



Nature Poetry
Book III in the Poetry Series

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Nature Poems

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Book III in the Poetry Series

*The Way that can be trodden is not the enduring and unchanging
Way. The Way that can be named is not the enduring and
unchanging Name.*

*Nameless, is the Originator of heaven and earth; named, it is the
Mother of all things -- Lao Tzu*

Autumn

the forest prepares
for the white chill
of winter
with bursts of
warm colours,
burning leaves
discarded
like so many notions,
ideas and promising
dreams

my desires crunch under
the weight of false hope
and future-thwarted
dreams --
a better season next
year is not promised

the chill begins to slowly
cool my bones,
so i grip the edges of the horizon
and wrap myself
in the warm slow-burning forest,
snug, ready to slumber for an
eternity

but the sky, afraid i will
steal the earth forever,
begins to shake ice
and snow onto the ground,
a trick
to prevent me from falling
into a permanent sleep

The Life

u have groaned ur way
to this material plane
yet u know u are light

faced with the dilemmas
of life on this plane;
u/we groan some more and some
groan until they depart from the body
and return worse off

yet there is a purpose,
you have made ur choices no-one else
u must take responsibility for ur life
and the lives of others dear to u,
tho those near you may test ur patience
to the extreme

to give up or retreat is to crucify urself and stifle ur
liberation only to groan with greater exasperation

u have choice to fulfil ur evolution
or delay it, no-one else is able to interfere
with ur evolution
tho u may imagine otherwise

enemies and friends instruct
and offer opportunities for ur evolution
some would enhance, others would deter
but u are always free to act
in such a way as to turn everything
to ur advantage/growth

u have invited all experience
seemingly good and bad tho neither

exists without its binary opposite -- they are only opposites until
understood as traps, self-designed illusions,
progressions/regressions, --
note the binary qualities
of this plane
yet ur light is the same as that
in others tho each expresses it thru
their own experience
but the Light is the same divine
inviolable, indestructible, ineffable
blissful, yes blissful, spark of creation

there is only one infinite creation expressing itself
in infinite ways/patterns
in order to experience or know itself,
what other purpose is there for creation?

deal with it and become aware of the process,
it is one entirety only appearing as many

and so creation announces victory
for every self-liberated soul
and itself

until then u are a product of culture, the world
deal with its perversity
and take responsibility

would you live in a hell or a heaven
it is your choice to create either?
avoiding this obligation to urself/creation
would see you regress and hobble urself

when confronting a mountainous obstacle
think of the undaunted ant that moved a mountain
one grain of sand at a time until it was no more

understand that u are immortal, unaffected
by illusory cultural qualities such as time and space,
no challenge you have given urself is beyond ur
ability to overcome, be consoled by this reality

we, on this material plane are One
we Are our brothers and sisters tho some may
erroneously view them as enemies --
what u do to another u do to urself,
understand that souls have no enemies
they only have helpers, teachers

if we are united in creation surely
we learn that lesson and unite here on earth

be constantly vigilant otherwise those that divide
would destroy your security and peace,
division is the only real enemy on this plane --
by restoring unity and harmony we are all restored
in peace and beauty

this universe came into being for Love's sake
and love is the surest and safest road home

tho u may lose ur disposable body in the process
do not, *never* fear,
do trees mourn fallen autumn leaves,
do trees mourn the death of the seed
from which they sprang?

you are the tree that supports the entire universe
there is nothing to fear as nothing is able
to destroy you in essence

bodies are like garments --
but You are the Life, Love

and Truth of Reality,
never forget it

Until

i write until i tear open
the page and plummet thru
into a world without restrictions
no longer confined by a screen
or A4 paper,
the medium and message entwine
around my brain which never sleeps
or ceases to create

i remember the brush strokes
that swept across hand made paper
with the ease
of an autumn breeze
no semantic strain was required
only a deft hand and the ceaseless flow
of creation

today i tap a keyboard
clickety clack whack,
a suitable encoder for
the digital age
but it pales against the turns of my
the rhythmic wrist and sweeps of my hand
on broad paper,
the past easily overcomes the present

there is nothing spontaneous about
typing, the means formulates the message
so i must force entry to the
portal of dreams which once opened
like a lover's thighs caressed by slow
deft hands

with bamboo pipe and human hair brush

each fine filament
depositing ink ending in a fine fading fray,
the art of which was to perfect the sweep,
line, character and the amount of ink
each brush-stroke would deposit
onto the paper

that was the art of writing,
now writing is the art
so i am writing you!

you imagine i jest
but no, with every word
i force you to decode
i steal ur mind,
come closer i must whisper a secret --
i have learned to write with my cock
and what marvels it produces
in salacious minds but i refrain
from description here as this is a
technical piece

perhaps another time when ur medium
is more receptive --
a gentle stroke of paradise

Precious

we rhapsodise, excruciate,
we run the (gauntlet) gamut
of emotion
and yet if every one of us
died instantly
existence would be no worse off,
perhaps better off

our craft is pure self-indulgence
poetry,
for whom do we write?
to the world, to a person, to nature
don't make me laugh
we write for ourselves
regardless of the lies
and pretence of semantic masturbation

and textual narcissism
how very precious we are;
we are poets, not a rare
or endangered species--
there's never been
a shortage of poetic wankers
in any human society or culture

we all have something to say
but we trip the text fantastic
expressing it

rather than use the integrity of plain speech
we contrive, convolute, involute and complicate
how precious we are?

why state something plainly

when u can embellish, elaborate
exaggerate and just plain lie for
the sake of an esoteric 'Art,'
but we should never ever
use *that* word in that context
regardless of how many drooling
dunces follow us from reading to reading,
or how many dedicated novitiates open their
thighs for the artist

the authenticity of a hemorrhaging
crimson wound
or the stench of a battlefield,
the starkness of a sea-cliff
and the wind hissing through
the wild desolate grasses
puts us all to shame

the crispness of truth,
virgin white as a winter morning
frozen with meaning
defying our pretences,
mocking our attempts to capture
the wonder of a single snowflake
or dry autumn leaf --

we are precious poets,
loved, hated
and ignored by many

Autumn Leaf

i once quipped
to a disgruntled lover,
“i’ll write you a love poem
on an autumn leaf.”

(autumn, was intentionally selected).

i took a leaf
from the ground,
freshly fallen,
resting on top of
a carpet
of fallen leaves

i studied its
shape, form
and its stunning syntax
half dried, half moist --
its pronounced veins
tracking across its surface
mapping its beauty,
once feeding every cell
and breathing pore,
its serrated edge gave
it character, an identity,
uniqueness --
one of a kind
like no other before
or after --
nature ensures difference,
originality,
only foolish man
clings pathologically
to uniformity, routine

and the 'safety' of
the dead known,
so foreign to nature's
designs.

they whipped me
as a child
for being different
instinctively i recoiled
from the given.
then they tortured me
as an adult
for daring to cut
my own 'unacceptable' course

not content with abuse
and torture
they jailed me
hoping to rehabilitate
me and make me a
productive member
of their (dead) society.

my lover pulled me
to the ground
attempting to draw my focus
away from the exquisite beauty
which had captured my attention,
she could feel i was going,
freeing myself from the tedium
of the unreasonable

i had learned long ago
how to enter nature's
secret chambers
and insulate myself
from the unreasonable,

the senseless horror,
the needless pain
and futility of man's
uniform, petty ways

she had learnt
to go for my cock
on these occasions,
her deft hands quickly releasing
my phallus and placing it
in her mouth --
in one movement
she began her rhythmic
motions
moving her crotch
against my body
while she engaged in her oral art
but i had already departed
tho my cock remained behind
and obliged her insecurities and desires --
i remained transfixed,
on the complexity
and beauty of that leaf,
which nature so easily creates
and discards
and began to laugh
at man's 'great' works
of art housed in galleries
and museums around the world,
a tragic legacy
of an aberrant, vain
and arrogant species

all humanity's achievements
shamed by a leaf!

