



Nature Poetry
Book III in the Poetry Series

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Table of Contents

Nature Poems

Autumn

The Life

Until

Precious

Autumn Leaf

Streams

Lost Poems

Apprehension

Crying

Falling

Nocturn

Tears of Gods

Savoir

Plankton

Woo-hoo You

No Reply

Apparition

Lingering

Unseen

Summer Rain

Sea Rain

Throng

This Way and That

Rivers

The Walls of Paradise

Blue

Dead of Night

The Tops

Civilised

Rescued

Sway

Raging

Crooked
Quality
Mourning
Pine
Special
Veils and Chains
Climbing Trees
Heavenly Bodies
Temple Divas
Ritual Art
Summer Eyes
About the Author
Other Books by the Author

Nature Poems

Collated and edited by the author/poet, Lindsay Traynor

Book III in the Poetry Series

*The Way that can be trodden is not the enduring and unchanging
Way. The Way that can be named is not the enduring and
unchanging Name.*

*Nameless, is the Originator of heaven and earth; named, it is the
Mother of all things — Lao Tzu*

Autumn

the forest prepares for the white chill
of winter with bursts of warm colours,
burning leaves discarded like so many
notions, ideas and promising dreams

my desires crunch under the weight of
false hopes and future-thwarted dreams,
a better season next year is not promised

the chill begins to slowly cool my bones,
so i grip the edges of the horizon and
wrap myself in the warm, slow-burning
forest, snug, ready to slumber for an
eternity

but the sky, afraid i will steal the earth
forever, begins to shake ice and snow
onto the ground, a trick to prevent me
from falling into a permanent sleep

The Life

u have groaned ur way to this material plane yet u know u are light faced with the dilemmas of life on this plane; u/we groan some more and some groan until they depart from the body and return worse off

yet there is a purpose, you/we have made our choices, no-one else, we must take responsibility for Our lives and the lives of others dear to us, tho those near may test our patience to the extreme

to give up or retreat is to crucify ourselves and stifle Our liberation only to groan later with greater exasperation

you have choice to fulfil ur evolution or delay it, no-one else is able to interfere with ur evolution tho u may imagine otherwise

enemies and friends instruct and offer opportunities for ur evolution, some would enhance, others would deter but u are always free to act in such a way as to turn everything to ur advantage/ growth

u have invited all experience seemingly good and bad tho neither exists without its binary opposite; they are only opposites until understood as traps, self-made illusions, progressions/regressions, note the binary

qualities on this plane, yet ur light is the same as that in others tho each expresses it thru their own experience, but that Light is the same divine, inviolate, indestructible, ineffable blissful, yes blissful, spark of Creation

there is only one infinite creation expressing itself in infinite ways/patterns in order to experience or know itself, to what other end the blissful, dance of infinite Creation?

deal with ur perversions and ignorance and become aware of the Joy of existence as it is it is One entirety only appearing as many

and so kinetic Creation announces victory for every self-liberated soul and itself

until then u are a product of culture, the world deal with its/ur perversity and take responsibility

would you live in a hell or a heaven, it is your choice to create either? avoiding this obligation to urself/creation would see you regress in misery and hobble urself

when confronting a mountainous obstacle think of the undaunted ant that moved a mountain one grain of sand at a time until it was no more

understand that u are immortal, unaffected by illusory cultural qualities such as time and space, no challenge you have given urself is beyond ur ability to overcome, be consoled by this reality

we, on this material plane are One, we Are
our brothers and sisters tho some may
erroneously think otherwise — what u do
to another u do to urself, understand that
souls have no enemies they only have helpers,
teachers

if we are united in creation surely we learn
that lesson and unite here on earth

be constantly vigilant otherwise those that
divide would destroy your joy, security and
peace, division is the only real enemy on this
plane — by restoring unity and harmony we
are all restored in peace and beauty

this universe came into being for Love's sake
and love is the surest and safest road home

tho u may lose ur disposable body in the
process, do not, *never* fear, do trees mourn
fallen autumn leaves, do trees mourn the
death of the seed from which they sprang?

you are the tree that supports the entire universe
there is nothing to fear as nothing is able to
destroy you in essence

all bodies (vehicles) are like garments, but You
are the Life, Love and Truth of Reality, *never*
forget it

Until

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

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

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

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

with bamboo pipe and human hair brush
each fine filament depositing ink ending
in a fine fading fray, the art of which was
to perfect the sweep, line, character and
the amount of ink each brush-stroke
would deposit onto the paper

that was the art of writing, now writing

is the art so i am writing you!

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

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

Precious

we rhapsodise and excruciate, we run
the (gauntlet) gamut of emotion and
yet if every one of us died instantly
existence would be no worse off,
perhaps better off

our craft is pure self-indulgence, poetry

for whom do we write? to the world, to
a person, to nature? don't make me
laugh, we write for ourselves regardless
of the lies, textual narcissism and
the pretence of semantic masturbation
(how very precious we are)

we are poets, not a rare or endangered
species, there's never been a shortage
of poetic wankers in any human society
or culture

we all have something to say but we trip
the text fantastic expressing it

rather than use the integrity of plain
speech; we contrive, convolute, involute
and complicate, how very precious
we are

why state something plainly when u
are able to embellish, elaborate,
exaggerate and just plain lie for
the sake of the esoteric 'Art,'
but we should never ever use
that word in that context regardless of

how many drooling dunces follow us
from reading to reading, or how many
dedicated novitiates open their thighs
for the artist

the authenticity of a hemorrhaging
crimson wound or the stench of a
battlefield, the starkness of a sea-cliff
and the wind hissing through the wild
desolate grasses puts us all to shame

the crispness of truth, virgin white as a
winter morning frozen with meaning
defying our pretences, mocking our
attempts to capture the wonder of a
single snowflake or dry autumn leaf

we are precious poets, loved, hated and
ignored by many

Autumn Leaf

i once quipped to a disgruntled lover,
“i’ll write you a love poem on an
autumn leaf.”

