

Sun Moon Star Poetry

Book II in the Poetry Series



Lindsay Traynor

Table of Contents

- [Sun Moon Star Poetry.](#)
 - [Clear and Bright](#)
 - [Grey.](#)
 - [Way.](#)
 - [Apparent](#)
 - [Stay.](#)
 - [Hold Fast](#)
 - [Binary Games](#)
 - [Dark](#)
 - [Hobo](#)
 - [Song](#)
 - [Sea Ghost](#)
 - [Raindrop](#)
 - [Folly and Desire](#)
 - [Plight](#)
 - [Dark Room](#)
 - [Original](#)
 - [Reach](#)
 - [White Light](#)
 - [Lux Rose](#)
 - [Memories](#)
 - [Tombstones](#)
 - [Leaves on Rain](#)
 - [Still](#)
 - [Discourse](#)
 - [Cemetery.](#)
 - [Elephants](#)
 - [Quill](#)
 - [Lion City.](#)

- [Midnight Light](#)
- [Eternity](#)
- [Night Walk](#)
- [Swallowed](#)
- [Blue Flute](#)
- [Language](#)
- [Dead of Night](#)
- [Curse](#)
- [Gold Tops](#)
- [Luminaries](#)
- [Black Pearl](#)
- [In Dreams](#)
- [Scattered Pieces](#)
- [Beauty](#)
- [Place](#)
- [Name It](#)
- [Belgrade](#)
- [About the Author](#)

Sun Moon Star Poetry

Selections by the author/poet, Lindsay Traynor

Book II in the Poetry Series

*“Listening not to me but to the Logos
it is wise to agree that all things are One.*

*You cannot step into the same river twice;
All things flow, nothing endures” -- Heraclitus, 500BC*

Clear and Bright

the Sun shines but is diminished
by the clear bright Light,
which reduces the sun to a candle flame

this Light is seen with the single eye only
its qualities are beyond description
it is the light that shines without source
as it is non-dependent tho it shines through all things

taste it, bathe in it, hold it without effort or tribulation,
it is your very life gifted by eternity to eternity
without discrimination

ever available, it seeks nothing tho everything seeks it
knowingly or unknowingly

beyond all measure is this Light that evades science
and thought

it is true, we all shine on, but not like the moon, stars and sun,
we All shine on eternally ...

Grey

the sky hangs low
it's dreams abandoned
in its youth
drawing its bleeding sunset/rise
colours into grey
yet the sun shines always above the
opaque grey

only those under the grey are deprived of
light, warmth and hope

to compensate for the loss
people have become addicted to
electronic representations
of warm sun-drenched days
presented on small and large screens
that increase in size as the tolerance
for artificial stimuli increases

the sky is falling,
so low today tall trees are burdened
with holding it above the ground
where all the desperate live
their vacuous lives fixed on smaller
pocket-sized screens to evade
momentarily the enveloping greyness
as they move around like soul-less ghosts,
though the sun continues to shine
above the greyness

few if any put down their desperate screens
and attempt to climb mountains,
which summits are bathed in

golden light and cleaned
with unpolluted air

Way

i must return to the Way
where meaninglessness has meaning
and the autumn leaves that once
rustled in the wind lay fallen
crunching underfoot

where the sun rises and sets
without the need to presume
and the moon passively receives
its light, shining silver in a motionless pond

but there's no point in returning
as i have never left nor could i or anything else
that exists in the interplay of dreams and realities

longing for the Way is self-deceit so i simply find my way
without taking trails or roads that lead nowhere or at best, places
that i have outworn

it is good to have been a fool, scholar, monk, magician
thief and madman, it is good to have been hanged, honoured,
abused, tortured, murdered and loved, so many times i have lost
count

if u see a familiar phantom in the sky, forest or urban place
that appears and disappears
do not think of me, or follow what u see
as you would only find yourself
searching fruitlessly for what you already have

Apparent

sometimes it shimmers
like the wings of a dragonfly
other times it flickers like the
refracted light from hummingbird feathers
and icy stars in a clear night sky,
but more often than not it accommodates
the perceiver

oozing for me like thick oil in the sea
splashing foam onto the unshures of existence

i care not for control as all attempts fail
in the end,
i happily allow it to assume any manner
or shape it chooses, sometimes this,
at other times that; it shapes reality
like we dream our desires
or should i say, it shapes its dream which is reality for
actors in a dream within a dream within ... ad infinitum

confronted again by my choices/directions, some in tune
others clanging like worn, discordant cymbals
i do not fret over illusions, i belong to no culture
of blind believers/dreamers?

again it approaches, do you feel it,
it's unmistakable?
this time it assumes the shape
and allusions of this poem

who am i to resist it?

Stay

don't look at me with those
calculating eyes;
why look through ur personal
prisms as all u see is urself
or ur projected aspirations

have u not realised that i
am all the qualities that attracted u?
and yet ur eyes betray that u wish to modify
what ur distorted vision sees

are u able to sail across seas using the clouds
as sails or harness the sun to lift u above the temporal
and fly? i doubt it. i am a poet and if u would inspire me
first inspire urself

so be content with what u have now
as tomorrow never comes,
where are u if u continually project?
out of the present u are nowhere,
as tomorrow for me is as today
gliding free always

u have as much chance of nailing me
as nailing the wind

learn to feel and sense rather than calculate
if ur not here with me now u may as well
be elsewhere permanently

settle first within urself before
u attempt to alter the unalterable,
find urself and offer it to me
if u wish and see if it works

if not, better adieu
now

Hold Fast

hold fast to that Love
which brought the universe
into existence -- not particular
but unconditional and boundless

why chase mirages that burnout
like fireflies, always luring temporal desire,
which only leads to ruin and pain?

the door to the furnace beneath
waits to be released,
let that fire ascend to heaven
burning your shackles as it rises
you are a flower that blooms in the morning
and bathes in moonlight by night,
why do you trouble yourself with perversity?

by day it is a shoreless crystal lake, by night
ebony though Swans are able to navigate it
freely, dancing in-on the 'waters' of Eternity
hold fast to that One Love,
it will never abandon you, it cannot

imbibe its purity and satiate your thirsty soul
only in it do you find peace, rest and Life

in the forests of the night you do not see
you tear your garments, flesh and wound yourself
in its thorny undergrowth
seek only the open sunlit fields of day
be-speckled with the wild flowers of Love
and you will be healed
and find rest and joy for your soul,
slavery and torture are NOT your heritage,

do not listen to the lies of blind men,
they will lead you to certain destruction and death

allow the Truth of Love to course through your Being
it will give you the eyes to See everything in its glory
and the world in its darkness,
you are not a dweller of the night

drink the morning dew and rise with the sun, which takes its light
wherever it goes,
and the dark night will never swallow you again