my lover smiled

the semen in her mouth
prevented her from
speaking

Streams

with every beat,
it flows
and courses
circulating
propelled
by a heart's beating
desire

memories fade, wither
and fall like autumn leaves
phantasms, ghosts,
devoid of relevance
they slowly dry
and die --
litter on the forest floor

parched, thirsty
seeking moisture
which only a passionate heart
is able to provide

tears of sadness,
regret and joy
petition the sky
to release its
liquid treasure --
renewal

sometimes only a shower
other times a torrent
this fertile forest
waits patiently --
it blooms
only when revived

by your rain

each new virgin flower,
every blossoming bush
anticipates
your arrival

armed with your rainbow
and attended by the sun
you release your
life-giving treasure

the rarest flower
hidden
deep in the
heart of the forest
blossoms only
when awakened by your
sweet rain and
streaming caresses

Lost Poems

where do unwritten poems go
after tantalising poets with sweet dreams,
erotic imagery, precise metaphors
and other textual seductions;
i have often wondered?

poems that do not quite make it onto paper
are not really lost to poetry graveyards
or wasted
they return to that special place
from whence they came
to be transmuted, tailored perhaps
for other writers to inscribe
in this most seductive art

her face turns toward mine
beseeching
imploring
but words fail her;
her eyes fill with tears
tho she does not openly weep --
her hypnotic eyes
steal my attention,
suspending my thoughts
making a dumb spectator of my soul,
but still no meaningful words/gestures --
she fails to articulate
her heart's longing,
her soul's desire

momentarily
unable to speak
or make known her intentions
she releases that energy

allowing it to return,
charged by inexpression,
to be utilised by a poet
better able to define, contour
and shape reality.

outside my window,
dry autumn leaves
crunch under her
bare feet,
silent
she lifts her head
and smiles
revealing tears
running down her cheeks

Apprehension

that oddity that transforms a glance
into a cosmic reaction seems lost,
where are you today?

i know, the same place u've always been
but i've lost something special, important
the flight of a sunrise at midnight
and the hum of spring that once penetrated
my bones, where is it now?
perhaps i have overdone it, burnt myself out
like the blank pages of a defunct novelist

i wish like a child for the violet
eruption of ur embrace, the lack
of which has hollowed out my soul

if i had it one more time
i would never let it go
but that's what all bankrupt writers say,
u see, i have lost it

Crying

hear the clean desert wind
free of urban impurities
where ancient melodies are easily heard
as the wind sings through various
natural forms

no distractions exist to
pull the attention away from
the harmony and purity
of the red centre

the desert is clean --

undisturbed it presents only itself
considered worthless by avaricious men
the desert is the face of something larger
that moves in splendour behind it, not hidden
but not immediately apparent

words learned in cities pour from
my pen, crying for something lost and found
reaching forever, seeking the purity and peace
of the desert wind
which washes through me and cleans the sticky
impurities accrued in cities of the dead

smogged city wind does not agitate the flame eternal
only the clean desert wind fans that flame into a roaring,
all-consuming bliss

once experienced the desert wind remains,
fanning the flame and creating a radiance
that resists the darkness and pollution
carried by the poison wind of cities

wild birds swim and sing in the desert wind
moving in waves each course free
tho remaining in harmony with the flock

city birds fight each other for scraps
while desert birds drink from crystal clear waters
and feed from seeding desert grasses all provided naturally,
what need do i have for a profession?
i am not infatuated with gadgets and baubles
that bind one to perpetual slavery?

cities are cemeteries where corpses move
as only the dead move
blind, vicious, unaware

palms from aeons past continue to thrive in the desert
sustained by red soil and clean rain
filtered through mineral sands to emerge as
springs and oases

today as before the desert wind
carries the rain to the red centre
and revitalises all life in season

only the clean desert wind surrounds,
moves and enlivens everything it kisses

Falling

words, letters, signs and symbols
arrange themselves
in coherent and incoherent
patterns guided by something
other, but drawn from
the accumulated experience
of an artist whose task is
as easy as the breeze
that swirls up from deep recesses
and spins down again, caught it seems
in a magnetic ellipse
until the message, meaning is transmitted

the same force drives all fluids
in bodies, internally and externally,
separation is myth

new zoos populate once green and flowering
fields, the animals on spectacle captured
in steel and glass engage
in the tricks taught them by their keepers

click, click, click, frantic keyboards
arrange designs, markets, mediums of exchange
also caught in a magnetic ellipse
but the specimens are unaware they are kept
though they have no choice but to appear
and perform in their pens daily

nothing replaces the wilds from which these animals
were captured
now bred in captivity, their offspring know no other existence
but captivity, which they call freedom though confinement
determines every action, movement and thought,

but what would a specimen born in captivity
know of the real freedom their once wild forebears
experienced?

a sea hawk hovers over the cemetery where wild flowers grow over
graves,
it twitches and dives like a bullet capturing its prey,
so efficient are its wild instincts --
the human dead lay buried with stone markers,
names and captions comforting nothing but memories
of things past

the new zoos have killed every vestige of life,
the cemetery is in fact a second death, a necropolis
that does not mourn the living or dead
in the cities/zoos of annihilation

glass towers are on show for the keepers,
not for those that have wild eyes to see
or the ability to arrange snowflakes
on melting bitumen streets scorched
by a polluted, summer's day

Nocturn

night falls in slow motion
carried gently on the scent
of spring flowers
fragrance seems to emanate
from the warm,
secure blackness

how appropriate the
'falling' of night
though to be accurate night
is 'lowered' by disappearing
day

it is daylight that breaks impatiently
in contrast to the tide of night
easing, enveloping everything,
my realm from the first

life does not issue from
the brightness of day
it is conceived and gestates
in pure darkness
safe in the homogeneity
of imperceptibility
the harsh glare of day
shatters the peace of night

my nocturnal allies hide
to emerge only when invisible
to effect the changes
that astound
the creatures of day
well do they say
what day is it?

light is such a lie as it only becomes
apparent when it strikes an object
whereas night is immediate
and requires nothing
to facilitate its
enveloping

it is the difference between
the long soothing hum of night
and the sharp shrill
of glaring day

Tears of Gods

the Chinese believe the
tea plant sprouted from
the tears of Gods
while in India ganga is
the plant attributed to Siva
who is known as an inveterate
smoker

both attributions seem apt
as both (once sacred) plants
enhance the body and mind

the Himalayas in spring
and summer see the harvesting
of tea in Darjeeling and ganga-rubbing
in every balmy mountain valley
producing prized black attar

but not to be forgotten is the poppy
its resin produces euphoria
the stuff of dreams
preferred by poets and shaman

a world away the coca plant is
sacred to indigenous tribes and shaman
every plant that alters everyday
consciousness is revered as sacred
for good reason, traditional cultures
do not fear/view altered states as illusory
but as other dimensions of mind/experience

mind mushrooms thrive in cow shit
in northern and southern Oz
tops and meanies,

smooth as can be

police have no business
regulating plants and fungi
used as sacraments

mind plants exist in almost
every clime and locality
the Gods are kind
offering their flesh and tears
to heal our bodies and souls

there is an abundance of
natural Holy sacraments;
refuse all lab synthetics,
they are not of the body of God

