

An aerial photograph of a rugged, snow-covered mountain peak. A narrow, winding path or ridge of snow leads from the bottom left towards the center of the image, disappearing into the vast, white expanse of the mountain. The surrounding terrain is dark and rocky, contrasting with the bright white snow. The overall atmosphere is one of isolation and natural beauty.

EXISTENTIAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL POETRY

LINDSAY TRAYNOR

Table of Contents

Existential and Philosophical Poetry

The Shimmering

Shifting

Marathon

Approaching

See-ing

Unread Letters

Chill Wind

Dealer in the Middle

From Here to There

Winter Lake

Circle

Forfeit

Pieces

Strike

Radiant

An Honest Fraud

Cycles

Timeless Land

Words

Love Returns

Lily Pads

Return

Unseen

Alter

Watcher

Game

Song Birds

The Seven Hells

Reality Crisis

Decisions

Credit

Reflections

[Rain Down](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Other Books by the Author:](#)

Existential and Philosophical Poetry

by

Lindsay Traynor

This new eBook addresses and hopefully resolves numerous philosophical and existential dilemmas. It is hoped that readers derive benefit and inspiration from reading the many poems all approaching age-old questions about life and meaning from many different perspectives. – assistant editors

The Shimmering

tiny birds dart between
the falling waters of ancient
sandstone cliffs twitching
in space in 'the valley of
the waters,' appropriately
named

where the entire world
weeps for joy and sorrow
– every diamond drop of
water has meaning as if
punctuating the endless
stream of infinity

the smallest thing reflects
the totality of everything,
this surge is quality

sitting cross-legged on my
favourite ledge under an
overhang humming an
unknown tune spontaneously,
one tiny bird somehow
acknowledges the particularity
and appears before me
hovering directly in front of
my gaze twitching its head
from side to side,
its iridescent wings beating
multi-coloured waves that
permeate the sky

so i focus as the bird focuses
on me – we begin a visual

dialogue and i realise i am
communicating with an
exquisite mountain humming
bird and understand its 'speech'
tho not audible

we speak the language of light
understood by all living things
in this and every other dimension

i am taught the secret of real
communication – wordless –
which is appreciating the totality
of a tiny iridescent bird that
creates rainbows as its wings
flutter frenetically; but to the
bird it's natural, pure joy,
as easy as breathing,
this beauty is too much to
bear as my heart explodes
thru my chest into a moment
of ineffable joy/ecstasy

and to think, god forbid,
the experience here related
occurred forty-five years ago,
the imprint remains forever
in the vibrations of time/mind,
now re-lived in its totality,
to share with You

Shifting

i followed an animal track
which led to a river that
flowed to an uneasy sea,

after a while it became my
favourite track, i used it often
to reach the river although
i made the track more human
than animal in character

i would sit for hours and
watch the water gurgle and
murmur depending on the
season

rivers are never the same,
reborn each moment; if you
blink or are distracted by
thought you miss countless
new births that flow
eternally

it was the time by the river
i realised that human endeavours
at permanence are futile –
though drowning men
continue to clutch at straws

the plateau of Giza is surrounded
by shifting sands, three weathered
pyramids remain aligned with
the fixed constellation of Orion
though the purpose of the structures
has long been forgotten

stars move constantly in the sky,
the term fixed is relative, it's
simply another desperate attempt
by man to anchor to something
constant

my track to the river has grown
over, i changed direction a long
time ago – small brush animals
prefer their own tracks

Marathon

runners must keep running
as truth is difficult to bear
tho at this point in the race
the runners are almost spent

from the corners of their eyes
they see it approaching, all
the fears associated with taking
responsibility for their own
and the lives of their loved ones

so much effort is required to
keep abreast of truth/reality,
so run they must, tho some
stagger at this stage

the sky cracks like a thin sheet
of glass but with the din of a
million storms, fire erupts from
the land, the air is poisoned
and burning, so run they must

at various stages of the marathon
obstacles present themselves
yet few see the way clearly –
what is closing fast behind
serves to frighten, distract and
cloud reason, so run they must,
to their death, as there is only
one prize for winning this race

i watch them dispassionately
as there is no way to reach them
and inform them the race is a lie

there was never a need to run
from anything, including oneself

but the masters of the race have
generations of experience passing
knowledge down their bloodlines

at certain stages the finish line
seems to be close so they run
and push harder only to realise
later that it was a ruse, no solution
is available to an agitated and
frightened mind, so they run to
their deaths like the frightened,
dumb, exploited beasts of burden
they are in full knowledge of the
outcome

how simple it is to appeal to
reality but like a muddy,
agitated pool the truth/light
at the bottom is hidden from
view and so they do not see
for want of stopping to look
and realise there is nothing
to fear but the enslaving race
itself

if you do stop, look and think
you would realise the masters
of the race must be eliminated
to put an end to this needless
and suicidal pursuit

