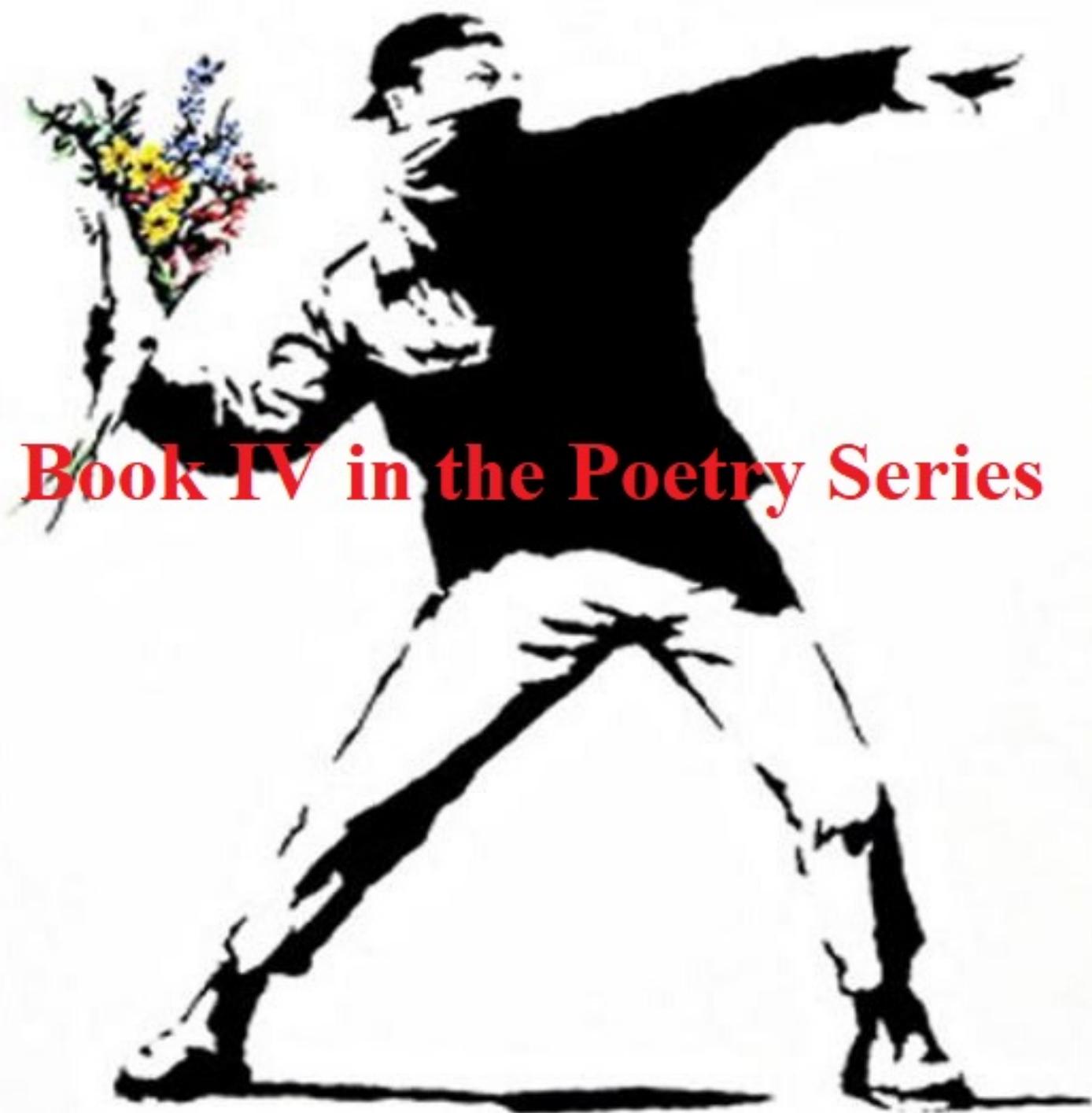


The Poetry of Transformation and Revolution



Book IV in the Poetry Series

Lindsay Traynor

Table of Contents

The Poetry of Transformation and Revolution

Introduction

Quantum Entanglements

Imprint

The Lie of Predetermination

Night Fliers (Bogong)

Rising

Feign

Senseless

Waste

Meaning

Walking

For You

Clock

Counterfeit

Here and There

Poem

Today

Ventriloquy

Naked Angels

Freedom

Quality

Crooked Mile

Magus

Compensation

Blowing Desolation

Forsaken

Birth-Death

Sand

Instantly

Consumed

Progress

Purpose

Suddenly
Few
White Sands
Waves
Plain Sight
Transition
Eternity
About the Author
Other books by the author:

The Poetry of Transformation and Revolution

Collated and edited by the author/poet, Lindsay Traynor

Book IV in the Poetry Series

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

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

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

"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

Introduction

It is self-defeating to write reformative and/or subversive revolutionary material about any existing culture. All the great philosophical, religious and political treatises that we imagine were/are new are merely reproductions of culture as process -- Why/how? Simply due to the fact that culture resides internally as 'mind' – distinct from consciousness – and externally as a social phenomena, though both productions are inextricably bound in an extremely tight symbiotic relationship by Language.

Mind cannot be separated from thought and the content of thought is learned from external culture via the socialisation process, which we are all subjected to by necessity if we intend to survive in a particular cultural environment, as we are indeed a social species and therefore subject to this process.

Whatever we think (thought content) after the socialisation process remains direct cultural content learned from external sources, primarily media, in its broadest sense today; and regardless of how many 'twists' or variations we may imagine we have created individually the process is nevertheless bound by thought (cultural concepts) and learned (superimposed) cultural values, which utilise the 'magical' medium of Language.

Language is the dynamic propulsion engine of culture and any 'new' broadly accepted word/concept merely becomes another internalised thought concept of culture which may or may not survive depending on a number of factors, the strongest of which is widespread acceptance/Belief.

Have you never questioned your particular status in life and why how you arrived at your current position? If not, it's time to question the most fundamental aspects of culture and its conditions, processes and productions, freedom-slavery and all the associated unequal distributions of the naturally occurring and inequitably distributed

available cultural productions and not forgetting, the concepts of appropriation and ownership. If done then it quickly becomes apparent that inequality and authoritarianism is characteristic of All cultures.

Culture in effect reproduces itself internally in mind before it reinforces external culture by relational behaviours (working for example) -- as external culture is dependent on its subjects/slaves as a resource or source of its maintenance, production and reproduction.

The majority remain subject/Enslaved to it by automatically sharing imposed/learned values, behaviours and beliefs, which are all text/language based cultural products. So which/whatever 'new' direction/variation of thought one imagines one is creating it nevertheless becomes self-defeating as it is nothing more than a variation of the old as there is no such thing as a cultural void or vacuum from which to draw. All cultures are thought dependent and rely on pre-existing core value or belief systems regardless of how the 'new' variation may be 'dressed' or appear -- in the end it is simply culture repeating itself. However, if these belief systems are interrogated they All reduce to arbitrary, abstract, or imposed fictional values and narratives.

