



ORCHESTRATIONS
POETRY AND PROSE
ON
SELF AND SOCIAL REALISATION

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Orchestrations

Poetry and Prose on Self and Social Realisation

This book has been compiled from the voluminous works of Poet and Mystic, Lindsay Traynor, though with a particular thematic focus in mind, hence a few titles have been published in previous books, however, due to thematic and contextual continuity they have been selectively republished in this book.

We hope that readers enjoy the perspective and derive more understanding and satisfaction as a result – assistant editors

Jutting Incongruities

skeleton ships strewn in moving
dunes up and down this forbidding
diamond coast, always guarded
by the avaricious to maintain the
inflated price of diamonds,
charcoal in essence –
what do I care for pressure?

the sea and coast is extremely
dangerous here so they venture
by land tho the brave take the
sea route to avoid the guards,
bullets and guns –
what do I care for pressure?

it was not pressure that produced
this pearl but an irritation in my
soul which persisted long enough
for a pearl to form

explaining to those that do not create,
the irritation is no accident, life attracts
it and in the process valuable pearls
are created – to whom or what
should I offer this prize?

only to you my love, as you have
never let me rest until I covered
your irritation with countless poetic
secretions that have captured the moon
which beams are transmitted to all
freely by hand, sea, wind and
sand

the shifting sands routinely bury
jutting incongruities – I am left
with nothing to guard

Blue

snow falls in the distance
so far that it's hardly consequential
to mention it, tho the snow falls
nevertheless

blue forest trees refuse to burn in
raging forest fires while surrounding
trees, screaming, are consumed by
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
until wet, 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

Birth-Death

u urged me to jump,
free-falling from a jutting ledge
from the blue of the mountains
into the dark valley below

u promised i would not die
tho death was assured --
believe me and live, u stated,
as if God had spoken

but the voice issued from within
tho its origin was somewhere
unspecified tho more familiar
than myself

have i lied to myself, a trick to
extinguish my tortures and joys
in this plane or was it some
strange misplacement?

it seemed impossible, thoughts
racing at the speed of light, i had
jumped without thinking and was
in free fall, no panic only exhilaration
certain this would be the last
of my many follies, the valley floor
approaching in rapid and slow motion

options reduced to nothing in the
hands of Newton tho a flash screamed
through my brain --
surrender is ur only choice/option,
i would remain master by volition

i let it all go, and surrendered completely
only to find myself elsewhere
flooded in radiant white light
drowning now in ineffable ecstasy

u kept ur impossible word
the very first Word spoken

i continue though not as before
indeed, i died to my former tortured,
ignorant self and became a poet
among other inconceivable things

Wayfarer

this road must lead somewhere
tho it has become a track in this
dense forest, so faint is the track
that it has become a trail,
without focus and vigilance
one is easily lost

i must not be distracted or lured
off course by exquisite wildflowers,
aromatic fruits and perfumed herbs
or repelled by grotesque shapes
and gnarled forms, the track will
lead me out into the open spaces,
a warm breeze and the dazzling
light of day if i remain true to it

it is rumoured that many have taken
this path but i think not as it seems
tailored for this traveller, it is
peculiar to me, my path, tho it may
lead to a common destination this
road is meant for me

at times easy at other times difficult,
each phase poses its own unique
challenges – it's that uniqueness
that indicates this path is mine alone

should i lose track i would be utterly
lost, previous experience has taught me
not to meander as it has taken
greater effort to return to my course

light pierces the trees, the track has

led me out of the darkness into
open green fields speckled with
tiny wildflowers all moving in rhythm
with the wind but the track is now
imperceptible in this expansive beauty,
i seem to have lost my course

the grasses have not been trodden
underfoot or paw or hoof, i am
perplexed but i know the way is sure

turning slowly around, one
feature becomes apparent in
the distance – at first a mountain
then a cloud all reflected sunlight
tho the reflector is indistinct due
to the brilliance of the light, that reflects,
yet this one outstanding feature
becomes a beacon or signpost and so
the path was not lost, after all, it is
adapted to suit the traveller

i make for the source of light,
as i walk the pressed grass returns
to its previous supple and upright
position leaving no hint or trace that
anything has passed

i am refreshed in the open
and begin to stride to my
destination easily making up
for lost time navigating the
dark forest

it seems i have covered leagues
in minutes, tho years were spent

in darkness

i stand before a large quartz
jutting from a boulder, no longer
glowing in the light, the perspective
has changed tho the crystal continues
to reveal the way

the apex of its form points in a specific
direction which i must follow
if i am to complete this journey

it points to a peak in the distance
one that seems familiar, the sight
of it lifts my heart and eases my soul,
i know it is where i must go

when i finally arrive i am overwhelmed
by all the familiar sights, sounds and scents
and the unmistakable warmth of home,

it becomes apparent that this is the exact
place i began my journey back Home

Challenge

trees push and climb into the Light displacing others and replacing those that have fallen

composed of earth, water and air only,
but a tree is not a rose which vulva-smooth
soft scarlet petals are also composed
of earth, water and air

a man walks naked through a forest
understanding the need or desire of its
expression and regeneration;
giant trees form from seeds and sprouts
and express themselves in myriad manner
but cannot escape the three primal elements
the simple stuff of their existence, earth,
water and air, three of the four primal
elements, what need then to split hairs,
which process never stops?

but that is not what fascinates, it is the
secrets of nature, the intelligence supreme
that is able to form a towering tree or an
exquisite rose though originating from the
same materials – what drives this expression
into multifarious forms built from the
rudimentary?

a necessary question as all animals share the
same rudimentary materials as vegetation, man
included, which creature reduces to a few cents
of essential materials, even less it would seem
to others of the species

and so scientists avoid this question that

they cannot fathom and never would know
the driving expression that transforms an acorn
into a huge tree, tho DNA is the best they are
able to offer But what intelligence forms and
drives DNA?

how does the dormant seed know how to gather
nutrients and water from the earth and transpire
air?