Approaching

a beast prowls in the shadows,
detectable only by lateral vision

like a phantom that disappears
in the shapes of the night only
to return, ambushing when least
expected

chilled to the very core, bones
rattle and skin sweats freezing
on the skin, this thing never
relents

i know its name, but am not
ready to reveal it

it watches and waits for a
vulnerable moment when it
will declare victory with the
utmost dispassion, as it is not
evil, it's simply another
consequence

how strange it is to engage,
as we are all trained to attach
emotion to everything, fear,
but this thing is devoid of all
emotion, malice, revenge, or
personal motivation, it is
simply the result of too many
factors to detail here yet it
instructs as all experience
instructs and i have learned
not to repeat the idiocy that

originally invited this unwanted
thing, which possesses a singular
purpose to end this particular
journey and thrust its victims
into the next realm

the very act of encoding it here
ignites a small fire in my solar
plexus the warmth of which
repels the mindless attacker but
it will return as it always does
until my weakness opens the
door to my ultimate vulnerability

and yet this 'end' issues from me
i am both its progenitor and
reconciler, i must make peace
with it as it has two names,
inevitability and opportunity

everything born must die tho
it is critical to understand that
in life we face only one
inevitability, physical death,
everything else is a matter of
voluntary and circumstantial
choices

choose well when u are able
and remember, nothing ever
ceases, it simply transitions
and it's preferable to accept
the inevitable consciously
than go screaming into the
night

See-ing

long ago when first we met,
tho u have always been as
immediate to me as my own
soul, i remembered ur presence
which streams over/thru me
today, consciously

so reveal urself, u are too familiar
to hide behind my intuition
and extra senses, appear in
full form/unform in raw
nakedness

and yet u do, everywhere, i
know it; we are not limited
by separated 'bodies' u are
everything yet no-thing in
particular

how i long to embrace u

once in my arms i dare not
let u go not even to eat, drink
or sleep, i would gladly die
enraptured in ur embrace
tho dying in ur embrace is to
live forever with you, in you

be kind, appear in comely form
ur true appearance is too awesome
for any entity to behold and
remain intact

yes, i know better, but mortal habits

incline me to the illusion of forms
tho the veil has been rent and once
removed, always removed

which mortal or temporal circumstance
is able to trouble my soul? None!

you fortify those you love and
shield them from the pain of
all tribulation tho the body is
subject to the laws of the earth
but body i am not even soul
in ur embrace, i become no
particular thing

sweet is the elixir u offer and
transformative is the music
that pulses from ur Being,
which permeates all Creation –
no language is able to describe
this motion

my tender, awesome, Lover,
i am yours always

Unread Letters

it stands to reason that time
does not exist, forget ur chemical
memory, try to produce the past
or future, neither exist, there
is only the continuous present
tho unfortunately few understand
or are aware of it

the present cannot be measured
in this or any other dimension
it certainly is not a mark on any
measuring device or clock

distance is measured by time, tho
it does not exist, infinity is One
continuous process, it does not
have a beginning or end, all
travel/movement in the infinite
expanse is therefore instantaneous

the present is kinetic, the most
rarefied of all vibrations engulfing
All that is or if u like that 'was,'
or 'will be' -- leaving and arriving
is one simultaneous process, the
present is continuous, infinite,
expanding and inescapable, only
the chemical/physical imprints it
leaves create the illusion of time

'yesterday' and 'tomorrow'
exist only in the present, the
Great Pyramid in Egypt exists
Now, it cannot exist anywhere

else and when you free urself
from a limited physical existence
you will soar forever in Creation,
it has always been thus

Existence is not constrained
or limited by time, the past,
present and future roll into
a 'ball' now, one supreme
activity, where time 'travel'
is as the Dreaming of the
indigenous natives of central
Australia

no door is closed where no
barriers exist, fancy that!

the mystery that haunts our
blind empirical scientists is
routine affair for the oldest
continuous culture on the
planet, which peoples are able
to visit planets and other
dimensions at will tho not all,
only the elect of this group
but they are always present

how arrogant we are imagining
our material, limited, empirical
culture is superior when consciousness
reigns supreme, and where is
consciousness, only in the Now
but who lives it today?
very few indeed

call it fate, call it good fortune,
when the last Aboriginal family

came in from the desert, i was
with the few remaining indigenous
that moved freely in the present,
i learned much

no description is necessary – there
are no secrets in the present,
all existence is an open book
if you have the eyes to see

so what have i done with this
knowledge or more accurately
state of Being?

i write letters/texts of wondrous
things and warnings of a calamitous
'future' already written in the
present for all to see, but people
avoid the present like a plague
– continuous existence is veiled
to ignorant minds, they fail
to see that their minds jump
backward and forward avoiding
the Now thereby

illusion/delusion is a very poor
substitute for Reality – a real Life
can only be lived in the Reality
of the present

in other words, they are dead to
Existence and the bliss of
continuous creation; somnambulists,
the walking dead of legends and
horror stories – and like the dead
they cannot read the signs which
remain as so many unread letters

some are written on common mediums
while others are written in the wind,
sky and sands of a timeless, magical
land