*"And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with Holy dread
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise." -- STC*

Savoir

'to know,' or knowing
is not dependent
on a single sense,
it spans the entire spectrum
of sensation
from abstract thought
to physical contact

we arrive at knowledge via
impressions
however, some recipients
are not tuned to our
frequency and messages
become lost in a mire of
previous experience,

such was the case with you

with every artifice
in a poet's repertoire
i all but wrote it in the sky
yet delivery failed,
so strong were your previous
impressions that any new
message was thoroughly corrupted.

we are all challenged in varying degrees
no one is able to appreciate another's
real emotional state,
though we are able to draw
on common human experience --
but what a peculiar mix it makes

to hell with my usual mode

of expression,
i dredged for a song instead

a female voice to deliver
female emotion.
perhaps your male
filters are less severe
with music and song.
try and understand
how much
i luv you,
leave your past
in the past,
i am Now --
fresh,
new,
experience

Plankton

plankton luminesce in waves
before they crash softly to the shore
of dreams made only in night

darkness is fought by the tiniest
sea vegetation to compensate
for the fading light of man
lost in designed myths, day dreams,
will they ever learn?

day and night are inverted
sky and shore blur into an amorphous
groundless space
in which desperate people seek
anything upon which to anchor
and believe,
any fantasy is preferable to void
and uncertainty

and so the world is lost,
the many cling to the selfish dreams of the few
but the beach at night is untouched
by desperate fantasies

u pull ur light summer frock over ur head
and walk naked next to me,
ur body a source of delight to my eyes,
u clasp the fingers of ur hand
with mine and gently squeeze
pulling me from my night introspections,
the warm summer breeze lifts ur flowing hair
mimicking the movement of the sea
as u reel me in like a fish caught by a lure

a night sky-pilot comes to ground

Woohoo You

the world is frantic
but u are as easy as
a leaf floating down a stream
on a clear, untroubled summer's day

u ease the storm of my life
and soothe my heart,
ur asian jet hair shines
like a raven's wing,
ur face is the wine i have thirsted for

u approached me like a woman
cloaked in a heavenly, bewitching scent
then fled like a frightened child,
are u playing the usual feminine wiles
that exasperate men of experience,
are u testing the attraction?

be aware i do not chase or play adolescent games
i am a man, not a boy
and if a man frightens u, then so be it,
strong independent women are rare these days

is it ur husband that constrains u?
u know i know that women taste of different fruits
in the orchard of life and then return
to their gardens or make a dash for greener space,
no children involved makes u free to choose

though i shall not concern myself with social
dilemmas, ur presence now is all that matters
though the sadness in ur eyes contradicts
the smile on ur face,
these vacillating dichotomies/contradictions drive me nuts

so i drown u in soft kisses that u evoked from my
innermost being --

lost in close embrace

i am in heaven momentarily and do not allow myself to think
of anything other than ur presence, which revives
my wounded soul and ravaged heart

a night with u in my arms is enough to sustain me for decades
one cup of good wine defeats the constant indulgence of lesser
grades,

though u remain trapped within urself pleading it seems
for someone to release u

i do not interfere with the ecstasy of the present,
future or past projections and reflections rob
life of its rewards and life only exists in the present

do not trouble urself unnecessarily,
ease into the soul u have healed
and it would heal you

No Reply

was it the tinkle of tree-ice crystals,
the whisper of the night, or
the slow approaching hum of new summer warmth
that drew me closer?

it seemed that it all crept up too slow
to be noticed but now it overwhelms,
the innate attraction at the centre of being

it was as if i had lost something precious
and became obsessed with its recovery --
strange and seemingly unrelated occurrences
became beckoning calls, signs

a language that bypasses conscious discrimination
is effective and so the message was delivered
without my knowledge yet with the clearest meaning,
untainted by thought

restored, it has a secret which i cannot relay
as no other thing is capable of receiving a message
that is target specific, unintelligible to all
but one
and so living with this knowledge becomes an
easy burden, as there is nothing to talk
or write about

gliding ibis pass overhead,
fruit bats fly from the other direction
to their roosting trees;
it's timely, as the sun slips below the horizon,
i hear it again

do not feel deprived or short-changed by this,

your message has already been delivered --
read it

Apparition

hidden by the long grasses
u crouch over a grave
so sad
lamenting loss

i have never seen such sadness
contoured and expressed by a body
ur entire frame is crying though silent,
inaudible

u have become grief personified
silently kneeling over
a gravestone
upon which a sculptured
figure of a young woman rests
kneeling, lamenting

no difference in posture
can be discerned -
i see i am not seeing
flesh and blood

u turn and lock onto my eyes
liquid tears track down ur cheeks,
i talk to u without uttering a sound
u respond but remain sad

why linger here? cemeteries are built
by the living for the living,
the dead have no need of them

u turn away in understanding
and slowly fade into
the twilight

i approach the grave and notice
two wet drops on the gravestone,
there is no chill in the air
only the warmth of a summer
evening

Who told the Rose ...

to unfurl its crimson sails
and release its heady scent?
rose, be crimson-red,
open ur petals slowly
like a woman reveals
her secrets

touch the summer breeze
and awaken dreamers
from their trance

lure the bee and butterfly
to seek nectar
in ur innermost furls
but be sure to wilt
and die
before it is discovered
there's nothing inside
to offer

i do not begrudge
ur lack of nectar
as u inform the world
that physical beauty/allure
are fleeting

and lack nourishment
for the soul

Lingering

try as i did
i failed u,
that sad smile
the sadness caught
in ur eyes,
i couldn't remove it

remember when we danced in the rain
on cemetery hill
the sea before us
in its deep blueness,
the summer rain softened
everything like a Monet

we danced
like there was no tomorrow
but that glint remained --
i loved u more than
the beat of my own heart
and needed u more
than my next breath,
u will never know
how desperately i tried
to free u from ur lingering pain

but ur eyes revealed
my defeat,
my every attempt a failure
i just couldn't release u
no matter how hard i tried

we loved like two naïve youths
in those days,
tho its been decades

i still sense ur warm body
and scent,
such was the strength
of our bond

u made me victorious,
my course altered from the rocks
to the deep blue expanse
i have never looked back
but i grieve for u still
in the quiet moments
when my solitude
opens the way to ur
memory

how ur sadness still haunts me
i failed to remove ur pain

i could have done it
given half a chance
but u died suddenly
leaving me only with ur light
and the fathomless strength
of ur character

the breadth of our love
orphaned time and space
i see u as u were in ur prime
the heart of a dove,
the strength of a lioness
no-one else could have
dragged me from certain doom
to success

even as i write this piece
for you
regret lingers

tingeing my joy
with sad reflections

Unseen

things unseen
cool you
in the searing
heat of day
or destroy entire cities
if aroused in anger,
never underestimate what
is not immediately apparent --
powers for good or ill
-- as we see it --
are evenly distributed
between
seen and unseen

use all your faculties,
what is not seen with one
sense
may easily be detected
by another,
who can see the wind?
who is able to apprehend
a summer breeze?

no one has ever fixed its
source or destination?

motion,
kinesis
is the stuff of life,
a dancing universe
imparts its knowledge
and harmony freely.
rigid formulas and social prescriptions
disguised as order

are death to free spirits,
all static forms
inevitably succumb
to the irresistible
kinesis/movement of life.

the formulators (conservatives)
would have us all
live in a box
of their design,
they name it 'this and that'
and disguise it with
alluring trinkets and gadgets
yet the box remains a coffin,
a specified mapped location
for the living dead --
lives entombed
by do's and dont's

the unseen wind is an angel
that favours the wise,
we are sustained
borne aloft in ecstasy
by the most sublime
unseen force of all

