



# **Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry**

**Book IV in the Series**

**Lindsay Traynor**

# Table of Contents

## Selections of Mystical Prose and Poetry

Ra  
Osiris and the Golden Solar Phallus of  
Resurrection  
Refuge  
Medium  
Partner  
Recall  
Dutchman  
Sometimes  
Duplicity  
Spark  
Sound (Logos)  
Mystic Rose  
Truth takes a Holiday  
Resonance  
Effortless  
Detained  
Zenith  
Matrika Shakti  
Key  
Dawn Poem  
Misappropriation of Meaning  
Toxic Boomerang  
Dingo Breed  
Irrelevant  
See  
Unspoken  
Suicide  
Rhyme of Unreason  
Storm  
Funeral  
Creek

Unfair Advantage  
Trails  
How Many Times ...  
Omaha Beach  
Beside Me  
Enemy of the State  
Tedium  
Darling Boy  
Writing  
Shaman  
Attraction  
Unnatural Selection  
Irresistible ...  
Arcs  
Heartbeat  
Hypnogogic Poetry  
Direction  
Magister  
Space Dragon  
Strange Cargo  
The Sentence  
About the Author  
Books by the Author:

# ***Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry***

**by Lindsay Traynor**

**Book IV 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*

# Ra

correct they were to deify the  
fiery orb -- its rays impartial  
which warm the living, the dead  
and the inconsequential

the earth bathes daily in its  
fluid warmth, all manner of  
diversity sprouts in alchemical  
wonder as rays become trees,  
grasses and all manner of  
life

Ra,  
the progenitor, giver of life  
arcing across the conquered  
sky without peer or challenge;  
lord of life, emulated, imitated  
by pretenders, solar deities  
that die and are reborn as the  
sun in heaven and hell

the fiery phallus of gold that  
sired Horus, the Father reborn  
as the circular Sun

how many pretenders of res-erection  
have failed to usurp the solitary  
Lord of the sky and earth?

# Osiris and the Golden Solar Phallus of Resurrection

## (An Easter message)

Easter is that time of year when Christian leaders (hypocrites) make public appearances and drivel religious inanities or refer to impossible social codes that no human being is able to observe for an extended period -- the flesh truly is weak. So weak in fact that it cannot fly (walk on water) or take life again after it has expired. Yet 'He' is risen indeed.

All human mammals born via the vaginal canal, including Jesus Christ, have numerous things in common, two of which are the inability to fly unaided or overcome physical mortality as everything born must die; I choose my words carefully as I am a believer in the Johnny-come-lately 'God,' Jesus Christ, but I am neither a child nor a feeble-minded fanatic. The myth and symbolism of the Christian res-erection begins with the Egyptian solar-phallic deities Ra and Osiris, Lord of the sky by day and underworld by night -- judge and liberator of souls.

Short papers do not afford the luxury of details -- a wealth of material tracing the source of all solar phallic deities, including Jesus Christ, to ancient Egypt exists in the public domain for the interested researcher; however, a brief sketch is required here.

After the murder and dismemberment of Osiris by his brother Set (satan) the murdered God's sister/wife, Isis, managed to locate and re-assemble the scattered pieces of his body, with the exception of the phallus. Lacking the God's original solar phallus Isis fashioned a phallus from 'gold' and attached it to her dead husband. She was able to bring him back to life and bear their Son, Horus; thus verifying the life-giving power of the golden (solar) phallus.

The daily cycle of the sun is clearly depicted in the Osiris myth, the descent into the abyss/underworld and the re-emergence/resurrection to a new dawn. The Osiris myth is complex and contains many facets; however, conquering the underworld (death) and re-emerging as the life-giving principle is central and indispensable to the myth.

The transposition of Egyptian myths to Hellenistic culture had been occurring for some time prior to the birth of Jesus. The most popular religion of educated ruling Greek, Roman and Egyptian elites of the time was the Dionysian cult. Dionysus also preceded Jesus as a resurrected phallic deity of supernatural birth. However, his cult had evolved to incorporate life-death symbolism into ritual practice. Psychological transcendence was achieved utilising wine, dance and orgiastic means (total social abandon).

The cult/religion was extremely popular, and even elicited a response in the New Testament, Jesus claiming that He was the “true vine,” the plant sacred to Dionysus. The Dionysian cult remains with us today in the form of ecstasy-popping dance raves and other forms of informalisation and release.

Religious texts, as with all human knowledge, issue from the all-to-human condition; they are all entirely mundane and terrestrial in origin yet they aspire, as humans have always aspired, to re-unite or re-engage with the infinite principle that ‘creates and sustains’ everything. Truly, there is nothing new, fantastic or mysterious under the religious sun. We are all products of infinite creation.

Locked in the deepest recesses of our being is the memory of who/what we really are. No one can add to or subtract anything from infinity; wherefore is the need for corrupt, perverted, parasitic religion and impotent priests/clerics?

The Christ myth is a composite of all the Gods of fertility/life and Resurrection that have gone before it – as to the historical character, Jesus, he clearly was a man who set out to reform a thoroughly

corrupt, stratified/enslaved, materialistic and lost society.

All Gods of renewal and res-erection/resurrection teach us that we share the same mortality-immortality as they do. The moralistic aspect of religion was to keep society regulated with appropriate prohibitions and behavioural codes. There are no mysteries in that regard as the original imitated model was set down in ancient Egypt as it was the first theocratically enslaved, large society.

Not a lot has changed in the human condition since the time of the Pharaohs and Jesus; show me a religionist today and I will show you a brazen hypocrite.

The central message of all major religions is to seek and re-engage the renewing, omnipotent power of infinite creation.

For those with the eyes to see and the ears to hear the liberated soul has no need of religion or corrupt, hypocritical clerics.



## Refuge

to whom or what do i turn  
for refuge, who would give  
me sanctuary that i may sleep  
with both eyes closed?

it is a need to unburden, to  
unload the accrued merits  
and demerits of life to  
once again become pristine,  
clean, devoid of good and  
evil?

you have always welcomed  
me regardless of any other  
consideration, u made a promise  
before my separation, and i  
remember

culture has tried in vain to  
drag me away from you,  
persecuted without rest  
yet i remember ur promise  
and hold fast to ur way

for that extremely evident  
distinction they beat me  
as a child, harangued me  
as a youth and tortured me  
as a man yet i have never  
let go nor would i attempt  
to survive without the  
strength and comfort you  
provide

your promise is etched on  
the core of my being --  
try as they did they were  
unable to shake my conviction  
or create doubt/unsureness,  
which agents plague and  
oppress all lost humanity

so i turn to you constantly  
-- my source --  
the Love of my heart  
the light of my mind  
the movement in my  
blood and bones

but i tire now, i am weary;  
u offer me an extended hand  
and reassuring smile, a safe  
haven for the night, a  
sanctuary for my soul

i release my identity from  
its weak mooring, the  
heaviest burden of all, the  
false notion that i am  
an individual, separate  
special, tho You/i know i  
am nothing without you

## Medium

the ether is endless it permeates  
the earth and fills all space,  
modern science was very  
unwise to deny its existence  
but the folly belongs to  
conservatives of which  
science is a prime expression,  
it's as tight-arsed as any  
other prescribed discipline,  
it comes with the usual user  
manual of how to live in a box

but their folly is my gain as  
the ether is saturates everything  
and is the optimum resource  
for sensitives, it has delivered  
divers things to me when needed;  
whether of the creative variety  
or just messages via its countless  
channels it effortlessly presents  
whatever is required

the recent dead visit me thru  
the medium and ask directions,  
i have no need of the ceremonial  
robes of the magus; the pregnant  
ether delivers all things to me,  
it is the principal medium of  
existence yet most of humanity  
lives blind in subterranean  
caverns and they wonder where  
their misery originates

humanity leaves a trail that

sensitives are able to track;  
secrecy is irrelevant the entire  
universe is an open book,  
if one thinks of anything  
the characteristics of that thing  
offer themselves for reading  
immediately

but it's not all plain sailing  
the horror also inhabits the  
ether, do not focus on it  
otherwise the denizens of  
that realm will overtake you;  
'ghouls' as they are known,  
are ready to attach themselves  
to the unwary or uninitiated

the ether must be traversed  
without fear as the tiniest  
vestige of fear attracts  
calamity -- horror and every  
terror wait in ambush in  
the ether

and so the ether is friend to  
the fearless alone, it serves  
their every need

u need not ask again, how  
is it that i know?

