at the time, it was the result
of our meeting --
ecstatically explosive, all petty cultural restraints
were left and remain by the wayside

how many lives past were we together
so familiar was/is your presence and mine to you
that the awkward verbal attempts to arrange
a meet were ignored in favour of re-engagement,
something surely was left undone or interrupted
in order for us to meet again?

i can scarcely believe this perverse world would allow
such perfect love to endure –

gone are the fighting relatives and hired professionals
all feebly attempting to tear us apart for their own sick reasons;
as if they could fathom our profound bond today

jealousy perhaps, perfect love creates spite in others
and drives them to destroy what they cannot have or
have never experienced yet they know when they see it
and burn with envy, rage and spite

let them fry in the poison juices of their own discord, hate and envy.
we are stronger now, like a giant tree
which branches extend to infinity, like our bond,
which easily holds universes together.

i am in total awe of you, roll back on my pillow
and deliver me to the gates of paradise
where only the gods dwell

somehow u sense my conscious presence and slowly turn,
ur waking eyes greet mine in perfect affinity;

an ineffable peace/joy overtakes
what is left of personal identity,
u smile in recognition shaming all the gods ever created
and i die a million deaths
to be reborn every second in ur other-worldly presence

how much sheer joy and ecstatic love
is a human able to bear before exploding
in blissful convulsions into another realm?

we come to the simultaneous realisation
of why we never met earlier,
neither of us would have been able to cope
with the overwhelming power of selfless love
and complete sacrifice

so i write this poem for you only,
my one true love

Footprints

i walk ten miles every day searching for u

at times i feel ur presence near but yet so far --
so i followed my intuition which led me to the sea,
following a path to a small beach
i see ur footprints in the wet sand
i could never mistake the delicate curves
u make in the soft sand

i delight in any sign of u
how near u were, how far u are,
as foaming waves
erase the impressions u made
but not my desire/need to locate u again

above, circling gulls cry
below, the murmur of waves

within, the anguish of loss,
outside the hope of reaching u

yet i know i follow a hopeless course
which never leads me to the realisation
of my longing

how sad, how forlorn the desperate attempts
of a lover seeking his lost love

the sky moves, clouds remain motionless
my eyes water releasing tears in the sapphire blue,
where are u?

i glance at the shoreline and see ur footprints again
only to be erased again by the movement of the sea --
are u in body now or have u taken flight to the spirit realm
from where u make ur impressions in the sand and on my mind?

perhaps i am deluding myself,
u are gone yet ur presence has never left me

a sea hawk cuts across the sky leaving its impressions
that trail behind it like the blur of wings

the shore no longer carries ur signature
a clean impressionless shoreline remains

dejected i look up and see ur face in the sky
and ur silhouette outlined against the clouds

Remember

i remember the sacred rose
and the tolling of the bell
that withers through limitless space
and induces the rose to unfurl
its blood red petals

i remember
the first time
i saw you,
unforgettable

these impressions stay with me
as a record records its undulations/impressions
of sound on another medium
as waves roll and recede from the shore
of existence
as eagles shriek,
lions roar and babies cry
amidst the hoots of primates
copulating in the jungle
and the ranting of politicians
addressing press galleries

i remember the humming in the womb
in which body i found myself,
i remembered you
but not being born --
my ability is unable to recall that event --
yet it recalls experiences prior and post
the birth canal

i remember the lights in perfect darkness
originating in my essence
and dancing in splendour before me

i remember my innate joy and being assailed by the
torments of culture trying ever so hard
to formulate me as one of its own

i remember recoiling instinctively
to that perversion and frantically
reaching for my lights and sounds of
unmitigated joy

i remember the torture of society expressed by converted
parents that never ceased their attempts to formulate me
yet i continued swimming in the unfathomable
ocean of existence

i remember the effect on my parents
of my pristine unblemished nature
which they sought to pollute with cultural norms

i remember never relenting
or forsaking my love for the filth
and perversity on offer

it drove my father to suicide
and my mother to insanity
she continues her attempts
to pollute, obsessed with
the ways of the world