Love, a gift,
embrace it

Summer Rain

who would you
try to deceive
speaking winter
with summer eyes?

stringed instruments
resonate on the wind
yet ur voice intones
cool ice and snow

should i respond to the flame
in ur eyes that speak honestly
to mine
or allow ice to imprison u
in a perpetual winter
of your own making?
melancholia is a poor companion
better to break free
and emerge naked and honest
in the warm summer sun

some things we must do ourselves
with abandon
without expectations

hearts engage
easily while words
measure acceptable distances

culture is a perverse
measure
why would u allow it
to narrow
ur options?

time is on no one's side
it makes short work of
all our lives

is it not preferable to follow the heart
and its natural inclination to joy
rather than the calculating head
in matters of love?

summer rain

a rainbow
arches
across the sky

Sea Rain

it's pouring by the shore
barnacles and other fastened shell-life
on the rocks perplex as salt water
is replaced by fresh water rain,
they close and clamp tightly onto the rocks
waiting for the salt water to save them,
i could almost hear them screaming
though secretly they wish to be free
of all the mediums that bind them

what do the little animals in these shells do,
release their grip and wash away with the tide
while assaulted by threatening rain water
or take a chance and hope that releasing their grip
would return them to familiar spaces?

people walk along the rocks prying these little shells/animals
from the rocks, a tasty treat for some tho most give no thought
to the plight of these little creatures -- it pays to be mobile it seems

waves crash violently onto the rocks and wash a careless gatherer
into the ocean, screaming and waving
as he is tossed like a cork in the sea --
tho he gives no thought to the little animals
screaming silently in his hessian bag

the storm now violent, his friends too frightened to assist
and so a human drowns in an environment
unsuited for the species

survivors crowd together by the shore bound by their guilt
and cowardice while the cockles they have collected
scream from the pain of separation from their homes

across the ocean a war rages driven by those that profit therefrom
the casualties scream from the separation of their lives, homes
and families

but the disruptors continue to drop their bombs and pry
the life from many a helpless victim

the floating drowned man begins to slowly sink
beneath the waves while the others watch helplessly
from the rocky shore

in the township a fishwife plying her trade through the streets,
sings,
'cockles and muscles, alive, alive ho!'

Throng

they crowd around
seeking frantically to find expression
they seek a medium -- the muse is not one but many

faces appear in colour 3D, exquisite,
they pass across the back of my mind
tho they cannot stick or disturb
as there is nothing to stick to
so they appear and disappear or fade,
to be more accurate

they reveal all manner of things in this world
warning and luring trying to find expression,
this world is an open book to the disembodied
nothing is secret,
the akasha is not governed by time or space, it contains
a record of all that is, was and ever will be at once

the disembodied are like children, they cling
frantically hoping to find expression, which i provide when it suits

they have shown me the dirty secrets of this world
many times, it appears like a 3D movie,
the machinations of the evil ones, which i encode at times,
knowing that few listen, yet the spirits are momentarily satisfied
tho it doesn't last, they are ever around me but the door
is mine to open or close

it is not one voice i express today but Many --
do not be beguiled and enslaved
by the evil of this world
simply defeat it, it is powerless
against those unified in Truth and Love,
which qualities are gifted to all humanity

by birthright

You are not and never have been powerless

This Way and That

u appear before me
naked
dressed only in tears
and regret

my attic now crowded
with two in its
infinite singular space

u begin to complain
about the lack of need,
by that u mean dependence,
i've heard it all before
some characteristics are common
to all women

every inane, irrelevant word of complaint
falls on the feathers of an aquatic bird,
why bother, i am no man's or woman's slave?
yet u persist impervious to all the words
and warnings about such behaviour,
i've seen it all before, too many times

is there nothing new under this tattered sky?
the more u ramble the wider the distance
until i hear only the wind outside
and see only the moving
leaves of trees and swaying branches

i am in the centre, the heart of this timeless land
where tribals once gifted me the keys
that unlock the doors of time and space,
u are inside i am outside
the more u harp the wider

the chasm becomes

an eagle effortlessly circles above
allowing the thermals to do the work,
a poet clicks the keys allowing the flow
to do the writing --
u begin to weep out loud and threaten suicide,
how original

i return to the centre where my soul
soars without the need of thermals
u tug violently on my shirt
watching for an anticipated reaction
i lock onto ur eyes speaking volumes
but u hear only urself
as u shrink like a B-grade sci-fi movie,
the incredible shrinking woman,
before i am able restore u

u disappear from sight,
somewhere in ur microscopic universe
i'm sure u'll find another tiny person
willing to listen,
this expanse is far too large a place
for u

Rivers

do rivers stress or strain
to reach the sea?
no, they take the path of least resistance
as do all nature's forces
with the exception of one perverse species

the body groans,
my neck could be used to support
a bridge, such is the level of stress and strain

did i stop when my body sent
signals then alarms that i was over-extending my capacity?
cease this bullshit or suffer!
so now i suffer like a dog
or rather a human that failed to heed nature's
warnings

i've been here before
this place that specialises in pain
and self-inflicted suffering,
a crowded place brimming with my species

the wind hisses through the grass,
i watch stems and blades move
in waves with the wind
an idiot suggests relaxation classes,
could they top the message of the grass and wind?

the sea effortlessly laps the shore,
the moon is full
suspended in the night sky
like a tarnished silver plate
as it moves around the earth and sun

it tugs at the sea which responds
without a thought
it is thought that interferes with the voice of nature
and its sublime harmony

i feel my neck release, accompanied by
numerous cracks and clunks of my vertebrae,
what a sorry species -- i am not alone

we forfeit harmony for permanent war
and are taught to like it,
“look what your country has done for you”,
the media says - though the truth is
an elite group of sociopaths and criminals
do it for themselves (profit) and could care less for
the salves they lead

all bad habits, destructive behaviours
and perversities are easily overcome
simply
by listening to the message our loving mother
whispers constantly, ease up, merge with the harmony,
flow like a mighty river on the plains
winding its way inexorably to the sea

you will achieve, without blood, sweat
and waterfalls of tears

my personal folly is great as i know better
but continue like one of Pavlov's dogs
to play robot to the perversities of culture,
“life was not meant to be easy,”
says who, a bunch of avaricious slave drivers
and their criminal political/theological puppets?

i inhale the sweet wind and feel my diaphragm
letting go,

follow your course nature whispers,
ignore the rantings of murdering
psychopaths,
revive yourself in me
and live harmoniously --
i never forsake my progeny

i am
restored

The Walls of Paradise

after a lifetime searching
i finally stood before the locked gates
of paradise
beseeching the gatekeeper
to allow free passage

but like a taunting demon
the gatekeeper remained unmoved

undaunted i began to circumnavigate
the impregnable walls
that no-one had ever breached
and discovered that they encompassed
all existence;
what strange barrier must i now
confront and overcome?