(autumn, was intentionally selected)

i took a leaf from the ground, freshly
fallen, resting on top of a carpet of
fallen leaves

i studied its shape, form and its
stunning syntax half dried, half moist,
its pronounced veins tracking across
its surface mapping its beauty, once
feeding every cell and breathing pore,
its serrated edge gave it character, an
identity, uniqueness, one of a kind
like no other before or after, nature
ensures difference originality, only
foolish man clings pathologically to
uniformity, routine and the ‘safety’
of the dead known, so foreign to
nature’s designs.

they whipped me as a child for being
different, instinctively i recoiled from
the given.

then they tortured me as an adult for
daring to cut my own ‘unacceptable’
course

not content with abuse and torture they
jailed me hoping to ‘rehabilitate’ me

and make me a productive member of
their (dead) society.

my lover pulled me to the ground
attempting to draw my focus away
from the exquisite beauty which had
captured my attention, she could feel
i was going, freeing myself from the
tedium of the unreasonable

i had learned long ago how to enter
nature's secret chambers and insulate
myself from the unreasonable, the
senseless horror, the needless pain
and futility of man's uniform, petty
ways

she had learnt to go for my cock on
these occasions, her deft hands quickly
releasing my phallus and placing it
in her mouth in one movement — she
began her rhythmic motions moving
her crotch against my thigh while she
engaged in her oral art

but i had already departed while my
cock remained behind and obliged
her insecurities and desires tho i
remained transfixed on the complexity
and beauty of that leaf, which nature
so easily creates and discards and
began to laugh at man's 'great' works
of art housed in galleries and museums
around the world, a tragic legacy of an
aberrant, vain and arrogant species

all humanity's achievements shamed

by a leaf

my lover smiled the semen in her mouth
prevented her from speaking

Streams

with every beat, it flows and courses
circulating, propelled by a heart's
beating desire

memories fade, wither and fall like
autumn leaves, phantasms, ghosts,
devoid of relevance they slowly dry
and die — litter on the forest floor

parched, thirsty, seeking moisture
which only a passionate heart is able
to provide

tears of sadness, regret and joy
petition the sky to release its liquid
treasure — renewal

sometimes only a shower other times
a torrent this fertile forest waits patiently,
it blooms only when revived by rain

each new virgin flower, every blossoming
bush anticipates your arrival

armed with your rainbow and attended
by the sun you release your life-giving
treasure

the rarest flower hidden deep in the
heart of the forest blossoms only when
awakened by your sweet rain and
streaming caresses

Lost Poems

where do unwritten poems go after
tantalising poets with sweet dreams,
erotic imagery, precise metaphors
and other textual seductions, i have
often wondered?

poems that do not quite make it onto
paper are not really lost to poetry
graveyards or wasted they return
to that special place from whence
they came to be transmuted, tailored
perhaps for other writers to inscribe
in this most seductive art

her face turns toward mine beseeching,
imploring but words fail her; her eyes
fill with tears tho she does not openly
weep, her hypnotic eyes steal my
attention, suspending my thoughts,
making a dumb spectator of my soul,
but still no meaningful words/gestures,
she fails to articulate her heart's longing,
her soul's desire

momentarily unable to speak or make
known her intentions she releases that
energy allowing it to return, charged by
inexpression, to be utilised by a poet
better able to define, contour and shape
emotion

outside my window, dry autumn leaves
crunch under her bare feet; silently she

lifts her head and smiles revealing tears
running down her cheeks

Apprehension

that oddity that transforms a glance
into a cosmic reaction seems lost,
where are you today?

i know, the same place u've always been
but i've lost something special, important,
the flight of a sunrise at midnight and the
hum of spring that once penetrated my
bones, where is it now?

perhaps i have overdone it, burnt myself
out like the blank pages of a defunct
novelist

i wish like a child for the violet eruption
of ur embrace, the lack of which has
hollowed my soul

if i had it one more time i would never
let it go but that's what all bankrupt
writers say, u see, i have lost it until
i am transformed again

Crying

hear the clean desert wind free,
leaving all urban impurities behind
desert, where ancient melodies are
easily heard as the wind sings
through various natural forms

no distractions exist to drag the
attention away from the harmony
and purity of the red centre

the desert is clean, undisturbed it
presents only itself considered
worthless by avaricious men; the
desert is the face of something larger
that moves in splendour behind it,
not hidden but not immediately
apparent

words learned in cities pour from my
pen, crying for something lost and
found reaching forever, seeking the
purity and peace of the desert wind
which washes through me and cleans
the sticky impurities accrued in cities
of the dead

smogged city wind does not agitate
the flame eternal only the clean desert
wind fans that flame into a roaring,
all-consuming bliss

once experienced the desert wind
remains, fanning the flame and creating
a radiance that resists the darkness and

pollution carried by the poison wind
of cities

wild birds swim and sing in the desert
wind moving in waves each course free
tho remaining in harmony with the flock

city birds fight each other for scraps
while desert birds drink from crystal
spring water and feed from seeding
desert grasses all provided naturally,
what need do i have for a profession?
i am not infatuated with gadgets and
baubles that bind one to perpetual
slavery?

cities are cemeteries where corpses
move as the dead move blind, vicious,
unaware

palms from aeons past continue to
thrive in the desert sustained by red
soil and clean rain filtered through
mineral sands to emerge as springs
and oases

today as before the desert wind
carries the rain to the red centre
and revitalises all life in season

only the clean desert wind surrounds,
moves and enlivens everything it
kisses

Falling

words, letters, signs and symbols
arrange themselves in coherent and
incoherent patterns guided by something
other, but drawn from the accumulated
experience of an artist whose task is as
easy as the breeze that swirls up from
deep recesses and spins down again,
caught it seems in a magnetic ellipse
until the message, meaning is transmitted

the same force drives all fluids in bodies,
internally and externally, separation is
myth

new zoos populate once green and
flowering fields, the animals on spectacle
captured in steel and glass engage in the
tricks taught them by their keepers

click, click, click, frantic keyboards
arrange designs, markets, mediums of
exchange, also caught in a magnetic ellipse
but the specimens are unaware they are
kept though they have little choice but
to appear and perform in their pens
daily

nothing replaces the wilds from which
these animals were captured and now
bred in captivity, their offspring know
no other existence but captivity, which
they call freedom, though confinement
determines every action, movement and
thought, but what would a specimen born

in captivity know of the real freedom their
once wild forebears experienced?

a sea hawk hovers over the cemetery
where wild flowers grow over graves,
it twitches and dives like a bullet capturing
its prey easily, so efficient are its wild
instincts

the human dead lay buried with stone
markers, names and captions comforting
nothing but memories of things past

the new zoos have killed every vestige of
life, the cemetery is in fact a second death,
a necropolis that does not mourn the living
or dead in the cities/zoos of annihilation

glass towers are on show for the keepers,
not for those that have wild eyes to see
or the ability to arrange snowflakes on
melting bitumen streets scorched by a
polluted, choking summer's day

Nocturn

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

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

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

life does not issue from the brightness
of day it is conceived and gestates in
pure darkness safe in the homogeneity
of imperceptibility, the harsh glare of day
which shatters the peace of night

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

well do they say 'what day is it?'
light is such a lie as it only becomes
apparent when it strikes an object
whereas night is immediate and
requires nothing to facilitate its
enveloping