i remember the needs of my body
and its attraction for the opposite sex
and the absurd and thoroughly ridiculous
behaviour of girls plying a learned trade
of binary contradictions

i remember i didn't belong
tho i had no difficulty navigating
the primitive cesspool called

civilisation

i remember the natural turns and curves
that i made to avoid linear attacks,
so easy as only society draws straight lines
in a curving spiralling existence

i remember my victory at huge cost
in inflicted pain, suffering and torture

i remember my decision
which sustains me to this day

i would never release my grip
on the promise i received
before i could talk or breathe
i know who i am and where
i originated

today existence has veiled my
location/identity
as it now returns the promise
it gave me before i was

what i am now is incomprehensible
to the inhabitants of this world

and so it is that i remember it all
perhaps one day
i may be more specific
as i know u wish to know
the secret

Willow

willows weep draping their sorrows
along the bank like curtains that do not shield or cover,
as the curtain itself weeps

the breeze is gentle and lifts the willowed curtains
in perfectly coordinated harmonious movements

people promenade along the bank like fixed dancers on cuckoo
clocks
going nowhere, deluded by their apparent free movement though
completely out of sync with the harmony surrounding them

impelled by the breeze, leaves and hanging branches sweep across
the water of the lake creating tiny ripples,
water-birds navigate thru the temporary obstructions easily,
free and easy like broken clocks crucifying time

branches move backwards and forward according to the breeze --
all the moving forces create a silent visual symphony
orchestrated by existence
though the orchestra seems uncoordinated
but its harmony is unmistakable to a patient, observing eye

a young woman, fascinated it seems by my contemplative quiet,
positions herself next to a willow on the opposite bank
and sits on the green grass lifting her summer frock over her knees,
exposing her uncovered vulva, and smiles
no doubt hoping to distract me from my symphony,
i return the smile nevertheless, to which she responds immediately
though unaware that my experience with female crotches has left me
on the opposite bank delighting in my silent symphonic,
weeping reverie

Sojourn

from the void a spark of light emerges
darting, moving, floating

the dark, still waters of the lake reflect the moon
perfectly but the spark is self-illuminated

it meanders on its indeterminable course
feeling/tasting every space it enters until it finds
a home to shine forever in your heart

it must return to the void from which it sprang,
but this time taking you with it

light shines perpetually,
darkness is a temporary veil to protect eyes unused to Light
all things return to their source as they must

it is raining in my garden, refreshing perfumed flowers
and fruit-bearing trees

so many souls returning home,
captured unawares

my Love is spinning threads of light from a loom
of rainbows waiting patiently for my return

Acorn

an acorn reaches for itself
to become a branching tree,
it returns to what its potential
promised, realising itself as a tree

hidden within is potential growth,
becoming and death

yet the tree brings forth thousands of acorns
could it really be said that it actually dies at some stage?
no, it fulfils itself a thousand fold
only when it reaches for its real self and dies to its former existence

the seed must die to germinate and at every stage of growth
it dies to its former existence, a tree bears no resemblance
to the seed yet it was always locked secretly in the seed

the red land rolls like the the sea,
rocks and giant boulders move like marbles
on velvet sands, the burning sky and clouds
emulate the fluid ground as it turns up and meets the sky
which embraces the land,
each dances to meet the other forming one process

inside this process is another related design,
the cosmos is reflected in a grain of sand,
dimension is of no consequence in continuity,
a galaxy is reflected in a sunflower, sea shell
and pine cone -- and so it goes and goes,
forever

the only aberration or flaw is clinging to an existence
that must give way to greater existence;
the only real death, finality,
is not allowing yourself to die daily becoming
and becoming until the Gods diminish in your presence

and wherefore/what is this energy or impelling power
that drives all existence?

