



**Random Selections  
Mystical Poetry Prose Essays**

**Book I in the Series**

**Lindsay Traynor**

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# ***Random Selections Mystical Poetry Prose Essays***

**by Lindsay Traynor**

**Book I 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*

## **Self-Imposed Limitations and Extra-Dimensionality**

Few people are aware of the constraints they impose on themselves. To be unaware and accept learned habitual behaviours/responses is considered normal these days. Few realise that we humans have an amazing, almost magical resource available to us should dire circumstances threaten or a strong need arise.

Humans, by virtue of their consciousness, are able to leap 'dimensions' and alter their circumstances almost instantly; numerous cases of people defying the odds fill our folk tales, social histories, myths and legends. What appears to be insurmountable obstacles to others are overcome by the aware without a second thought.

The determination, persistent will and creative intuition of real achievers set them apart from the common herd. Entire societies have been transformed by men and women of vision -- note that all visionaries think well outside the 'box' of approved norms. Visionaries never compromise their principles, values or vision even under the threat of death and torture, as they are acutely aware that to do so would completely dis-empower and void their exceptional integrity.

So what are y/our highest goals and most lofty aspirations? Do they conform to y/our visions or to unconscious learned, imposed limitations?

If you believe you are a physical (only) entity in a material universe the highest goals you would be able to imagine would be defined/constrained by laws associated with the material plane; your pursuits would necessarily be physical and science would be your authority. The pursuit of material wealth/goods and pleasure would be regarded as natural in materialist societies. The major liabilities

associated with this worldview would be the fear of death or debility and the fear of material loss – every created ‘reality’ has its pros and cons.

If we valued goods, resources and the accumulation of wealth above everything else soon human potential and a full life would become a secondary concern, as would laws impeding the rapid accumulation of resources/goods/wealth. We are all too familiar with cultures that worship money and the appropriation -- legal or otherwise -- of material resources/wealth.

Today State leaders (our representatives) routinely murder innocent civilians pursuing 'wealth' and human holocausts are not uncommon today. These occurrences are consequences of a particular materialist worldview or mindset.

Yet every night we enter another reality/realm when we fall asleep, our experience becomes other-worldly, which, if nothing else, proves beyond doubt there is more to life than the phenomenological world.

Wherever our consciousness goes when we sleep, it is not conscious of the material world, yet we continue to exist though our awareness is of another reality/world during sleep.

Great visionaries are able to transform society due to the fact they ‘see’ or are aware of more options than average people. The view from high above is much broader than the view from inside the 'box', which begs the question, why should anyone subscribe to a limited worldview?

Indeed, we should always endeavour to maintain our psychological integrity, discriminative faculties and ability to see beyond the ‘given social reality’ in which we find ourselves.

Perhaps pursuing certain mental disciplines like Buddhist or yoga meditation are more beneficial and valuable than we ever imagined.

Though you will never know the (proven) benefits until you venture to find out yourself.

# Captured

the earth is a contained hermetically  
sealed

environment, some would say  
our atmosphere

seals all life below  
and within it

yet the cosmic harmony that knows  
no bounds

effects all things here as  
it does everywhere

there is one escape into that harmony  
which few have realised, tho this plane,  
if left un-abused/disturbed

would have  
been a paradise; however, all things  
being mutually a/effective, our  
paradise is lost due to the perverse nature  
of a profoundly lost species

two choices present, cease inharmonious  
disturbances to restore balance or seek  
personal freedom from polluting  
poisonous forces that have doomed the  
planet

and enslaved the dominant species,  
notwithstanding these pursuits are  
complimentary

one choice presents as difficult, many  
dynamics must be altered to re-establish  
harmony and hopefully the paradise  
lost, not an impossible task but  
extremely fraught with difficulties;  
the other is freely available to everyone,  
seek a 'doorway,' where none is apparent  
to real freedom which would remove the  
entity from the fate that dooms all

do you see a doorway or are you trapped  
by your ignorance and folly?

the foremost facilitator or attribute to effect  
any change is consciousness, use it, tho its  
dampening by culture, as a requisite for  
ongoing perversion/destruction and the  
status quo is an obstacle that requires a  
remedy

consider your thoughts, all of which are  
composed of cultural signs, symbols,  
words and images then ask, where has  
culture led us? Disharmony and  
destruction!

it, culture, is simply perverse and  
perversion leads to oblivion yet we  
constantly entertain thought and are  
therefore subject/enslaved by it, culture  
therefore derives its life from perverse  
minds thinking, which animates and  
reinforces

social culture, internally and externally; the mind feeds unconsciously from the reinforcing

apparatuses of culture education/socialisation and the mass media which speaks and reinforces the same language as our thoughts, which consequence reduces our broad expansive scope to linear fixed views/beliefs, or binary oppositions only; yet the expanse of existence exalts Being/infinity, as is evident, and therefore presents limitless options

the doorway to real freedom is discovered simply by becoming aware of the cultural thought walls (beliefs) that confine us in the dynamics of cultural re-enforcement (socialisation) facilitated by all manner of media, primarily text, which builds our belief prisons

Therefore it becomes imperative to reject superimposed media/cultural beliefs and utilise New harmonious thought patterns to gain our independence and freedom -- the chains that bind us are truly tissue-thin

the easiest path to freedom is to cease *habitual* thinking (obvious) as culture resides in the thought process; let it go, **Be Still** to the core of your being and Know

once free your new creative thought patterns would guide you and others to inherent harmony, safety and the joy that

overflows therefrom

Understand that culture resides in your mind,

how simple it is to re-educate with the same language patterns, signs and symbols, but newly constructed -- beliefs tho completely unnecessary, bypass vetting as they already exist in a converted mind; have you ever asked yourself why you believe,

when belief is entirely dispensable for a fulfilling life?

Universal harmony/Existence is not insecure it requires no support whatsoever, it shines as the stars shine without doubts or crutches that support mutually accepted cultural fictions/lies, and note that power-hungry men have created all cultures/beliefs -- why would you enslave yourself to the perverse and unfulfilling fictions of other men when existence/Being requires nothing external to BE and live happily free of the burdens of false, tortuous beliefs that enslave

It is parasitic culture that frantically and violently (coercion) requires you to believe (in it), you DO NOT require it/culture to be true to yourself, happy and peaceful

You too would shine as the stars after you gain your 'Freedom from the Known'

Peace



# Perhaps

a common occurrence

'what would you?'  
(after a pleasant exchange)

'i am not free'

'indeed, ur jail is in ur head  
and the key to freedom  
is in ur hand'

'my mind closes when u use  
those words'

'which words? i am a poet,  
i do not deprive myself  
of my medium of expression,  
words are my resource,  
each with its tone, variation,  
colour, meaning and impact;  
would a painter deprive himself  
of certain colours? no!  
ur reaction/interpretation is  
entirely ur own, nevertheless,  
appreciate the power of woven  
words as they have done their  
work, u are clearly affected'

'if u are skilled in the art then  
please me'

'indeed i would but ur reaction  
to colour, verve and passion  
is to shrink in hesitation and fear,

who or what is responsible  
for ur reaction?’