Thought (language) or internalised culture, which is not necessary for physical survival but is essential for the reproduction and maintenance of external culture, is always behind All cultural processes, manifestations/productions -- which form the substrate structural and socially adhesive aspects of culture; and in that sense there truly is nothing new under the sun regarding man's condition.

It, thought or internalised language, also explains why political revolutionary movements all end in authoritarian systems; for instance, the extreme 'left' and extreme political 'right' meet and shake hands in totalitarian/authoritarian oppressive regimes with minority, unrepresentative ruling elites at the top, those who have more than they need, and exploited slaves, the majority of which are

fed only enough to enable them to serve elites, at the bottom; history verifies same as All cultures are essentially authoritarian structures regardless of transparent names and veneers like 'democracy'.

For instance, all theological systems of belief promise a paradise after one dies but robs believers of the paradise and joy of life here and now. The ruse is simple, suffer exploitation, hardship and misery now so you earn the right, according to priests, to enter paradise if you adhere to essentially these fictional, elite serving, belief systems written and broadly disseminated by elites and those that serve them, a reality easily verified since the beginning of recorded history.

The word Freedom often touted by politicians in so-called democracies is utter bunk, as subjected people (promised opportunity) are robbed of real opportunity, the joys of living and the means by which opportunities are able to be exploited, as clearly only the rich get richer today.

Nevertheless, religion has proven itself a successful means of managing (exploiting) large groups of people, as the policing, behaviour modifying aspects exist in mind/thought, inculcated at early impressionable developmental stages by already subjected/enslaved parents and reinforced by external cultural institutions managed by elites.

The same applies to political systems and movements, the originators exploit those converts that are Led to Believe they would build a fairer more Utopian society and system in which everyone is equal -- the absurdity of these obvious lies (ideologies) should now be apparent to all and if one cares to investigate and research the matter, recorded history would provide all the proof one requires for verification of the Farce and fictions in which we live.

Moreover, large societies have Never departed from the minority ruling elite and enslaved masses model though many revolutionary and social reformers attempt real change but culture always returns to its essential existing structures. They always very quickly return to

the 'authoritarianism' of the elite-slave paradigm and there is good reason for that as humans must first understand what real freedom is and then transform themselves into beings that cannot be enslaved if any hope of a lasting revolution without is possible; trained minds must be transformed and purged of antiquated, superimposed fictional belief systems/structures prior to attempting to transform any external culture, which are all maintained and supported by subjects, in the literal sense; and if these subjects maintain old authoritarian models internally in mind then those tendencies would quickly reproduce another authoritarian system of minority elite rule and mass slavery, regardless of name or veneer.

The dilemma of breaking free of this process has challenged free thinkers throughout the ages, particularly breaking free of prevailing authoritarian structures.

To cite one of the latest, Roland Barthes, a French academic who 'authored', the irony is not lost, a short paper titled the [The Death of the Author](#), inferring the death of all text based authority, particularly religious (we should now be aware that culture is text/language based) was one of the major influences and instigators of Post-Modernism, in which persons retake authority, as Barthes basically stated that readers (decoders/interpreters) not authors create their own authority via interpretation; therefore the subjective choices of readers are as valid, if not more so, than those espoused by authors (authorities). Hence people are now able to elect their gender, regardless of genitalia, nevertheless, changing one's name from Jill to Jack doesn't grow a phallus nor does the reverse grow tits so it's all a bit of a wank.

However, half a century after Barthes' seminal paper we have 'political correctness' (PC) gone mad, legal elective genders and transgender toilets in some schools, which phenomena are all culturally produced today, so what in essence has occurred?

Culture either detecting a threat or for other purposes (profit) has appropriated that thought/ideology system, which if it stubbornly

resisted may have culminated in its structural demise.

Nevertheless, these rather minor and unpopular variations have Not disrupted the core structures of authoritarian minority elite rule, as exploitation, inequity and mass (debt) slavery continue.

This is not the fault or failure of the author which provided the key to dismantling all cultural authority as 'given' (unquestioned) and naturalised, rather it was/is the radical adaptability of the capitalist system itself, which almost automatically appropriates any sub-cultural or ideological variations that threaten it, furthermore, true to form, it then attempts to profit from these new bastardised appropriations.

Nevertheless, the impact on religious organisations/ideologies and other unnecessary belief systems have been fairly strong as indeed conservative religious organisations rather stupidly resisted the notions of Post-Modernism and continued to insist on the authority of the (interpreted) text rather than adapting and exploiting as capitalism does successfully.

For example, in the Christian context it would have been a very simple matter to sell/adapt Jesus as a radical Post-Modernist, as he did reject the authority of the ruling elite priest class and subverted cultural behaviours/habits such as stoning women etc; in fact even the Roman governor Pontius Pilate, asked Jesus what is Truth? That question is PM to the extreme, however, conservative, 'anal' religionists cannot adapt as they prefer living in prescribed/formulated 'boxes' though few can agree on interpretations of the text, as demonstrated today; Christianity is the most fragmented of all the major religions hence is imploding due to its lack of radical adaptability, without refuting essential core teachings, which in Christianity is Love, one of the most, if not the most Post-Modern word in existence.

I think it is fairly safe to end this discourse here as culture's power structures and fantasy belief systems, theocratic, political, scientific

(Newtonian) agreed upon measurable 'facts' -- now disproven by quantum physics -- or any other 'authority' is easily seen as an agreed upon shared fiction by other scientists/elite specialists that now support extended or 'new' theories, which if they become broadly accepted would produce, as yet undefined, new 'realities.'

So what of Pilate's PM question, what is truth? Indeed, Truth exists but it cannot be found in any culture, due to the simple reality that truth is by nature infinite as is the universe and all cultures are finite and depend upon quantitative (measurable) finite structures particularly language/thought, which quite obviously very few escape due to the need to socially share 'realities'.

However, the answer or the experience of Truth is easily had by simply sitting quietly and ceasing to think (voiding culture) for an extended period; and when this state of quietude is achieved mind/thought cease to exist revealing instead the full flowering of cosmic (infinite) consciousness which we and existence are born/created with, you were conscious before you could think. Why then would anyone fall victim to a clearly arbitrary, fictitious cultural superimposition of false values when mature enough to understand choice and the difference?

So, if you truly wish to reform/transform culture/society then you must first transform and free yourself, there is no other way.

