

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry

Book III in the Series

Lindsay Traynor



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Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry

by Lindsay Traynor

Book III in the Series

Collated and Edited by the moderators of his various websites

“It is not a matter of laborious achievement, as we have been led to believe; it is a matter of Revelation. Everything seen and unseen in infinite existence already exists, it is only a matter of Discovery.” —

Lindsay Traynor

Standard

how much pain, discomfort, dis-ease
and despair is man able to bear
divorced from Love?

is there an anatomical region of the
heart reserved for agony and
disconnection? it is the same space
as that which leaps for joy at the
sight of Your return

how easily is agony transformed
into ecstasy — the diabolical twins
of human nature/emotion oscillating
one with the other

You have returned to comfort me
in a time of great need but u test
my perseverance and patience on
every occasion

i sat like a rock waiting only for
You; abandoning my worldly
pursuits to satisfy the great
yearning of humanity

i required something simple
so that all could understand,
something easy and accurate
that did not lend itself to
interpretation, something outside
the reach of abuse, taint and
corruption

and so by persistent inquiry

u reflected my human dilemma
back to me with questions:

is existence forever?
is perfection corrupt?
is the immutable stained?
is Love forlorn?

You forced me to arrive
at the single answer myself

i now have a universal standard
by which to measure all things

if they kill in any god's name
know that murder is the opposite
of Love and they kill in their
own vile names

if any State pursues war for
reasons of gain, know that State
to be evil, perversity itself

measure each person, State,
belief, thing by the amount of
Harmony and Love it, he/she
generates

Love emanates from the
Living source of all things,
perversity arises from selfishness/
separation and leads to ruination,
agony and death

that which was given freely
must be shared and expressed
freely

Love embraces all unconditionally
perversity rejects some in favour
of exclusivity — infinity is not
selective or exclusive it saturates
all time and space as Love,
Harmony, Knowledge and Bliss

We have a measure by which all
things are known — the degree of
Love generated — is the universal
standard/measure

and by way of antithesis, the degree
of avarice, destruction, disharmony
and death define the level of
perversity, shun it

how much Love, peace and harmony
do you generate?

nothing endures that is not of the
quality of Love

without Love there can be no peace
without Love there is no forever
without Love there is no perfection
without Love there is no Truth
and without Truth/Love there is no
Life

all living humanity is able to Love,
hate and desolation are characteristics
of the loveless and forlorn

bear ur standard high and know that
it leads to Truth and emancipation —

only Truth/Love can set you and the
world Free

Sequence

so many, too many, i've lost count
of the words that drop like rain

every word that finds its way into
a word-chain that weaves a poem
becomes more than its prosaic
meaning

at times it's almost mystical, sacred,
holy — yet walking in a forest fallen
leaves, reaching veins, contours and
textured geometric patterns reduce
all the words ever written by man to
the drivel of a simpleton

the flower of life makes a mockery
of the greatest poems/prose ever
written; the lyricism of the Flower
sequence, stunning in its mathematical
simplicity and delivery, belittles all
limited words

music is superior to text as it is able
to elevate the soul (effortlessly)
without the need to engage mind

only a famous drunken poet would
rage into the warm, pregnant, quiet
of the night

Secret Heart

between what is and what is not,
there

falling awake or dreaming in sleep
between reality and illusion,
there

something draws you irresistibly
between the mirror image and that
which it reflects,
there

a promise or a lie hides, luring you
to discover which

like an image that casts a shadow
from somewhere to our dimension,
there

a lotus that has not yet opened to
the sun, everything that is and is
not entwined together ready to
reveal its secret heart to the warm
rays that only you are able to
radiate

the lotus flower rooted in mud
and slime rising from watery
depths rests neither soiled nor wet
on the surface waiting for you
alone

the radiating sun of your being
unlocks the secret that is hidden

in its/your centre

unforced, deliberate petals open
to reveal heart but only to you/me
and the radiating sun of your
Immortality

Asynchronicity

such foolish vanity to imagine we
are able to perturb nature, the earth

this place was once molten, devoid
of oceans/life. fire spewed from
viscous, burning land; seas formed
over millennia from the impacts of
wayward comets

it could have gone any-which-way
we are merely the product of
explosions, collisions and chance

the wonderful symmetry of life
capturing everything in its perfect
harmony, as this continuous dance
emanates from a perfection that
few understand and chance is an
essential player

and so by chance we inhabit an
environment, perfectly suited to
our needs — perfect because we are
an intrinsic element in its harmony/
production

do we respect our mother earth and
father sky, do we show reverence?
no!

we defile our heritage and despoil
our inheritance because a demented
fool inscribed, “subdue the earth,”
in a ‘holy’ text which led to continued

perversity until we choked the earth,
sky, waters and air, without which
purity our lives become untenable

such 'profound wisdom' is found in
religious texts — the wisdom of fools
and the feeble-minded; such ruinous
trash we are told is holy, the word of
god they say, though man has written
every perverse and poisonous word

what god is this that man creates?
a pretender and deceiver, fashioned
in his own image, no man-made god
is able to function as the Creator. life
only issues from Life, what do the
dead know of it, what does perversity
know of harmony and perfection?

believers will die in torment due to
perverse and poisonous ways

from oblivion they watch the earth
create new harmony and abundant
life again entirely suited to a new
environment foreign and antagonistic
to man

the only thing lost in this perfection
is that which loses its connection to
the greater harmony, the asynchronous
play of infinite Life everlasting

discord never persists, unable to gather
life/energy/knowledge, it suffocates
itself and fades away never to emerge
again

Chill Wind

a chill wind blows across the
endless cultural plains denuding
diversity, fertility, colour and
the abundance of life, which
process inevitably leads to
impoverishment

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

and so today the world faces
induced starvation and famine
of the belly and mind, and as
is known, a starved mind leads
to a starved, incapable body
which advertises its own demise

it is well said that it's all written
in the wind

Buddhist Nirvana

the Mahayanists have an expression, “coursing through the void” and of course it reveals much

the ‘void’ in Buddhism is not emptiness, as the word implies in the West, it is voluptuous, saturated to the extreme, it designates the totality of Being, Infinity and infinity is continuous, kinetic by definition, constantly expanding — and so we realise that stasis has no part in harmonious Reality

indeed, as much can be gained from logic. if infinity/reality were stationary (static) it would be measurable and everything measurable has a beginning and end point, yet infinity by definition is beginningless and endless, beyond measure and understanding by the culturally created, finite mind

so according to practice Buddhists engage in the abeyance of the finite mind to reveal pure consciousness/continuity or the supreme Reality of Being/Nirvana.