Love

without it you are nothing

Diana

from course material
mind creates the fine,
a pleasing dream to clothe
the disappointing real

u sit at my desk loosely clad in a sarong
watching me watching u
tho u cannot make productive use of ur location
only the use of ur body
upon which i have focused my desire

tho ur dreams are not my dreams they could never be
we do not share the same aspirational location --
u sense my detachment

u predictably move ur thighs revealing ur naked crotch,
it works but it isn't enough upon which
to build a lasting relationship

tho body hunger must be appeased --
i have learned to expect less than nothing
from life
so disappointment becomes impossible,
everything therefore becomes a pleasant surprise,
something special tho sometimes so routine i could cry
for the lack of imagination and skill in contrived displays

real beauty emerges from within
like a light with a soft glow that makes skin
appear as silk and hair like waves of black light

i refrain from comment

i watch u dispassionately tho my body reacts
as it does, tho i am not my body which drags me

often into futile pursuits tho it makes its demands --
u offer only temporary appeasement

so i watch this movie i have seen more times than i care
to state tho each actress plays the role according to her ability
some special, exquisite, some awkward, dull and pedestrian,
u hover between both poles so i wait for something special

u are conscious of only ur body and so ur hair is free
to move like waves across ur shoulders and back,
ur perfect breasts are defeated by ur foolish focus,
drawing ur shoulders back so they protrude

u have not learned that i have never been a tit man
tho countless reactions should have alerted u
how dull this learned cultural seduction routine
how very, very, dull

so i project to lift my senses,
i cannot dwell in the mediocre

u begin to recite wonderful words
of love tho u are mute
i have transformed ur body,
now in its nakedness,
a nymph perhaps? no, a huntress today
with bow and arrows that find their target without effort
tho u miss continually

the tragedy of an unsatisfied life begins to override
my unreal romantic superimpositions,
there is no hope for this charade

i turn to the window
in time to see a bee, laden to the brim
with pollen and nectar sluggishly alight

from a flower and head back to the hive
in drunken, unsteady flight

Pulse

heartthrobs seem to speak
beckoning to other hearts
to feel the pulse of creation

in synchronisation they whisper
love

not of the particular kind
more enthralling, complete
in its embrace of all things

how is that possible?
i have only known
mundane physical love
that empties itself
into despair and disappointment

breathing is linked to the pulse of existence,
but why do you now call so passionately
in my twilight years?

the pulse speaks only of rhythmic
love that not only sustains a body
but galaxies that roll and spin
in between outward and inward movements
throbbing now so distinctly
i am forced to press my jugular
and note its rhythm not yet synchronised
but drawing me close enough to take a leap
into your heart which like a memory of the distant past

awakened what i thought was dead

yet now i finally live a moment before i expire

perhaps the call of your heart was timed perfectly
for the first time in my life i shall not resist

Enduring

carried again by ur voice
beyond this world
i could hardly be grounded in ur presence

it is impossible to accept that u are
of this world,
everything about you is other
and ur effect on mere mortals
is beyond description

i dare not describe ur eyes
face, lips and body as i fear
i would dissolve in what i see
as the most perfect example of
something that should not have taken human form,
perfection is reserved for gods

i am drunk looking at u,
kissing ur lips is as making love
to lesser women -- how unfortunate for them
i found you

is it perfect compatibility or just
complete perfection? i care less whether this
reaction is projection, objection or a mixture
of both, as why question and perhaps ruin

what we share?

emotion is stronger than intellect
of that be sure my ineffable, exquisite other

haul me back into ur embrace please,
i am lost without you

the sight of u launches me into ecstasy,
ur embrace reverberates to the core
of my being

waterfalls plunge without
care, for u alone,
the sea moves and laps at ur feet
while storms rage elsewhere

no mortal moves like dancing light
or speaks with a voice that softly resonates
to the edge of infinity

i would say i love you if it were adequate,
but it fails to deliver how i feel,
u have impoverished the word love
with ur perfect presence

and to think i sat looking at a blank screen
before u walked into the room

stay with me ... and continue

Undulations

it's never the same,
how could it be?

all existence is in process,
always becoming more than it once was
while we try in vain to hang on to something, anything
fixed, yet the real anchor is flux

we are cut cables in space thrashing in a vacuum
though that vacuum is as empty as the minds
that imagine vacuums exist, forget it,
existence is saturation, not emptiness
except of course in the minds of hollow men
not able to reflect existence and their own peculiar
contribution to the symphony -- which is your unique resonance,
do you play?