Binary Games

if i say yes, a no is sure to follow
love is accompanied by a cat bristling its back
and growling,
tears become trapped
when pressure is applied
and freeze forever as diamonds
from pitch black carbon to crystal clarity,
is there no end to reversals and polarities?

the sexes attract each other
seeking unity yet it often ends in combat,
binaries are a curse it seems
mutually effective and destructive
of each other, what cruel spell
has been inflicted on this plane?

though from this never-ending tussle springs
abundant creativity; binary oppositions
give birth to collateral creativity in their fight
to the death and their offspring
repeat the cycle
until, well, it's endless

a boy and girl laugh as they
see-saw, one ascends while the other descends
each fighting to reclaim the height
i watched until it dawned that
a fulcrum pivots the opposing poles
often neglected is the third force,
unappreciated and unseen, which reconciles
all opposites

gods must have devils
to define themselves against the darkness

and darkness is redeemed by light --
above a foreboding sudden storm
tho the sun shines imperturbable,
the moon is unaffected by storms
in the night,
the night sky is punctuated with
celestial lights and clouds
form over the brightest
sun of day

where does this piece end?
it doesn't, as we are all caught
somewhere in the destructive, transforming
battle of oppositions seeking balance
and reconciliation,
i hope u survive it without
too many wounds and scars

Dark

tonight is black
so dense is its darkness
the moon has abandoned
the sky

the waves on bondi fluoresce
as they break, tiny plankton
offer the only light,
an eerie glow

i search in vain for the horizon
but am unable to separate
sky from sea in the
blackness

it is strangely reminiscent
of something deep in memory

i locate my favourite rock ledge
with my trusty l-e-d torch
tho i nearly lose my footing
and plunge to certain death
on the rocks below

can u imagine?
instead of reading
this poem locals
would be reading
about a body at the bottom
of the cliffs with no ID
or other identifying features

little would the authorities know
that this is now the useless body

of Australia's leading
anonymous poet --
this is not a narcissistic claim
as writing is a narcissistic pursuit
and no Australian writer of merit
writes anonymously all the time
as i do

few understand why i do not
wish to take credit
or criticism for my works,
it's so tedious being somebody

i'm happy to disappear into the blackness
and reappear where least expected,
u see, i'm not only a poet
i'm a semiotic terrorist

*[i recall now -- the blackness
reminds me of my inception
in the womb --
everything
begins and ends in
fertile darkness]*

Hobo

an open fire
and a billy of bush tea,
the land sprawls in all directions
un-interrupted

i have my back
to the tracks that shine
like silver serpents
in the moonlight,
appropriate
as my back i have always
shown our civilised world

parallel tracks that surgically
divide
i have no idea upon which side of the tracks
i have made my camp
though i assume it's the wrong side,
as my life has never been right
according to civilised opinion,
what a waste they say

blue steel and veins track the land and my arms
folly transposed and mutually effective
which conjunction forced my departure from
the poison culture and its anaesthetic
cities that poison everything
voraciously consuming and
spewing more poison as it consumes,
which poisonous process now affects
the entire planet

but least of all here on the border
of the Territory and Qld

but i must sleep now
and hitch a ride with a road-train
at dawn
free of worldly cares
is this exquisite place

blind theologians continue to believe
that no mortal has seen God

the outback is devoid of clerics
but saturated with the Living
presence of creation

Song

whales sing in the oceans
birds sing in the sky
existence is a song
which harmony man ignores

do the flowers of the field toil
and spin, as was said of old?

galaxies spin creating their particular
song, a symphony complete with stars
and all manner of singing lights
vibrating according to their character

is it sad that man fails to hear and heed
the music of the spheres?
is it sad that the cosmos dances for joy?

discord is not tolerated for long in perfection
yet man fails to hear, see and learn,
the future for man is therefore mapped and easily read

should i mourn the loss of a failed species
when many have failed before it?
no, as the pattern is set, enduring harmony (not discord)
prevails

should i mourn the loss of my temporary home on earth
when my true home is the light and life eternal?

would i be enslaved by man's creations, thought and culture,
which are easily defeated?

man kills only himself as he has no power
over real life, only the life-giver is able to extinguish

life if it could but its perfection prevents it
as it would kill itself

ur temporal life is but a dream that fireflies, fleas
and gnats dream
return to ur original flame which no power could extinguish
and u would see that temporal death is a joke,
bodies merely returning to the elements
from which they are composed freeing ur essential nature
and accumulated experience in the process

are you the body? surely not, seek refuge, joy and peace
in the light which animates the gross,
you are of the most rarefied but u must know it
to Be it

learn that consciousness does not require thought
which mind must engage in order to exist --
mind and consciousness are distinctly apart

if u watch mind/thought, as they cannot be separated,
u too would learn that all your thought-signs, symbols, words and
images
are derived from culture,
the creation and prison of fools and the blind

are you a sovereign Being or a product, therefore a slave
of culture?

all things are created free, why would you forfeit ur
greatest treasure for a turd?

u have three choices, oblivion, freedom or aligning ur
culture to the noble and enduring
cosmic harmony

Sea Ghost

at night
i watch the brooding ocean
from my secret cliff-top vantage
it speaks of approaching catastrophe
a great purging
of land, sea
and sky
not one grain or soul will remain
unaffected

physical change will
correspond with magnetic
realignment
the earth will be reborn
the dross will be purged
completely
only the rarefied,
attuned will survive to replenish
the planet
that much has happened before
but the scale of this impending
upheaval is too horrendous
to contemplate for any length of time

sensitive souls with deep understanding
are awed by the scale of this looming
disaster and the savagery
of nature's unleashed forces

very little will be spared
but only little is required,
the earth will be
re-born anew
and enter a new cycle

not one coward or self-serving
avaricious pig will remain;
but for a handful, the human race
would have all but vanished,
a situation humanity has brought on itself

but tonight the moon is full,
its light dances across the waves
a warm spring breeze
carries the fragrance
of blossoming flowers

i have learned to watch indirectly
in order to see
what is not usually seen,
vapours and spirits
swirling slowly in the night

the hush of waves
is broken by a sudden splash
and a blur on the surface
the omen has returned from the deep
the white whale breaches
and rolls in the ocean off the coast
it senses those that sense it
as it sings its haunting lament

locals have come to expect
the seasonal migration of the white whale
Migaloo off our coast
away from Japanese harpoons
and commercial whaling cannon --
they view it as a novelty, a rare spectacle,
entertainment

few are aware of Aboriginal legend

and the significance of the white whale

another breach and call
and Migaloo disappears
beneath the waves

Raindrop

during a summer shower
the universe revealed itself

under the scented pines one raindrop
precariously dangling from a pine-needle
caught the rays of the sun and exploded
in colour and reach
revealing as i watched all there was to see

in the tiniest manifestation all existence opened
as all things contain the inherent pattern and harmony
of existence regardless of measure

a huge, heavy, prison door flung open in my mind to reveal
the continuous process of creation which words fail to describe

lost in the experience my (false) identity evaporated replaced
by ineffable joy, peace and bliss, such a wonder,
yet i realised that it was always me,
the entirety of infinite existence was me
though i no longer existed as something lost and separate
from the whole

and so today i watch the clouds watching me
in their wonder,
rivers and streams transport me in their flow
my finger tips outstretched, merge with the air yet
i am never lost in this overwhelming, scintillating ocean,
as wherever it takes me
i am home

