



**A Selection of Love and
Erotic Poetry**

Book I in the Poetry Series

Lindsay Traynor

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A Selection of Love and Erotic Poetry

Book I in the Poetry Series

"The universe came into Being for Love's sake and for Love's sake it continues forever.

The Law is Love; there is no other Law" -- Lindsay Traynor

Bondi Orient

the coast walk meets horizon
where open expanse greets sea

together sky and sea form an
enduring partnership that has
never been perturbed by the
unsures of men or the assaults
of mighty empires, such things
are as nothing here

the insignificant city, behind,
is reduced to a play of pettiness
and woe which is unable to intrude
here; the Bondi track affords a
fresh perspective, re-orientation

i am drawn to the coast when
the agitation of mind and anguish
of heart require the soothing
expanse onto which no pain or
tribulation could adhere -- ebb/
flow/Being synchronise, spirit
is restored, all becomes One

the beat of a tortured heart and
the crimson passion it pumps
through veins are off-beat to
waves crashing over soft rocks
worn smooth with relentless ease

afforded freedom and release
once again, how is it i continue
to see your face in wisps of sky
and your body in contours of

the sea?

the salt air is overcome by your
fragrant scent, the easy wind
caresses my face and moves
about my body like your flowing
hair

who would have thought that
Love would ambush me again
then linger like an impromptu
guest or playful child?

As it is

a word, a sound, a scent,
any one or combination
of which could trigger the
the response

a reminder and you appear;
emerging from deep within
my spine

intoxicated and dishevelled
moving, ascending, rising
in spurts, flooding my
hemispheres with soma

right-left oscillations of the
brain; rhythms recollections
of You growing within me
like a mountain pushing into
the sky

i offer my entirety; flood my
mind, quicken my heart,
overwhelm my world, release
your harmony and synthesise
the incongruous

tears flow freely, my heart
bursting unrestrained Love,
my mouth uttering nothing
but praise, adorations until
my entire being convulses
and shudders in bliss

my first and last Lover

my creator/destroyer God,
my unborn, undying Self

Om Namah Sivaya

Juggler

he dances on toe and heel
in quick reflexive movements,
eyes glint and sparkle as he
jerks his head from side to
side

he pipes a maddening melody
on his tubular flute which
resonates across existence

he dances before me delivering
a message from the core of
Creation

so close

his presence is both reassuring
and disconcerting

he sweats as he dances, liquid
beads of sweat crystallise into
tiny gems that he sprays from
his lashing hair

he dances, i am mesmerised
by his spasms and turns

his vortex eyes catch mine,
in that instant my former
life ceases

he moves quicker, frenetically
faster than the speed of light

i am stolen

scintillating before me, his
magnificence and power are
beyond comprehension and
measure, i am lured into his
pulsating, spinning plexus
and realise that creation has
gifted me with itself
personified

infinity unfurls before me,
light blistering the darkness
into oblivion

in an incomprehensible
instant between breaths
he stops, stares, time stands
still we exchange places

he returns instantly and
resumes his dance; he cocks
his head, tilts his elbow and
thrusts his flute into the centre
of creation -- galaxies burst
forth spinning like giant
flowers of light, which spread
across infinite space

all the Gods appear bending
their knees in obeisance

time rolls into a ball, i see
everything that was, is and
will be at once

the piper twists and catches my

gaze and explodes into blinding
light permeating All Existence

the blue flute reigns supreme

Frame

the necropolis by the sea,
a city built by the living
but only populated by the
dead, which explains its
peace

white marble tombstones
press behind me lamenting
the mediocre skills of
cemetery sculptors, yet
the view is limitless,
unframed, escaping all
definitions

it is good that someone
living is able to see the sea
moving ceaselessly toward
the necropolis -- its time is
limited as time limits all

i steal images of various
subjects, none living, though
if life were present it would
be murdered by the picture
taken, re-presented and
framed for viewers as a lie,
a misrepresentation of
actuality, as frames destroy
by exclusion and confinement

i withdraw my eye from the
viewfinder and look beyond
into borderless unlimited
space, what paltry apparatus

is able to capture unframed
infinity?

a frame is measured by its
dimensions which vary
according to its capacity, but
only consciousness is able
to view the frameless, the
moving sculptures teaming
toward the sea and inevitable
doom

the cemetery is indeed alive
though at peace as it is
unframed, free

boundaries and borders disguise
themselves as useful yet they
imprison and lie, unable to
capture the *moving* splendour
of an unframed moment of
continuity

i return my camera to its case
where it belongs and live the
living view as only a living
being is able

word chains and symbols race
thru mind like a movie tho
only composed of measurable
finite images/thoughts feigning
life, frame by frame

it becomes apparent that culture
is also framed and captured/
framed by language which traps

every expression described,
culture is only able to re-produce
itself, as the limited is unable
to produce the limitless

the sea, air and sculptured
marble move at varying rates,
which rates define the illusion
of stasis and kinesis; movement
thus seen and unseen is always
a lie as culture is only able to
present what is framed by
language and its gadgets/
productions

culture fails the living test, as
every possible production is
stillborn and death cannot
produce life

so i return to my japanese
companion sitting on a rock
overlooking the sea with
exposed navel and lily-white
belly moving in unfettered
sight/delight and feel that
movement create movement
in the most likely place

she turns her asian eyes toward
me, my body quickens much to
her delight -- her vermilion
lipstick smile betraying her
intention

how fortunate we are that her
english is basic and my japanese

is non-existent, tho our living
bodies share an unspoken
common language, which leaves
red circles on her medium of
choice

Revive

forests change during a breeze,
the swoon of branches the
dance of leaves, myriad cellulose
cymbals symphonise your being
as nature rejoices your ways

the fall of your hair, wave-like
furls gently caressing your
neck, the touch of your skin
silken weaves, the fullness of
your body, fragrant, inviting

a desert after long-drawn rain
in multi-varied bloom, fragile
flowers – vibrant colours –
Life, your many facets

from your breasts flow forth
the firmament blanketing the
world, between your young
curved thighs resides the violet
flame of splendour -- twin to
Isis you are from whose womb
flows Creation

warmth draws from you like a
rare ray sliding through the
canopy, reflecting smoky mists,
lighting velvet moss, and
nurturing the cool

Glad

what would u write today?

the warmth of the sun
against my naked body,
the contours of my hips
outlined in the sky, or
the gentle breeze playing
around my thighs stealing
my scent, carrying it to
your senses

perhaps a fine metaphor
of the horizon disappearing
into haze, veiling limitless
space, dissolving form
and propriety

would you gauge the depth
of my limitless Love, or
take it for granted?

just be content with me a
while, release ur frantic
mind, have u forgotten that
everything is transitory?

be sure, make haste
no one knows what
tomorrow brings, i
may not be here again;
what i offer freely Now
may not be offered again

my body is a vehicle

to my heart and soul
which you have already
stolen with stealthy
harmonies and nimble
artifice

take my body allow it
to release you from your
self-imposed prison

satisfy your life, satiate
ur raging desire, u deny
urself for nothing

explore my entire being
and rest in my arms, i
implore you, emerge from
ur exile i am ur escape,
ur passport to Freedom
and Love