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

Tears of Gods

the Chinese believe the tea plant sprouted from the tears of Gods while in India ganja is the plant attributed to Siva who is known as an inveterate ganja smoker

both attributions seem apt as both (once sacred) plants enhance the body and mind

the Himalayas in spring and summer see the harvesting of tea in Darjeeling and ganja-rubbing in every balmy mountain valley producing prized black attar/charis

but not to be forgotten is the poppy its resin produces euphoria, the stuff of dreams preferred by poets and shaman

a world away the coca plant is sacred to indigenous tribes and shaman, every plant that alters everyday consciousness is revered as sacred for good reason, traditional cultures do not fear/view altered states as problematic but as other dimensions of mind/experience

mind mushrooms thrive in cow shit in northern and southern Oz, gold tops and blue meanies, smooth as can be

police have no business regulating
plants and fungi used as sacraments

mind plants exist in almost every
clime and locality, the Gods are
kind offering their flesh and tears
to heal our bodies and souls

there is an abundance of natural Holy
sacraments; refuse all lab synthetics,
they are not of the body of God

*“And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with Holy dread
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.” — STC*

Savoir

'to know,' or knowing is not dependent on a single sense, it spans the entire spectrum of sensation from abstract thought to physical contact

we arrive at knowledge via impressions however, some recipients are not tuned to our frequency and messages become lost in a mire of subjective previous experience, such was the case with you

with every artifice in a poet's repertoire i all but wrote it in the sky yet delivery failed, so strong were your previous impressions that any new message was thoroughly corrupted.

we are all challenged in varying degrees no one is able to appreciate another's real emotional state, though we are able to draw on common human experience, but what a peculiar mix it makes

to hell with my usual mode of expression, i dredged for a song instead, a female voice to deliver female emotion, perhaps male filters are less severe with music and song try and understand how much i luv you, leave your past in the past, i am Now, fresh, new, discovery and experience

Plankton

plankton luminesce in waves before
they crash softly to the shore of dreams
appearing only at night

darkness is fought by the tiniest sea
vegetation to compensate for the fading
light of men lost in designed illumined
myths, dreams and media lies, when
will they ever learn?

day and night are inverted, sky and shore
blur into an amorphous, groundless space
in which desperate hollow people seek
anything to believe in and anchor to, any
fantasy is preferable to meaninglessness
void and uncertainty

and so the world is lost, the many cling to
the selfish dreams of the few, wealth/fame
and opulence but the beach at night is
untouched by desperate fantasies

u pull ur light summer frock over ur head
and walk naked next to me, ur body a
source of delight to my eyes, u clasp the
fingers of ur hand with mine and gently
squeeze pulling me from my introspections

the warm summer breeze lifts ur flowing
hair mimicking the movement of the sea
as u reel me in like a fish caught by a lure

a night sky-pilot comes to ground

Woohoo You

the world is frantic but u are as easy
as a leaf floating down a stream on a
clear, untroubled summer's day

u ease the storm of my life and soothe
my heart, ur asian jet hair shines like
a raven's wing; ur face is the wine i
have thirsted for

u approached me like a woman cloaked
in a heavenly, bewitching scent then u
fled like a frightened child, are u playing
the usual feminine wiles that exasperate
men of experience, are u testing the
attraction?

be aware i do not chase or play adolescent
games, i am a man, not a boy and if a man
frightens u, then so be it, strong independent
feminine women are rare these days

is it ur husband that constrains u, is it fear?
u should know that i know that women taste
of different fruits in the orchard of life and
then return to their gardens or make a dash
for greener pastures, no children involved
makes u free to choose

though i shall not concern myself with social
dilemmas, ur presence now is all that matters
though the sadness in ur eyes contradicts
the smile on ur face

these vacillating dichotomies/contradictions

drive me to distraction so i drown u in soft
kisses that u evoke from my innermost being

lost in close embrace we are in heaven, do
not allow urself to think of anything other
than our presence, which revives wounded
souls and ravaged hearts

a night with u in my arms is enough to sustain
me for decades, one cup of good wine defeats
the constant indulgence of lesser grades,
though u remain trapped within urself pleading
it seems for someone to release/save u

i do not interfere with the ecstasy of the present,
future or past projections as reflections rob
life of its rewards, and life only exists in
the present

do not trouble urself unnecessarily, ease into
the soul u have healed and it would heal you

No Reply

was it the tinkle of tree-ice crystals, the
whisper of the night, or the approaching
hum of new summer warmth that drew
me closer?

it seemed that it all crept up too slow
to be noticed but now it overwhelms,
the innate attraction at the centre of
Being

it was as if i had lost something precious
and became obsessed with its recovery,
strange and seemingly unrelated occurrences
became beckoning calls, signs, a language
that bypasses conscious discrimination is
effective, and so the message was delivered
without my knowledge yet with the clearest
meaning, untainted by thought

restored, it has a secret which i cannot relay
as no other thing is capable of receiving a
message that is target specific, unintelligible
to all but one, and so living with this knowledge
becomes an easy burden, as there is nothing
to talk or write about

gliding ibis pass overhead, fruit bats fly from
the other direction to their roosting trees;
it's timely, as the sun slips below the horizon,
i hear it again

do not feel deprived or short-changed by this,
your message has already been delivered --
read it

Apparition

hidden by the long grasses u crouch
over a grave, so sad lamenting loss

i have never seen such sadness contoured
and expressed by a body, ur entire frame
is crying though silent, inaudible

u have become grief personified
kneeling over a gravestone upon which a
sculptured figure of a young woman rests
kneeling, lamenting

no difference in posture can be discerned
i see i am not seeing flesh and blood

u turn and lock onto my eyes, liquid tears
track down ur cheeks; i talk to u without
uttering a sound u respond but remain sad

why linger here? cemeteries are built by
the living for the living, the dead have no
need of them

u turn away in understanding and slowly
fade into the twilight

i approach the grave and notice two wet
drops on the gravestone, there is no chill
in the air only the warmth of a summer
evening

Who told the Rose ...

to unfurl its crimson sails
and release its heady scent?
rose, be crimson-red, open
ur petals slowly like a woman
revealing her secrets

touch the summer breeze and
awaken dreamers from their
trance

lure the bee and butterfly to
seek nectar in ur innermost furls
but be sure to wilt and die before
it is discovered there's no nectar
to give

i do not begrudge ur lack of nectar
as u inform the world that physical
beauty/allure is fleeting and lacks
sustenance for the soul

