

A close-up photograph of a butterfly with brown and blue wings feeding from a purple flower. The butterfly's wings are spread, showing a pattern of dark spots on the brown upper wings and blue lower wings. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green.

**Selected Articles Poetry
Love Healing Mysticism
Personal Social Liberation**

Volume II

Lindsay Traynor

Table of Contents

Selected Articles and Poetry by Lindsay Traynor

Time and Reality

Release is Instant

When in Doubt

Piano

Poison Apple

Song Forgotten

One Immutable Law

Web

Transcribe

Lassitude, Fear and Suffering

Runner

Floodgate

Good

Shattered Illusions

Kuang's Dream

Intrinsic

Aborted

State of Play

Invocation

Spirit Dance

Paradoxes

Lost Poems

Healing

Uncommon Trails/Trials

Whore of a Word

Taste of Victory

Indomitable

Saturn

See How They Run

The Relative Power Dynamic

American 'Know How,' Not Worth a Pinch of Shit

The Last Laugh

Thebes
Discourse of Discontent
Prevailing
Mountain Lake
Absence
Dance of the Firefly
Love is Not a Dirty Word
About the Author
Books by the Author:

Selected Articles Poetry by Lindsay Traynor

Volume II

Love Healing Mysticism Personal Social Liberation

"All things appear and disappear because of the concurrence of causes and conditions. Nothing ever exists entirely alone; everything is in dynamic relation to everything else." -- Buddha

Time and Reality

Time, that dynamic arbitrary form of measure upon which all western culture rides simply does not exist. We, everything exist in an indestructible continuum that is verifiable as continuous experience. Arguments attempting to validate an arbitrary form of measure (time) in an infinite continuum are absurd, have you ever attempted to introduce the 'past' or 'future' into the voluptuous, explosive present/Now? At best we are only able to veil continuous reality with illusions (false notions) fictions and myths, even memory is a process that occurs in the present; is anyone able to *experience* the past in the past or future in the future? No! All experience/reality is Now, including what we imagine the past or future to be. Put simply nothing exists or has ever existed outside the (continuous) present -- disbelievers, please try in vain to produce the past or future.

Perhaps it may be helpful to define Reality in order to proceed with clarity -- reality is here defined as continuous, evolving experience, which is the only demonstrable process/proof of existence; or defined in the negative, reality is a state devoid of all quantitative (measurable) superimpositions.

Consciousness is the sole determinant, nothing exists outside consciousness, that is self-evident; indeed, it is the One and only reality, as nothing can be experienced without a conscious 'experient,' and as declared, experience only occurs in the now or in the measureless, continuous, conscious present. Therefore it becomes evident that consciousness and reality are interchangeable terms, consciousness (not mind) is the infinite continuum or reality.

This piece is being 'written' as it is being read (simultaneously) by the actuating principle of the reader's consciousness; the 'author' is subsumed by the reader or more accurately is created by the reader. 'I' have never existed outside or separate from the reader's consciousness. Therefore, I am obliged to warn readers that reading this piece risks unsettling the (finite) mind, which is the measuring,

veiling faculty.

I should also state that 'Time and Reality' are mutually exclusive and that writing and reading are dreams within dreams.

Release is Instant

"By whatever thing you are bound, by that the bond is broken." --
Hevajra Tantra

The above axiom applies across the entire field of human experience/endeavour, including the social-political.

If you look to others or any authority for guidance and leadership you remain enslaved. Who is able to free another? Liberate yourself, it's only a positive attitude away.

Everything you think you are is a Lie, yes, everything! The complex of thought, including emotions and desires, that you regard as you has been superimposed onto your essential nature or inherent Being by culture.

Put simply you are not what you 'think' -- you existed long before the language of thought and will continue long after language has been abandoned in favour of direct, unfettered communication.

All thought is based on language, words, images and abstractions. And what is language but a conglomeration of culture or the repository of cultural experience?

Freedom cannot be bestowed or achieved by that which enslaves. But language can be turned in on itself until it eventually fails due to its obvious finite limitations -- it is a finite form of expression/representation and your inherent nature is infinite -- why would you identify with a mirage?

Truth is simplicity itself, nothing is simpler than recollecting who you really are. You already possess that which you seek, so why seek?

The act of seeking veils that which you would find; to quote a Zen adage, "those who seek do not find" -- Christians unhappily verify

that fact.

There is nothing gained and nothing lost, you already have everything, yes, everything you need to survive. Does all-encompassing Infinity lack anything?

You cannot be harmed, despoiled or polluted in any way unless you allow it, so why fear or be manipulated by fear? No man-made religion, god or weapon is able to prevail against Infinity/You!

Realise/release your Self/Truth and come together as equals; build whatever you choose that would replace the nightmare that others have created for you.

If you tire of your miserable, fearful unfulfilling existence simply sit quietly and let *thought* go, just let it All go until selfless, unconditional Love overwhelms existence. You would then emerge from your imposed prison, never to be enslaved again. The only difficult thing about this process is that you imagine it's difficult, it's not, it simply is You/reality.