after numerous futile sweeps
looking for weaknesses i remembered
i was not forlorn and that nothing could prohibit
my entry

again i approached the gatekeeper
and discovered he was me,
outwitting him
became a futile pursuit
a stalemate

to have come this far
and stand at the gates of the sublime
to be refused
only quickened my efforts to gain entry

time began to play its destructive tricks

the more i persevered and struggled
(against myself)
the more difficult it became --
a lad named Methuselah mocked me
from a watchtower,
the seasons had taken their toll

i staggered to the gate
determined but not prideful
or arrogant
the gatekeeper laughed at the sight of me,
he had retained my youthful appearance
and mocked the wretched creature
requesting entry

such anguish i had never known
again i remembered who i was
and sat before the gate with eyes
and focus riveted on
the taunting image of my youth
as the gatekeeper

i realised that before i could effect
the external
i needed to transform the internal
so i sat like a mountain unmoved
until the screen of my mind began to
crowd with images of my previous
lives and experiences
--there is no fear greater than personal fear
nor any repulsion more loathsome
than a personal aversion
no hell more terrifying
than one's personal hell

the gatekeeper laughed as he watched
my face grimace confronting

stark images of all my personal
vulnerabilities, fears,
aversions and joys

i nevertheless remained steady
in my seat
calm though slightly agitated by the images
that assaulted my senses;
i watched dispassionately until the images lost their power
to disturb -- experiences charged with emotional
impact had enslaved me for aeons

the gatekeeper observed my progress
and became agitated
he began to age as i began to grow youthful
as we/i exchanged states,
nevertheless, i remained steady
and determined

soon my emancipation approached
with the mystic key that unlocks
the gates of paradise

it fixed its gaze on me
probing for aberrations
and weaknesses,
i remained imperturbable

the walls and gate
vanished, i was in an open field
of dreams and realities
without a clear distinction

i remained unmoved
with unwavering focus

the scene became voluptuous

my senses reeled,
for such pleasure no sense was made
i was overwhelmed
every known and unknown ecstasy
danced before me
alluring, waiting
for me to approach

i remained firm

at that the walls and gate
re-appeared
i could hear/see running waters,
singing birds with quivering
iridescent plumage

all manner of exquisite sights
and sounds

i was not moved
the gatekeeper appeared and
began to transform in rapid succession
from my inception
through many previous lives
to Now

the experience unnerved
but i did not forfeit my seat

instantly the gatekeeper vanished
i became myself again
the gates of paradise opened
i had overcome myself

the world, all things yielded
and deferred to another hero
that persisted to the end

Blue

snow falls in the distance
so far away that it's hardly consequential
to mention tho it snows never the less

blue forest trees refuse to burn in raging
forest fires while surrounding trees
are consumed, screaming in the flames

what secret does blue possess?
the sky and sea are blue
as are mountains in the distance
which jutting peaks lick the snow
and ice

but the real signifier is this blue planet
which we call home,
the blue keeps us all safe
yet no one guards its deep blue hue

Dead of Night

stark day drops into night almost imperceptibly
seared senses are balmed and soothed
in its visually quiet softness
in night only does imagination assist with perception
as its screen allows for amorphous, unconscious shapes, real
projections entwined with corporeality

in this mix where artists and magicians
walk comfortably in deserted streets,
dimly lit lanes and tracks in foreboding forests
phantoms also dwell but those phantoms
are not objective tho they appear so

they are created on occasion when moonlight
plays with shadows and shapes to produce
spirits, the essence of something, and when engaged
and given some vitality they are able to converse
and become familiars;
imbued with more vitality they are able to perform
simple tasks like affect the dreams of others in sleep
too easy, and if given more precious vitality
they are able to kill,
tho no doctor is able to determine the cause of death

it is quite the art in the night,
moonlit forest clearings offer theatres
were naked sylphs dance and engage
those able to see

other spirits not of one's making
also populate these places but
should be watched as they do not issue from
the seer's imagination, their corporeality is of another's making
so cannot be trusted, they seduce and suck vitality

for transfer and harm tho they are easily recognised
by the incongruity in the harmony, which has been created

if fear is strong then the victim succumbs
if no fear exists then invisible shields protect,
it is the art of the magicians of old
that disguised their art with all manner of complexities
to dumbfound the uninitiated,
beware of what u see in the night
as only fools tempt the moon
and its fantastic creations

tonight another drama wraps its spell
around me and itself

only the day-deluded imagine the night is dead

The Tops

the blue mountains
along the east coast of Oz
are aptly named as blue is their most prominent feature
tho they are not mountains
they are the remnants of a plateau
eroded by wind and water over millions of years
now presenting as mountains

it seems more practical to name them according to the dreamtime
of the originals, each feature, animal and contour
intertwined with perceptions of harmonious survival, native law
and the sacred, which has persisted here longer than any other
human society on earth, tho white invaders continue to commit
genocide
on the few remaining, not with guns but with cultural genocide

yet the dreaming persists as i sit on an outcrop
overlooking the great blue splendour, watching,
sensitive to the sacred and the life in the forests,
breathing/moving in the valleys

the gang-gang parrot of the Tops is not included
in the sacred totems
yet it has become a symbol of the ranges for me
with its larrikin red-feathered crescent, smoky blue-grey plumage
and acute intelligence almost matching that of the white
invaders of today that are removed from all things harmonious
and natural -- they continue to desecrate the land
unaware they are produced and sustained
by/through its purity

i watch the setting light as it catches the red and yellow ochres
of the cliffs exposed and scarred by logging --
no photo or painting could ever hope to catch

the dancing lights and changing hues of the ranges
that live in defiance of man's
destructive ways

the tribals are long gone from these ranges,
the dislocated mixed bloods that remain
boozing themselves into extinction in white towns --
black and white remain polar opposites --
the price of forfeiting an ancient culture is death

it strikes me that the land, creates the myths and dreams
as it magically impinges on human consciousness
moving and contouring sensitive minds as it did
to the originals over hundreds of thousands of years

and so the enduring blue of the mountains and every natural thing
that inhabits them continue, too large to be wounded by blind,
disconnected and insensitive white men

Civilised

Freud and Jung
defined a dichotomy
at constant war,
the id and the ego

confronted by a young
sales girl who took a fancy
bending forward resting her elbows
on a display table
curving her spine in an inverted arc
which poked her rear skyward
while gazing fixedly into my eyes

who could miss the primate mating position
on offer? her body speaking loud and clear

of course my immediate reaction was to
shift to her rear, peel her leggings and knickers
down around her knees and engage her in locked
sexual embrace but we were in a department store
and so my response was not physical tho it should have been
the entire action was mental

we engaged in superficial
dialogue about a commercial product
conforming to the social space/location
tho my essential nature was roaring like a caged lion
over this unmistakable invitation (or tease) while my civilised
persona repressed my natural reaction

consequently, my dialogue became tainted
with 'uncivilised' humorous remarks,
'do you fancy men with long hair and goatees
or are you always this friendly?'

before she could answer, i asked her name,
her tag hidden at the time as she remained
in the primate mating position,
Rani, she replied, i see, an Indian princess,
no! a queen, do not demean, she smiled
my apologies, my Hindi has suffered since i left India
many years ago,
ur parents must be hippies, yes they were
her behaviour betraying a paternal fixation

i was of her parents' generation,
my appearance betraying my past,
her blue eyes remained tightly focused on mine throughout
while i swept my gaze over her exposed arms
one supporting a serpentine tattoo which
curved across her flawless skin and shoulder
to end at her upper spine,
nice tatt, i said, tho its phallic symbolism is unmistakable,
this girl had seen a cock or two dozen

meanwhile my cock was dancing in my pants
stimulated by her bold body-talk and eyes,
O that we were in a forest or natural surroundings
we could have raged like a mountain river
my id continuing to push hard against my persona
but the odds were against it in the civilised city of Sydney
so i left with my purchase, planned prior to engaging her,
tho she was offering more than i anticipated
and seemed happy to continue

'i will mention u on my way out so u do not miss ur commission,
i'll return in the near future,' tho i never did

it was the repressed response that broke the powerful attraction,
the id is usually defeated in this context/contest -- fuck it!