Chill Wind

a chill ideological wind blows
across the endless cultural plains
denuding them of diversity,
fertility, colour and abundant life,
which reality inevitably leads to
impoverishment

without abundant, diverse growth
the soil loses its ability to nourish
and today the plains yield only a stunted,
homogeneous, ignorant and illiterate
grass stubble lacking any nutritive value,
which result threatens the continuation
of all life

and so today the world faces
famine not of the belly but of the
mind, and as we know, a starved
mind leads to a starved, incapable
body that advertises its own
demise

it has been well said that it has
all been written in the wind

Dealer in the Middle

the table is set, players focused
around a circuit, the dealer in
the middle like a Chinese coin

crystals are bet and move around,
players are rewarded with more
crystals others forfeit what they
have, the game continues; the
dealer spins faster as the game
approaches a crescendo players
now one with the game, crystals
radiating light, the dealer begins
to lose corporeality, a vortex
appears in the centre, players
know this is the moment

the coloured light from each
crystal blends into blinding
white light, players move on
instinct, the vortex increases
intensity and speed and begins
to draw the white light into its
spiralling frenzy

players appear translucent then
disappear as the table ripples
under the intensity of the vortex,
crystals accumulate at the winners
location moving all the while
discernible only as pulsating light

the tipping point is reached the
dealer/vortex erupts, light shoots

above and below, pulsing rhythmically,
the game continues, a galaxy is born

From Here to There

here we are again, sad or happy
whatever the case may be, but
it's to no avail humankind is
locked in a nihilistic trajectory,
is that cause for alarm? surely
not

things are born to die on this
plane of what concern is the
inevitable, though of course
mindless destruction should
always be avoided by allowing
the inner desire for continuity
to override the destructive beast
within us all

our leaders appeal to the lowest
possible denominators, reward-
punishment, fear-safety and
receive enormous traction for
their meagre efforts, why should
they appeal to sense and reason,
notwithstanding they are incapable
of either?

be mindful of consequences the
price we pay for fake democracy
is perversity and self-destruction,
seems paradoxical but not so,
it's a matter of awareness

only when our leaders are mocked
for their simplistic rhetoric and
infantile/primitive behaviour

would we be rid of futility,
meaninglessness and self-
annihilation – aware beings
with purpose and in accord
understand harmony and peace
they never self-destruct

when you wake up and jettison
cultural perversity your leaders'
words would fall on deaf ears
and the emotive power invested
by you would evaporate, you
would see them as they are,
evil, tragic, clowns

concern yourselves with harmony
and the wonder of infinity not
false beginnings and endings
on this currently forsaken planet

dare i mention illusion stacked
upon illusion forming a mountain
that towers above Everest?
you need not climb it as it is
illusory

your feelings of continuity arise
from elsewhere, definitely not this
place of fear and confusion

discover from whence you came,
and you discover continuity and
avoid inevitable collapse and
ruination – you would also discover
Life and Harmony and the mystery
of continuity

but of course, i am discoursing with
somnambulists and know it's to no
avail – those that see have no concerns,
those that are blind must be led
to their demise

Winter Lake

frost freezes the surface
of the lake, once green
banks now covered by snow
allow no colour but pure
white and the translucency
of ice

yet beneath the ice liquid
warmer water resists
solidification and nurtures
all manner of life waiting
patiently for the warmth
of colour to overcome the
sterile whiteness

Circle

could u write me a circle
in a world of jagged edges,
not an ordinary circle
but one created with a
single movement of the
wrist?

i've been navigating thru
the mire careful to avoid
the crags and pits of western
culture so i turned to
the east and discovered Zen

"sitting quietly do nothing
spring comes and the grass
grows by itself"

how do u beat minimalist perfection?

while Western poets fuss,
a monk effortlessly brushes
a perfect circle in one movement
tho this movement was preceded
by years of meditation and
training to the end of capturing
poetry's prize, the perfect
transmission/communication
of an instant

walking slowly by the pond,
i throw a pebble into the water,
numerous perfect circles
emanate from my stone inscriber

“the frog jumped in the water, plop!”

frogs have disappeared since
the pond was drained and the
banks concreted

Forfeit

in vain u wish to possess my love
for urself, u would be better off
attempting to gather the sea with
a thimble

i have dispensed with the particular
in favour of the universal and while
my love has increased immeasurably
it cannot be gathered from fields
unfolding to be gifted to any single
entity or thing

i have hung my selfish desires on the
wind and i am free to love u wholly,
totally with all existence, how could
u be left unfulfilled?