‘culture deems those words  
inappropriate’

‘yes, it does, but am i addressing  
culture or you, who are You?’

culture creates all words to ensnare,  
entrap and shape behaviour according  
to its designs, my words are designed  
to liberate subjects from the jails  
they create

it is known among the skilled,  
“rise by that by which you fall,”  
do u not see?’

‘i see and feel only what u do  
with ur words, i am perplexed’

‘as intended, now move ur tongue  
and lips and articulate with skill,  
u may be a poet urself’

‘i see a solitary flower in a Japanese  
vase, its beauty overwhelms’

‘ah! u are beginning to understand  
and appreciate, now see me if you  
dare to see and free urself; the rungs  
of a ladder are used to ascend and  
descend, u are free to choose the  
direction’

**Science 'Discovers' Yoga Inhibits Ageing**

Prior to re-posting the article below from the BBC on Yoga and its ability to retard the ageing process -- a reality known for thousands of years in the East but ignored by science -- I would first emphasise that the Rishis, ancient sages of India, who developed this way of life did so with intuitive knowledge, i.e., a radical, unfettered consciousness, one neither constrained by or limited to the empirical five senses (of science) -- would you ask a mole to describe a mountain-top landscape?

With the above reality firmly established and in consideration of the ultra-conservative tone and approach which the article betrays, I would allow humankind, armed with its ability to open into infinity, to assess the stodgy 'view' of limited science.

Someone should inform these empirical 'moles' that the universe is infinite and human consciousness is able to connect to that infinite reality.

'Conservatives' are exactly that -- they live in 'boxes' and are afraid to open up to anything that threatens their limited worldview, five fuckin' empirical senses, you must be kidding! Ask them which senses are active during dream or in other alternative realities.

But bear in mind that conservatives are afraid and therefore violent, they may take to you with shock treatment and/or Serotonin inhibitors to force/torture you back into living in one of their prescribed 'boxes!' An example of which is politically evident today in Australia.

An arch-conservative, Jesuit trained, Tony Abbott, was recently voted into high office and already his leadership is being described as a leap back into the [50's!](#)

Conservatives currently hold political power in the USA, Western Europe, Australia, Canada, NZ and most Muslim nations; so do not complain, simply become radical like the universe you are a living component of -- God/Truth does not play hide and seek, 'he/she/it' is

in your face!

There is nothing to fear, open-ended existence is supremely beautiful, beyond description in fact. However, be generous and allow the 'moles' to live in their limited, fearful 'underground' world if they so choose, but never allow them to dictate policy or have influence over you -- lest the world regresses and becomes a theatre of regression, conflict and perpetual war.

Article from the BBC follows:

### **Health kick 'reverses cell ageing'**

by Michelle Roberts

Going on a health kick reverses ageing at the cellular level, researchers say.

The University of California team says it has found the first evidence a strict regime of exercise, diet and meditation can have such an effect.

But experts say although the study in Lancet Oncology is intriguing, it is too early to draw any firm conclusions.

The study looked at just 35 men with prostate cancer. Those who changed their lifestyle had demonstrably younger cells in genetic terms.

Safety caps

The researchers saw visible cellular changes in the group of 10 men who switched to a vegetarian diet and stuck to a recommended timetable of exercise and stress-busting meditation and yoga.

The changes related to protective caps at the end of our chromosomes, called telomeres.

Their role is to safeguard the end of the chromosome and to prevent the loss of genetic information during cell division.

As we age and our cells divide, our telomeres get shorter - their structural integrity weakens, which can tell cells to stop dividing and die.

Researchers have been questioning whether this process might be inevitable or something that could be halted or even reversed.

The latest work by Prof Dean Ornish and colleagues suggests telomeres can be lengthened, given the right encouragement.

They measured telomere length at the beginning of their study and again after five years.

Among the 10 men with low-risk prostate cancer who made comprehensive lifestyle changes, telomere length increased significantly by an average of 10%.

In comparison, telomere length decreased by an average of 3% in the remaining 25 men who were not asked to make any lifestyle changes.

Jury's out

Shorter telomeres have been linked with a broad range of age-related diseases, including heart disease, and a variety of cancers.

The study did not set out to check if lifestyle changes and telomere lengthening would improve cancer outcomes, but the researchers say this is something that should be investigated.

Prof Ornish said: "The implications of this relatively small pilot study may go beyond men with prostate cancer. If validated by large-scale randomised controlled trials, these comprehensive lifestyle changes may significantly reduce the risk of a wide variety of diseases and premature mortality.

"Our genes, and our telomeres, are a predisposition, but they are not necessarily our fate."

Dr Lyn Cox, a biochemistry expert at Oxford University in the UK, said it was not possible to draw any conclusions from the research, but added: "Overall, though, the findings of this paper that changes in lifestyle can have a positive effect on markers of ageing support the calls for adoption of and adherence to healthier lifestyles."

Dr Tom Vulliamy, senior lecturer in Molecular Biology at Queen Mary University of London, said: "It is really important to highlight that this is a small pilot study.

"Also, the significance of the effect of these lifestyle changes on telomere length is actually quite borderline, with only two or three men showing any improvement.

"Given this, I'm definitely going to wait to see whether this can be replicated on a larger scale and with more sizeable effects before I get excited."

Experts agree that telomere shortening is unlikely to be the sole explanation for human ageing.

"For example, humans have much shorter telomeres than primates and mice, yet live for far longer.

"But past work has shown that people who lead a sedentary lifestyle can experience accelerated cellular ageing in the form of more rapid shortening of their telomeres.

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**Yoga, Tai Chi and Meditation alter genes to rejuvenate**

by Anu Antri

The benefits of meditation and yoga are established, but these mind-body interventions not only relax one but are also able to alter one's genes.

According to a new study researchers at the University of Coventry in Britain performed, MBIs or Mind-body interventions such as yoga, Tai Chi, or meditation are instrumental in reversing the stress-causing DNA reactions. Basically, these molecular reactions in the human DNA are responsible for depression and ill-health.

Meditation and yoga are known to have stress-relieving benefits and the latest research establishes how these MBIs are effective in altering the genetic behavior.

### **How Meditation, yoga, and Tai Chi Reverse Stress-Related DNA Reactions**

The researchers [published](#) their findings in the journal *Frontiers in Immunology*. The study examined the genetic behavior in the human body, and how Tai Chi, meditation, and yoga impacted the same.

The scientists examined 18 studies which had over 846 subjects over a period of 11 years. These studies revealed a pattern in the molecular alterations, which occur in the human body because of the MBIs and how these impact physical and mental health.

The team focused on how the genes become activated when one meditates, does yoga, or Tai Chi. The genes then produce proteins, which are instrumental in impacting the immune system, the brain, and the body's biological makeup.

The researchers shared that when an individual is in a stressful situation their SNS or sympathetic nervous system gets triggered. For the unfamiliar, the SNS dictates an individual's response to flee or fight. When the SNS is triggered, the production of NF-kB or

nuclear factor kappa molecule gets increased. This molecule is instrumental in regulating the human body's gene expression.

