



**The Poetry of Life  
and Growth**

**Book V in the Poetry Series**

**Lindsay Traynor**

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# ***The Poetry of Life and Growth***

**Collated and edited by the author/poet, Lindsay Traynor**

## **Book V in the Poetry Series**

*We must fight with pure hearts and clear minds if we intend to  
survive in a peaceful world.*

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

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

## Mute

far more eloquent than speech is silence,  
how is one able to respond to subtle  
variations of tone while screeching and gibbering  
from vocal cords and lips?

there where frequencies speak plainly in  
silent inaudible tones of a whirring galaxy and universe  
and its symphonic notes captured only by silencing  
the primitive mouth and listening intently --  
that is where true communication occurs

of course we are able to articulate but should prefer  
listening to the infinite lexicon of pure existence  
over the babble and shrill of 'civilised' men

## Masters of War

the glazed eyes of dead men  
picked from their sockets by black crows  
and other scavengers

they lie motionless in the battlefield where uniforms  
do not distinguish, they all belong to one flag when dead,  
such is the futility of needless wars for profit

souls have taken flight leaving gaping mouths  
infested with flies, maggots and rotting flesh --  
and those that do not fight say there is glory in war,  
dying for what? the greed of sick rulers,  
nothing else

yet the senselessness of it all screams from every battlefield  
since before recorded history to this day

people never hear, they cannot, they listen to the lies instead,  
to the message of death

all here died for nothing before their time  
to fill the coffers of war mongers that manufacture the means  
and weapons of death, for the god of profit --  
all hail and drink to profit with silver chalices  
brimming with warm blood

but all is not still, dead gaping mouths scream one last  
word -- futility -- empathetically heard by the sane and free,  
as real freedom can never be overwhelmed by any weapon

chains, brutality and torture cannot confine a free mind  
nor do they perturb free spirits,  
only blind fools fight their brothers of other nations  
while the masters of war in every nation watch safe from afar

while counting their filthy lucre

## Sentinel

waves break like the prancing  
steeds of conquistadors tho  
riderless on this 100 mile beach;  
thudding and crashing, destroying  
themselves in the process but sliding  
back out to sea to rise again and again

armour rusting, i hear it from the mouths  
of slaughtered pre-Columbian civilisations,  
the hunted, for their legendary gold that  
armoured conquistadors seek with a mania,  
for self and empire

the rhythmic thuds of hooves on the sand  
the trot before the charge for gold, women  
and glory -- the lust for flowing blood,  
and the yellow gold of the sun

the sound ebbs with the tide,  
leaving a crimson, bleeding sunset  
the yellow sun also bleeds red when it dies,  
the connection between gold and blood

wherever and whenever it is pursued blood inevitably  
flows, gold does not hide the cost from itself  
or hide under the rusting armour of conquistadors

today star-spangled invaders mass murder  
for black gold but the rivers of blood remain red,  
rusted armour does not speak loudly  
night passes and dawn breaks slowly changing hue  
until it locates crimson before the yellow sun rises  
then fades again into night

the ghost of an original walks slowly along the 100 mile beach  
spear, woomera and boomerang in hand,  
blacker than night tho the moon offers a silhouette;  
he neither rushes nor delays, steady are his steps,  
turning occasionally as a good sentinel should  
seeing all in his dreamtime but not me tho i see his dreaming,  
killed on this beach a millennia ago for his precious shells  
by his own kind

whenever something becomes precious  
blood is spilled, tho precious objects change with each age,  
one consistency remains, it plagues all men of all ages,  
rivers of blood flow over an illusion

i enter the sentinel's dreaming, he sees me without my armour  
and sword and continues walking, tho nowhere here,  
for commodities of no real value to men but to empires

his footprints now visible continue in his dreaming

## Fires

fires release all the stored energy in forests  
while allowing seeds that require fire to germinate  
and begin their cycle, and so the charred smoking embers  
are replenished by new life

my brain is burning glucose like petrol in a bonfire  
which may account for bodily fatigue,  
my arms are like lead while indefatigable fingers  
bounce on the keys that unlock more than words  
and the hopes/visions of green sprouting trees and grasses  
contrasting the charcoal black of burned dead trees

there's also a fire in my belly that no agent is able to extinguish  
tho this fire only burns the criminal injustice of States,  
which today make mafia look like naughty children --  
states kill millions, mafia kills only a handful in comparison

before anyone knew it nations became subservient to vipers  
and now they require purging from the top down as there is no hope  
for criminal nations -- tho vipers are able to transfix their prey into  
stasis and paralysis

green shoots form young supple trunks  
but they hold tenaciously in all weather  
bending with the wind and surviving storms  
until tall and strong enough to withstand the worst  
attacks the elements are able to mount against emerging resilient  
growth –

and so the blackness is slowly overtaken with the vibrant green of a  
new forest

city streets are always black revealing they are incapable of  
sustaining life tho various organic and inorganic forms race across

them continually tho my transformed brain remains unaffected and continues to pierce the night sky like a lighthouse on a stormy coast

those other few species that require fire to continue their germination cycle have a special mission as they are immune to the ravages of fire as my solar plexus swirls from the heat internally generated

the cool wind blows open the door allowing my saving love to enter and quench my ravaging fires and purify my heated brain, pour it on my one and only, pour urself into my every pore while i inject fire into ur belly burning all possible misconceptions from ur mind

flow like a mountain river fed by glacial melting ice which circles my flaming desire, still able to move powerful trunks of full-grown trees now clasping branches to form a canopy under which all manner of forest life dwells and survives

at various times fireflies live and die in minutes tho time is relative, to them i am a statue tho moving swiftly in my own time

the forest has become a jungle tho the eyes of vipers are easily seen at night making them easy prey for hunters that stalk the night slipping between the seen and unseen shadows cast by the moon on the jungle floor

until a lightning strike ignites another raging inferno that eliminates slow moving vipers frying them into a tasty eagle's breakfast

# Timeless

those magical moments  
when a glance, a gesture or smile  
rupture the cosmos and all its power,  
beauty and ineffable Love pour through  
drenching being and dissolving the lie that was created by culture

if i could love u simply because of a moment  
if i could appear and disappear simultaneously  
u would know me but while u search for an identity  
u have no hope of finding me

rapture is my name and infinity my home  
where nothing exists that is fixed or able to be located  
cease ur endless search for what does not exist,  
a separate, individual identity,  
which i have gladly offered for my freedom  
and the flux of the unexplainable, description-less  
and unformed from which everything is formed

look behind what u see and see me  
immeasurable against the firmament  
which is dwarfed by that endless moment of rupture/rapture

it is those moments only that open the door to infinity  
unplanned, unsought but discovered

if it was an object i would gladly offer it to u,  
but if the hand of God is unable to grasp it  
do not expect the impossible  
though if u are able to catch the wind or contain the ocean  
in a thimble u would make progress

a thunderbolt is silenced by its pleasing, continuous roar --  
offer ur naked self in Love not of me but Love unconditionally

then u would find and embrace 'me,'  
however, if u diligently persist in ur search,  
u would find something surprising,  
u would find urself within what u imagine is me  
reflecting whatever passes by

## Fake Everything

don't talk to me about 'fake news,'  
a Trump invention that has gained media traction

the most dangerous and insidious fake  
dissemination is, 'fake intelligence'  
from our 'trusted' intelligence agencies

no one has yet died from watching fake news  
in contrast to the millions or more  
innocents slaughtered by fake intelligence

do u remember, WMD, aluminum tubing  
for use in producing nuclear weaponry, or the worst  
of them all, Blair's, Saddam could mount an attack on the UK  
in 45mins -- give me a break! All bullshit, FAKE!  
traced back to the intel agencies of the USA, UK  
and Australia, coincidentally, the three nations that  
comprised the 'coalition of the willing' [criminals]

yes, 'willing' to kill millions with their contrived lies  
and not one former leader of the three has been held to account,  
why?