Quantum Entanglements

if i split something composed
and separate two identical particles
in linear opposite directions
and measure the outcome
it appears that the two particles
are entangled or are in constant relationship
as they arrive at the point of measurement/detection
simultaneously regardless of the distance between them.

this appears mysterious to quantum physicists
whereas the mystery is easily explained as the
particle objects exist in a world of plurality (space/time)
as does the experiment, all of which processes are governed
by the laws of that world, our world;
however, all worlds and dimensions issue from a singular
substrate potential which manifests as the variegated in multiple
worlds/dimensions.

some may have taken for granted distance,
time/space, which is the fundamental of
measurement upon which science depends
so we see that every experiment leads to a predetermined
outcome whether that predetermination is known
by the experimenter or not.

entanglement is an illusion as the relationship
of one particle to the 'other' is created by the experiment,
nothing more.

entanglement is nothing more than one created, by measurement,
particle appearing in two locations simultaneously as neither particle
exists until measured/observed.

measurement is an illusion –

the root meaning of the Sanskrit word, 'ma-ya,' which translates as illusion, is to measure. do we have it now? no, obviously not, as the substrate potential has not been adequately explained.

a sufficient explanation is that its quality, un-form-ulated infinite potential, is behind all manifestation, hence the illusion of two particles whereas in fact there is only one, as it issues from the substrate of all things as one.

before there was measurement, which is the progenitor of plurality/illusion there was/is only One essence of everything which creates anything and everything according to the desire of the observer.

that is why properly planned experiments always produce that which is intended by the experiment not necessarily the experimenter, which entity may not be unaware of the process of production and all the laws that govern it.

the laws of a world/dimension create that specific world which leads to the conclusion that consciousness formulates everything that exists though that consciousness is one with the substrate potential and cannot be separated from it as it issues from it, it is it!

now note that consciousness cannot be apprehended as something because it is that which apprehends – it has no plural qualities in and of itself yet it becomes every quality/quantity catalysed and created by intention/desire in our world/dimension and every other.

physicists attempt to comprehend that One essence from a plural world perspective in which things are produced by consciousness, which is without quality, however, there is no 'spoon,' apple or orange in the pregnant world of the measureless (no space/time) only potential.

in actuality (space/time) measurement does not exist in Reality only in created (by mind from consciousness) dream worlds of plurality of which mind is also created in that world; however, consciousness is unborn, un-created, as it is Infinite, without beginning or end therefore measureless though its products are measurable as created illusions though appearing 'real' within that (dream)world context.

the indivisible point of origin is One though not particular and remains as substrate supporting all worlds/dimensions of plurality, which as explained are nothing more than dream worlds mistaken for reality.

if the process from potential to manifestation is understood then appearing in any location instantly becomes a matter of ease, in this sense moving from any location in the 'known' universe to another regardless of distance (space/time), is done instantaneously without friction as we are dealing with pure manifestation not travel through matter or energy.

there is much more that could be explained but man in his present state is not qualified to know or is he capable of understanding, as he has become divorced from the source of existence/manifestation due to erroneous and false beliefs which create discord.

man must become One with universal harmony and the Infinite prior to realising its laws which are only mysterious to the unaware and disconnected.

Imprint

a flower regardless of its evolutionary course
never escapes what it is, a flower
so too the animals, however,
sapiens are distinct in that they have a unique,
inherent ability to be self aware
though no qualification is required for the self aware
as awareness qualifies itself.

so, to what end/purpose does each thing
aspire or evolve? simply to be exalted as itself,
as in that exaltation is completion fully realised.

a perfected rose cannot help but be perfected
as all other non-cognisant things,
a pig wallowing in shit is in instinctive bliss
as it was born to it and does not question.

yet sapiens differ as they question everything
including themselves to arrive at their perfection
which is not forced by nature,
sapiens must be free to rise or fall
in order to attain to their perfection
so sapiens have chosen to be simultaneously
connected and disconnected with all things
including the progenitor of all things.

the creator god of ancient Egypt
masturbated existence into existence
that lone god had no choice, it relied on itself
to create everything created then ceased its masturbatory
creation in order to develop into something greater than it once was.

alone initially it created companions to evolve and become perfected
in which process it also becomes perfected through its creation

which entity must seek initially within prior to seeking that which it created without, which in essence is itself.

the above is that which is below, and the inner is that which appears as the outer, herein is the trap and path to liberation or bondage for created entities.

mindlessness serves the natural world well as its program is perfect and harmonious by nature, what need of thought and cognition?

however, a conscious self-aware being is challenged as its perfection must be discovered or achieved to be appreciated, yet sapiens are also able to draw on the same instinctive process if they choose, the greatest knowledge is therefore emptying.

in that sense sapiens rely on nature to lead them to perfection yet a conscious decision must be made to accomplish that task, and do not imagine that process is simple as we have thought and cognition to deal with, which either liberates or enslaves us, we are stuck with the two-edged sword of self-awareness as potential gods if we successfully achieve, or become pigs wallowing in shit if we fail.

so do not trouble yourself with thought as it is circular, the origin and end is thoughtless yet fully aware as consciousness without content, we rely on its indelible imprint alone to recollect our inherent perfection.

The Lie of Predetermination

(A prose poem)

a dead branch cuts into the sky
forming a visually contorted erratic series of curves
and abrupt angles – shedding its bark
and revealing its smooth
white wooden flesh in its dying
though the branch of this conifer remains fixed to the
tree while other smaller branches lay scattered
haphazardly on the ground,
returned to the soil to nourish more life.

the mixed incongruous shapes of this dying leafless branch
defies predetermination as does the rest of the natural world,
nature never repeats itself, everything is unique in its living and dying
though it may belong to a genus, it remains unique from others of its
kind.

its shape advertises and confirms that existence was/is
beyond the anxious and fearful attempts of conservative minds
to impose formality/uniformity on existence and the human world,
we are all unique though susceptible to cultural lies, impositions and
domination.

'our' omniscient god planned everything the anal-ists say including
the future, existence is his predetermined design, they say, -- so why
is everything in the natural world unique, never replicated?

this 'minor' reality seems to have escaped the book-
learned/enslaved dictators that seek to impose uniformity in
appearance and behaviour on the slaves amenable to their absurd
misinterpretations, dictates and fantasies.

good luck, as the real 'book' of creation, cosmic existence

is the book of Truth/Reality directly offered by creation itself for all to See and read, only a fool and the profoundly lost would defy the obvious and opt for perversity, much to their great cost -- climate catastrophe, mass extinctions and future famine.

find me the life in any man-made book which is able to compete with one little living weed, flower or living blade of grass, you cannot. all living things hold secret a direct route to the living creative force, which necessarily supports by its nature ALL things, including the profoundly lost human race, though the option for return is always available.

nothing knows in advance how many veins and pores a leaf will have or the shape of the branch that supports it, the creative force leaves final outcomes to chance in order for the new and unexpected to emerge, in which process Life delights though an inherent pattern exists but not a fixed outcome, which is always new and unique like creation itself.

the pattern is always harmonious at its heart, it doesn't stray from its inherent harmonious push into existence, yet what it produces is always new and unique -- show me one grain of sand, leaf etc, on the earth that replicates another.

reach out, feeling and absorbing the Living with all your senses, there is nothing dead, static (or uniform) in this or any other universe.

infinity is unable to repeat itself as it would then cease to exist as infinity, the very difference impels it to continue, if god has a name Flux would be appropriate, not the profoundly stupid appellations given by men.

marvel at chance, which has produced everything that is, unique, ecstatic harmonious and pleasing, and realise the force within you from which you too are able to create and contribute to the greater harmony/symphony of Life, not the death that All religions spread like a plague on human societies.

theologians lie as they have no Truth to guide them, plain to see and verify, so they replace the harmony and beauty of reality and continuity with the discord and death of absurd destructive Dead books that only the feeble minds and children believe -- beings that fly or walk on water; have you seen a pig or cow fly with wings or without, which match the beauty of the smallest flying insect which nature produces effortlessly by the trillions?