it should be apparent that the finite (thoughts, the measurable objective world, etc) are cultural constructs, therefore illusory obstructions to pure consciousness/Reality

the finite (cultural) mind is a superimposition on continuous, unfettered consciousness and by eliminating the obstructive process, *i.e.* the train of (finite) thoughts, consciousness is then released and flows according to its nature, which is Infinite.

consequently to be released into the ‘void’ is to “course,” move freely with continuous creation/infinity itself

there are no mysteries in this universe, the above is an open secret, as we are already integrated into the cosmic harmony; consciousness (as distinct from mind) is our direct bridge/link to

infinity and to be Conscious/aware in the Real sense is to be continuous or immortal, as of course, we by virtue of our Existence have always been and will continue to Be as One with cosmic creation, which state, i would add has characteristics/qualities: all knowledge, ecstatic Bliss and the totality of Presence/Be-ing, which is experienced in the all-encompassing Present/Now, as time and space are measurable (finite) therefore annihilated by the kinesis of Infinity/Being, there is in Reality only One creative continuity.

and so it is well said by the enlightened that while 'coursing through the Void all is apprehended to be Void' or the supremely saturated state of un-form-ulated Be-ing.

if there is a mystery it is simply that entities on this plane fail to See, and therefore live their puny, finite lives in misery, constant fear, ignorance and desperation. it has also been well said that 'no cowards are admitted into paradise.' Simply assess the lives of the Buddha and Christ and ask yourself if they were cowards.

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.

*If you do not understand this most Sublime text
continue your meditation until you do, and be
assured you will overcome if you persevere*

Storm

i only gained what i have when
i ceased pursuing gain, what i
have is fleeting and temporary
yet remains with me, as i have
ceased attempting to claim
anything as my own

from a trickle of existence my
life has become a raging river
its power and volume increased
by abandoning increase or
struggling to accumulate

the essence of Tao is to achieve
non-action via action, a paradox
to many but after decades of
using intellect to understand the
impossible i allowed intuition to
reveal the meaning of this
contradiction/paradox

my only wish is that i had
understood it sooner though that
is only a fleeting thought of no
significant consequence

in some faraway place
undiscovered by civilisation
a butterfly sets down on a flower
to imbibe its nectar

the mental image appears as if
in dream, yet it leaves a lasting
impression — i do not know

whether it's a fanciful imagining
or more real than the choking city
which i now inhabit

slowly and deliberately the butterfly
withdraws and retracts its proboscis
and flutters into the air

a storm is approaching from the East

Jute

that first meeting delivered more
than i could handle, sweet youth

i spoke to her as a man would to
a woman then nearly fell over
when she said she was 17, what!

blurting unguarded, i said, 'my god,
i was having lewd thoughts about u,'
'i'm sorry,' nervously apologising,
'17 for god's sake, u look over 23,
please excuse my forward approach'

she laughed not offended in the least
then turned on her shopping trolley
poked her glorious arse at me, curving
her lower back in perfect primate
mating fashion

that was it — i'm not proud of the fact
that i succumbed to a teenager's tease,
'why, how old are u?' she asked
'well, much older than ur father,'
it didn't faze her in the least

we still speak, she doesn't curve
the small of her back anymore yet she
persists in being that person i could
shamelessly ravage but chronology and
propriety are against my primal instincts

i'm such a gentleman - damn it!

Page

it's snowing on my page, which
is warm with fervent desire to
communicate the intricacies of
the divine geometry of every
flake of snow

not one flake since the very first
snowfall has ever been replicated,
every individual snowflake is new
in design yet snow appears the same

the object is to somehow capture
and express this unique design —
snowfall is common yet hidden
within each flake is a new pattern

O, it's snowing again, they remark,
but always overlook the beauty
hidden in every flake

words fall onto my heated page,
they melt immediately returning
to their liquid, intuitive form,
devoid of crystal patterns and
uniqueness

have i missed my opportunity to
capture nature's continuous creation,
which deplores uniformity and
conformity?

the process of writing is always the
same, but hidden within each piece
is something new

O, he's writing again, they remark,
yet the desire to capture that hidden
beauty is what draws me back to
the page to write another poem and
make another attempt to transmit
something that defies transmission/
harnessing

language is fluid like water but within
it somewhere is the possibility that
a writer may be able to change state
and express that which defies
expression; however, the hot page
of the reader's mind reduces the
attempt to its subjective liquid
form

my determination to capture that
which cannot be captured was/is
driving me to distraction, i was forced
to resign myself to the parched reality
that the medium and inscriber are not
to blame, it isn't a personal failure,
or is it?

intuition, the living cord that connects
us all to nature's creation informs me
clearly that soon the medium i will use
will capture the uniqueness of every
snowflake and every manifest thing in
creation expressing the most impossible
dream would come as easy as breathing

but that 'language' is not of this limited
world, infinity is only understood and
expressed by infinite beings not those

constrained and shackled by this limited
culture

the first snow of the season begins to
fall and punctuate the view from my
studio window

Slaves of Love

(An approach to understanding Karma)

Western students have immense difficulty understanding the very Eastern concept of Karma. Too often Judaeo-Christian (Zoroastrian originally) principles of light-dark, God-Satan, good-bad and all the other polar and binary oppositions pollute perception. Had Newton been a philosopher instead of a mathematician and physicist he would have made an even greater contribution to Western society. His understanding of the Laws of action/reaction are very close indeed.

Western students would serve themselves well to resist their cultural tendency to appreciate Karma (emotionally) as good and bad – it is a universal (not binary) Law of action seeking Harmony through reaction; or infinity's dance toward perfect balance (or pralaya) to which we/everything are inexorably headed.

We are the result of Karma – the cycle of emergence, divergence and absorption – would we begrudge our own existence, or be fearful of the purpose of our lives? Difficult to explain, perhaps approaching the subject in the negative may make it easier to grasp.

The greatest obstacle to understanding Karma is the erroneous belief in the concept of 'free will.' Has anyone ever analysed this most absurd proposition? If there really were such a thing as 'free will,' then we would not suffer the consequences of our actions. What a tragedy that would be – a meaningless existence in a meaningless universe. Let me state quite emphatically, this universe knows exactly where it is headed but the 'route' is not predetermined. Therefore, there is meaning in the movement of arriving (Karma).

Any perversion toward permanent disintegration in the universal flux meets with a re-balancing or correction. Humans experience this

directive principle as pleasure or pain, discomfort/dis-ease *etc.* If there were such a thing as 'free will' we would be devoid of these experiences.