let it go, you cannot locate me, only experience me
let your floating asian hair fall on my face like jet black waves
that eventually fall on the shore, return to the sea
and roll in again renewed -- feel that movement in your body
as my body responds in kind without interference
from the tangle of thought

let it flow and you will flow with it, as your fluids flow
naturally

in this movement, peaking and descending to peak again
on another wave, there is no returning to any wave once ridden

go all over me and forget yourself to experience only,
everything sorts itself if left alone to follow its course

are we harmonised? only then could we remain together
in the uncertainty and discord that culture creates, it's a lie
only our bond is able to free us both
throw yourself into the perfect bliss of the moment,
there is nowhere else to go, do not rob yourself of the experience --
your body purrs then arches like a tiger as our souls collide and
explode

into the undefinable All

never attempt to capture me, you could have me always if you cease
your futile efforts to own what cannot be owned, simply accept
and you would be secure in the throes of existence/experience

i love you, though my body, mind and soul speak louder
than any combination of words

I write this for your lingering uncertainty
and hope that it finally lays it to rest while we dance forever
in the undefinable, saturated cosmos

this joining is y/our freedom from doubt if you allow it,
a launch-pad into the perfect bliss and peace
of lasting love

Sapphic Moon

struck profoundly dumb
in ur presence
my tongue involuntarily contracts
and knots making speech impossible,
how is this so?

for years i thought it a personal failure
until u forced me via my futile attempts to articulate
the unutterable in ur presence;
indeed the secret was/is in plain view --
bio-mechanical speech is primitive and deficient,
ur splendour is beyond vocal capture,
the lexicons of all cultures fail to make the slightest approach
only allusive poetry has any hope
tho my brain and fingers are perfectly synchronised for writing
unlike my brain and tongue, which struggles to explain the simplest

of things to philistines

in the latitudes of the queen the moon appears graspable,
huge, it fills half the sky, at least quadruple the size of a sydney full
moon

which is merely a button in comparison
and with such proximity its whiteness agitates the tubes
that also speak silently tho twitching and heaving in momentary bliss

ur immediacy manifests as flowing pleasure and unspoken verse,
striking the cymbal which powerful, silent, non-vibration permeates
all things,

it is the secret explosive silent sound that brought all things into
existence,

only now do i understand why u refuse primitive articulations

be the moving adoration, imbibe fully of my continuity (soma)
saturate urself and then let it flow to all,

as there is an inexhaustible supply of love in this, my harmonious
pulsating, universe

The Dying

i have brought sweet wine from Egypt,
honey, wheat and nuts so u may never thirst
or hunger in the afterlife tho we know we continue

but what is fitting for a poet's death? not ritual offerings --
I loved you dearly, and so i bring my tears of joy, laughter, pain
and sorrow, my heart has refined my tears which u now need
to quench ur fires

i have brought the morning sun and midnight moon,
which u captured in verse,
i shall set these on ur left and right

and in the middle a pillar of white marble that reaches to the centre
of the galaxy where existence slices what it requires

they cry for u now when no tears of regret are necessary,
u have triumphed my sweet prince, warrior poet and lord --
with ever so much to give, u gave it all away freely
so what u had in abundance would never be exhausted
u knew that in the giving abundance is assured

u died while encoding another poem
it waits now for another to complete or have u left it unfinished
as a spell to pull u back to earth, tho u longed to return
to ur muse

ur generals drink a final toast to u and break their glasses on ur
coffin
i pour my red wine and sweetened wheat in ur open grave and watch
as the wine
flows over ur coffin, its redness highlighted by shards of glass

little did they know u, how was it that one could kill without thought
and yet be so sensitive as to reduce ur wives to tears with ur love
songs?
but i know and would keep my pledge not to reveal ur secrets

ur hand could wield a sword and inscribe with stylus with equal
dexterity,
how rare a warrior poet that could reduce hardened hearts to tears
and elevate
souls to paradise while still in body

but it has come to an end as all things born must die
and so now i offer my blood as a libation to the Gods
and dutifully join u in paradise