nevertheless, the experience remains clear in memory
forcing its way into my cock (again) and onto this page

Rescued

moonless nights
force one to walk on intuition
all the more difficult in unknown forests
of sadness, or is it the absence
of the silver light reflected by the moon
which somehow transforms golden,
warm sunlight to cool silver moonlight?

i make my way with care stepping safely
on an unseen ground tho my unseen eye
sees all in this sad and desolate forest
wet with tears of regret

what is this haunting place
devoid of fear but saturated with remorse?
i have heard of this emotion from wine imbibers
tho i do not drink the popular poison myself

i feel and see with eyes closed and mind surrendered
to what is transmitted by the location, but where am i?
between wakefulness and sleep perhaps or in deep dream,
location is not yet determined so i continue
until a soft light issues from the centre of a grove
defined by the light,
i proceed in the now untangled sadness,
how heavy this sensation

the grove is cleared in the centre
in which a spirit, phantasm or extraordinary
person is kneeling, crying softly,
my intuition has led me to this place but why?

i reach out slowly, my hand open,
the entity turns her head and locks onto my eyes,

she seems to recognise me but i not her,
she embraces me gently and whispers,
'i am not free'

i look around and see no constraints
of any kind
the clearing is interrupted only by a
natural path which leads in and out,
'i am not free' she repeats
but this time it becomes evident
she is real

what restricts u? i ask,
she looks confused turning her gaze
about,
find ur escape, i say, still in her soft
embrace

she relaxes but remains alert
i make an effort to shift attention
attempting to determine whether i am in dream
or reality

the air is crisp, scented with wild bush flowers
and the greenness of lush foliage,
i inhale deeply, she smiles,
'have u come back to release me?'

back! do i know u?
her eyes cannot hide despair
'how did u find this place, what brought u here,
do u not remember?' she questions
i have no recollection
tho i do not articulate my thoughts,
well, i'm here now, so what is it that
confines u?

she turns her face away and begins to release
her embrace,
please, do not despair, i am here for a reason
tho the recollection remains unclear

she releases me and returns to the centre of the clearing,
it is then i realise that the source of light is not detectable
tho it continues to illuminate the grove

she kneels, eyes locked on mine
and reclines, inviting me it seems
i approach, kneeling beside her
exquisite body and presence,
she opens her arms and heart,
i am drawn into her arms,
ur jail is in ur head,
and u have the key
in ur hand, free urself, i mutter

she looks perplexed, 'do it, release urself,'
she smiles and i find myself awake
tho with the strongest sensation
of a lingering, grateful and free presence

how am i to confront the pedestrian travails
of everyday reality after this other worldly
experience?

Sway

how great are the mighty Himalayas
and how small are grains of sand
from which the ranges are made

how mighty the tectonic force that thrusts them upward
and how soft the water that scours through the hardest rocks

all that is small becomes great and all that is great becomes small
ceaseless births, deaths, renewal

as a child i remember a small seedling in the crevice of huge
boulder as a man i return to see a healthy tree
between two boulders which were once one --
the soft overcomes the hard --
with patience and unrelenting perseverance all is possible

the moon appears in the afternoon sky in season
the sun ebbs slowly beneath the horizon to return the next dawn,
the tribulations of men are self-inflicted if nature's harmony and
cycles
are any indication
everything manifest is produced without effort by allowing competing
forces
to yield and dominate in turn

sway with me as life and all existence sways and renews itself
in never ending patterns of perfection devoid of the slightest
discordant perturbation

Raging

the sea rages tonight
colliding with ferocity
against the shore that obstructs
its course -- rocky barriers
shoot waves skyward
releasing spray
that drenches my face
and salts my lips --
yet of its own accord
the sea remains calm,
the enormous energy it releases
is the result of external forces
acting on it;
the sea in essence
is imperturbable
though its appearance deceives
the desensitised and unthinking,
appearances always deceive
quiet reflection reveals much

i scream against the wind
responding to the night
yet my scream is lost to the mighty
roar,
no man or beast is able
to compete with the forces of nature

a seabird dislodged from its shelter
twists and turns in the buffeting wind
crying yet instinctively
finds a course with subtle twists
of its wings and turns
of its body
to eventually return

to the safety of the cliffs

i marvel that no civilised human,
abruptly faced with death or crisis
is able to react so perfectly
to the forces that prevail against it,
the instant reaction of a bird's brain
and body put all man's achievements
to shame

my arrogance and pride draw me
closer to the edge of the cliff
fighting the headwind
with every step
not fully sensitive to its random directions
i reach the precarious edge
as i do the headwind ceases
and instantly changes direction
my forward force and the wind-burst
from behind sees me easily plummet off
the edge to my death.

Crooked

the screaming wind gnarls trees
clinging twisted/contorted on the cliff since sprouting,
green leaves snap and slap each other,
on gnarled branches -- victims of the wind

a man crazed by the constant roaring, hissing, whistling
balances on the edge
defying the wind and death
gambling a maverick gust doesn't
push him over

raising his arms like the gnarled branches
he pushes against its force
twisting his body on the edge

he looks back at his temporary lover
who is wondering why she bothered
but wind-blown minds do as the trees
though not secure in their grounding

they fight against inevitability, insanity, loss

day and night trees and leaves
continue screaming for the
misshapen people in the village
where crooked minds and spines
lure them constantly
to the windy cliffs
high above the sea

in the salty tidal pools below spiked red sea urchins
walk on needles feeding on the dead

Quality

they glide miles without thought
or effort just above the water
where air and sea meet
forming a secret current
known to the feathered few

a gull returning to the cliffs in a storm
twitches its wings and body perfectly
in almost cyclonic winds
to land safely in its nest,
a wonder to behold how wild creatures react
perfectly to the elements without thought

the beauty and harmony of natural existence
is unparalleled by anything produced by those
that have mastered thought, a price too high to pay
for losing direct connection with natural harmony

a screaming airliner rips the sky dragged upward
by primitive polluting engines,
the craft cannot twitch or manoeuvre its body
fast enough to save itself when difficulties arise,
down they go with all lives lost when they routinely fail

yet man governed by thought, thinks himself wonderful
in his profound blindness

the wind moves the long grasses
and whips waves on the sea
which yield and react according to their nature
hissing, murmuring and splashing songs
while screaming man forces himself onto
the natural world like some blind refugee
from the depths of ignorance

it is absurd to worship the contorted cumbersome creations of man which the smallest living creature puts to shame, such is the supreme intelligence of thoughtlessness compared to the continual failures of arrogant and inadequate imaginings

“I think therefore I am,” is missing the most important qualifier:
'I think therefore I am Lost,' is far more accurate

Mourning

would u mourn a caged bird
that takes flight from captivity?
i think not

why then strange man do u mourn a soul
that escapes the body which has held it captive?
giving up the ghost is no cause for concern
what u mourn is Your loss, a selfish thing

aware spirits are happy to leave the mortal coil
and enter again a rarefied plane more suitable
to their 'particular' needs, no toiling for gross foods
to feed gross bodies, no defecating or urinating
shaving, menstruation or fluid exchanges

has it occurred to u that spirits mourn those trapped in bodies,
lost to the finer realms of existence? would u trade
a life free of disease for a body wracked from head to toe?
i hope not

consider ur imagination, limitless, unmolested
and free to conjure whatever it pleases, it is not material,
consciousness is not physical yet because u are imprisoned
u falsely think ur mind is also trapped, not by anything but
what u falsely believe, u were created free and remain free
the challenge of this earth existence was to create a free
paradise on this plane, and what a fuckin' mess u have made of it
yet u mourn those that have escaped, get ur priorities straight before
ur false beliefs condemn ur mind to live in a prison
permanently --

u see, slavery only exists in this earth plane
which u have transformed into a hell

u are free any time u choose yet u continue to slave,
i suppose it's symptomatic, as is mourning freed spirits --
notice i make a distinction, as spirits are only free if they have
learned
they are not imprisoned, nothing is able to confine a free spirit,
u confine and imprison yourself