let go of ownership, emotional or
otherwise, the universe is free,
share it with me and together we
would mount the skies and move
forever in the bliss of cosmic creation,
for Love's sake it came into Being

i cannot comply or submit to something
possessive and perverse, only selfless
love triumphs over all

cease ur frantic efforts to own,
freedom is our gift from creation
no prisons exist except those imposed
by culture and what a tragic disease
culture is today, let it go

meet me in the forever and we would
abide forever, how could u substitute
infinity for the disappointments and
pain of transience?

cut the jailers from ur mind, religion,
mother, father and cultural values,
withdraw from chaos, insanity and
perversion and meet me in paradise
or suffer in ignorance and selfishness
like the herd that endlessly bite like
rats at each others' throats forfeiting
their chance of complete fulfilment

Pieces

shattered so many times it becomes
preferable to remain in pieces before
anyone wishes to tear it apart again,
as they would be forced to reassemble
first, it foils further attempts

the phone is disconnected, a girder
protrudes from the collective brain
supporting collapsing towers, it may
require surgery before structures
remain stable

in desperation a dispatch is sent to
oblivion asking for assistance,
years pass before a response is
received, this is the void, 'tough luck'
what did u expect, signed the queen
of diamonds?

streets overflow with somnambulists
black is white and white is piebald
the awake dream haunted dreams
surgeons sleep-walk hospitals with
blow torches, sledge hammers and
other precision instruments

nothing is able to return to its
former state, disintegration
subverts all attempts, another
dispatch perhaps, but to what avail?

fish fly, birds swim this world
is upside down like the arms of
an old clock racing in reverse –

time has not stopped it is
approaching midnight in the
full light of day

a dreamer screams in his unrest,
the world defies reason, it's 2023
what did You expect?

i'll save personal pronouns for
the fire

Strike

with the focus of a serpent
ready to strike and all the
strength i could muster
i struck and severed the
tether that had anchored
me to the world

cast adrift, free in the great
cosmic expanse i wondered
why it took me half a lifetime
to realise i was bound by the
absurdities of culture and
conventions

sweet Peace is now the order
of every day

Radiant

from light into light though
darkness is ever present,
a hammer searching for a
nail

besieged and coerced by
every possible perversity
we are shaped/pounded
into materiality

rage against this opaqueness
like the drunken poets of a
bygone era

allow nothing to contain or
hide your light everlasting,
refuse every attempt to diminish
its luminescence and you will
never be defeated or imprisoned
by the darkness that envelopes
this world

An Honest Fraud

i must confess that every word
and sentence that issues from
my fingers has its origin, composition
and message elsewhere, from a
source larger than me

i take no credit whatsoever for
this river of creation as it was
set in motion by a marvel beyond
my comprehension

those that imagine they are
responsible for the works they
produce are deluded

to take any credit for the art
is fraud, i am aware of the
source but am unable to describe
it adequately

though i allow it to find expression
through me, an honest fraud, as i have
created nothing of my own

i have searched every fibre of
my being until it dawned that
my life was not mine but a gift
of Creation, and so if creation
wishes to utilise the entity
it created who am i to take credit
for its work?

Cycles

roughly, every eleven years
i shed my skin like a serpent
and my life is completely
re-directed without conscious
volition

each new phase has no relation
to the previous skin that was me
and so i must accept cycles as the
reality, change as a constant
and regeneration a necessity

i have often wondered why
serpents shed their skin in season
and emerge shiny and new,
though a serpent seems to have
an advantage, it knows it will
emerge as itself while i have
had many lives in the same
body though each presents
new challenges

Timeless Land

this brooding timeless land
is locked in a twilight between
day and night but appearances
deceive, it may simply be a
shift in perception which has
slowed time though the herd
continues to appreciate day
capitulating to night

birds have settled in for the
night indistinguishable in the
trees that protect them while
they sleep but humanity toils
on doing nothing, achieving
nothing of note but producing
more chaos, conflict and
pollution, it would be better to
simply let it all go, ageless
harmony requires no assistance

did i say, harmony, lost to man
today, where did humanity take
a wrong turn?

follow anything and you will
arrive at its source so i followed
perversity and discord and
discovered its source in a book
revered unconsciously, as most
of the world follows its perverse
dictates while remaining unaware
that the text was written by men

“subdue the earth” it says and

take dominion over the environment,
such arrogance deserves its reward,
chaos, conflict and pollution which
products now threaten the arrogant
species that imagined they were able
to usurp the harmony of creation

there is nothing that can be done
to prevent a terminal disease from
running its course, this land waits
patiently with all its hidden wonder
to replenish what has been destroyed
by Abraham and his three delinquent
sons

in this timeless space i see faint glows
like fireflies burning their lives away
but the land remains constant speaking
shelter for those who have rejected
folly, it promises revitalisation that
long nights provide

burning fireflies live for a day and
man in emulation has abruptly
diminished his lot but all knowledge
remains locked in an open secret, this land
will rise when the moon sets
and push its germinating children
toward the Sun of a new day