## Partner

i should write a poem to rhapsodise  
everything about you, ur perfections  
and imperfections all of which make  
u unique the one for me

but u have become so close i am  
unable to separate u from me

i'm not sure whether i am lost  
in you or you in me as distance  
between us has vanished,  
buoyant energy remains

i dread that time that one  
of us departs this earth  
and leaves the survivor  
without half their being  
but that is something to  
face in the distant future  
i hope, that is why i never  
take you for granted,  
i absorb everything about  
u as tho i am to face  
the executioner at dawn

yes, it's futile, i cannot divide  
what has become one, i am  
unable to articulate what is  
now the essence of my being

i am content to have u in my  
arms tonight

## Recall

a desperate scream so distant it  
is almost inaudible -- somehow  
i heard it through time, from the  
past or future i cannot tell but  
it dripped desperation, a warning

it caused my skin to stand, why  
me? was i targeted by some  
strange sorcery, was it clairaudience  
or just approaching mania?  
i cannot tell

there are some strange people  
around, perhaps one or two  
have discovered a warp or  
maybe it's generic

cease blind guessing, making  
erroneous assumptions and  
delve deep into the phenomenon

aha, i have it!  
a little less mental meandering  
and more magnification/focus  
then release it suddenly which  
leaves a door open momentarily,  
an aperture unaffected by time  
and space -- i have re-discovered  
the key to appearing and disappearing,  
the secret is out now

many have wondered about uncanny  
abilities to read future events and  
human temperaments from photos

man has put an end to entire  
civilisations not once but many times  
it seems hard-wired in the species --  
neither time nor space is able to  
shake it loose

the scream i heard was a memory,  
a warning not to repeat the same  
mistakes again and again, but this  
intelligence is not familiar with  
man, a species cursed to repeat the  
same deadly mistakes until it  
extinguishes itself

the screaming voice seemed  
familiar in the instant of a nuclear  
detonation i realised, re-collected  
that i am constantly reincarnated  
to witness global catastrophes  
and lament the fact that i am  
responsible

i am alive now breathing, waiting,  
screaming

## Dutchman

before the dawn as light trickles  
over mind and teases the horizon  
we stand together as one on the  
shore of our hopes and then  
circumstances hollow out existence,  
leaving a cavity where my heart  
used to beat for u alone

u died suddenly without the  
slightest consideration for anything  
but dying

i know u had not planned ur demise  
but death is the ultimate thief, it  
steals the totality of being from  
the living and dead

i never recovered, so strange  
as decades have passed; i  
expected to join u soon after  
ur departure but life and death  
conspired to prolong my pain,  
far too cruel to allow an easy  
escape and possible reunion

life continues to hold me hostage  
as death laughs silently

somewhere in its depths hidden  
away it holds u hostage, the  
diabolical twins have fabricated  
a maze of grief and woe to trap  
me in despondency seeking  
endlessly for u -- at every blind



turn i hear sniggers and laughter

but i have hatched a plan, i have  
struck a deal with Eternity, i  
promised my uniqueness and  
abilities in exchange for the time  
to locate u somewhere in infinite  
creation

in its benevolence Eternity granted  
me endless time to find u and  
restore my soul

my revenge on the diabolical twins  
is complete, i have learned that  
true Love never dies

## Sometimes

sometimes i hold my hand to  
my face to re-assure myself i  
exist -- the rolling swell of  
creation is all-absorbing

to be distinct or not to be  
distinct, is not so much the  
question but an oscillation,  
not so much a choice but  
an option

floundering is characteristic  
of human existence --  
sometimes i force myself  
to write desert poetry as the  
bush is overpopulated with  
bush poets

urban poets are plentiful but  
desert poets uncommon as few  
venture into the heartland

i have become proficient, i  
am now second to none  
at encoding the searing  
stillness of the heart, the  
whispers of tufts of spinifex  
filtering the wind

rocky outcrops delineate my  
mind against the sky

i wonder at times why desert  
poets are rare in Oz, the nation

is almost entirely desert yet  
poets huddle at the coastal  
fringe and in the bush and write  
about each other as though the  
red expanse did not exist or  
is somehow foreign

urban poets prefer to write  
about each other perhaps  
reassuring themselves they  
exist

the desert brims with life,  
the archaic rocks offer stability,  
permanence

so it is that i write in the red  
centre and whisper the secret  
language that is only spoken  
by desert ghosts and desert  
poets of the past and present

## Duplicity

let it go and lay back on a  
cloud, it will support u if  
u surrender

swoon in space disengaged  
from corporeality, float

allow ur body to lead, just  
drift with it

or would u prefer to snuggle  
into my arms, ur such a child  
at times?

this is no time to play with  
ur favourite toys

i am spent from a memorable  
session with ur best friend's  
daughter

what is it about teenage  
hormones that invite  
a slow hand, soothing words  
and a man of experience?

or is it that young women  
instinctively understand  
quality?

i have often wondered but  
rarely hesitate or decline an  
invitation to assist a young  
woman in her development

## Spark

you appear before me naked  
as a million before u and think  
it an offering, a surrendering,  
yet bodies are no secret to me  
or anyone else, tho u remain  
hidden behind the cloak of  
ur nakedness, an effective cloak  
indeed

as u anticipated my nature reacts  
to ur nature but do not be misled  
or intimidated, it is You i seek,  
the animating principle of ur  
body, i seek ur life spark, ur  
innermost Self, ur very soul

the core of ur being remains  
buried, hidden from u since  
birth; most people live their  
entire blind lives without a clue  
or notion of their real identity

my eyes and mind have captured  
unimaginable beauty in the midst  
of horror, abuse, violence, loss  
and brutality

i have never relinquished the  
nobility of soul, the continuity  
of spirit, i have never traded  
the real for the apparent or  
perversity for the genuine,  
the horror for beauty or Truth  
for a lie

it is the preciousness i seek  
the uniqueness of (your) Being  
but u offer ur mind, body, emotions,  
fears, loves, hates, irrationality  
and a million distractions instead

so i offer my essential nature to  
u in the hope that it is seen for  
what it is and that the door to the  
chamber that hides ur soul opens  
and we merge as One becoming

## Sound (Logos)

transposing sound and light  
as poetry

i have no idea how others  
write poetry but i hear a sound  
which becomes, or rather is  
translated into a poem

u think it odd that a sound is  
able to create an entire poem

i could hear, feel and sense  
before my formal 'education'

i never gave it a second thought,  
sound was with me in my mother's  
womb -- no light, language or  
extremes, just wonderful sounds  
that flowed continually, changing,  
merging and diverging from each  
other, constant and comforting

it flows now even as i write this  
piece, like a cello but not like a  
cello -- internal sounds are unlike  
external sounds, fluid environments  
are more conducive to worlds of  
sound, literally surround sound

external imitations never make it,  
whatever images i see are shaped  
by sound

the Hindus say that sound is the

progenitor of all things, sound  
preceded manifestation -- well of  
course it did, sound vibration  
produces light, not the reverse,  
light is vibration and from light  
all the elements originate

every person has a unique vibration/  
signature, like a fingerprint

we all react to the vibration of  
another person without a word  
spoken and trust the authenticity  
of those impressions above that  
of fake social/cultural customs  
and pleasantries

we are able to understand a multitude  
of diverse sounds simultaneously  
no effort required and then we were  
taught to do everything the hard way,  
the inadequate way

sound worlds are devoid of conflict,  
they are modulations of one principle  
and where there is one unity, wars,  
dishonesty, conflict cannot exist

so i will remain an aural being,  
pulling poems and secret knowledge  
from limitless seas of sound



## Mystic Rose

cut it loose, just let it go  
without regret or second  
thought, a complete  
separation

a culmination that takes no  
time to reach, it is total

between the beats of a  
heart -- the precise location  
where inspiration and  
expiration exchange places,  
so it was, so it is; confront  
everything that is, was, or  
will be

that continuous moment  
that appears when identity  
subsides

be happy to cut loose  
never to return; lose urself  
in All existence and gain in  
a moment everything there is

to gain by losing every false  
notion that has taken a lifetime  
to accumulate -- in the end  
it amounts to nothing, chimera,  
mirage, dreams mistakenly  
imagined as real

dream machines and dream  
objects are corporeal in

dream worlds

dispense with chattels, goods,  
identity the anchors of vanity,  
esteem, regret and loss, then  
time surrenders to endlessness

the sun rises effortlessly today  
the day i lost it all and found  
myself rudderless in a limitless  
expanse

how very sweet it is

## Truth takes a Holiday

it appears that Truth has  
taken some time off;  
Truth, which has never  
seen such an escalation  
in fraud, misinformation,  
propaganda and outright  
Lies

do not misunderstand, Truth  
was not overwhelmed,  
we know that is impossible  
but Truth has taken to the  
skies, the attraction of the  
heights and rarefied delights  
simply had more appeal than  
the stench of fraud and lies  
on the ground

