

# **The Rejected Poetry of Lindsay Traynor**

**Volume I**

**Lindsay Traynor**



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# The Rejected Poetry of Lindsay Traynor

## Volume I

*Collators and editors select according to various subjective preferences; however, what appeals to one is loath to another, and so here presented are the poems of rejection which body, warts and all, reveals much about the author/poet and the prevailing sensibilities of repressed Western and Eastern cultures. Nevertheless, the author/poet views all his works of merit and demerit Equally – enjoy.*



## Ejecting

a gardener piles organic waste until  
compost forms to fertilise his garden

it pays at times to keep what is rejected  
and build upon what is thrown away  
until it ignites seeds of content and  
discontent which grow, flower and  
fruit in mind

the discarded words that do not fit,  
language inappropriate, all cultural  
products, they only fertilise a regrowth  
of culture with negligible differences,  
as if culture is not perverse enough  
already

the seeping sap of southern pines mix  
with tall blue eucalypts oozing gooey  
sap that sticks to my sleeves, trousers  
and dick if i stand drunk pissing too  
close to a tree trunk

it seems the trees are taking their revenge  
on my dick as removing the sticky goo  
painlessly is quite a challenge; O that i  
didn't have such a big dick, which at times  
wraps around my mind and engulfs it in  
a garden of imaginary delights fertilised  
by all the rejected words and cultural  
acceptance i have never required

and so i take refuge in the meaninglessness  
of culture which offers nothing to man,  
an organic being, tho i have proficiency

in poetic tricks which perform like circus  
animals trained to jump thru hoops  
and ride the backs of young ponies

the pile of refuse i have cast would  
create a fertilised jungle of meaninglessness  
if ever i let it loose and used it to create  
a poetic identity that culture would  
recognise, accept or reject, as culture must  
have its f/artists and whores, winning  
empty prizes and recognition by the arbiters  
of 'Art', and for what? a toxic refuse dump  
that grows no flowers, trees, food or weeds  
to sustain the greater harmony of natural  
Life

but culture is not about sustaining anything  
but itself and draining the life from  
everything natural, so i leave my dick  
hanging out to prevent it adhering to my  
underpants or culture by accident

walking intoxicated somewhere deep in  
the pine and eucalypt forests of Australia  
where every interrelated thing grows and  
sings in symphony, except for my sticky,  
dangling dick which culture has elevated  
to a status above its textually created Gods

## Fallen Feather

to be a silent fart in the night  
that nobody hears not even the  
fartist is the life of a poet, this  
poet

a bugle fashioned from brass  
emits the sound of fart, how  
inappropriate an instrument to  
play in remembrance of young,  
passionate fools dying for foreign  
monarchs and their bungling  
generals that feed naive boys  
to machine guns while they sip  
tea and discuss cricket

poems are not read in silence like  
farts in the night they are symphonies  
of delight, horror and meaning where  
no meaning previously existed, a space  
always exists for poems not yet written

some thunder, others whimper but the  
message remains in the lost aspirations  
of readers projecting everything except  
what was/is intended

the sound that claws its way thru ur  
soul, the stomach punch which numbs  
the diaphragm momentarily, an Olympic  
swimmer that interjects tho this time  
i recorded the intrusion as it makes no  
difference to the outcome

so i write this screaming silently in the

night confident that no one will hear  
or see what it is to be completely  
misunderstood

snow leopards do not exist in the  
tropics, it's simply a case of the wrong  
place, time and wrong everything else,  
yet it remains a poem written in the  
sparks, smoke and ash of my campfire

## Dead

the flag, heavy with rain barely  
moves in the wind, the rotunda  
deserted; rain pellets strike the  
surface of the lake bugle and  
drum are silent, a nation without  
pity dies, inert bodies strewn  
like refuse in the field

ur hair lifted and flowing in the  
summer breeze now drips heavy  
water, the colour of life is absent  
from ur face tho ur beauty remains  
like white porcelain, cold to the  
touch

wild water birds shriek as they fly  
leaving a head lolling to and fro  
on the back of a black swan still  
moving but dying

a neck broken that once held high  
the majesty of life; death has  
overtaken everything past and  
perverse making way for white  
swans and giant pelicans of  
future time

a warning sign remains by the lake,  
“toxic” -- polluted water that  
once supported amphibians and  
birds only grows toxic algae today,  
fertilised by the folly of men



## Death and Loss

we grieve for the dead, we  
grieve for Our loss, as the  
dead care little, they know  
there is no death -- nothing  
created can be destroyed

change is of cosmic nature,  
flux is the only constant, no  
paradox here

we love, and fear the loss of  
love yet the universe came  
into being for Love's sake,  
Love universal not personal,  
as the latter is selfish

let go, live brave and victory  
is yours, there is absolutely  
nothing to fear, no loss only  
gain and that gain is universal  
of cosmic proportions, all-  
saturating infinite Love/power

i hope u now understand  
there is nought to fear

remain a warrior, a real heroine  
or live and die whimpering like  
the rest

## Cooking Spoon

i needed a new cooking spoon to stir and serve, the old one finally carked it after 30 years

by chance i bumped the owner of the kitchen supply shop from which i purchased the top quality original

i engaged the jewish former owner regarding his shop and obtaining another spoon, approaching the subject obliquely -- the jewish gentleman was talking business, clearly he thought i too was jewish and engaged in business, why else would i have approached him and asked about his former business?