Words

... spiral down onto the page
without effort, flowing from
the creative vulva of the muse,
they arrange themselves into
a poem while i watch in
anticipation

acrid smoke rises to the ceiling
from my pipe snaking like a
mystic dragon and rupturing
the timeless repository of all poetry

words arranged spontaneously
have won me love, mystery
and hate from the Philistine herd
that tramples pearls, jewels
and human life under its brutish
feet, yet every man and woman
is a potential king or queen

i read the code as it weaves its
special magic into intelligible
stanzas saying goodbye to Kubla
and hello to Lillith, it's a fine
line that separates heaven and
hell, love and hate, indifference
and passion

my sister/brother poets know too
well that we are of another genus
not inside or outside, not above or
below but able to access the fertile
centre untroubled by binary oppositions
or perpetual struggle

i read what has issued on this occasion
and tho it has merit and mystery
i decide to sacrifice its metre, rhythm
and syntactical flow back to the
muse from which it sprang

i am always happy to return a favour,
good deed or charitable act to those
that unconditionally enhance the human
condition tho doing so on this occasion
makes secret a message perhaps intended
for all

we shall see what the next cavalcade
of words reveal

Love Returns

i remember almost everything,
a curse some would say as life
if fraught with calamities and
sorrow, but what use a troubled
heart and mind if not to appreciate
the fleeting joys and ecstasies
we experience?

dread and sorrow are constant
companions to our joys and
happiness, the Buddha obsessed
with misery and sorrow and
discovered truth and bliss yet
without his tortuous yearning
nirvana would have escaped him,
without the profound sorrow he
experienced the world would
have lost a liberating philosophy

take heart, the scarlet-throated
swallow always returns home to
nest, some migrating birds span
half the globe to reach the home
of their hearts without realising
it is the heart that guides them
back to itself

are we not greater than swallows?

but still too many fall victim to
despondency, learn to accept
everything that assails the heart
and mind as these tribulations
are keys that unlock the gate

to paradise

meet every fleeting and enduring
pain with valour, as courage arises
from the heart, a grief-stricken heart
becomes a flowering rose if we
loosen our morbid grip

when love returns the entire world
responds, every blade of grass and
fallen leaf becomes an exquisite
work of art, every glance and smile
a joy responding to our joy

in the most hopeless circumstance
open your heart and allow it to grow
and guide you until that which held
you in a crippling vice is removed
by a puff of breath

nothing can resist selfless love
as you walk and go about your social
needs, people respond with smiles and
sparkling eyes, love is mutually
enhancing, what a pleasant person
they say, a pleasure to be with

you have discovered the secret
that love never abandons itself
the heart always guides you home
to Love

Lily Pads

the rains come pelting the
ground and every growing
thing

foliage is battered by the
assault

flooded billabongs spill
onto the plains creating an
inland sea, crocs stir from
their hidden places to
find a mate

pouring as if Noah had
completed his ark, yet
lily pads remain dry,
impervious to every tiny
water bomb

words pelt down onto
the page from the stormy
fury of my keyboard yet
make no impression on
the lily people, nothing,
not the most forceful
word-string, thunderous
metaphor or allusion
makes the slightest
difference

the season opens with a
raging storm yet lilies
remain as they were
surrounded by water but

as dry as bleached desert
bones

my weathered skull picked
clean of every vestige of
tissue sits amid the words
and rain, hollow eye sockets
see more than impervious
tissue eyes

thunder explodes and rolls
around the heavens like a
battle waged against an
invulnerable foe, impervious
minds remain unchanged
yet for all its power, might
and devastating floods
the lily's rafts float
unperturbed in the wetness

far away in the red centre
a blind desert mole sees
the sound that insects make
as they scurry across the
sand, following this sound-trail
the tiny mole erupts from
under the sand and snatches
its hapless victim, what need
of eyes when other senses
are tuned to such perfection?

the tiny mole is almost as old
as the land it inhabits yet sees
nothing with its remnant eyes,
what need of eyes in a world
devoid of light?

the stereo announces a song
muffled by the rain, it's George's
guitar weeping while my
keyboard is screaming

Return

how i yearn, with the yearning
of lost loves to return and leave
this place of foreboding

not yet, you say complete what
i/you have designed and you
need not entreat me to take you
into my arms

the surest path to fulfilment is
your personal course a course
you have created for yourself
there is no escaping your own
designs

you have a task to complete, a
task you set yourself you know it,
only on completion will you soar
heavenward on the wings you
have earned for your salvation

before i take you, you must first
accept yourself and the heavens
will open like a cosmic flower
that pollinates the void with stars,
only then would you return like
the iridescent bird of paradise
that you are and feed forever on
the nectar of the gods

but how often have i sung your
praises in word, deed and thought?
but they fail to heed, though I
have shouted from mountain tops

and sown my song on the desert
wind, the world is no stranger to
its melody

but the deaf fail to hear and the
blind fail to see, surely it is futile
to persist?

so i have composed a last refrain
a new melody and verse that i will
seed to the stars so the music
becomes light and in every starlight
flicker they will see your name
written in Eternity