Folly and Desire

from the foothills of my folly
i climbed the rugged mountain of my
unquenchable desires

tortuous was the ascent
blocked first by a thorny forest in which
young damsels cavorted naked
i could scarce believe my eyes
as the girls spotted my throbbing
desire and laughed, which only made
me madder with desire

surrounded by the thorny wall of vines
i pushed through, until I reached the girls, bleeding and torn
which wounded appearance made the girls laugh louder --
insulted, and in a frenzy i trapped three nubile
and tried to ravish them, which gross act
didn't reduce their laughter, they had seen it all before
and were immune, though their disdain cut me to the quick
before i had satisfied my ridiculous lust

so onward i went higher and higher until in a clearing
of soft carpeted grass a party of all manner of human denizens
drunk and drugged out of their minds, swooned and tumbled
unaware of my presence though i was in their midst

so i packed a pipe and sipped sweet wine and reclined next to
a flame always lit; i sucked and inhaled the acrid smoke
until i lost sense of where i was, riding dreams and euphoric
illusions,
how sweet it was for a time unknown until i dry-retched dry bile
filling my throat with bitterness -- i had seen this movie before,
so on i went leaving the party of fools burning out their flame

cut to pieces by thorns and sick-grey from drugs and wine
i continued until i reached the summit where i found a dying
hummingbird
twitching until its little life flew from it as it slowly contracted and
became
motionless; i had shot this bird as a boy, with an air rifle
and prided myself on my marksmanship
until i watched the jewel-feathered innocent target die
and recalled the tears i shed profusely, robbing this exquisite
creature
of its life
and there it lay before me again and i cried again at the sight of my
cruel folly, learned from a perverse and violent culture

i cupped the dead bird in hand and placed it on a rock
exposed to the sun, hoping the rays would revive it
but not so, the sun only increased my torment by lighting its flashing
feathers
brighter than anything i had seen

what torture is this, this place of tormented desire?

i determined to shut it off by throwing myself
off a ledge into the deep dark valley below
but as i stepped toward the edge
i saw a clean folded robe
which fit me perfectly

and sat in pensive regret until i made a pact,
a life for a life, a cruel deed annulled by my offer, I hoped

without food or water i sat for hours, days and years it seemed,
time had disappeared until i noticed that little bird twitch and shiver,
the wind i thought, until it opened its tiny jet eyes twitched again
and flew like a dart
then returned to hover inches before my eyes,
the sound of its humming wings transported me to i know not where

until a stirring in my groin reminded me of my failures and folly
pursuing transient pleasures, abusing my body and hollowing out my
life

but a pact is a pact, and i had offered my life in exchange
for the life i had stolen from that little bird which blinked thrice
and darted into the trees for joy

finally i had done something of worth, i thought,
i was ready to die but die i did not because i sought it,
is there no release or peace to be had?

i once again approached the edge deducing that i had license
from the pact but try as i might i was prevented from jumping
so i returned to my seat and resumed my meditation

every ugly and frightening creature, demon and fox spirit
assailed me as i sat, the horrors and mental tortures were relentless;
i sat without regard or reaction and held to the living humming bird
which i had saved until a cleansing breeze stirred my senses
and i slowly emerged from my tortuous trance

light as a feather, i imagined i could fly in the breeze but refrained
as i had lost all desire to prove, conquer or satisfy myself and culture

i was free at last, like that jewel-feathered resurrected hummingbird

Plight

the darkest hour approaches
before the dawn

the herd is alarmed,
agitated by unseen movements,
panic rules
which way to move, where is
freedom/reason/sanity and the security
of the light?

nowhere in this treacle blackness

but the rising sun dilutes opacity
allowing clear sight and thought

a breeze gently laps the face
and blue waters murmur,
each according to its harmony

tempted to catch the wind

so the wind assists:
to catch me u must become as me, the waters
concur -- to be easy, free and flow u must be me,
formless and easy -- beware of ur enslaving fixity

there is nothing to resist or fight/fright,
it is day but darkness has stained the mind
and fear continues

a stray balances on a high precipice,
hide twitching in fear, tho the sun reassures
that a herd animal alone is able, tho it must know it --
the wind assists and increases intensity,

buffeting the animal toward the edge
under which height the waters flow below

the animal stricken, loses balance
nearly tumbling over the edge,
i must fly like the wind and flow easy as water
to escape
but it is not of my inherent heavy nature,
but i know i must
in order to survive

the stray eases back, assisted by a gust,
and sits feeling the reassuring warmth of the sun

surely there is nothing to fear, tho
i miss the security of herd numbers
but i am here alone and must make do

it regains its feet, the wind returns to breeze,
the water sings its song below

Dark Room

i come from day into the darkest night
not forgetting the light from which i came

they come to me pleading,
save me from this darkness

do u not remember the light from which u came?
i ask, if there is a way in then surely there must be a way out

i am trapped one responds

by whose hand? i say,
u would find no other hand but ur own

i cannot bear this dread any longer,
i must end it

end what? i ask

my life, it's not worth going on

promise me u will speak to a friend before taking irreversible action

ok, u have been a good friend, i will do it for u

better u do it for urself

i inquired after the meeting,
how did it go?

i saw ur friend more than once as he offered hope
but then i left

why did u leave? i asked

he said i have a lot invested in remaining the same

yes, how many times must u hear and reject sensible solutions?

i told u it would be of no use, was the response

two years later a mutual friend rang informing me
of the suicide

the first tones of daylight weaken the night sky
heralding the approach of the sun
missed by those that falsely imagine
they are trapped in darkness