it was quite amazing to confront the cross-communication of our conversation

he asked which synagogue i attended, so to continue the conversation and in order to hopefully source supply i replied, Bon Accord Ave, where affluent jews attended

he looked perplexed as he had never seen me in attendance, so i directly asked where i could obtain a similar spoon -- the request fell on deaf ears, he kept talking business in the area, rent escalations, etc, until it dawned,

he had no idea about the stock he once sold, particularly a single cooking spoon, stock was simply a means to an end

i had learned a valuable lesson about subjectivity and cultures, viewing/creating and living in a specific cultural world

i extended that knowledge to close friends and my partner whom i thought knew me intimately however focused perception occurred -- i may as well have been talking to that jewish businessman, as my female partner, it became evident, was focused on her agenda, marriage and kids, with me as her prospective partner when i had clearly explained previously, in the interests of honesty, that if she desired such she should find someone else who shared the same aspirations; but females being females, she chose to remain with me attempting all the while to convert me to her worldview and needs, impossible! i am direct and honest with a very clear perspective/direction

my friends were not much better, though we had behavioural and intellectual similarities; it became evident that each of us, and everyone else, lived in their own private worlds and dreams

and so, at that stage of my life it became evident that we are born alone, live

alone in crowds and die alone in crowds  
-- a tragic reality for most, but empowering  
for the few

i have never settled for second best and  
have learned, when with fishermen talk  
fish, as then everyone takes you in, too  
easy; and it's not a matter of integrity, it's  
a matter of smooth survival and obtaining  
quality kitchen spoons

# Plankton

sea plankton luminesce in waves  
at night before crashing softly to  
the shore

darkness is fought by the tiniest  
sea vegetation to compensate, it  
seems, for the fading light of man  
dimmed by designed ideologies  
and fantastic myths

will they ever learn?

day and night are inverted, sky and  
shore blur into an amorphous  
groundless space in which desperate  
people seek 'meaning' upon which  
to believe and fix their lives -- any  
fantasy is preferable to void and  
uncertainty

and so the world is lost, in myth  
and dreams, far too many sub-  
scribing to the sick, selfish dreams  
of the ruling few but the beach at  
night is untouched by desperate  
fantasies

u pull ur light summer frock over  
ur head and walk naked next to me  
along the shoreline, ur body a source  
of delight to my eyes

u clasp your fingers with mine and  
gently squeeze pulling me from my

night introspections; the warm  
summer breeze lifts ur flowing hair  
mimicking the movement of the sea  
as u reel me in like a fish caught by  
a lure

a night sky pilot is brought to ground

## Observation

in awful dread do they face the  
day, the uncertainty of a restricted  
life

corks in an angry ocean bobbing to  
every prevailing force, they file  
endlessly through narrow gates to  
trains and drive to their master's  
institutions to cower in fear of  
losing their meagre livelihoods and  
underpaid slave jobs though the  
entirety of their nations' wealth,  
which they produce, is at their  
disposal but for the paralyzing  
social fear and debt chains that bind  
them tighter than a straight jacket

the social enslaving chains bind  
the brain, reinforced daily by  
exposure to media in all its various  
forms that praise, titillate, intimidate  
and dis-empower, which narrow  
existing highways to freedom and  
joy are reduced to thin threads  
which appear as unattainable --  
it's a Lie, as social unity is the key

foreseen Orwellian inversions are  
complete, the slaves and meek are  
exalted by clerics, not heroes and  
freedom fighters; hardships and  
tortures are a 'blessing', they say  
to be endured for a fictional heaven  
in death, another lie disseminated by



men, *not Gods*, ask urself who wrote  
every religious text in existence, no  
God be assured, as it's all historically  
traceable

but every now and then as nature sees  
fit, it imbues a few with clarity, vision  
and exceptional ability to rise above  
the herd of bleating sheep, and roar  
the same Truth that brought the cosmos  
into existence

we dance for joy in cosmic creation  
which never repeats itself as it's infinite  
in scope, and so some selected by  
forces unseen rebel, others swim free,  
while others do what they Will,  
impervious to the slings, arrows and  
darts of the gibbering/cowering slaves  
-- no laws or rules exist for those born  
to Liberty and Freedom

do not dread and fear the free as they  
have the key that opens to vistas of  
awe and ecstasy

*"When the Dharma is threatened I  
incarnate" -- Vishnu*

*"... Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise."  
-- Kubla Khan, STC*

# Muse

i need a poem to break thru the  
discord of perversity, a lifeline  
to eternity in every poem

save me now my muse, tho u  
never truly abandon me

come with scintillations and sparkle  
in this black yuga and shed ur light  
to those that embrace it and burn  
bright in Truth in a world of opacity

i need u now as now is where u live;  
breathe life into living and dead poets  
immortalised in verse

the grains of white sand crystal slip  
thru my fingers, the roar of the sea  
in a storm on the hundred-mile beach,  
the flying foam whipped by the wind  
and the sea foam of my unquenchable  
desire to reveal

free me if only momentarily from this  
purgatory, i am urs always

they continue to offer their warm flesh  
and slender contours but they lack soul  
which reaches beyond the beginning  
and annihilates the end where we live  
together in creation reflecting its  
mysteries to those with eyes to see

# Phosphorescence

only on moonless nights is it seen

the phosphorescent glow that  
surrounds and defines things in  
the night as all things emit light  
tho ever so faint, the light is seen  
by a keen eye and tuned mind,  
it defines each object tho living  
things emit a stronger light as more  
energy is generated working  
tirelessly in the night preparing  
for a different work during day

the only real darkness is that which  
exists in the minds of men  
-- ignorance --  
which breeds selfishness and stupidity  
to the point where entire populations  
are now reflected in the perverse  
actions of their nations

such darkness is blacker than the  
darkest night, nothing is discerned  
or defined properly, it can't be, so  
the denizens of that blackness attempt  
to rail against the light of day, to no  
avail, but what do the blind see?  
nothing outside their own puny  
perversity

# Die!

Die! he roared

i had for a period, too long to recall, sat at the feet of sages and failed to understand

from one enlightened being i sought another, unsatisfied, always seeking, however, the last and first sage at whose feet i grovelled beseeching, looked disdainfully at this pleading thing, me, and slapped me so hard i almost lost consciousness, 'you worthless idiot, how many times must you confront Truth and deny it?'

'you have failed yourself so many times it's a wonder you have remained sane but here you are grovelling like a slave at my feet, begging for enlightenment/Truth which stares you in the face daily'

'ask yourself while you are still able, how is it possible for Truth to hide, it can no more hide than the midday blazing sun?'

'you were born in and of Truth, all existence is Truth irrefutable, what is this seeking for something you already possess?'