When a person is stressed, NF-kB activates the genes to create cytokines, which are proteins that result in cellular inflammation. This reaction during stress is beneficial if it is short-lived flight or fight. However, if this continues, then an individual becomes vulnerable to high cancer risk, depression, as well as aging gets accelerated.

The research shows that individuals who meditate, do yoga, or practice Tai Chi produce less cytokines and NF-kB. These MBIs regulates their production and effectively decreases cytokines, which leads to the inflammatory gene expression pattern getting reversed. This also leads to decreased chances of diseases that are linked with inflammation.

## **Health Benefits Of yoga And Meditation**

Modern-day society is synonymous with high-stress levels as people grapple with their day-to-day lives. Work-and family-related stress can often bog down individuals. Engaging in yoga, Tai Chi, Qi Gong, meditation, or any such practice helps relax both the body and mind and manage stress levels better.

“Millions of people around the world already enjoy the health benefits of mind-body interventions like yoga or meditation, but what they perhaps don't realize is that these benefits begin at a molecular level and can change the way our genetic code goes about its business,” the study's lead author Ivana Buric [revealed](#).

The MBIs essentially leave a “molecular signature in our cells” and this reverses the anxiety and stress effects on the human body by simply altering its gene expression. To put it succinctly, MBIs enable one's brain to channel the DNA process toward a positive direction, which fuels the body's well being.

However, the researchers assert that more in-depth studies need to

be conducted to ascertain the positive effects of MBIs in detail and how these practices compare with nutrition and exercise.

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<https://tinyurl.com/y8lkuta9>

## Media Lobotomised Populations

Years past I often mused over the fact that the Western public expressed cynicism and rightful doubt over content in the mass media. Doubts as to the veracity and accuracy of stories in the mass media were common among citizens; 'surely you don't believe what you read in the 'papers,' which were the major delivery medium at the time, was a common cynical remark. Yet people continued to consume the 'news' and other flagrant propaganda articles, though with a degree of uncertainty, as there was unanimity in major media content.

Indeed, media lies and propaganda were and are the hallmark of the mass media, which content always issues from a few major wires. Today, however, especially with the advent of digital communications, to which the current imbecile US president is clearly addicted, the mass media reigns supreme as the foremost brainwashing agent in the West and East.

Stories today beggar belief, wild accusations are made without the slightest evidential basis, the only consistency is repetition to the endth degree until the public at large becomes convinced of the lies - - now note that only a fraction of the lies need be believed to be effective socially, other citizens then mutually convince and convert.

Entire nations are taken to war based on lies, notwithstanding those lies soon become exposed, though not one head rolls over the deplorable orchestrated crimes and the fact that hundreds of thousands of innocent lives have been lost, a social pursuit (justice) which the mass media once supported, justice and accountability were not as yet dead as they are with the thoroughly corrupt media of today.

The effect of no accountability for heinous crimes committed by the State and its various apparatuses is that State crimes continue and worsen, yet the castrated and lobotomised public remains in a torpor,

or media induced paralysis. Indeed, if any war could be considered a roaring success today it is the psychological war on the people, the media's ability to tame millions and render them psychological slaves and socially impotent is a remarkable success.

Consider the Fact that the orchestrated Lies and millions of innocent deaths resulting from illegal wars are socially acceptable today, now that outcome is new, as public outrage and protests over the illegal Vietnam war ended with its termination and retreat. In that sense the public maintained its integrity and sense of morality -- if crimes were exposed and proven then the guilty indeed faced consequences, though few were brought before the courts; nevertheless, public outrage was sufficient to neutralise persistent illegal wars and various officials paid a high price, impeachment and/or resignation in order to avoid consequences.

Now where is that public response today? The wars initiated by the United States over the past two decades have all been fought on the basis of now exposed Lies and tissue-thin pretexts, yet America's grossly illegal presence and interference in Syria continues, the nose-ringed Western public accepts horrendous State crime today yet the State continues to subject citizens to penalties and incarceration for misdemeanours -- make sense to you?

Today we have an impotent, retreating public though the masses continue to be the strongest potential social force on the planet; however, if motivating factors, namely morality, justice, freedom and legality, to name a few, are hamstrung or removed from cultural consciousness then the result is that as each year passes more criminals, rogues and other sordid types would ascend to power, the regulating factor -- THE PEOPLE -- no longer pose a threat to nefarious, amoral psychopaths; furthermore, the public now elects these psychopaths to office.

Very well done (CFR managed) mass media and CIA shaped and supported social media.

As for the public you do not need me to tell you the final outcome of your cowardice, lack of social responsibility, morality, sense of justice and fair play. But to rub salt into the psychologically and socially wounded; You the public remain in essence the most powerful social force in existence, but you must reject the divisive and alienating strategies of All media, especially the digital, in order to Realise your power and Act in your and your respective nation's best interests, otherwise enjoy the psychological and financial chains that bind you..

Perhaps you should take into consideration that ruling elites print unpegged money at will today, so wonder no more why they are wealthy and lord over you. Nevertheless, without your sub-cription to the false value of this toilet paper money it would be as worthless as the paper it is printed on.

## Go

where would u go? chasing mists  
gains only a handful of vapour  
tho like mirages they may  
appear alluring

u were always free to go, no  
time exists that marked our  
separation, where would  
u go?

back to the Asian alleys wafting  
in the acrid odour of opium,  
hand-carved bamboo pipes  
and porcelain bowls full of  
dreams of escape dressed as  
paradise which creates the need  
to repeat experiences, forever  
drawing the lost to the pipe  
of 'pipe dreams,' again and again

scarecrow bodies and sunken eyes  
with the life sucked from them  
impaled by fear on dead solitary  
trees overlooking fields of dried  
withering rice scorched by the sun

the torments of the world are endless,  
remain here where u have always  
belonged; tight ivory skin and  
jewelled navels dance no more  
only sagging hessian drapes remain,  
blowing in broken windows whipped  
by chill winds, this land is finished,  
why continue to traverse its

disappointments?

u were always free to go, but where  
would u go?

the sticky walls of confinement  
cannot be papered with idyllic  
scenes, cockroaches race around  
ur feet when u try to avoid them  
but easily escape when u try  
to stomp them underfoot, is there  
any sense or reason in this decision?

a drowning man caught in a raging  
river clutches and grasps for anything  
but straws would never save him,  
he is doomed to drown in his own  
delusions

u must choose to remain as i have  
never constrained u with mind games,  
false promises, and worthless allures,  
u know it

only the rolling sea and endless coast  
both disappearing in sea-spray and  
mist pierced only by the shriek of gulls  
is offered; the brumbies have been  
removed as the stallions posed a threat  
to tourists

stay with me at the blue lake  
and white sands where time stands  
still making no demarcations  
in this continuum

but go if u must and stretch

the etheric cord that binds us,  
u know it never breaks, what  
creation binds can never be  
severed, surely u know by now  
but try regardless, chasing echoes  
leads nowhere, u must find  
yourself before u return,