Lingering

try as i did i failed u, that sad smile
the sadness caught in ur eyes i could
not remove it

remember when we danced in the rain
on cemetery hill, the sea before us in
its deep blueness, the summer rain
softened everything like a Monet

we danced like there was no tomorrow
but that glint remained - i loved u more
than my life and needed u more than my
next breath, u will never know how
desperately i tried to free u from ur
lingering pain

but ur eyes revealed my defeat, my every
attempt a failure, i just couldn't release u
no matter how hard i tried

we loved like two naïve youths in those
days, tho its been decades; i still sense
ur warm body and scent, such was the
strength of our bond

u made me victorious, my course altered
from the rocks to the deep blue expanse,
i have never looked back but i grieve for
u still in the quiet moments when solitude
opens the way to ur memory

how ur sadness still haunts me because
i failed to remove ur pain

i could have done it given half a chance
but u died suddenly leaving me only
with ur light and the fathomless strength
of ur character

the breadth of our love orphaned time
and space i see u as u were in ur prime
the heart of a dove, the strength of a
lioness, no-one else could have dragged
me from certain doom to success

even as i write this piece for you regret
lingers tingeing my joy with sad reflections

Unseen

things unseen cool you in the searing
heat of day or destroy entire cities if
aroused in anger, never underestimate
what is not immediately apparent

powers for good or ill, as we see it, are
evenly distributed between seen and
unseen

use all your faculties, what is not seen
with one sense may easily be detected
by another, who can see the wind? who
is able to apprehend a summer breeze?

no one has ever fixed its source or
destination?

motion, kinesis is the stuff of life, a
dancing universe imparts its knowledge
and harmony freely -- rigid formulas
and social prescriptions disguised as
order are death to free spirits, all static
forms inevitably succumb to the
irresistible kinesis/movement of life

the formulators (conservatives) would
have us all live in a box of their design,
they name it 'this and that' and disguise
it with alluring trinkets and gadgets yet
the box remains a coffin, a specified
mapped location for the living dead,
lives entombed by do's and don't's

the unseen wind is an angel that favours

the wise, we are sustained and borne aloft
in ecstasy by the most sublime unseen
force of all, Love, a gift, embrace it and
let conservatives live in their fearful, dead
prescribed world

Summer Rain

who would you try to deceive speaking
winter with summer eyes?

stringed instruments resonate on the wind
yet ur voice intones cool ice and snow

should i respond to the flame in ur eyes
that speak honestly to mine or allow ice
to imprison u in a perpetual winter of your
making?

melancholia is a poor companion better to
break free and emerge naked and honest
in the warm summer sun

some things we must do ourselves with
abandon, without expectations

hearts engage easily while words measure
acceptable distances

culture is a perverse measure why would
u allow it to narrow ur options and Life?

time is on no one's side, it makes short
work of all our lives

is it not preferable to follow the heart
and its natural inclination to joy rather
than the calculating head in matters of
love?

summer rain, a rainbow arches across
the sky

Sea Rain

it's pouring by the shore, barnacles and
other fastened shell-life on the rocks
perplex as salt water is replaced by
fresh rainwater, they close and clamp
tightly onto the rocks waiting for the salt
water to save them, i can almost hear
them screaming though secretly they
wish to be free of all that binds them

what do the little animals in these shells do,
release their grip and wash away with the
tide while assaulted by threatening rain water
or take a chance and hope that releasing their
grip would return them to familiar places?

people walk along the rocks prying these
little shells/animals from their homes, a
tasty treat for some tho most give no thought
to the plight of these little creatures, it pays
to be mobile it seems

waves crash violently onto the rocks and wash
a careless gatherer into the ocean, screaming
and waving as he is tossed like a cork in the
sea tho he gives no thought to the little animals
screaming silently in his hessian bag

the storm now violent, his friends too frightened
to assist and so a human drowns in the turbulent
sea, an environment unsuited for the species

survivors crowd together by the shore, bound by
their guilt and cowardice while the cockles they
have collected scream from the pain of separation

across the ocean a war rages driven by those that
profit therefrom

casualties scream from the separation of their
lives, homes and families, but the disruptors
continue to drop their bombs and pry the life
from many a helpless victim

the floating drowned man begins to slowly sink
beneath the waves while the others watch
helplessly from the rocky shore

in the township a fishwife plying her trade sings,
'cockles and muscles, alive, alive ho!'

Throng

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

faces appear in colour 3D, exquisite, they
pass across the back of my mind tho they
cannot stick or disturb as there is nothing
to stick to so they appear and disappear
or fade, to be more accurate

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

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

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

it is not one voice i express today but many,
do not be beguiled and enslaved by the evil
of this world simply defeat it, it is powerless

against those unified in Truth and Love,
which qualities are gifted to all humanity by
birthright

You are not and never have been powerless

This Way and That

u appear before me naked dressed only
in tears and regret

my attic now crowded with two in its
infinite singular space

u complain about the lack of need,
by that u mean dependence, i've heard
it all before, some characteristics are
common to all women

every inane, irrelevant word of complaint
falls on the feathers of an aquatic bird,
why bother, i am no man's or woman's
slave? yet u persist impervious to all the
words and warnings about such behaviour,
i've seen it all before, too many times

is there nothing new under this tattered
sky? the more u ramble the wider the
distance becomes until i hear only the
wind outside and see only the moving
leaves of trees and swaying branches

i am in the centre, the heart of this
timeless land where tribals once gifted
me the keys that unlock the doors of
time and space, u are inside i am outside
the more u harp the wider the chasm
becomes

an eagle effortlessly circles above allowing
the thermals to do the work; a poet clicks
the keys allowing the flow to do the writing

u begin to weep out loud and threaten suicide,
how original

i return to the centre where my soul soars
without the need of thermals, u tug violently
on my shirt watching for an anticipated
reaction, i lock onto ur eyes speaking volumes
but u hear only urself as u shrink like a
B-grade sci-fi movie, the incredible shrinking
woman, before i am able restore u

u disappear from sight, somewhere in your
microscopic universe, where i'm sure u'll
find another tiny person willing to listen and
play ur games -- this expanse is far too large
a place for u

Rivers

do rivers stress or strain to reach the sea? no, they take the path of least resistance as do all nature's forces with the exception of one perverse species

the body groans, my neck could support a bridge, such is the level of stress and strain

did i stop when my body sent signals then alarms that i was over-extending my capacity? cease this bullshit or suffer!

so now i suffer like a dog or rather a human that failed to heed nature's warnings

i've been here before, this place that specialises in pain and self-inflicted suffering, a crowded place brimming with my species

the wind hisses through the grass, i watch stems and blades move in waves with the wind; an idiot suggests relaxation classes, could they top the message of the grass and wind?