He belted me hard again, 'Die you  
fool, just Die!'

with that shock i died to seeking and  
desire, to the rational and irrational,  
to all binary oppositions and false  
cultural values and lost what was left  
of my mind

to this day i feel the sting of that retort  
and slap on my face yet i live in open,  
enduring glory

my eternal thanks to that first and last  
Sage, who i finally realised was me

# Necromancer

with the last remnants of Love and  
Harmony removed from nations/  
populations, we live in the realm of  
the Black Arts

necromancers abound spreading death  
in a loveless world -- 'it's easy,' says  
the demon, the light of the world once  
extinguished is replaced by darkness,  
a blind world of blind people and human  
beasts hell-bent on ripping out each  
others' throats and devouring what they  
imagine is the life force, blood

but it is a perversion, as blood is no  
more life than shit, both are products  
of the body and Life withdraws from  
bodies when bodies become uninhabitable  
due to perverse directions

how so, you may ask? Life animates  
matter giving the appearance that bodies  
are alive, does dirt live? not likely

Love's progeny is Light, a guiding force  
which becomes matter dependent on  
frequency or vibration, each scale  
forming varieties distinct from the other  
yet Love is behind all creation and is  
inherently against death as it continues,  
while matter is discontinuous, it dies to  
one quality and becomes another within  
a particular sphere or realm -- each takes  
a portion of light as needed from which

to gain 'sustenance'

when light withdraws what has previously  
been invigorated must necessarily die  
though it takes time, as the impetus derived  
from light's presence continues to propel  
matter but it must eventually die, as the  
world dies in view of the lack of Light today

necromancers become leaders, leading the  
blind masses to more horrors and death,  
they are only able to lead their own kind,  
which constitute the majority today; and  
so love is lost and souls are lost to a darkness  
from which there is no escape

yet the few that refuse the way of death  
and darkness overcome, as their light is  
impervious to the darkness of this world  
-- the power and art of necromancers  
only apply to the dead



# Forsaken

currents alter to accommodate change,  
winds alter course affected by the heat,  
the once hidden future becomes  
predictable

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

those given choice have erred and  
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  
forfeit their gifts/options allowing  
dark forces to dominate the halls  
of power

yet the immortal rose continues to  
unfurl 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

# Lux

who would or could lead the blind  
in a blind world but the blind?

light evades the blind, what do they  
know of light/truth in a world of  
darkness?

light cannot be contained in a word,  
narrative or discourse, no amount of  
false representation approaches the  
Light, which remains unconstrained,  
un-captured, formless, infinite --  
beyond all conception

language is finite, limited, while Light  
is infinite limitless, who is able to  
capture infinity with the finite?

yet we all seek the Light from which  
we came as it is our Life though we  
are subject to it as it created all things  
known and unknown

are you able to walk without legs?  
why seek Light with the physical senses,  
they are limited by the physical world  
and Light is not apprehended by dense  
matter?

so with deliberation seek your source,  
not with thought, which is merely  
language without articulation, all its  
signs and symbols resolve back to their  
source, culture, which is circular and

always leads back, reproducing itself;  
it is a huge lie, nothing, no book or  
treatise produced by men is able to  
reveal truth as they were All produced  
by culture and are therefore enslaved  
by it

Light is without bounds and if you seek  
your source be boundless, free of limiting  
thought and realise that nothing produced  
by men grants real freedom -- one form  
of slavery replaced with another is not  
freedom

therefore be free as the unconstrained and  
all permeating Light, which is self-begotten,  
are you the progenitor or are you a created  
being subject to your creator?

return to your source if you would truly  
be free as you carry within the spark of  
creation, which you have carried since  
before time, you are already free and  
have found what you seek but culture  
has blinded you and veils reality with  
intentional and unintentional lies/  
fabrications

break your culture/thought habit, it is  
poison to the soul, without it your  
consciousness would be a beacon  
displacing darkness/torment,  
ignorance

all things emerged and resolve themselves  
in that which created them -- no-one is  
able to free you but yourself, who or what

is superior, the God/s created by men/  
culture or man, who created All the Gods  
and religions?

it is really a simple matter to be free,  
mind is a cultural product that depends  
on thought for its existence, without  
mind your consciousness, which is Light,  
is liberated into itself, a radiance that  
transcends physical eyes though it is seen  
in wonder by the single eye of  
consciousness

your liberation is delivered in an instant,  
you cannot work/labour for it, as you  
already possess it, you cannot seek it as  
you never lost it -- it only takes (thoughtless)  
awareness, which sublime quality cannot  
be captured or described by words, signs,  
or symbols

You have nothing to grasp but your true,  
luminous, Self

## Toward

its stillness draws me, the lake is  
mirror still tonight, a motionless  
mist hangs above it

transported away from the shrill  
of town, people, the lake is more  
than it seems granting more than  
peace, its stillness draws into its  
depths, blacker than a moonless  
night

enter and find ur rest, tho this is  
a projection not of the lake  
but of my tedium and the inability  
of the world to find peace and  
harmony which it had before  
Abraham spread his poisonous  
seed -- hollow dreams, trinkets  
and tinsel are the empty promises  
that feed impoverished minds

of what use are these transparent lies?  
they do not fascinate or satisfy an  
experienced soul weary from too  
many sojourns into lost worlds

yet paradise rests hidden in the  
bones, i/we feel it, but no map or  
indication is hinted, only its powerful  
silent call, u have had enough, why  
persist in folly, i am waiting for ur  
return

the call is strong, the origin never

ceases its pleas, imploring ceaselessly  
-- what a curse to know and not  
behold and embrace, why does it  
beckon, not for the cessation of futile  
pursuits or death but for triumph,  
a hero's reward?

the dark night is cool but not without  
comfort, the lake speaks silently  
knowing my thoughts, responding  
with its perfect peace

dawn would soon dissolve the blanket  
of night and awaken the noise and  
static that cities and towns offer, but  
this is how it must be there is nowhere  
else to go when everything loses its  
allure

in the last darkness before the  
screaming dawn a haunting familiar  
voice whispers, i have not abandoned  
you u are closer than u think, supreme  
peace to you, my enduring Love