Temple

a small temple stands ivory white
and majestic at the top
surrounded by flowers
and fruiting tress
revealing itself momentarily
through the mist and clouds

but the only course to it
was carved from the stone, steep incline

not one step aligned with another
they seemed carved, scattered
laid out by
madmen of great skill
as tho the steps were
fashioned by magicians
as there was no safe
footing other than the steps themselves

people thronged at the bottom
of the hill wishing to reach the temple
but stood hesitant before the first step
which was disproportionately large,
so large in fact, that it required great effort
to surmount it, yet there were hundreds more to negotiate,
madly unaligned with each other

despondents balked and didn't attempt to scale
the very first step, resigning themselves to failure
others made progress but became stranded on
steps which were carved for that purpose

few made it half way, while others watched
hoping to gain some knowledge of an easy and safe route

but none existed

undaunted, i decided to reach the temple, learn its secret
or die trying, and so my ordeal began

every excruciating successful movement upward was won
at huge cost in energy, physical pain and anguish of mind

years passed during which time i had made it
to the last slippery and scattered steps

when it rained i drank from rainwater pools,
which also served as washing basins,
i was sustained by berries and fruits growing
on the slippery slope

until i reached the last 72 steps which
i counted

without undue further descriptions of the ordeal
climbing those last steps
i reached the summit and wondered how it was possible
to build this exquisite temple atop this inhospitable hill,
which had gained a reputation as the source
of eternal life and the healing of every complaint
of body, mind and soul

and so i entered via a small sturdy door
into the domed main room;
a monk of indeterminable age greeted me
with a knowing smile

i asked the secret name of the temple,
the monk responded, 'Life,'
i could not resist asking,
why the stepped path to the temple was so
incongruous, treacherous and arduous,

the monk responded,
'that's the nature
of Life'

he also advised that descent was impossible
and i need not bother or attempt the impossible

i looked up at the aperture in the domed ceiling
which revealed an ultra-violet,
other-worldly sky ...

Pine

a solitary pine overlooks the sea
sprinkling needles onto the ground

they mix with open cones
their seeds long since dispatched
yet none have taken root nearby
to rescue this solitary tree from
its cruel isolation

raindrops drip from its needles
falling rhythmically
on my face

i draw closer to one drop not yet fallen
and see the sea and sky caught in its
tiny sphere

how small are captured images,
how large is reality

i wait it out, the rain ceases
and i emerge from under its branches
to hear a sea hawk cry from the upper branches,
eyes fixed on me
and realise it was a hawk or bird that carried
the seed to this clifftop,
which sprouted producing
needles, pins, cones and
and a drop of rain
that captured the sky and sea
in its clarity

Special

there's a wild
natural air that emanates
from your being,
something special

the moment i cast my eyes
on you, tho it was that 'presence'
that turned my head,
i understood that you were outside
the fashion-addicted, desperate herd
of female slaves that were/are taught
their cunts are a commodity
to be used as barter, currency
and blackmail

it's a pity that experienced males
easily see through tired pretences
and leave pedestrian women by the wayside

i wait patiently looking for something special,
true and real -- a culturally unspoiled female
able to stand without tinsel props and a mother's advice
of whoredom, which substandard males fall for --
it is said that a man has two heads but only one has a brain

but women seem content catching any male
after repeated failures to snag their knight
in non-shining armour;
mother was right after all
but failed to mention that quality males
reject worn, feeble approaches

for mine, give me intellect, independence
an athletic body

and most important,
something special that exudes
from every pore of being

this is not an aspiration or dream
as i have met a few that fit the criteria
and felt my mind, body and soul jump thru my throat
when i attempted to speak,
such is real feminine power
tho most are unaware they wield magic,
ever so strong but soft,
and smooth, devoid of all jagged edges
like rolling ocean waves or wild mares
with tails and manes whipping in the wind
as they prance

i watch as u run past, light shooting from ur being,
pedestrian women in the street cringe when they see you,
they also know that you are something special

Veils and Chains

caravans of thought
crisscross over varied
imagined landscapes
ending where they start
in circles of pure futility,
a bridge cannot be crossed
by thought it must be traversed

“why take ye thought for raiment?”
a sage once said,
truer words were never spoken

today, as always, trains of thought continue
to betray the continuous --
infinity cannot be entered via finite means

each finite concept, thought, linguistic presentation follows another,
like ants constrained by scent,
culture is reinforced and reproduced thereby in mind
which cannot be separated from thought
as thought creates mind

what use comes of analysing every
crack, contour/texture of the walls that make a jail cell?
nature does not toil yet it creates the infinite cosmos as by-product,
nature/consciousness/creation have no need of
enslaving limited thought regardless of how beguiling
it may appear

the notion of self is traced to thought, “I think therefor I am [deluded]”
personal pronouns are the source of all conflict, sorrow and misery
as thoughtless continuity is not limited or veiled
by counterfeit cultural products pretending value, identity and reality

every arbitrary designation of culture is a worthless dream,
yet dreams capture and impoverish if believed,
lies never produce Truth,
only more lies to distract, capture and fascinate

tho billions are entrapped and exploited,
freedom is forever on offer,
there is no blindness darker than the open eyes
of those that do not see what is before their faces

and so Blake crossed the chasm with a tiny flower in his palm,
Rumi with the heart of a lover expressed in his verse, and in India,
Patanjali clearly stated that the culmination of yoga
is simply the “cessation of the modifications of mind”

only slaves have need of teachers/gurus
tho before yoga old Lao traversed the nameless, unfathomable Way
as Heraclitus apprehended the flux/continuity of the Logos

so do not complain, take responsibility for ur life
as there is no secret,
every tormented, culturally incarcerated being
holds the key to freedom in hand

the above sages to which i refer had certain
qualities/characteristics in common, heart, courage
and indefatigable perseverance – they were all heroes
and overcame

do you have what it takes to earn your freedom,
as real Freedom is never bestowed, it must be Earned?

Media Maze

distorted mirrored images as in a maze
reflect not what is real but shaped/contoured
mirrored distortions according to their design

exaggerated at times and compressed
at other times, tho not one reflected image
reflects what is real

trapped in a mirror maze people
imagine they are what the shaped distortions
reflect, tho the distorted reflections appear real
according to their specific designs

without bearings or the Real to guide,
people become trapped and live in false realities --
the mirror makers are careful to reflect
and distort with semblances of the real --
pushing and pulling images this way and that
according to their designs,
and so people remain deceived/enslaved

all mazes have an escape and those that
emerge in an un-distorted world
are shocked by the reality/truth they see

so painful and disorientating is the
unfamiliar real world and truth
they scramble to re-enter the maze
seeking the comfort of the group
living in dreams and shared un-realities

it seems preferable to most to live shared lies
rather than deal with solitary freedom/truth

some, very few, remain free outside
and are able to see clearly how
the enslaving apparatus functions and
the machinations of those that manufacture
the mirrors and maze