Liberation

paint me across ur canvas,
spread me across the sky
beyond the reaches of
time and space, a willing
candidate

drape my hair across the
deepest groves, lay the
plains across my belly,
position my thighs to
support the temple but
save my secret place for
yourself

launch me into paradise,
fill my cup with your
ambrosia, ride the galactic
wind, all creation is your
range

do not abandon me to
mediocrity or leave me
with the living dead,
revive me

wake me from my stupor,
haul me from the grip
of trance and delusion,
save me from normality

take me wholly until every
aspect of my being quivers
in release, from one endless
horizon to another, from

limitless seas of light to
oceans of sound which
resonate to the core of my
being

immerse me in ur universe,
never allow me to doubt or
falter again

For my Love

i conquered worlds for you,
presented unimaginable riches
to you -- you were not moved

again i departed with my armies

i laid bare ancient civilisations
for you in myriad worlds for
you -- you were not moved

i gathered exotic perfumes,
living treasures, countless slaves
from every corner of the universe
for you, yet you remained
unmoved

i surrendered my strength and
armies to you and laid bare my
soul -- you were not moved

i tore out my heart for you
and sacrificed my mind to you,
still, you remained unmoved

so, i went alone, one last time
to find a gift for you

bereft of heart, mind and soul
without armies, fine clothes or
thought, i turned inward and
discovered one last treasure,
a gift from You

a swirling shaft of light adorned

with seven spinning jewels, i
gladly returned to you

you smiled, embraced me and
took me into yourSelf

now i give my best to you
i dance, sing, play and write
verse for You alone

you are now very well pleased,
my one true Love

Mad for You

flashing eyes, dancing thighs
every onlooker spellbound

ur sensual dance, mystic song
and syncopated beat, the
worlds unfold,

every fiery glance sets the sky
ablaze

ur Asian eyes hold me captive
body, soul and mind

in the quiet of night i hear ur
stringed gourd and ankle bells
tinkling, jingling closer then
farther but always audible

at times i feel the vibrations of
ur bare feet beating a rhythm
on the ground

ur mystifying dance and
haunting melody draws portals
in the sky

i am crazed, intoxicated, forever
pursuing you, a most welcome
madness this divine intoxication

but tonight the constellations
rise, it's time for us to dance,
sing and drink wine pressed from
the vineyards of Paradise

Overnight

u approach with open palms,
but is it a gesture of want or
offering?

the chimes and brass bells on
ur veranda, a fairy wonderland
that tinkle in the wind and
stimulate desire but of which
variety?

the physical is easily dealt with
by immediate satiation or more
rarefied perhaps and sublimated,
expressed as creative endeavours

i have never been fussed either
way, perhaps it's the secret of my
prodigious output

u position urself against the
warm light of the setting sun
allowing its soft rays to define
the contours of ur breasts, hips
and thighs thru ur flimsy summer
garment, how many forests have
i explored in my life? i remain
unmoved as the only way to my
heart and phallus is via my brain,
what a shame for 99.99% of
women that have never learned
to carry an in-depth conversation

bored with feeble approaches i
return to town and join the boys

at the bar fervently engaged in
philosophical debates like, is
Buddhism a derivative philosophy,
or is 'Being' an existential
or mystical concept?

then i notice u entering the bar
scanning the patrons looking for
..., as ur eyes lock onto mine

u approach and straddle a bar
stool, u manoeuvre in such an
adept fashion that no-one except
me notices u left ur knickers
at home

so i ask what is ur pleasure,
inferring a drink, but u clasp my
groin and do not withdraw ur
cupped grip until u are sure
of a reaction

the philosophical debate ceases
as attention is focused on ur
bold manoeuvres

so tonight boldness and persistence
have lured me to ur bed but
tomorrow is another day

it is not impossible that u could
master meaningful conversation
overnight, but i doubt it

Tassels and Conch

which of ur forms would seize
me today? i feel it rolling in like
the sea, steady, smooth, powerful

the arms of my watch seem stationary,
does time continue its march when
interrupted by creation? such
interference is welcome

steal me away from the pedestrian
triflings of an ignorant, disconnected
world that weaves its own destruction
-- i am urs, u know it, true, sure, real,
beyond all known cultural constructs,
fictions and charades

how pleasant ur interruptions tho i
have no regrets, only gratitude

riding with u on the wind and cutting
through oceans of light, i am happy
that u steal me away from this place
to ur realms of bliss

though it costs me a permanent identity,
a position in society, what a laugh --
a sacrifice gladly made

what would u that i express today,
the gossamer wisps of rarification or the
thumping nuclear throb of Creation?

u know words fail to accurately capture
the process but they allude and guide

those waking from their media-opium
dreams and see more than is offered in
tinsel town, or hear more than the
political echoes in hollow chambers
of meaninglessness

today i would rather u appear in three
dimensional form so this body is not
further troubled by its needs, which
distract and obsess

u approach like an exquisite ghost tho
not entirely immaterial, i feel u, my
body feels you

u begin to take form, ur lashing hair,
sweating brow and glittering eyes
betray ur throes of ecstasy that bewitch
my coil and tantalise my spine

stark naked u approach, burning red
armed with tasselled spear, imbibing
blood from a human skull

all the rivers flow, wetness shines from
ur thighs, ur passion overwhelms and
explodes in what is left of my
disintegrating being

Meru

black shining fire drapes ur
face and flows down ur neck
like a suspended rolling sea,
it consumes every particle of
my being, willingly offered

riding on ur back, gallop and
prance like the wildness u are
-- flashing black eyes that burn
thru me paralysing my volition

i could never be moved from
my stronghold until u entered
my sphere, temptress, seductress,
coiling around my spine, rising,
whipping my brain into ecstasy

flying,
one leg kicking high exposing
ur naked jewelled vulva, wetness
running down ur thighs and up
my spine like mighty rivers

embraced,
twirling like intoxicated dervishes
until the fluid fire fuses two souls
into one quivering in unbearable
delight more intoxicating than the
soma consumed by gods that
kneel before us

spinning,
dragging universes into our orb
until light is unable to escape

devoured,
ur blackness devours everything

drowning in ur dark fire until
a shimmer begins to move in
me and spurt white light so
bright it consumes ur blackness
one alternating with the other
until all is gained and lost
simultaneously, my (nuclear)
Himalayan yogini

Letter

spiralling into oblivion
together, we had much
in common you and i,
none of it conducive
to survival

down we went together
determined to die young
fully cognisant, aware,
sharing each other's
tragedies in hopeless
embraces, in intravenous
discourses

on one such excursion,
(another insane coursing)
i decided to survive, Live

there was something
i needed to accomplish/
fulfil, tho i wasn't quite
sure then what it was
but as u see, i am very
sure now

you wouldn't stay, i begged
u not to go but u were
determined, i couldn't
persuade you

one of my enduring failures
is ur loss; no amount of
tears or pleas could sway
you, you chased death

with a manic passion,
u were determined
to die

you said in death you
would be with me
forever unconstrained
by materiality -- you
kept that promise but
you robbed me of solace,
and left me comfortless

i'm not sure now whether
you haunt or inspire me, i
am a man possessed
regardless

as true as ur destructive
desire is mine to create
and live

they continue to come seeking
an urban shaman

casualties continue to gravitate,
and enter my sphere searching
for healing dreams, surgeries
of Light and love

from every corner of space
they come; they seek Life
in death, transformation not
annihilation, i never allow
final destruction

they All survive now, i have
ur experience to guide them

tho they are changed forever,
for the better

they die to their previous
existence, their manufactured
identities which are burned
on the altar of increased
awareness and growing joy

our spirits remain inextricably
entwined, i mourn u still, how
is this possible so many years,
so many women later?