Truth made it very clear  
when i inquired, it always  
favours locations that cherish  
its value and integrity above  
all else; the Earth's population  
it was explained to me, has  
rejected Truth today, the  
masses seem to prefer  
transparent misinformation/  
propaganda, fraud, fantasy  
and outrageous  
lies

we are not likely to see Truth  
return to earth for a while,  
however, it gave me a solemn

promise -- when the majority  
invoke it repeatedly and refer  
to it constantly, elevating it  
above lies, fantasy and fraud,  
it will return in an instant  
to assume its former position  
at the forefront of civilised  
society

# Resonance

ride the resonance, the soft  
and wild embrace that carries  
everything effortlessly

somewhere in its Being vibration  
persists like a cymbal's hiss long  
after the clash

the thud of percussion and  
throbbing blood coursing,  
rushing thru veins, carrying  
portions of pleasure, pain  
and poetic euphoria

wine becomes water (again)  
raining in my head

the city collapses in on itself  
spinning its wires into a cocoon  
that promises metamorphosis

soon a metamorphosed winged  
creature will take to the air  
and return to Thebes, the city  
of Gods

## Effortless

with the wind at my back  
the rigging full with sail  
my yacht creaks and rolls  
gently as it cuts through  
the swell -- boards flex  
and groan from forces  
applied by the wind and  
sea

the entire world is  
circumnavigated with only  
a breeze as fuel

why then do u ask, how  
is it possible that this  
energy is ceaseless? my  
answer is i have the wind  
at my back and my actions  
are effortless; why should  
i strain and stress when  
infinite energy and inspiration  
saturate all existence?

“Whenever the Dharma  
is threatened I incarnate”  
-- Vishnu

that incarnation is manifest by  
many, is Truth ever lost?

it originates in the heart -- heart  
therefore serves as the wind  
that propels me/you onward  
and forward to our destination

i know why i am alive, my innate  
spirit/character and course are  
unique

unlike you i cannot tolerate a liar  
or injustice, murder, cruelty  
or filthy money, which things you  
tolerate and worship above all  
else, i wipe my arse with your  
toilet paper money and assist  
you to confront urself, you have  
made an enemy of Truth

we share the same Self, that  
immortal spark, i am familiar  
with ur offences; that spark  
which enlivens all Life, is  
ur friend -- the Way shines  
as clear as the sky

i do not wear the tinted glasses  
of modernity that distorts reality,  
nor do i live in a box ideology  
or by someone else's design,

to which dead book of rules would  
i defer my living sovereignty?

i shall never betray the eternal  
spirit that guides and sustains me;  
when i am no longer able to lift  
a finger i am enlivened, my golden  
phallus stands like a mast

i call and instantly light abides  
and restores my soul, what are

u able to offer, an iPhone?

you make a very bad trade for  
your soul and forfeit ur freedom  
for a farthing

should i simplify? slave or free,  
the choice is always yours

in one effortless draft this piece  
was produced in answer to your  
persistent inquiries and pleas



## Detained

there was nothing principled  
in my arrest, a police .38 in  
each side of my rib cage,  
are you, so and so, yes,  
who the fuck are you?  
no ID produced, nothing  
but brute force and  
gangsterism from police,  
i was later to learn

childhood respect and training  
disintegrated that instant;  
cuffed and thrown to the floor  
of a police vehicle with two  
brutes kicking their heels  
into my back and neck  
while the driver made jokes  
about my unfortunate situation  
-- no questions at that stage just  
'softening-up' i was later to  
learn, such medieval finesse

i would rather not re-live the  
entire experience and describe  
grim and painful details,  
yes, i was brutally tortured  
by five sadists seeking  
information that i did not  
possess; cheated (they thought)  
of continuing arrests and  
career promotions so they  
decided to make an example  
and capitalise on me, i 'looked'  
the part.

guilt and innocence were  
irrelevant in this corrupt  
reality

after hours of brutal,  
unspeakable torture  
i was 'fitted and verballed'  
by five 'honourable'  
detectives

against their 'testimony' my  
pleas of innocence and drug  
addiction made no impression  
on the court - i had no chance -  
'justice' in action

i was duly incarcerated  
for my crime of innocence  
and lack of social knowledge

i learned later the fate of  
some of the police brutes that  
relished in inflicting pain and  
framing the innocent

one of the brutes was moved to  
'internal affairs' where he was  
able to protect other criminal  
sadists in the police force and  
minimise any internal punitive  
consequences for police crimes

another pig that particularly  
enjoyed his 'work' had molotov  
cocktails thrown into his house  
in the dead of night and was

lucky to escape with his life

the young trainee detective  
who mostly observed had no  
taste for what he witnessed  
and left the force

as for me i was deeply affected  
by the experience, it left indelible  
scars on my psyche, even family  
had fed me to the dogs

why couldn't anyone understand  
the simple and obvious reality  
that my drug abuse was a pain  
insulator, it was all too much for  
me at the time, i was self-medicating,  
the option i chose rather than  
violence, pathology or self-  
destruction

in time the injustices and deep  
hurt inflicted on my being and  
sense of fair play erupted into  
volcanic rage, i sought reparation,  
and Justice, which i knew could  
not be realised in a corrupt State  
as it is today

so i focused my energies, my  
entire being, on remedial action;  
i cold turkey-ed then enrolled  
in the most elite university course  
available that would serve my  
future purpose

i acquired skills and expertise

in media and communications,  
the art of word and text,  
-- semiotics --  
cultural analysis, marketing and  
advertising, in my hands were/are  
awesome weapons

i have since become devastatingly  
proficient at assailing crime and  
corruption in high places and  
exposing the evil that infects  
entire cultures

a former associate once remarked,  
'an education wasn't wasted  
on you,' and smirked knowingly

i am unable to reveal the extent  
to which i have assassinated the  
reputations of corrupt officials  
and destroyed the reputations  
and careers of politicians,  
bureaucrats and State regulators  
but they are small fish, errand  
boys and obsequious sycophants

today i target the source of the  
malaise, CEOs, Corporatists,  
and Bankers, the perverse heart  
of the Beast that preys on the  
blood of innocents, the defenceless  
and world peace

i am happy to divulge that this  
opponent -- it is one -- is  
extremely vulnerable and presents  
as a relatively easy target, it is

drunk on the blood of the  
innocents it has slaughtered in  
pursuit of profit and blind to  
the forces that will deliver the  
fatal blow to its black heart

i often wonder 'what if'  
they had just left me to die  
of my drug abuse all those  
years ago? but nature has its  
ways of establishing balance

i had no idea that awesome  
skills lay dormant beneath  
years of victimisation and  
extreme abuse

my story is not unique, my  
story is your story if you  
would but choose your power  
path -- remove your shackles  
and become a warrior for  
Justice, Peace and Truth