## Contradiction

it dawned on me as dawn itself  
that all my research into the  
Mahayana amounted to nothing --  
it was obvious from the start,  
Nirvana or the quintessential  
state is beyond the known and  
unknown

Nirvana must be apprehended,  
experienced not written about  
or discussed

and yet i have wasted so much  
time pursuing a contradiction,  
foolishly attempting to capture  
the infinite with the finite, it was  
the Heart Sutra that jolted me

it stated as much, it destroyed all  
the tenets of doctrinal Buddhism  
in poetic verse, i should have  
known

my 'doctrinal thesis' follows:

artificial lakes with fake islands  
for introduced water birds to  
breed and nest safely, tamed swans  
and ducks mostly

today i stroll on the manicured lawns  
of this park, a black swan, originally  
from Western Australia, seemed to  
charge at me

then stopped abruptly threatening/  
dancing it seemed with its wings  
outstretched and lolling its long  
curved neck, indeed, it had learned  
to beg humans for food and lost its  
identity in the process, as the water  
catchment is now lost to a manicured  
park

its mate also approached but with a  
different attitude and movements, it  
was not begging for food and seemed  
to care less about me

its movements were speech to its  
mate that turned and entered the  
polluted lake, i watched them both  
land on the artificial island in the  
centre and disappear in the undergrowth,  
most probably to attend to their nest

humans engaged in picnics, barbecues  
and beer, it is an Australian park  
after all

i had nothing to sizzle on a park hotplate,  
now installed with gas bottles, so i  
turned into the ochre sunset and threw  
a fake silver coin into the fake lake  
and resumed my journey

## Stranger

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

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

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

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

consider ur imagination, limitless,  
unmolested and free to conjure  
whatever it pleases; it is not material,  
consciousness is not physical yet  
because u are imprisoned u falsely  
imagine ur mind is also trapped; not  
by anything except what u falsely  
believe

u were created free and remain free

the challenge of this earth existence  
is to create a free paradise on this  
plane, and what a fuckin' mess u  
have made of that yet u mourn those  
that have escaped, get ur priorities  
straight before ur false beliefs condemn  
ur mind to live in a prison permanently

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

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

# Ploughed

in the deep furrows of memory  
danger lurks ready to paralyse  
those who dare explore abuse,  
terror, nightmares and daymares,  
the horrid misalignments of life  
trying so desperately to remain  
afloat in a sea of turmoil

but dare i did -- fools rush in --  
and was immediately stung by  
the scorpion's poisonous tail;  
i could see it all, gruesome,  
painful and grotesque, from the  
birth canal, abusive toilet training  
and every torture defiling innocence  
onward

including dying a few times to be  
saved in the nick, an infant drowning,  
an overdose

after confrontation the painful poison  
diminished and i decided to plant  
new experiences of beauty and  
harmony to replace the horrors

jumping head-first into everything  
i refused to allow trauma to dictate  
my life, i ploughed old fields and  
planted new seeds that would grow  
and overcome the tendrils and vines  
that were dragging me under until  
my new plantation produced the

sweetest poetic fruits and spiritual  
sustenance, food fit for gods

# Waves

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

breaking into pluralistic existence tho  
supported by the same singular force  
that drives everything back into itself

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

though with each roll and break  
a new unique game is played  
offering a chance to rob existence  
of repetitive dullness/bondage  
and the notion of separation

## Overhang

bloody Aussie, there he goes again,  
fair suck of the sav, i mean really,  
why disguise a phallus with a phallic  
symbol when sucking a cock is raw  
and gratifying if not for two at least  
one?

there he goes coming the raw prawn  
but nobody is buying, stick with  
english, slang is too confining

yea, yea, consider for whom i am  
writing, all those bronzed melanomas  
in their budgie smugglers waiting  
their turn for onion joyce and adele  
turning it on for the boys, we're  
always ready they say

ready for what?  
a rock ledge, stinking towel and the  
clap, nah, i'll speak the language of  
the raw event and the sub-culture it  
fits, unlike disinfected english or the  
rancour of formal australian

ok, okay, i'm just gallivanting, but i'd  
rather be shit-faced, there's always a  
slab, rollies and a joint at the surf club



## Apprehension

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

i know, the same place u've  
always been but i've lost something  
special, important, the flight of a  
sunrise at midnight and the hum  
of spring that once penetrated  
my bones, where are you now?

perhaps i have overdone it, burned  
myself out like the blank page of  
a defunct writer

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

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

## In 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 (languge) 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 myths and religious/ideological  
fantasies and the assassination of Reality/  
Truth, which lies manufactures slaves  
whether they think they believe or not  
they remain in the bind, as disbelief  
is the binary opposition of belief, which  
binds with psychological chains stronger  
than iron as these chains reside in the  
head and are of the slave's own making  
tho taught the process of manufacture  
by culture

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

recall old 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 cultural  
bind of 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 dark clouds on an otherwise  
warm, sunny day

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 anal personalities  
in every society

how the fuck did such a personality  
find me attractive? perhaps it was  
unconscious need, the need to erupt  
into chaos and birth a fertile future

feel my pulsing quasar throbs of light  
they are synchronised like my habits  
and pursed like my anus unlike ur  
semantic farts that u call poetry

yes i understand, philistines are the  
majority in every society, farts indeed,  
don't u understand art when u see it?

of course, the symmetry of a freshly  
laid table with silver shining knives,  
spoons and forks, tho u 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

## Quest

i loved u before i was and when i  
became i loved u more

emerging from 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 so 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 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 like a Phoenix  
riding cosmic currents while always  
deftly manoeuvring around threats  
and obstacles

i care little for myself, however, under  
no circumstances 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, 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

## Mute

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

there, where frequencies speak  
plainly in silent inaudible tones  
or hearing the sound of whirring  
galaxies and other symphonic  
sounds captured only by silencing  
the primitive mouth and listening --  
that is where true communication  
occurs

of course we are able to articulate  
but preference is given to the  
infinite lexicon of existence over  
the babble and shrill of 'civilised'  
men



# Timeless

## (The Secret of the Threefold Monad)

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 all cultural lies

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 unexplained,  
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 the Creator  
is unable to grasp it do not expect the  
impossible

though if u 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

i am unable to describe it better than the  
following dialogue between the power,  
Shakti, the glory, Siva as Bhairava the  
fierce, who destroys all illusions, and  
You the third quality in this Trinity.  
read and be absorbed in the Trika:

### **Vijnanabhairava Tantra (Divine Consciousness)**

Bhairava and Bhairavî, lovingly united in the same knowledge, left  
the undifferentiated state so their dialogue may enlighten all beings.