a death pact is not easily
broken it seems, though
i attempted to retract it
but it made no difference,
ur presence endures while
i endure

they are not aware i embrace
two, inhale two scents, caress
two bodies

years spent in a haze, fulfilling
a death pact has tattooed my
soul producing something
invulnerable, fearless and true,
harder than diamond and clearer
than cloudless summer skies

the past shapes the present
so i thought i would comfort
you/me with a poem, a letter
a reminder of things past,
present and future

time curves when conquered,
it spirals open-ended and loses
itself in infinity

yes, i Love u still

be pleased with this thing
we do together, this
externalised conquest, this
remarkable feat that vexes
the sinister, disturbs their
sleep and plagues their
evil waking hours

we are victorious tho the
cost was far too high,
forged and tempered by
unbearable pain, torture,
tragedy and so much death;
i am now impervious to their
poisonous darts, their arrows
cannot pierce the armour u
provided

a deep appreciation
for Life, Harmony
and Peace is the result
of so much tragedy
and pain

one poem, a letter to you,
neutralises all their evil
lies and defeats all their
impotent armies

you were right, we have

defeated death with Life,
we have overcome together

i love you still, u know it,
this [Living] Love endures
forever ...

Mel

do not say she's dead,
lying on the floor

do not say she's sleeping,
a syringe hanging from
her arm

just say
it's a
culmination

her departure assassinating
tragedy

(adieu my love)

Flowing Soma

write me torrents, flowing
rivers of love

snow-white words on virgin
parchment elude profane
minds but make music for
my soul

string your letters, amethyst
and pearl

compose your verse with
glistening beads of body
sweat

play me
until my frame quivers,
track your verse along
my spine, form rivulets
of joy

spin me a rhythm my lord,
weave me a rhyme, wrap
my mind around your
Being

twirl my senses in wild
abandon, release me;
i am a drunken dervish,
an insatiable bride on
her wedding night

shape my longing around
your desire, leave me

trembling before you

who would have thought
your lyric whispers, tender
caresses and ecstatic kisses
would thrill me to abandon?

i am frenzied, lost in exquisite
delirium

pierce my heart, penetrate
my soul, i am happy to die
in your arms, my towering
lord of Bliss

write me to death and life
again, catapult me into
paradise, together we inhale
and exhale Existence

free my blocked emotions
with your lyric stanzas,
insert your stylus and
release another measure
of your draught; fill my
busy mouth, satiate my
thirst with your ambrosia

prick my flesh and draw
vermilion, a token rose
of [my] surrender

i am yours, lured, trapped,
captured forever by your
rhymes, my poet lord

play me slay me until i lay

panting, completely subdued,
swooning like a dying swan
drowning in your verse

release me from formalities,
customs/constraints and save
me from the drear

drape my heart with your
signs and symbols -- your
words make amulets of the
sun and moon and charms
of the stars

turn time on its head again
and again, my lord

let this pulsating moment
endure forever

from nothing you inscribed
Existence for me to Be, it
seems

Victory to all, my captivating
Lord

Born

i was born to love You

these words carry the
depth of my soul, the
enduring commitment
of my heart, i know no
other way but to love
You

few know how to love
and release themselves
in its infinite sea – they
are too busy pursuing
mirages and gratifying
transient desires, fools,
they miss life's most
valuable treasure

there is no greater tragedy
than to be human and
deprive urself of love

whether fear, greed,
selfishness or narcissism
prevent self-sacrifice is
irrelevant if love is
forsaken, one may as well
not have been born

miserable beggars of the
soul, beyond pity are those
that reject life's most
previous gift

easily identified as perverse,
sick, they are devoid of heart,
devoid of soul

do not deceive urself, u
cannot love and harm
another or lie and manipulate,
or seek personal gratification
at another's expense if u are
true to love

love embraces everything
and everyone unconditionally,
it carries and sustains all in
its bosom

endless is its wonder and
continuous is its bounty, no
other way offers complete
fulfilment, of that be assured

i loved you before creation
churned the ocean of existence,
before the cosmos came into
being

love has overwhelmed me,
no vestige of identity remains,
nothing exists but love, the
entire universe is transformed
-- born to love, created for
Love

it was not chance that brought
us together, i was born to love
You alone

One Day

u've pressured me
long enuff - one day
i'll make love to u
but it will be like,
how should i say?
superficial, contrived,
but well performed
and complete in its
dissatisfaction

u can't help what u
are, a (vacuous) vase,
and i can't help being
so accommodating

Interrupted Rapture

i watch u appearing and
disappearing in my mind,
creating and destroying
everything, nothing escapes
as u/we move together

u look and see something
that is not me and i return
the misinterpretation yet
we find solace/comfort in
each other's arms

u have no problem with my
mode of expression treating
all words equally, like a
painter his palette

a refreshing change from
dropping the cunt word
at parties and watching
reactions, people taking
offence, knowing it's me
they really dislike -- my
unconventionality always
subverting what is polite,
expected

it is why we seek outside
ourselves for inspiration
-- familiarity breeds more
than contempt, it breeds
neglect, which is far more
devastating

but now it's different watching
the process of mind creating
and destroying everything,
transforming perceptions,
becoming something else
entirely -- perhaps that is why
we view each other as strangers
and lovers, whoever we really
are

we pass thru each other like
ghosts, an odd agreeable
sensation

i have spent an entire life
unlearning everything i
have learned in order to
remain free, but i have not
been able to unlearn poetry
it sticks to me like sap

a lost spirit desperately
seeking refuge in a safe
haven of my being, or so
it thinks, but it doesn't
really know me

perhaps now i have earned
sweet peace, a respite from
existence clicking like the
tracks of a train against the
steel and velvet wheels
of life

whatever else is said and
done or not done, remember

this one enduring reality,
I love You

Weather

a storm rages outside
but it's quiet inside;
rain pelts the glass
of my windows --
sheets of blurred liquid
dancing in every
direction, the view
completely distorted
by wind and rain

it's cold outside
but it's warm inside;
u have calmed down
and approach me like
a cat seeking to be
petted

it is quieter inside
than u think -- u seek
comfort and security
in my arms, u seem at
rest and peace contoured
snugly against my body

why then do u jeopardise
this union with ur incessant
agitations? i have never
placed any restrictions or
conditions on u, it is not
my way, u are free to go
or stay ur decision entirely,
but appreciate what u have,
value ur peace and security
above whatever it is that

drives u to drive me to
distraction

if u must fight then fight
the wall on ur way out
the door because unknown
to you now is the finality
of ur last episode, i am not
like ur previous lovers, i do
not capitulate on a principle
i would deny myself love
before i deny myself
something inconceivable
to the female mind

it's the expressions i remember
the incredulity, accepting the
reality that i have severed my
attachment in one surgical
stroke -- none remember how
they pursued separation with
manic fervour

this is the very last time,
choose to stay content
or leave, u have depleted
my large store of tolerance