Variation on 'Winter Winds' by Fotheringay

“those who sleep
do not see the coming of the seasons
the flowing of dreams
and the contours of reason

those that live illusions
fed by tides of unreason
balance precariously between
open seas
and pits of confusion

the flowing font of life
in the secret garden
of unconditional union
is replaced by shattered crystal castles
and a world facing ruin”

Climbing Trees

i do not know what
attracts young boys
to climb trees but the
impulse is irresistible

a tree stands strong and firm
in the ground but branches skyward
offering a vantage, perspective,
a certain freedom that ground dwellers
cannot appreciate

accessible lower branches support weight
but care must be taken as one gains height
and every new branch must be tested for strength
as one ascends

perhaps it's the desire to conquer
or just the raw delight of climbing
and negotiating risk are factors
in the attraction,
who can say?

young girls lack the impulse
an oddity to boys though female
behaviour is always a mystery
to males

but to a boy there is nothing like it,
the higher one climbs the more exhilarating
the experience
until precarious levels are reached where
smaller branches may give way
and ruin a good climb with a broken limb or two
though danger sharpens coordination and teaches

personal limits to be exceeded on the next climb

every tree poses a different challenge,
some have slender, uncluttered trunks with
higher difficult to grasp branches,
other trees have sturdy,
broad and contoured trunks with
low forming buttress supports
and longer powerful branches
that seem to float in the air,
such is their strength

most trees have something to offer
intrepid youth and daring,
though certain trees cannot be scaled
from the ground without the support
of shoulders from a mate who in turn
waits to be hoisted aloft

i remember those joyous climbs
and later negotiating ledges on sky scrapers
without a harness while cleaning windows
and edging around outside corners twenty five or more
stories above ground to save time
and avoid the need to gain entry from inside
and then have to climb out on the ledge again,
but i learned my limits well as a boy
though i was fired for not observing safety
regulations though i was as sure-footed
as a mountain goat with the added advantage
of experienced climbing arms and a firm grip

my apparent success in life some attribute to my daring
but i calculate every move as i did as a boy
minimising risk though to the uninitiated
it seemed as though i was supremely daring,
the observers were usually mommy's boys,

indoor boys, soft TV watchers, who we
teased when they ventured away from their mothers

street kids have a huge advantage over
toffs and brats given easy rides by their fathers
to cushy jobs and insider dealing,
tho none of them are able to cope
with an educated street kid
who learned his skills climbing trees
and pushing personal limits
to eventually tower above the herd

Heavenly Bodies

the moon, sun and stars move
above as we scramble below
never matching the great arcs these bodies
make in the heavens

at times ur eyes seem
like swirling galaxies
holding myriad suns
in orbit

u have fixed me in an arc,
perpetually circling ur being
yet like the galaxy
deep in ur eyes i see the same
black hole that swallows
everything inexorably
drawn to it

the curved contours of ur hips,
thighs and breasts
are the flame that
a moth is unable to escape

i am doomed to perish
in the core of ur being,
like all the suns that have perished
before me --
but i accept my fate,
and would die happily
with a faint smile
on my face betraying
my secret

few realise that succumbing is

dicing with death
but in death there is new life
so promise to resurrect me
as a solar god of resurrection
on the other side,
with a solar golden phallus
that rises and sets
creating and sustaining
diverse forms of life
on innumerable new worlds

Temple Divas

female vocals invoke
the Gods --
hit the low and high
notes girl,
pour it all out,
woman

from temple virgins
intoning chants
the female voice
ascends, echoes
striking domes
ceilings
reverberating through
spine and being

the ear merely introduces
a vibration which synchronises
with the first sound,
the logos
the utterance
that brought existence
into Being

the female voice is more powerful
than the male as
it issues from every cavity
in the female body

what hope a male voice?
women sing
with their throats,
lungs and
vagina,

the unique power
is drawn from the womb
through the lungs
and is projected thru the
throat but always
finds its source
in the vagina

draw it all out woman

maleness projects
but lacks resonance,
the womb shapes
and contours every sound
investing it with meaning
before it rises
thru the lungs
to issue thru the throat

sing,
sing divine/sublime,
sing me to death and life
again and again

woman

Ritual Art

i watch
while it takes form
in this world
or on the screen
of my mind,
i cannot tell as the
impression
shares the same
sensory medium

it swirls like smoke
in an updraft,
its presence is
strong, unmistakable
but it struggles
to take form,
it seems
tho it is linked to
my wish

it emerges like a ghost in space
to haunt and taunt
as circumstances dictate

a magus at work
evoking demons and spirits
with strange incantations,
prepared incense
and various objects of the art

but this is no ordinary spirit
or apparition
it seems too familiar
as if i am confronting

a lost or hidden aspect of myself
yet it has a distinctive life of its own

i engage it
seeking answers
but it stubbornly refuses
to impart any hint of identity

it seeks union
and attempts without consent to
enter my being,
i refuse,
it pushes all the more
not knowing
that my defences
are impenetrable,
developed over the millennia
in combat and love's embrace

i attempt to tame
its childish impetuosity
and futile persistence
and indicate that nothing enters
without my consent

it doesn't understand
it appears dejected
but its raw desire and resolve seem
to gain in strength

i reinforce my auric shell
in response
and indicate again
that nothing enters herein
without my approval --
it stops momentarily
and stares at me with its

feline eyes

it slowly turns
and moves its face directly
opposite mine
and produces a hellish scream
knowing that failure
results in oblivion

its wet sensual lips
and visibly moist labia
are incongruous with its
malevolent desire

it makes a mocking gesture
then adopts a childish innocence
but neither aspect affects my composure,
years of mastering the art
have taught me to maintain focus/concentration
and adhere strictly to the ritual art

it shape-shifts again this
time it adopts an androgynous
appearance and reveals its young breasts
and youthful erect phallus
protruding from vaginal contours

before me it stands again
the perfect boy
or girl depending on
your orientation

i remain steadfast though somewhat affected
by this strangely erotic form
but know too well it is all illusion
designed to weaken --
behind the erotic

appearance is a
grotesque reality

it gyrates in sexual frenzy
spinning and contracting
its abdomen
in pulses
until its vaginal fluids flow freely
moistening its thighs

i notice its phallus swollen
throbbing and dripping with excitement

finally it spasms and spurts
streams of life force
until it is spent
and becomes easy prey for me

it acknowledges defeat
and becomes completely
subservient to my will

i display then burn
images of the enemy
in the censor
and incant
secret rituals until my
wishes are completely understood

it responds to my will
eager to carry out its new
commission

it turns, spins and disappears
to wreak vengeance on
my enemies and the
evil ones of this world

Summer Eyes

a warm summer breeze
bathes my skin in delight
banishing the winter chill
for another season
or longer --
who knows the future?

the valley begins
to stir with life
ready to don its
summer garment
and play host
to all manner of life.

a visual symphony unfolds
-- a poet's delight --

sensual eyes absorb
every part of you;
hands accustomed to weaving
lyric verse
gently trace the contours of
ur body/mind --
ur entire being

we move together
in perfect harmony,
the warm breeze
insulating us from
the memory of harsh
winter chills

birds throat their love calls
reminding us

that only the future
holds promise,
Life

the past,
whether dressed
in splendour,
rags or both
is unable to produce,
we resurrect it
with memories at times
but it is gone forever

today is lush and warm,
its fullness
overwhelms and
soothes the soul
and senses,
its abundance
requires no
assistance
only appreciation,
participation

today is shaping into
something special --
a perfect summer day

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 and other 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 other poems to be included -- sensitive readers would note the mystical theme that runs through all his work.

This eBook is only a small selection of poems -- there are many more which I hope to collate and publish in time.

moderator/editor of ozpoetry website.