they haven't got a clue, DNA is not an answer,
it is clearly another question, their feeble
explanations are inadequate as theirs is a discipline
of questions not answers tho traditionalists know
how nature expresses itself and why, without
measure or rule/r

indeed the entire earth plane and its accoutrements
are pushing into the Light completely
harmonised with everything in and around,
in other words all that we know are manifestations
of the same thing in various waves or frequencies,
of the primal Light but it appears diverse in
its going as One mutually interdependent infinite
Whole

so i ask u why fragment/divide the harmony
of the whole and attempt to “subdue the earth,”
a completely insane suggestion as the only thing
subjugated is the subjugator, a completely moronic
pursuit as we see the disharmonious results on
the earth today

the wind sometimes whistles sometimes eases
into breeze and at other times wreaks havoc but
it is only moving air agitated by discordant

pressures created by man -- good luck with the
'subduing,' you ignorant clowns

the Galaxy is a sea-shell on the sea floor, a
sunflower and snail shell of the earth,
which spiral repeats itself in the 'Milky
Way' so have we understood that message
of existence repeated everywhere?

be sure that spiral speaks loud and clear of
the harmony of infinity

why would anyone believe the dissociated scientific
drivel of the perverse and lost and hold them in
high regard?

dumb, brain dead scientists, is something trying
to tell u something that you could learn from
a pine cone?

a signature/message perhaps, which opens an
avenue to understanding everything, as no
spiral has a beginning or end, it continues

and so it becomes apparent that the end and
beginning arrive at the same
kinetic movement of continuity/infinity,
where no subduing of anything is necessary
or would you care to challenge this with your
blind eyes and retarded understanding; perhaps
that is why all scientists require a ruler –
double meaning intended

the infinite universe dances in Bliss revealing
itself naked in all its splendour, but scientists
balk at such qualitative sentiments as their world

is devoid of Love and heart, the poor bereft
fools

they will never know the secrets of immeasurable
existence, displayed openly for all to see and feel

without Love and its glory, as it is THAT which
impels infinity's dance and all its concordant
harmonies in every sphere, plane and dimension,

so if you dare speak to me of Creation expect
my pistol to be drawn to put an end to your
pollution and idiotic perversities

We are of the forever – and We are One without
measure – Our Fire is irresistible and consumes
All perversities

Senseless

there is no sense to be had from
dulled senses that feed/pollute minds
creating perversity

what lasting benefit or good is to be
had from the conflicts born/e of
perverse dulled minds?

give me pure food and water to
eat and drink which once grew
and flowed clean in their abundance
and clean air to breathe while you
choke on the smog of ur cities

ur poison minds produce poison fruits
u are killing the earth and its life
though ur avaricious, dulled minds
tell u it's necessary for profit, progress,
and survival but what profit/progress
exists in chemical death?

there is no mystery except the profound
stupidity of humankind turning away
from the natural and rejecting all nature's
harmonies, natural and clean

contorted avaricious minds twisted into
knots cannot hope to see the easy path
of harmonious existence

so continue until u are no more
never knowing the paradise u have
lost, existence will not miss u

join the many failed species before u;
existence continues without the slightest
regret, only those aware of its harmony
and peace thrive in worlds beyond ur
pathetic, poisonous reach

you have only failed your profoundly
stupid, greedy selves

Wild Wind

completely pointless it is
to dwell on pain, suffering
and the injustices we experience,
call it our entry fee to this
fucked up earth plane, a debt
or tax for the 'privilege'

so what is it that compensates
for all the hurt and madness?

we have **choice!**
a choice to ride the wild wind
or accept the tortuous subjection
and life of an abused dog

for me to choose the wild and
unpredictable was instant as my
time as a whimpering dog was
over

to dare where others imagine
angels fear to tread exhilarates
every aspect of Being, to dare
and succeed is beyond description

to finally spit in the eye of fear
and rage against the forces that
once subjected and enslaved
leads to Real freedom and to the
Creator whose infinite wisdom
and intelligence informed me
that i had finally understood
the challenges of human life
in today's world which must be

overcome regardless of particular
handicaps and obstructions

[to then] ride free on the wild
whirling wind of all Existence

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 articulation

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 gods
and goddesses

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,
why question and perhaps ruin
what we share?

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

haul me back into ur embrace please

i am lost without you

the sight of u launches me into
ecstasy, ur embrace reverberates
to the core of my being; waterfalls
plunge without care 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 you walked into the room

stay with me ... and Continue

Timeless

those magical moments when a glance,
a gesture or smile ruptures the cosmos
and all its power, beauty and ineffable
Love pours through drenching being
and dissolving the lie that was created
by culture

if i could love u simply because of a
moment, if i could appear and disappear
simultaneously u would know me but
while u search for an identity u have
no hope of finding me

rapture is my name and infinity my home
where nothing exists that is fixed or able
to be located

cease ur endless search for what does not
exist, a separate, individual identity,
which i have gladly offered for my freedom
and the flux of the unexplainable,
description-less and unformed from
which everything is formed

look behind what u see and see me
immeasurable against the firmament
which is dwarfed by that endless moment
of rupture/rapture; it is those moments
only that open the door to infinity
unplanned, unsought but discoverable

if i was an object i would gladly offer
it to u, but if the hand of god is unable
to grasp it do not expect the impossible,

though if u able to catch the wind or
contain the ocean in a thimble u would
make progress

a thunderbolt is silenced by its pleasing,
continuous roar – offer ur naked self in
Love not of me but Love unconditionally
then u would find and embrace 'me'

however, if u diligently persist in ur search,
u would find something surprising
u would find urself within what u imagine
is me reflecting whatever passes by

The Forsaken

waters rise to accommodate
the changes, winds alter course
and intensity affected by the sea,
the once hidden future becomes
predictable

caught in the poisonous slow whirling
cycles of change dervishes dance,
mystics shudder in divine bliss,
there is no force able to disturb that
irresistible flow

those given choice have erred and
chosen death, a slow death of torment,
hollowing out life in stages and yet
they passively embrace their deaths
as if harmonious sustainable living
is somehow impossible

sleepwalking to oblivion, the adversary
triumphs over the horde, too many
have forsake their gifts/options
allowing demons to dominate the halls
of power

yet the immortal rose continues to
unfurl its sacred petals in sympathy
with the pattern of Creation

harmony and truth speak loud to
those that have an ear, perfection and
beauty reign supreme to those that
have an eye to See though cleansing
purges are visible on the horizon –

once again the cycle is ready to
repeat itself

while all the while infinity dances
whirling, swirling in the ecstasy of
creation though torment for reasons
known is now preferred by the majority
on this plane