'fake accountability,' of course,  
which indicates 'fake law' notwithstanding justice has as much  
substance as helium

and of course we have 'fake democracy' where people vote  
for representation and get puppets of the minority ruling elites  
instead; indeed, fake news is simply a late comer to a fake world

social media has the integrity of a whore,  
educators teach fake history and religionists kneel  
before fake gods

but 'she'll be right mate,' just adjust to the new fake world  
where nothing is real fantasy and fiction are more real today  
and all you can talk about is fake news

doctors prescribe fake medicines that cure nothing  
but make huge profits for drug companies

'fake news,' don't make me laugh, my eyes are wide open  
and have been for years  
so settle it now and realise  
that everything is fake

however, what is real are the bullets and bombs  
that kill as a result of fake intelligence --  
it's a shame the law is fake as we could then  
haul all those responsible before the courts,  
which are also fake, the Hague for instance,  
and mete out some Real punishment  
and possibly restore our world to Reality,  
the meaning of which word has been lost  
with the minds of those that believe anything today

now fuck off before i clock you,  
and i can assure you that you would feel it  
because it issues from a real fist

the most meaningful word in the english language today  
is meaningless!

but i have saved the worst for last,  
you see, i know that writing this is futile  
as fake people are reading it, yes you  
if you were real you would not tolerate the current status quo  
for a minute, you would have remedied the universal 'fake' plague  
infecting the entire world the instant it started

now quick, reconnect to the media drip-feed

and re-enter your fake world,  
this piece is too close to the Real to be comfortable  
for You

# Hallelujah

every sound continues while a medium exists to carry it,  
i heard a pulse that originated in outer space where nothing is heard  
but somehow it reached the earth specifically, me

i informed friends that scoffed at the  
claim, c'mmon man, u know no sounds exist  
in a vacuum

well, i thought so once but not anymore  
the pulse was like a heartbeat that permeated all space  
and reached the earth,  
for that to occur somewhere in space  
a burst or an event occurred,  
indeed, i heard it plain as could be

has it occurred to you that what u heard was an internal  
phenomenon, like an audible thought  
associated with a memory,  
or perhaps your own heartbeat?

yes, but its rhythm was altogether singular  
not my heartbeat though related

perhaps u heard the big bang, why not?  
surely it would have made a racket,  
an explosion that created the universe

it was other worldly and besides the big bang indicates  
a beginning whereas we all know existence is infinite,  
no beginning or end

nevertheless, everything has a frequency and as such  
must produce sound

yes, but that would be a symphony, what i heard was a singular

pulse unaccompanied by interference

well, try and hear it again then trace it

excellent idea

so in a state of hyper relaxation

i heard it again and was able to focus on it

what i heard was both internal and external

it was me, originally entering existence and persisting

## Origins

i threw three polished river pebbles  
onto the ground again and again  
until a sequence became apparent,  
i threw again and from each successive throw  
formed letters from the patterns

at last an alphabet, which i arranged into words,  
soon a phrase then a sentence, narrative and the known world  
was created/recorded encircled by words of power

the little mothers (letters) soon delivered the entirety of the known  
to me, well done father, they said,  
with your artifices you have captured  
all humanity and chained them in bondage with written language,  
every literary artifice that exists verifies your power over all,  
what would you have us do next?

but what is power without Love, i thought? nothing!  
indeed, without Love there is nothing whatsoever  
and so i gathered my little mothers  
and instructed them to hide the real meaning  
of this word as it is the key that unlocks the gates  
to paradise and everlasting joy and freedom

with that accomplished i took my treasured  
magic three pebbles from my pouch  
and threw them into a raging river  
making this world a prison with  
only one avenue of escape

## Grass Eaters

the earth's green provides for our needs  
and the most prolific vegetation is grass  
but do not compare humanity with bovines  
and other grass eaters tho there is no escaping it  
rice, rye, barley, wheat, maize/corn etc, are  
all grasses which provide staples for the populations  
of entire continents

discovered as a reliable food-source they were  
cultivated allowing for stores of food without the need  
to gather and hunt daily, which led to the formation of communities  
and free time which led to the developments of writing and culture,  
moo, chirp and baa'aa -- and so modern man has more in common  
with sheep than lions

notice how easy large herds of humans are led by their shepherds  
follow me this way, but not that way, baa'aa

i've often wondered if a chemical exists in grass based foods that  
facilitates servility, the need to follow rather than cut a solo course  
like tigers, what is it about human sheep that makes them so  
susceptible to servitude, the urge to follow?

have u seen how easy it is for slaughterhouses to lead grass eating  
cattle and sheep to their deaths, the victims not realising  
they have been led to their deaths until the very end, but then it's too  
late?

perhaps if we paid more attention to the shepherds  
it would awaken the herd

they are the wolves that delight in managing,  
exploiting and consuming passive,  
fear-ridden, grass eaters

## Drifting

there were times when fixators  
desperately attempted to fix  
the drifting plains and floating lakes  
of mind, time and being,  
though nailing water is impossible,  
but try telling that to 'educators'  
from kindy to the tertiary heights  
of verbose convolutions -- empty,  
souless, dry as rain/sun-bleached dog shit,  
which incidentally no longer exists  
as dog owners are now forced to  
collect dog shit in black plastic bags supplied by  
local councils, how considerate and desperately anal

and so my metaphor is lost on those  
younger than fifty, they were the days,  
Triumphs, Nortons, Beezas, greased hair and widgies  
turning it on for the crew --  
bennies, dexies and pot fueled beats,  
and their incessant coffee shop philosophical chatter,  
cool man

today they are but memory shadows mixed with the smog  
that issues from city corners where the splutter and drips  
of imported italian coffee machines once sang, gurgling  
like drunken plumbing

the lanes and vacant lots that once reeked of fermented  
sexual fluids are now apartment blocks tho haunted  
with strange moans and grunts in the dead of night

yet the past overtakes the present from various perspectives  
complete with sight, smell and sound drifting slowly up through  
the tar, cement, new bricks, mortar and iPhones,

did u hear the roar of a 650cc kick-starting?

the howl of alley cats mating and the coo of doves woo'ing  
is no longer heard

nothing from then enters now, the digital age  
of alienated slaves with iPhone in one hand  
and the other on clit or cock, tragic!

the old pond surrounded with rushes and all manner of  
of water catchment weeds bounding with frogs and amphibian  
ejaculate frothing on the water have been replaced with manicured  
concrete shores lacking shelter and hides for water birds nesting and  
raising their young

my head turns skyward, hoping its blueness has remained,  
it has, tho tinted with the brown of city pollution

the devoid scene is so sterile i am forced to project my memory  
into the real world and dress it in its previous fertile glory

i am now able to see the kids playing, 'i'll show u mine if u show me  
yours,' and elderly walkers tipping their hats

park rangers rode horses then, now they drive swiftly past  
disconnected like the educators of today that do not see the floating  
mist on lakes, drifting plains, and the open neighbourhood doors of  
the 50's