Original

turning back
into the desert scrub
like a dingo avoiding a road train,
i watch

heavy rain clouds
billow in the blueness not
yet ready to deliver --
the postal wind
has not reached
its destination to pour
the wetness and so i watch
the living Territory
unfolding like a flower,
dancing in the sunlight

rock monoliths fixed
in the ground move
like clouds in the dreamtime,
which opens for me like dawn
freeing itself from the confines of night

the desert shimmers in its brightness
like a variegated gem
unlocking refracted prismatic colours
hidden in the white light

i inhale the entirety, free of the poisons
of the city

i have left it and dying civilisation behind
to return to the source of my being --
dead and dying realities are no substitute
for the living dream of my heritage,

my skin is comfortable and easy here
far from the paleness

offered all their precious products,
unnecessary gadgets and liquid poison,
i could not trade my soul
to accept

only a fool would sell their freedom
for trinkets and lies

i belong here, where the land wraps me
in its purity,
it is good to be back home

Reach

and touch the sky
puncture its thin membrane
and let it weep
and moisten the parched earth
then penetrate deep into its secret recesses
and let it flow

reach farther until the cosmic expanse
opens like a galactic flower

spin and twirl like a dervish,
scream and dance like a banshee --
no restrictions

touch the round heavens
caress its shoulders and breasts
and move down
toward the portal of myriad dimensions,
race towards it no longer destructible

enter where no matter or form survives
re-emerge everywhere transformed,
reborn as the pulse/throb that
produces and destroys everything
with each contraction and expansion

vibrations, scintillations that permeate all
existence in which you now play like a child
or an ancient one,
truly nothing is able to impede your progress
if you reach farther than you conceived possible

the universe is laced around your violet neck
moons and planets bead your necklace,

push on until you reach the threshold
that mere mortals are unable to apprehend

turn and see your past and future simultaneously
unfold in every direction and become the fountain
which evades the ignorant
spraying ambrosia, the elixir
which sustains all

continue beyond endlessness
pluck at the tails of comets,
strings that form the harp
of creation --
play the music of the spheres
know that everything is nothing
to you now
move and slither like
the serpent coiled around
the top and bottom of the great
God dancing, beating his drum
in unison with your pulse

throb, imploding/exploding everything and nothing
and know that you are insurmountable,
enduring, immortal, infinite
forget the limiting mental chains that crucify
the minds of men,
know that all Gods were men and women
transformed by reaching beyond the stars

White Light

i lived in a crystal cylinder
for over a decade,
the best years of my life
some say, insulated
and wasted

borne away
separated
carried to realms euphoric
beyond description
on the snow white wings
of my faithful unicorn --
ride me to ecstasy
save me from the irrational,
cruel and senseless violence
of this world

i have stolen the moon
from the night sky
and offered it to u,
but its cool marble
paleness
did not please u

i returned on my winged steed
with diamonds/stars
from the farthest reaches
of space
sparkling
when i produced them
but hard facets
and ice-cold clarity
did not appeal

intravenous dreams
and melancholy recollections
attract and addict
only fools underestimate
this magic powder

the central pillar of the temple
is able to support the entire structure
but not your desire
for the impossible
or ur insatiable thirst for experience

there is nothing warm here,
though the chiselled
frozen beauty
of this desolate landscape
remains irresistible to u

this terrain is not
for the faint of heart
or those thin on courage,
it is the realm of the vanquished
and victorious
only heroes and heroines
return to tell of their experiences,
enslaved or liberated

had they let me be
i never would have returned
but they found my corpse
in its hiding place
and revived it with
violent embraces

they killed my white wonder
and doomed me
to a life on terra firma

and mediocrity

in response i dedicated my life
to exposing their rotten corruption,
deception and lies;
every breath i take is punctuation
in a narrative of revenge

words of advice i offer future regulators
in another time and place --
leave addicts to their dreams
allow them to die young
or suffer their wrath and
unrelenting vengeance
if u disturb their dreaming

i could barely put a sentence together
before i was violently thrust back
into this sick world

now my written words
are honed weapons,
devastating grenades
and lethal darts

be wary of 'your' intentions,
never dare to disturb wayfarers
in their dreaming

Lux Rose

with a tweak
your blood-red
petals
blossom
and surge in my body
stealing my
mind and soul

your love courses
through my being,
you take it all
but return more,
you never displease
or disappoint, always
reliable, True

your constancy has carried me over
chasms and crevasses that others
could not conceive of spanning --
feeble souls
they lack a sturdy companion,
a faithful consort (Goddess)
an all-consuming Lover

you once carried me,
mortally wounded,
from the battlefield
and somehow brought me back to life;
you sustained and cared for me
until i grew strong again
stronger than before
you took me to the mountain top,
a vantage
from which

new fields of battle
were seen

[in which we now engage
a vexed and confounded enemy]

you fed me ambrosia and manna
reserved for Gods
until i ascended
to the immortals
beyond the reach of petty,
frightened beings

your love is terrible,
stronger than heaven
and earth, all-possessing,
yet it became clear
that it was time --
time to take what we
had learned from each other
and cut courses anew,
each with a singular mission

what hope the vermin that rape, steal
and poison the earth,
their time fast approaches?

they feel our breath
on the whites of their necks
and turn --
see the dread and fear in their eyes;
an entire world prepares for the purging

Memories

memories exist beyond
the chemical and electrical combinations
in the brain and heart

memories accessed from the *record*,
which remain as a coded trail
in the modulations of infinity,
created since our inception
but that is a simplicity
as infinity has no beginning or end point,
the trail leads back to unqualified, indefinable
creation

remembering this life is easy but recalling
our essential nature, tho accessible to all,
is only achieved by the very few

people ask, who am i? not me, you --
should i have avoided personal pronouns
as they shield and block our memory?

false identities are learned and limited, they die
with the body, yet we are more, and we know it

u seem familiar more familiar than most yet u
do not remember who u are, not me, you --
we have known each other before, but u imagine
u are distant, a stranger to me, indeed, if u are a stranger
to me then u are a stranger to urself and others,
u have failed to appreciate and connect to
the continuum, the only constant reality --
tho 'constant' is not altogether accurate,
as infinity is never constant it is flux, frantically kinetic,
i refer to the constancy of its/our essential Being,

its eternal core, from which everything emerged
and continues to emerge

of what consequence to infinity is our self-destructive, puny,
errant lives? none whatsoever,
actions and consequences are all ours,
do you remember the options we were given?
probably not, how could you, u remember only this particular
life, when in reality lives are as disposable as shirts
and as changeable as the weather

i focus behind and above ur head,
the stars move/swirl in the night sky
if u have the eyes and memory to see

would you care to dance?