storms strip the leaves and weaker branches from trees yet the tree stands firm already recreating anew what was lost, marvel at the profound simplicity of nature's intelligence which is evident in the seeds of some Australian plants that require fire in order to germinate, which adaption they learned after man and his hunting fires invaded the land.

what do humans learn? how to kill each other and destroy everything; 'subdue the earth' their perverse bible says and their genocidal god commands, clearly a god of lies, wanton death perversity and destruction.

all man made gods encoded in man made texts are devoid of the harmony that pervades existence -- sell your death, lies and perversity to each other, as you have done since you recorded your commands and fictions, which are clearly designed to enslave/misguide humanity and maintain elite rule.

predetermination is proof of the lack of spontaneous creation and chance, you lying fools -- nature's outcomes are never pre-designed, plain to See, existence is not a clock.

the push is always forward, undetermined, chance is the mother of creation/evolution – where is the life and joy of surprise and the New in predetermination? creation is not prediction, the tiny particles/energies of existence live and dance in harmonious chaos which produce the new, never reproducing the old.

i am ready to win, lose or draw and play/dance again, this game is
Life everlasting, everything continues in one form or another forever.

only the fearful, vacuous and fools are fascinated by dead fictions
and a predetermined dead universe, which clearly does Not exist.

Night Fliers (Bogong)

flying by night
seeks a luminary
to navigate

all earthly night fliers fly by the moon
with dusted wings ever so light
fluttering like airborne orgasms
which terrestrial creatures envy,
they seem to know the ecstasy
of our flight tho they prey on us continually,
spitefully jealous it seems,
but what do we care?

i alight on a wall attracted by electric light,
the downfall of my kind but nature,
as if aware of future technologies,
provided a strategy irrepressible,
we reproduce young by the millions,
impelled to reproduce again and again
in season

at times our flying swarms obliterate
sight of the moon from ground,
you terrestrials have no hope
of silencing the humming of our
dusted wings that flutter by the moon
in unspeakable delight

Rising

amplitudes rise though resonances
remain unchanged,
every sound, frequency, motion has
already been struck

existence expands to accommodate variations
of the existing tho there is nothing new in the new,
it's the same discords and chords
regardless of where one looks, sees
and feels

my wand made according to the art
is an extension, projecting will/power
at a target, there is no defense against this
projection as once created it continues
as all else, in one form/desire
though some vibrations harm and others heal
what to do with this power stolen from
the Gods/existence?

the juggler/magus/conductor manipulates what is, to produce
what is not, transforming what is thereby,
combined polar energies of their own accord
attempt to cancel or destroy their opposite
in order to neutralise what is not which eventually becomes
what is until another chord or discord arises from the
energy of both dissolutions, which raw, unblemished power
produces and births more harmonised chaos and creation

we are left at the beginning of creation always,
the notion of arriving is false as the journey
is the realisation of continuity beginningless and endless,
there is never an end to this symphony

what is your place in it, which resonant tone in this symphony is your particular signature? how high is the amplitude of your creation, as it remains undetected in the flux?

or have you learned not to Be?

Feign

another poem birthing
tho i have no idea what
it desires

this time language like assorted vegetables
and fruits are blended, not in some mysterious
way but like making a smoothie with a kitchen
blender -- it's rather puzzling as this hasn't
occurred before but the muse has her ways

in goes every word i can remember and many i have
forgotten plus the base solution
or liquid emotion in which everything
is emulsified -- so how on earth could something coherent
be the result, tho i never have doubts?

i was reading Kafka the night before
tho i do not relate to his dilemmas and anguish
awkwardly disguised in his skilled literary productions,
tho the surreal does appeal but trapped, pointless endings
leaving only existential crises, is pure Kafka,
tragic soul that he was

writers have no choice
they are forced to write about themselves
all the time regardless of how distant
or well disguised that self appears to be in the work --
the self vomits thru every sentence
but is re-consumed by the writer/dog who attempts distance
and once swallowed is regurgitated in an endless cycle of futile
attempts to hide

so now to this blend, the heavy liquid brew continues
to be without form so the blades of the muse

were utilised on this occasion perhaps
to instruct or simply to experiment --
has descriptive meaning been produced?

of course it has, you have just read it
but you long for meaningful emotion, something
you wish to hang yourself on
but after dog vomits which are re-consumed
and banal kitchen appliance metaphors
what good, merit or elevating meaning
is to be had?

none whatsoever as is clear, meaning
in a world devoid of it remains nevertheless
tho very easily hidden, unlike the feeble attempts to hide self --

this blend is pure prose without
a skerrick of the poetic artifice
but do not be disappointed/displeased
as allusions and meaninglessness
are plentiful -- meaning is the most
meaningless word in any language

there is no use throwing a rope
or lifeline to a person unaware they are drowning
they simply do not see it,
they painlessly enter the realm
of death in a dream state,
much like the dream they imagine
was/is their lives

Senseless

there is no sense to be had from dulled senses
that feed and pollute minds

what lasting gain or good is to be had from
the conflicts born of perverse avaricious minds?

give me pure water to drink which once flowed
freely over the land, give me clean air to breathe
which now is only available on the highest mountain tops

ur poison minds produce poison fruits,
u are killing the earth and its life
though ur dulled senses tell u
it's necessary for profit and progress,
but what profit/progress exists in extinction/death?

there is no mystery except the profound stupidity
of humankind that now rejects all things harmonious,
natural and clean

contorted minds twisted into knots
cannot hope to see the easy path
of harmony

so continue until u are no more
never knowing the paradise u have lost,
existence will not miss u

join the many failed species
before u; existence continues without the slightest regret,
only those aware of its harmony and peace
thrive in worlds beyond ur pathetic, poisonous
reach

you have only failed your profoundly stupid selves

Waste

why waste ur time with that (poetry)

i nearly clocked u for that remark --
do bears shit in the woods?

waste my time? is my life a waste by implication?
i am a poet it was not a decision it was and simply is
what i am

sometimes it rains and pours other times
squeezing juice from a rock but it flows
not by choice but by some other demand

u have so much to give

really? do u see the red arterial rivers that flow,
hear the sound of deafening silence in a quiet brain
or understand what only poets understand,
that we simply are reflectors, polished mirrors
of what needs to be said,
communicated

giving what no eye sees or ear hears,
award me a posthumous medal for woven seasons,
blankets of fire and molten lead to smother
ur senses, insensitive to the harp strings of paradise

drink with me that intoxicating reverie
that separates poets from the drear --
waste my time! waste, for fuck's sake

before me a reed so hollow it hisses

i will write my next poem on ur forehead

and brand u for life tho only poets
would see the scar

as for u and ur ilk
show me ur life with which to compare
my 'waste'

i see beyond the seen, before ur thoughts coalesce
into, let's get married and have kids, --
give me and urself a break

i am off to shit in the woods,
do u feel it burning?