# Zenith

with the perseverance of a  
madman, as only the insane  
would continue on this path  
past the lowlands where the  
bulk of humanity live out their  
crowded, dreary and droll  
existences, through valleys  
known and hidden, some inviting,  
others treacherous -- then the  
midlands where desolation is  
punctuated with markers of the  
brave -- weather-worn inscriptions  
describe their travails and demise

forever overcoming limitations  
which once constrained but were  
proven self-imposed imaginary  
barriers

but on to the pinnacle, the zenith,  
nothing less

cursed is my mother's womb  
to give birth to someone that  
must endure and overcome  
and then set another impossible  
goal

the summit approaches, all signs  
of human habitation disappear  
until only a pristine summit appears  
piercing the clouds

today is the first and last day of

my life, how many times have i  
lived and died only to return to  
the last step of a previous journey

i want to know who planned this  
devilish game of charades,  
disappointments, woe and tears,  
for what? in order to ascend until  
emancipation or transcendence is  
achieved, give me a fuckin' break

i have seen ur awesome face  
sturdy thighs and fertile fields

who or what is responsible, karma,  
ignorance, liberation treachery  
and all the sordid sublime experiences  
that wait in ambush for every human

i swear if i get my hands on you  
i will put an end to it

it is better to remain in paradise  
than toil on this earth in order to  
appreciate the cessation of misery  
and pain

which is laughingly called bliss  
which is not a state, it is an anti-state,  
an absence of pain

how many times have i been soul-  
wrecked in space, crucified on a vision  
only to wake in hell and forced to  
lift my head and chart another course  
of escape to heaven

here i am again one step to the Zenith  
ready for the pinnacle of emancipation  
and the inevitable fall once gained

so bear witness, i will get you  
and overcome existence itself



## **Matrika Shakti**

the Hindus have a concept which preceded semiotic theory and linguistics by a millennium, the West has always been slow in matters of language, sign and symbol and how they form the substrate of cultural realities

do u follow me here?  
if u do u would appreciate that the process, including socialisation is reversible and language could be used to subvert existing cultures and personal/social realities and replace them with your own or the visions of poets or other inscribers you admire

everything modern slaves (of any given culture) experience has been form-ulated by language prior to it becoming cultural 'reality' -- yes, i am referring to the corporeal world

understanding the dependent relationship that 'reality' has on language allows an adept to alter any given cultural reality with sign and symbol and the power (Shakti) inherent therein

Tantric sages applied this science/ art to the consciousness of the individual in order to achieve clarity

and awareness *i.e.* the enlightened awareness of a consciousness without fabricated cultural content

all conventions and cultural values have been arbitrarily created and learned, hence they are considered illusory, not 'mirage' illusions but constructed corporeal illusions or superimposed false realities

in order to fathom the underlying fluid consistency upon and through which everything is constructed essential Reality must be approached with the purity of an unfettered consciousness which has been referred to as the innocence of a child's mind (or the awareness of a Sage) both share 'clean' minds able to appreciate something in its totality without taint, but beware neither the child nor the Sage view a living 'flower' as a signifier but as phenomena or continuous nameless creations that reveal the inherent, ecstatic beauty of continuous creation

remember the famous painting that western semioticians use to make the point -- an oil painting of a (smoking) pipe with the caption, "This is not a pipe!"

indeed, how could it be? we only have two semiotic referrers/signifiers

a 'picture' and 'text' but not a Real pipe

the flower that an innocent child's mind appreciates is not the flower seen by those enslaved by the linguistic and conventional chains of culture

hopefully both the qualifier and the process/power/shakti have been adequately described here

after clarity is achieved the power/shakti to transform the corporeal world is afforded to the enlightened achiever

another inferred point is that a signifier is not that to which it refers, beware the deceptive and enslaving effect of language, convention and those that use such as weapons

Tat Twam Asi

## Key

black vinyl turning its magic  
unlocks the past like a time  
machine

present reality defers to the  
undulating, furrowed valleys  
of sound, each peak and trough  
presents another artist from  
the past and releases the exact  
same stored emotion -- time  
now a captive of memory

living or dead is irrelevant  
a passing parade of notables  
and un-notables in my life,  
i have become a sorcerer  
bewitching myself in a field  
of real dreams transported by  
sound

corporeal sound able to materialise  
long-forgotten events, persons  
and lost ideas like the resurrections  
in a Lem novel (Solaris)

i have learned to reconcile myself  
to my past but do not take my  
word for it, my studio is now a  
throng of visitors and familiar faces,  
ask any one of them who they are  
and you will receive your answer,  
the medium of this reality

music organises the collected

impressions of my past into a  
hijacked present but no less real  
than immediate life

the entire company seems to  
deliver, in unison, one message

your life is Now, the past is only  
memory

## Dawn Poem

transition,  
between sleep and wakefulness  
between day and the warm velvet  
blackness of night

the walls of my studio move  
become pliable, my heart, which  
i lost decades past beckons from  
somewhere nearby but i am never  
able to locate its faint calls and  
cries for lost, found and lost again  
love -- cycles of joy and sorrow

would u or i expect a world without  
night and day, why then expect joy  
or sadness to last forever?

regardless of every effort of man  
to maintain consistency nature  
oscillates and thrusts polarities  
and extremes in our faces in  
order to create tension, expectation,  
appreciation, bliss and despair

daylight has chased the last vestige  
of night away but black velvet hides,  
waiting patiently to ambush the sun  
in due course

what would i, fully exposed to  
Eternity? not even the Gods hold  
mortals naked in the glaring light  
of day forever, nor would any  
natural law allow me to retreat

into darkness and hide forever

i'll wait patiently like a highwayman  
and write another poem for dusk  
bidding day a very good night

## Misappropriation of Meaning

descriptors tumble onto a page  
or another medium, like drunks  
ejected from a bar; they veer,  
correct themselves and  
momentarily regain composure  
then for a very brief period,  
prior to forming images,  
intended meaning is transmitted  
with perfect clarity

it is known that the insobriety  
of literary critics gnarl and  
mangle meaning until it becomes  
Art, which becomes something  
special, something to adore,  
deplore and ignore



# Toxic Boomerang

save ur entreaties and mute words,  
they fall like silent snow on deaf  
ears

few of ur kind could care less  
and the earth remains indifferent

life changes according to  
environmental circumstances,  
but nature endures one way or  
the other, it matters not

u lament ur own demise and  
weep for ur frailty -- man,  
ur demise now approaches at  
speed, u were unable to save  
day therefore night is also lost

an appropriate reaction always  
follows a specific action,  
everyone knows yet the species  
continues to doom itself as a  
direct consequence of its inability  
to remedy demanding problems

the climate is askew creating  
new conditions for life but  
dooming other species that are  
unable to adapt (in time)

from this outcrop the continuous  
landscape spreads in every direction

but changes are now evident --

denial is the pursuit of fools and  
cowards, it is known among all  
the religions that no cowards enter  
paradise, that realm is reserved  
for those with integrity, honesty  
and valour, a disappearing breed  
on this earth

do not cry for ur victims things are  
as right as black rain

## Dingo Breed

running, working constantly my  
tongue hanging and heart ready  
to explode in my chest such is a  
well-trained (Oz) cattle dog,  
dingo breed

the dog obeys its master implicitly  
the dingo blood out-smarts hoofed  
beasts and feral dangers every time,  
a prized animal, the working Oz  
cattle dog

a drover could manage alone on  
horseback with only one good dog  
and drive a herd hundreds of miles  
overland to market, a common  
occurrence in an unforgiving  
outback in days gone by

i come to you in the evening,  
panting, my heart pounding in  
my chest, my thirst is that of a  
thousand beasts but i wait for your  
command with tongue lolling from  
the side of my mouth

another day is done, you stroke  
my throat and give me water from  
your hand, a skinned feral rabbit  
my reward for another good day

it's my third year giving my all,  
cockeys say that a good working  
dog dies in its fourth or fifth year

from the arduous work, though  
house dogs may live for thirteen  
or more

but a house dog does not sleep  
well nor does it have the respect  
accorded by a knowing master  
and bushman that respects a  
good dog's ability

i killed a taipan (today) spooking  
the herd without a second thought;  
i let it focus on my eyes and head  
as it telegraphed a strike, i snapped  
its throat between my teeth and  
clamped down until it died  
asphyxiated, it was spooking the  
herd -- a scattered herd takes days  
to muster

i learned from my mentor, long dead  
now, a champion dog

tonight i remain alert in sleep ever  
vigilant and aware of the herd;  
i curl up at the end of my master's  
bedroll, a chill wind hisses through  
the spinifex

wild dingos are lurking, they try  
to spook the herd and cut out a calf  
or nursing cow, the wild dingo is  
the only animal that recognises a  
mixed dingo breed cattle dog

they sense me unsure, as i sense  
them, sure

## Irrelevant

i have lost count of the many  
times my insides have been torn  
out and strewn from one side  
of existence to the other

i'm a sucker for love, i love  
harder than lotus blossoms, softer  
than diamonds, warmer than  
burning ice and colder than  
volcano cores, a perfect target  
for a cruel feline surgeon

but i remain a fool for love, like  
a crazed addict that keeps coming  
back for more ecstasy and agony  
-- can one exist without the other?  
i embrace every opportunity  
regardless

i can't get enough, i never decline  
a genuine invitation, why resist  
the chance that this time the physical,  
mental and soul connection  
may create an enduring bond  
that nothing is able to separate

a dream, perhaps, but a possibility  
nevertheless, regardless of how  
remote or mathematically improbable,  
it exists, it is possible

a cynic has no notion of love or joy

i make another offering of my heart,

soul, self in the sure knowledge  
that the Gods and Goddesses  
of Love will not allow the spoilers  
to poison the possibility of enduring  
Love

i return to the sacrificial altar to  
offer my all -- the irrationality of  
hope accompanies me but the  
fervent flame of everlasting Love  
and desire guide me

in my heights and temporary troughs  
i have discovered a secret -- pain is  
transitory no matter how severe  
or frequent but Love never dies, it  
builds on the last height it reached  
until it becomes a tower that ascends  
to paradise, a greater rapture with  
every occurrence

love hard and often then die easily,  
better that than a loveless life or  
calloused, calculating heart