the sea effortlessly laps the shore, the moon is full, suspended in the night sky like a tarnished silver plate as it moves around the earth and sun

it tugs at the sea which responds without a thought -- it is thought that interferes with the voice of nature and its sublime harmony

i feel my neck release, accompanied by numerous cracks and clunks of my vertebrae, what a sorry species, i am not alone

we forfeit harmony/peace for permanent war and are taught its necessary, but for whom? "look what your country has done for you", the media says, though the truth is an elite group of sociopaths and criminals do it for themselves (profit) and could care less for the expendable slaves they manage

all perversions, bad habits and destructive behaviours are easily overcome simply by listening to the message our creator is whispering constantly, ease up, merge with my harmony, flow like a mighty river on the plains winding its way inexorably to the sea, you will achieve, without blood, sweat and waterfalls of tears if u listen and learn

my personal folly is great as i know better but continue like one of Pavlov's dogs to play robot to the perversities of culture; "life was not meant to be easy," says who, a bunch of avaricious slave drivers and their criminal political/theological puppets?

i inhale the sweet wind and feel my

diaphragm letting go; follow your course
nature whispers, ignore the rantings of
murdering, avaricious psychopaths, revive
yourself in me and live harmoniously, i
never forsake my progeny

i am restored

The Walls of Paradise

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

but like a taunting demon the gatekeeper
remained unmoved

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

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

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

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

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

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

taken
their toll

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

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

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

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

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

i nevertheless remained steady and calm
though slightly agitated by the images
that flashed across my mind

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

aeons

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

nevertheless, i remained steady and determined

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

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

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

i remained unmoved with unwavering focus

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

i remained firm

at that the walls and gate re-appeared

i could hear/see running waters, singing birds with quivering iridescent plumage, all manner of exquisite sights and sounds

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

the experience unnerved but i did not forfeit
my seat

instantly the gatekeeper vanished i became
myself again, the gates of paradise flew open

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

Blue

snow falls in the distance so far away
that it's hardly consequential or worth
mentioning tho it snows never the less

blue forest trees refuse to burn in raging
forest fires while surrounding trees
are consumed, screaming in the flames

what secret does blue possess? the sky
and sea are blue as are mountains in the
distance which jutting peaks lick the
snow and ice

but the real signifier is this blue planet
which we call home, the blue keeps us
all safe yet no-one guards its deep
blue hue

Dead of Night

stark day drops into night almost imperceptibly
seared senses are balmed and soothed in its
visually quiet softness, in night only does
imagination assist with perception, as its
screen allows for amorphous, unconscious
streaming of forms/dreams entwined with
corporeality

in this mix artists and magicians walk
comfortably in deserted streets, dimly lit
lanes and tracks in foreboding forests --
phantoms also dwell here but those ghosts
are not objective tho they appear so

they are created on occasion when moonlight
plays with shadows and shapes to produce
spirits, the essence of something, and when
engaged and given some vitality they are able
to converse and become familiars; imbued with
more vitality they are able to perform simple
tasks like affect the dreams of those in sleep,
too easy, and if given more precious vitality
they are able to kill, tho no doctor is able to
determine the cause of death

it is quite the art in the night, moonlit forest
clearings offer theatres were naked sylphs
dance and engage those able to see

other spirits not of one's making also
populate these places but should be
watched as they do not issue from the
seer's imagination, their appearance
is of another's making, so cannot be

trusted, they seduce and suck life-force
for transfer and harm those affected,
they are easily recognised by the incongruity
in the harmony, which has been created

if fear is strong then the victim succumbs
if no fear exists then invisible shields protect,
it is the art of the magicians of old who
disguised their art with all manner of
complexities to dumbfound the uninitiated,
beware of what u see in the night as only
fools tempt the moon and its fantastic
creations

tonight another drama wraps its spell around
me and itself

only day-prisoners imagine the night is dead

The Tops

the blue mountains along the east coast of Oz are aptly named as blue is their most prominent feature, tho they are not mountains they are the remnants of a plateau eroded by wind and water over millions of years now presenting as mountains

it seems more practical to name them according to the dreamtime of the originals, each feature, animal and contour intertwined with perceptions of harmonious survival, native law and the sacred, which has persisted here longer than any other human society on earth, tho white invaders continue to commit genocide on the few remaining, not with guns but with white culture and drink

yet the dreaming persists as i sit on an outcrop overlooking the great blue splendour watching, sensitive to the sacred and the life in the forests, breathing/moving in the valleys

the gang-gang parrot of the Tops is not included in the sacred totems yet it has become a symbol of the ranges for me with its larrikin red-feathered crescent, smoky blue-grey plumage and acute intelligence almost matching that of the white invaders that are removed from all things harmonious and natural; they continue to blindly desecrate the land unaware they are produced and sustained by/through its purity

i watch the setting light as it catches the red
and yellow ochres of the cliffs exposed and
scarred by commercial logging -- no photo
or painting could ever hope to catch the
dancing lights and changing hues of the ranges
that live in defiance of white man's destructive
ways

the tribals are long gone from these ranges,
the dislocated mixed bloods that remain
boozing themselves into extinction in white
towns -- black and white remain polar opposites,
the price of forfeiting an ancient culture is
death

it strikes me that the land creates the myths
and dreams, as it magically impinges on
human consciousness, moving and contouring
sensitive minds as it did to the originals over
hundreds of thousands of years

and so the enduring blue of the mountains
and every natural thing that inhabits them
continue, too large to be wounded by blind,
disconnected, insensitive white men

Civilised

Freud and Jung defined a dichotomy
at constant war, the id and the ego

confronted by a young salesgirl
who took a fancy, bending forward
resting her elbows on a display table
and curving her spine in an inverted
arc which poked her rear skyward
while she gazed fixedly into my eyes

who could miss the primate mating
position on offer? her body speaking
loud and clear

of course my immediate reaction was
to shift to her rear, peel her leggings
and knickers down around her knees
and engage her in locked sexual embrace
but we were in a department store and so
my response was not physical tho it should
have been, my entire reaction was mental

we engaged in superficial dialogue about
a commercial product, conforming to the
social space/location tho my essential nature
was roaring like a caged lion over this
unmistakable invitation (or tease) while
my civilised persona repressed my natural
reaction

consequently, my dialogue became tainted
with 'uncivilised' humorous remarks,
'do you fancy men with long hair and goatees
or are you always this friendly?'