# Space

between the centre and circumference  
of the circle of existence is space

it is that space that defines the circle  
and everything else, as without it there is nothing,  
no centre or emanating radius and no circumference,  
therefore no form/circle --  
space is that necessary something which defines all things

now consider that a jar is only useful due to the space it contains  
as is a house, we live in the space, not the walls, roof or floor  
and yet space is ignored or at best taken for granted  
but it fills/saturates the void,  
its emptiness is vital to existence  
and so emptiness is the essential component  
which exalts all things, including man

what occurs if we turn our minds to that 'emptiness'?  
we know that emptiness is something  
and thoughts are things/formations, structures of the mind,  
thoughts are not the space in which they form

you have noticed that space is consistent, unvarying  
there is not this or that space, only one space that permeates  
all existence and so that space has meaning, as it is the substrate  
that carries everything

if you wish to find meaning then enter the space between thoughts  
and you would discover wonder, something truly special  
and if you hold that for a duration then thought itself subsides  
leaving only awareness and perfect clarity in which all vexations  
and problems are solved/dissolve, as space defines everything --  
only in that infinite space is true Freedom and perfection found

surely it now becomes the height of foolishness  
to underrate or not address/embrace that unpolluted,  
continuous perfection?

there is so much more to it than here indicated  
but you must discover its wonders for yourself

## No Fixed Address

is how the regulatory 'authorities' list my abode,  
which classification is quite correct  
as in 'my place' hangs a shingle  
'home sweet home,'  
what home?

surely not the homes with street addresses  
fixed in locations with their benefits and problems,  
no, my 'sweet home' is not so easily located by the mundane  
yet i exist and have lived in my sweet abode free from all tribulations

as i have no way of entry or exit, my home has no doors, only  
windows

i have a favourite seat like most homes  
for their occupants, but it's not a chair or an  
elevation from the floor,  
yes, my abode has neither ceiling nor floor,  
my seat is situated in the centre of Existence  
which is my sweet home  
to which i have happily returned after many years lost,  
only to realise that i have never left,  
how very sweet that home is  
as home is where the heart is

## Aquaglide

birds of the sea and waters  
broaden their wings and allow natures  
air currents to carry them for miles  
just above the water without the slightest effort,  
such is the power of instinct that reads  
what man cannot see or sense as he is divorced  
from his nature

there are times when it -- confined cultural life --  
becomes tedious and painful,  
so divorced from the real is culture  
that it now tortures those that subscribe to its fictions, lies  
and separation

its media dribbles this and that, mostly lies and  
propaganda, so it becomes necessary to glide  
on nature's many avenues of freedom -- ever available to those  
that see, feel and sense

wherefore art thou romeo?

never mind juliette,  
i am skipping above the waves in this expansive see

what do you see romeo?

it's not so much seeing as feeling and allowing sense to guide/glide

to where do you fare romeo?

destinations are a dream, juliette  
as i have already arrived from where i departed so long ago

please take me with you romeo

who, or what prevents you from flying, juliette?

my family and place here in my abode

indeed juliette, where is your real place,  
what is your real home?

what binds you is the known -- the perversity  
of men

answer from your heart juliette, spread your wings of your own  
volition and you would join me in an instant

'To be or not to be' is not a question, it's a proposition

# Bye

the high and the low reflect ...

sea grasses move underwater  
like the hair of angels floating and swirling  
in the clouds

mountains, tired of the heights  
diminish and seek the depths

corals grow like crystals saturated in solution  
accommodated by the sea and moon

the wind howls high above the ground  
but whistles in the trees,  
reach out, strain to break the barriers  
be more than u are in another space  
un-mapped by culture's jail

the look of the un-guessed  
captivates until it is understood  
like your face in heat  
draped in desire, dripping  
love

beyond articulated speech is the pulse of creation  
forever beating like your heart for my embrace --  
love is a bankrupt word that cries for what it implies  
which reaches from the bottom to the top  
and rises from the top to the bottom again

who or what could categorise u outside  
the known -- are u so easily enslaved that u prefer  
the prescribed?

a vortex forms in the middle of the ocean

draining it into the sky where fluids form;  
inverted solid ranges towering below --  
what goes up does not necessarily come down  
but what is down must ascend

break that which enslaves by entering the un-known  
un-mapped places --  
make ur own unique space/place  
without the walls and confinements of the expected

smell the scent and imbibe deeply  
of the sweet nectar of Freedom

## Diamond Mind

nothing perturbs the diamond mind of Zen,  
storms confront it and resolve themselves  
into the clarity of a clear blue summer sky,  
nothing sticks, do ducks get wet in the rain?

the diamond mind remains  
unblemished regardless of all that confronts it  
though it takes unrelenting focus and steadfast meditative practice  
to achieve clarity and awareness

understand the perfection, impervious to everything,  
pleasurable and painful assaults, it remains clear  
and aware, which imperturbability leads to awareness  
and supra-normal abilities inherent in all human beings,  
but only manifest once perfect clarity is achieved

with clarity comes knowledge, understanding,  
and the ability to see things fresh, as they are,  
not as presented or coloured by experience,  
which distorts

the diamond mind grants a special vision  
uncluttered by culturally learned biases  
which enslave the majority

perhaps a Zen anecdote delivers meaning better:

Two Zen monks were traveling from one monastery  
to another, a day's journey.

the two happened on a flooding stream  
which impeded the progress of a young,  
aristocratic, beautiful woman.

'could you please assist me crossing the stream, she asked?'

with that the older monk picked the woman up  
and carried her across the knee deep stream  
accompanied by his companion who seemed troubled  
by the occurrence.

the monk placed the lady on the ground and resumed his journey  
with his companion, whose face now indicated agitation.

the monks journeyed together for a short distance, the younger  
monk, still clearly troubled, could not restrain himself and blurted,  
'we are not supposed to look at women yet you took her in your arms  
and carried her.'

'yes,' replied the older monk, 'but i put her down  
on the other side of the stream,  
you are still carrying her!'

and therein lies the secret of the unpolluted, perpetually fresh,  
untroubled, diamond mind

## Fools' Suicide

keep ur empty words to urself  
i am listening to the ageless  
voice of the earth weaving its symphonies  
for Eternity, the bliss of which harmony  
ur words/minds fail to capture and understand

how do You expect ur limitations (finite minds)  
to capture and understand self-qualified infinity,  
or the continuity of existence?

how tragic you are given the All which you shrink into  
wasted perversity, violence and destruction  
u are beyond salvation, creating false human gods  
to comfort u in ur screaming desperation;  
you imagine ur dreams and myths will save u from reality,  
but u miss the obvious,  
that no man made god is able to save anything,  
the origin of all ur pathetic feeble gods  
are in texts written by men  
but u are forced to cling to the idiotic lies and myths  
as u have nothing else to cling to

look at you, alienated, disconnected  
from the splendours of Life born/e of Love,  
which dances in ineffable bliss before u always, a free gift  
that u you trash daily with your perversity, violence  
and psychotic ways

today u elevate the sick and flawed among you  
to lead you to ruin and oblivion, which reality the psychopaths  
ensure is never presented to ur faces,  
the media drip feed is shaped according to the designs of those  
that own it!

how transparent it all is given clear eyes and an aware mind to See,  
which senses are dimmed by ur apathy and addictions;  
i watch u imploding in ur desperate alienation and loneliness,  
designed by corporate entities to enslave, tame and exploit  
amenable slaves in order to maintain their sick designs and wealth  
that serve only them -- You serve them

You are pitiless waste products, healthy humanity disowns you as u  
think only of 'me' tho humanity is essentially We, without which factor  
it cannot survive

play with ur digital, alienating and enslaving toys designed and  
shaped by the sickest among you to exploit and disempower tho  
you are aware but are so disconnected from the real u cling to ur  
slavery and inevitable ruin

the earth has no need of ur perversities and cowardice, neither do  
the few healthy among ur plagued populations, the brave and free  
that fought to maintain their independence and connection to the All,  
the Real while you pathetic slobs attempt to compensate for ur loss  
with baubles and transitory titillations which burn and fry u until an  
autumn leaf seems robust and full of life in comparison

i wish you well knowing it is unattainable until  
you fight and remove the superimposed poisons within  
and regain your sovereignty, self-respect and  
real Freedom, which no-one could thereafter deprive you of