And so it will Be

Drifting

there were times when fixators
desperately attempted to fix
the drifting plains and floating
lakes of mind, time and being,
though nailing water is impossible,
but try telling that to 'educators'
from kindy to the tertiary heights
of verbose convolutions – empty,
soulless, dry as rain/sun-bleached
dog shit, which incidentally no longer
exists on the streets as dog owners
are now forced to collect dog shit
in available plastic bags supplied
by local councils, how considerate
and desperately 'anal'

and so my metaphor is lost on those
younger than fifty, they were the
days, Triumphs, Nortons, Beezas,
greased hair and widgies turning
it on for the crew – bennies, dexies
and pot-fueled Beats and their
incessant philosophical chatter,
could be heard from the streets,
cool man

today they are but shadows mixed
with the smog that issues from city
corners where the splutter and drips
of imported italian espresso machines
once sang, gurgling like drunken
plumbing

the lanes and vacant lots that once

reeked of cunt and fermented sperm
are now apartment blocks tho haunted
with strange moans and grunts in the
dead of night

yet the past overtakes the present from
various perspectives complete with
sight, smell and sound drifting slowly
up through the tar, cement, new red
bricks, and iPhones, did u hear the
roar of a 650cc kick-starting?

the coo of doves is no longer heard
or the throat-calls of pigeons woo'ing

nothing from then enters now, the
digital age of alienated slaves with
iPhone in one hand and the other
on clit or cock, tragic

the old Moore Park pond surrounded
with rushes and all manner of water
catchment weeds bounding with frogs
and amphibian ejaculate frothing on
the surface have been replaced with
manicured concrete shores lacking
shelter and hides for water birds
nesting and raising their young

my head turns skyward, hoping its
blueness has remained, it has, tho
tinted with the brown of city pollution

the devoid scene is so sterile i am
forced to project my memory
into the real world and dress it in

its previous fertile glory, indeed
i am now able to see the kids playing
i'll show u mine if u show me yours
and elderly walkers tipping their hats

park rangers rode horses then, now
they drive swiftly past disconnected
like the educators that do not see the
floating lakes, drifting plains and the
open neighbourhood front doors
of the 50's

Fluid

hearts are plucked by the sweet
breeze of love and move with the
wind to the exquisite

seas rise and fall reaching for
the air of sky agitated by the
frenzy of the sweet wind roaring
as cyclonic spirals

all fluids respond to each other,
bodies swim internally and externally
whipping high dropping low
in spasms and according to the
flow at any given moment

sweat pours from bodies in
excitation as blood courses fast
then easy at rest

birds catch the fluid wind
without which no birds or
flying insects would have evolved

fish catch the fluid waters
darting/swimming in its invisible
blueness, no creature is aware of
the medium that supports it

the fluids of man transport the
essence and basics of life which
grow in/with fluids in the wet
bellies of women tho human bodies
also swim in rarefied fluids of
light before they are born

which dim almost to darkness
in parched dry civilisations

The Work

rest easy it is almost done, the work
is nearing completion

u spun the wheel in reverse so fast
it appears to be spinning forward,
the fools are mesmerised by its
glittering spokes

the capital no longer rests on solid
ground the buffoon has appointed
the means to end the poisonous,
murdering reign that disrupts an
otherwise peaceful world

the mass murdering buffoon has
been replaced the castle walls will
fall never to be rebuilt, the rogue
star and spangle are trapped
between the forces of entropy and
oblivion

rest now, a job well done

the reluctant would now be forced
to war, a madman ensures it

the world will shake from top to
bottom but survive, the warming
would soon produce food for
surviving humanity in the once
arctic regions of canada and siberia,
u have led our tribe to safety

the darkest cycle ends and another

begins, the billions that have slept
evading their responsibility would
hardly be aware they have been
slaughtered, they were the walking
dead that begged for their own
destruction, they smoulder now in
their toxic graves

that which was once uninhabitable
becomes a temperate home for our
children, each soul that resisted the
evil would find a place/home in a
new clean environment renewed
on the occasion

rest now,
every sigil and glyph u have designed
according to the secret science
will trigger the purging

tiny grains of sand tumble in a desert
wind rolling massive dunes across
the land burying the past tho our
oasis has never been assailed

their electric eyes u have blinded
they only see what they are taught
to see, the beast is easily led astray

u have remained invisible and ur tent
among the date palms and sweet waters
is undisturbed

put down ur stylus, codes and encryption
for now and rest, the screams and
thunder of destruction would not

awaken u, you have earned ur rest and
future

dream easy my first and last love
we have prevailed as u promised we
would forty years past

cease ur conjuring and magic the
servitors are in the field and in the
secret places following ur commands

they play the thoughts of the beast
like a stringed instrument, the final
outcome is Assured

the frantic tension u have created awaits
ignition, by the smallest tactical force
a cataclysm will be released from
which there will be no turning back

all is ready for ur final word and the
irreversible, shock awakening

Bards and Poets

old world European bards
that entertained villagers
spreading lyric verse/propaganda
while plucking the gut strings
of lutes are not dead today
in far away untamed lands
below the Southern Cross

poets scratch their verse
on scraps of paper illuminated
by eucalypt camp-fires describing
a red and seared interior saturated
with its own peculiar splendour,
all the while drawing on the same
font and spirit of inspiration that
bards knew so well

nothing in that sense has changed
since the first human scrawled an
image in a cave to magically
capture by representation an
object of need or desire

all the printed histories do not reveal
what a single ancient spray-stencilled
hand print reveals under a desert rocky
overhang – a human hand merging
with the land

none of our modern words could
hope to explain one man's stencilled
hand and all it entails, this land/hand
are inseparable, breaching time
and recording more than history

as it is, as i scratch it all down in
the eerie quiet of the interior,
where timeless whispers are easily
heard between the pops, crackling
of my camp-fire and the floating
scented smoke of undisturbed
Australia