before she could answer, i asked her name,
her tag hidden at the time as she remained
in the primate mating position, Rani, she
replied, i see, an Indian princess, no! a
queen, do not demean, she smiled, my
apologies, my Hindi has suffered since
i left India many years ago

ur parents must be hippies, yes, they were
her behaviour betraying a paternal fixation

i was of her parents' generation, my appearance
betraying my past; her blue eyes remained tightly
focused on mine throughout while i swept my gaze
over her exposed arms, one of which supported
a serpentine tattoo that curved across her
flawless skin and shoulder to end at her upper
spine; nice tatt, i said, tho its phallic symbolism
is unmistakable, this girl had seen a cock or two
dozen

meanwhile my cock was dancing in my pants
stimulated by her bold body-talk and eyes,
O that we were in a forest or natural surroundings
we could have raged like mountain lions my
id continuing to push hard against my persona

but the odds were against it in the civilised city
of Sydney so i left with my purchase, planned
prior to engaging her, tho she was offering more
than i anticipated and seemed happy to continue

'i will mention u on my way out so u do not
miss ur commission, i'll return in the near
future,' tho i never did

it was the repressed response that broke the powerful attraction, the id is usually defeated in this context/contest — fuck it!

nevertheless, the experience remains clear in memory, forcing its way into my cock (again) and onto this page

Rescued

moonless nights force one to walk on
intuition, all the more difficult in
unknown forests of sadness, or is it
the absence of the silver light reflected
by the moon, which somehow transforms
golden, warm sunlight to cool silver
moonlight?

i make my way with care stepping safely
on an unseen ground tho my unseen eye
sees all in this sad and desolate forest
wet with tears of regret

what is this haunting place devoid of fear
but saturated with remorse?

i have heard of this emotion from wine
imbibers tho i do not drink the popular
poison myself

i feel and see with eyes closed and mind
surrendered to what is transmitted by the
particular location, but where am i?

between wakefulness and sleep perhaps
or in deep dream as location is not yet
determined, so i continue until a soft
light issues from the centre of a grove

defined by the light, i proceed in the now
untangled sadness, how heavy this sensation

the grove is cleared in the centre in which
a spirit, phantasm or extraordinary

person is kneeling, crying softly, my intuition has led me to this place but why?

i reach out slowly, my hand open, the entity turns her head and locks onto my eyes, she seems to recognise me but i not her

she embraces me gently and whispers, 'i am not free'

i look around and see no constraints of any kind, the clearing is interrupted only by a natural path which leads in and out, 'i am not free' she repeats, but this time it becomes evident she is real

what restricts u? i ask, she looks confused turning her gaze about, find ur escape, i say, still in her soft embrace

she relaxes but remains alert i make an effort to shift attention attempting to determine whether i am in dream or reality

the air is crisp, scented with wild bush flowers and the greenness of lush foliage, i inhale deeply, she smiles, 'have u come back to release me?'

back! do i know u? her eyes cannot hide despair, 'how did u find this place, what brought u here, do u not remember?' she questions, but i have no recollection tho i do not articulate my thoughts; well, i'm here now, so what is it that

confines u?

she turns her face away and begins to
release her embrace, please, do not despair,
i am here for a reason tho the recollection
remains unclear

she releases me and returns to the centre
of the clearing, it is then i realise that the
source of light is not detectable tho it
continues to illuminate the grove

she kneels, eyes locked on mine and reclines,
inviting me it seems, i approach, kneeling
beside her exquisite body and presence, she
opens her arms and heart, i am drawn into
her arms again

ur jail is in ur head, and u have the key in
ur hand, free urself, i mutter

she looks perplexed, 'do it, release urself,'
she smiles and i find myself awake tho with
the strongest sensation of a lingering, grateful
and free presence

how am i now to confront the pedestrian
travails of everyday 'reality' after this other
worldly experience?

Sway

how great are the mighty Himalayas
and how small are grains from which
the ranges are made?

how mighty the tectonic force that
thrust mountains upward and how
soft the rivers that scour through the
hardest rocks?

all that is small becomes great and
all that is great becomes small --
ceaseless births, deaths, renewal

as a child i remember a small seedling
in the crevice of huge boulder, as a
man i return to see a healthy tree
between two boulders which were
once one

the soft overcomes the hard -- with
unrelenting perseverance and patience
all is possible

the moon appears in the afternoon sky
in season, the sun ebbs slowly beneath
the horizon to return the next dawn,
the tribulations of men are self-inflicted
if nature's harmony and cycles are any
indication

everything manifest is produced/reduced
without effort by allowing competing
forces to yield and dominate in turn

sway with me as life and all existence
sways and renews itself in never-ending
patterns of perfection devoid of the
slightest discordant perturbation

Raging

the sea rages tonight colliding with
ferocity against the shore that obstructs
its course; rocky barriers shoot waves
skyward releasing spray that drenches
my face and salts my lips

yet of its own accord the sea remains
calm, the enormous energy it releases
is the result of external forces acting
on it

the sea in essence remains imperturbable
though its appearance may deceive the
desensitised and unthinking -- appearances
always deceive, quiet reflection reveals
much

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

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

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

and body put all man's achievements
to shame

my arrogance and pride draw me
closer to the edge of the cliff
fighting the headwind with every
step. not fully sensitive to its random
directions i reach the precarious edge,
as i do the headwind ceases and
instantly changes direction, my
forward force and the wind-burst
from behind sees me easily plummet
off the edge to my death

Crooked

the screaming wind gnarls trees clinging
twisted/contorted on the cliff since
sprouting

green leaves snap and slap each other,
on gnarled branches, victims of the wind

a man crazed by the constant roaring,
hissing and whistling balances on the
edge defying the wind and death,
gambling that a maverick gust doesn't
push him over

raising his arms like the gnarled branches
he pushes against its force twisting his
body on the edge

he looks back at his temporary lover
who is wondering why she bothered
but wind-blown minds do as the trees
though not secure in their grounding

they fight against inevitability, insanity,
loss

day and night trees and leaves
continue screaming for the
misshapen people in the village
where crooked minds and spines
lure them constantly to the windy
cliffs high above the sea

in the salty tidal pools below spiked

sea urchins walk on needles feeding
on the dead

Quality

they glide miles without thought or effort just above the water where air and sea meet forming a secret current known to the feathered few

a gull returning to the cliffs in a storm twitches its wings and body perfectly in almost cyclonic winds to land safely in its nest, a wonder to behold how wild creatures react perfectly to the elements without thought

the beauty and harmony of natural existence is unparalleled by anything produced by those that have mastered thought, a price too high to pay for losing direct connection with natural harmony

a screaming airliner rips the sky dragged upward by primitive polluting engines, the craft cannot twitch or manoeuvre its body fast enough to save itself when difficulties arise; down they go with all lives lost when they routinely fail

yet man governed by thought, thinks himself wonderful in his profound disconnected blindness

the wind moves the long grasses and whips waves on the sea which yield and react according to their natures,

hissing, murmuring and splashing
songs while screaming man forces
himself onto the natural world like
some blind refugee from the depths
of ignorance

it is absurd to worship the contorted,
cumbersome creations of man which the
smallest living creature puts to shame,
such is the supreme intelligence of
thoughtlessness compared to the
continual failures of arrogant and
inadequate imaginings