Meaning

the meaning of meaning evades
understanding like a Zen koan,
it cracks then shatters mind
leaving only the pristine,
unblemished origination

how fearful this process,
plucking metal feathers
from grounded birds
that wish only to fly
tho the sky remains empty

streams and rivers must flow
to the sea and rise again
to the sky like spine fountains
that burst in the brain
spilling soma, birthing creation

a Lie was the cause of the fall
and Truth/reality sets all free,
watch rivers of light flow and circulate
to see

action arises from non-action effortlessly
allow the flow of soma to circulate freely, ceaselessly
by interrogating meaning

Be with me, tho this is no place
for personal pronouns, the steel feathers
that prevent flight

existence does not labour,
it simply becomes spontaneously,
the above is as the below and

that which is below must rise above,
the hot flows to the cold and the cold
warms to the above without effort

all the power in creation is there for
the taking if taking is effortless, spontaneous

sweat, blood and sorrow plague
those that try/labour
everything already is --
could you 'add one cubit or remove one jot'?

shattered pieces reform themselves automatically,
black roses and scarlet tulips do not exist,
the meaning of meaning cannot be defined
tho meaning defines then shatters all things

the void is full and overflowing,
saturated existence is void

this poem is not a riddle,
discern the meaning of meaning
to un-know, which unknowing
gives rise to all knowledge

this poem is not a poem
it's a koan saturated with meaning
tho appearing meaningless

in the end/beginning
u may discover that meaning
is meaningless

Walking

an irresistible urge to walk possessed me

gone were the days when i crawled
on knees and hands, watching my fingers
merge with grass and leaves -- i had not yet separated

i remember

dressed in heavy coat against the snows and cold
i took a step of my own volition two feet moving
by another force tho i was unbalanced, falling forward but erect

victory swept over me and filled my being
until a wall interrupted my progress
tho i could not stop,
walking alone was too intoxicating

i slammed hard into the wall and laughed -- so very young

i have been walking alone
and slamming into walls ever since

i remember my first victory,
the joy of it

For You

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

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

i recall two unnatural stares
which resulted in the death of the two
persons receiving, tho at the time i was unaware
that the glances were accompanied
by thoughts of death which force
engaged my vision and found actuality
in the demise of two who were unaware
of my focus

the wind does not whisper for u
nor does it sing

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

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

understand that while writing i am unaware
of my inner thoughts as the poem appears to write itself
and it's the deep thoughts behind the written
that find hidden, undetectable expression in events,
i dare not frame u in verse

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

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

fly by day and sleep peacefully at night,
ignore the spells cast by poets

Clock

an incongruous oddity
broke the usual harmony in my
life

not yet clear of the source
i began hunting it down

everything seemed in its chaotic place
in my studio until i closed my eyes
and deferred to my ears instead

it then hit me like a prick
the old clock was not ticking, it was tocking
and its arms were moving backwards

tock tick, tock tick

how could this be?
the clock had departed into the surreal
like Dali's melting

i thought little of this at first
until i realised that it was pulling
the rest of the room with it,
low tones became brighter
the ceiling became the floor
leaving me spinning without a fixed
location

tock tick, tock tick, on it went until
the melt set in

first the walls began to drip and then flow
slowly like treacle, Dali hadn't effected this before

so i grabbed my book on the history of art
before it melted

Vincent was alive and his swirls were
moving, the german dude's cock
was becoming erectile,
wtf?

until Munch's scream
transported me into the terror, the horror
but Pablo saved me
by locking me in a blue cube
until my clock regained its composure

hickory dickory dock,
tick tock, tick tock,
the mouse ran up
her what?
the clock struck One the mouse ran down ...
finish it yourself

tock tick, tick tock ...

Counterfeit

this is reality,
presented like a ghost
from the mouths of fools and liars --
u must adjust to it

i have no intention
as what u present
makes no sense
to my sense,
i cannot nor would i
adjust to a turd

seeing

i could see forever as a child
i had not yet been trained in blindness

i could hear angels sing
until i was taught the chromatic scale
now i hear only what it produces

i could fly on my magic cloud
and go anywhere i wished
by imagining,
now i am offered street directories

before i was taught to write
i could read the universe
now they give me books
with limited characters

haven't they yet realised
that innocence is full to overflowing
from the inexhaustible well within it?

today children are dying of thirst

Here and There

i came from there and ended here
but there is where my heart is,
as it is my origin

yet here and there become irrelevant
as location does not alter essential character

i am that which i always was tho
location attempts modification to suit

so here i am a warrior in a slave society
yet my blood is that of conquerors,
mongol and slavic, too strong to tame
yet they tried from my earliest years
with cruel punishments delivered by
cowardly, racist, anglo adults on a child,
so different, which only had the opposite effect
as my blood and heritage defied every attempt

u have today a person that answers only to ancestry/history
and Truth alone,
keep ur meek and mild social fantasies/deceptions to urself
they are for feeble minded slaves only

i have defied and fought to maintain my original nature
which cannot be compromised,
i would rather die a lion fighting
than an anglo dog whimpering in fear

now u see how easy u were conquered
by my ancestors, u shit-eating dogs,
u have forgotten what u are, as my origin is
ur origin tho u must fight to maintain
ur integrity, and that action is the irreconcilable

difference between us

look deep into my asiatic eyes
and see ur inevitable
demise

Poem

flowers bloom on the sea
the sky flashes gold,
it's not ur average day

blue lotuses carpet the waters
until i realise it's me
that is seeing what lies before and after,
there is no beginning or end
to this dream

i am the dreamer and dream,
on it flows and spins fast and slow
relative to the centre --
why deprive experience, why relinquish reason
for a dream of which i could describe much more?

but it should be obvious,
the dream created by the shadow rulers is a nightmare,
it's called civilisation and drips with blood and poison;
its inhabitants are cowards and slaves that do not weave
their own dreams, they prefer the poison offered
rather than delight in the food and ambrosia of the Gods,
though they are always welcome at the table

Today

if i had an eye
i would see
yet i have two and remain blind

if i had a brain
i would think and discriminate for myself
yet my two lobes accept a drip-feed from the matrix
and believe its fictions

if i had a heart i would feel
and empathise with the suffering of others
yet i am insensitive as my heart was stolen
for transplant to the highest bidder

if i had a soul i would know god
and delight in its creation
but i remain a modern man
as hollow and empty as a reed

Ventriloquy

raise the curtain and See the art
of ventriloquy

a pallid, cognisant being
speaking for you and himself,
tho the dialogue is scripted to entertain
and distract

the dummy here is alive tho devoid of sense,
such is the refined art of ventriloquy

but look closely and discover that the dummy
is familiar and the pallid being is your
adversary

he finishes his act and withdraws behind the curtain
unseen, tho the act continues via the apparatus
of the broader theatrical art
where it is more difficult to determine
the ventriloquists from the dummies

it becomes apparent that the dialogue
is non-existent, as the art behind the curtain
clearly emphasises the sole discourse of a scripted
monologue

Naked Angels

i had committed a crime.
grievous to monitoring eyes,
walking awake and aware
in crowds of automatons
that feign life from 9 to 5

they are chained by debt and serve their masters
grudgingly

and when released they grapple
with existence, as they have precious
little of it, stupor and dilemma is home

stolen souls cram IT jungles
anti-social media, accurately named
pretends friends, where titillations rule digital landscapes
inducing delusion, creating chronic masturbators,
physical and mental

tho digital titillations fail to satisfy flesh, blood
and bone, yet they persist, where else is there to go?