I would mention here that fatalism or the notion that "it is written," predetermination, is also an absurd proposition because it attempts to negate, in the opposite way, taking responsibility for our actions; or that the universe follows a fixed course, which infers that Universal Creation is dull. Following any fixed pattern is death indeed.

We are all acutely aware of the consequences of our actions in thought, word and deed. So, if there is no 'free will' or predetermination then what?

We have freedom to choose and experience the consequences of those choices. And freedom 'to Know,' or learn from experience. We can do anything within our personal capability but we cannot avoid the consequences of our actions. We can learn from our experiences or repeat them until we do – but learn we must.

Einstein was surely correct when he stated, "God does not play dice with the universe" – furthermore, Stephen Hawking is also correct when he stated that "Not only does God play dice with the universe, but sometimes he throws the dice where they can't be seen." Einstein and Hawking omitted to mention that dice are thrown onto a 'table/field' with clearly defined Laws.

An analogy may help to 'weld' these explanations together. Few have attempted to elucidate the full implications of Karma for obvious reasons – the knowledge of Karma is beyond linguist apprehension. Nonetheless, an attempt is preferable to none.

If we transpose the personal "freedom to choose" within a predetermined outcome (destination or final culmination) onto a universal model, we could use the analogy of snowfall. We all know that snow is nothing more than flakes/crystals of ice, with an

interesting characteristic. The beautiful (Mandalic) geometric pattern in the snowflake is unique; never repeated exactly the same in any occurrence of snowfall. This Mandalic form represents our freedom to choose and adopt a unique approach or identity in the cosmic play though all snowflake crystals have an inherent hexagonal design though never expressed in the same way twice. This is the joy in which creation revels because nothing knows in advance what form each 'ice crystal' will take.

Pralaya, or absorption achieved through perfect equilibrium, is always the outcome of universal creation. But the form (or character) in the (grand) pattern is different with each new creative cycle – whereas the Karmic Laws (of action/reaction) determining the outcome or culmination, remain inviolate. Karma is the governing principle for maintaining Harmony in the creative process.

We are designed, not by accident, to be transceivers (receivers and transmitters) of universal Harmony or Love. Is it not preferable to learn from Karma and surrender to our innate nature and discover for ourselves the Bliss and Joy that is our heritage? Or would we delay by opting for the 'Prozac' or 'bottle' etc, in order to temporarily avoid the pain of our perversities?

Take 'stock' and learn – the earth's weather patterns have been disrupted by pollution and environmental vandalism; the fury of nature re-balancing weather patterns will cost more (in destruction) than the profits of the Corporations who directly and indirectly created the imbalance – learn.

Are we in any doubt that fear, hatred, selfishness etc., are creating all the social and personal conflict on the planet – learn.

There is a local planetary catastrophe looming in the very near future – the destruction and magnitude of which the human race has never seen. The principal cause is a major 'psychic' disturbance in the universal flow of Harmony. Karma ensures that Cosmic Harmony maintains itself. Thoughts, words and deeds are things/forces. The

accumulated effect of hate, fear, violence, selfishness, disrespect and above all, lack of Love and understanding has created an appropriate reaction.

“We can learn from our experiences or repeat them until we do – but learn we must.”

Endnote:

It would be remiss of me to complete this paper in the negative, so I offer a solution to understanding Karma and leading a harmonious life.

If you would seek release/Liberation, then surrender completely. Interesting paradox, isn't it?

Dialogue

i spoke to my heart, it did not
answer — where are u heart, i
need u now?

i am here, it responded faintly,
why so faint heart, ur voice
was once clear and resounding?

i have not removed myself to
distant lands of torment, you
have left me forlorn

i need u heart, i would never
forsake u

surely u know i have always
sustained ur life not from
movement alone, i beat for
Love's sake and for love i
pulse with the harmony of
creation, all existence is Love
manifest; u are troubled because
u have drifted, beguiled by lies
and deceit

O, heart, i weep for myself and
lament that folly has overtaken
me

heart responded clearly, without
me to guide you, u are dead tho
i would maintain ur life as long
as possible, but what is a life
devoid of Love? a walking death

in a living hell — am i party to
perversion and abhorrence?
surely not

thank you my heart, i will anchor
myself in ur loving guidance and
steer my life according to ur
compass

never again will i stray
from my Love and Life

Mystery of the Jar

old Lu loosened his robe,
the young inquirer anticipated
an answer to his question

fetch me a pitcher of water and
a jar. old Lu filled the jar to the
brim — now, empty the jar

the questioner did as requested
and poured the water onto the
ground; empty the jar old Lu
said again — the young inquirer
said he had emptied it as requested

how do u expect to empty this jar
when you cannot see that it is full?

Gift

like rain the strains of ur lute
refresh my parched spirit,
i have been running all my life
but ur magical melody allowed
me to stop, cease my needless
spinning and lift my head to
the heavens — the sky shimmers
in joy

i imagined i was alive but i was
just another of the walking dead,
what do the dead know of life?
morbidity/death is the realm
of the dead and life is only for
the living

i spread my arms across the
living, pulsing universe, free
of all my self-imposed prisons

free
of all culture's poisonous narratives
and ideologies

free
of every manufactured, learned
falsity of man

You were always there, above me,
below me, all around me waiting

now i embrace You alone and will
never let u go

Shadow Play

shadow puppets play tonight
moving in two dimensions
across the screen

puppets outlined by a light
source behind them are
skilfully manoeuvred by
puppeteers playing out age
old themes that haven't
changed since the dawn
of civilisation

tonight one puppet moves
away from the screen toward
the Light and becomes a
three dimensional being
ruining the play forever

Released

waiting for the first opportunity
i released it across the approaching
dawn and into the soft night sky

it burst its bank and kept flowing
making the mighty rivers of the
earth appear as mere trickles

it hasn't stopped since, it now fills
all space, time and dimension yet
it continues unexhausted, increasing
as it overwhelms everything

nothing is able to diminish or impede
its expansion; we are borne on it,
sustained and defined by it; the Love
You released in me all those years ago
though i couldn't bear its intensity
and absolute selfless purity

it assassinated who i was and
transformed me into a Being
forever intoxicated in its wonder

we brushed briefly past each other
all those years ago yet the encounter
was the flint that sparked a galactic
storm and dance into eternity from
which i would never return to the
limitations of formulated, contained
humanity

u appear at times in realities and
dreams, this love weaves as it

spreads from my heart and bursts
through my brain showering all
existence in its glory

u have made me a foreigner, an
alien on this planet — though alone
i am forever grateful for the gift u
unknowingly bestowed