Once

i saw ur face in the clouds
and ur body in the rolling sea
ur hair and eyes plunged me into ecstasy
and love permeated the entirety of space and time
but it was always there
u were the medium that allowed me to
reach into the heart of creation

it was love, indeed it was, the universe
knew it before i was born and planted it in my being
the seeds of perfection grew with my maturity,
nothing less would do

today the sea is as it is without my projections of perfection
the wind caresses and cools my cheeks and the rain moistens my
lips
without ur sweet kisses

do not fret my lasting love, it was all me destined to reach
perfection which spilled throughout my experience as a man
i did not reject u, it became clear that i was a lover intoxicated with
love
which i used as a palette to paint experience, it wasn't a lie or self
deception,
be comforted by the reality that for love's sake the entire universe
came into existence
love is the only driving force, it saturates existence tho few feel or
see it today

remember me as that lover of love who focused it on u for a period
until
u couldn't bear the overwhelming irrationality of how or why i chose
you,
u thought urself unworthy of my ecstatic embraces and intoxicated
soul,

u knew i was pushing past the sensory and lost connection
with the particular to embrace the universal, tho had u followed me
u would have reached the pinnacle of exaltation,
but u hesitated and i was impelled to continue until I was no more,
lost in universal love, spinning in eternity

my body continues to buckle under its pressure, but such are the
limitations of bodies,
only light is able to comfortably bear the force of pure love

do not fret my love tho we are apart, i continue to hear the music of
dancing existence
when i think of u

if u read this then know that i now invest the sweet peace gained
from love to u forever

The Excluded

u have complained bitterly
that i have never put u
in verse,
a poet that has written from a mere glance
of bewitching eyes
or has expressed the beauty
of a wave retreating slowly from the shore

do not lament ur exclusion
as poetry stirs things unknown
and sometimes dangerous –

i recall two unnatural stares
which resulted in the death of the two
persons receiving, tho at the time i was unaware
that the glances were accompanied

by thoughts of death which force
engaged my vision and found actuality
in the demise of two who were unaware
of my focus

the wind does not whisper for u
nor does it sing

do not lament ur absence as the poetry of love
i have written has been written to no effect
other than rejection and that i do not
seek for u

the moon doesn't shine for u
tho it caresses the chill waters of the bay
while u remain warm beside/inside me,
do not lament that my word-spells
are for others known and unknown

understand that while writing i am unaware
of my inner thoughts as the poem is foremost in mind
and it's the deep thoughts that find hidden, undetectable
expression in events, i dare not frame u
in verse

the dunes move with the wind
on southern beaches hiding murder and death,
u are too precious to risk capturing in verse
all manner of untamed forces pounce on poetry
and seek expression

be content that u are unassailable
remain as u are free from captivity
free of the allusions and word-spells

fly by day and sleep peacefully at night

ignore the alluring spells cast by poets

Fly

u captured me with ur deep, easy eyes,
free me

u embraced me with ur firm body,
free me

u enslaved me with ur poetic heart,
free me

the words u weave mesmerise my mind,
free me

caught in bliss we fly over the drear of humanity
over trees, seas, mountains and plains,
eagles defer to our ecstatic soaring

i cannot nor would i fight this captivity,
free me

i was blind, lost and miserable
until ur love set me free

i am a slave in ur arms

who would have thought
a chance encounter would
grow endlessly and break the shackles
of a perverse and contorted culture?

play me forever, never leave me,
i surrender completely

Wing

a wing that arcs across existence
meets and forms an eternal circle/cycle of becoming,
a wonder to see

that wing protects --
its feathers are invulnerable
yet soft and comforting,
which mysterious bird extends such a span?

which crested bird whose body is beyond comprehension
so large, all embracing that no mind is able to measure a feather?

which bird when confined to its nest feeds its young
on its own blood? then flames across the heavens
like a million comets?
and plunges into the centres of galaxies
to emerge again renewed as pure plasma?

flying with it under its wing
is bliss ineffable
traversing all the knowledge that ever was, is, or ever will be,
which bird is able to roll time and space into a timeless, infinitely
expansive ball, flip it in its golden beak and swallow it?