Raindrop

during a summer shower
the universe revealed itself

under the scented pines one
raindrop precariously dangling
from a pine-needle caught the
rays of the sun and exploded
in colour and reach revealing
as i watched all there was to see

in the tiniest manifestation all
existence opened, as all things
contain the inherent pattern and
harmony of Existence regardless
of measure

a huge heavy prison door flung
open in my mind to reveal the
continuous process of creation
which words fail to describe

lost in the experience my (false)
identity evaporated replaced
by ineffable joy, peace and bliss,
such a wonder – yet i realised that
it was always me/everything, the
entirety of infinite existence was
me though i no longer existed as
something lost and separate
from the whole

and so today i watch the clouds
watching me in their wonder;
rivers and streams transport me

in their flow; my finger tips outstretched
merge with the air yet i am never lost
in this overwhelming, scintillating ocean,
as wherever it takes me i am home

Grey

the sky hangs low, it's dreams
abandoned in its youth, it draws
its bleeding sunset/rise colours
into grey, yet the sun always shines
above the opaque grey

only those under it are deprived of
light, warmth and hope

to compensate for the loss
people have become addicted to
electronic representations of
warm sun-drenched days
presented on small and large screens
that increase in size as the tolerance
for artificial stimuli increases

the sky is falling, so low today
tall trees are burdened with
supporting it above the ground
where all the desperate live
their vacuous lives fixed on
smaller pocket-sized screens to
evade (momentarily) the enveloping
greyness as they move around
like soulless ghosts, though the
sun continues to shine above the
greyness

few if any put down their desperate
screens and attempt to climb
mountains which summits are
bathed in golden light and cleaned
with crystal clean air

Holi

i met alicia in her wonderland
lying on wet grass like a shot bird
in the rain, dressed in white singlet
and light track pants, in training
except for her wound

'do not lie on the wet grass,' I said
paternally, 'it's not too wet,' she
replied

'ur a little platypus,' and continued
my walk with amused friend,
tho I glanced back one time

flat on her back, arms and legs
spread-eagle on the wet grass like
da Vinci's golden mean but head
to the side looking directly at us,
smiling

this little gold-haired platypus
captured by her transforming,
adolescent hormones exhibited
something rare in her bearing

I could see her future, which
flashed across my mind
and saw countless entranced
men following her adult form
to the ends of the earth
while she continued smiling
that cheeky little smile

Mountains and Hills

the common lowlands are no place
for heroes to die, as everyone dies
on the plains, flat and even, devoid
of distinction – cemeteries are never
located on mountains

ask yourself why heroes die solitary
on mountains overlooking common
ground – they earn their place above
the rest whether by execution or
choice

having scaled and overcome
the challenges of life they are raised
in death on high hills that separate
and elevate

a crooked tree, ageless, prevailed
upon by the elements grows on my
hill overlooking the sea, cities and
plains

sitting under it is as comfortable
as a womb before birth – plains
people sometimes gather but never
dare to ascend, they know their
place and limitations

the branches of my tree are grooved
from hanging ropes dispensing death
over the years, too many to count
and if i die on top of my hill by rope,
nail or bullet know that I have been
released leaving my flesh garment

behind as a sign/al for others to read
and ponder whether they are
dead in life or alive in death

Dead

the flag, heavy with rain
barely moves in the wind
the rotunda deserted

rain pellets strike the surface
of the lake, bugle and drum
are silent

a nation without pity dies
inert bodies strewn like refuse
in the field

ur hair lifted and flowing in the
summer breeze now drips heavy
water, the colour of life is absent
from ur face tho ur beauty remains
like white porcelain, cold to the
touch

wild water birds shriek as they fly
leaving a head lolling to and fro
on the back of a black swan still
moving but dying from a broken
neck

a neck broken that once held high
the majesty of life – death has
overtaken everything past and perverse
making way for the white pelicans
and swans of future time

a warning sign remains by the lake,
pure water that once supported water
grasses, amphibians and birds only

grows toxic algae today, fertilised
by the folly of men

Flying

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, mountains
and plains, 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 culture?

play me forever, never leave me,
i surrender completely

Cormorant's Wing

two cormorants winged
over the cemetery by the sea
never seen before tho it is home
to hawks hovering in strong and
easy breezes until they jerk and
dive on defenceless prey

cormorants are my favourite
sea bird, an omen perhaps,
unseen over a thirty year span

spear beaks and supple necks
tho a cormorant's wing is
something special turned back
where other birds fan their flight
feathers

a natural fighter in the sky and
sea perfectly adapted for either
medium while humans flounder
in both

i watch women pass with noses
high and rehearsed gaits hoping
to catch an eye and smile, tho
completely unnatural are their
movements

asian silk on asian skin
a perfect match, no occidental
woman could hope to compete
tho they stretch their necks
in vain attempts to be graceful

clod-hopping bovines, you haven't
a chance, i have always preferred
opium to tobacco

Mandrake

the cosmic sea churns
saturated with life,
its essence distils into
a silver chalice, an
invitation to complete
liberation

u draw ur wand, zinc-willow
and crystal tipped,
only heroes enter this space

not yet free, as existence
invites instant death only
surrendering its prize,
to the few that overcome

u push on, unrelenting persistence
wins, u know it – allow the
meek to inherit slavery
to which state they are born

climbing to the summit lashed
by cutting winds and ice,
u persevere until u crawl exhausted
onto the level summit of ur
life upon which is found
a small stone enclosure

u enter without hesitation and
take the golden crown refined
by ur indomitable will and
unwavering focus – it shines
brighter than a million suns,
u pause, fascinated by its wonder

then place it on ur head

the silver chalice appears in its
former place brimming with the
essence, the elixir of immortality

u imbibe the nectar of the gods
who gather before u waiting for
the final outcome, they kneel,
they know their creator and place

u alone must overcome

goddesses appear alluring, sensual
moist with desire, u are not distracted

with chalice in left hand and wand
in right, u complete the ritual and
explode into infinite space swirling
with galaxies which appear as small
jewels relative to ur size

u continue undaunted to the black
centre that draws the known
into its pitch darkness and dive
deep into its qualities only to emerge
on the other side as an indestructible
Creator

One with all, u dance, ur dancing
produces all that is and is not and
that which is in between –
everything scintillating in throes
of ecstasy

the confines of body and mind

sacrificed to unfettered, uncontaminated
Consciousness – u take ur place beside
the infinite originator, who is happy
to see that You have finally overcome