i cannot help but Love you always

Able

try to imagine a *moving* centre that
is at once a centre and circumference
— u may get a glimpse

if u are able to hear thunder in perfect
silence u may have a sense

if the centre u wish to hold and
anchor ur life to is beyond grasping
or apprehending, u may have learned
something of value

there is a state of awareness tho
non-specific or measurable that
spells perfection, it reflects itself
in the patterns of nature, the perfect
geometric forms that indicate
continuity

its harmony is beyond the empirical
senses and out of reach for the most
learned in the ways of man

it is beyond time and defies space,
it is the realm of Gods that weave
Being into the nothingness and
dance/kick galaxies into creation

it is between the seen and unseen,
neither inside nor outside, above
or below — it is beginningless and
endless and permeates all things
while harbouring no notion of self
or identity

turn to it to locate ur perfect peace,
love and fulfilment as it is sure
unlike the transience of this world
and the errant ways of mortals

if u discover it u will see it
everywhere and keel in its awe,
bliss and ineffable Love, u —
would know it as the source and
sustainer of all things

it is always open, never closed to
any thing, everything exists in its
ever expanding embrace tho it
captures/grasps nothing not even
itself

u would locate it easily via selfless
Love or simply letting go and
casting urself adrift in its shoreless
sea/see of joy

do not ask me how i see it, See for
your Self

Pushing Perfection

if u can't see it u are blind and
i do not refer to the eyes, which
are only apertures and lenses,
the organ of sight is the brain
which houses the mind

in the midst of the horror and
besieged at every angle i am
frequently asked, 'what sustains
u, does *it* not get to u?'

no it doesn't, as i see only the
perfection, the Love and
continuous harmony; i see thru
the horror, and beyond to behold
the pristine, shining its joy, hiding
nothing of its ecstatic perfection,
inviting everything into its
harmony and ineffable peace

so in the midst of the contorted
reality of man, perfection remains
inviolate

surely if a duck's feather repels
water and remains dry do u doubt
nature has not endowed you with
gifts and attributes to remain
untainted in any quagmire of
unreason, poisonous ideology and
created cultural perversity

but to be blind to the perfection
removes the impervious protective

layer and the filth then pollutes
mind, being and enslaves with
chains of fear, uncertainty and
dread

finite words cannot translate or
render the infinite or perfection
tho other means of communication
are available but only to those able
to See

and so not to leave u forlorn i am
only able to infer and allude;
u must be fearless, undaunted and
true to ur innermost Self — ur real
organ of sight and awareness
would then blossom like a flower
seeking the warm protective rays
of Truth

Climbing Mountains

climbing mountains is not a sport
nor is it the desire of an ego-bound
narcissist that delights in the glory
of conquest, 'i did it,' where's the
camera? a wasted endeavour as the
real pinnacle is missed

climb like a monk enraptured in
unceasing prayer/meditation for the
same reason ascetics seek solitude
to achieve dissolution and union

mountain peaks offer a new
perspective free from the smothering
density of the low ground, the
rarefied air is clean and the light
intense; of what use is dragging a
body to the summit if not to free
the mind enabling it to soar above
the peaks?

climbing mountains is an art that
requires skill to master, the first
step is as important as the last
tho the highest peaks cannot be
found on any land

the mountain that towers above
Everest is the mountain of shit that
exists in the mind; climb that obstacle
with its deadly deadly crags, ridges
and slopes and you would have
conquered the highest peak imaginable

Abandoned

my muse has abandoned me, what
will i do for cerebral sex, should i
wait patiently for her return? she
always returns tho at times without
notice

in the meantime i may be forced
to settle for the physical variety,
a very poor substitute

perhaps she is attending other poets
or is off on some wild sapphic tryst,
she shows no favour to gender

but more likely she hasn't left me
at all — it may be i have simply
lost my way and dulled my senses
with mundane and other meaningless
worldly distractions

yes, i now feel her approaching in the
nick of time

in desperation i retrieved the number
of a tedious physical convenience,
fortunately i didn't press call

Flow

willows sway and weep, the
breeze moves through its draped
leaves, aquatic birds skim the
surface of lakes and ponds,
flying and skimming to rest on
the water

Being pulses its eternal beat
and rhythm through every living
thing tho few humans respond to
its rarefied scintillations and
indescribable beauty

ceaseless, it courses through veins
and nerves exploding softly in the
brain then returning through 'tubes'
of light to its source only to rise
again in a never-ending cycle of
flowing and ebbing tides of bliss

pure Life, beyond cognition —
the dynamic of Being is Life
unqualified though Be-ing qualifies
all Life

the dead concern themselves with
death interning their kind in coffins
of formality, burying all that Life
offers — for the dead life is only
repeated patterns of static formality

Eternity is without beginning or end
beyond the reach of form-ality,
the dead that inhabit a dead realm

know nothing of it, the socialised
interned remain dead to Life

the sun's beams strike a quartz rock
and explode into colour, the living
Australian desert brims with Life
though few venture to its heart
where the moving rainbow serpent
dwells

Fire and Ice

the billowing sails of dreams
starkly contrast the lead weight
of reality

a man sees a rose growing on
a ravaged planet where little
grows; in his imaginings he
sees spires of ice reaching
toward the sun, blurred by the
aftermath of eruptions, ash and
the permanent dust of war —
black rain slowly extinguishes
the life that remains

his mind tells him that no roses
are able to grow since the war
that ended everything extinguished
all plant life that once carpeted the
planet

a poisoned planet cannot produce
a rose yet the rose is real though the
man's experience denies his sight
he sees ice where no ice is visible
and death where life struggles
to reassert itself

thousands of risings and settings
roll together to produce a permanent
twilight

he is responsible for the war he
knows it now, he did nothing when
malevolence germinated and watched

while it spread like a plague; he
watched while others were slaughtered
imagining it couldn't happen to him
but plagues know no boundaries or
recognise foolish imaginings

his failure was not unique but his
survival a miracle or torture, he
remains alive to witness the fruits
of his inactions and cowardice

bedevilled he screams, his sticky
sweat oozing through the filth on
his body as he stumbles toward
the rose

delirious he tears the tiny rosebush
from the ground oblivious to its
thorns that pierce and tear his
bloodied flesh. he holds the bush
aloft howling like a demon

drowning in anguish a moment of
clarity returns to haunt him, he sees
the rosebush is real and realises that
he destroyed the last remnant of
beauty/life on the continent

Flowing

it's flowing again smooth as
liquid silk; i always greet its
return like a long lost love but
never lament its departure as
all is transitory in this world
including the ecstatic embrace
of my beloved muse

lift me from the mire of men
and abandon me in paradise
i forget how many pleas i have
made as ease, peace and bliss
overwhelm my being

this sense of return, belonging,
fulfilment must surely be
consistent yet it is fleeting
though when it occurs every
thing is drenched in its presence

i am left to wonder whether it
issues from deep inside myself
or is it some mysterious external
occurrence, as the difference of
subject and object blur into a
single pervading presence

i am too intoxicated to continue
as it's been a while and i must
surrender completely and savour
every drop until its inevitable
departure

forgive me, i am losing my Self

somewhere in paradise though i
would write a final line or two
before my keyboard dissolves

after every return and departure
i am left with an understanding
that it is forever and it's my mental
meanderings that momentarily
break the spell

it's taken this tiny effort to clumsily
intimate *Eternity*, but who would
read and appreciate a one word
poem expressed by my muse but
me?