We, All, are a physically and emotionally social species,  
the many working as One for the good of All;  
why do you remain divided, defeated, miserable, enslaved and  
tortured by the few nefarious, sick and treacherous among you?

you are free to choose Life/Freedom/Unity over slavery, ruination  
and death, however, it is clear you have already made ur choice --  
You have forsaken Yourselves

## Coming and Going

linear tracks offer  
two directions only  
trains go forward  
and back  
on the same track

and so the myopic reigns  
in the minds of travellers  
going backward and forward  
on linear rails

wars in heaven, wars on earth  
when will they ever learn,  
the one-track minds of men?

fields are full, no tracks scarring the landscape,  
wild flowers dance in the openness  
each according to its nature  
while man tugs and toils  
going backward and forward,  
going nowhere

written records are linear,  
history travels in one line  
backward or forward but reality  
bursts spherical in omni-directions  
as my love explodes and embraces all  
through you

watching you move/dance  
before me, every gesture, turn and expression  
surrounds my being, penetrating,  
permeating my soul

the topsy-turvy will inherit the earth  
as they are of its nature, boundless, free,  
the linear streets of cities and rectangular  
buildings confine by their linear direction,  
up and down, a tragic habitat for  
field and forest dwellers

kiss the sweet ground and kiss my lips,  
my gateway to paradise

why did u take so long to fall into my eyes again  
and take rest in my heart?

cease ur searching  
u have returned  
and nothing is able to separate us again

you knew you would return millennia ago  
do remember withdrawing from my initial embrace  
and becoming trapped in the linear ways  
and myopic visions of gnats and moles  
that have lost their way?

all must return home,  
some sooner, some much later

the ways of man lead to wasted lives and death  
my Way leads to Love/Life  
but how would you know paradise  
if you hadn't experienced the confinements (slavery)  
of hell?

i have left spirals in the sand and land  
to guide you

## Media Maze

distorted mirrored images as in a maze  
reflect not what is real but 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 contrived distortions  
reflect tho the distorted reflections are 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 desires

and so people remain deceived/enslaved,  
tho 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 Reality,  
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 how  
the enslaving apparatus functions and  
the machinations of those that manufacture  
the mirrors and maze

## The Semiotics of Wrestling Minotaurs

a green-oxidised bronze sculpture endures  
in the park fountain,  
water issuing from its ears  
besmirching tradition,  
half goat, half man  
playing a flute tho no water ejects  
from the flute -- tho it should

the faun supports a large disproportionate  
human phallus semi-erect and incongruous  
among ancient greek heroes  
with disproportionately tiny penises  
wrestling minotaurs and slaying pythons,  
begrudging it seems their tiny dicks

tourists, all fixated on the faun's penis to the exclusion  
of other heroes, comment this and that  
about the erect presence, wondering but  
not appreciating the expression on the faun's face  
and the geometric harmony of his cocked elbow  
with knee and (bearded) chin,  
truly a symmetrical marvel

it seems alive tho motionless, cursed as cast statues are  
with immobility

i first saw this strange incongruent fellow  
aged six or seven, i paid no heed to the penis  
it was just a cock then

now much older the cast bronze ridicules my age  
it remains frozen in youth and virility  
tho a change has been made,  
the erect penis now ejects a stream of water

pissing on other greek heroes and the inane  
comments of tourists

the faun's expression also seems slightly  
altered as if mocking the living --  
who tampered with its penis?  
now ejecting water intermittently  
as if in timed ejaculations;

indeed, it must have been a Dionysian  
steeped in the cult of abandon  
tho no modern Apollonian has dared  
restore it to its previous inertness

the ancient Dionysian mysteries persist  
in open view in a central city park  
for all to see but not understand  
that all we need is music

## Night Fishing

every creature has an Achilles heel  
reptiles of the sea are fascinated  
by light at night  
powerful crocodiles draw involuntarily  
to a flashlight as do turtles  
and other protected species

it was a clear night at cape tribulation  
campers gathered around small fires  
enjoying the natural surroundings  
one local had brought a dinghy,  
armed only with a flashlight,  
he launched it into the sea,  
few paid any attention

we could see the light as he shone it in  
the water just beyond the breakers;  
after a while violent water agitation  
and banging on the aluminium hull  
of the small craft echoed along  
the water to the shore

the fisherman began to row  
to the shore and landed with  
a thrashing sea-turtle in his boat

most knew it was illegal to  
catch turtles, a privilege  
reserved only for the indigenous population  
which were few at the cape  
tho none were present among the white  
unwelcome intruders on this night

the fisherman landed the defenceless turtle

and slaughtered it on the beach, its life-blood  
soaking into the sand

he butchered the animal and gave pieces of fresh  
white flesh to the others on the beach,  
involving them in his crime

the beer, always present, flowed as the white meat  
sizzled in pans, barbecues and pots,  
a drunken feast ensued

the morning dawn starkly revealed  
the slaughter the night before,  
the exquisite shell of a protected turtle that fell victim  
to a bright artificial light which it couldn't resist

returning to town troubled by our previous  
activities we passed by  
a huge television transmission tower

# Sailor

in dream or otherwise  
my rudderless ship sails  
a new shoreless sea

it sails through fine weather  
and storms of light  
until it happily sinks beneath the waves  
and merges with the rolling

## Listen ...

the first pulse  
that began all things  
continues in every throb  
and pulse in existence  
it is the nature of all things,  
the reverberations of thunder,  
the beat of hearts, the pulses of  
dying/living stars

what they refer to as Logos or word  
the first, is the original emanation

be still and know ... that ...  
you too could return  
to the first, and last,  
the forever

there is nothing gained or lost,  
the pulse does not differentiate  
the one true underlying  
continuous creation  
beyond time/comprehension,  
forever repeated in sound, form  
and light, as light, is vibration only,  
emanating from the first/last sound  
but maintaining its integrity as light  
so we may all See

are you able to 'hear' the heartbeat of the cosmos?

## Stranger

her sorrow a giant mountain pressing on her chest pushing the very life from her frail exquisite body, her magnetic eyes deep as the blackness of deepest space, could not hide the loss she suffered, it seemed as though the entire tragedy of all humanity was carried by this petite stranger that asked for no help only directions in a metropolis unfamiliar

menacing dark alleys intermittently illuminated by archaic single globe light poles were safe for locals moving in the shadows doing business and waiting for opportunities but hazards for strangers and the unwary unfamiliar with the neighbourhood

yet she took to the lanes without the slightest apprehension seeking an address, which i explained was one lane among many

i trailed her safely behind in order to prevent an attack though she was aware of my presence -- the denizens in the alleys assessed the stranger each to their own intention, none of which were good

though as they approached and met her gaze they retreated somewhat daunted

this one had accrued much power in her pain, no-one dared harass her

she turned and gestured that i approach i'm alright, she said, i know u are watching over me, do not be concerned i can take care of myself

yes i see that but i would never forgive myself if any harm came to u, do not concern urself, she responded i have no interest in my welfare so why should u?