Tat Tvam Asi – Thou art THAT

Phosphorescence

only on moonless nights is it seen
the phosphorescent glow that
surrounds and defines things in
the night – all things emit light tho
ever so faint

that light is seen by the keen eye
and mind and defines each object
tho living things emit a stronger
light as would be expected

they all work tirelessly in the night
preparing for a different work
during the day

the only real darkness is that which
exists in the minds of men; ignorance,
which breeds selfishness and stupidity
to the point where entire populations
are now led by madmen

such darkness/ignorance is blacker
than the darkest night, nothing is
discerned or defined properly, it
can't be

so the denizens of that blackness
attempt to rail against the light of
day, to no avail of course, but what
do the blind see? nothing outside
their own puny perversity

Field of Sorrows

black crows pick at the bones
of defeated soldiers and the
peasants that joined them,
only in defeat are nations
formed – lest we forget

the field is everywhere tended
by those that grow bones and rob
the people of their lives, labour
and joys

kill, you must kill in order to live
free tho freedom is a lie that tyrants
and cowards spin – die for me, as
I and mine are unable to fight, we
have grown soft riding the lives of
others and building castles from
their bones

the field is green today, nature is
irresistible, life overcomes death
at every turn

the flowing river reflects the green
from surrounding trees in which
emerald green parrots squawk and
chatter

the black crows are gone but will
return as the farmers of bones
and profit are never satisfied

Insignificant

threatened, the reflex took over
like a puffer fish ballooning

proportions impossible to measure
beyond meagre reason until the
spinning milky way became something
to poke a finger through

size is relative yet changing proportion
defies attacks at micro or macro levels
depending on the nature of the threat

so now Atlas is a microscopic creature
holding only the earth on his back, barely
discernible in the viscous ejaculate
of the galaxy

nebula and imploding/exploding suns
twinkle like glints in the eye

the victorious claim this ability is only
available to sages able to transform
reality according to their harmonious
desires – each movement disrupting a
previous sequence transforming the
known potential into an unknown
manifestation/pattern until creation
is adjusted forming a new harmony,
as nothing is able to disturb the concordant
symphony of all creation, one merely
strikes a new note in the symphony

search for the cause as it is impossible
to trace like a poem not yet encoded,

an impulse before creation, a magic spell
when written changing everything, making
the possible impossible and the impossible
possible

but really, what would destructive little
creatures on the back of a spec in an
expanding universe of magical splendour,
know?

Rains

words like rain fall and form puddles
and streams eventually finding their
way back to the sea of fluid inspiration
ready to re-enter the domain of the airy
sylphs and fall again onto paper and
screen as poems, articles, essays,
discourse and more; like the rains,
that endless cycle supports fluid
writers of the past, present and future

there comes a time however, when
limited words fail to capture and
express new meaning; in fact words
only transmit what is already known,
and the known is not new

puddles of revitalising rain then form
stagnant, dark pools reflecting the
morbidity of failing cultures, which
nevertheless promise evolutionary
change in their dying – we live in
those times

the abused signs and symbols that
once cemented culture are now frayed
by abuse and over-use, they have
exhausted interpreters/readers/decoders,
drying the lakes of possibility and
inspiration

we are left with no means by which
to locate meaning in the post-truth era
and so the proportionately growing
entropy of meaninglessness prevails

over truth, tho words have never been
able to capture Truth, but inference,
intimation, imputation and allusion
were once enough

at this daunting juncture between meaning
and loss of culture wise scribes put down
their styluses, pens and keyboards --
divested of meaning words carry only
subjective illusions, fictions, myths
and dreams

today the author may have died but like
the rains the future portends a new
revitalising storm that would drown the
remnants of the known and allow the
unknown to sprout and grow, all the while
being fed by cyclic rains

readers/culture are momentarily abandoned
to reflect only on their reflections

MeaningLess or More

An intriguing word as all successful communication depends on meaning and the signs and symbols that transport culturally learned meaning/s.

It becomes fairly obvious that 'meaning' is a learned process in that we learn to associate certain signs, symbols and actions with specific meanings; for instance, in Australian culture an upraised thumb, is a derogatory sign, it sort of translates as 'up your arse,' or 'get fucked' in the negative sense; whereas in America an upraised thumb is a sign of victory or success, the index finger is used in America to transmit what an upraised thumb 'was' in Oz, tho the American media has altered Australian culture, the index finger now replacing the message of an upraised thumb, bear with it, i am merely emphasising that meaning is learned and is culture specific.

The learning process (socialisation) is intense in youth but continues through old age tho the elderly are often mocked by youth that have new meanings associated with various signs, symbols producing new values to communicate their intentions; indeed, there is no escaping culture as responsible for meaning – so why is there so much confusion regarding intended meaning in communication?

Personal experience, bias and subjectivity are most often blamed for faulty communication, hence various professions utilise jargon, and for semioticians jargon is far clearer than the utilisation of common words, nevertheless jargon is language, a sort of slang, which is a far more efficient means of communication than common language.

However, all language breaks down when attempts are made to transmit profound, abstract and intuitive based meanings; words fail and the devices of poetics are resorted to, allusion, analogy, metaphor, simile etc, which is why poetry is felt while it is read, poets use language to reach beyond language into other sentient realms. Now it should be noted that while poetry has more success in 'moving' or 'resonating' with readers it also depends to a large degree on Subjectivity, as no fixed meaning in transmission is attempted, readers are left to interpret what they read, which

makes poetry of all ages, a post-modern art form, poetry is therefore liberating in many respects while common language imprisons and attempts to fix.

Now consider that culturally inculcated meanings become an automatic interpretive process, making subjects slaves to language, which is why advertising and marketing strategies are successful, as the automatic process is utilised to force interpreters to do what they otherwise may not do, consider your shopping habits and how you select branded items, via superimposed, unconsciously learned, preferences.

Today arguments regarding freedom, free will and liberty proliferate, as clearly language, including abstract signs and emotive symbols, are utilised to enslave entire populations. The open ended political slogan is a good example of how intended meanings or distractions usually designed to capture, are utilised by marketers, PR and advertising consultants to allow readers/interpreters to fill in the blanks with their own biases and hopes, for example, the now infamous, unqualified phrase, “light at the end of the tunnel,” which was utilised politically to dupe the population and prolong the senseless, mass murdering war in Vietnam.

Nevertheless, we all have resistant mechanisms, which are subjectivity and personal bias, it is our own distorted (subjective) interpretations that either help to enslave or liberate us.