Radiant

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

besieged by every possible
perversity we are shaped/
pounded into a false, perverse,
cultural reality

rage against this superimposition/
opaqueness of social space like
drunken poets of the past

allow nothing to contain or
hide your **Light**; refuse every
attempt to diminish its clarity
and luminescence and you would
never be captured or contained
by the darkness and filth that
envelopes this corrupt world

Night

as the sun dips light is displaced
by night though it is believed that
light overcomes the dark

night eases, daylight shrieks, my
preference is easy; under the
pregnant softness of night all
manner of subtle activities take
place, humans and animals sleep
resting from the incessant chatter
of day -- no-one is speaking or
listening

in the quiet the universe spreads
its sensual darkness punctuated
only with the flickering sparks of
silver stars

nothing disturbs the poets etching
dreams in the night sky and flying
bright arcs among the fixed stars

Ventricular Poetry

it is the heart that creates but
it's the mind that writes and
reads, however, the heart
receives more praise though
it's only a pump

perplexed by this disparity of
credit i decided to tear my
heart from my chest, it was
easy i simply fell in love
and allowed my feline mate
to behave instinctively

surgeons have much to learn
from their method as no
physical scars are evident
though the heart has been
excised with precision and
offered as a sacrifice, though
gods have little need of hearts,
they live on lies and the
machinations of men

yet hearts remain as trophies
notched on fang or claw so
it is a simple matter to remove
it from its place

after its excision the 'surgeon'
has no further use for it, its
separation is all that mattered
so i took the opportunity to
inspect this organ to discover
its poetic magic

its outward appearance revealed
nothing but a bloody mess so i
sliced it open and viewed its
secret chambers, indeed it is true,
all poetry issues from the heart,
as traces on its inside walls
indicate

strange striations and cellular
patterns — revealed how
flowing warm blood etches our
experience into vast libraries of
joy and despair

Haunted

a ghost that cannot be exorcised
taunts humanity, it issues from
the 'dark side' — embraced by
leaders of the star and spangle
that serve it

its malevolence knows no limit
the blood of countless innocents
it consumes to satiate its diabolical
thirst

it is the antithesis of life, of
everything good and worthy
of existence under the sun

whispering constantly in our left
ear, it seduces us to acquiesce to
murder, plunder, destruction,
selfishness and apathy

it finds expression only in our
weakness and complacency but
is held in check by the moral and
courageous qualities we all
possess

there is no killing this thing, it is
our other side named the great
adversary by some but it is
contained by our nobility,
bravery, compassion and will to
survive

we must bind this demon or be

enslaved and destroyed by its
unspeakable evil, there are no
options but to fight it or die

freedom is a dream if we fail to
resist, our joy remains crucified
if we surrender

discover it staring back in a mirror
informing us with its corrupting
visage that we must act and be
vigilant against it, there is no
evading it

we must confront and overcome it
or perish

Love and brotherhood conquers
all but this *thing* only conquers
evil and weak Americans --
we all know it, history is our
witness

Until

i write until i tear open the
page and plummet thru into
a world without restrictions
no longer confined by a
screen or A4 paper, the
medium and message entwine
around my brain which never
sleeps or ceases to create

i remember the brush strokes
that swept across hand made
paper with the ease of an
autumn breeze, no semantic
strain was required only a deft
hand and the ceaseless flow
of creation

today i tap a keyboard clickety
clack whack, a suitable encoder
for the digital age but it pales
against the turns of my rhythmic
wrist and sweeps of my hand
on broad paper; the past easily
overcomes the present

there is nothing spontaneous
about typing, the means
formulates the message so i
must force entry into the portal
of dreams which once opened
like a lover's thighs caressed
by slow deft hands

with bamboo pipe and human

hair brush each fine filament
depositing ink ending in a fine
fading fray, the art of which is
to perfect the sweep, line,
character and the amount of
ink each brush-stroke deposited
onto paper

that was the art of writing, now
writing is the art, so i am writing
you!

you imagine i jest but no, with
every word i force you to decode
i steal ur mind, come closer i
must whisper a secret — i have
learned to write with my cock
and what marvels it produces
in salacious minds but i refrain
from description here as this is
a technical piece

perhaps another time when ur
medium is more receptive —
a gentle stroke of paradise

Land of Han

in the ancient land of Han i
sipped moonbeams while
others sipped wine

it is where i first learned to
write or rather render characters
onto rice paper with a soft
brush and the blackest ink

the art was to capture the form
and express meaning with
minimal strokes of a bamboo
brush and deft, spontaneous
rhythms of the hand

it is where i learned to whisper
to the breeze and write on fluid
mediums

while i composed poetry in the
land of Han Western devils
were fucking their sisters in
caves and hunting in packs like
wild dogs, such are their bestial
origins

scholars were respected by
nobles and poets were honoured
among the literate classes and
government alike while the dogs
of the west roamed in tribes and
engaged in brutal combat with
competing warring tribes

i learned the secrets of water
and the Tao unwritten and
untrodden, such was the
sophisticated culture of Han

after my burial the emperor
lamented the loss of a respected
adviser on government and
strategic matters of war,
though i never divulged that
i learned my secrets from
observing water and coursing
the Tao

the wind continues to carry the
whispers of that day

later i was born in the land of
the Franks where i learned the
arts of sorcery and magick and
established myself as healer of
mind and body

many more deaths and births
ensued until today where i am
located in the ancient Southern
Land where i learned the
Dreaming from a society more
ancient than the people of Han
-- it is where i learned to listen,
see and read the whispers i made
thousands of years past

my skills are beyond the reach
of white men that only yesterday
roamed like ravenous dogs

they continue to war and ruin
everything they touch and
persist in fucking their sisters
and daughters, though in
secret today

and so the land of Han has
called me back to deal with
this sick menace

the ancient emperor i once
served is a formidable general
today, together we have contrived
a plan that will ensure the victory
of Han against the warring,
western devils

while coursing the Tao i
discovered the secret location
of my ancient grave; my bones
remain undisturbed and my
vault contains the written
secrets that are carried on the
wind for those able to read and
See in the land of Han