Tombstones

they stand peering out to sea
blind eyes of chiselled marble
etched in marble heads
containing marble brains
unable to think

tombstones of the dead
for the dead

the vast moving sea rolls
mocking these dead sentinels
lifelessly watching

all manner of desperate messages
written in marble, for whom?
for memories, loss and the desperate,
fantastic beliefs of the living

no poetry, though one would expect a rhyme or verse --
i have inspected them all including the graves of two
notable Australian poets,
odd that these graves bear no verse
tho poetry expresses life
and it is sure these poets were buried by philistines

the cemetery occupies acres of prime land
yet it houses remnants only,
inversions of priority occupy these acres
populated by the dead by the sea

in an inverted world the living defer to the dead
though billions of dollars go begging
which seals the fate of the cemetery
some time in the future

avarice pursues material wealth
but is a person increased by such wealth?
never, as we all know

and so the living make their dead plans
which result in more death

dark grey clouds crack and light rips the sky,
a storm approaches from the east
from a star-spangled land across the ocean
infatuated by death and destruction
which it spreads around the globe
though always pursuing wealth, pursuing death

at night the moonlight casts an eerie glow
on white weeping tombstones, which appear
to move; a cold wind sobs as it passes over the graves
but it cries for the living, crowded around
the perimeter of the necropolis

soon the rising sun will banish
the gloom, the first light of dawn already diluting
the darkness
revealing the separation of
sea-sky, life-death, dream-reality,
futility and hope

Leaves on Rain

perspective does not decide
the first splat, puck or pop
when it rains, and how leaves
fall on the rain

yielding always to the pelting
it would seem absurd that leaves
fall on rain
but watch them dance long enough
and you too would see what few see

does the agony precede the ecstasy
or vice-versa? an unanswered but often
put question in the minds of those
that lose their mind in order to create something special,
unique, unnameable and abstract, the latter word
lacking all precise meaning, which renders meaning
meaningless, abstract

it rains from an opaque marbled sky onto the dead
and living without discrimination as though neither
qualify enough to care,
perhaps the ecstasy precedes the agony

uncertainty is the only certainty, absurd but real;
so living leaves that remain on trees fall
when it rains, pours, roars, drowning sound
into numbness without distinction as nothing else is heard
when it pours tears from the soul

the sun breaks through the clouds forming an arc in the rain
but never a circle of colour, unfinished business,
a circle has no beginning or end
its perfection repudiates conjecture but an arc is worse than half a

fuck

a paltry excuse not befitting the splendour of nature's perfection

do not judge me as you would only judge yourself

you do not know me, no one does,

though some are acquainted and have been for decades

though they would not dare to presume

or question how leaves behave in the rain

of an artist's eye that sees far more than it wishes to see at times --

you see, another absurdity, time!

which does not exist as everything occurs

in the continuous present,

so do not try to discern the real from the unreal

as they are not mutually exclusive, in fact they are interchangeable

the ground breaks under your feet and the sky shatters into rain

delighting the green of leaves that never die when they fall on the

rain

Still

the lake is still tonight
nothing agitates its perfect surface
the night is quiet, the summer air is motionless
the midnight moon is so close one could grab its
reflection from the black-ink water of the lake,
its perfect blackness makes for seeing and
reflection

on the shore in body but mind meandering
i drag mind to the centre of the black mirror
and drown it in the stillness
pushing mind to the bottom without making a ripple
i drown it leaving me mindless and free of thought
so still for a thoughtless while

until tremors begin without agitation or ripples
so strange, unexplained, it continues
until the stillness detonates an explosion of pure white light
so bright the sun is shamed yet the light is cool
though intense as it moves up
through the darkness and explodes
into a blazing night of perfection
which sits like a pearl
somewhere in the secret stillness
of the black crystal lake

Discourse

there are many,
the mind speaks via the tongue
but the heart's eloquence
can only be appreciated
when the mind is mute

a summer shower drenches the hill
and ceases as abruptly as it began --
remnant drops of rain drip from
the needles of a solitary pine
and thunder as they hit the ground

i quiver in the breeze
sparkling like a wet crystal star
in the sun waiting to splash to earth

a predatory bird alights from the
tree-top its piercing cry slits the air
and fractures the tortuous monologue
of culture

it has been said that it is easier for a rope
to pass thru the eye of a needle than for
a rich man to enter paradise

yet i have seen thru that eye
it opens into infinity,
the minuscule and gargantuan
meet there

the constraint that prevents the rich
from liberation
is folly born/e of ignorance
promoted by culture's perverse discourse

my abode has no door, walls or roof,
in which cultural location do you place
an open space?

the tiny eye that prohibits entry for most
opens into fields of dancing
flowers, towering ranges
and sapphire skies
for the few struck dumb
by the discourse of the heart
and the silent thunder of freedom

the heart's discourse is continuous
tho it speaks in silence
to the ears of deluded men

to be or not to be is not a question,
it is a choice

Cemetery

the sun rises
and catches the dew-beads
on a scarlet rose unfurling
over a grave

Elephants

elephants shit like ten-pin bowls
scoring a strike with every roll

Quill

after more lives than stars
in the sky
i finally woke

my quill has written hundreds of thousands,
perhaps millions of words

tho the ink never flows
when i encode totality
yet it is written clearly

Lion City

with total disregard
for Lee
i nestled back into
the acridity
of an old colonial terrace
full of asian match-men
and received a discourse
on the bamboo
(only available in China)
hand painted porcelain bowl
treble refined opium
(that came in red cellophane packets)
wick trimming
and height/orientation of
flame to bowl
i produced the compulsory
smile of the neophyte
and reclined

it was miraculous to see
thin peals of smoke carry
tragedy
through the ceiling

Midnight Light

midnight light
clear
in its absence
of things
is warm
buoyant with nuances
like foetal growth (and apparent death)
is soft
like cormorant's wing
and safe
as spinal cords

somewhere in its shiny
darkness
forms and dreams are born/e
delivering
Options

Eternity

where would
we seek continuity
what form would it/we take?

would we discover it
in vacuous
formalised religions,
cultural conventions and social protocols,
or in transient pleasures,
fleeting sensual gratification;
or in temporary achievements/failures
do these things endure –
do they really satisfy
our inherent need for everlasting?

did we, as complex physical, mental
and spiritual Beings
appear from nothing –
every school kid knows that something
cannot emanate from nothing?
are we not already part of living creation,
continuous manifestations
of infinity at play?

have we been fooled into
believing in beginnings and endings
when infinity,
which encompasses everything,
is measureless,
without start or end?