Sunday Morning

i watch you
in the kitchen
at the sink

your bed-blown hair
framed by the window,
your outline against
the sky

the flower you gave me
on the sill is withered,
dying

Narrative

should i paint u in cool
blue like Picasso or the
warmer tones of a desert
sunset?

not this day, u are reading
a text yet fail to read the
most revealing medium of
all, a human face

an entire history is revealed
in the face, honesty, deception,
happiness, sadness, whatever
emotion or state the face
reveals all, yet the majority
have become facially dyslexic,
they have lost the ability to
decode a face without support
from language, sound, gesture
and other cues

our ancestors survived due to
their ability to read signs in
the sky, in the animals, in the
environment, in faces all
around

should i pluck these guitar
strings and evoke pings of a
waterfall resonating in the
air/ear?

do not turn ur head i am
enthralled by ur face,

sweet joy, contentment
with a hint of sadness
etched from the past but
not in the present, a scar,
a residue

in good time u may divulge
the story behind the sad
glint, a remnant in ur eyes

the tiny muscles in ur
forehead, the contour of
ur brow and cheeks down
to ur chin are typing novels,
a record of every moment

some make a permanent
record others a mild
contortion

today a plague infects the
world, the populace has
been overcome with spoken
words that rarely coincide
with facial discourse

in circumstances where
discrepancies occur the face
is given priority though the
speaker would prefer that
his/her words are believed

words deceive and lie by
nature, but a face cannot
hide the truth no matter how
proficient the speaker of
falsities and inconsistencies

look at me, i am enthralled,
i love ur face

Poison Arrows

i must be related to a minor
Deity or alien, as i am
impervious to poison and
the venomous bites of
vipers

tho this oddity comes with
disadvantages

on each occasion cupid
draws his bow with a
dipped love arrow, hoping
that it will strike my heart,
i feel a dull sting and a little
infatuation but nothing
penetrates past my oddity
and i am no Rhino

sleek slippery red bellied
blacks and king browns do
their worst making me a
little dizzy and nauseous
for a spell

scorpions that love to sting
and inflict agonising pain
turn their tails on themselves
suiciding in frustration over
their failure to raise a sweat

then u came along like a
garden of rare flowers,
with a smile -- i was smitten
and died in ur arms and

comforting thighs

it is wonderful to learn i am
a vulnerable human after all

Untrue Confessions

u promised u'd stay but u
changed ur mind, should i
be surprised?

i invented lying, Satan is
a novice in the art of
misrepresentation by
comparison

i said i'd never two-time,
let's call it ten-time,
my only consistency is
inconsistency, call me
man

but i am not daunted
when all hope abandons
me; a high school girl
spontaneously engages
me in conversation, i
love teenage hormones
firing point blank at me
it thrills the blood in my
veins, call me man

teenage girls lack
experience, their raw
appeal issues from honesty,
a long-gone quality of
mature women that whore
themselves for everything
and then complain they
cannot find love

it is well u changed ur mind
i could have got stuck with
a dissatisfied deceiver and a
commodified crotch

the world is full of vixen,
opportunists and fading
beauty, tho occasionally a
young girl with honesty
restores my faith, but not
for long i am sad to say

Spark

u appear before me naked
as a million before u and
imagine it an offering, a
surrendering, yet bodies
are no secret to me or
anyone else

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 deceived 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 which
remains buried, hidden from
u since birth, some people
live their entire lives without
having a clue who they really
are

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, or beauty
and truth for a lie

it is the preciousness i seek,
the uniqueness of ur Being,
but u offer ur 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 which
hides ur soul opens and we
merge as one becoming

Tides

the waning moon almost
invisible offers a slim medium
where lovers send entreaties
hoping their love will increase

the wind carries lost songs,
screams, sobs and joyous
laughter long lost to the
human ear

the horizon forever runs like
unfulfilled wishes and
impossible dreams constantly
out of reach

i sit in my favourite night
place between the crags
seeing, hearing and tasting
the sea carried on the wind

the sea's brooding vastness and
power is waiting to be moved
by the invisible attraction of
the moon

Autumn Breeze

the thin translucent curtains
dance on the strong breeze
blowing into my loft

i watch how they ride and
swirl, moving like the sea
-- the air is cool and clean,
a pleasant change from the
turbidity of the city

trees move in harmony with
the wind, it occurs to me that
this sense is taken for granted
by locals, but for a city dweller
it's heaven

i watch u approach up the track
ur hair flowing on the wind,
u sense my gaze and lift ur
head, fixing ur eyes on mine,
and smile

distance becomes meaningless,
nothing exists that is able to
separate us or break the bond
of our love

it seems i have known u before
time began, u are more familiar
to me than i am to myself

i hear ur bare feet running up
the wooden stairs and turn in
time to catch u in a reassuring

embrace -- words fail as our
lips press together

it's just another perfect day
with you, the autumn breeze
and everything

Roll

rollback on my pillow allow
me to swoon over the sight of
ur contoured cheeks, graceful
neck and exposed breasts, so
natural and captivating in sleep

i dare not wake u and spoil
this wonder sleeping next to
me, how completely exquisite
a picture u make in repose

i recall when first we crossed
paths it was the presence
created by our encounter, a
third force that overwhelmed
us both, neither of us attributed
this phenomenal attraction to
that force at the time, it was the
result of our meeting, ecstatically
explosive, all petty cultural
restraints were left and remain
by the wayside

how many lives past were we
together so familiar was/is your
presence and mine to you that
the awkward verbal attempts to
arrange a meet were ignored in
favour of re-engagement,
something surely was left undone
or interrupted in order for us to
meet again?

i can scarcely believe this perverse

world would allow such perfect
love to endure

gone are the fighting relatives
and hired professionals all feebly
attempting to tear us apart for
their own sick reasons, as if they
could fathom our profound bond
today

jealousy perhaps, perfect love
creates spite in others and drives
them to destroy what they cannot
have or have never experienced
yet they know when they see it
and burn with envy, rage and spite

let them fry in their own poison
venom, discord, hate and envy,
we are stronger now, like a giant
tree whose branches extend to
infinity, our bond easily holds
universes together

i am in total awe of you, roll
back on my pillow and deliver
me to the gates of paradise
where only gods dwell

somehow u sense my conscious
presence and slowly turn, ur
waking eyes greet mine in perfect
affinity, an ineffable peace/joy
overtakes what is left of personal
identity; u smile in recognition
shaming all the gods ever created
and i die a million deaths to be

reborn every second in ur
other-worldly presence

how much sheer joy and ecstatic
love is a human able to bear
before exploding in blissful
convulsions into another realm?

we come to the simultaneous
realisation of why we never met
earlier, neither of us would
have been able to cope with the
overwhelming power of selfless
love and complete surrender

so i write this poem for you only,
my everlasting Love

Footprints

i walk ten miles every day searching
for u

at times i feel ur presence near but
yet so far, so i followed my intuition
which led me to the sea via a path to
a small beach with footprints in the
wet sand, i could never mistake the
delicate curves ur footprints make

i delight in any sign of u, how
near u were, how far u are, as
foaming waves erase the impressions
u made but not the desire/need
to locate u again

above, circling gulls cry, below,
the murmur of waves, within the
anguish of loss, outside, the hope
of reaching u

yet i know i follow a course
which never leads me to the
realisation of my longing

how sad, how forlorn the desperate
attempts of a lover seeking his
lost love

the sky moves, clouds remain
motionless, my eyes releasing
tears in the sapphire blue,
where are you?

