



**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 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 foments 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

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