1. Bhairava's Shakti, Bhairavî, said:

O God, who manifests the universe and makes light of this  
manifestation, you are none else than my Self. I have received the  
teachings of the Trika which is the quintessence of all the scriptures.  
However, I still have some doubts.

2-4. O God, from the standpoint of absolute reality, what is the essential nature of Bhairava? Does it reside in the energy of the phonemes? In the realization of Bhairava's essential nature? In a particular mantra? In the three Shakti? In the presence of the mantra which lives in every word? In the power of the mantra present in each particle of the universe? Does it reside in the chakras? In the sound Ha? Or is it only the Shakti?

5-6. That which is composed, is it born out of both immanent and transcendent energy, or only out of immanent energy? If it were the product of transcendent energy only, then transcendence itself would have no object. Transcendence cannot be differentiated in sounds and particles for its undivided nature cannot be expressed in the many.

7-10. O Lord, may your grace do away with my doubts!

Excellent! Your questions, O Beloved, are the essence of the Tantras. I will reveal to you a secret teaching. All that is perceived as a composed form of the sphere of Bhairava must be considered as phantasmagoria, magical illusion, a ghost city hanging in the sky. Such a description only aims to drive those who fall prey to illusion and mundane activity towards contemplation. Such teachings are meant for those who are interested in rituals and external practices and stuck in duality.

11-13. From an absolute standpoint, Bhairava is not associated with letters, nor with phonemes, nor with the three Shakti, nor with breaking through the chakras, nor with any other belief, and Shakti does not constitute his essence. All these concepts taught in the scriptures are aimed at those whose mind is still too immature to grasp the supreme reality. They are mere appetizers meant to spur aspirants toward ethical behavior and spiritual practice so that they can realize some day that the ultimate nature of Bhairava is not separate from their own Self.

14-17. Mystical ecstasy isn't subject to dualistic thought, it is

completely free from any notion of location, space or time. This truth can only be touched by experience. It can only be reached by those entirely freed from duality and ego, and firmly, fully established in the consciousness of the Self. This state of Bhairava is filled with the pure bliss of unity between tantrika and the universe. Only this state is the Shakti. In the reality of one's own nature thus recognized, containing the entire universe, one reaches the highest sphere. Who then could be worshipped? Who then could be fulfilled by this worship? Only this condition recognized as supreme is the great Goddess.

18-19. Since there is no difference between the Shakti and the one who embodies her, nor between substance and object, the Shakti is identical to the Self. The energy of the flames is nothing but the fire. All distinction is but a prelude to the path of true knowledge.

20-21. The one who reaches the Shakti grasps the non-distinction between Shiva and Shakti and enters the door to the divine. As space is recognized when illuminated by sun rays, so Shiva is recognized through the energy of Shakti, which is the essence of the Self.

22-23. O supreme God! You who bears a trident and a garland of skulls, how to reach the absolute plenitude of the Shakti which transcends all notions, all descriptions and abolishes time and space? How to realize this non-separation from the universe? In what sense is it said that the supreme Shakti is the secret door to the state of Bhairava? Can you answer in common language these absolute questions?

24. The supreme Shakti reveals herself when inbreath and outbreath are born and die at the two extreme points, top and bottom. Thus, between two breaths, experience infinite space.

25. Between inbreath and outbreath, between stopping and going, when breath stands still at the two extreme points, inner heart and outer heart, two empty spaces will be revealed to you: Bhairava and

Bhairavî.

26. With a relaxed body when exhaling and inhaling, lose your mind and perceive your heart, the energy center where the absolute essence of Bhairava flows.

27. When you have breathed in or out completely, when the breath movement stops on its own, in this universal lull, the thought of "me" disappears and the Shakti reveals herself.

28. Consider the Shakti as bright, subtler and subtler light, carried upwards through the lotus stem, from center to center, by the energy of the breath. When it subsides in the upper center, it is Bhairava's awakening.

29. The heart opens up and, from center to center, Kundalini rushes up like lightening. Then Bhairava's glory is manifested.

30. Meditate on the twelve energy centers, the twelve related letters and free yourself from materiality to reach the supreme subtlety of Shiva.

31. Focus your attention between your eyebrows, keep your mind free from any dualistic thought, let your form be filled with breath essence up to the top of your head and there, soak in radiant spatiality.

32. Imagine the five colored circles of a peacock feather to be your five senses disseminated in unlimited space and reside in the spatiality of your own heart.

33. Void, wall, whatever the object of contemplation, it is the matrix of the spatiality of your own mind.

34. Close your eyes, see the whole space as if it were absorbed in your own head, direct your gaze inward and there, see the spatiality of your true nature.

35. The inner channel is the Goddess, like a lotus stem, red inside, blue outside. It runs across your body. Meditating on its internal vacuity, you will reach divine spatiality.

36. Plug the seven openings of your head with your fingers and merge into the bindu, the infinite space between your eyebrows.

37. If you meditate in your heart, in the upper center or between your eyes, the spark which dissolves discursive thought will ignite; you will then melt into supreme consciousness.

38. Enter the center of spontaneous sound which resonates on its own like the uninterrupted sound of a waterfall. Or, sticking your fingers in your ears, hear the sound of sounds and reach Brahman, the immensity.

39. O Bhairavî, sing OM, the mantra of the love union of Shiva and Shakti, slowly and consciously. Enter the sound and when it fades away, slip into freedom of being.