i glance at the shoreline and see
ur footprints again only to be
erased by the movement of the sea;
are u in body now or have u taken
flight to the spirit realm from
where u make ur impressions in
the soft sand and on my mind?

perhaps i am deluding myself, u
are gone yet ur presence has
never left me

a sea hawk cuts across the sky
leaving its impressions that trail
behind it like the blur of wings

the shore no longer carries ur
signature, a clean impressionless
shoreline remains

dejected i look up and see ur face
in the sky and ur silhouette outlined
against the clouds

Remember

i remember the sacred rose
and the tolling of the bell
that withers through limitless
space and induces the rose to
unfurl its blood-red petals

i remember
the first time
i saw You,
unforgettable

these impressions stay with
me as a record records its
undulations of sound on another
medium, as waves roll and
recede from the shore of
existence

eagles shriek, lions roar and
babies cry amidst the hoots of
primates copulating in the jungle
and the ranting of politicians
addressing press galleries

i remember the humming in the
womb in which body i found myself,
i remembered you but not yet born
i am unable to recall that event, tho
i recall experiences prior and post
the birth canal

i remember the lights in perfect
darkness originating in my essence
dancing in splendour before me

i remember my innate joy and
being assailed by the torments of
culture trying ever so hard to
formulate me as one of its own

i remember recoiling instinctively
to that perversion and frantically
reaching for my lights and sounds
of unmitigated joy

i remember the torture of society
expressed by converted parents
that never ceased their attempts
to formulate me, yet i continued
swimming in the unfathomable
ocean of bliss/existence

i remember the effect on my parents
of my pristine unblemished nature
which they sought to pollute with
cultural norms

i remember never relenting or
forsaking my love for the filth
and perversity on offer

it drove my father to suicide
and my mother to insanity
she continues her attempts
to pollute, obsessed with
the ways of the world

i remember the needs of my
body and its attraction for the
opposite sex and the absurd
and thoroughly inane behaviour

of girls plying a learned trade
of binary contradictions

i remember i didn't belong
tho i had no difficulty navigating
the primitive cesspool called
civilisation

i remember the natural turns and
curves that i made to avoid linear
attacks, so easy, as only society
draws straight lines in a curving
spiralling universe

i remember my victory at huge cost
in inflicted pain, suffering and torture

i remember my decision which
sustains me to this day

i would never release my grip
on the promise i received
before i could talk or breathe,
i know who i am and where
i originated

today existence has veiled my
location/identity as it now returns
the promise it gave me before
i was

what i am now is incomprehensible
to the inhabitants of this world

and so it is that i remember it all,
perhaps one day i may be more

specific as i know u wish to know
the secret of Being

Willow

willows weep draping their
sorrows along the bank like
curtains that do not shield or
cover, as the curtain itself
weeps

the breeze is gentle and lifts
the willowed curtains in perfectly
coordinated harmonious
movements

people promenade along the bank
like fixed dancers on cuckoo clocks
going nowhere, deluded by their
apparent free movement though
completely out of sync with the
harmony surrounding them

impelled by the breeze and leaves,
hanging branches sweep across
the water of the lake creating
tiny ripples; water-birds navigate
thru the temporary obstructions
easily, free and easy like broken
clocks crucifying time

branches move backward and
forward aligning to the breeze
-- all the moving forces create
a silent visual symphony
orchestrated by existence though
the orchestra seems uncoordinated
but its harmony is unmistakable
to a patient, observing eye

a young woman, fascinated it
seems by my contemplative quiet,
positions herself next to a willow
on the opposite bank and sits on
the green grass lifting her summer
frock over her knees, exposing
her naked vulva and smiles, no
doubt hoping to distract my
attention away from the symphony
to her crotch

i return the smile nonetheless, to
which she responds immediately
though unaware that my experience
with female crotches has left me
on the opposite bank delighting
in my silent symphonic, weeping
reverie

Sojourn

from the void a spark of light
emerges darting, moving, floating

the dark, still waters of the lake
reflect the moon perfectly, but
the spark is self-illuminated

it meanders on its indeterminable
course feeling/tasting every space
it enters until it finds a home to
shine forever in your heart

it must return to the void from
which it sprang, but this time
taking you with it

light shines perpetually, darkness
is a temporary veil to protect eyes
unused to Light

all things return to their source as
they must

it's raining in my garden refreshing
perfumed flowers and fruit-bearing
trees

so many souls returning home,
captured unawares

my Love is spinning threads of light
from a loom of rainbows waiting
patiently for my return

Acorn

an acorn reaches for itself
to become a branching tree,
it returns to what its potential
promised, realising itself as a
tree hidden within its growth/
development; the tree brings
forth thousands of acorns,
could it really be said that
it actually dies at some stage?

no! the acorn fulfills itself a
thousandfold -- only when it
reaches for its real self and
dies to its former existence
as seed

the seed must die to germinate
and at every stage of growth it
dies to its former existence;
a tree bears no resemblance to
the seed yet the tree was always
locked secretly in the seed

the red centre rolls like the
sea, rocks and giant boulders
move like marbles on velvet
sands, the burning desert sky
and clouds emulate the fluid
ground as it turns up and meets
the sky that embraces the land

each dances to meet the other
forming one process

inside this process is another related design, the cosmos is reflected in a grain of sand; dimension is of no consequence in continuity, a galaxy is reflected in a sunflower, sea shell and pine cone -- and so it goes and goes, forever

the only aberration or flaw is clinging to an existence that must give way to greater existence; the only real death, finality, is not allowing yourself to die and grow daily, becoming and becoming until the Gods diminish in y/our presence

and wherefore/what is this force/energy impelling power, that drives all existence?

Love

without it you/we are nothing

Diana

from coarse material mind creates
the fine, a pleasing dream to clothe
the disappointing real

u sit at my desk loosely clad in a
sarong watching me watching u
tho u cannot make productive use
of ur location, only the use of ur
body upon which i have focused
my desire

tho ur dreams are not my dreams,
they could never be, we do not
share the same aspirational space
-- u sense my detachment

u predictably move ur thighs
revealing ur naked crotch, it works,
but it isn't enough upon which to
build a lasting relationship

tho body hunger must be appeased,
i have learned to expect less than
nothing from life so disappointment
becomes impossible, everything
therefore becomes a pleasant
surprise, something special tho
sometimes so routine i could cry
over the lack of imagination and
skill in contrived displays

real beauty emerges from within
like a light with a soft glow that
makes skin appear as silk and

hair like waves of light

i refrain from comment

i watch u dispassionately tho my
body reacts as it does, tho i am
not my body which often drags me
into futile pursuits tho it makes
its demands -- u offer only temporary
appeasement

so i watch this movie i have seen
more times than i care to state tho
each actress plays the role according
to her ability, some special, exquisite,
some awkward dull and pedestrian --
u hover between both poles so i wait
for something special

u are conscious of only ur body and
so ur hair is free to move like waves
across ur shoulders and back; ur
perfect breasts are defeated by your
foolish focus, drawing ur shoulders
back so they protrude

u have not learned that i have never
been a tit man tho countless reactions
should have alerted u how dull this
learned cultural seduction routine is,
how very dull

so i project to lift my imagination,
i cannot dwell in the mediocre

u begin to recite wonderful words
of love tho u are mute, i have

transformed ur body, now in its
nakedness, a nymph perhaps? no,
a huntress today with bow and
arrows that find their target
without effort, tho u miss
continually

the tragedy of an unsatisfied life
begins to override my unreal,
romantic, superimpositions,
there is no hope for this charade

i turn to the window in time to
see a bee, laden with pollen and
nectar sluggishly alight from a
flower and head back to the hive
in drunken, unsteady flight