Mind's Eye

as a child i often wondered
why i could see with eyes
closed, though that seeing is
not the seeing of eyes

swirling coloured lights
and images fleeted across
the screen of my mind
as i lay waiting for sleep
to intervene

a continuous kaleidoscopic
movie beamed from some
secret projector, which filled
me with curiosity until one
night i decided to exert some
influence and discovered i
could freeze any frame and
study it as it slowly melted
away

the more i exercised this
faculty, the more i learned
about its source -- the observer
and observed were inseparable,
i was watching myself, the
gizzards of my entire being
not limited by time or space,
3D viewing in its original
form

the sequence seemed incoherent,
lacking thematic continuity
but that was not the case

i was watching the content
of my mind, soul and spirit
arranged by some abstract
formula offered it seemed for
a final edit or perhaps to
instruct

as i gained proficiency in this
art i discovered i was able to
project 'myself' outside my
body and view it lying inert
on the bed and then by
imagining any person or
location i was immediately
transported, no corporeal object
was able to obstruct me reaching
my destination

and so this world of foul and
wonderful secrets became an
open book for me to read at
will

Rage

the sea rages tonight colliding
with ferocity against the shore
which obstructs its course

rocky barriers shoot waves
skyward releasing spray that
drenches my face and salts my
lips — yet of its own accord
the sea remains calm

the enormous energy it releases
is the result of external forces
acting on it; the sea in essence
is imperturbable though its
appearance deceives the
desensitised and unthinking

appearances always deceive
quiet reflection reveals much

i scream against the wind
responding to the night yet my
scream is muted by the mighty
roar -- no man or beast is able
to compete with the forces of
nature

a seabird dislodged from its
shelter twists and turns in the
buffeting wind crying, it
instinctively finds a course with
subtle twists of wings and turns
of its body to eventually return
to the safety of the cliffs

i marvel that no civilised human
abruptly faced with death or
crisis is able to react so perfectly
to the forces that prevail against
it, the instant reaction of a bird's
brain and body put all man's
achievements to shame

my arrogance and pride draw me
closer to the edge of the cliff
fighting the headwind with every
step, not fully sensitive to its
random directions

i reach the precarious edge, as i
do the headwind ceases and
changes direction, my forward
force and the wind burst from
behind sees me easily plummet
off the edge to my death

Exotic

i rode Love and Peace to
arrive here in this place,
there are no other means
of reaching this destination

carried on wings that never
fail, intoxicating sights,
sounds and scents which
inexorably draw fearless
Lovers from whatever
assaults their sensibilities,
hearts and souls

it is good to be here again
though i have faltered
allowing myself to be taken
by steel and glass towers,
gold chalices, silver trinkets,
sunken baths and every form
of indulgence and decadence
imaginable – the promise of
success in Babylon

but after a fleeting moment of
indulgence i returned to myself
and now view these articles of
faith/success as baubles and
trinkets

what matter a gold or silver
chalice, it is merely a drinking
vessel, its only value lies in
false value that serves to hide
frightening panic and the

insecurity of knowing one has
wasted a life in pursuit of the
shit-encrusted anus of
civilisation

i have tasted and indulged in the
best this culture has to offer its
bonded slaves – worshippers at
this altar are never scarce, they
throng to surrender their souls
and chase meaninglessness,
vacuity and death

few admit they have wasted their
lives pursuing appearances and
the valueless artefacts of a
perverse culture

the high priests of perversity
waited for me to enter their secret
chamber, decorated with a skull
and crossed bones — join us, you
have reached the final threshold,
the priests announce with imagined
authority, yet it became apparent
they were deluded slaves to their
perversity and blind manias, my
real jewels i had discovered late,
we are all born with the ability
to transcend, to discern and
manoeuvre through haunted hells
and screaming pits of insanity
to emerge unscathed in the end

i rejected a seat with the rulers
of the world but before i turned
my back on the high priests and

their offer i said, what do *you* offer
the world you own? perpetual war,
death, destruction and ruination,
a prize fit for the rulers of hell

every curse, filth and threat
uncontrollably issued from the
mouths of the priests, they had
never before been refused

as i turned You came in brilliance,
kissed me on the mouth and granted
me wings that transported me to
paradise

in this place of exaltation, Love
blooms and bears myriad fruits that
contain the nectar of Immortality

*“the wings of Love and Peace
delivered me safely to this place,
there are no other means
of reaching this destination”*

Return

you bind me forever like a
babe in the womb nourishing
my existence

but i am born, now fully grown
yet your luminescent cord tugs
at my soul and agitates the
essence of my being

i cannot escape, though in my
folly i have tried numerous times
but you refused to release me

should i resign myself to slavery?
no, it is not the chain that shackles
slaves that binds me to you; it is
Love, liberation that you offer,
a cord to a lost child in the forest
of illusion is the surest path back
home

if you would only surrender to
my/your call my cord would
tighten magically and draw you
to me without effort or exertion

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 created for yourself before
birth, 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

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

Enlightenment

like a scroll that unrolls
endlessly, Life -- seek its
meaning, its peculiar trajectory
which defines your purpose,
origin and destination

the script is indecipherable
in areas, obscuring and
thwarting attempts to fathom
its secret but the search
continues in earnest

trace it to its origin sure in
the knowledge that its source
reveals its final destination

frayed edges betray the
calamities of the sojourn
yet they also indicate an
enduring quality and specific
character uninterrupted by
birth and death -- never lose
faith in it as its characters
become clearer, decipherable,
endowing power, faith and
strength which qualities
combine to increase
understanding

slowly it begins to reveal its
secrets

Liberation is not the exception
it is the rule

Eyes

ur eyes penetrate my vulnerable
defences so i allow them to
explore the endless maze of my
inner being, a place where angels
fear to tread

i often wonder why ur heavy
with yearning eyes seek this
trepidation

i would gladly accommodate
u if i could but i imagine what
u seek i am not able to provide
so remain myself

perhaps it is exactly that, you
seek to change what u fell in
love with

if i acquiesce understand that
we both lose

so explore every aspect of my
being, feel ur way thru, i am
aware of every curious move
u make

be aware that certain spaces
contain all manner of experience,
i do not venture into some recesses
myself but you are welcome

beware of what u might discover,

as angels fear to tread for
good reason

Gross

interesting word, like a line in
a poem that clangs or a phrase
that subverts nice civilised people
like, 'follow your heart'

why follow a mindless organ
when there are other more
enjoyable mindless body-parts
to choose from, like following
your mindless cock or cunt?