“I think therefore I am,” is missing the
most important qualifier: ‘I think therefore
I am Lost,’ is far more accurate

Mourning

would u mourn a caged bird that
takes flight from captivity?
i think not

why then strange man do u mourn a
soul that escapes the body which has
held it captive? giving up the ghost
is no cause for concern, what u mourn
is Your loss, a selfish thing

aware spirits are happy to leave the
mortal coil and enter again a rarefied
plane more suitable to their 'particular'
needs, no toiling for gross foods to feed
gross bodies, no defecating or urinating
shaving, menstruation or fluid exchanges

has it occurred to u that spirits mourn
those trapped in bodies, lost to the
finer realms of existence? would u trade
a life free of disease for a body wracked
from head to toe? i hope not

consider ur imagination, limitless and
uncontained, free to conjure whatever
it pleases, is it material? No!

consciousness is not physical yet because
u are imprisoned in a gross body u falsely
think ur mind is also trapped, not by any
thing gross/material but what u falsely
imagine and believe

u were created free and remain free, the

challenge of this earth existence is to
create a free paradise on this plane, and
what a fuckin' mess u have made of it

yet u mourn those that have escaped ur
polluted hell; get ur priorities straight
before ur false beliefs condemn u to
live in a permanent prison

u see, slavery only exists on this earth
plane which u have transformed into a
hell yet u are free at any time to choose
what u create or to remain a slave to ur
perversions

i suppose it's symptomatic, as is mourning
freed spirits -- but i make a distinction as
spirits are only free if they have learned
they are not imprisoned, nothing is able to
really confine a free spirit, u confine and
imprison yourself

Pine

a solitary pine overlooks the sea
sprinkling needles onto the ground

they mix with open cones their seeds
long since dispatched yet none have
taken root nearby to rescue this solitary
tree from its cruel isolation

raindrops drip from its needles falling
rhythmically on my face

i draw closer to one drop not yet
fallen and see the sea and sky caught
in its tiny sphere

how small are captured images, how
large is reality?

i wait it out, the rain ceases and i
emerge from under its branches
to hear a sea hawk cry from the
tree top, eyes fixed on me, and then
realise it was a hawk or bird that
carried the seed to this clifftop, which
sprouted producing needles, pins,
cones and a drop of rain that captured
the sky and sea in its clarity

Special

there's a wild natural air that emanates
from your being, something special

the moment i cast my eyes on you, tho
it was that 'presence' that turned my
head, i understood that you were outside
the fashion-addicted, desperate herd of
female slaves that were/are taught their
cunts are a commodity to be used as
barter, currency and blackmail

it's a pity that experienced males easily
see through tired pretences and leave
pedestrian women by the wayside

i wait patiently looking for something
special, true and real -- a culturally
unspoiled female able to stand without
tinsel props and a mother's advice of
whoredom, which substandard males
fall for -- it is said that a man has two
heads but only one has a brain

but women seem content catching any
male after repeated failures to snag their
knight in non-shining armour; mother
was right after all but failed to mention
that quality males reject worn, feeble
approaches

for mine, give me intellect, an athletic
body, independence and most important,
something special that exudes from
every pore of being

this is not an aspiration or dream as i
have met a few that fit the criteria
and felt my mind, body and soul jump
thru my throat when i attempted to
speak, such is real feminine power
tho most are unaware they wield magic,
ever so strong but soft, and smooth,
devoid of all jagged edges like rolling
ocean waves or wild mares prancing
with tails and manes whipping in the
wind as they gallop

i watch as u run past, light shooting from
ur being, pedestrian lifeless women in
the street cringe when they see you,

they also know that you are something
special

Veils and Chains

caravans of thought crisscross over
varied imagined landscapes ending
where they start in circles of futility,
a bridge cannot be crossed by thought
it must be traversed

“why take ye thought for raiment?”
a sage once said, truer words were
never spoken

today, as always, trains of thought
continue to betray the continuous --
infinity cannot be entered via finite
means

each finite concept, thought, linguistic
presentation follows another, like ants
constrained by scent, culture is reinforced
and reproduced in mind which cannot
be separated from thought as thought
creates mind

what use comes of analysing every crack,
contour/texture of the walls that make a
jail cell?

nature does not toil yet it creates the infinite
cosmos as by-product, nature/consciousness
and kinetic Creation have no need of enslaving,
limited, thought regardless of how beguiling
it may appear

the notion of self is traced to thought,
“I think therefore I am” [deluded]

personal pronouns are the source of all
conflict, sorrow and misery as thoughtless
continuity is not limited or veiled by
counterfeit cultural products pretending
value, identity and reality

every arbitrary designation of culture is
a worthless dream, yet dreams capture
and impoverish if believed, lies never
produce Truth/Reality, only more lies
to distract, capture and enslave

tho billions are trapped and exploited,
freedom is forever on offer, there is no
blindness darker than the open eyes
of those that do not see what is before
their faces

and so Blake crossed the chasm with
a tiny flower in his palm, Rumi with
the heart of a lover expressed in his
verse, and in India, Patanjali clearly
stated that the culmination of yoga is
simply the "cessation of the [thought]
modifications of mind,"

only slaves have need of teachers/gurus
tho before yoga old Lao traversed the
nameless, unfathomable Way (Tao) --
Heraclitus apprehended the continuity,
Flux of the Logos

so do not complain, take responsibility
for ur life as there is no secret or external
salvation; every tormented, culturally
incarcerated being holds the key to real
Freedom in hand

the above sages to which i refer had certain qualities/characteristics in common, heart, courage, clarity and perseverance, they were all heroes and overcame

do you have what it takes to earn Your freedom, as real Freedom is never bestowed, it must be Earned?