Unseen

what bewitching power
is projected in a glance?

u were going up and i down
we turned automatically as
we passed each other, ur
steely blue eyes latched
onto my soul piercing
thru my defences,
i am now vanquished

an instant, a gaze and some
strange invisible fluid has
wrapped me in ur cocoon

Alter

why do u subvert my every
positive move, scoundrel?

forever wrestling me to the
ground and me forever regaining
my stance only to be stealthily
attacked again

surely u must be the great
adversary, the perversity
inherent in all men written
and spoken of in every culture
and civilisation, i know u
too well

u have almost ended me many
times, but that light that shines
eternal in all things enabled me
to overcome and survive

yet u always pounce suddenly
without mercy, and mock
my weakness

and so i must be vigilant and
eliminate the vulnerable flaws
by which u enter

yet u are me my other side
that drags me down while
my better half rouses for
the fight

this dichotomy is madness –

after years of needless struggle
i finally realise that struggle is
not the answer, i must deprive
u of ur strength and sustenance
by becoming what i should have
always been – Undivided

Watcher

from artificial elevations they
watch yet they fail to see,
the apparatus was designed
to see and hear all but the
watchers see only images
of themselves and hear
distorted familiar echoes

the apparatus was flawed by
design but the watchers failed
to detect the problem, that of
seer and seen, subject and object
and mutually effective
inter-relationships

it is true, that one sees paradise
whereas another sees gloom
though the scene remains unaltered,
it is the seer that determines the
quality and character of that
perceived and so it goes that
those who watch us watch only
themselves

soldiers see enemies, police see
offenders, spies see everything
as adversaries and so we all look
through a glass darkly or brightly
whatever the case may be

a faulty apparatus designed by
human engineers sees only the
universe they created but fails
to see reality as it is, a world

of splendour open to an artist's
senses

the more the apparatus gathers
the less the watchers know,
it's as plain as day

those adept in the arts remain
invisible or visible taking any
form they choose

and so a man named Charles
looked through his glass
and saw Alice and Lorina,
naked

"One, two! One, two! And through
and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

And, has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"I"

if i ask
the answer is never
adequate,

if i seek
i do not find,
if i reach out
no hand is forthcoming,
i am it seems alone

if i look into a mirror
i see the reflection
of my body,
a transient form that
disappears during sleep

in dreams i have various
bodies free of the corporeal
but yet 'i' remain the same
i know who i am, something,
consistent

faced with the failures of
seeking outside i turn inward
to that consistency as it has
proven itself impervious
to outside perturbations,
it remains immutable,
inviolable

as i begin to see i realise
i have been living a corporeal
dream not different to dreams
during sleep

a comforting, swirling light
within me begins to grow
brighter until its luminescence
is brighter than all the stars

who am i?

not the person in the mirror
or the character that seeks
outside

i have simply become
what i have always been,
that consistency,
the immutable, the inviolable
luminescence of my being

i was before my birth and
will continue to be after I
leave
i have become continuum,
a state i share with Creation

it becomes plain that i am
pure unconditioned Being
and i wonder why it took so long
to wake to my (Real) Be-ing

do what you will world,
chimeras are incapable
of making an impression
in this Light

in singular, relentless
pursuit i have become everything
and nothing, everywhere at
once free of limiting conceptions
and the prison of a finite world

Game

here u are always, enveloping,
comforting, healing my bones

no mouth is able to utter ur
name so i shall call u everlasting,
i am lost and found in ur
limitlessness

but what cruel dance and strange
gyrations fascinate u so?

is it perhaps the conflict u implanted
in humanity? do u know the outcome
of this binary between chaos and
harmony?
of course not that it would take the
pleasure out of unpredictability
and ur entertainment

creating a rogue species that wages
war on itself was/is a masterstroke,
the gods never tire of watching the
myriad variations of self-destruction,
a cruel joke indeed

but we know better, don't we?
u allowed me and others to share
ur perceptions and awareness
so the end is predictable but
not the means, another master-
stroke, a known outcome
but an unknown means/course of
reaching it!

truly a game fit for the gods
and what better species to play
on ur game board than humanity?

i'm sorry, but i know what u know
and see what u see but i have an
advantage as i am mortal
not yet immortalised

i know the outcome and so will
spoil ur plan and perverse
pleasures

on the very edge of total annihilation
the aware, surrounded by billions of
rotting corpses, emerge from their
secret places and gather themselves
from the four corners to create a
paradise on earth, which will be
the envy of the gods

u forgot that a perfect God
is incapable of creating an imperfect
being and so we proclaim our humanity
and the perfect everlasting that created
us to prevail over the gods
of chaos and perversity