40. Focus on the emergence or the disappearance of a sound, then reach the ineffable plenitude of the void.

41. By being totally present to song, to music, enter spatiality with each sound which rises and dissolves into it.

42. Visualize a letter, let yourself be filled by its radiance. With open awareness, enter first the sonority of the letter, then a subtler and subtler sensation. When the letter dissolves into space, be free.

43. When you contemplate the luminous spatiality of your own body radiating in every direction, you free yourself from duality and you merge into space.

44. If you contemplate simultaneously spatiality above and at the base, then bodiless energy will carry you beyond dualistic thought.

45. Reside simultaneously in the spatiality at the base, in your heart at above your head. Thus, in the absence of dualistic thought, divine consciousness blossoms.

46. In one moment, perceive non-duality in one spot of your body, penetrate this limitless space and reach the essence freed from duality.

47. O gazelle-eyed one, let ether pervade your body, merge in the indescribable spatiality of your own mind.

48. Suppose your body to be pure radiant spatiality contained by your skin and reach the limitless.

49. O beauty! Senses disseminated in your heart space, perceive the essence of the Shakti as indescribably fine gold powder which glitters in your heart and from there pours into space. Then you will know supreme bliss.

50. When your body is pervaded with consciousness, your one-pointed mind dissolves into your heart and you penetrate reality.

51. Fix your mind in your heart when engaged in worldly activity, thus agitation will disappear and in a few days the indescribable will happen.

52. Focus on a fire, fierier and fierier, which raises from your feet and burns you entirely. When there is nothing left but ashes scattered by the wind, know the tranquillity of space which returns to space.

53. See the entire world as a blazing inferno. Then, when all has turned into ashes, enter bliss.

54. If subtler and subtler tattvas are absorbed into their own origin, the supreme Goddess will be revealed to you.

55. Reach an intangible breath focused between your eyes, then when the light appears let the Shakti come down to your heart and there, in the radiant presence, at the moment of sleep, attain the mastery of dreams and know the mystery of death itself.

56. Consider the entire universe to be dissolving in subtler and subtler forms until it merges into pure consciousness.

57. If, boundless in space, you meditate on Shiva tattva which is the quintessence of the entire universe, you will know ultimate ecstasy.

58. O Great goddess, perceive the spatiality of the universe, and become the jar which contains it.

59. Look at a bowl or a container without seeing its sides or the matter which composes it. In little time become aware of space.

60. Abide in an infinitely spacious place, devoid of trees, hills, dwellings. Let your gaze dissolve in empty space, until your mind relaxes.

61. In the empty space which separates two instants of awareness, radiant spatiality is revealed.

62. Just as you get the impulse to do something, stop. Then, being no more in the preceding impulse nor in the following one, realization blossoms intensely.

63. Contemplate over the undivided forms of your own body and those of the entire universe as being of an identical nature. Thus will your omnipresent being and your own form rest in unity and you will reach the very nature of consciousness.

64. In any activity, concentrate on the gap between inbreath and outbreath. Thus attain to bliss.

65. Feel your substance: bone, flesh and blood, saturated with



cosmic essence, and know supreme bliss.

66. O gazelle-eyed beauty, consider the winds to be your own body of bliss. When you quiver, reach the luminous presence.

67. When your senses shiver and your mind becomes still, enter the energy of breath, and, when you feel pins and needles, know supreme joy.

68. When you practice a sex ritual, let thought reside in the quivering of your senses like wind in the leaves, and reach the celestial bliss of ecstatic love.

69. At the start of the union, be in the fire of the energy released by intimate sensual pleasure. Merge into the divine Shakti and keep burning in space, avoiding the ashes at the end. These delights are in truth those of the Self.

70. O goddess! The sensual pleasure of the intimate bliss of union can be reproduced at any moment by the radiant presence of the mind which remembers intensely this pleasure.

71. When you meet again with a loved one, be in this bliss totally and penetrate the luminous space.

72. At the time of euphoria and expansion caused by delicate foods and drinks, be total in this delight and, through it, taste supreme bliss.

73. Merge in the joy felt at the time of musical pleasure or pleasure from other senses. If you immerse in this joy, you reach the divine.

74. Wherever you find satisfaction, the very essence of bliss will be revealed to you if you remain in this place without mental wavering.

75. At the point of sleep, when sleep has not yet come and wakefulness vanishes, at this very point, know the supreme

Goddess.

76. In summer, when your gaze dissolves in the endlessly clear sky, penetrate this light which is the essence of your own mind.

77. You will enter the spatiality of your own mind at the moment when intuition frees itself through steadiness of gaze, love uninterrupted sucking, violent feelings, agony or death.

78. Conformably seated, feet and hands unsupported, enter the space of ineffable fullness.

79. In a comfortable position, hands open at shoulder level, an area of radiant spatiality gradually pervades the armpits, ravishes the heart and brings about profound peace.

80. Steadily gazing without blinking at a pebble, a piece of wood, or any other ordinary object, thought loses all props and rapidly attains to Shiva/Shakti.

81. Open your mouth, place your mind in your tongue at the center of the oral cavity, exhale with the sound HA and know a peaceful presence to the world.

82. Laying flat, see your body as supportless. Let your thought dissolve into space, and then the contents of the inner core consciousness will dissolve too, and you will experience pure presence, freed from dreams.

83. O Goddess, enjoy the extremely slow movements of your body, of a mount, of a vehicle and, with peace in mind, sink into divine spirit.

84. Gaze at a very clear sky without blinking. Tensions dissolve along with your gaze and then reach the awesome steadiness of Bhairava.

85. Enter the radiant spatiality of Bhairava scattered in your own head, leave space and time, be Bhairava.

86. When you reach Bhairava by dissolving duality when awake, when this spatial presence continues into dream, and when you then cross the night of deep sleep as the very form of Bhairava, know the infinite splendor of awake consciousness.

87. During a dark and moonless night, eyes open in the dark, let your whole being melt into this obscurity and attain to the form of Bhairava.