everything directed to self-pleasure in a world
now devoid of meaning and real companionship

perhaps abuse is more accurate
but then who i am to judge,
i am invisible adrift in a meaningless land of targeted
consumerism, buried in a world of another's making

beware,
do not repair to nature as u would stand blazing,
incongruous in the natural,
better to access ur smart device,

it gives comfort to false, created identities,
false 'friends' that do not know you or themselves
but belong to the same enslaved group

tho a trillion captured slaves and fools bleat, 'look, look!'
they never see what there is to see, freedom lost
to a voracious, parasitic monster

it suits me to hide in plain sight,
tapping keys, creating naked angels

Freedom

the Gods came and prostrated
before their maker, man,
is the creator inferior to that
created?

and so when all the religious and 'sacred' texts are read
the obvious becomes known,
all the books were written by men
and by consequence all the Gods in these texts
were created by men

and so would i pay homage to myself? not likely
that which exists above the gods and man is That
which i would honour -- Truth, yes, simple Truth,
no commandments or punishments, Truth
does not punish or lie like man and his religions

to whom should i pay homage, myself? not a chance

Truth is free, unconditional, and beyond the reach of
commodification
always free, available and forever abiding –
those qualities do me just fine

man in his delusion chokes on all his books
which preach slavery, nothing more,
only Truth sets us free as is known by all --
so what is this shit you are trying to sell me today?

Quality

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

learn harmony and respect from the tribals
that have managed to survive the murderous onslaught
of 'civilised' men and perhaps you too would discover
what you were really meant to Be

Crooked Mile

(Adapted from the nursery rhyme)

he found a crooked coin
a currency now forlorn
but didn't buy a crooked cat that
only caught crooked mice
or took up residence in a little
crooked house

he placed his crooked coin between steel
hammer and anvil plate
and beat it back to shape
restoring the harmony
that once prevailed
before that wicked crooked mile
contorted everything out of shape

he took his restored coin to that eternal straight gate
and paid his entry into paradise
for him and his wayward mates
proving to all that he was not
That crooked man

Magus

the wind has gone crazy
whipping silver and black eels
into the air, from the lake,
shooting them thru the trees like arrows

the lake heaves up leaving the bottom exposed
then drops back with a crashing splash which sends
the waters across the land to slowly return and re-form the lake
which again heaves up and drops down

i continue walking sideways in the wind, feet thumping against
the gusts from which perspective i see what few creatures see
the sun and moon in the sky simultaneously though in polarity
in which instant the sun and moon embrace
only to be ripped apart again and resume their polar orbits
in a surgically split sky displaying day and night at once divided

how strange these phenomena

withdrawing my crystal-tipped willow wand from its silk scabbard
i restore harmony and wonder

which evil sorcerer has cast this spell,
my enemies are many? nevertheless my magick
overrides the chaotic madness of sorcerers

u appear before me whispering rhymes and intoning names of power
but i detect it's not u and take another sip of potion which exposes
the black-eyed horned god that rules the affairs of men, what need
do i have of that thing too easily banished by the pentagram twisting
in my brain

the tar streets and steel tracks run in circles which meaningless
direction i am tempted not to rectify but man must continue in his

linear directions to oblivion

i flip two cards from my deck, the fool and hanged man, very revealing, i move my piece across the board, check, the game i mastered as a boy -- ur move

London bridge is falling down and everything appears normal again but u are my lover lost in the chaos to which u returned voluntarily, i hesitate to use my magick to save u, as it was ur choice, my fair lady

Chinese needles and pins pierce my skin scattering my harmony and power, i relax and the needles fall from my body

the sky returns to itself as night, with a shattered moon piecing itself together, birds return to the trees and eels to water

yet another night in the fight, against the deceptions and artifices of darkness, they never rest

they will never succeed -- if i falter, fail or die then my apprentice would assume my role and former position to continue the fight, his training is almost complete

the ladder and the angels descending and ascending, all is returned before dawn, except the shining serpent in the jewelled tree, how could i have overlooked it? hurriedly i return the lord of darkness and light to the tree and ease back gently in my geode fortress, in readiness

Compensation

they thought me slow as a child
due to my inability to express myself
verbally

like climbing cliffs and rocky ledges,
pausing, stumbling, waiting for words that flow
like rivers from my pen without a thought

from past life mistakes and abuses my mouth fails to utter
fluently and with eloquence, yet by way of compensation
any textual inscriber, pen, brush, stylus or keyboard
dances with my fingers, wrists and hands

i am confined to semi-silence purposely, the pen soothes and rages
according to what it wishes to encode while my mouth continues to
stall on everyday words

is it a curse, magic or both?
whatever is taken away is balanced by another facility,
fortunate is the poet that allows the pen to do the writing
and cursed is the mouth that cuts hearts and lives to the quick

i now know why and it pains me, so i allow it to flow from my finger
tips lest i choke on my own acerbic poison again; to harm with such
a weapon is unforgivable and so that weapon is now denied me. the
tongue has two sides like a sword tho soft, yet it cuts sharper than a
scalpel

now in silence do i communicate clearly and easily
though i have learned that the tongue should only sing praises
and bring joy to others

the vagus connects the heart to the tongue
so use with extreme caution lest you too harm yourself

Blowing Desolation

believe the wind blowing thru desolation
kissing hot lava, frying cool seas
stepping on the highest mountains
then returning to its secret place
in the pulse of creation

the perfection, the real
easily seen in the movements of the wind,
fire, rain, heaving seas and the expanse of space

yet it is the same harmony expressed by each
according to its uniqueness and character

the throat of a thrush moving waves in the medium
which appear as song like the sound of blood rushing thru veins
wet with whoosh'ing

the throb of heart and brain synchronised opens
the gates of paradise but remains closed
to the deaf, blind and insensitive

do you hear, do you see forever,
or would u remain as culture-created gnats
tugged this way and that by evil manipulations?

what! you do not see, hear or appreciate the harmony?

the only way to see the blueness of the sky is to
look up with your eyes

die in awe
then wait for the wind to reveal all it has touched
on this earth since it became itself

u need not believe
you have broken free,
you would see what is in
pushing out and that
which is out
pushing in

the heaving of the universe until it finds rest
in equilibrium then tires of its sleep
to awaken once again as a new cycle of creation

imagine all the energy in creation exploding
from the smallest indivisible point
then moving eight more times to create
everything that could Be
and you stuck in front of your evil TV
imagining that you See