**as** ur return is inevitable

# Transplant

who would have imagined?  
least of all me, that i would write a poem  
about a common cold virus, yet here it is,  
such is the discomfort and torturous  
distraction i suffer that i am forced  
to release it in text

i have never contracted a virus such as this  
and to think that a Hebrew imbecile instructed  
followers to "subdue the earth," forgetting of  
course that man is a product of nature  
therefore subject to it -- a bonded servant  
is never able to replace its master/creator,  
plain fact

religionists lack reason, tho i would never  
attempt to appeal to their vacuumed intellects  
so, which of you is able to 'subdue' this virus?  
a form of life so tiny it evades natural sight  
yet its power to size ratio is gargantuan,  
perhaps a reminder to be humble, not arrogant  
and self-righteous -- characteristics shared  
by Jews, Muslims and Christians trapped in the  
perverse Abrahamic tradition of inverted logic,  
destructive un-reason and pure fairy-tale fantasy

take a look around and see where 'subduing'  
the earth has gotten us, environmental disaster  
weakening our natural defences against tiny  
invading life-forms

my nose is now a source of the most irritating  
torture i have ever experienced, no person  
could match a virus' ability to drive a human

nuts; so irritated is my nose that i am considering removing it surgically and replacing it with my dick, it has never been a source of torture in my life, in fact when irritated it reacts for joy

consider the advantages of having a dick in the middle of ur face, far more convenient and effective than tucked away in the groin -- and its female counterpart, a cunt-face, literally

but of course these thoughts are symptomatic of the virus which at this stage has overwhelmed my civil sense and good manner so forgive me, i have been momentarily conquered by one of the smallest microscopic creatures that have never been subdued by the impotent and destructive Abrahamic religions or by the arrogance of feeble-minded religionists that continue to destroy the earth and human life

# Falling

is only frightening to the ignorant

falling in love, falling asleep,  
are they causes for concern?  
no, they are desired, sometimes  
frantically pursued, which of course  
is not falling as pursuing requires effort

falling implies letting go of everything  
yet i have failed myself, my stupid will  
now obstructs the free flow of falling  
and the knowing that one is caught  
by a destination the route to which is  
unknown; falling does not map or  
calculate a path it frees one to arrive  
without thought or action

we know intuitively we are safe when  
we fall even physically, tho that may  
result in death but only of the body  
as nothing exists that is able to extinguish  
the life/safety of a Spirit in free fall

a genuine Indian Saint, an extinct species  
today, once recommended falling into the  
ultimate reality, samadhi/nirvana,  
he got it right.

the pristine infinite everlasting does not  
admit those that carry baggage; if Liberation  
is sought then carrying weights and chains  
(thoughts) is self-defeating

fall into ur essential Self, an art almost lost

today tho the remnants remain in dreams  
and the deep recesses of Being

falling in dreams tears at the emotions until  
we hit bottom and realise we survived tho  
the horror of the experience sticks like glue

and so i thought i would induce a falling  
dream, so after falling asleep i dreamed  
i was falling, when i awoke i found i had  
fallen into my lover's arms, my bothersome  
will now left behind, perplexed

## Circus of the Dead

there's no cheer or applause in  
this circus, clowns have no need  
of make-up, they run this circus  
in plain appearance, given  
authority by the dead audience  
outside the ring

all is inverted in this place, laughter  
is replaced by misery and regret, the  
audience, due to foolish previous  
actions and inactions is forced to  
watch performers mock and torture  
them relentlessly

this circus was created as a  
consequence of the audience's group  
folly and subservience to the clowns  
that run this torturous event, relishing  
in their insanity and un-reason as they  
run amok with impunity

tormenting the audience is extreme  
but justified, each according to his/  
her lot tho waxen, grimacing faces  
speak in one chorus of, silly fool me,  
we have earned our 'reward' and the  
only escape from this torment is to  
suffer the consequences of previous  
actions until all debts are cleared

whips lash souls without refrain, woe  
are the dead in this place of anguish

the name of this circus is world

but not all are beguiled, a single  
soul rises from the bench screaming,  
'i resist this nightmare world,'  
knowing that all the clowns would  
focus all their malevolence on the  
refusenik -- he must be contained,  
others may also refuse to be enslaved  
and maltreated, which would end  
the tortures of this place forever

## Party

i have no idea why a group of  
desperates meeting at a house  
with painfully loud music, drugs  
and alcohol is called a 'party'

so i sought a comfortable location  
in the kitchen, yes, just like the  
song

even there i was harassed by a  
drunken female who accosted me  
with the most ridiculous line  
i have ever heard

'parties are great, i love them,'  
'why?' i asked, 'because alcohol  
is the great leveller!' 'what do u  
mean by that?' 'well, everyone is  
what they are but at parties alcohol  
reduces everyone to the same level'

'really? are you saying that Einstein  
pissed is the same as you pissed?'  
'yea' -  
'well think again, cos pissed or not  
Einstein was a genius and you are just  
a drunken slag, furthermore, i am no  
genius but piss off!'

that was the last 'party' i attended

## Inverted

an empty church overlooks the  
cemetery not used today but  
protected by a heritage act

(whose heritage?)

gravestones populate the necropolis  
though dust has reclaimed its  
own, spirits long departed

the empty church is incongruous,  
devoid of the pleas of the living  
to ensure everlasting peace for  
the dead

all souls without exception seek  
peace at the moment of death  
yet we ignore it in life and foolishly  
allow needless conflict to plague our  
societies

a slave in life is a slave in death  
the only thing we take with us  
is experience and our good and  
bad deeds

what do slaves know of the joy  
of freedom and the bliss of perfect  
peace? nothing, as subservience  
in life defines one's after-life

it is well the church is empty,  
devoid of the mindless mutterings  
of futile prayers as nothing removes

a jot of a person's life

are the living bereft of lucidity, why seek peace only in death when it is available in life? this species is indeed curious if not irrational, inverted and perverse

we are promised paradise in death by lying or deluded clerics if we slave for living elites and believe their lies; are we more bereft today than at the dawn of civilisation?

what fool would accept slavery in life when they are able to reject it? who buys a transparent, unverifiable promise of paradise in death? the Brooklyn Bridge is easier to sell

the dead take their experiences to a place that accommodates those experiences and if we do not make a paradise here while alive, what hope of paradise after a fool's life and death? None!

the present always formulates the future in life and death, souls continue as they carry the spark of the indestructible creator

is it not time that we cleanse the earth and our nations of the vermin in 'high' office and trample their lies underfoot?

i turn behind and see a multitude  
of souls kneeling in the pews  
acknowledging my thoughts with  
grim smiles of approval and regretful  
tears in their eyes that betray they  
should have Known better

if you wish peace in the after-life,  
pursue it with the same passion  
and vigour you would pursue it  
in life, whatever you make or  
unmake now you will inherit  
after death, can you not see the  
simple sequence of truth and  
consequences at work?

think and you would know instantly  
that you have been duped by the  
darkest souls of your kind; is it not  
time to walk free?

every war and social problem is  
easily remedied by clarity of mind  
and purity of heart -- seek peace  
by waging peace, seek paradise  
by creating it on earth while alive,  
paradise is only built on the  
foundations of enduring peace

this is sure and truer than anything  
a lying cleric/politician would trade  
for your slavery

running fool's errands should be  
left to fools that do not understand  
the simple open truth, do not forfeit  
your real heritage for feeble lies

and your complacency/passivity  
when faced with exploitation and  
needless wars for the material gain  
of a few