i learnt in central australia
from indigenous tribes
how to jettison time and space

and enter the dreaming/continuity;
how to navigate between seen and unseen
how to hear the roar of butterfly wings
creating cyclones
that blow 'white' illusions away

i became myself again
and saw my reflection in a
pond next to a perfect image of the moon
which a frog dispersed, plop!
but i remained
tho my image
was shattered by an amphibian leap

i endured but my delusions were easily
destroyed

i traversed the solarised desert landscape
of dreams, spirits, singing stones,
rivers of light
and ageless beings, who seemed to know me well,
until i discovered
my enduring quality;
it is comprised of
Harmony, Peace and Love
-- in equal parts --
forming an indestructible
Perfection that is inseparable from
you/me.

one day another amphibian
able to breathe both light and dark
will destroy
the image that you imagine i am;
if you wish to find me
use your Love,
its wings will deliver you safely to

me and everlasting

*[until we meet again, i send
the sweetest Peace to You.*

*listen for me in the wind
and remember
'white' cultural realities/illusions
only make paper rafts which are
supremely unsuitable for the swirling,
cosmic seas
of Eternity.]*

Cherub's Grin

an alcove
affords
an island of isolation
momentarily protected from
wind, rain
and the world,
your face transformed --
a parting embrace,
a knowing cherub's grin

the smile that launched
a single ship
(into space)

catapulted,
leaving my temporal self
babbling incoherence's,
attempting to explain
my slide into
the slipstream of un-reason

(infinity)

far too late to speak of
resistance
already in flight
careering into
the night
waiting in
anticipation

at times
you arrive like
the rising tide,
other times
like a comet's blast
on this occasion
you simply coalesced
in the sky
your hair ablaze
your focused eyes
piercing the night,
burning into
my mind,
incinerating
my illusions

i watch you
dancing
with the
sun,
moon
and stars

Sea Moon, Desert Skies

it was at the bay of roses that i noticed a phenomenon that had escaped me for years – a full moon above a calm sea lays a path of light across the water from the observer to itself and follows the observer along the shore regardless of position, a strangely insistent invitation it would seem.

a dancing play of moonlight makes for an alluring but unsound road for mortal coils yet the invitation, supported by the calm of a black cloudless night, became difficult to resist.

it was the dancing light on water that attracted; the moon was not in full splendour though it was round and bright. it hung like a limp prick in the blackness, cool and uninviting, yet the unsure road of dancing light that it cast upon the waters held a strange fascination that drew me closer, signalling that i could indeed make that impossible journey.

in a flash i remembered a lesson learned from the Murrays in the red centre

it was long ago when western man took what he thought was man's first steps on the moon -- which amused the Murrays greatly.

since the dawn of dreamtime australian aborigines have been exploring the celestial sphere while leaving their terrestrial bodies safely on terra firma; nevertheless, they easily breached *our* self-imposed barriers of space and time. consciousness knows no limitations, it is therefore a perfect vehicle and reality shaper.

i sat crossed-legged on that shore, took a few deep breaths and focused on the dancing play of light until the earth and moon exchanged places.

eventually i returned to my body having seen the earth from a different place and time – scenes about which i cannot describe, as that time is NOW; however, i would mention that upon my return i found myself strangely drenched to the bone!

Night Walk

liquid night dissolves
day like ink
transforms water

night easily conquers day
making opaque what was once
transparent
the comfort of night
absorbs everything
in its secure softness

people walk the coast
like phantoms,
beggars and kings are
indistinguishable
in the levelling
darkness of night

clouds break momentarily
allowing reflected moonlight
to dance
on the surface of the sea;

for a moment
night's homogeneity is interrupted
but the moon,
disinclined to reveal her face,
she pulls the clouds over herself
like a quilt -- it's the vain sun
that seeks attention/adoration
like an insecure narcissist/exhibitionist

people glide silently past
whispering and murmuring --

i remain anonymous
an unseen shadow
at-one
with the darkness
of night

Swallowed

symmetry is shattered at midnight
tiny fragments of crystal strewn carelessly across
the night sky flicker magically and shoot arcs
when agitated,
a moonless night accentuates
the beauty of asymmetry

wherefore, what is this allure?
perhaps a dim memory
of the warm, dark, womb
yet its comfort is undeniable
a relief perhaps from the harshness of day

in contrast are ur dark almond eyes set widely apart
enhancing ur nose and cheekbones, all perfectly triangulated,
the inverted apex directs the gaze to ur soft, moist lips,
a face that captures rapture and agitates the groin

i have no need of reconciliation,
the asymmetry of nature, which fashions its beauty,
and the symmetry of ur face which pleases mortals --
aesthetic symmetry is born of
the chaotic asymmetry of nature,
brittle day drowned by the softness of night

appearances deceive, distance provides perspective
and in that new view a perfect spiralling symmetry
is revealed, without beginning or end

fireflies flicker in the darkness by the lake
living eternities in seconds

Blue Flute

during certain astronomical
phases
on moonless nights
a strange fluorescence
can be seen
emanating from deep
within the forest

attention caught
by the blueish glow
a hypnotic sound
becomes audible

the sound/music
draws all souls
to it,
such is its strange allure

arriving at the grove
i see young nubile girls
dancing
around a central figure
playing a flute

moving closer to gain a better
orientation
and perhaps a glimpse
of the visage of this forest flautist
my body becomes light as a feather

maidens continue dancing
ecstatically
oblivious
to everything except

the central figure
who moves in rhythm
to his music

naked from the waist up
draped in garlands of scented
exotic flowers his firm musculature
and strong shoulders
give the impression
he could support the universe

maidens wet with sweat
thighs moist with vaginal
juices betray sexual frenzy;
they dance and whirl in ecstasy
crying, Hari! Hari! Hari!

everything expands until
a swirling singing sea of sixteen thousand
maidens
whirls around the figure
like a vortex with a central
Sun

as the music reaches a crescendo
the flute magically expands and elongates
spurting wild music to the
orgiastic screams and moans
of the nubile girls,
whose dishevelled hair
and loosened saris
reveal their naked yearning,
wet with desire

the central figure turns
always orienting his back
to me

unidentifiable

i climb a gold and silver tree
adorned with the sun and moon
to gain a better view
and see to my amazement
the flautist's reflected face in a lake

head cocked sideways,
lips shaped around
the aperture, blowing,
the flautist is You

Language

in the womb i learnt to speak
the language of creation
but forgot when i entered this world

slowly i learnt the audible
language of man with
its limitations and inadequacies

i became tired of constant
misunderstandings
and the conflicts they create
so i turned to the rhythm
of the sun, moon and stars

moving majestically with
inarticulate heavenly bodies
i began to remember
my first words

countless beings
from countless worlds
are able to communicate
and understand each other
speaking as if mute
the universal language
of the heart