but its a circular pursuit as it
always leads u back to where
u started

so what is really gross?

is it the fact that the world's
leading civilian killing nation
accuses other nations of terrorism
when its killing record is horrific
and without peer, killing half a
million Iraqi children under 10
with medical embargoes was,
"worth it," remember?

murder is obscene but who is
guilty of the obscenity? is it
the masses that accept such
flagrant crimes against humanity
passively and refuse steadfastly
to address the actions their
leaders take?

not really, the duping of an entire nation using the same old tired media tricks and orchestrated events is clearly gross and thick

the media screams and saturates the airwaves with herrings and lies prior to any planned illegal activity

the US invades weaker nations, assassinates elected legitimate leaders that do not comply with US corporate interests and installs puppet regimes that allow rapacious corporations to plunder everything of value leaving ruin and devastation in their wake

where is the media coverage once the US has taken a target nation and left chaos, mayhem and permanent destabilisation? predictably silent!

what is gross? the fact that the US lies, no! it's the same shame as any colonial power

it is duped, mindless citizens that are at fault; it's the vacuum between the ears/eyes and brains of the moronic masses that is 'gross,' tho poets are not literalists or moralists but *You* pretend to be

Lost Love

shooting stars are said to
be the souls of lovers
searching for their lost
love

if one sleeps out under
unpolluted clear skies
it appears there are
innumerable lost loves
flashing across the
warm dark of night

such stories are usually
myths based on true
stories lost to numerous
renditions over time

perhaps the lost love is
not another entity but
the lost aspect of love
itself, a person's desperate
yearning to find the
essence of one's heart
and soul, fulfilment
in a word

such a search would
traverse the entirety of
creation as one is not
fulfilled until love is
found and embraced
unconditionally

it seems that we mistake

loving another for the
love of Self - as the love
of Self is prerequisite
before love is able to be
shared with another

it appears that shooting
stars never find their
mark they all burn
out in a frantic frenzy
before they merge
with another

as i complete this stanza
the night sky is alive
with flashing streaks of
light ending somewhere
in the dark void which
gave birth to all stars

the mysteries of the
firmament are personified
by Nuit, the Egyptian Goddess
of the heavens and
progenitrix of the stars

it is well that my abode
is beneath her stars
as everything must pass
through this dark place
before reaching heaven

Trails

follow different trails to their end and discover they all end in the same place; is that really so perplexing or unusual?

people are apt to believe that varying directions must lead to varying destinations but i am not referring to train rides or a weekend drive

if u wish to discover the source of all things refuse to dwell on the periphery, follow the most immediate trails and discover they all lead to the brain as the real organ of sense, but that is not the desired destination as the brain is simply a biological creation not an end in itself, there is more

it follows that if indeed a single event or a single source -- absurdly referred to as God -- produces all things then that source must be traceable/ reachable by reversing the usual process of pluralistic distractions and the tendency of the mind to flow out into plurality rather than *in* to singularity

with dogged determination
pursue the goal and do not
cease until the source of all
things is discovered

sacrilege, the religionists say,
apprehending 'God' is not done
by mere mortals, the decision
rests in God's mercy or grace
-- rubbish!

which *omnipresent, omniscient,*
omnipotent God plays hide and
seek? of course only the false
Gods created by men to enslave
and weaken humanity, as God
is always *imminent* in its creation;
what need does an all-powerful
God have for limited words
or mortal helpers, is not God
omnipotent?

any clown today that professes
he/she speaks for God or that
s/he has authority from God
is a Liar or deluded, pure
and simple, the world is not
short of fools

however, a 'book' does exist
that contains all knowledge
of God therefore all things,
that book is Existence --
the Creator and the created
are inseparable

unrelenting focus and the

exclusion of all thought leads directly to it and 'it' is nothing other than your unwavering, unfettered Consciousness

is infinity wanting or troubled that it must ruminate? Infinity is timeless, instantaneous, immeasurable and perfect

existence is a continuum without past or future, the process of continuity only occurs in the present/Now, the location of Truth/reality

the human mind has been thoroughly corrupted by culture and culture only exists in the past -- what need of custom or culture does infinity have?

so if u would know the source of all things follow any one thing back to its source, as the source of All things is ONE

Is It?

is it better to deny or accept?

is it better to shed a tear
or implode?

is it better to pander or declare?

is it better to grovel or stand?

is it better to live a lie or rejoice
in Truth?

is it better to dream in sleep or dream
in wakefulness?

is reality preferable to fantasy?

is freedom preferable to slavery?

is it better to slave for a pittance
or toil for a fair reward?

is a banquet more appealing than
a shit sandwich?

is it better to believe in yourself
or believe another?

is it better to follow your course or
that of another?

are free horizons better than living
in a box?

is dealing with a problem preferable
to ignoring it?

is harmony preferable to discord?

is perpetual war preferable to peace?

is unity preferable to division?

is it better to love or hate?

is it better to embrace or strike?

is it better to uphold justice or cower
in fear to injustice?

is it better to live or die?

Nocturnal

night falls in slow motion
carried gently on the scent
of spring flowers, fragrance
seems to emanate from the
warm, secure night

how appropriate the 'falling'
of night though to be accurate
night is 'lowered' by
disappearing day

it is daylight that breaks
impatiently in contrast to the
tide of night easing, enveloping
everything, my realm from
the first

life does not issue from the
brightness of day it is
conceived and gestates
in pure darkness, safe in
the homogeneity of
imperceptibility

the harsh glare of day shatters
the peace of night

my nocturnal allies hide to
emerge only when undetectable
to effect the changes that
astound the creatures of day

well do they say what day
is it?

light is such a lie as it only
becomes apparent when it
strikes an object whereas
night is immediate and requires
nothing to facilitate its
enveloping

it is the difference between
the long soothing hum and
the sharp shrill of glaring day

The Walls of Paradise

after a lifetime of searching i finally
stood before the locked gates of
paradise beseeching the gatekeeper
to allow free passage

but like a taunting demon the
gatekeeper remained unmoved

undaunted i began to circumnavigate
the impregnable walls, which no-one
had ever breached and discovered
that they encompassed all existence;
what strange barrier must i now
confront and overcome?