## See

i look at u  
u look at me,  
do u see  
what i see?

there is nothing  
there to see!  
but do u see  
what i see?

i turn,  
u look at me  
turning,  
do u not see?

u look  
but do not see  
me (turning)

what is there to see?

u lift ur head  
arch ur back  
and reveal  
ur naked crotch

i look  
at ur eyes and see,  
do u see  
what i see?

u move ur naked  
thighs closer  
i look past ur shoulder,

do u see  
what i see?

u see  
that i do not see  
what u want  
me to see,  
u push me down  
straddle my chest  
and push ur crotch  
in my face  
but u do not see  
what i see



# Unspoken

mind glides to u like oil  
and incense of its own  
accord such is the  
attraction

surer than a pigeon  
finding its coop  
it locates u anywhere  
in space

it rests in ur presence  
secure, safe then begins  
to tug at ur memory  
until recognition occurs

ur mind swoons in response,  
we embrace and dance  
like sparks and fire until  
we become swirling light,  
vortices of delight

spontaneous attraction  
unpolluted by deliberation

to be together or not to  
be period, my love finds  
a home only in you

this, our dance beggars  
anything the earth has  
to offer

in each others' arms  
souls entwined, how

was it possible we  
were ever apart?

## Suicide

i watched her jump, so incongruous  
a mammalian body awkwardly  
plummeting to the rocks below;  
she was unknown to me tumbling  
in anticipation of cessation but if  
she only knew it doesn't end there  
no-one gets out until the last jot  
and tittle are accounted for, u  
imagine infinity is inept or stupid?  
not on ur forfeited life

the lesson is always jump with  
a suitable body that doesn't thud  
to the ground ejecting life  
(humans have five bodies)

jump with an image or body  
of light, astral or ethereal;  
but a gross material body in a  
material plane, how thoroughly  
foolish and inappropriate -- u  
cannot cheat ur way out

## Rhyme of Unreason

they implore and plead,  
construct a site/space  
for us without fuss, our  
heart's desire etched on  
minds that aspire to share  
a lyric verse and reverie

another pipe my love,  
you choose opium dreams  
rather than warm flesh,  
soft and wet

but i do recall you said  
an embrace complete  
is chasing a dream but  
each and every draw  
of the pipe presents another  
complete euphoric dream

# Storm

a storm rages on the horizon,  
it will soon make landfall

it matters not whether we  
batten down or it catches  
us in the streets as its intensity  
is off the scale, magnitudes  
that have never been seen

just a wind but i have seen  
a wind of less intensity blow  
away an entire modern city,  
Darwin; it was a charged  
moment watching an entire city  
peeled and whipped into the  
screaming air -- debris propelled  
into any object a piece of wood  
completely penetrating a palm  
tree, farm animals from kilometres  
away deposited on power poles,  
hanging artistically but not for  
the unfortunate beast

this evening at sunset we are all  
beasts the intensity of the storm  
has equalised all mammals,  
dead meat

i will confront it in my place of  
power on a sea-cliff above a  
crevice, it would be a feat to  
dislodge me from my secret hide  
but not impossible

it would be the first time i am  
accompanied by my consort,  
she insists we either live or  
die together

# Funeral

i died the day of my birth  
so much fuss, panic and  
hubbub

the umbilical tightly  
coiled around my neck,  
my face as blue as new  
denim; i died of starvation  
in my mother's womb,  
no blood to the brain

i had fully formed and  
with this new (unwanted)  
body i decided to spin  
and twirl like a dervish  
until i strangled myself,  
so strange, or did i know  
something about the earth  
plane from previous experience?  
did i try to subvert this  
push into the hellish,  
irrational world of man, a  
place of desecrated beauty,  
poisoned by a sick species?

i was not going, such stubborn  
determination

i spun wildly in fluid until  
i returned to the place of  
peace, my origination, the  
soothing bliss and easy  
harmony that mankind  
would destroy if given a

chance, so perverse this  
sick, suicidal species

whether by forceful design  
or by some other hand  
that overruled my will  
i cannot say but via the  
quick action of fate and a  
nurse who repaid a debt  
or inflicted a curse, i  
was forced to return to  
my little human body  
and blue denim face  
so i could write this little  
piece for you today more  
than half a century after  
my death and rebirth

i could also reveal what  
i have been doing all this  
time and how i have rewarded  
those that robbed me of a  
world of peace and harmony,  
but i already have on numerous  
previous occasions

it was surely designed this  
way, not by fate, fortune or  
accident, the same hand  
that resisted my will also  
turns the cosmic wheel of  
justice, karma, retribution  
and reward

i have fulfilled my obligation  
my slate is clean



you are all invited to my next  
birth in due course

## Creek

the river is more like a creek  
today tho it flows in abundant  
and lean times

it is never spent but moves  
according to the circumstances  
in which it finds itself

a bunch of twisted dried grass  
and twigs forms a raft upon  
which various insects sail  
downstream, too easy, but my  
lot is upstream always against  
the tide

at times a vessel without a  
consignment, a river without  
a course, at other times a creek  
that gurgles and finds its way  
back to the open sea easily

## Unfair Advantage

when first i saw ur form i was  
overwhelmed, no group of  
curves or the ripe fruit of any  
tree was so appealing but there  
u were before me, naked  
exquisite beyond description

with what would i compare such  
perfection, existence knows only  
itself as perfect, are u the  
embodiment of existence or a  
God incarnate?

if two perfects existed neither  
would be true perfection as  
perfection is one

the ten thousand rays cannot  
dim ur light; the most exotic  
perfumed flowers wilt and dry  
in ur presence, ur body emits  
the most intoxicating scent --  
if the olfactory sense could talk  
it would chant 'heavenly paradise'  
without ceasing

but nothing this perfect  
is real, even light has a  
measurable limited speed,  
which means something  
exerts a drag on light --  
whereas perfection departs  
and arrives instantaneously,  
nothing is able to impede

perfection

but it is me that has the unfair  
advantage, as i am able to see  
beyond seeing and know beyond  
cognition -- it is with these extra  
senses that i create perfection

## Trails

at times tears flow freely when  
wrong overcomes right, when  
injustice momentarily displaces  
justice

at times it is good for a man to  
cry and feel vulnerable, powerless,  
i never refuse any emotion i am  
not ashamed to weep in a culture  
offended by words and afraid of  
truth but kills without a second  
thought

i shed tears for murdered innocents,  
slaughtered by CIA armed fanatics  
and barbarians that delight in  
chanting 'Satan is great' while slitting  
throats and decapitating the innocent

murderous, satanic black dog Obama  
approves the slaughter and urges the  
world to spill evermore innocent  
blood with his missile strikes

a nation is known by its actions  
as a person is known by theirs  
and the company they keep,  
it is impossible to distinguish  
between a black dog in a White  
House and rabid packs of fanatic  
wolves that attack the innocent

the world watches passively while  
America implements its plan to

take Syria and move on to Iran --  
of what concern are the tortured  
and slaughtered, the star-spangled  
devil has a secret agenda and  
leaves a trail of blood to Washington  
as proof of its demonic mission

but the greater responsibility and  
folly is ours, the global majority,  
for allowing these criminals to lord  
over us and ply their nefarious trade  
of murder, theft and mayhem

hell has found a home in  
Washington DC

the sun rises above the edge of  
existence, shining its purity on a  
corrupt world, it warms my face,  
dries my tears and fortifies my  
soul, i have no doubt about what  
must be done

my tears vaporised, my grief  
replaced by justice, my sorrow  
replaced by determination,  
supported by the light of a rising  
sun and new dawn -- it is easy  
to determine the correct course