Peace to all that would act/spread  
peace and paradise for those that  
overcome evil in life and death

*[A note to all the so-called 'Christians'  
of the West, did not your saviour show  
you all the way?*

*He vigorously opposed  
corrupt elite rule in the full knowledge  
they would kill him; he was/is a man of  
**courage** and uncompromising will; so,  
what are You doing, you self-damned  
HYPOCRITES?]*

## Twilight ..

sees lotus flowers slowly close  
their petals trapping any insect  
feeding on the nectar inside

trapped tiny creatures consume  
nectar until intoxicated then in  
captive euphoria they lapse into  
sleep safe from predators outside  
the closed lotus

yet this capture is not of malevolent  
design; symbiosis works to ensure  
little insects are gorged and coated  
with pollen before release at the  
dawn of a new sun

petals open wide revealing innermost  
parts, other lotuses attract the released  
bugs and bees to be entrapped again  
though this time providing the means  
of fertilisation without which the lotus  
could not persist

the bugs and bees imagine they are  
in paradise when lotuses bloom and  
willingly embrace capture and the  
momentary protection of the sacred  
flower

bugs work for food and security  
while in captivity and when released  
are captured by another flower  
until their short lives expire

and so the sacred flower of ancient  
Egypt and Asia is with us today  
but today it grows in unclean water  
and polluted ponds where workers  
are plentiful but nectar is scarce

## Only Words

words mean what they say to  
the ignorant and intelligent but  
carry an altogether different  
meaning when fully decoded

Francis (Bacon) was a master  
of the art and he lives today as  
every message is not what it  
seems

words are used to deceive men's  
minds tho not adeptly, only fools  
and the ignorant fall prey to these  
gross media methods

yet buried in plays, dramas and  
poems are hidden messages  
invisible to all except scribes and  
those proficient in the art – no  
text is secret to initiates

a joy to decode a message that  
was written centuries past hidden  
from the profane

word-engendered dreams become  
the realities of men, truth remains  
the food of the wise, truth never  
disappears as long as text is utilised  
as a means of expression, enslavement  
and liberation

poets and play writes of the past  
transmitted, using the same literary

devices that are taught in colleges  
and universities today tho hidden  
meaning is not revealed as the masses  
know not of the real art of cypher

nothing has changed in centuries,  
ignorant elites rule and lead by  
subterfuge and the wise continue  
to subvert the ground/meaning/  
language upon which lies and truths  
are carried and juxtaposed

'a rose is a rose is a rose' yet it isn't,  
how so?

understand the symbolism/form  
of 'a rose' repeated three times;  
it forms a circle, do u understand?  
no, as u do not possess the key to  
unlock its secret

a turd, is a rose, is an elephant  
shitting cannon balls -- a cow is  
a messenger of truth if u understand  
its milk and what it carries

and so it goes that witches ride on  
the phallus of Lucifer, internally  
writhing in their flow as they ride,  
while those unlearned toil for others  
not realising they are captured in  
word chains

wild elephants are first chained to  
sturdy trees by their ankles, and  
when fully trained a slender, easily  
broken rope is enough to anchor

them to the spot, while truth severs  
the rope of bondage easily

language is that rope and decoding  
its textual expressions snaps or creates  
every social bond

a lover is a cormorant, a flower and  
a stone tied to the neck waiting for  
deep water to drown its victim

in a world where every outward  
expression snares and enslaves the  
ignorant, the hidden message frees  
enlightened minds

and so it goes, and goes and goes

# Keys

they fall and tumble  
in mathematical precision  
not equations but notes/music  
the music i see, hear  
and taste

darting at times then slowly  
flowing like distant galaxies  
the constant rhymes and rhythms  
of existence

transported and carried to where  
the symphony leads with the  
precision of a rose before it blooms,  
or lightning before it strikes, knowing  
beforehand what will happen as the  
music leads in clear directions

tap those jewelled keys, pluck those  
strings, let sound resonate forever,  
how easy it is to understand sound,  
colour and the form they make as  
Life

play the secret chords and arouse  
the sleeping wheels of life that  
merge into white light; seven  
octaves issuing from one  
primordial sound and  
returning to it

who or what could miss it?  
only those that inhabit  
dullness

i see you as sigil distilled to ur essential  
form represented as geometry that  
associates specific sounds with every  
overlapping geometric form, i know  
ur real name, the name hidden by  
ur ignorance

deep in this myriad called everything  
nothing escapes reduction to its essential  
nature, can u not see? of course not,  
u inhabit the plane of the blind, deaf  
and mute

if u stand before a locked door with  
the key in ur hand surely the next step  
is obvious but not here in this dream  
called civilised society where only  
darkness, ignorance and violence  
prevail

unlock urself and see what is Real,  
clean ur senses of the media filth  
that dulls and captures, free urself  
and Fly

u only appear as a limited terrestrial  
being though u have issued from All  
and to All u will return if u take the  
road u have inscribed for urself,  
no-one is able to return by any other  
means or avenue, your way outward  
is also Your way Home if u unlock  
urself and range Free

this is not a poem, it's a promise

## Place

the air moves as wind  
and with it tiny grains  
in the unendurable heat

dunes heaped by millions of grains  
form waves that overcome the land  
and drown the tallest trees until they  
suffocate, wither and die leaving stark,  
lifeless trunks as signals, reminders of  
the fertility that once was

it is no coincidence that dunes move  
in wave patterns as the sea bed moves  
contoured by water, air and water are  
fluid but rooted trees die as they have  
no answer for swirling change

and so it is that what was once lushness  
is now dunes of tiny crystal grains  
which support other types of life that  
go unnoticed

yielding to a relentless onslaught may  
be more favourable than standing firm  
and resisting the inevitable; mighty  
trees fall yet supple grasses persist in  
the harshness

a million thoughts move in similar  
patterns creating obstinacy/rigidity  
ready to succumb to yielding fluidity  
and the shifting sands of existence

in the distance date palms grow  
around a rare spring

## Trains

it passed like a fast country train  
heading who knows where,  
i was heading the other way

it rattled past like a gatling gun  
faces blurred in windows  
as it sped into the distance

so many trains and stations  
with various skins from black  
to white in so many lands,  
speeding past

a station assistant approached  
and asked which train i was  
waiting for -- i had lost connection  
with time -- i thought for a moment,  
smiled and left the station, i knew  
the train i was waiting for would  
never arrive as it had already  
completed its run

as i left, familiar gatling clicks  
indicated another speeding train  
i turned in time to see a face  
in the last cabin smiling,  
eyes reflecting mine

it was ... someone familiar but  
heading in the opposite direction

i crossed overgrown rusted tracks  
as i left, tho they too offered only  
two directions