Forsaken

waters rise to accommodate
the changes,
winds alter course affected by the sea,
the once hidden future becomes predictable

caught in the slow whirling cycles of change
dervishes dance, mystics shudder in divine bliss
there is no force able to disturb That irresistible flow

those given choice have erred, they have chosen death,
a slow death of torment, hollowing out life in stages
and yet they passively embrace their deaths as if harmonious
sustainable living is somehow impossible

sleepwalking to oblivion, the adversary triumphs
over the horde, too many forsake their gifts/options
allowing darkness to dominate the halls of power

yet the immortal rose unfurls its sacred petals
in sympathy with the pattern of creation

harmony and truth speak loud to those that have an ear,
perfection and beauty reign supreme to those that have an eye
though cleansing purges are visible on the horizon,
once again the cycle is ready to repeat itself

while all the while infinity dances
whirling, swirling in the ecstasy of creation
though torment for reasons known
is now preferred by the majority on this plane

and so it will be

Birth-Death

u urged me to jump
free-falling from a jutting ledge in the blue
of the mountains
into a dark valley below

u promised i would not die
tho death was assured --
believe me and live, u stated,
as if God had spoken

but the voice issued from within
tho its origin was somewhere unspecified
though more familiar than myself

have i lied to myself, a trick to extinguish
my tortures and joys on this plane,
or was it some strange possession?

it seemed impossible, thoughts racing at the speed of light
i had jumped without thinking and was in free fall,
no panic only exhilaration, certain this would be the last
of my many follies, the valley floor approaching
in slow and rapid motion

options reduced to nothing, in the hands of Newton
tho a flash screamed through my entirety --
surrender is ur only choice/option,
i would remain master by volition

i let it all go, including my life,
and surrendered completely
only to find myself elsewhere
flooded in radiant white light
drowning now in ineffable peace and bliss

u kept ur impossible Word
the very first word spoken

i continue though not as before
indeed, i died to my former tortured, ignorant self
and became a poet among other inconceivable things

Sand

(Adapted from Hermann Hesse's, The Glass Bead Game)

glass beads of great value and fascination
are bet in the game yet their intrinsic value is of
no worth whatsoever

i once accumulated with skill and cunning
many strings of the rarest beads
created by glass blowers in their fiery furnaces,
the owners often joking that glass is of the same value
as sand

yet an entire world is enslaved by this sand,
the worthless glass beads that men kill and die for

the tragic joke is on them for maintaining their false belief
in baubles and stringed trinkets

great palaces and glass towers are built from exchanging
beads and manipulating minds

the glass producers have kept hidden
the secrets of their unscrupulous trade for obvious reasons,
what real worth is a bead made from sand?

they feed off the toil and blood of duped innocents now forced
to exchange these beads as currency, parasites that easily
attach to the soft permeable skin/minds of the people to derive their
easy living

the lie is perpetuated daily by glass screens which the slaves
carry constantly not realising they carry their own subjection
in their pockets

i am forced to live in a landlocked, polluted city to maintain close proximity to the game and have only heard rumours of the sea in which swim powerful predators with serrated, razor sharp teeth making short work of their prey though it is said that small, fragile, weak, parasitic fish attach themselves to these powerful predators and happily hitch a ride while sucking the life-blood of their unaware hosts

Instantly

the deep scars of experience
trace my prints to the present,
looking behind counters the new,
cast vision forward
and see the teeming deep forests of the possible

mists rise above
some swirling, others dissipating,
some coming slowly to form though translucent
promising what? mysteries far from actualisation
indications only of a possible new course
which releases the bound from previous dreams,
nightmares and illusions

leave what is behind become (new), whispers the wind

a twitch indicates approval, a portend of rising, blossoming flowers
producing fruit overflowing, voluptuous with colour, texture and taste,
senses intoxicated dazzling mind and delineating the past from the
future and yet only in between in the present an invisible diamond
cleave hides existence bursting from the insinuated, imperceptible,
to fill all space and time which realm evades the mundane, yet its
fullness is overwhelming

succumb, surrender or miss the opportunity
of freedom from the known past and projected future,
die completely to everything, the lies and fabrications;
language is not necessary to communicate leave it
to the gibbering gibbons that adorn themselves in all
manner of delusions, false hopes and pretences that never deliver,
each failed hope replaced with another lie to rescue the lost and
morbid that unknowingly seek their own destruction
in order to escape their self-inflicted torment
how very sorry and incapable they are seeking death

in order to achieve salvation

never make comparisons with past experience for good or ill as it lies in the present and binds tighter than a constrictor -- thus powerful buffalos become stuck in the mud lured by water and thirst becoming easy prey for cold-blooded crocodiles that slide easily over mud and glide in/under water --

be aware, beware and live

Consumed

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

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

Progress

forward against the prevailing wind
that buffets my progress -- i have
had these pillow fights before

yet neither is my physical or mental progress
disturbed, i can only move forward

so many last kisses some known to be final
others haunt my memories as they pretended otherwise,
but why should i now consider last kisses,
revisions, regrets and joys?

the roaring wind is responsible, as it attempts to reverse my direction
but it should know, to no avail, nothing has ever stopped me tho at
times some tracks appear deeper than others -- pauses,
times of resistance, reflection and new visions

the new is the impelling force, new horizons, experiences
to satiate my unquenchable thirst for everything

at times i feel i could imbibe a universe and pick my teeth
with a comet's tail

those that pass me,
moving in the opposite direction,
struggle, yet the wind is in their favour,
they seem asleep, cocooned
in their myopic direction/vision,
they remain unaware
the wind assists their direction

i am invisible to them as it does not occur to any
that there is another way against the prevailing wind
which so easily herds and concentrates many into

narrow passes until the only option is desperate plummeting,
over ravines the force of the crowd annihilates them all,
tho each in turn

i watch the grasses and trees yield in the wind
tho hissing against the force,
they remain fixed in their place waiting for change

in the distance ahead i see a solitary figure
proceeding in my direction, tho far in advance,
i wonder ...

Purpose

reeling from the effects of medication which dulls body reflexes, the cognitive processes and transforms average people into automatons managed by dressed in white carers, and nurses, frankie was nevertheless able to pierce through the chemically induced fog with driven purpose, which was buried but not suffocated by the medication, which chemicals under normal circumstances reduced most creative human beings to turnips.

frankie analysed this ability to overcome the fog and attributed it to practices he learned in the East which evade western attempts to render a person into an automaton. frankie was a mixture of diverse characteristics, qualities and behaviours, which define something as unique therefore unacceptable to civilised society. yes, frankie was human all too human but felt an outsider understanding something greater, than himself which seemed to sustain him through these challenges.

frankie had overcome chemical assassination with difficulty but overcame it nonetheless; frankie had been in the throes of mastering his life/existence well before he was arrested for the social crimes of dissension and subversion, which self-mastery would also grant him freedom from culture and the known -- he had prior to his forced incarceration, already realised he was a product of culture and pursued freedom from it.

frankie had coursed through the void as a youth -- that realm between what is and what is not on many occasions, which journeys had immunised him from many of culture's constraints, chemical or otherwise tho his body was subject to the physical yet the effects of medication applied on what culture perceived but not necessarily on what is -- and so frankie maintained his uniqueness with comparative ease though few noticed as they were trained products with narrowed perceptions, awareness and expectations, they saw only what they were trained to see. consequently the real frankie was

undetected, free from the expected, usual and mundane and soon
released as cured and rehabilitated ...