its call is so rarefied it can only be heard by those transformed by
love
who gather under its wing to fly with it forever

Compass

do not forsake me,
am i not yours in knowledge and love
though lacking somewhat in deed

you created me, am i not an imperfect human?
though that imperfection is my doing
and so You answer as i write,
regain that perfection you were created in!

easily said though i know i must, i take full responsibility
and implore You to give me strength,
so many follies plague humanity
yet the way is clear,
i cannot run from it any longer

and if i should die trying
wherever i may be, do not rob me of
the memory of You
without which i would lose all hope
and direction,
promise?
i know, You already have

Moonlight

the passive reflected light of the moon is enough
in its fullness to illumine my favourite
clearing in the bush,
its soft young grass is an anomaly in the rough scrub

so i relax and wait knowing that the silver will not be wasted
tonight

soon enuff i hear the rustling as she approaches
hungry for my love or for the love independently of me
tho the love is enuff for all, i have never considered myself
something other, special, tho most consider me otherwise

she breaks into the small clearing smiling, eager and ever so
young and vital, i've been too long without it, bloody boilers
only drain u and return zero

she snuggles next to me purring like a tiger,
what else is hidden in this special delight?

it is for me alone to discover on this
platinum moonlit night

Mountain Valley

in the valley
of the waters
a tiny waterfall
releases it flow
playing tricks
on the mind
and eye

water appears
as diamonds
tumbling over
precipices
catching the sun
refracting sparkles
to the back of mind
arousing joy
in a bubbling heart,

giving always

tiny birds hover
before my eyes
tweaking their heads
from side to side
talking bird talk
saying, 'hello',
welcome to our valley
of wonders,
enjoy your stay.

tears flow,
diamond waters
shoot tiny rainbows
through the valley
through my heart

crystal clean --
harsh worldly
'realities,'
find no home here.

the sound of
tiny tambourines,
water pelting rocks below;
tinkling,
chiming for you.

little water-bells
applauding, ringing,
urging you
to take the journey
with an open heart,
an open mind.

moist clouds float along

the valley floor,
slowly rising
up valley walls
engulfing me
then disappearing
above

another tiny bird
hovers
before me,
eyes inquisitive
searching my soul,
'everything is perfect'
it gestures
before darting off
into the trees

Porch

faded tiles adorn the
unsettled ground outside the studio
which have become too familiar
like a stale lover devoid of that
life that pushes a tile from its cement mooring
until it becomes discernible

weeks pass, it takes a spiral shape that is
strangely familiar, it's a fern tree
unfurling itself like a tiny green-brown
galaxy tho its spin is too slow for the eye
to see

as such it appears dead like the bronze
lions that guard the gateway to the high
court

they do not roar, cast in their liquid death throes
to solidify mute and oxidise green but not
the sparkling green of a fern, a profoundly mute
dead green, as man is unable to breathe life
into his creations
yet my tiny fern has broken thru the paved
tiles into the air, sun, sky and rain

a neighbour remarks, watch that fern before
it destroys your tiled porch,
i am watching it, i reply,
the neighbour satisfied that I will remove it
and replace the tile

months pass and my fern is a small tree
enjoying its life lifting more tiles effortlessly,
its strength derived from its deliberate
imperceptible rate of growth

my neighbour catches me exiting the
studio and glances at the fern with a
contemptuous scowl

u needn't worry, i remark,
i am watching it smiling

Medium

my calligraphy brush of fine
human hair dipped in carbon ink
flows and caresses silk and fine fibre paper
this poem is not in the words
but in the means producing words
that glide and imbue meaning

onto something that was blank

is it necessary to play with words
when the artifice is in the mediums,
brush and silk paper now decorated
with characters like the moving leaves
of trees or the fixed, fossilised prints
of prehistoric bird tracks?

the wise and sensitive see past the written
appreciating only the flow of characters
decorating unfilled spaces in mind and emotion
forming a perfect subjective form to be locked in memory
defying the ravages of time

the artifice here allows readers to
imbue ideals and create perfections
in the museums of memory
accessed only by recollection
always safe as the sky

words insist regardless of all attempts
by soft silk and fine hair brush
to soften their power

focus instead on the flowing
rhythms and barely audible
sound that fluid characters make during
their creation

a lover's lock tied into the hollow of young bamboo,
silk paper and wrist
transmit more than the characters
they create