Pulse

heartthrobs seem to speak
beckoning to other hearts
to feel the pulse of creation

in hidden synchronisation
they whisper Love

not of the particular kind,
more enthralling, complete
in its embrace of all things

how is that possible?
i have only known mundane
physical love that empties
itself into despair and
disappointment

breathing is linked to the pulse
of existence, but why do you
now call so passionately in my
twilight years?

the pulse speaks only of rhythmic
love that not only sustains a body
but galaxies that roll and spin
in outward and inward movements
throbbing now so distinctly i am
forced to press my jugular and feel
its rhythm not yet synchronised but
drawing me close enough to take
a leap into your heart, which like a
memory of the distant past,
awakened what i thought was dead

yet now i finally live a moment
before i expire, perhaps the call
of your heart was timed perfectly
-- for the first time in my life
i shall not resist

Enduring

carried again by ur voice
beyond this world i could
hardly be grounded in ur
presence

it is impossible to accept that
u are of this world, everything
about you is other, and ur effect
on mere mortals is beyond
description

i dare not describe ur eyes
face, lips and body as i fear
i would dissolve in what i
see as the most perfect
example of something that
should not have taken human
form, perfection is reserved
for the gods

i am drunk looking at u,
kissing ur lips is as making
love to lesser women --
how unfortunate for them
i found you

is it perfect compatibility or
just complete perfection?
i care less whether this
reaction is projection, objection
or a mixture of both, as why
question and perhaps ruin what
we share?

emotion is stronger than intellect
of that be sure my exquisite,
ineffable, other

haul me back into ur embrace,
i am lost without you

the sight of u launches me into
ecstasy, ur embrace reverberates
to my core of being

waterfalls plunge for u alone,
the sea moves and laps at ur
feet while storms rage elsewhere

no mortal moves like dancing
light or speaks with a voice that
softly resonates to the edge of
infinity

i would say i love you if it were
adequate, but it fails to deliver
how i feel, u have impoverished
the word love with ur perfect
presence

and to think i sat looking at a
blank screen before u walked
into the room

stay with me ... and continue

Undulations

it's never the same, how could
it be? all existence is in process,
always becoming more than it
once was while we try in vain
to hang on to something, anything
fixed, yet the real anchor is flux

we are cut cables in space thrashing
in a vacuum though that vacuum is
as empty as the minds that imagine
vacuums exist, forget it, existence
is saturation, not emptiness except
of course in the minds of hollow
people not able to reflect existence
and their own peculiar contribution
to the symphony, which is your
unique resonance/signature

let it go, you cannot locate me, u
only experience something related

let your floating raven hair fall on
my face like jet-black waves that
eventually fall on the shore, return
to the sea and roll in again renewed,
feel that movement in your body as
my body responds in kind without
interference from the tangle of
thought

let it flow and you will flow with
it, as your fluids flow naturally

in this movement, peaking and

descending to peak again on another
wave knowing there is no returning
to any wave once ridden

move all over me and forget urself
to experience, everything sorts
itself if left alone to follow its
own course

are we harmonised? only then
could we remain together in the
uncertainty and discord that culture
creates -- it's a lie, only our bond
is able to free us both

throw yourself into the perfect bliss
of the moment, there is nowhere
else to go, do not rob yourself of
the experience, your body purrs then
arches like a tiger as our souls
collide and explode into the
undefinable All

never attempt to capture me, you
could have me always if you cease
your futile efforts to own what
cannot be owned, simply accept
and you would be secure in the
throes of existence/experience

i love you, though my body, mind
and soul speak louder than any
combination of words

i write this piece for your lingering
uncertainty and hope that it finally
lays it to rest while we dance

forever in the undefinable, secret
spaces of existence

this joining is y/our freedom from
doubt if you allow it; a launch-pad
into the perfect bliss and peace of
everlasting Love

Sapphic Moon

struck profoundly dumb in ur
presence, my tongue involuntarily
contracts and knots making
speech impossible, how is this
so?

for years i thought it a personal
flaw until u forced me via my
futile attempts to articulate the
unutterable in ur presence

indeed the secret was/is in plain
view -- bio-mechanical speech is
primitive and deficient, ur
splendour is beyond vocal
expression, the lexicons of all
cultures fail to make the slightest
approach, only allusive poetry
has any chance -- my brain and
fingers are perfectly coordinated
for writing unlike my brain and
tongue, which struggles to explain
the simplest things to philistines

in the latitudes of the queen, the
moon appears graspable, huge, it
fills half the sky, at least, quadruple
the size of a Sydney full moon
which is merely a button in
comparison, and with such proximity
its silver whiteness agitates the
tubes that also speak silently tho
twitching and heaving in
momentary spasms

ur immediacy manifests as flowing
pleasure and unspoken verse, striking
a cymbal which powerful, silent,
vibration permeates all things -- it is
the secret explosive, silent sound
(nada) that brought all things into
existence

only now do i understand why u refuse
primitive articulations

Be the moving adoration, imbibe fully
of this (soma) continuity, saturate urself
and then let it flow to all, as there is an
inexhaustible supply of Love in this
harmonious universe

The Dying

i have brought sweet wine from
Egypt, honey, wheat and nuts so
u may never thirst or hunger in
the afterlife, tho we know we
continue

but what is fitting for a poet's
death? certainly not ritual
offerings

i loved you dearly, and so i bring
my tears of joy, laughter, pain
and sorrow, my heart has refined
my tears which u now need to
quench ur fires

i have brought the morning sun
and midnight moon, which you
captured in verse; i shall set them
on ur right and left and in between
a pillar of white light that reaches
to the centre of the galaxy where
existence slices what it requires

they cry for u now when no tears
of regret are necessary, u have
triumphed, my sweet prince,
warrior poet and lord -- with ever
so much to give, u gave it all
freely so what u had in abundance
would never be exhausted, u knew
that in the giving, abundance is
assured

u died while writing another poem,
it waits now for another to complete
or have u left it unfinished as a
magic spell to pull u back to earth,
tho u longed to return to ur muse

ur generals drink a final toast to u
and break their glasses on ur coffin,
i pour my red wine and sweet wheat
in ur open grave and watch as the
wine flows over ur coffin, its redness
highlighted by shards of glass

little did they know u, how was it
that one could kill without thought
and yet be so sensitive as to reduce
ur wives to tears with ur love songs?
but i know and would keep my
pledge not to reveal ur secrets

ur hand could wield a sword and
inscribe poetry with equal dexterity,
how rare a warrior poet that could
reduce hardened hearts to tears
and elevate souls to paradise while
still in body

but it has come to an end as all
things born must die and so now
i offer my blood as a libation to
the Gods and dutifully join u in
Paradise