Song Birds

the night is silent but the approaching
dawn is punctuated with the melodious
songs of day-birds

whether their joyous greeting of
the day is simply chatter is of no
consequence to the human ear,
feathered throats continue
emitting aural joy

it is as nature intended, birds are
governed by instinct and blend
seamlessly into the environment

but not so man, a creature that has
lost touch with his instincts – so
perhaps in the interests of species
survival it would be well for
humankind to reconnect with
nature's perfection and harmony
tho not an easy task for a contorted
and perverse species, but not
impossible, as nature is ever willing
to heal and welcome humanity
back into the fold

some months passed before my
quiet efforts bore fruit of the most
unexpected kind – i imagined
humanity to be gentle when
governed by instinct but results
were not as expected; raw energy
began to course through my being
and to my surprise that energy/power

was not as religious texts would have it,
meek and mild – it was roaring and
shattering but inaudible

it seemed as though the heavens
coursed through my veins, a raw
power animated my being,
what was once dead had come
to new life as the natural man,
a polar opposite of culture's
anxious and subjugated product

fear had left me leaving me with a
heroic will, abilities and a passion
that i scarce knew i possessed,
the fearful, anxious, meek creature
had been displaced, i was restored

the roar to which i referred
was an irresistible, relentless push
for Justice, as only Justice is able
to restore Harmony and the perfection
of nature in our species

The Seven Hells

1. Doubt

[there is no greater folly than to doubt oneself – the purity, truth and integrity of innocence is slaughtered by doubt.

what greater crime could be perpetrated on oneself than to deny the integrity of oneself?]

2. Ignorance

[ignorance arises when the connection to all knowledge is severed by the compromise of integrity and the truth of our unique existence in universal Creation.]

3. Fear

[fear arises from doubt, self-denial and ignorance; no longer anchored on the rock of universal truth, the reality of one's creation/ place/existence in the continuum, we begin to fear as we become subject to external, perverse forces.]

3. Restriction

[the result of fear is restriction, the worst kind, a self-imposed prison.

what was once free flowing continuity becomes stagnant, contained in an impregnable jail; within that jail a padlocked cell

imprisons those that compromise themselves
– though the key to the padlock remains in the
hand of the imprisoned]

4. Slavery

[when personal sovereignty is lost, slavery ensues.
what was once noble is now worthless, would a
King or Queen forfeit their crowns and become beggars,
dogs and eaters of excrement? Every man and every woman
is a star, unique in the heavens – where is the integrity of
your existence?]

5. Agony

[the more you compromise Self, the wider the chasm
between you and the exquisite peace and joy of
un-compromised existence/Truth. The bliss we inherit
from the joy our unique creation is lost, it has been traded
for a LIE, a monstrous perversity (culture) – the price we
pay for our folly and discord is pain and suffering, the
extent and duration of which is measured by the degree
of separation from Self/Harmony.]

6. Hopelessness

[hopelessness is the reward for Self-betrayal
and discord; we now exist as dogs, slaves
to external perverse forces which delight
in our misery so they continue in their horrid
abuse of the foolish and ignorant.]

7. World

[the seventh hell is the reality we create as
perverse beings; nothing good ever issued from
something bad and rotten.]

our reality is the world we live in today –
and what a sorry social reality (Hell) it is!]

Reality Crisis

confronted with a blind leap into
oblivion in a time of great personal
crisis, i hesitated

an image of me standing precariously
on the edge of a precipice that
seemed to be bottomless presented
to my mind, the deep ravine
disappearing into a dark foreboding
unknown

yet i was assured that if i jumped
or sacrificed my life i would regain
my-self or the true person i am
not the cultural fabrication that i
was

i wish to make clear that the image
presented to my mind appeared and
felt as reality in every respect,
complete with the sound of howling
wind, as it tortured its way through
the abyss looking for an escape

in an instant of recognition and
surrender to that higher something
which has guided me faultlessly
throughout my life so i jumped, with
my stomach in my throat and fell
to my death of which a lot could
be said

u are probably wondering how it
is i am writing this piece in the

present tense; appreciate that my
answer should not be hastily dismissed
or refuted out of hand based on
assumptions – indeed, i jumped
and died that day and so today
i am the phoenix that emerged
from its own destruction
but as a renewed, free entity

i was carrying far too much garbage
for my life to endure, something had
to give and it surely was not going
to be reality, i broke down under the
weight of what seemed like hundreds
of tonnes of what i thought was important,
which hindsight placed in proper perspective,
amounted to crapulous cultural creeds
and social prescriptions designed to rob
us of our most precious gift – Freedom

of course culture can only replace
reality with dreams and illusions
and so our lives often reflect the condition
of vacuous, meaninglessness – a very
bad trade indeed

we've all heard about the con man
that sold the Brooklyn Bridge, well
he has nothing on modern western
culture that debt-enslaves billions
of people and trades our hard work
for paper money printed from thin air!