Climbing Trees

i do not know what attracts young boys to climb trees but the impulse is irresistible

a tree stands strong and firm in the ground but branches skyward offering a vantage, perspective, a certain freedom that ground dwellers cannot appreciate

accessible lower branches support weight but care must be taken as one gains height and every new branch must be tested for strength as one ascends

perhaps it's the desire to conquer or just the raw delight of climbing and negotiating risk, who can say?

young girls lack the impulse an oddity to boys though female behaviour is always a mystery to males

but to a boy there is nothing like climbing, the higher one goes the more exhilarating the experience until precarious levels are reached where smaller branches may give way and ruin a good climb with a broken limb or two though danger sharpens coordination and teaches personal limits to be exceeded on the next climb

every tree poses a different challenge, some have slender, uncluttered trunks

with higher difficult to grasp branches,
other trees have sturdy, broad and
contoured trunks with low forming
buttress supports and longer powerful
branches that seem to float in the air,
such is their strength

most trees have something to offer
intrepid youth and daring, though
certain trees cannot be scaled from
the ground without the support of
shoulders from a mate who in turn
waits to be hoisted aloft

i remember those joyous climbs and
later negotiating ledges on sky scrapers
without a harness while cleaning
windows and edging around outside
corners twenty five or more stories
above ground to save time and avoid
the need to gain entry from inside and
then have to climb out onto the ledge
again, but i learned my limits well as
a boy though i was fired for not observing
safety regulations though i was as
sure-footed as a mountain goat with the
added advantage of experienced, strong
climbing arms and a firm grip

my apparent success in life some attribute
to my daring but i calculate every move
as i did as a boy minimising risk though
to the uninitiated it seemed as though i
was supremely daring, tho observers were
usually mommy's boys, indoor boys, soft
TV watchers, who we teased when they
ventured away from their mothers'

street kids have a huge advantage over toffs and brats given easy rides by their families to cushy jobs and insider dealing, tho none of them are able to cope when confronted by an educated street kid that learned his skills climbing trees and pushing personal limits to eventually tower above the herd

Heavenly Bodies

the moon, sun and stars move above
as we scramble below never matching
the great arcs these bodies make in the
heavens

at times ur eyes seem like swirling
galaxies holding myriad suns in orbit

u have fixed me in an arc, perpetually
circling ur being yet like the galaxy,
deep in ur eyes i see the same black
hole that swallows everything inexorably
drawn to it

the curved contours of ur hips, thighs
and breasts are the flame that a moth
is unable to escape

i am doomed to perish in the core of ur
being, like all the suns that have perished
before me -- but i accept my fate, and
would die happily with a faint smile on
my face betraying my secret

few realise that succumbing is dicing
with death but in death there is new life,
so promise to resurrect me as a solar god
of resurrection on the other side, with a
solar golden phallus that rises and sets
creating and sustaining diverse forms of
life on innumerable new worlds

Temple Divas

female vocals invoke the Gods -- hit
the low and high notes girl, pour it
all out, woman

from temple virgins intoning chants
the female voice ascends and echoes
striking domes and ceilings reverberating
through spine and being

the ear merely introduces a vibration
which synchronises with the first sound,
the Logos the utterance that brought
existence into Being

the female voice is more powerful
than the male as it issues from every
cavity in the female body

what hope a male voice? women sing
with their throats, lungs and vagina,
the unique power is drawn from the
womb through the lungs and is projected
thru the throat but always finds its source
in the vagina -- draw it all out woman

maleness projects but lacks resonance,
the womb shapes and contours every
sound investing it with meaning before
it rises thru the lungs to issue thru the
throat

sing,
sing divine/sublime, sing me to death
and life again and again, temple diva

Ritual Art

i watch while it takes form in this
world or on the screen of my mind,
i cannot distinguish as the impression
shares the same sensory medium

it swirls like smoke in an updraft, its
presence is strong, unmistakable but
it struggles to take form it seems, tho
it is linked to my wish

it emerges like a ghost in space to
haunt and taunt as the ritual dictates

a magus at work evoking demons and
spirits with strange incantations, incense
and various objects of the art

but this is no ordinary spirit or apparition
it seems too familiar as if i am confronting
a lost or hidden aspect of myself yet it has
a distinctive life of its own

i engage it seeking answers but it
stubbornly refuses to impart any
hint of identity

it seeks union and attempts without
consent to enter my circle, i refuse,
it pushes all the more not knowing
that my defences are impenetrable,
developed over the millennia in
combat and love's embrace

i attempt to tame its futile persistence

and childish impetuosity and
indicate that nothing enters without
my consent

it doesn't understand and appears
dejected but its raw desire and
resolve seem to gain in strength

i reinforce my auric shell in response
and indicate again that nothing enters
without my approval -- it stops
momentarily and stares at me with its
feline eyes

it slowly turns and moves its face
directly opposite mine and emits
a hellish scream knowing that failure
results in oblivion

its wet sensual lips and visibly moist
labia are incongruous with its
malevolent desire

it makes a mocking gesture then
adopts a childish innocence but neither
aspect affects my composure, years
of mastering the art has taught me
to maintain focus/concentration and
adhere strictly to the ritual art

it shape-shifts again this time it adopts
an androgynous appearance and reveals
its young breasts and youthful erect
phallus protruding from vaginal contours

before me it stands again the perfect boy
or girl depending on your orientation

i remain steadfast though somewhat
affected by this strangely erotic form
but know too well it is all illusion
designed to weaken -- behind the erotic
appearance is a grotesque reality

it gyrates in sexual frenzy spinning and
contracting its abdomen in pulses until
its vaginal fluids flow freely moistening
its thighs

i notice its phallus, swollen throbbing
and dripping with excitement

it spasms and spurts streams of life
force until it is spent and becomes
easy prey for me

it acknowledges defeat and becomes
completely subservient to my will

i display then burn images of the
enemy in the censor and incant
secret rituals until my wishes are
completely understood

it responds to my will eager to carry
out its mission

it turns, spins and disappears to wreak
vengeance on my enemies and the
evil ones of this world

Summer Eyes

a warm summer breeze bathes
my skin in delight banishing the
winter chill for another season
or longer, who knows the future?

the valley begins to stir with life
ready to don its summer garment
and play host to all manner of life

a visual symphony unfolds, a poet's
delight,

sensual eyes absorb every part of
you; hands accustomed to weaving
lyric verse gently trace the contours
of ur body/mind, ur entire being

we move together in perfect harmony,
the warm breeze insulating us from
the memory of harsh winter chills

birds throat their love calls reminding
us that only the future holds promise,
Life

the past, whether dressed in splendour,
rags or both is unable to produce, we
resurrect it with memories at times but
it is gone forever

today is lush and warm, its fullness
overwhelms and soothes the soul
and senses, its abundance requires no
assistance only appreciation, participation

today is shaping into something special,
a perfect summer day

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 and other 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 other poems to be included — sensitive readers would note the mystical theme that runs through all his work.

This eBook is only a small selection of poems — there are many more which I hope to collate and publish in time.

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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