So the next time someone accuses you of subjectivity say, thank you. Without it we would all be mindless automatons – hmm!

Storming Heaven

such was my longing that I
stormed paradise while
the gates were unguarded,
the golden lock and chain did
i break with a spell

but as fast as i entered i was
ejected, one has to earn a
permanent place here

nevertheless, a millisecond in
paradise is worth the pleasures
of trillions of lives, i was hooked
such was the ineffable awe, beauty
and bliss of the experience that
now i have no peace, as i must
return

it was strangely familiar, i had
been there before, i recalled with
effort, so what was i doing here in
this hell-hole when i remembered
from where i originated?

who or what threw me out of paradise,
was it due to my forced re-entry or a
matter of course?

the gates are now permanently guarded
and locked with an unbreakable seal in
order to prevent another forced entry

millennia have passed while i tried
desperately to overcome the walls

and gate of paradise but to no avail,
i had to earn my place with focused
mind, deed and action, the currency
required to enter and remain

but i have imagination, the pedestrian
route was never for me so i hatched a
plan as i could never tolerate rejection,
paradise is our true home

over time and more failed attempts
than i care to count, my skills developed
to exceptional levels, so why not?

the Light would not deprive me of its
sublimity any longer

i knew from previous experience that
the Light may manifest as Gods in
various worlds to instruct and assist,
it was these manifestations that could
easily be exploited, so i waited till
the earth was scheduled for an appearance
and the Light to inhabit a human body

so i too appeared on the earth and cultivated
a disguise to express my plan

i instructed her to offer a beautiful garment
fit for a King as a gift offering to the
the God, knowing full well that the Light
must return to paradise

the avatar received the gift with a smile
and donned the garment

after the work was completed it returned
to paradise in form until it entered the
gate whereupon the God resumed its
native state and transformed the garment
it wore to the same essential Light,
which is the substrate of all Existence

i now remain as the Light i emanated from

it was only for a brief period that i became
a fine robe fit for a King

perhaps it was my mastery of the art of
Transformation that finally earned my place
in paradise, but i cannot be sure

Beset

it seems that whichever direction i took regardless of context i was/am besieged with all manner of problems; it troubled me for years until one magic day a solution was provided or rather I discovered, as it was always available

the problems were neutralised by a simple process of dis-location, that is, non-immersion in the problem itself rather in favour of dealing with how it was formed or occurred, one could say the 'paths' to and from were responsible, not the outcome or result

so in order not to create unwanted problems/ outcomes a new approach was required, one that would not create monster tribulations

another requirement was essential, the actor or protagonist must not exist or be recognised by self or another – of course problems only exist for those affected or infected by them, problems are the consequence of attached actions as distinct from unattached actions, which find nowhere to attach themselves or roost

it was a challenging undertaking not to exist but operational so to speak in the world, the mother of all problems – 'to be or not to be,' surely was the question

yet this binary was not a mutually exclusive affair,

i discovered i merely had to exist as something other than a focal point or subject

by pure chance some years back an astrologer asked to calculate my natal chart and as i was born in a military hospital in Europe precise details of time of birth were available on my birth certificate, there is a point to this so persevere

apparently i had the planet neptune precisely on my 'Imum coeli,' (Latin for "bottom of the sky") which (IC) translates as home, foundation, location, place, etc, and neptune dissolves everything it touches, or rather permeates, its non-specificity influencing the affected other, how fortunate for my solution with problems, as they required a specific place/location upon which to act; in other words i had to be located before any agent could affect me

put simply, i presented not only a moving target but a dissolving target, one must be located before any external agent could take an effect

tho this astrological placement has its negatives, for instance, how could anyone project personal love onto a phantom? 'i can't reach you,' (for purposes of control, no doubt) was always the complaint from females yet there i was in their respective faces, though the result is i have remained single/unmarried all my life, and can't get a bank or credit loan, etc, nor do i have a finance history, and all my 'bona fide' photo IDs are not helpful due to the lack of the

above to substantiate 'me'

though it's all no great loss, some would say a huge benefit, so my solution, by circumstance of birth and personal effort was gifted to me and previously earned tho i act in the world, and effect changes, yet the world is unable to apprehend/comprehend the actor physically, psychologically, spiritually or by any means at its disposal, including physical surveillance, as by pure chance i have a beard and wear spectacles, which prevent biometric identification, how handy in today's surveillance states

so you see, being and non-being are not mutually exclusive as anyone with a little effort is able to be or not to be simultaneously

Who or What?

does a flower know itself,
its scent, its beauty
its manifesting rhythms?

a good question that requires
an answer

immediately it becomes apparent
that a flower just is what it is,
what need to know when existence
speaks for itself

how very smart a flower is not to
entangle itself in an identity, fraught
with all manner of perplexities
stemming from a created personal
pronoun/identity that today plagues
all humankind

in the west it was that fool Descartes,
who stated "i think therefore i am,"
without considering the origin and
process of thought and the use of a
personal pronoun as a given,
which if one cares to analyse
are all learned from culture,
so who indeed is the, 'i am'
without learned thought to interfere
with pristine, continuous existence,
who indeed?

humanity vexes over nothing or rather
superimposed illusions implanted during

the socialisation process, we 'think' we
are American, Chinese or some such other
falsity while missing existence pure and
simple – so what is behind thought,
you dumb deluded fool, Descartes?

nothing actually, or should i say nothing
which is more accurate?

there is no need of an identity or concept
as self as awareness speaks from its core,
so who are you?

i already know, you haven't got a clue,
as everything you imagine you are has
been learned

so please don't piss me off with, left-right,
marxist-capitalist or this that crapulous
learned illusions, as nothing tops a flower
without the slightest notion of identity,
but an acute expression of pure Being

you search for truth with thought,
like maggots searching through shit
for food, but u should know that
thought can only find itself

what then is left to apprehend reality/
existence? i could answer in words
but that would be self-defeating,
wouldn't it? for those of you that
have a functional brain

so to the few remaining that intuitively
understand, look behind what you have

been taught and you would soon realise
that it's culture, which is a croc –
how can anything lose itself?

so, knowing that you indeed exist now
follow that lead, find yourself without
looking or searching and if u wake
from ur sleep all your superimposed
desperate needs would evaporate as
they would no longer exist, but you would

so who or what are you?