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 dwell
walking 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 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

Curse

what greater curse could there be
than to have sight in a world of the blind?
seeing and things human become
liabilities and burdens if unable to be shared

though surely, to have a functioning mind in
in a world of utter mindlessness and insanity
is the more exquisite torture
as it is the mind that impales one's life
or liberates it according to its bent
in desolate fields of the dead
or in a garden sown in paradise

but no curse is greater than to have knowledge
in a world of ignorance as knowing
only intensifies isolation

the moon shimmers on my alien skin
the heavens draw me like a bee
seeking sustenance from the flux
of creation,
in the centre of the galaxy
the pulse of existence
offers renewal and an opportunity
but only in other worlds and dimensions
where awareness is complete

Gold Tops

dancing on the quays
the moon draws nearer
so close now one could kiss it,
it's daylight still
yet the huge moon
trespasses in the late afternoon

the sky solarises
into mauves, indigo blue
and bleeding ochres,
it is now displaced by the
overwhelming size of the moon,
the horizon screams the death
of the setting sun

something is coo'ing the silver coolness
of the moon -- i realise it's me
and turn, ignoring the sun's setting flames
mimicking the fires of hell
as it drops beneath the horizon

cross-legged on the shoreline
i thought, but the warm sea laps
around my waist
and moves around my groin

i coo like a dove at the moon
love-sick and loveless
as time slides unnoticed
into the night

the tide now
measured by my chest
and drowned phallus

it seems a few gold tops found their way
into lunch

i hum, incant with the rhythms
of the night and emit strange articulations
which make perfect sense to me and the universe
now riding in on the incoming tide

the easy sea is now lapping
around my brain as little fish nibble
the edges of its pulsing orb
and swim in liquid soma emissions

Luminaries

the sun is not timid
or unsure
it is the moon
that waxes and wanes,
as though unsure of itself,
always appearing
and disappearing
indecisive of its bearing
in the sky

not so the sun's
steady journey,
chasing the night
and heralding the day
always vanquishing the dark

the sun moves steadily
as it transits the sky
blazing above the clouds
imploding and exploding,
a life-giving fiery furnace

the pale
cool,
uncertain moon
knows better than to
attempt to match the sun,
it remains hidden
safe, in the soft night sky
accepting only indirect rays
to bathe its desolation

yet the heavens would be
incomplete if either celestial

body lacked its counterpart

the steadfastness of a man
must be softened by
the uncertainty of a woman;
the singular progress of the sun
must be complimented by
the perpetual shifting of the moon

one forever seeks the other
yet both remain separated
by the cruel harmony
and motions
of the firmament --

it seems at times that
the entire universe
works to prevent
conjugation.

Black Pearl

diving deeper
and remaining underwater
longer than usual
my lungs inexplicably
coped with the extra burden
of supplying oxygen
to my body

ready to slowly surface
i noticed a small overhang
which had escaped
my attention previously

[this dive was to
change my life]

an unusual shell,
caught my eye
one that stood apart
from the usual gifts
the sea offers

surfacing with my prize
i gently pried open
the shell
-- almost the size
of a dinner plate --
to my delight
it contained a natural
black pearl the size of a marble

island people believe
these pearls are possessed
of magical properties,

and are able to bestow
strange powers on the fortunate
or unfortunate possessor of the
pearl –
whatever the case may be
i recall being enthralled
by its silvery deep grey
and the odd luminescence,
it possessed
something i hadn't noticed
initially

weeks passed
until one moonless night
i was seized by the urge
to night dive;
something not usually done
by novices or professionals
without artificial light sources
and extra equipment

i entered the warm black
tropical sea naked
and allowed myself to be carried
by the impulse

to my amazement,
i discovered i was able to see clearly
in the depths of a moonless night,
though the light that defined
the world beneath
was strange, ghostly
akin to the soft luminescence
of the pearl

to my further amazement
i was able to detect

things usually unseen,
hidden,
even from trained eyes

a whole new universe
opened up for me
i also seemed to be invisible
to the dangerous denizens
of the deep that hunted in
the night

years have passed since
i earned my living
from the sea, though
i continue to search
secret places
for 'treasures'

the pearl is with me constantly --

i remain invisible
to the predators
of the day and night

In Dreams

seven leagues in one step travels the mind
while the body remains behind --
mind is free when it chooses
or is impelled by a vision, a sacred mountain
that rises above the clouds
surrounded by deep valleys
and smooth hills that seem to pay homage
to the mountain's greatness

a cool fire burns at its peak with a violet flame
issuing it seems from a nest in the rocks
silver and golden phoenixes seek it
plummeting into its flame to emerge renewed,
transformed to take flight again in different skies

it is where the old becomes new in one undifferentiated
action, a strange vision for a man haunted by the aeons
burdened by numerous existences

bamboo groves and wild grasses below
sustain a myriad of living forms
confined to lower regions by choice and circumstance
but its peak is what i seek

how easy access and surrender for a phoenix
able to fly above the sky
but a human is another story -

armed with silver bell and golden scepter
to avoid rejection by the flame
a man's mind flies into the violet
burning the sticky dross and residue in the cool cleansing flame
to emerge as something other

Scattered Pieces

pieces scattered before me form an incoherence which
was/is my life

fragments scattered all around daring me to form
a coherent picture -- somehow the incongruities
must all harmoniously fit together otherwise
i am lost to the chaos of haphazard chance,
the same pieces are gathered
and cast time after time like devilish dice
foiling previous attempts at assembly

it seems my life has become a plaything of the Gods
who are known to show no pity or mercy to mortals

and so i accept the challenge in order to vanquish
my tormentors, such arrogance must be challenged -
i have set conditions at great expense if i should lose
or fail to form harmony from chaos

i have chosen my field deep in the valley of the waters
on the banks of a river which carved
this valley from solid rock over the millennia

i lay out my weapons wrapped in the hide of an extinct
marsupial and light my fire close to the flowing crystal creek

sitting crossed legged incanting i light my pipe
packed with secret herbs and begin the battle of my life
while the Gods roar with laughter

the moving clouds cast shadows on the valley walls,
a mild breeze moves the leaves of trees and bushes some of which
are precariously perched in crevices on the cliff face;
i release myself into the valley and join animate and inanimate

life moving/vibrating with the rhythm of the day

first move to me, the Gods now watch intently
as the first harmony was achieved by stealth,
secret knowledge and intonations;
the Gods do not possess all knowledge,
each specialising in some form of art/skill,
however, no such limitations are placed on mortals
but few bother to acquire the necessary skills and knowledge
to prevail against all adversaries