88. Eyes closed, dissolve into darkness, then open your eyes and identify with the awesome form of Bhairava.

89. When an obstacle gets in the way of gratification through senses, seize this instant of spatial emptiness which is the very essence of meditation.

90. With all your being, utter a word ending in "AH" and in the "H" let yourself be swept away by the gushing flow of wisdom.

91. When you focus your structure-free mind on the final sound of a letter, immensity is revealed.

92. Waking, sleeping, dreaming, consciousness free from any prop, know yourself as radiant spatial presence.

93. Pierce a place on your body and, through this one spot, attain to the radiant domain of Bhairava.

94. When through contemplation, ego, active intellect and mind are revealed as empty, any form becomes a limitless space and the very root of duality dissolves.

95. Illusion perturbs, the five sheaths obstruct vision, separations imposed by dualistic thought are artificial.

96. When you become aware of a desire, consider it the time of a snap of fingers, then suddenly let go. Then it returns to the space it just came out of.

97. Before desiring, before knowing: "Who am I, where am I?" such is the true nature of I, such is the spatial depth of reality.

98. When desire or knowledge have manifested, forget their object and focus your mind on object-less desire or knowledge as being the Self. Then you will reach deep reality.

99. Any particular knowledge is deceptive. When thirst for knowledge arises, immediately realize the spatiality of knowledge itself and be Shiva/Shakti.

100. Consciousness is everywhere, there is no differentiation. Realize this deeply and thus triumph over time.

101. In a state of extreme desire, anger, greed, confusion, pride or envy, enter your own heart and discover the underlying peace.

102. If you perceive the entire universe as phantasmagoria, an ineffable joy will arise in you.

103. O Bhairavî, do not reside in pleasure nor in pain, instead be constantly in the ineffable spatial reality which links them.

104. When you realize that you are in every thing, the attachment to body dissolves, joy and bliss arise.

105. Desire exists in you as in every thing. Realize that it also resides in objects and in all that the mind can grasp. Then, discovering the universality of desire, enter its radiant space.

106. Every living being perceives subject and object, but the tantrika resides in their union.

107. Feel the consciousness of each being as your own.

108. Free the mind of all props and attain to non-duality. Then, gazelle-eyed one, limited self becomes absolute Self.

109. Shiva is omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient. Since you have the attributes of Shiva, you are similar to him. Recognize the divine in yourself.

110. Waves are born of the ocean and get lost in it, flames arise and die, the sun shows up then vanishes. So does everything find its source in spatiality and returns to it.

111. Wander or dance to exhaustion in utter spontaneity. Then, suddenly, drop to the ground and in this fall be total. There absolute essence is revealed.

112. Suppose you are gradually deprived of energy and knowledge. At the moment of this dissolution, your true being will be revealed.

113. O Goddess, hear the ultimate mystical teaching: you need only fix your gaze onto space without blinking to attain to the spatiality of your own mind.

114. Stop sound perception by plugging your ears. Contracting the anus, start resonating and touch that which is not subject to space or time.

115. At the edge of a well, gaze motionless into its depths until wonder seizes you and merge into space.

116. When your mind wanders externally or internally, it is then precisely that the shaivist state manifests. Where could thought take refuge to not savor this state?

117. Spirit is in you and all around you. When all is pure spatial

consciousness, attain the essence of plenitude.

118. In stupor, anxiety, extreme feelings, at the edge of a precipice, running from the battlefield, in hunger or terror, or even when you sneeze, the essence of the spatiality of your own mind can be seized.

119. When the sight of a certain place brings back memories, let your mind relive these instants; then, when memories fade away, one step further, know omnipresence.

120. Look at an object, then slowly withdraw your eyes. Then withdraw your thoughts and become the receptacle of ineffable plenitude.

121. The intuition which springs from the intensity of passionate devotion flows into space, frees you and lets you attain to the domain of Shiva/Shakti.

122. Attention focused on a single object, you penetrate any object. Relax then in the spatial plenitude of your own Self.

123. Purity praised by ignorant religious people seems impure to the tantrika. Free yourself from dualistic thought, and do not consider anything as pure or impure.

124. Understand that the spatial reality of Bhairava is present in every thing, in every being, and be this reality.

125. Happiness resides in equality between extreme feelings. Reside in your own heart and attain to plenitude.

126. Free yourself from hatred as well as from attachment. Then, knowing neither aversion nor bond, slip into the divine inside your own heart.

127. Open and sweet-hearted one, meditate on what cannot be

known, what cannot be grasped. All duality being out of reach, where could consciousness settle to escape from ecstasy?

128. Contemplate empty space, attain to non-perception, non-distinction, the elusive, beyond being and not-being: reach non-space.

129. When thought is drawn to an object, utilize this energy. Go beyond the object, and there, fix your thought on this empty and luminous space.

130. Bhairava is one with your radiant consciousness; singing the name of Bhairava, one becomes Shiva.

131. When you state: "I exist", "I think this or that", "such thing belongs to me", touch that which is unfounded and beyond such statements, know the limitless and find peace.

132. "Eternal, omnipotent, supportless, Goddess of the whole manifested world..." Be that one and attain to Shiva/Shakti.

133. What you call universe is an illusion, a magical appearance. To be happy, consider it as such.

134. Without dualistic thought, what could limit consciousness?

135. In reality, bond and liberation exist only for those who are terrified by the world and ignore their fundamental nature: the universe is reflected in the mind like the sun on the waters.

136. At the moment where your attention awakens through sensory organs, enter the spatiality of your own heart.

137. When knower and known are one and the same, the Self shines brightly.

138. O beloved, when mind, intellect, energy and limited self vanish,

then appears the wonderful Bhairava.

139. O Goddess, I just taught you one hundred and twelve dhâranâ. One who knows them escapes from dualistic thought and attains to perfect knowledge.

140. One who realizes one single of these dhâranâ becomes Bhairava himself. His word gets enacted and he obtains the power to transmit the Shakti at will.

141-144. O Goddess, the being who masters one single of these practices frees himself from old age and death, he acquires supernormal powers, all yogini and yogin cherish him and he presides over their secret meetings. Liberated in the very middle of activity and reality, he is free.