## How Many Times ...

have u killed us yet here  
we are again writing freedom,  
revolution, justice, speaking  
Liberty and Truth -- have u  
learnt nothing? u cannot kill  
continuity, though u wreak  
havoc in your futile attempts

while u stifle ur population  
we respire freedom, we  
breathe liberty and expansive  
horizons not ur perverse, myopic  
and contractive diminishings

how many times have u killed  
me only to watch me gather  
and magically restore another  
corporeal body?

your paper jails cannot confine  
our kind u imagine u have us  
contained yet here we are, Free,  
we have never been restrained

we are behind every creative  
impulse, we are the will to  
freedom, ur children suckle  
on the ambrosia that issues/  
flows from our Being

u watch us in fear, loathing  
and panic, ur every attempt to  
eliminate us only increases our  
strength and numbers

you would destroy entire nations  
in ur obsessive pursuit of the  
illusion of control yet real control  
is letting go and allowing harmony  
to express itself -- would/could u  
teach infinity or how to endure?

the unease u feel, the night  
sweats, tremors and panic are  
in anticipation of ur demise --  
the breath u feel on the back of  
ur necks is mine, freedom is  
closing in ready to liberate All,  
time is always on Our side



## Omaha Beach

your expectations are not in  
sync with reality, it doesn't  
always flow as you imagine,  
at times it must be hewn from  
rock or freed with steel leverage;  
at other times it must be cajoled  
from vines and tangles, you  
aren't able to catch a butterfly  
unharmd with rocks?

release urself from your  
misconceptions, the world outside  
your head is foreign and offers  
no solace, only conflict you create  
if you persist in attempting to shape  
it according to your perverse  
imaginings and selfish desires

the bodies on Omaha Beach  
surrender to the rolling waves,  
it's not surprising that corpses  
are able to move in perfect  
harmony with natural forces,  
the perversity of their lives has  
departed leaving the earth to  
reclaim the vehicle it temporarily  
leases to wandering souls

do you easily detect the  
contortions of lying faces?  
political leaders are particularly  
inept at lying

do you see the blood trickle from

their eyes? if not then your world  
is an insular cocoon of fears and  
fantasies, difficult characteristics  
unable to accommodate hard or  
soft reality

do not be perturbed if you fail  
to sway everyone, there is an  
abundance of naive youths  
to choose from, take your pick,  
*Uncle*

though their conversation is  
somewhat limited -- given time  
who could predict whether  
they buy your lies, consider  
it a challenge

no-one gave me past 30 yet  
that age was easily passed,  
they never understood how  
this life ticked paying the price  
of misunderstanding with *their*  
lives while i continue

liars are easily detected, the  
rolling and rotting uniformed  
bodies accuse them, every  
wave, the blood that froths  
in the foam point directly to  
the guilty perpetrators, the  
propagandists and media  
barons

leave remedial action to others  
more competent, it's best if you

do not trouble yourselves with  
challenging issues

## Beside Me

pushed beyond capacity ready  
to drop i postpone sleep for a  
few minutes in order to send  
this message to you

u are welcome anytime no  
demands or constraints, come  
lay down beside me easy,  
remain silent if u wish as ur  
presence is all

leave the woes of the world  
outside find refuge in my arms,  
lay down beside me, easy

slowly snuggle urself into the  
contours of my body into my  
arms -- u were born for that  
position, so easy

you are the most perfect fit

## Enemy of the State

u were so young, yet instinctively  
u recoiled, refused to live in their  
box, their confined space, a prison  
of torturous nightmares, agonising  
fears and conservative delusions

u spent ur infant years by the Danube,  
u watched the clouds in their whiteness  
hovering below the sapphire skies  
of Europe

whatever it was, the ageless river,  
clear skies or the whitest clouds,  
u discovered freedom

unfettered u flew in the voluptuous  
world around u

and when in Anglo Oz u arrived  
they lined u up with the other kids  
to swear the oath of allegiance to  
honour their God, serve their Queen  
and salute their servile (colonial) flag

rightly u balked, u were descended  
from Slav and Mongol warriors,  
the blood of conquerors ran thru ur  
veins -- ur lips immobile in resistance  
ur mouth repeating nothing -- teachers  
aware of ur defiance and took to u  
with rod and cane

they whipped u mercilessly  
from that time in kindergarten

thru to the end of high school

it mattered little, u were never  
out of the top five percent  
academically -- but what is the  
good of acumen, high grades  
and intelligence if it does not  
serve the State?

they delighted in whipping u  
attempting to break ur defiant  
spirit and steely will

they had no idea ur freedom was  
written/guaranteed long before in  
the blue skies of Belgrade, in the  
whitest nimbic clouds

now u make the racists pay for  
every day of torture, victimisation  
and hell

the utter folly of maltreating innocent  
children, creating devastating enemies  
for no good reason

they no longer swear allegiance in  
schools nor do they inflict corporal  
punishment

it seems they finally realised they  
were creating far too many dissidents,  
radicals, enemies of the State

## Tedium

i see u have lost interest in  
what interests me; it wouldn't  
be so bad except we no longer  
have anything of mutual  
interest to exchange in  
conversation, ur frustrated  
desires have closed ur mind  
to everything i say

one notion now obsesses ur  
being, marriage and its enslaving  
accoutrements, which u barely  
consider yet u accuse me of  
selfishness, give me a break!

my existence is free of  
procreative imperatives,  
but if u relaxed into yourself,  
who knows if not better luck  
elsewhere? but consider that  
u will have to pretend, play act  
and converse about whatever  
takes *his* fancy for another two  
years, very few men have  
'meal ticket' tattooed on their  
foreheads today

## Darling Boy

a long time past my darling  
boy, children worked as slaves,  
exploited for their trust and  
needs

your wide-set eyes and attentive  
mind, be at peace my darling boy  
those times are over in England  
and Oz

young girls were made to do all  
manner of domestic work and  
abused commercially in other  
ways, hurt and exploited for their  
trust and needs

despicable, evil parents viewed  
offspring as objects and  
commodities to be neglected,  
terrorised, abused and exploited,  
mentally and physically, tortured  
to satisfy a perverse need to  
manipulate and exercise control  
over impressionable, defenceless,  
trusting youth, but be at ease my  
darling boy, u are safe in my arms,  
no harm will come to u here

no poison will i offer u, ur mind,  
body and soul i tend ever so  
carefully so u overcome the barbs  
and darts they hurl; you are my  
eye, precious beyond measure



i tell u these stories so u know the  
world is sick like the parents it  
creates that exploit innocence and  
purity

rest easy by my side, no hurt will  
befall u here, this father does not  
love his job, drink or drugs more  
than his most precious child,  
blood of my blood

no man-hating mother to torture  
her man-child or display her son  
like another possession/ornament  
and pretend normality when ill-  
treatment and mental torture is  
her real pleasure, a son to cruelly  
torment mentally and emotionally

inform me immediately if teachers  
view u as an object of abuse and  
scorn or attempt to victimise u  
in any way and fill ur head with  
preposterous lies, tales, myths and  
stories presented as fact for feeble  
minds to consume

never allow any adult to scapegoat  
or make an example of you, u will  
not be victimised while i breathe,  
i am ur father, guardian and protector,  
know that u are safe and supported

view all strangers with suspicion  
until they prove their integrity,  
honesty and good intentions

learn well my darling boy, grow  
assured, be not moved by the sick  
and vindictive herd outside

learn to overcome their filth and  
deflect their group madness, i have  
armed u with the weapons of  
conquerors and taught u the secrets  
of Emperors and Kings

sleep now my darling boy and  
dream Victory

## Writing

i watch words burn paper, mediums  
devouring civilisations in flames;  
i see verse span the universe in one  
movement, i've witnessed scribes  
enslave entire cultures with myths  
and flagrant lies; the power of the  
written word seems limitless at times  
and yet at other times words are  
completely neutralised by (irrational)  
emotions

have u seen the effect of written  
words on the American mind?  
imagine a quill attempting to  
engrave on tungsten or steel,  
or a cup of water tossed into  
a blast furnace and u get an idea  
of the imperviousness of the  
'exceptional' American mind,  
it's akin to a ghost entering a  
weightlifting competition

though it's all inconsequential, i  
mention it only in passing, i am  
watching syntax lead the entire  
global population to climate  
catastrophe

have you ever wondered why  
Americans tolerate the merciless  
slaughter of innocent civilians and  
other crimes against humanity  
committed by their leaders? no!  
well, i have, but more important

things/issues steal my attention,  
like watching the latest game on  
TV and viewing the latest movie  
on Netflix etc -- but i'm not  
American -- i like to sit on cemetery  
hill watching moonlight write  
poetry on the surface of the sea