Time

the absurdity of time, idiotic
because it is simply arbitrary
delineations superimposed on
continuity in order to serve
mercantilism

however, reality/existence is
eternal, kinetic no beginning,
no end, only immeasurable infinity
or the process of Be-ing

how absurd time is when i reflect
on my presence

my Love has never aged, weakened
or diminished; my body, though
has a beginning so it must end
it serves its purpose as a suitable
vehicle but it rules nothing but itself,
certainly not me or the continuity
of consciousness/Love,
which immortality scoffs at the limited/
finite, governed by time/space

existence/life cannot destroy itself
but bodies die, so what is it that lives
always?

and to think that all the religious
texts fail to mention the obvious,
continuity cannot cease, so what
need is there for grief, loss or
despair or 'success?'

infinity is Bliss by nature and
the power that drives it is Love

how absurd time/space, which rules
a world of finite illusions which it
creates while Infinity dances on in
Joy, harmony and Bliss

Coral

the 'Great' Barrier Reef is dying,
good work Australia!

the sugar lobby presses governments
and seeps its poisonous fertilisers
into the sea, which choke the reef
and allow star-fish predators
to chew the life from the corals
while the coal industry dumps its black
waste in our pristine northern waters

in '73 the CSIRO warned of impending
doom for the reef if we didn't heed the
warnings, but do natural wonders win
seats in parliament?

perhaps they should, along with
fracking bans and other disruptive
poisonous practices – what value
do Aussies place on the treasures
of our land and sea?

gross incompetence prevails in the
political capital, only voters are able
to supply the appropriate shock
to the capital – dump corporate-loving
lackey politicians that serve exploiting
and destructive corporations and the
parasitic banks that support them

are they worth the death of arable land,
rich coasts and seas – who lends assistance
to big agriculture and mining companies
that rape and pollute so fat cats are able

to live their pathetic decadent lives,
how many gold taps do you have in your
bathroom?

the big banks have been exposed as
criminal enterprises and more is yet to
be revealed, why serve these bludgers/
parasites that have our servile politicians
in their pockets?

Oz is rich but its resources are finite,
is there a regulating, sustainable hand
from servile Canberra politicians that
allow the rape and pollution our land
and seas?

what would our children inherit in a
poisoned vanquished land and desert
seas?

the answer lies in bleached white dead
corals, Ruin!

40% of the reef is gone but we can do
better, let's make it 60% in the next few
years, our complacency is something
we could truly be proud of

take a lesson from the originals that
never abused the land and seas,
we either respect and preserve our
unique home and all its wonders
or allow avaricious corporates to
kill it for short term profits,
how's that?

only Australians can save Australia from
foreign corporate rogues and rapacious
transnational exploiters/thieves

we are able to change the political culture
of Canberra at the ballot box by not
supporting the two major parties, make
your vote count and send a clear message
to lackey politicians and return Oz to its
traditional values without which the
nation/culture is lost

Nada Shakti – The Nature of Reality

As we should all be aware in this modern educated age of stupor, matter is comprised of particles – protons, neutrons and an infinite (yes, infinite) ‘number’ of nano particles and of course, electrons.

These components are the same, a proton, neutron and electron in one atom are no different to the protons, neutrons etc, of other atoms, so what is it that creates the plurality of things in the phenomenological universe?

Vibration, in a word. But what is it that determines vibration or the varying pitches or frequencies of different elements when their component parts are the same? Simply, it’s the number of component parts in any given atom.

Each atom generates its own peculiar vibration so one could easily say the entire universe is sound, as sound is nothing but vibration and so it goes that if we follow any sound to its source we encounter the primal creative sound, which pulses its own unique, dynamic, Creative frequency as the original, primal sound.

Now a little refinement. ‘Particles’ are really energy vibrations vibrating at particular pitches or frequencies, which remain constant, hence we are able to differentiate various things of differing frequencies, therefore creation is an orchestra of multi-various sounds – in fact, there is no such thing as matter per se.

However, ‘they’ all issue from one infinite emanating ‘source,’ which is the most rarefied of all frequencies, in fact, it is literally ‘off the scale,’ as it contains within it the ‘seeds’ of all other frequencies – this aspect is impossible to grasp intellectually as it is an infinite kinetic process and the mind is finite therefore unable to apprehend infinite reality. However, once the mind is freed from its finite shackles (cultural thoughts and concepts) it easily understands/embraces the reality and knows instantaneously, as apparent differences are obliterated in this state of Being, which has been described as total knowledge/awareness, which also has a quality, as do all other ‘things’ – that quality is ineffable Bliss, as creation is enraptured in its Creation! Never imagine for a second that existence is devoid of qualities,

as dry science and mathematics would have it.

Now, we are all part of creation and so are directly connected to the source of our creation, it stands to reason then that we are All able to trace a route to our source directly. One of many means of doing this is to follow the sounds that inhabit our particular being, which are heard only in a profound meditative state, indeed, in this state the once inaudible sounds begin to roar, hum and explode before confronting or entering the original sound/pulse of Creation.

Now to a practical method. Sit comfortably and quietly with spine erect following its natural curve, your/our centre of gravity is just below the navel – let go of all mental modulations (thoughts) and 'tune in' until sound is detectable. I should explain that these sounds are not of an environmental source, they emanate internally as you would soon discover. Continuous practice develops the inner aural 'organ,' which is not the ear though it may appear so. It may also assist if one mentally intones a low hum or according to the tradition Aum/Om, which is pronounced audibly as 'auoommm' which mental 'intonation' assists beginners in concentration, however, the internal 'Nada' would soon overtake it and become 'heard' then intonation is dispensed with as the inner 'sound' is far more alluring.

You see how incredibly easy (for those that persevere) it is to discover the pulse of 'God/Creation' and all the secrets of the infinite universe at Once! Surely, practice is a small price to pay for limitless Knowledge, Bliss and continuous Be-ing/Immortality.

Peace.