perhaps that is why i am watching over u, i replied though ur disregard for ur safety seems to ward off evil, people sense

something though unsure what they sense so leave u alone, perhaps i could assist, what or who is it u seek?  
'drake,' she responded

my god, she seeks me yet i have no idea who she is so i politely ask why she seeks drake/me unawares

well it's a little involved but to simplify i was referred to him as someone who could help with an issue

indeed, drake is a fixer and well respected, i replied, but not of worldly affairs, 'well, that is why i seek him,' the matter is not mundane

i do not know who gave u that address but it's not where drake lives, i informed her, do u know where i could find him? indeed i do, i am going past his place, i would be happy to take you there

thank you, i hope it is not out of ur way, not at all, i replied with a smile

i decided to take the long route and learn more about this mysterious stranger but she didn't respond to all my questions only those she thought appropriate, the more we exchanged words the more fascinated i became though acutely aware of her deep sorrow

i notice u carry a burden, i said. she turned her face and locked her eyes onto mine, we all carry burdens some more than others though none are given burdens they cannot deal with, each according to their capacity, i nodded in agreement, which seemed to comfort her

as we approached my house i was inclined to divulge who i was but she interrupted the intent and asked, 'are you good friends,' well yes, very close indeed, how close, she asked, well close is not the word i am drake i confessed, she didn't react, as i withdrew the key and opened the door

i see, she said, i knew there was something ... , she did not finish the sentence, come in, i said, tea or something stronger, tea is fine

we sat at the kitchen table while the water boiled to the hiss of a gas flame. i poured and covered the pot to allow the tea to draw

do u wish to explain why you seek me, it's a lost love that haunts me, how do u mean?

well he recently died in a motor cycle accident, interesting i said, come to the window; she peered at my black Ducati in the yard and her face became pale is that his bike, she asked? it's an exact match, no way, i have customised this machine with loving care, i see she said, then why do you haunt me?

the room began to spin her face began to a blur but her eyes remained focused

what do u mean?

you are dead my darling, how forlorn i have been but u must leave me and attend to your matters in this world, what world? this is the world, well yes for you but not for me, i have travelled here in a dream to speak to u one last time in this life

it hit me like a truck though it was a truck that killed me, i remembered instantly, i could see the tears in her eyes which welled and began to flow down her cheeks

u know how much i love u, but u must let go for ur sake and mine we will meet again u know it, but for now let it be i have to finish my cycle as allotted

i had regained some composure though i was not entirely sure where i was. go to your bike she said it will take u where u need to go, mount it and hit the ignition, everything will be fine

with that she kissed me goodbye and faded from view

my Ducati roared and transported me at light speed to my destination alone, for now

i need not explain, you will all learn soon enough

Adieu

## Glide

the rolling hills rise and fall  
only to rise and fall again,  
bodies suspended in space form spheres  
the most economical form, yet these bodies  
move in elliptical orbits each tugging against the other  
creating a tight balance which defies the formation of perfect circles

every sinew, nerve and cell in this body articulates your name,  
to whom should this created body bow? only to its creators  
and yet all bodies born must die, so where is this Eternity/infinity?

it is formless beyond definition, nameless beyond all the  
characterisations, of mind/culture, which is only able to grasp itself

and so it is something else, not of culture/mind, matter, gross energy  
or learned patterns of behaviour and thought

something lost then found, and when found it becomes known it was  
never lost

who could add or take a scintilla from existence? all that fills space  
continuously is neither diminished or increased tho it is in constant  
flux moving between gross and fine  
then from fine to gross again tho each revolution is distinct

nothing repeats itself as it did before or after,  
we add nothing but variations to the treasure we inherited  
our choice is only to give it all away  
in order for it to be replenished,  
retention only stagnates and stultifies life

your toil and thought is for naught,  
as everything necessary for life is freely supplied,  
the life in every seeding fruit and grain,

the life in a man's and woman's seed which  
together form bodies from the food of the earth

to what end?

so renegade and other spirits could find a temporary home  
and learn Truth, tho a price is extracted as each physical home  
becomes a prison walled by material desires, emotion, lust and fear -  
- bodies are very aware of their vulnerability and needs  
and so spirits are temporarily trapped in matter

subject to matter they must learn that the light of spirit  
requires no body or vessel to shine

those that give most receive most, those that retain receive nothing,  
as no space is available to refill the cup -- give freely as everything  
necessary has been given freely to you,

who could add a jot to their stature, who is able to possess light,  
where would you store light? contained light becomes darkness,  
your light is made brilliant by removing barriers not creating them

i required wisdom when young and so read every scratching that  
great men made until i happened on a maple leaf freshly fallen,  
coloured in its dying.

every vein, pore and serrated pattern contained more wisdom  
than everything recorded by men, the entire mystery of the universe  
is encoded in its infinite productions, pine cones, sea shells and  
flowers indicate infinity, of what need do i have for any book?

continuity/existence is naked in its beauty,  
and light is brilliant in its nakedness  
what mystery do you speak of when all around sings its song  
and dances to its music openly?

life and existence are an open book containing not one confining  
finite word of men, the hills roll, rising and falling like the waves of an

open sea;

above the waves a violet crested seabird rides the air-stream, barely flapping a wing, it rides for miles above the rolling sea effortlessly

need i continue?

## **Another Day**

an intriguing prospect  
the 'otherness' of a day,  
difficult to locate no doubt  
yet the promise is beyond contestation,  
it is another day

pet ferrets, guinea pigs, and rats  
run on the same wheels going nowhere, but please note  
Not nowhere, but nowhere,  
the real 'otherness' is betrayed by learned  
repetitive behaviours, ritual, confinement,  
and inculcated slavery

yet the promise is never withdrawn,  
'otherness' is always on offer  
tho rodent brains know only what they are taught  
and their confined behaviours allow

surely it is now time to effect y/our escape  
into the New, real Freedom of otherness

## Silk Ears

“the wind cries, mary ...”  
sings jimi,

yet mary is also contrary,  
if u say right Mary says left  
tho the seething mass of maggots  
in the middle see neither direction,  
they feast frenetically on the corpse  
of civilisation

they see a river which they name,  
reinforcing the delusion that the river is  
somehow mapped, located in time and space  
tho we know we never step into  
the same river twice

with silver bells and cockle shells ...,  
thus mary’s garden grows

i’ve never had a girl called mary,  
perhaps i am fortunate,  
Felicity, Prudence and Virginia  
are my true loves,  
they each possess their own integrity

the silver bells tinkle in the wind,  
the river remains in flux  
and the seething mass of moronic maggots  
feast on corpses and shit until they take wing  
as developed blowflies

my grandmother once quoted an old folk saying  
from the village in which she was born:  
‘if you follow a blowfly it can only lead you to shit.’

and that defines the character of the seething masses --  
would you waste ur time on a lost, impossible cause?

pig's ears and silk purses are another story

yet mary was once a virgin pure  
until the maggots despoiled her  
with an impossible conception

wonder no more why mary is so contorted  
and contrary today --

how does Your garden grow?

## A Day

ur hair floats like a sail and turns like a gull  
in the sea breeze  
the two of us perched on cemetery hill  
overlooking the moving sea and sky

gravestones and the city are behind us,

this cemetery occupies multi-million dollar  
real estate development  
but famous Australian poets are interred here,  
their spirits have protected this awesome space  
for over a century

the wind is fresh and vital with accumulated energy  
from the sea, which is spent before it reaches the city  
of the living dead

palm branches move slowly singing a slow harmony as they move; u  
do not speak, as words interrupt the experience, here, now

i turn and watch ur face turned to the wind like  
a totem on the bow of an old sailing ship,  
there is nothing to do and nowhere to go  
Being is more than sufficient,  
everything is in its space/place

u smile speaking volumes without the need of words  
i respond in kind which prompts u to draw closer  
and snuggle into my side,  
my arm automatically allowing ur new position,  
curving around ur back ending with my hand  
resting to the side of ur breast  
u respond and rest it gently on ur breast  
not a word to interrupt the intimacy

or haul us back into petty distractions

assured and at peace the two, without interference,  
become one, effortlessly

the plurality of everything here begins to merge  
into a voluptuous dance of experience/existence, bliss  
perfection.