that reality is the greatest con in
recorded history

a far wiser and braver man than me

once said in order to find your life
u must lose it! i now know experientially
what he meant

i have been free now for 30 years
and have no regrets, i never use
plastic cards, smartphones
or other traceable digital technologies

indeed, pan surveillance possesses
most of my communications including
this piece but it is unable to attribute
authorship to a valid identity, i have
no need to be somebody, i am now
in-valid according to society,
which asks for plastic ID which it
issues, remember, these are the people
that print money from thin air and
then require the enslaved population
to repay nothing with something,
usually blood, sweat and endless tears

i have never looked back, u have no
idea what life is like without the strain
of carrying a semi-trailer on one's back

and so the bravery required to die to
illusions, Lies and confront the real
is repaid ten-fold daily with each
exhilarating breath

without effort i have defeated a
superpower and all its resources/
technologies intentionally designed
to trace, capture and oppress

where do you stand, with freedom, on the

edge or shackled with mental chains to
nightmare illusions and perpetual lies?

Decisions

shall i write today along the
jagged edge of prevailing
international affairs, or should
i take the coastal track
and let it all go?

a rhetorical question as i inhale
the liquid sea and wrap a warm sky
brushed with the deep ochre of evening
around my being

it always puzzles me that so few
of the six million inhabitants
of this city utilise the coastal track,
which winds, climbs and descends
its way from Bondi to Coogee –
one of Sydney's treasures

but it's the digital age, need i
ask?

it seems that children developing
in a digital environment are trapped
by it, research already indicates that
the 'wiring' of children's brains
alters according to the amount of
exposure to digital stimuli

so living for them without a smart-phone
becomes a punitive, almost tortuous
measure, so enslaved are the progeny
of the digital age

but why complain, no crowds or bustle

to contend with? the solitude is what
makes it, as nothing interrupts or
interferes with the coastal expanse
and the play of sky, sea
and me

Credit

it is the art that is premium
artists are merely mediums

artists die but their works,
if noteworthy, live on as
a tribute to the creative power

so why seek fame,
in whose name is
the creative process
there is only One?

life is not created by humans
neither is the creative process,
wherefore this absurdist vanity,
the 'all about me' narcissism
of deluded egoists that imagine
they created something,
there is nothing new under
this sun?

if artists are praised i am a
thief, if i am criticised or
berated i accept full responsibility –
but for that which has merit i
cannot take credit,
attention to the artist
distracts from the work

surely, if i sought attention/fame
i would promote myself not
the productions

i shall never take the bait,

the lure of recognition,
narcissists all die young,
vanity kills as surely
as any other disease

i have discovered that
anonymity has a quality
that famous works lack,
an edge, a mystery
judged purely for their
inherent characteristics
which define and remind,
without interference
from reputation, myth
or contrivance

each work stands alone
unique, it must develop
its own power to survive

so i must remain true,
anonymous, to preserve
what is valued and reject
what is worthless, otherwise
i would lose my Way

Reflections

my death gives life, my setting is ur rising
my name is the other

without me who would you fight, how
could u justify senseless murder and
war?

in my name a thousand lies are promulgated -
in the name of Truth u define ur lies

u portray urself as good, without my evil
u would be bereft of an identity

without my cock u would have no cunt,
without my eye there would be no light

without my moon ur sun would burn out,
without my arse you would have no face
without my bottom u would have no top

without me ur mirror would remain vacant

Rain Down

rain on me world,
torrents pouring from
the sky

rain thru my hair trickling
down my forehead
momentarily blurring
vision

torrents pouring on my
naked back exposed chest

do u see the rivulets
forming and tracking
the scars on my back
and arms? rain down
ur misery, world

do u see my skin repelling
ur wetness, droplets unable
to linger or penetrate,
ur rain is unable to
soak into my being, which is
as warm as a winter fire

head turned upward, arms
inviting the sky, impervious
to ur scorn

rain down world while u
are able

soon my sun will rise
and vaporise ur rain

ur dark skies and bleak
horizon are weak –
there is nothing u can
do to prevent my Being
from rising, radiant
as a new Sun

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 free, available for download books on this site have been gathered from his many poems, essays and articles relating to Self-Realisation, Mysticism, Philosophy, Theology, 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.

Other Books by the Author:

Infinite Consciousness
Love and Erotic Poetry
Sun Moon Star Poetry
Nature Poetry
The Poetry of Transformation and Revolution
The Poetry of Life and Growth
Selected Essays I
Selected Essays II
Selected Essays III
Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry I
Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry II
Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry III
Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry IV
Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry V
The Dragon's Egg Prose and Poetry of Experience and Liberation
Plumage Poems of Inspiration Growth Revolution and Freedom
Rejected Poetry Book I
Rejected Poetry Book II
Selected Articles and Poetry Volume I
Selected Articles and Poetry Volume II
The Essential Heart Sutra
Freedom Trails
Tales of Freedom Confinement and Liberation
Orchestrations
Unpublished Love and other Poetry
Unpublished Mystical Love and other Poetry
Existential and Philosophical Poetry

Available free and unrestricted in all popular reader formats [here](#) and on specialised Internet [sites](#)