The Non-Existence of Being

it's a form of obsession with humankind, being and non-being, "to Be or not to be," is indeed the question that has challenged humankind since creation

subject to scrutiny, being reveals the most voluptuous 'things', however, the most rarefied conscious states issue from non-being

humans instinctively seek Truth and the primordial principle from which all life/existence sprang, and if we are fortunate enough to discover it we realise that it resides in non-being, which state alone is subject only to itself and is best expressed as, 'I am That I Am'

the self-created original is not subject to anything unlike its creation which is subject to it – all the dimensions and multifarious forms it creates or rather, emanate from it, are essentially illusory as they constitute a diverse plurality not of the character of One infinite continuum; plurality in short is a trick designed to ensnare with all its attractions and alluring temptations

and so we have infinite, self-created being/continuum and an illusory finite world of beginnings and endings

we have a vague inaccessible memory of our inception, it haunts us until we are

forced through circumstance, disappointment
and hardship to seek the secure constancy
of something beyond us

the question arises, how do we as finite beings
apprehend the infinite, immutable constant?

simple, by tracing our consciousness back
to its source, as nothing is separated from
the living principle

we are able to realise who we are and our
purpose in life

unsurprisingly much has been written
about this mysterious source throughout
the ages, why are we not surprised?

we are sentient, created beings and seek
that which created us and other answers
to life's enduring questions

now consider that the desire to know is
innate therefore common to all and that
throughout human history many have
pondered and inquired into the great
mysteries and the meaning of life

an ancient Hindu holy text begins:

“I am Life; The Life of all lives.
Adore Me who am Life.”

and as we know from a modicum
of theological knowledge the above
sentiment/claim is shared by almost

all the religions; we are also informed by various people from divergent cultures and historical periods that we have direct access to that source of Life

and so the mystery and meaning of our lives is accessible to those that pursue Truth to the end

in order to approach a condition of continuous becoming, which is the character of infinity, we must adopt a condition that is compatible and as thought is finite, which is the polar opposite of infinity, thought (conceptualisation) must be abandoned if we wish to apprehend truth or infinity

we learn from Zen Buddhism:

“sitting quietly doing nothing,
spring comes and the grass grows by itself”

which means do not fuss mentally as realising truth is Perfectly natural as is our direct and continuous connection to it

the cessation of thought, which is merely composed of cultural signs, images and symbols, eliminates the greatest barrier to understanding which is our false notions of a separate identity that defines us as different in a pluralistic world

our bodies are born therefore must die
yet something (primal memory) informs
us there's more, something that survives
and continues after physical death –
every culture believes in some sort of
afterlife and that is no coincidence
as we 'die' to our bodies regularly during
sleep, yet remain confident that we
continue to exist

we are in essence pure consciousness,
which state does not necessarily involve
thought; an empty or clear consciousness
becomes aware of itself and its source,
the seemingly endless process of thought
is culturally derived and with practice is
able to be subdued, Descartes unfortunately
got it very wrong when he attributed thought
as a condition of being/identity, "I think
therefore I am" is erroneous as Being is not
subject to thought, which assertion is 'easily'
verified by anyone willing to subdue the
incessant train of thought

Descartes' thought-based extremely limited
identity is a very poor substitute for unconditional
(Self) awareness of the infinite process of
Creation in which we are involved/participate

No Will, No Way!

The title is as true as can be, and is the open secret for achieving one's ambitions and goals.

Every person, group or nation, expresses its character and direction openly regardless of all the bull, myth, misinformation and propaganda that issues like sewage from the corporate mass media. The truth simply cannot be hidden if one takes a broad perspective and is able to understand what is on open display under everyone's nose.

We know the character of Australia and its cultural cringe, which forever seeks a parent figure to hide behind and to preserve its absurd infantile cultural mentality. And if you believe that this national temperament is merely a side issue or quaint cultural aberration, you would be deluded as on every occasion that a national leader in Australia attempts to assert independence, internal pathological forces of the cultural cringe band together and subvert all attempts to become a mature independent, sovereign nation; hence we have for the most part, servile lackey leaders that look to outside influences for guidance and leadership, a disgraceful state for Oz.

Now in stark contrast to infantile Oz we have adolescent and delinquent America as an openly criminal State that is pathologically vying for world domination, a futile and failed pursuit as history has proven time and again, but as the world knows Americans are not very bright or informed and foolishly believe the tripe that issues from their media, which claims America is exceptional and that 'God' is on its side, which is an obvious absurd lie; however, Americans imagine they, as exceptional beings are above the law and civilised moral values/principles.

And so is it any wonder that America violates moral, social and legal principles/laws/conventions on a daily basis. The open fact remains that America is the world's leading civilian killing nation, therefore the world's leading terrorist nation by definition and there is no avoiding that stark reality.

It is enough to cite those two examples as this short paper is not about pathological nations but the will to change or rather the lack of Will in the global population to restore decency, justice and democracy to nations that have clearly been captured by malevolent, destructive forces.

For Australia the solution is simple, grow up and install national independent leaders and take one's place in the world! For America, however, where the evil (proven) corporate and banker elites rule completely, the solution is a trifle more involved.

We read on American alternative media sites how the few thinking and intelligent people in America deplore the State of the nation yet they fail to outline the most basic reasons for its pathology and current criminal course, let alone undertake plans and the design of strategies and tactics to take back their hijacked Republic.

The problem of course is a lack of Will, which undeniably involves cowardice, from the public and as we all know without a Will there is no Way in any direction, and so we have the first western police state that people accept passively – what a thorough disgrace and transgression from the founding principles of that nation; the current status quo is nothing but a source of shame for all Americans, and yes, be aware that the world does not perceive America as exceptional, in fact, it views it realistically as a marauding, criminal, mass murdering State with a paralysed population of cowards and wimps – who else in the world would submit to genital groping at airports? Something Obama openly mocked the population about, notwithstanding the outrageous attack on liberty that the Boston lock-down openly displayed to a shocked world; an entire capital city was taken over by paramilitary police with unrestricted powers of intrusion, and for what? In order to apprehend One mortally wounded teenager, which arrest a citizen accomplished in the end – give the world a break deluded American dreamboats and cowards.

The point is, if we desire change we must first see what is wrong with the 'picture' and then formulate strategies and plans to remedy or rectify

obvious problems. After becoming aware of the obvious, and realising we, the overwhelming powerful majority want only freedom from State oppression, peace and harmony with our fellow man, it becomes imperative to act, however, the not so secret principle that fuels and propels action is the Will to Justice; need I say, it's time to 'get real,' people

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