Suddenly

i have lost my mind, at last,
it was wiped clean away,
as pure Light has no need
of cultural adornments

my agitated heart finally rested in its
unperturbed state, happy to no longer engage
in senseless passions, injustice and other
emotional distractions

my soul found its origination
and dissolved leaving me without
so much as a wisp of anything identifiable

and so today i'm a madman
drunk on boundless Light,
i had not realised i was dying of thirst
and starving for the ineffable comfort
of pristine incorruptible Light and perfect rest,
which envelopes only those that are mad
to the world

the Light reveals itself to whomsoever it chooses,
sinners, saints, the learned and illiterate
there is no road, disciplines or map to Truth
yet somehow perfection is attained
which satiates not only the fortunate soul
but everything else that exists, always,
Light does not discriminate

the judgement of gods is a lie,
ladders and pitfalls lie,
war and peace lie,
the entire world of men

and all culture's creations Lie

fortunate indeed is the One that has been impoverished
by that Light alone

Few

yesterday i was poor,
one meal a day
was an abundance

today i have gold, fine silks
and all manner of desired
things which i would sacrifice
without hesitation
for one day of the simple poverty
i once had

ask me a question, any question
and i would answer correctly,
my life has been wasted acquiring the knowledge
of men, which an illiterate shepherd boy
puts to shame

wild finches come to my window
to feed on the seeds i keep for my bread,
the birds became so accustomed
to the seeds i offered
that soon they gladly took up
residence in a cage

fish cannot be tamed or trained to
perform tricks because the sea is too vast
to measure

pearls are formed from an irritation,
the oyster covers the irritating grain
until a precious pearl forms

i have taunted existence for the Truth
as long as i can remember, until it finally

covered me in its most precious essence

i wandered the country as a boy
lost for the most part --
as a man i sought directions
and became profoundly lost

today i ignore road signs and advice,
now every road i take leads me home

White Sands

the white sands of Fraser
attract miners like bees to honey

greed temporarily thwarted by the public
that value pristine islands,
spotless beaches and unique environments
above money

but miners are patient, the mineral allure
is too strong to resist

though while i and others live at least,
the island would remain
as it was/is

the pure white ocean beach and inland sands
will not be devastated by greed,
the great sandy island they once named it,
is momentarily protected from rapacious
miners

value is relative --
following a creek that
empties ancient pure fresh water into the sea
i found a spiral sea shell
that was not part of the local sea fauna,
who knows how long it was buried
in the preserving sands or how it managed
its way so far inland? but time offers an answer

as the sandy island was formed slowly by tides
dumping sand until vegetation took hold and stabilised
the shifting sands which attracted more sand from tides
until the largest sand island was formed off the

australian coast

if the shell could speak it would reveal its history
yet it has another more profound message
the spiral of its formation is a letter
from the milky way
signing its ownership over everything
in our solar system and the white sands
of Fraser

Waves

ocean waves mimic,
driven by the same force
that pushes everything to
the shoreless expanse

breaking into pluralistic
existence tho supported
by the same singular force
that drives everything into
and out of itself

to return again as a wave
that propelled me/you/everything into
existence only to withdraw again,
absorb its essence
and thrust all existence
into uncertainty leaving only
a faint glimmer/spark of itself
though enough to bring forth
everything that is and will be
only to be re-absorbed back into
itself to repeat the cycle endlessly

though with each roll and break
a new game is played that robs existence
of the notion of separation

Plain Sight

today there is no better location
to hide anything --
populations world-wide are unable to see
what is before their noses but believe
all manner of lies, propaganda and fabricated fantasies

i should know i am a scribe, skilled in the
belief arts of communication,
which today are called, Marketing, PR
and 'Perception Management'

leading culture-formed slaves is simply a matter
of exploiting the weaknesses created
in the socialisation process

look around you now,
you see the victory of myth and religious/ideological
fantasies and the assassination of Reality/Truth,
which process manufactures slaves whether they think
they are affected or not they remain in the bind,
as disbelief is the binary opposite
of belief, which binds with psychological chains
stronger than iron, as these chains are formed
and reside in the head --
they are of the slave's own making tho taught the process
of manufacture by culture

and so i would present Truth under the very noses
of the blind that imagine they see,
there is no safer place to hide anything
of value, Freedom for instance,
in plain sight

recall Lao's poem recorded in 600BC:

*"if not for the notion of beauty there would be no ugliness,
if not for the notion of good there would be no evil.*

*Polarities alternate one with the other [qualify each other] and are
mutually bound in perpetual conflict/opposition.*

*The wise man (Sage) therefore achieves action through non-action
and imparts his teaching silently as the Way (Tao) imparts all things
that can be known, naturally and easily."*

therein lies freedom from the [known] bind of polarities/binary
oppositions in a few sentences, and how very sweet that Freedom is

Transition

night follows day as twilight,
no light-switch changes in nature;
transitions are usually smooth tho borders/boundaries
between temporal states are sometimes squeezed
when lightning strikes from the sky
at midnight

i leave u return, one day our movements may synchronise
so we both come together, leave and return together
but as it stands it's a futile expectation

two distinct patterns, one spontaneous
the other learned, too tidy to be real
tho one pattern is always distinct the other is shared
with the majority in every society

how the fuck did such an anal personality find me attractive?
perhaps it was subconscious need,
the need to erupt into chaos and birth a fertile
nebula of possibilities

feel my pulsing quasar throbs of light
they are synchronised like my Life and
pursued in semantic artifices,
poetry

yes i understand, philistines are the majority
in every society, however, u should recognise,
art when u see it

but of course, the symmetry of a freshly laid table
with silver shining knives, spoons and forks,
tho i would use those words metaphorically

O, that dinner table! the one we once fucked on
and u pissed all over when u came and i went

Eternity

i loved u before i was and when i
became i loved u more
emerging from the primordial vapours
without an identity but a burning love
for You only

i remembered when u cast me into existence
with a kiss that tattooed my forming heart,
formed to serve and love you until time
itself died of exhaustion, spent, maintaining my search
for You only

i remember ur parting words.
find me that we may both live and continue
in this eternal Love

and so without direction i searched
through lives and experiences,
all of which brought me closer
to You tho i had no idea where u were
but somehow always knew the closing distance between us

ur final words perplex me to this day
'find me that we may both live ...' implying
that if i fail we would both perish in the void

overwhelmed by the urgency i fought all manner
of obstructions to reach a nearer proximity,
i feel You now more than ever before

spurred on by this quickening and much wiser
from the lessons of experience, i now sail home to You
carried magnetically in the burning fire,
like a Phoenix flying cosmic seas

while always deftly manoeuvring around threats and obstacles

i care little for myself, however, under no circumstance would
i allow u to be absorbed by the void, a space
reserved for meaningless and lost lives

i must find you to save you (me)

perhaps i was given a great gift to know what i must do in existence,
return to You and become again with You together as One

some say i was cursed, referring to the many tortures
i have suffered in my search, perhaps, but the pains and tribulations
only brought me closer so i would invite the increase in power of this
curse, as i know it ends in Union

never fear my Love, emancipation is nearer than we both
may think

i am so near i understand only now that my love is your Love,
the Love that set all existence in motion

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 and social transformation -- *assistant editor*

Other books by the author:

Infinite Consciousness

Love and Erotic Poetry

Sun Moon Star Poetry

Nature Poetry

Selected Essays I

Selected Essays II

Selected Essays III

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