Once ...

i saw ur face in the clouds
and ur body in the rolling
sea, ur hair and eyes plunged
me into ecstasy and love
permeated the entirety of
space and time, but it was
always there, u were the
medium that allowed me to
reach into the heart of creation

it was love, indeed it was, the
universe knew it before i was
born and planted it in my being,
the seeds of perfection, which
grew with my maturity, nothing
less would do

today the sea is as it is without
my projections of perfection;
the wind caresses and cools my
cheeks and the rain moistens
my lips without ur sweet kisses

do not fret my lasting love, it
was all me destined to reach
perfection which spilled
throughout my experience as
a man

i did not reject u, it became clear
that i was a lover intoxicated on
love which i used as a palette to
paint experience, it wasn't a lie
or self-deception, be comforted

by the reality that for Love's sake the entire universe came into existence; love is the only driving force, it saturates everything tho few see or feel it today

remember me as that lover of love who focused it on u for a period until u could not bear the overwhelming irrationality of how or why i chose you

u thought urself unworthy of my ecstatic embraces and intoxicated soul, u knew i was pushing past the sensory (empirical) and lost connection with the particular to embrace the universal, tho had u followed me u would have reached the pinnacle of exaltation, but u hesitated and i was impelled to continue until i was no more, lost in universal love, spinning in Eternity

my body continues to buckle under its pressure, but such are the limitations of bodies, only light is able to comfortably bear the force of pure, unfettered Love

do not fret my love tho we are apart, i continue to hear the music of dancing existence when i think of you

if u read this then know that i now
invest the sweet peace gained from
Love to you forever

The Excluded

u have complained bitterly
that i have never put u in
verse, a poet that has written
from a mere glance of
bewitching eyes, and has
expressed the beauty of a
wave retreating slowly from
the shore

do not lament ur exclusion as
poetry stirs things unknown
and sometimes dangerous

i recall two unnatural stares
which resulted in the death
of the two persons receiving,
tho at the time i was unaware
that the glances were accompanied
by thoughts of death which force
engaged my vision and found
actuality in the demise of two
who were unaware of my focus

the wind does not whisper for u
nor does it sing

do not lament ur absence as the
poetry of love i have written has
been written to no effect other
than rejection and that i do not
seek for you

the moon doesn't shine for u tho
it caresses the chill waters of the

bay while u remain warm beside
me; do not lament that my word
spells are for others known and
unknown

understand that while writing i
am unaware of my inner thoughts
as the poem is foremost in mind
and it's the deep thoughts that find
hidden, undetectable expression
in events -- i dare not frame u in
verse

the dunes move with the wind on
southern beaches hiding murder
and death, u are too precious to
risk capturing in verse, all manner
of untamed forces pounce on poetry
and seek expression

be content that u are unassailable,
remain as u are, free from captivity
free of the allusions and word-spells

fly by day and sleep peacefully at
night, ignore the alluring spells cast
by some poets

Fly

u captured me with ur deep, easy
eyes, free me

u embraced me with ur firm body,
free me

u enslaved me with ur poetic heart,
free me

the words u weave mesmerise my
mind, free me

caught in bliss we fly over the drear
of humanity, over trees, seas, plains
and mountains, eagles defer to our
ecstatic soaring

i cannot nor would i fight this captivity,
free me

i was blind, lost and miserable until
ur love set me free -- i am a slave in
ur arms

who would have thought
a chance encounter would
grow endlessly and break
the shackles of a perverse
and contorted world?

play me forever, never leave
me, i surrender completely

Wing

a wing that arcs across existence
meets and forms an eternal circle/
cycle of becoming, a wonder to see

that wing protects -- its feathers are
invulnerable yet soft and comforting,
which mysterious bird extends
such a span?

which crested bird whose body is
beyond comprehension, so large,
all-embracing, that no mind is able
to measure one feather?

a bird when confined to
its nest feeds its young on its
own blood then flames across
the heavens like a million comets
and plunges into the centres of
galaxies to emerge renewed as
pure plasma?

flying with it under its wing
traversing all the knowledge
that ever was, is, or ever will
be is bliss ineffable

which bird is able to roll time
and space into a timeless, infinitely
expansive ball, flip it in its golden
beak and swallow it?

its call is so rarefied it can only
be heard by those transformed

by Love and understanding that
gather under its wing to fly with
it forever

Compass

do not forsake me, am i not
yours in knowledge and love
though lacking somewhat in
deed

you created me, am i not an
imperfect human? though that
imperfection is my doing, and
so You answer as i write, regain
that perfection

easily said though i know i
must i take full responsibility
so implore You to give me
strength; too many follies plague
humanity yet the way is clear,
i cannot run from it any longer

and if i should die trying,
wherever i may be, do not
rob me of the memory
of You without which i would
lose all hope and direction,
promise? i know,
You already have

Moonlight

the passive reflected light of
the moon is enough in its
fullness to illumine my
favourite clearing in the bush,
its soft young grass is an
anomaly in the rough scrub

so i relax and wait knowing
that the silver will not be
wasted tonight

soon enuff i hear the rustling
as she approaches hungry for
my love or for *the* love
independent of me, tho the
love is enough for all; i have
never considered myself
something other, tho most
consider me otherwise

she breaks into the small
clearing smiling, eager and
ever so young and vital, i've
been too long without it,
bloody boilers only drain
u and return zero

she snuggles next to me
purring like a tiger, what else
is hidden in this special delight?

it is for me alone to discover
on this platinum moonlit night

Mountain Valley

in the valley of the waters
a tiny waterfall releases its
flow playing tricks on the
mind and eye

water appears as diamonds
tumbling over precipices,
catching the sun refracting
sparkles to the back of
mind arousing joy in a
bubbling heart, giving
always

tiny hummingbirds hover
before my eyes tweaking
their heads from side to
side talking bird talk
saying, 'hello', welcome
to our valley of wonders,
enjoy your stay.

tears flow, diamond waters
shoot tiny rainbows through
the valley, through my heart

crystal clean -- harsh worldly
'realities,' find no home here

the sound of tiny tambourines,
water pelting rocks below;
tinkling, chiming for you

little water bells applauding,
ringing, urging you to take

the journey with an open
heart, an open mind.

moist mists float along
the valley floor, slowly
rising up valley walls
engulfing me then
disappearing above

another tiny bird hovers
before me, eyes inquisitive
searching my soul,
'everything is perfect'
it gestures before darting
off into the trees