## **Distraction**

it is bright in the withering grasping  
at hope, vassals wait tho chaos  
directs nothing

going forward tho moving backward  
hordes lost in implanted memories  
and fabricated realities

bees, trees are dead and dying  
weakening further the lost  
vacant drones of humanity,  
the fallen leaves of dead  
human trees

this is not a nightmare but the reality  
we have created in the denseness of  
ignorance tho the light is never  
extinguished except for the blind,  
the created blind with mute eyes  
unable to see the seasons or hear the  
coloured songs of long-dead forests  
where life has been replaced by  
deafening silence

slime covers everything, once touched  
it infects causing horrible deformations  
and an excruciating death

yes, this is a nightmare which has  
replaced the pure dreams of children,  
also absent; no life is able to reproduce  
except those that saw it approach and  
saved themselves

turbid darkness hangs overhead tempting  
everything to breathe promising another  
excruciating death

where is the light or avenue of escape?

wake up into a clean dream of your  
making, see with eyes closed or open  
the light is unaffected by externals

pierce the darkness with clarity  
to emerge in the light or hesitate  
and remain in death's tangled claws

indeed, it is all a dream or nightmare  
of y/our choosing but it's your  
nightmare and my dream

yet the seven steps or rungs of escape  
leading to light are covered in dust,  
few ascend, you must be equipped  
and able before undertaking any task

the useless subterranean dead  
that travail for demons in their  
dark kingdom are fit for slavery  
while another clean and glorious  
dawn approaches

but for whom?

## Desolation

across the parched land barely visible,  
a solitary tree survives where no tree  
should survive

its gnarled leafless branches and  
scarred trunk tell of its plight after  
the rains all but ceased

i approached, drawn to its fight to  
survive not fully cognisant why until  
i was in very close proximity

poor desolate tree among dead, fallen  
trunks, trees that gave up trying as the  
effort would end in the certainty of death  
tho this tree would not surrender easily

the closer i approached the more it  
visually spoke to me; it seemed strangely  
familiar though i was aware that trees  
like leaves of grass are unique

two lower branches had taken on the  
appearance of outstretched arms, a knot  
in its trunk positioned symmetrically  
above its lower branches questioned  
why? there was an answer, climate and  
the interference of men tho that knowledge  
was beyond a tree's immediate  
understanding

as if beckoning in desperation i drew closer  
until i could embrace it, i did not, instead  
i turned, leaned my back against its trunk

and outstretched my arms, my head resting  
in the knot

for how long i stood synchronised i do not  
know tho night had overtaken day and me  
forgetting to prepare for the night

captured by desperation and sheer  
desolation i saw what no human  
should be able to see and feel what  
no human or animal is able to feel

my head tilted to the side my diaphragm  
relaxed i could barely breathe, which  
heightened the odd sensation

drifting into lands that were before  
the rain ceased, teeming with life,  
grasses and wildflowers in season,  
this tree was ancient and in its ringed  
patterns it recorded everything from  
its inception to finality, which i realised  
had occurred because i assumed  
a sympathetic connection

the next day before the dawn sun  
appeared i wept spontaneously, the  
tree and i had something in common  
we were the last that persevered  
to the end

few are aware that the rabbi was crucified  
on a tree not a cross, which unusual tree  
endows man with eternal life after temporal  
death has overtaken him

the galactic fruits of this tree ripen only

in spinning vortexes of light, and those  
seven lights are the living lights of men  
which never dim or extinguish

## Throng

they crowd around seeking frantically to find expression, they seek a medium -- the muse is not one but many

faces appear in colour and 3D, exquisite and grotesque, they pass across the screen of my mind tho they cannot 'stick' and disturb as there is nothing to stick to, they appear, disappear and fade

they reveal all manner of things in this world warning and luring trying to find expression this world is an open book, nothing is secret the akasha is not governed by time or space, it contains a record of all that is was and will ever be at once

the disembodied are like children as they cling frantically hoping to find expression, which i provide when it suits

they have shown me the dirty secrets of this world many times, it appears like a 3D movie the machinations of the evil ones, which i express at times tho few listen yet they are momentarily satisfied tho that does not last, they are ever around me but the door is mine to open or close

it is not one voice i express today but Many, do not be beguiled and enslaved by the evil of this world, simply defeat it, it is powerless against those unified in truth and love, which qualities are gifted to all humanity by birthright

You are not and have never been alone/forsaken  
if u rise

## Tears from Heaven

it's raining again, though  
the rain today is tainted  
by the pollution on the earth  
upon which it falls and rises,  
each cycle tainting the rain  
further

i long for the pure rain of my  
childhood that nourishes, not the  
acid, toxic rain of today

my soul rises from the veins and  
pools of the earth that course with  
poisons, the rising of pure rain  
cleanses, heavy toxins remain below  
like brown unnatural clouds

rain is the crying of angels i was told  
as a child, of course when i matured i  
ceased to believe, though belief is now  
appropriate as metaphor tho that word  
should never be mentioned in a poem,  
rather, vapours, disembodied souls  
that weep for themselves and humanity

from above it is easy to see what is below  
whereas the gross below see nothing but  
the gross

lightning cuts the sky as i write punctuated  
by thunder, reaffirming raindrops/words  
that fall onto paper and ground and the  
cycles of life and death, tho below there  
is little awareness of either

as i rise then fall again i see a lily  
pounded by rain on the waters  
maintaining its imperviousness  
to wetness -- this plant lives and dies  
in water yet it never gets wet

ducks on the same pond repel the drops  
without a thought knowing that thinking  
would allow the soaking of their resistant  
feathers leading to death

it pays to preserve an unblemished  
consciousness, or the impervious feathers  
of man would succumb; of what use is  
rumination to creativity? this line was  
encoded with the lilies of the field aeons  
past

all nature has use of what it requires  
without thought, the relationship is perfect  
if undisturbed

i am the white cloud above the highest  
mountain fertile with pure drops that  
some reject and some accept according  
to their kind

exertion and toil are not required though  
the great lie of the Bible is 'blood, sweat  
and tears' that persist on the ground tho  
pollution cannot ascend, it remains as  
the heavy toxins below

yet the jewel remains pure in the lotus  
forever untainted

## Bleating

again we hear the same pathetic utterances from men that profess they know, though they continue to thrash at branches and leaves having no effect on the roots, except self-exhaustion -- when will they ever learn?

the world including the consciousness of the masses is captured and shaped by false information presented as truth/fact, but fiction is the currency of media-whores and politicians alike

if a shred of integrity existed in this group the vile forces they serve would be devoid of (monetary) power and the influence it wields in a monetary world

the world would run from its present nihilistic course and embrace harmony and peace as the obvious and only viable option for survival

but it cannot be, as timid, passive slaves continue to tremble in media-imposed fears that infects cultural consciousness and is eventually expressed as apathy, helplessness and infantilism

the law is a plaything of the mega-wealthy, they wield it according to their needs; the deafening scream of money silences justice while the masses continue to be

exploited and robbed of their fair share,  
always struggling to survive, debt-chains  
are indeed stronger than steel chains

yet i hear the dim bleating of sheep that  
offer no solutions, always presenting what  
we already know, the cause of injustice,  
criminal wars, and the massive human  
devastation

which provide huge profits  
for elites

the current buffoon thinks himself smart that  
he has 'struck a deal' with the criminal Saudis,  
\$150b in weapons sales that are utilised to  
support all extremist proxy fighting groups  
in the Middle East and elsewhere, which  
America

utilises in its illegal wars of  
appropriation and that was part of the 'deal,'  
how very

transparent is the cover, spreading  
'democracy' (oppression, slavery, war and  
exploitation) rather

consider the implications of this sale,  
America prints worthless paper dollars  
which the Saudis accrue from oil sales  
then that same worthless currency is  
returned to the US as payment for  
weapons of destruction,

tho the 'value'  
of the medium of exchange is zero

the process is a mad dog chasing its tail,  
continually running circles, and the masses  
are expected to believe that the dollar and  
'democracy,' have value

spinning money/lies on a carnival wheel  
invests no real value tho it is an exercise in  
mutual masturbation, a favourite practice  
of moneyed elites

the entire game is a destructive farce easily  
seen

and eliminated, but slaves are taught to  
accept it

and so our path to ruin continues for  
want of another ridiculous game/lie to play  
and 'believe in'