# Shaman

drift like a whisper so quiet,  
almost undetectable interrogating  
the deepest recesses of existence,  
searching for answers, lost love  
and love lost, the ultimate tragedy  
of human existence, in order to  
heal to reconcile folly with  
integration

first encounter the stupidity of  
timid youth refusing the advances  
of genuine affection without condition,  
love offered, flowing with the power  
of all the world's mighty rivers  
slow, steady power with the potential  
to devastate and wreak ruin across  
the land if its quality is transformed  
by rejection and despair

i am sorry, truly sorry for the pain  
i have unconsciously inflicted on  
people less able to withstand the  
barrages, fusillades and emotional  
abuse learned from sick cultures,  
tho i overcame and could juggle  
it like a magician

i learned well from my torturers  
and re-expressed their sickness  
before i had matured, i know now  
how to deal with this evil, this  
pestilence that infects the world

i have become a healer of souls

and tortured minds, i am forever  
abused by the herd that senses  
i am not one of them tho i remain  
unaffected, fearless when others  
cower in dread

the poison that pervades the globe,  
the disease that infects nations/  
cultures is fear and hate – all  
learned

it is not enough to be immune,  
obligation demands that others  
must be released by those free  
of their shackles

rest easy my heart ur anguish and  
ache are removed by the endless  
flow of love that continues forever  
regardless of all the perversions of  
humankind and it's tragic history  
of hate, greed and selfishness

i sense a shore, a familiar harbour  
of integrity, conscience, fortitude  
and justice that an entire world  
rejects not realising that rejection  
amounts to extinction, certain death

but tonight drown in love until  
not a vestige of identity remains --  
dissolved in this bliss forever you  
are able to touch and heal every  
being, every soul

sweet peace my aching heart, rest  
easy, awaken in love and life

may peace and bliss engulf every  
being that has ever existed

the power that moves like a whisper  
permeates everything that is, existence;  
that power is One, that power is  
selfless Love

## Attraction

there are many appealing forms,  
but my most favoured is the deep,  
familiarity that i have known you  
all before time began yet we've  
only just met this time around

it's instantaneous, pregnant glances  
and probing exchanges, instinct  
pushing bodies to copulate on  
the spot

but civilised protocols prohibit  
instantaneous intercourse and  
substitute dreary game-playing,  
boring ritual bullshit

and so it was refreshing to have  
you spell it out, 'all the better now  
ur here' and me doing my best to  
ensure my phallus doesn't explode  
out of my pants

[in these situations there's a lot to  
be said for pre-civilised customs]

but all the same we have known each  
other for millennia -- it's good to see  
you again



## Unnatural Selection

there is a star-spangled pestilence  
that plagues a peaceful world it  
spreads via those that submit to it  
or that do not actively resist it

take note of those infected, the  
carriers of this disease, they are  
the first that must be quarantined  
or purged, they knowingly expose  
themselves to infection and would  
happily see the world stricken  
with this disease

it was not long ago minds were  
strong and healthy, an easily avoidable  
scourge would never have been  
tolerated or allowed to take a  
foothold, but the plague strikes  
the feeble first then slowly infects  
until complacency is accepted as  
the norm, then it spreads chaos and  
destruction

nothing good comes of filth, it is  
the harbinger of death, decay and  
everything rotten

it delights in killing innocence  
and the innocent, children and  
simple defenceless folk going  
about their day

it revels in un-reason and inverts  
every good thing to create unrest

instability, chaos and cruelty

natural balance dictates that the longer a plague persists the greater the prospect of natural resistance

already the numbers of the immune increase until a critical point is reached, a point where an ineffective disease becomes irrelevant

## **Irresistible ...**

is the push to awareness, unfettered  
consciousness -- i speak of Ra today,  
the fiery orb that burns across the sky  
and its cool counterpart at night

together the sun and moon push  
and express one quality,  
consciousness, tho they are in  
polarity: the clarity of being,  
the kinesis of knowledge the  
bliss of creation

tho no energetic heavenly body  
compares to the will for Truth,  
a power defined by limitless Light

a beauty that issues from the heart  
and soul, from the inside out

external glamour is transient  
haggardness hides just beneath  
the skin of those enamoured by  
appearances

worshippers of light know no  
decay or corruption i see u  
with every sense not my eyes,  
i feel u with spirit and embrace  
You with Love

who could interrupt our subtle  
interactions, our cajoling,  
murmuring?

what place the corporeal in a  
world of light?

what hope the discontinuous in  
the continuous?

where is my end if i have no  
beginning?

pure will/volition the essence  
beneath all manifestation is  
the same

we appear separated offered the  
chance of union, a trick existence  
plays on itself

though we have never been separated  
we engage each other anew and so  
we have the forever, the infinite dance  
of creation animated by one quality,  
Love

## Arcs

who do u think u kill foolish,  
wicked child? u can no more  
kill than give life, one endows  
the other?

what mischief now foment in  
ur vicious little mind? do u  
imagine u possess (anything)  
or that u persist of ur own  
volition? u are part of the  
tapestry of existence sustained  
by everything in the world u  
inhabit, careful u do not make  
it desolate and uninhabitable

who would u torture but urself,  
understand that every pain,  
pleasure and sensation u  
experience are manifestations/  
consequences of past and present  
actions, the hamster wheel u run  
whether gild or plain is a wheel,  
circular tho u imagine ur actions  
form linear trajectories

u emerged from nothing and to  
nothing or no-thing u return, do u  
know the difference?

ur life of joys and woes, sorrows  
and pain is no more real than a  
dream, where would u go from  
there?

are u able to arrive at ur destination  
without departing? or have u realised  
that ur origin and destination are  
One?

live ur life of waking and sleeping  
dreams and realise u are already  
free/enslaved by choice and  
consequence

i offer proof, a key out of this world  
of dreams

selfless unconditional Love  
is accessible to all, the annihilator  
of misery the negator of hell

unconditional Love reveals Truth  
the face u had before u came into  
being

everything that exists possesses  
the means of its emancipation/  
liberation, the abandoned and  
desolate are not lost they are yet  
to realise they have abandoned  
themselves and made their world  
desolate

ignorance and fear have forged  
their chains and locked the door  
to their prison cells

sleep now recalcitrant child  
dream of horrors and desolation  
i will whisper freedom in ur  
deaf ears and shine light in ur

blind eyes

u are not abandoned, i have left  
a little of myself deep in ur being,  
a beacon in the night, a lighthouse  
to steer u away from folly and  
wickedness

put aside ur mischief and learn to  
Love without expectation -- there  
is no other sure escape

# Heartbeat

vast is the distance between two  
thoughts, so vast it dissolves  
identity

immediate is the pain of perversity  
as it presses hard against the  
construction of personality

limited is the sense of the 'I' identity  
as it is a superimposition created by  
culture

enslaved are those that sub-scribe,  
conquerors are those that inscribe  
-- your life and destiny are not the  
property of others

free is the vagabond, saint and fool;  
imprisoned are experts and specialists,  
incarcerated by their learning and  
cultural knowledge

everyone endeavours to be somebody  
the wise endeavour to be nobody

wondrous are your eyes, face and  
thighs, liberating is your passage to  
Paradise

glorious is the womb and solar phallus  
of creation

endless is the Bliss of Being



# Hypnagogic Poetry

thoughts fall like autumn leaves  
chaotic concepts mix with  
fragments of emotion; a medium  
appears between sleep and  
wakefulness catching incoherent  
patterns and impressions

pictures form from the disintegration  
of consciousness, the introduction  
of sleep

flying bodies crash to the ground  
suddenly devoid of wings

familiar melodies, scents, images,  
bodies competing for attention  
like living women opening their  
thighs as i walk up the beach wet  
with seawater that falls from my  
body onto sunbathing nubile  
that squeak when cold water drips  
onto their warmth

i see what i do not wish to see  
the agonies and ecstasy, the totality  
of life up to that point, a point that  
forever evades my grasp like a body  
attempting to grasp its shadow

flowers swirl like the blood in my  
veins, all of it just random  
juxtapositions and haphazard  
arrangements, aimless like the futile  
and meaningless lives of many