Porch

faded tiles adorn the unsettled
ground outside the studio which
have become too familiar like
stale lovers devoid of that life
that pushes a tile from its cement
mooring until it becomes free

weeks pass, it takes a spiral shape
that is strangely familiar, it's a
fern tree unfurling itself like a
tiny green-brown galaxy tho its
spin is too slow for the eyes to
see

as such it appears dead like the
bronze lions that guard the gate
to the high court

they do not roar, cast in their liquid
death throes to solidify mute and
oxidise in the air, a profoundly mute
dead green, not the sparkling green
of a living fern, as man is unable to
breathe life into his creations yet
the tiny fern has broken thru the
paved tiles into the air, sun, sky and
rain

a neighbour remarks, watch that fern
before it destroys your tiled porch, i
am watching it, i reply, the neighbour
satisfied that i will remove it and
replace the tiles

months pass and my fern is a small
tree enjoying its life lifting more tiles
effortlessly, its strength derived from
its deliberate, imperceptible rate of
growth

my neighbour catches me exiting the
studio and glances at the fern with a
contemptuous scowl

u needn't worry, i remark,
i am watching it smiling

Medium

my calligraphy brush of fine human
hair dipped in black ink flows and
caresses silk and fine fibre paper --
this poem is not in the words but
in the means producing words that
glide and imbue meaning onto
something that was blank

is it necessary to play with words
when the artifice is in the medium,
brush and silk paper now decorated
with characters like the moving
leaves of trees or the fixed,
fossilised prints of prehistoric bird
tracks?

the wise and sensitive see past the
written appreciating only the flow
of characters decorating empty
spaces in mind and emotion, forming
a perfect subjective form to be
locked in memory defying the
ravages of time

the artifice here allows readers to
imbue ideals and create perfections
in the museums of memory accessed
only by recollection, forever safe
as the sky

words insist regardless of all attempts
by soft silk and fine hair brush to
soften their power

focus instead on the flowing rhythms
and barely audible sound that fluid
characters make during their creation

a lover's lock tied into the hollow of
young bamboo, silk paper and wrist
transmit more than the characters
they create

Death and Life

my culture embraces death and
is friends with the living; no life
exists without the death of a
previous existence

Slavs know well we were all dead
before we were born but eastern
Europe is the crossroad of East and
West, consequently Asian
blood courses thru my Slavic veins

i walk as in a dream thru life and
dream hard realities; this street i
have never seen yet something is
always familiar tho framed in the
strange

from nowhere u appear shuffling a
deck of cards; select one, fanning
and offering the deck, but choose
wisely it will determine the tenure
and character of your entire life

i draw a card, the Asian wheel of
Life decorated with images of the
dead, appropriate to the circumstance
and location of my birth yet those
that surround me are familiar like
a re-run of an old movie with the
same actors but different theme
and plot

the wise know the Egyptian Book
of the Dead is a guide to life eternal

and the Tibetan book of the Dead
is a guide to another birth/life

the wheel turns, i die daily leaving
the past with funerary attendants
and my failed hopes with undertakers
and the hooded hunting falcons perched on
their shoulders

i look at u intensely and see rivers
of time intricately woven into a
pattern representing the sum of
my experience thru numerous
spheres and dimensions -- the
course forming a moving spiral
of being from the outermost edge
curving back to the stillness of
the centre where i/u first came
into being

u realise i see the implications
of the life i have selected, a faint
smile appears on your face, u
know we will be together tho
we'll be strangers when we meet,
live, love and die together fulfilled
and ready for another turn of
the wheel until we merge in the
centre as one unbroken, cosmic
stream of Love

as u begin to fade from view u
turn -- ur haunting tho comforting
glance evokes a memory, i was
the dealer who offered you the
deck before, the card you chose
was Victory

Apprentice to Magic

in times before the mist lifted
from memory, the feats and
skills of a great Magus spread
throughout this and many
other lands

our village shaman defers only
to this great magus, who is said
to have raised the dead and made
the blind see; he is reputed to
have power over the elements
and has sent many a raging
tempest to subdue an enemy

he is able to quiet the howling
wind and tumultuous seas at a
command, awesome indeed is
his power

i was a boy at the time and under
the tutelage of the village shaman
but i sought the knowledge and
skill of the greatest shaman and
magus of all so i thanked my
revered teacher for all he had
taught me and set off to find
the greatest of them all

... ..

“now boy, what brings u here
to pester and entreat me?”

“i seek power over the elements and

the ability to raise the dead and cause the blind to see.”

“i have no power to teach u or tricks to impart which deceive only fools.”

“but ...!”

“be silent child, i see there is no dissuading or dampening ur spirit and persistence, so if u are able to learn, i shall teach u the most valued secrets, which if mastered enable every influence over man and the world; however, there is one condition, if u accept this offer, u will leave after receiving this most high knowledge and follow ur way.”

“i accept, sir, as indeed if this secret enables every power i gladly accept ur condition.”

and so the magus produced a small silk bag and emptied its contents on the shiny compressed-earth floor of his hut

“now boy, what do u see laid before you?”

“small ivory keys sir, with strange engraved sigils.”

“how many do u see?”

“what is, ‘how many,’ sir?”

“i see that i must teach u the power
of number and form and the meaning
of signs and symbols”

... ..

in time the boy learned the power
inherent in numbers and signs but
was shown no specific application
or how to apply this knowledge
to great effect

“how many keys do u see now, boy,
and what are the symbols on those
keys?”

“26, sir, and the symbols are:
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQR
STUVWXYZ.”

“now begone and marvel, i have
imparted the greatest magic of all.”

“but, ...!”

Peach Tree

planted by who knows, many
years past as its gnarled and
rough branches betray

but when in season its fruiting
flowers are youthful and fertile,
how it transforms itself
magically

a solitary dove alights in its
branches almost hidden in the
flowers and leaves, if not for
its coo'ing it would almost
be invisible

the throated dove coo's for its
mate but its mate is no more;
how profoundly sad it makes
me feel tho i have lost myself
watching the flowers and bees
drenched in the seasonal sun
until another throated call
revives a memory

very soon ripe sweet peaches
will decorate the tree and
encourage the return of coo'ing
doves

About the Author

Lindsay Traynor is an Australian poet and mystic though he was born in Eastern Europe to parents raised in Canada and Australia respectively who were both in Eastern Europe after WWII.

He arrived in Australia before schooling age and has lost his mother tongue as a result, as both parents were fluent in English and the mother tongue was hardly heard.

Nevertheless, it seems that an early cultural imprint remained as his country/culture of birth is well known for producing an abundance of poets of an unusual kind.

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.

I was asked to collate and edit some of his love poetry from over one thousand poems on varied subjects, as I was once the moderator of his poetry website. I was extremely pleased to be able to do so as I had a free hand in selection, though Lindsay asked for a few unrelated poems to be included, for reasons which should become apparent to readers, notwithstanding this is only a small selection of love poems -- there are many more which I hope to be able to collate and publish after the publication of this introductory eBook – *moderator/editor of ozpoetry website.*

Books by the author:

Infinite Consciousness

Love and Erotic Poetry

Sun Moon Star Poetry

Nature Poetry

The Poetry of Transformation and Revolution

The Poetry of Life and Growth

Selected Essays I

Selected Essays II

Selected Essays III

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry I

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry II

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry III

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry IV

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry V

The Dragon's Egg Prose and Poetry of Experience and Liberation

Plumage Poems of Inspiration Growth Revolution and Freedom

Rejected Poetry Book I

Rejected Poetry Book II

Selected Articles and Poetry Volume I

Selected Articles and Poetry Volume II

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