The Goddess said:

O Lord, let us follow this wonderful reality which is the nature of the supreme Shakti! Who then is worshipped? Who is the worshipper? Who enters contemplation? Who is contemplated? Who gives the oblation and who receives it? What gets sacrificed and to whom?

O gazelle-eyed one, all these practices are those of the external path. They fit gross aspirations.

145. Only the contemplation of the highest reality is the practice of the tantrika. What resonates spontaneously in oneself is the mystical formula.

146. A stable and character-less mind, there is true contemplation. Colorful visualizations of divinities are nothing but artifice.

147. Worship does not consist in offerings but in the realization that the heart is supreme consciousness, free from dualistic thought. In perfect ardor, Shiva/Shakti dissolve in the Self.



148. If one penetrates one single of the yoga described here, one will know a plenitude spreading from day to day to reach the highest perfection.

149. When one casts into the fire of supreme reality the five elements, the senses and their objects, the dualistic mind and even vacuity, then there is true offering to the Gods.

150-151. O supreme Goddess, here the sacrifice is nothing else than spiritual satisfaction characterized by bliss. The real pilgrimage, O Pârvati, is the absorption in the Shakti which destroys all stains and protects all beings. How could there be another kind of worship and who would be worshipped?

152. The essence of the Self is universal. It is autonomy, bliss and consciousness. Absorption in this essence is the ritual bath.

153. Offerings, devotee, supreme Shakti are but one. This is supreme devotion.

154. Breath comes out, breath comes in, sinuous in itself. Perfectly tuned to the breath, Kundalini, the Great Goddess, rises up. Transcendent and immanent, she is the highest place of pilgrimage.

155. Thus, deeply established in the rite of the great bliss, fully present to the rise of divine energy, thanks to the Goddess, the yogin will attain to supreme Bhairava.

155 a - 156. Air is exhaled with the sound SA and inhaled with the sound HAM. Then reciting of the mantra HAMSA is continuous. Breath is the mantra, repeated twenty-one thousand times, day and night. It is the mantra of the great Goddess.

157-160. O Goddess! I just gave you the ultimate, unsurpassed mystical teachings. Let them only be taught to generous beings, to those who revere the Masters' lineage, to the intuitive minds freed from cognitive wavering and doubt and to those who will practice

them. For without practice, transmission gets diluted, and those who had the wonderful opportunity to receive these teachings return to suffering and illusion even though they have held an eternal treasure in their hands.

O God, I have now grasped the heart of the teachings and the quintessence of tantra. This life will have to be left behind, but why renounce the heart of the Shakti? As space is recognized when lit by sunrises, so is Shiva recognized through the energy of Shakti which is the essence of the Self.

Then, Shiva and Shakti, glowing in bliss, merged again in the undifferentiated.

The above same message encoded below in the Heart Sutra of Mahayana Buddhism

### **Heart Sutra**

When the Bodhisattva Avalokitesvara,  
Was Coursing in the Deep Prajna Paramita,  
He Perceived That All Five Skandhas  
Are Empty, Thus He Overcame All Ills  
and Suffering.

Oh, Sariputra, Form Does not Differ  
From the Void, And the Void Does Not  
Differ From Form. Form is Void and  
Void is Form; The Same is True For  
Feelings, Perceptions, Volitions and  
Consciousness.

Sariputra, the Characteristics of the  
Voidness of All Dharmas Are Non-Arising,  
Non-Ceasing, Non-Defiled, Non-Pure,  
Non-Increasing, Non-Decreasing.

Therefore, in the Void There Are No Forms,  
No Feelings, Perceptions, Volitions or  
Consciousness.

No Eye, Ear, Nose, Tongue, Body or Mind;  
No Form, Sound, Smell, Taste, Touch or Mind Object;  
No Realm of the Eye. Until We Come to No realm of Consciousness.

No ignorance and Also No Ending of Ignorance,  
Until We Come to No Old Age and Death and  
No Ending of Old Age and Death.

Also, There is No Truth of Suffering,  
Of the Cause of Suffering,  
Of the Cessation of Suffering, Nor of the Path.

There is No Wisdom, and There is No Attainment Whatsoever.

Because There is Nothing to Be Attained,  
The Bodhisattva Relying On Prajna Paramita Has  
No Obstruction in His Mind.

Because There is No Obstruction, He Has no Fear,  
And He passes Far Beyond Confused Imagination.

And Reaches Ultimate Nirvana.

The Buddhas of the Past, Present and Future,  
By Relying on Prajna Paramita  
Have Attained Supreme Enlightenment.

Therefore, the Prajna Paramita is the Great Magic Spell,  
The Spell of Illumination, the Supreme Spell,  
Which Can Truly Protect One From All Suffering Without Fail.

Therefore He Uttered the Spell of Prajnaparamita,  
Saying Gate, Gate, Paragate, Parasamgate, Bodhi Svaha.

Note how the above Sutra seems to completely subvert the teachings/doctrines of Buddhism, yet it is the quintessential Heart of Buddhism. I also refer readers to the “Flower Sermon” of the Buddha, during which he did not utter a word. The ‘silent’ sermon was understood only by Buddha’s most ardent and loving disciple.

Reality/enlightenment is beyond All (dead) doctrines/teachings/religions. There is nothing to learn but there is *plenty to unlearn!* We already have what we fruitlessly yearn and seek for.

Peace

## About the Author

Lindsay Traynor is an Australian poet and mystic though born in Eastern Europe. He has travelled extensively and studied under the wise instruction of some remarkable and extraordinary men and initiated into various esoteric traditions by same, which formerly secret knowledge he is now able to share with everyone, fully cognisant of the fact that only those ready would be able to recognise, appreciate and gain awareness from the experience.

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, essays and articles relating to Self-Realisation, Mysticism, Philosophy, Personal Growth and Social Transformation.

We hope that you enjoy and derive benefit from his prodigious output as much as we have benefited and enjoyed reading, collating and presenting the material in eBook formats -- *assistant editors and website moderators*.

## **Books by the Author:**

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