## Circular

compound texts swirl in circles  
fictions feeding fiction serving  
the priests of old and the ruling  
elites of today all weaving fantasies  
to believe in

scribes scratch lies onto mediums of  
choice, once papyrus now digital

yet nothing has changed but the mediums,  
false narratives persist unchanged  
elites harnessing hordes maintaining  
illusions, implanting behaviours  
and nose-ringing almost all

the scribes of today know their art well  
spinning lie upon lie until truth is  
smothered but never extinguished

as of old some scribes adhere to truth,  
reality which few read and those that do  
refuse to believe, such is the power of  
repetitive, inculcated lies, fantasies  
are more comfortable than hard reality,  
reality demands people take responsibility  
yet the masses feed like babies from the  
poison breast of a whore, preferring it so

since before man could read or write  
those that rule spun myths and legends  
to enthral and terrify their subjects,  
maintaining their hold with fear

time is irrelevant as events repeat themselves,

the ticking oscillations refer to nothing of  
significance, no measure, no progress, only  
contrived notches on a circular face going  
nowhere to which people remain fixated

clocks and texts lie as the body performs  
according to its own rhythms, its eternal  
pulse, but man has lost connection and is  
buffeted by fabrications, and illusions

so what would rebel scribes do in vain  
whisper or shout truth from the roof tops  
and listen to their own echoes?

the ears and eyes of humanity have ceased  
to function as they were intended, only the  
words and designs of ruling elites are heard  
as their saturation deafens, blinds and drowns  
all other voices, everything except the poison  
dreams of madmen

believe nothing,  
test the lies of contrived narratives and realise  
that the beginning point is also the endpoint  
just more meaningless movements on a circular  
face endlessly repeating itself going nowhere

# Sing

ur sad and lonely song,  
u are not alone  
tho u imagine u are

isolated by ur own mind  
u have built a prison for urself

profoundly alone u sing ur haunting  
song which fills the hearts of the lost  
and forlorn, but u are not alone

i hear and see u suffering for nothing  
unable to see u are loved, u left for  
what? the anxieties of ur upbringing  
and the tragedies of ur experience  
which we all share and create  
unknowingly

let it go, all of it, free urself  
open ur heart and receive,  
Love abandons no-one  
but u do not know it

ur song reaches to the marrow  
such is its haunting power,  
but how much more powerful  
is the Love u deny urself?

we always find what we seek  
but few recognise it and so  
now u sing in ur loneliness  
for those that do not understand  
that Love is easy tho we are

taught to sabotage all that gives  
us Life, purpose and Joy

# Time

spin ur gold chain and crystal sphere,  
hooded and faceless threat u are

destroyer of worlds, ur efforts are  
wasted here, the unborn do not die,  
time is a snare that entraps only the  
ignorant subjects to birth and death,  
there is nothing to reap here

entire populations in worlds too  
numerous to count are entrapped  
by your ruse, ur sickle is of no  
use here

who do you pretend to intimidate?  
show me your face -- i know ur hood  
hides emptiness, nothing, only the  
blind imagine they see you, diamond  
eyes see through you, each oscillation  
of ur chain and crystal pendulum  
measures nothing here

why expend urself in futile endeavour,  
misdirected persistence would destroy  
the destroyer -- beware, i cannot succumb

i witnessed ur birth in the dreams of  
men, what business do u pretend to have  
here?

this, my world has no time, it continues  
without measure, a sphere that swallows  
and regurgitates itself simultaneously,  
you cannot measure the infinite present

time, u are the king of fools  
enter my realm if you dare,  
the timeless devours u  
and all your illusions

## **Shoreless Sea**

adrift in savage seas i sought refuge  
and found none

seeking a shore on which to rest  
i found none

pounded by waves and drowning i  
sought truth before my demise and  
found nothing

almost dead i realised the weight  
pulling me under was my seeking  
and desire

ready to die, i released my desire

i am now adrift on a shoreless,  
swirling sea of limitless Light

## Another

the sun dies in glowing embers,  
nocturnal animals rouse for the night --  
burning, majestic is the apex predator  
of the night ready to tear at my heart  
and rend me to shreds, why must you  
leave?

familiar shrieks and calls disturb an  
otherwise quiet night in the forest of life

i weave my way through the darkness  
and undergrowth like someone born to  
the night yet this night's duration is  
more than a mere nine hours -- i am  
able to gauge how deep was my love  
by the duration of the darkness

i should have known by the way you  
cut through the other competing felines  
like a Sumatran tiger, smaller but no less  
deadlier than your Siberian cousins;  
you toyed with me like a cat playing with  
its captured prey, predator of the night

streamlined thighs, agile hips and fixed  
gaze slouching through the undergrowth  
silently, effortlessly like a cloud moves  
across the sky

i had no defences against your surprise  
attack, so direct, determined, powerful --  
it was almost a pleasure to offer my  
vulnerable neck to such an unusual  
approach, no hesitation -- pounce, and i

was finished

you made all the others insignificant,  
hesitant, vacillating, no-one was able  
to compete, even my favourite was  
silenced when you forcefully intruded  
but then the prize goes to those that  
strike without hesitation

and so i lay in agony, your soft paws,  
now surgical claws, slicing my innards  
tearing at my heart, jaws locked on my  
throat suffocating me, yet how i loved  
your impudence and actions without  
regard for consequences

i should have known you would leave  
as you came fast, furious and deadly,  
but O how i loved every spontaneous  
Asian moment