Death and Life

my culture embraces death
and is friends with the living;
no life exists without the death
of a previous existence
slavs know well we were all dead
before we were born but eastern europe
is the crossroad of East and West cultures
consequently asian blood courses thru
my slavic veins

i walk as in a dream thru life
and dream hard realities,
this street i have never seen
yet something is always familiar
tho framed in the strange

from nowhere u appear
shuffling a deck of cards,
select one, fanning and offering the deck,
but choose wisely
it will determine the tenure and character
of your entire life

i draw a card, the asian wheel of Life
decorated with images of the dead
appropriate to the circumstance and location
of my birth yet those that surround me are familiar
like a re-run of an old movie with the same actors
but different theme and plot

the wise know the Egyptian Book
of the Dead is a guide to life eternal
and the Tibetan book of the Dead
is a guide to another birth/life

the wheel turns, i die daily
leaving the past with funerary attendants
and my failed hopes with undertakers
adorned with hooded falcons
on their shoulders

i look at u intensely and see rivers
of time intricately woven into
a pattern representing the sum
of my experience thru numerous dimensions
and spheres --
the course forms a moving spiral
of being from the outermost edge curving back
to the stillness of the centre
where i/u first came into being

u realise i see the implications
of the life i have selected
a faint smile appears on your face,
u know we will be together tho
we'll be strangers when we meet,
live, love and die together
fulfilled and ready for another turn
of the wheel until we merge
in the centre as one unbroken, cosmic
stream of Love

as u begin to fade from view
u turn,
ur haunting tho comforting glance
evokes a memory,
i was the dealer who offered you
the deck before --
the card u chose was
Victory

Apprentice to Magic

in times before the mist lifted from memory
the feats and skills of a great magus
spread throughout this and many other lands

our village healer and shaman pays homage
only to this great magus, who is said
to have raised the dead and caused the blind
to see. he is reputed to have power
over the elements and has sent many
a raging storm and tempest
to subdue an enemy.

he is able to quiet the howling
wind and tumultuous seas
at a command,
awesome indeed is his power.

i was a boy at the time and
under the tutelage of the village shaman
but i sought the knowledge and skill
of the greatest shaman and magus of all
so i thanked my revered teacher for all
he had taught me and set off
to find the greatest of them all.

... ..

“now boy, what brings u here
to pester and entreat me?”

“i seek power over the elements and the ability
to raise the dead and cause the blind to see.”

“i have no power to teach u or tricks to impart that
deceive only fools.”

“but ...!”

“be silent child,
i see there is no dissuading u
or dampening ur spirit and persistence
so if u are able to learn, i shall teach the most valued
secrets, which if mastered enable every influence over
man and the world, however, there is one condition;
if u accept this offer, u will leave
after receiving this most high knowledge
and follow ur way.”

“i accept sir, as indeed if this secret enables every power
i gladly accept ur condition.”

and so the magus produced a small silk bag and emptied
its contents on the shiny compressed-earth floor of his hut.

“now boy, what do u see laid before u?”

“small ivory keys sir, with strange engraved sigils.”

“how many do u see?”

“what is, ‘how many,’ sir?”

“i see that i must teach u the power of number and
form and the meaning of signs and symbols”

... ..

in time the boy learned the power inherent in numbers
and signs but was shown no specific application or how to apply
this knowledge to great effect.

“how many keys do u see now, boy,
and what are the symbols on those keys?”

“26, sir, and the symbols are:
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ.”

“now begone and marvel, i have imparted the greatest magic of all.”

“but, ...!”