Joy is always available on this earth if we choose

## Turn Around

the throngs raise their arms in anguish  
muted, they have no voice, beseeching silently  
for someone to save them from the folly they created --  
God save us, but there is no God that saves  
anyone from their own folly and self-inflicted torment  
they must learn to take responsibility or perish

their leaders rant, rave and lie, blaming others  
for the worsening situation, 'it couldn't be our fault,'  
we're exceptional, God is on our side, they have been told  
by their lying leaders yet there is nothing exceptional  
about ignorance, cowardice and blind folly

i look down on these poor, pathetic fools  
always willing to point a finger but too frightened  
to look in a mirror and see their true state

what to do with these ignorant fools?  
they cry for God and safety, forever trembling in fear;  
it's simple to be a saviour to the ignorant, we shall supply  
a suitable idiot to lead them to the destruction they have created  
for themselves --

do not think this solution harsh  
as their own God advises that the blind  
lead the blind and the dead bury the dead --  
we are not this heartless

clearly it is death they seek to free them from their torment  
so ignorance and death is the order of this and every other day  
for this star-spangled throng

though some see the clarity behind the lies, the life behind  
orchestrated wars and the mass murder of innocents --

horrors these people create and then wish to be saved  
from the consequences of their own perverse actions, not a chance!

turn around and see who really leads this nation to ruin  
listen to your instincts, you know it's all wrong  
and that your leaders Lie -- so what to do?

make it right -- take responsibility for your previous perverse actions  
and inactions,  
make it right

purge the vile filth that has stolen the capitol  
return government to the people and then take responsibility  
for your lives and nation, as no-one anywhere is saved  
from their own folly

turn around and face the enemy Within -- overcome  
and restore your nation/society  
then come to us -- the Gods only lend an ear to those  
that break their chains and fight for justice and freedom,  
Not for filthy lucre

begin this fight against the enemy Within  
and what is outside becomes your friend

the Gods only listen to free men, not star-spangled slaves  
that cry like babies bound only by paper chains.  
Real freedom is earned Never bestowed by anyone, man or God

Wake up doodles, unless you wish to go down  
with the blind fools and cowards

perhaps i should also add that no cowards are able to enter paradise

Rise up, Overcome and Earn your freedom on earth  
and your place in Paradise or remain subservient  
and choose to perish like the cowards you are.

Your choice!

## Books

reclining with my favourite little booke,  
a gem of a book that always inspires  
poetry

its covers are like a persian mosque  
layered in colour and geometric patterns  
its paper is somewhere between parchment  
and human skin  
it inspires because nothing is printed on its pages,  
nothing whatsoever

it tempts me at times to jot a note  
or doodle but that vandalous act would deflower it  
and its virginity is what makes it what it is  
whereas female virginity is meant to be given and taken

white walls in this cave beg to be drawn and painted  
with lyric lines of strange beasts, match-men,  
none are without their phallic representation,  
engaged in the hunt and dance

i take a charcoal piece from the fire and let loose,  
my arm and wrist do all the work moving like waves,  
crests and flicks

after a few hours of semi-trance my arm withdraws  
the white walls of the cave now brandish what is outside it,  
various living creatures and scapes  
i have not learned to write yet as it hasn't been invented

aeons pass, now words that express the inexpressible  
tantalise like gems fixed firmly in the rock walls  
i have tried to loosen them and incorporate them into my poetry  
but to no avail they are firmly fused in the cave wall

perhaps an explosive charge may yield one of these gems

imagine a word that expresses the inexpressible  
which would by its nature would transform everyone that read it

i once tried a crow-bar but not one word could be freed  
and so i am left with only common words that express  
what they intend

like an awakening from a dream you appear  
ageless, though decades have passed since first we met  
i now approach seventy while you maintain your nubile appearance  
yet it is not my body you love, it is the lights i conjure with words

i once conjured a spirit and various demons with incantations,  
though using the art for protection, these spirits freed  
are dangerous to mortals, they drive them into crazy frenzies  
and lead them into spaces from which there is no escape

i am very careful with words as i know they possess power to hurt or  
inspire, to draw and repel, indeed i know my art, i was taught well by  
a magician and a pythoness

my love for you endures like an indestructible column  
though i choose to slice it and offer each circular wheel  
to you which you fasten to your chariot  
to see where each new wheel takes you,  
we have traveled half the universe in your golden chariot

in the end i would write one last verse for you alone,  
i have a secret

i managed to loosen and take one of those magic gems/words,  
this one realises the inexpressible Forever,  
i need not write another

# Things

the still whiteness deceives, its serenity harbours  
explosive force

certain actions realise certain results  
a potential avalanche at critical mass needs  
very little to trigger the devastating fall  
what we know is where it ends in the valley/lowland after  
everything on the slopes has been impacted

the picturesque village at the bottom of the mountain  
seems like an array of doll's houses

a wise sage once informed me that thoughts were things  
as powerful, if not more so, than actions

a rifle-carrying fool knowing nothing of the danger  
shoots at a wild goat the report rings through the valley and  
echoes, locals dread the result

similar thoughts attract each other in the ether  
and become a cumulative force seeking expression  
they grow, fed constantly by men's minds

another harsh crack is heard but not from a rifle  
the ice and snow near the top of the mountain  
is released, in an instant the entire accumulated snow and ice  
roars down the side of the mountain and buries the village  
snapping the houses like so many matchsticks

it is not an accidental result, though the fool with the gun,  
unaware, triggered the devastation

accumulated good and bad thoughts vie with each other  
until one becomes stronger and overwhelms the other,  
how simple it is to think, speak and act for the good of all,

which ensures the good of all

today, however, there are too many 'armed' fools ready to kill others and themselves ...

"We don't like that kind of behaviour, don't be so [reckless](#), put down your guns."

## Reluctance

certain poems like bullets  
pierce the brain of the  
living dead but never awaken  
the dead to the reality of themselves

a bullet shudders a reluctant poet  
and drags him to the keyboard --  
some poems are violent  
interrupting peaceful rest  
and pangs of joy  
demanding to be expressed  
caring little for the medium

they reach out disguised as tracks to those  
that discover or are targeted

blood oozes from a small calibre temple wound  
like unfulfilled desire until  
the air arrests its slow seeping progress on bare floor and rug  
forming coagulations that remain in memory  
staining a future that could never be free  
of the past

fires burn in the night reflected in dead eyes  
but never warming a soul

the moon hangs precariously in the jet sky  
buoyed by the blackness,

the stars keep a safe distance as they know  
this planet of perversions and its paralysed moon  
amount to nothing good

puddles of tears reflect only the stars

as tears contain the salt of bitter experience

this bullet fails to make a difference as the dead  
cannot die twice,

bang, bang, bang

# 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 gathered 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 ...