after numerous futile sweeps looking
for weaknesses, i remembered i was
not forlorn and that nothing could
prohibit my entry

again i approached the gatekeeper
and discovered he was me,
outwitting him would be a futile
pursuit, a stalemate

to have come this far and stand at
the gates of the sublime to be refused
only quickened my efforts to gain
entry

time began to play its destructive tricks
the more i persevered and struggled
(against myself) the more difficult
it became

a lad named Methuselah mocked me
from a watchtower, the seasons had
taken their toll

i staggered to the gate determined but
not prideful or arrogant; the gatekeeper
laughed at the sight of me, he had
retained my youthful appearance and
mocked the wretched creature
requesting entry

such anguish i had never known
again i remembered who i was
and sat before the gate with eyes
riveted on the taunting image of
my youth as the gatekeeper

i realised that before i could effect
the external i needed to transform
the internal so i sat like a mountain
unmoved until the screen of my mind
began to crowd with images of my
previous lives and experiences

there is no fear greater than personal
fear nor any repulsion more loathsome
than a personal aversion, no hell more
terrifying than one's personal hell

the gatekeeper laughed as he watched
my face grimace confronting stark
images of all my personal vulnerabilities,
fears, aversions and joys

i nevertheless remained steady, calm
though slightly agitated by the images

that flashed across my mind

i watched until the images lost their
power to disturb -- experiences charged
with emotional impact had enslaved me
for aeons

the gatekeeper observed my progress
and became agitated, he began to age
as i began to grow youthful as we/i
exchanged states

nevertheless, i remained steady
and determined

soon my emancipation approached
with the mystic key that unlocks the
gates of paradise

it fixed its gaze on me probing for
aberrations and weaknesses, i
remained steady, imperturbable

the walls and gate vanished, i was
in an open field of dreams and realities
without clear distinction

i remained unmoved with unwavering
focus

the scene became voluptuous my
senses reeled -- for such pleasure
no sense was made, i was overwhelmed
every known and unknown ecstasy
danced before me alluring, waiting
for me to approach, i remained firm

at that the walls and gate re-appeared,
i could hear/see running waters, singing
birds with quivering iridescent plumage,
all manner of exquisite sights and sounds

i was not moved, the gatekeeper appeared
and began to transform in rapid succession
from my inception through my previous
lives to Now

the experience unnerved but i did not
forfeit my seat

instantly the gatekeeper vanished i became
myself again and the gates of paradise
opened

i had overcome myself and the world,
all things yielded and deferred to another
determined victor who persisted to the
end

Siddhartha

he simply walked from all
that the world could offer,
and embarked on a do or die
effort, a journey, a quest --
journeys become quests if
truth is pursued

the unchanging, unvarying
eternal principle that qualifies
the real, the common factor in
mystical experiences, the substrate
of existence, the quality upon
which everything rests, the
primary reason of existence

a certain point is reached in
human evolution that trips a
switch, whatever occupation,
disposition or temperament a
person had prior to that fateful
trigger disappears, replaced or
displaced by an overwhelming
desire for reality, Truth

it is not an uncommon experience
in fact it lies dormant and waiting
in all humankind; when it strikes
follow it, refusing invites catastrophe,
ignore it at your own very real peril,
this yearning Must be fulfilled

whatever form it takes in your life,
when it is time to abandon everything,
just walk, leave and follow its

direction to the prize/fulfilment
at the end

the holy grail, the immortal foetus
which restores the memory of how
and why you originated, who you
really are

need i say that it is far from any
fanciful or wild imagining

return home never to separate again
and live as an immortal for eternity

so when you are overcome by the
yearning, just walk, walk with
determination, you will automatically
tend to your responsibilities with
purpose, you will never regret the
decision

Encounter

by chance or good fortune
i saw u, i had forgotten how
long it had been; ur presence
captured my memory and
transformed it into reality

to be near you again is
supreme ease, to converse
with u is liquid music, to
absorb ur presence is beyond
description, i am transfixed
by the sight of u again

so strong was my longing
for you i could barely contain
my civilised manner

like a demented Christ i
searched blindly for a cross to
die on but ur reassuring smile
and open heart released me
from my torment, the poison
tree upon which i am nailed

why is it that i reject every
good thing i encounter? the
Buddhists know the answer
but this time i shall not be so
foolish, rare are the real
treasures of life, and u do not
know how valued You are

strangely, the chill mist at
winter's dawn does not reach

my marrow today, so profound
and lasting ur effect on me

i am determined to lure u ever
so gently into my orb to make
a haven, a safe place for u

the words i weave for u will
remove all ur doubts and lift
the fog of misapprehension;
it was all my fault but i dare
not mention it, i will not risk
losing u over a trifling

quietly and stealthily vision
distinguishes a form in the
soft focus of a misty morn

soon, very soon in the warm
light of day everything will be
Clear

Truth/Eternity

my eyes were closed the first
time i saw the *Light* -- the
source of continuous radiance
is independent of the five senses,
language, culture or any qualifier
you care to name

the quality of that *Light* is of
everlasting, it is indisputable
Truth, not of interpretation,
conjecture, geometric co-ordinates
or any measurable method of
verification/location but of
Perfection

words only allude to the ineffable/
unutterable, splendour, the
magnificence of continuous *Be-ing*

other signifiers that allude to
Infinity exist in most languages
a quality beyond measure and
description -- have you ever
attempted to describe infinity with
finite, linguistic terms?

understand that whosoever
claims to utter truth is a liar,
though mystic poets are able
to push language to the necessary
extremes to remind you, or to
trigger a recollection, a
remembrance of who/what you
really are

Yes, you have it, Truth (Infinity)
is all-embracing, inclusive by
nature, beware of exclusivists that
would attempt to divide the
continuous, expanding whole,
they are in opposition and rivers
do not flow uphill

their hell is their reward, so
beware lest they drag you into
the hole they have dug for
themselves, their nightmare is
Not your reality

understand that (God) Infinity
is unable to hide by nature,
it saturates all existence, forever;
you are surrounded, permeated,
absorbed, saturated in its
Perfection

how is it you remain ignorant,
unaware of *Your* splendour?

Fear is the **only** barrier that is
able to separate you from the
knowledge and bliss you
inherently possess; and to be
perfectly clear, no cowards
are able to enter Paradise

Fear creates slaves, fear engenders
violence and hate and every
perversity known to man

we are either reduced to

cowering, cringing slaves
or we assert our universal
Love in Unity, and Harmony
and reclaim our rightful
inheritance gifted freely to All
by Creation itself

i could have reduced this piece
to two words, *Love and Liberty*,
but you wouldn't have believed
i was referring to **You**

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 editor and website moderators*.

Books by the Author:

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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
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