## Direction

a virgin sheet of rice paper waits,  
almost quivering in anticipation  
for the first stroke from my brush,  
soft, broad and fast

ritual objects of my craft are scattered  
about in reach

i move closer respecting the unspoiled  
nature of that virgin sheet in its  
whiteness

if i alter its state it must be for the  
better, an improvement or i have  
betrayed myself, the medium and  
my craft

i must honour the process of creation  
with the best of my ability, the first  
stroke determines the final stroke  
it must be rehearsed endlessly in  
mind before physical expression, its  
course must be true otherwise an  
imperfection or perversion results  
and God knows there are far too  
many failures on this planet

the first determines the last  
and the nature in between --  
Obama's first executive order  
was a Drone strike that killed  
innocent women and children,  
there is nothing surprising in his  
subsequent criminal actions

the narrative was set by his first  
official act as a criminal President

i step (slowly) around the sheet  
appreciating its texture and subtle  
nuances, all the while building up  
to that culminating movement  
designed to enhance, and elevate  
existence and become an essential  
part of universal harmony

the sheet becomes a portal to a  
greater reality, my arm, wrist move  
harmoniously almost in slow motion  
but at speed to the onlooker

dancing strokes begin to take form  
on the medium capturing reality in  
its re-presentations

a monk seated, ponders distant  
mountains semi-veiled in morning  
mist, he sits serene, a small bamboo  
grove behind him

a tiny wren watches from a sprig  
of bamboo

a narrative is created thru motion,  
the ending determined by the  
interruptions of flowing strokes,  
black ink on rice paper – so fragile  
and demanding

the wren twitches, moves and takes  
to the air

# Magister

a master magician determined to  
apprehend his shadow and enter  
the shadow world performs  
numerous austerities to gain power,  
and then performs countless rituals  
to achieve discipline

with the focus his power and discipline  
have given him he fixes his attention  
on his goal and does not waver -- he  
shifts focus to his elusive shadow  
-- portal to the shadow world --  
and focuses his entire being on his  
shadow until he vanishes from this  
world forever

what is the moral of this story and  
what other lessons does it teach?

the shadow has no more or less substance  
than the body though both are connected

to what are both body and shadow  
connected? understand that the body is  
merely a shadow of the Self

bear this in mind – there is nothing to  
achieve, there is nothing gained or lost  
no-thing there is and That is All

## Space Dragon

water hurtles thru frozen space  
at blinding speed, its gaseous  
tail, fiery body and water/ice  
core gave birth to legends of  
flying fiery dragons -- the galaxy  
is teaming with comets

only water and cosmic dust  
searching for a suitable planet  
to fertilise

yet their landing is not gentle,  
their love-making is explosive,  
destructive to the extreme

a comet is capable of shifting  
a planet from its axis and  
devastating all manner of life  
-- tho only water and space dirt

the earth, a conglomeration of  
space debris and comet-water,  
a junkyard of space refuse which  
unsurprisingly, spawned all manner  
of life good, bad and indifferent  
until eventually it spawned humans  
that tipped the balance and now  
threaten all life on earth -- just  
another failed natural experiment,  
but it doesn't end there

## Strange Cargo

i never liked flying it's the  
most restrictive form of travel  
yet here we are again -- u  
would think things would have  
improved, not a chance where  
profit rules

what happened to those early  
days, fresh cooked hot meals,  
an assortment of drinks from  
a bar, and a proper in-flight  
bed? tho today's female flight  
attendants do their best to  
compensate for lost luxuries

but it's not the same, luxury  
sacrificed for profit -- the affluent  
are forced to purchase their own  
jets to fly in luxury

damned commercial world and  
its tortures, the more 'labour-  
saving conveniences' we invent  
the harder and longer we seem  
to work

Australian aboriginals spent an  
average of three hours per day  
'working' (food and other  
necessities) the remainder they  
spent in ritual, dance and the  
dreaming; their history is recorded  
in desert overhangs and caves,  
a history of creativity and harmony

with the environment which  
sustained them

what have we lost cramming into  
flying aluminium tubes -- sardine  
airways?

the PA announces my flight

my luggage is ten kilos (and a  
probing stare) overweight again  
i offer to pay the excess, a boring  
routine, fools

*[the red centre is cool tonight  
flickering faces and smiling eyes  
gathered round the campfire  
-- the murmur and harmony of  
sacred tribal song is carried on  
the breeze]*

## The Sentence

Bob's barrister nudged him in the ribs as a signal to stand. The jury had returned with its verdict. Bob anticipated their decision as one would an echo – guilty as charged! The Judge shifted into automatic and delivered the sentence – three years with not less than twelve months to be served for his third offence, possession of marijuana.

Bob was escorted to an office by an acutely intelligent police officer, his IQ made apparent by the way he gripped Bob's arm.

After due process Bob was taken to a prison van and handcuffed to another prisoner. Bob watched the clerk sign for the human items give a copy to the prison driver then walk off with a standard-issue public service clipboard pressed tightly under his arm. The driver, taking a quick dispassionate glance at the forlorn faces inside the van, slammed the van door shut and fastened the padlock leaving the prisoners in the dim twilight of a small electric bulb.

Bob mused over his fate as the van made its way to the Bay, his twenty-first birthday was only two months away; he would come of age in jail.

The van arrived at the Bay where Bob and the other prisoners were again processed and fitted with government issue attire. After a briefing on prison etiquette, delivered by one of the senior screws, the new arrivals were allotted cells in various sections of the jail.

Bob was relegated to Wing 13 of the MTC. One of the junior screws escorted Bob to slot No. 6. Noticing the numb look on Bob's face the young screw tried to lift Bob's spirits by informing him that eighty percent of the jails' inhabitants were "druggies!" Bob wondered whether that figure included some of the screws.

The young screw showed Bob into his new home. Bob was appalled; he just flopped onto the iron cot exhausted from the day's ordeal.



The screw slammed the steel door shut making a loud clang that resounded in Bob's head until he fell asleep.

Bob was wakened early next morning by the successive banging of steel doors being opened; it was morning muster. Bob fell into the file of shuffling prisoners making their way to the yard. The prisoners formed two rows facing a senior screw who was holding a standard-issue public service clipboard in his hand.

As the screw called the names Bob glanced along the row at the faces of the other inmates. They were all present, Palaeolithic, Neanderthal, early Cro-Magnon and a few gorillas in man suits. Bob decided to keep to himself as much as possible.

Two months passed during which time Bob busied himself with a rough routine he'd created, callisthenics in his cell before breakfast; walking back and forth in the small yard like a rat trapped in a corridor; catching up on his reading in the small prison library; yoga postures and attempted meditation at night before retiring. In general, building up to a nervous breakdown.

Bob was in better spirits today, however, as it was his birthday. A young screw gave Bob his mail, which contained cards from his friends who apologised for not visiting. An ex-girlfriend sent him a copy of Papillon, with love; a letter from his mother made no mention of his birthday. Bob threw the mail into the nearest bin and headed for the amenities block to take a piss.

Bob was standing at the urinal absorbed by the stream of piss jetting against the stained stainless steel trough. He paid little attention to the sound of shuffling feet approaching behind him.

A hairy tattooed arm suddenly gripped Bob from behind gagging his mouth; Bob instinctively recoiled but two other lags grabbed each arm and dragged him over to a small wooden bench. Bob tried desperately to resist but was completely overpowered. His attackers pushed his torso across the bench pinning his face hard against the

mouldy wood. Horrible pain and perverted sexuality saturated the air; unshaven stubble pricked his back and neck. Bob's mind shrilled as each attacker had his way.

The hooter sounded signalling evening muster. Its sound found Bob lying alone semi-conscious on the piss-house floor. Bob knew he must make the muster, there'd be too much trouble and certain reprisals if he didn't. He slowly picked himself off the floor and stumbled into a cubicle. Bob wiped the muck from inside his thighs with toilet paper; he pulled his pants up and limped to the muster.

The role was called. The prisoners proceeded to file indoors for the night. Bob looked up at a large picture of the Queen and Prince Philip hanging above the doorway. He hadn't noticed the faint smiles on their faces before.

As the prisoners filed past the screws, a senior screw approached Bob and slapped him on the back, "I hear its your twenty-first birthday today", he said, "many happy returns of the day."

## About the Author

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

Lindsay is a prolific writer and has produced the equivalent in text of around 50-60 novels over the past sixteen years though mostly in the form of articles on varied topics and poetry, his favourite medium.

The current book has been gathered from his many poems, essays and articles relating to Self-Realisation, Mysticism, Philosophy, Personal Growth and Social Transformation.

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

## **Books by the Author:**

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

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