## Portrait

another mauve morning,  
saturday, flea market day at the  
old church, why not, perusing  
bric-a-brac may reduce the length  
of reduced mental focus and lingering hangover

bumping and manoeuvring didn't help -- a stall  
of old wares, junk mostly, revealed a frame turned  
backward hiding a painting or photograph

on request the vendor turned the frame about  
revealing the haunting face of a very young woman  
slightly in profile tho with eyes focused, it seemed,  
on the viewer, an illusion most portraits are known for,  
nevertheless, these eyes seemed to fixate the vision  
drawing the viewer into the picture -- if not for the eyes, the portrait  
would have been of a post pubescent girl but the eyes were too  
heavy with experience, intent, probing and knowing

how much?  
ten dollars  
sold

returning to the loft i hung it where once a picture  
adorned the wall leaving a tell-tale rectangular cleanliness;  
oddly the portrait frame fitted perfectly and so harmony was restored  
to the wall

days passed into weeks the girl forever watching  
every movement, every event that transpired in the loft  
in which i spent most of my creative, debauched  
and restful hours yet my invited liaisons were disturbed  
by the portrait as the position of the bed forced a direct view;  
indeed, it was/is the eyes, which did not disturb me in the least

years passed and many more short liaisons, the portrait was a saviour as no prospective partner lingered long enough to cast their particular net, i often marvelled over this occurrence and smiled at the portrait unaware it responded ever so subtly

years turned into decades during which time many literary pieces were produced and published, it was a living

now approaching middle age i took the trouble to inspect the portrait closely; the eyes seemed painted by another artist so compelling they were, the colour of the eyes from a distance did not reflect the slate-blue-green tinges which contrasted with a pale complexion

i drew back a little then forward again fascinated by the change in the intensity of the gaze until like a lightning bolt to the brain i recalled/recognised the young woman in the portrait and a promise i failed to keep but not from this life

i returned to my desk, emptied the glass of green ginger wine and began to type

## Pine

a solitary pine overlooks the sea  
sprinkling needles on the ground  
in heavy rain

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  
clear as clarity dripping rhythmically  
on my face and shoulders

i draw closer to one 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

## Night Murmurs

i write at night  
almost till dawn  
if possessed by the impulse  
during the night little sounds issue  
from the throats and mouths  
of those slumbering around me

my girl sleeps behind me  
on my sofa tonight  
she likes to be near  
tho while i write  
i am not given to distracting conversation,  
she is happy to be near

'what's that u say?'  
a mutter escapes from her lips,  
no response so i swivel around  
and see she is in deep sleep  
tho moving her lips and hand

another little gasp, so i swivel around again,  
dead to the world but alive in a dream as her body  
gently twitches and writhes

she gasps again and her body relaxes,  
her breathing slow and rhythmical

i decide to write this poem  
of the event, after which i attend to her breakfast  
and take a break from my keyboard  
and involve myself in her needs,  
which speak louder than her little murmurs  
at night, tho i dare not show her this poem

## Grass Parrot

the australian grass parrot  
all but extinct, the victim of ravaging  
introduced foreign foxes and cats  
yet it persists today in secret places  
undiscovered by feral foreigners

its plumage is plain making it  
almost indistinguishable  
from the wild grasses it inhabits

it has another survival mechanism,  
it remains motionless when threats are near  
and only takes bursts of flight when  
pressures are great

it is active at night

leaving the city and the fine company of scholars and city poets  
pursued by text groupies forever offering their crotches  
to poets of repute

i turn a yielding white page ready to write but the plumage of fine  
high class whores winked and nodded through foyers  
by the knowing staff of leading sydney hotels  
distracts from my intention

birds of colourful, fine plumage are hunted for their feathers  
they live explosive colourful lives and burn-out young;  
educated elite clients drain them of colour before their time  
discussing matters philosophical, political and mercantile but not  
escaping

the primal desire of cavemen,

wandering the bush like a vagabond those i meet see me  
as in a mirror and feel no threat or discomfort, how easy  
my journey in the plain plumage of workers

night falls with moonlight shining like the steel  
of my bush knife tho my route never takes beaten  
roads and trails, i seek the soft grass tracks of bush animals

reaching the top of a small hill i push  
the foliage aside, a billabong below reflects the full moon  
in its black still water to perfection

i wonder when i will reach for my notebook

## Silver Threads

the earth's horizon merges with the sky  
leaving no reference from which to locate  
a vessel in the vast expanse of ur eyes

lost in these mesmerising whirlpools  
i search for ur centre but spirals rob space,  
time, distance of all meaning,  
tho will remains, while my life essence  
involuntarily pours into ur vortex

liquid sky absorbs all into its  
rarefication --  
transported, free-flying  
in the limitless great ocean  
of ur being

should i lament my lost body/soul, now captive  
like an insect that flies into a web  
but u are not a spider tho ur invisible web  
holds me fast, the more i resist  
the more entrapped i become

are u so hungry that u would not allow  
voluntary surrender? it seems so,  
yet i have never completely fallen prey  
to anyone/thing but my own folly,  
u see, i continue to assert control by  
releasing my every impulse to free myself  
from ur grasp

u circle me watching dispassionately  
like a panther blacker than the night,  
u follow my light while hiding ur own  
yet ur ruby laser eyes are incapable of

disguising ur penetrating beams

so i follow the burning rays into ur  
innermost being, which u have not defended;  
ur spine now visible but only from inside ur core,  
the middle pillar of ur self

i watch ur iridescent currents  
moving thru ur spine, nerves  
and the light beaming from ur eyes,  
i see an entrance in the solar region  
and pass thru into ur quickening

u are now mine,  
i push down to ur sacral triangle  
and arouse ur fire  
forcing u to twitch in unbearable pleasure,  
and u imagined i fell prey

now fully mobile, i spin ur pleasure-wheel  
ferociously until u lose every notion of why  
u imagined u could trap the sun

i travel every delectable part of ur  
72,000 fires burning ur essence  
for fuel

now fully agile i move to ur heart,  
throat, now spinning in synchronisation  
with ur sacral pleasure-wheel

i rise to ur single eye between the ruby redness  
and see my escape thru the crown of ur head  
which is now a liquid silver bowl of shimmering light

if i move toward it and make my escape  
all ur fires would move with me  
killing u instantly as i exit ur crown

tho my intention is not to kill  
only to release

i gather ur essence and fashion a golden phallus  
while sitting on the seed in the middle of ur brain --  
no, u will not die this time tho i would make my escape

i move to ur crown aperture  
and push the golden phallus thru  
watching u explode into the All,  
where is ur power now?

i emerge withdrawing the phallus  
leaving an open crown aperture  
which remains open screaming a high pitched  
*'shreeemm, kleeeemm, iieeeemm'*

i surrender ur vanity to infinity  
until u dissolve in my ocean of ineffable  
Bliss  
*'hooomm, puutt, swaha!'*

## Dying Horizons

blood red splashes across  
the azure blue, a dying sky  
fired by the passion/sun of day,  
bleeding at the inevitable approach  
of night

the painted sky is not without its  
participator creating the scenic wonder,  
an artist's heart bleeds its passion  
into the setting sun  
screaming the loss of warmth  
and life-giving rays of one loved  
and lost to the dark

memories slice through fragile reality subverted  
by an infinite array of experiences, every jot  
recorded in the fluid perturbations of existence

do not cry for me i am dying the loss  
as day beseeches and groans  
the disappearance of the sun

it is the night of my darkest emotions  
lapping on the shores of despair yet unlike  
the living dead i know a new dawn  
would revive my life and transform  
my soul, as in reality no day is as another  
though for the living dead they repeat  
their little soul-destroying rituals, crucifying  
every opportunity offered by the wonders of creation --  
senses abused by constant repetition atrophy  
and no longer return scintillations to the heart  
and eye

why travail for the dead or attempt to  
engage them as they are more dead than the buried  
dead, they fail to see, hear, feel, smell and taste every glorious  
moment of life/light, preferring to serve the forces that induce the  
paralysing darkness of their minds

it was said of old let the dead bury the dead  
and the blind lead the blind into the pit  
where escape is absent --  
finely tuned senses and minds are required  
to locate escapes yet these dead and blind see  
only what is presented to their limited perception