## Reflections

looking down at the sky reflected  
in a rain pool, the entire sky caught,  
trapped, it appears, in an arm span of  
perfectly still shallow water, but birds  
are not fooled they gather by the pool  
to quench their thirst, rain is scarce  
in the outback

swarms of flying parrots move in  
waves through the sky caged by their  
reflection in the pool; desert palms take  
their time drawing moisture from the  
sandy desert -- wet red ochre rocks  
shine in the sunlight watching from  
their vantage, everything captured by  
my eyes reflecting reflected light from  
everything seen

images interchange between observer  
and observed, somewhere in this sensory  
orgy is reality, which seems evasive  
moving swiftly from eyes, brain, pool  
and sky -- or rather on a stationary screen  
behind my brain which renders not only  
the seen but the unseen into fleeting  
masterpieces too quick to capture on  
any physical medium

reaching for the horizon is easy as space  
collides with desire allowing the  
impossible to become possible

i wonder whether i should embrace the  
entirety or let it dance according to its

own rhythm, which varies according to  
circumstance and other factors

nature's living landscapes cannot be  
caught, framed and hung in some gallery  
to be admired by the dead, only the dead  
could accept such paltry substitutes --  
though moving reality comes with its  
own dangers, a desert taipan slides  
between rocks and spinifex clumps,  
activated by small prey scurrying for  
insects intoxicated by the rain

life is plagued by death, each death  
ensures the survival of a particular  
predator, however, all succumb to the  
apex predator, man

a species that is never satisfied until  
it kills everything on this planet,  
including itself

sitting by a night pool the moon appears  
and disappears between reflected clouds

at another angle the dead pool shines  
reflecting nothing but the deepest  
blackness

## Scattered Pieces

pieces scattered before me form an  
incoherence which was/is my life

fragments scattered all around daring  
me to form a coherent picture --  
somehow the incongruities must all  
harmoniously fit together otherwise  
i am lost to the chaos of haphazard  
chance -- the same pieces are gathered  
and cast time after time like devilish  
dice foiling previous attempts to  
assemble coherently

it seems my life has become a plaything  
of the Gods who are known to show no  
pity or mercy to mortals

and so i accept the challenge in order  
to vanquish my tormentors, such  
arrogance must be challenged --  
i have set conditions at great expense,  
if i should lose or fail to form harmony  
from chaos then i am done forever

i have chosen my field deep in the  
valley of the waters on the banks  
of a river that carved this valley  
from solid rock over the millennia

i lay out my weapons wrapped in  
the hide of an extinct marsupial  
and light my fire close to the  
flowing crystal creek

sitting crossed-legged incanting, i light  
my pipe packed with secret herbs and  
begin the battle of my life while the  
Gods roar with laughter

the moving clouds cast shadows on the  
valley walls, a mild breeze moves the  
leaves of trees and bushes some of which  
are precariously perched in crevices on  
the cliff-face

i release myself into the valley and join  
animate and inanimate life moving/vibrating  
with the rhythm of the day

*first*, move to me. the Gods now watch  
intently as the first harmony was achieved  
by stealth, secret knowledge and intonations;  
the Gods do not possess all knowledge,  
each specialising in some form of art,  
however, no such limitations are placed  
on mortals but few bother to acquire the  
necessary skills and knowledge to prevail  
against all adversaries

the smoke from my pipe suspends in mid-air  
assisted by elementals. a familiar face forms  
from the smoke which assists in my battle  
with the Gods; the face utters instructions  
which only i am able to understand

polished white river pebbles appear and  
fan out before me, each inscribed with  
a character representing a facet of my  
past and future life

i reach for my bamboo flute inside

my vest and begin to play slow notes  
which merge into octaves that form a  
complimentary harmony with the natural  
sounds of the valley

*second*, move to me, which strikes fear  
into the Gods as a second condition would  
banish their influence on all human lives

they converge and murmur among themselves  
determined to defeat this unusual mortal

the valley begins to quake and move  
violently, huge boulders tumble down  
grazing my clothes, i do not budge, my  
entire being remains fixed on maintaining  
the original rhythms of the valley

birds of prey shriek and dive, talons  
spread targeting my eyes, i dip my chin  
as each bird strikes but fails to gouge  
my eyes -- i maintain the original rhythm  
of the valley

the sun is blotted from view, silhouetted  
trees move their gnarled branches releasing  
swarms of stinging insects that accumulate  
on my body and face forming living drapes;  
i maintain composure which prevents an  
attack-frenzy triggered by the scent of fear.  
i maintain the rhythm and they eventually  
return to the trees.

unfazed i inscribe a sigil in the ground  
between me and the fanned river pebbles  
which now move of their own accord  
and begin to form coherent patterns until

the geometric essence of my entire life  
is formed before me

the puzzle is completed, a three dimensional  
mandala spins in the air drawing me into its  
centre, my centre

the Gods retreat defeated and depart to  
another plane to torment lesser beings  
until the tormented learn how to overcome  
their tormentors

and so this little narrative could be reduced  
to a few words, three of which would be  
integrity, will and courage -- these qualities  
focused, vanquish any adversary and  
overcome any obstruction.

# Solaris

(for Stanislaw)

the interaction between the fecundity of the amorphous cosmos and the sterile fixed assumptions of human beings manifest as self-delusion, lies and the hidden truth or cosmic reality

truth unavoidably becomes wrapped in illusions/delusions which act to encase the chrysalis of awareness until truth blooms into a metamorphosed butterfly of knowledge

the void is moved by conceptions/impressions which it absorbs and represents to the entity responsible for the fertilising projection

faced then with a double reality/illusion we either attempt to reconcile an impossibility – as a double reality cannot occupy the same space – or gain an understanding of the process which brought both the illusory conception and the material presentation into existence

concepts are simply arranged thoughts that appear to have meaning, whereas existence/Reality is beyond conceptual thought/meaning

all concepts are finite and the cosmos/universe is infinite; therefore Self Qualifying, which means the cosmos has no need of proof, witnesses, conceptions or anything else, it simply IS (pure Being), much like the exquisite Biblical expression, I AM THAT I AM; in other words, unqualified Supreme Awareness/Being

adult 'butterflies' are aware of this reality, there is nothing to prove as infinite existence has already proven everything, which it demonstrates by regurgitating, in whatever dimension, every possible concept/form it encounters

the artefacts produced by the interaction are of course signposts or signals for those wishing to increase understanding in the pursuit of

perfect awareness, which is achievable with persistent and diligent correct approaches

a lack of understanding renders the entire process (life) circular, a waste of time and effort, as two mirrors remain engaged in reflecting each other, though one 'mirror' is aware of the process

do not be fascinated with the 'coagulations' of the cosmos, as the viewer is able to see anything desired or previously 'learned' as stated; all one need 'know' is that infinite power-knowledge is always on offer via the self-replenishing reservoir of infinite potential and Being, which interacts with everything and obliges/offers whatever is required.

this piece is written for dead poets/artists, astro/quantum-physicists and mystics as they are easily able to unravel what is expressed/encoded; nevertheless, if You tire of your perpetual, illusory, unpleasant, circular dream state superimposed on you by culture/language, look past the presented 'coagulations' created by learned conceptions and internalised as preconceptions, all of which comprise (fake reality) identity, or the ego, which construction is everyone's personal nemesis, deceiver/jailer and torturer, and Fly

You/we were all given a special invitation at the time of our inception/creation to attend a banquet of heroes, kings and Gods, but you/we have forgotten in which 'pocket' we placed it

It is a relatively simple matter to re-collect or re-member who/what you/we really are

Peace

## About the Author

Lindsay Traynor is an Australian poet and mystic though born in Eastern Europe. He has travelled extensively and studied under the wise instruction of some remarkable and extraordinary men and initiated into various esoteric traditions by same, which formerly secret knowledge he is now able to offer to 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

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