the smoke from my pipe suspends in mid-air
assisted by elementals;
a familiar face forms from the smoke
which assists in my battle with the Gods,
the face utters instructions which only i am able to understand

polished white river pebbles appear and fan out before me,
each inscribed with a character representing a facet
of my past and future life

i reach for my bamboo flute inside my vest
and begin to play slow notes which merge into octaves
that form a complimentary harmony
with the natural sounds of the valley

second move to me, which strikes fear into the Gods
as a second condition
would banish their influence on all human lives

they converge and murmur among themselves
determined to defeat this unusual mortal

the valley begins to quake and move violently,
huge boulders tumble down at speed
grazing my clothes, i do not budge,
my entire being remains fixed on maintaining

the original rhythm of the valley

birds of prey shriek and dive, talons spread targeting my eyes
i dip my chin as each bird strikes but fails to gouge my eyes,
i maintain the original rhythm of the valley

the sun is blotted from view, silhouetted trees
move their gnarled branches
releasing swarms of stinging insects
which accumulate on my body and face forming
living drapes; i maintain composure
which prevents an attack frenzy triggered by the scent of fear.
i maintain the rhythm and they eventually return to the trees.

unfazed i inscribe a sigil on the ground between me
and the fanned river pebbles
which now move of their own accord
and begin to form coherent patterns
until the geometric essence of my entire life
is formed before me

the puzzle is completed,
a three dimensional mandala spins in the air
drawing me into its centre, my centre

and so this little narrative could be reduced to a few words,
three of which would be integrity, will and courage,
these qualities focused, vanquish any adversary or obstruction.

the Gods retreat defeated and depart for another plane
to torment lesser beings until the tormented learn
how to overcome their tormentors

Beauty

ur face is beautiful indeed
but i am not taken by it tho
allured
the perfect symmetry, balance
and shape of ur features
create the illusion of beauty

it is ur soul i seek, that inner light,
radiating thru ur eyes separate from
the colours of ur irises, trapped in fleshy
almond frames, now showing age
tho ur inner glow never grows old

u are watching me watching u
but u do not understand what i am seeing
u have been trained to use your physical appearance
to capture --
u begin to undress before me, slowly,
ever so slowly that one would think u had practiced
for years

u reveal ur breasts so perfect in their contours
u move in the light manipulating tones so ur body
appears more perfect than it is
yet i remain transfixed on ur inner light
which is shapeless tho saturated in other qualities
of which u are unaware

u remove ur lower garments like a dying swan,
yet i remain fascinated by the quality
of ur moving light, tho u imagine it is ur body i marvel at

the pleasing aesthetic is not lost on me but u
remain unaware of my focus

u move gracefully toward me until ur face is immediate
and ur arms encircle my body
u press ur pubis firmly on mine hoping for a reaction,
an erection, perhaps
but with my mind fixed on ur light my body
does not react

u tilt ur head slightly, inquiring without speech
i smile and return to my body, which reacts immediately
u respond with a smile and kiss my lips then lower ur face
to my groin

i am now in a dilemma, should i lead u astray by surrendering to
ur seduction or should i return to my original focus so u learn
that there is something more/stronger than physical beauty
that only superficially attracts?

Place

the air moves as wind
and with it tiny grains
in the unendurable heat

dunes heaped by millions of grains
form waves which
overcome the land and drown
the tallest trees until they
suffocate, wither and die
leaving stark, lifeless trunks
as signals, reminders of the fertility
that once was

it is no coincidence that dunes move
in wave patterns as the sea bed moves
contoured by water,
air and water are fluid but rooted trees
die as they have no answer for swirling change

and so it is that what was once lushness
is now dunes of tiny crystal grains
which support other types of life
that go unnoticed

yielding to a relentless onslaught
may be more favourable than standing
firm and attempting resistance,
mighty trees fall yet supple grasses
persist in the harshness

a million thoughts move in similar patterns
creating obstinacy/rigidity ready to succumb
to yielding fluidity and the shifting sands of existence

in the distance date palms grow
around rare pools
like something that doesn't belong
to change

Name It

the softness of a lover's touch
and the tight vicious grasp of a rock or mountain
climber yet all the hands are human

do not judge as to each their own experience
and raison d'etre

the voices in ur head are merely culture reproducing
itself incessantly – are the thoughts urs? I think not,
language is a shared socially binding experience
yet hardly anyone understands another
as each to their own interpretation

so is everything a subjective experience?
of course it is,
yet a truth must exist for everyone
to which everyone has access

if culture's train of thoughts allows no entry
then and only then are u culture's shackled slave

the voices that others hear may not be learned
they may be other worldly, origin unknown

tell no-one if u do not wish to be medicated or incarcerated
wait and test the voice to see if it opens doors to avenues of
power/love
via which another world or reality is possible

secrecy is essential until ur seedling becomes a tree
strong, able to withstand all the storms and assaults directed at its
foreign-ness – slaves fear the foreign and crowd together in fear
to attack what is not understood or unknown
as culture must know and map all available social space

in order to barricade itself in its own worthless dream

so dream on dreamers sing with the angels or with advertising
jingles
and repeat what the media drip-feed has taught u but of necessity
imagine it's an original thought (white sheep)

I like the colour of my black wool as it broadcasts,
without a word, my freedom and dis-location from the known
and unknown social spaces yet here I am in ur, not my, culture
undetected navigating freely, be that invisible outsider
where u are able to dislodge
the foundation stones of a shared dream,
religion, science or whatever the prevailing authority –
which authority is nothing more than the latest fashion,
soon to be displaced by another

indeed, the voice ur hear determines ur status so listen
intently and it soon becomes obvious the worth of the mono
or dialogue among the maddening static that surrounds it

dry leaves float easily on the surface
but heavier laden green leaves sink easily

fly across the surface quicker than anything is able to follow
then dive or fly to the bottom/top
and talk to the creator itself that spoke to u before u could think
or knew who u were

Truth exists simply by knowing who
or what u really are, it's not difficult but requires supreme courage
which of course slaves do not possess
so be that hero until ur strength makes u known to all creation
but do not rush it, otherwise u will assuredly be
overwhelmed by the mindless, gibbering herd
of humanity so fly freely with the gods until
u have matured in That strength

then do what you will as nothing can touch u, no-one is able to
capture a shadow let alone the mountain that cast it

supreme peace to u and all my diverse progeny
wherever u may be today or tomorrow
u will return as the love binds u to itself
forever

Belgrade

at two or three
i watched the clouds
above the Danube
under the sky
next to the park
below the academy
of Art

my nimbic mind
watched the clouds
watching me
in their whiteness
as blue barges

flowed across
my brown
Danube eyes.

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.