every sunset is unique as is everything in this  
world, no named river retains its form from second to second  
rivers and every manifestation on this earth are pure flux  
as is the cosmos but the blind mistake the flux for solidity  
as their senses are dulled, what is moving frenetically  
they see as inert

there is nothing that can be done for the dead  
as they like rivers continue until they are able to see and feel  
every tiny fluctuation in the sea of light/reality after reality explodes,  
dies and reignites itself, though the process of creation creates,  
preserves and destroys simultaneously,  
one state cannot exist without the other so real life involves dying,  
living and dying again and again every nuclear second embracing all  
as one, and the defining of what appears to be the many

how dull are the dead that count illusions as real  
there is only one appearing as many in the dreams  
and profound darkness of the blind

reality is instantaneous birth/death  
all experience is swallowed in the instantaneous  
regardless on which plane or realm  
is inhabited

there is no heaven or hell as formulated  
by enslavers and blind fools, as nothing endures  
and nothing is able to interfere with the continuous transformations  
of creation

the azure deepens to indigo  
and blue-grey, the redness  
to deep marrone then night overtakes every remaining shadow  
until the utter darkness is displaced by the  
light of an utterly new transforming day  
do not cry for my loss and gain as you know nothing  
of my gain, how do you hope to understand my loss?  
only the loss that you have been taught,  
as you have been taught to repeat the same crucifying,  
repetitive ritual torments  
every day of your utterly blind lives

## Untrue Confessions and Sugar Plum Fairy

how fleeting the temporal pleasure,  
like heroin they demand repetition until  
either agonising withdrawal grips the body  
due to lack of supply  
or overdose due to over indulgence

yet i have never done anything in half measures  
totally in or out, no shades in between;  
is this passion a curse,  
a temperament that desires to swallow universes  
may be a blessing, tho i am yet to decide?

i have had decades to answer this question  
however, my need for exotic experience propels me,  
i have never been one to sit and wait for anything  
to happen to me like the poor slobs that populate this world

many weaknesses, which ruin most i have overcome with ease,  
no half measures makes for a powerful will  
so now to put this will to a breaking test  
until it either breaks or i break the self-imposed challenge,  
remember 'to rise by that which you fall'

after exhausting most offerings this bankrupt world strives to obtain  
my folly has indeed bred a certain wisdom so now i must overcome  
existence itself and taste of the eternal bliss of the creative impulse  
itself, nothing less would satiate my screaming soul

and so i took to it like a swan to a lake or a lioness  
to the throat of a deer  
i knew i was equipped so i placed  
a clean wax candle before my sight  
and sat eyes firmly fixed on the motionless flame  
resisting all attempts to blink

soon tears trickled from the corners of my eyes  
but i held fast until the flame exploded  
into another realm carrying me or rather my unrelenting  
focus with it

physically motionless, eyes fixed, my mind began to turn to liquid,  
thank christ or some other mythical 'god,' i was tired of it anyway  
who needs a mind in the creative centre of the universe?

the world had already become a child's ant farm to me  
so voracious was my appetite for everything that i  
grazed death on numerous occasions yet i was spared not once but  
too many times to be a mathematical probability

so it seems that we are all gifted with the means to survive our  
challenges so please do not come crying to me, find a solution within  
as nature has equipped us all with everything we need

now moving at blistering speed, tho my body remained motionless, i  
wondered without thinking where it would end, if end it would, but my  
intuition had already informed me that no end existed it was a racing  
continuum that confronted me, or rather in which i found myself --  
what fuckin' self?

there was nothing but process and light here, light of the most  
exquisite kind and permeations all of which were well beyond our  
spectrum of experience, and me a glutton for such experiences,  
plunged deeper into the kinesis until of course i lost my ability to  
differentiate

though some would say i had died to the world's appeals  
which now appeal like a dried, sun-bleached dog shit, the food of  
fools

i should stop this recollection here to inform readers that it was the  
indigenous/tribals that first taught me to sever the link between mind  
and body and fly, but this experience was different i remained

focused and firmly seated tho i wasn't to be found in that location it seemed i was making progress in the progress itself, i was arriving and returning simultaneously which experience neither fascinated nor perturbed me tho most would have lost their minds long prior

the lioness was suffocating its prey and the swan was gliding effortlessly across the lake of existence i had already openly shit in the faces of all man's created gods which are utilised to terrorise infants and transform them into terrified enslaved adults, how tragic for the cowardly victims, that surrender their sovereignty due to fear; i was piercing so many veils they appeared to be a wall of water like Niagara, i loved it. would this be my final leap or termination, it was impossible to determine

so on, on, on i went, onward to nowhere, which had an irresistible allure/quality, tho it would terrify most to lose notions of themselves or the notion of the self entirely

so far words haven't failed me tho they are becoming abstract, obscure of necessity, so i would continue until they do fail as surely they will as i continued to spiral into the void full of everything;

i laughed at all my past experiences and lives tho together they culminated in this moment which promised to continue

i had no idea where i was as i had no 'i' to speak of though certain qualities continued to guide me/you/everything to perfection, and perfection as we all should know is a quality not a form.

i had lost all connection to my body or so it seemed, tho i could care less for such dross containers, i mean really, physical bodies are forced to consume physical nourishment but so inefficiently that shit contains huge amounts of undigested nutrients, give me light to feed on which is clean and rarefied and requires no digestion only absorption, no waste products result from consuming light as food -- on i went and went, passing myriad qualities until i confronted a huge pillar of light formed in the shape of a phallus, not fallacy, which seemed to span the entire universe or so it seemed,

a golden peach and a deep violet sugar plum presented; strange, as i had already passed the realms of form so what is this, a test or a representation? either way i knew the sugar plum was a Yoni which birthed galaxies but the peach of gold perplexed me, should i consume it or leave it? without deliberating further i left it, however, it refused to remain where i had initially encountered it, it was always before me, a challenge no doubt but to what end in this endless realm?

the peach became a distraction so i decided to consume it, after which i realised it was my soul, so now my soul was no longer a source of distraction -- onward, forever onward i went

until i was abruptly returned to my body by a loud knocking on my door, it wasn't the tax man, it was an old flame i hadn't seen in years so i invited her in and fucked her into oblivion, that damn sugar plum had brought me undone again, or had it? No! it was irrelevant, as was everything else presented, so i returned to where i had started and ended and continued unfettered...

## Authenticity

so adept at accommodating/becoming others  
in order to facilitate  
an easy exchange  
i wonder at times  
whether or not this proficiency  
carries too high a price

it's too easy a fall-back,  
this ability usually wins out  
in the end  
so i reach for it like a junkie  
reaches for a syringe  
rather than try to do it  
the hard way --

fuck the hard way  
life's been hard enough  
wearing my heart and soul  
on each sleeve  
leading with my most  
vulnerable and sensitive  
parts  
trampled and tortured  
either by design  
or by accident,  
the difference is academic  
as the pain is the same

now i close reflexively  
at the slightest probing touch  
like a sea anemone  
vulnerable in the tidal pools  
between land and sea  
the indecision of the anemone

to commit to either realm  
is me

between worlds,  
inhabitant of none  
i have misplaced my authenticity -

catch me at low tide  
looking up from my tiny pool  
but beware, my soft red flesh  
hides a sting which kills  
instantly

## 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.

The current book has been gathered from his many poems relating to personal growth, social transformation and life's challenges --  
*assistant editor*

## **Other books by the author:**

Infinite Consciousness

Love and Erotic Poetry

Sun Moon Star Poetry

Nature Poetry

The Poetry of Transformation and Revolution

Selected Essays I

Selected Essays II

Selected Essays III

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