Peach Tree

planted by who knows who many years past
as its gnarled and rough branches betray

but when in season its fruiting flowers
are youthful and fertile, how it transforms
itself magically

it is then that a solitary dove alights in its branches
almost hidden in the flowers and leaves,
if not for its coo'ing it would almost be invisible

the throated dove coo's for its mate but its mate is no more,
how profoundly sad it makes me feel tho i have lost myself
watching the flowers and bees drenched in the seasonal sun
until a haunting throated call resurrects my soul

very soon ripe, sweet peaches will decorate the tree

Black Rose

a black rose grows on a bleached human skull
its venous roots spread over and around the skull

penetrating every aspect of the surface and interior,
eye sockets, gaping mouth and every other entry
like river patterns on earth as seen from space

the skull now belongs to the rose, completely captured

there is no apparent source of nourishment
as the bone never diminishes
yet the rose survives on something, perhaps unseen
tho obviously real

perhaps the lingering imprint of previous deeds, good and bad,
sustain the rose in its blackness,
tho it appears to have a preference

the similarity of river patterns scouring across land
and the root patterns on the skull are not coincidence;
the spiralling galaxy repeats itself in flowers and sea shells, --
repeated patterns offer no surprise in this micro/macrocasm

they tell a story to those that are able to read the signs
advertised everywhere by nature tho black roses
grow only on human skulls
their sprouting, growth and fruiting remain a mystery or perhaps not
to those able to read what escapes many

an erect silver serpent adorns the mantelpiece
its gaping mouth holds one black wax candle
tho its wick has never been lit

the congruity of skull, rose, serpent and candle disturbs,
so i light the candle which motionless, burning flame releases a
scent
impregnated in the wax, sometimes pleasant to the senses,
other times nauseating -- this reality is not static, it moves
like everything else according to its particular nature

so i leave u to read the images planted in ur mind,
beware they do not take root,
the innocuous words are only a medium
transporting all manner of things, seen and unseen, to the mind and
emotions,
as words by nature have immediate access to the mind
tho nature writes its endless story with moving living images and
patterns --
perhaps u may care to explain this sequence to me, tho i doubt it,
as few are able to read the meaning of a simple repeated spiral

Burning

the bush is burning
snapping synapses
crackling like neon wasps
revealing an open monologue
to god but it's me
doing all the talking,
which serves to increase the heat
turning red fire into white

ethereal smoke rises from thought
as the bush sets the trees of Eden on fire
burning with a heat that neither consumes
nor singses flesh, an awakening perhaps?

this is no candle in the wind, it's furnace heat
moving up through layers of antiquation,
residual conceptions and failed ideals
no longer necessary or useful,
this fire dims the sun and immortalises being --
every book read and the opinions/theories
contained therein reduced to ash in an instant

uncoordinated synapses now fire in harmony
without thought to interrupt the flow that
answers all unasked questions like the swirls
of Van Gogh and the syntax/poesy of Rumi,
they also spontaneously combusted

the cool drear of the herd baying in the background
betrays them as servile, mindless beasts,
only this fire cleanses mind and reveals
what has been secret for millennia: that there is no hidden secret,
only ignorance and folly upon which meaningless cultures
are built leading nowhere, or rather to sorrow, pain and despair

the time is always now, enter the white cleansing flame
and burn with me until the difference disappears
leaving only the distilled, pristine
ineffable perfection of One

About the Author

Lindsay Traynor is an Australian poet and mystic though he was born in Eastern Europe to parents raised in Canada and Australia respectively who were both in Eastern Europe after WWII.

He arrived in Australia before schooling age and has lost his mother tongue as a result, as both parents were fluent in English and the mother tongue was hardly heard.

Nevertheless, it seems that an early cultural imprint remained as his country/culture of birth is well known for producing an abundance of poets of an unusual kind.

Lindsay is a prolific writer and has produced the equivalent in text of around 50-60 novels over the past sixteen years though mostly in the form of articles on varied topics and poetry, his favourite medium.

I was asked to collate and edit some of his love poetry from over one thousand poems on varied subjects, as I was once the moderator of his poetry website. I was extremely pleased to be able to do so as I had a free hand in selection, though Lindsay asked for a few unrelated poems to be included, for reasons which should become apparent to readers, notwithstanding this is only a small selection of love poems -- there are many more which I hope to be able to collate and publish after the publication of this introductory eBook – moderator/editor of ozpoetry website.