Peace.

When in Doubt

whenever dread or doubt overtakes
me i surrender to Love, it never fails
me, it leads me straight to You delayed
only by the speed it takes for doubt
to depart

Love loosens the grip of despair until
it drops away like an autumn leaf

whenever, harsh words and poisonous
emotions are directed toward me i
open my heart to the light and warmth
of Love like a flower opens to the
warm light of the Sun; no venomous
dart is able to penetrate Love's
protective shield, nothing in this
universe is able to pollute Love's
enduring perfection

if i surrender all sense of individuality
Love delivers me to You in an instant

if i fix my eye on Love's luminescence
i am flooded in Bliss; if i allow it to
enter the secret chamber of my heart, i
am no more, only waves of joy and
Bliss remain

if i cast my eye on a cloud moving in
the expanse my burdens fall away
until i am lighter than air, a wisp lost
in delight

in its presence i forget the foolishness

that led me to despair

it is fortunate that Love provides a path
directly to You, it knows no other course

i wonder now what foolishness caused
me to meander -- in Love nothing remains
but Perfection

Piano

(struck) ivory keys ping and reverberate through my brain dredging up past memories complete with sound, sight and smell; they merge with the present forming an unlikely and unwelcome reality

my being begins to vibrate with the incongruous imagery and discordant sensory overload

i allow myself to swim in that sensory sea, drowning, re-experiencing images of Vietnam in Bondi (suffocating) me; an American legacy made possible by a servile Australian government

i had just finished high school and won the only lottery i never wished to win, the draft – no one but professional soldiers wanted to fight that criminal, ideological war

unknown to me at the time, the Gulf of Tonkin 'incident' -- the 60's version of 9/11 -- was the fabricated excuse the Americans used to enter this war of Vietnamese Independence from French colonial rule

against the odds the French had been comprehensively defeated by a determined and fearless Vietnamese army in the historic battle of Dien Bien

Phu

but the Americans would have none of it, war is America's vampiric lifeblood it must kill in order to sustain profit, any excuse for the murdering multi-nationals to turn a buck

another key is softly struck -- i am in my favourite den sucking an opium pipe, my means of coping with the constant fear, horror and dread

i did not share my comrades' taste for booze and numbing hangovers; opium left me aware, acute and anaesthetised to the horrors around me nor did i share the racist sentiments of the Americans and Aussies for the brave, noble and tenacious Vietnamese

i favoured, some would say loved, a beautiful Saigon girl, not a whore that soldiers degraded but a graceful, long-necked, proud Asian woman, she treated me well and i her

she disappeared one night while on an errand for her mother, some say she was a communist sympathiser, an agent gathering intelligence, a victim of the illegal *Phoenix program* -- perhaps, no one knew anything for sure in those days but i would guess she refused the advances of a South Vietnamese officer who lusted after her, he fiercely objected to her seeing me, a foreigner, she had

warned *me* to be careful many times –
a habit i maintain to this day

i recall with horror, the senseless killing
the fear of the people and the constant
US bombing – a non-aggressive nation
was transformed into a living hell

five million civilians and peasants killed
in Indo-China by the American carpet-
bombing campaign – reason enough to
justify my pledge to bring down that evil
empire of death and destruction

today my comrades are younger, the
weapons softer but more effective,
war has changed, today it is fought
invisibly, only Americans and their
stupid (servile) cohorts in crime fight
in the open

strike another ivory key transport me
i have been confronted by the realisation
that i loved that girl -- peace to you
wherever you are, my darling Ng

*[my name is major mitchell,
i am not a poet, my young comrades
assisted with this transmission]*

Poison Apple

navigating reality is an acquired
skill fraught with all manner of
tangles and illusions

i walk the city streets and forests
of my mind simultaneously,
choosing which creation/'reality'
to recognise as i sojourn
navigating my way through
every contorted tree and
gnarled pedestrian face that
impedes my progress

some denizens attempt a smile
as i cruise, their tortured faces
cracking with rarely used muscles
revealing morbidity in the city
streets and forests of their
illusions

no one is able to understand another
or transmit/receive a clear, un-
corrupted message, the fog of
desire and mist of anticipation
distort and colour everything
before it reaches its destination --
laying a foundation for future
disappointment, frustration and
regret, but we all keep trying
nevertheless

humans are easily the most
desperate and stubborn species
this planet has ever known,

what other species pursues
futility with such fervour and
single-minded compulsion?

most people compromise in the
end in order to desperately grab
what little joy is on offer –
a tragedy unfolding

yet there is a complete and perfect
fulfilment not found in culture's
woven illusions, religions, hedonism,
drugs and K-Mart orgasms (whenever
they're on special)

no more unsatisfactory, transient cheap
thrills for me – perhaps it is why this
man-made hell is so easily abandoned
in favour of true BE-ing, which flourishes
just a breath and choice away

Yes, selfless Love embraced, a state/
dimension that no cultural poison
could taint, torture or despoil, beyond
all limits and notions of identity where
culture finds no home

selfishness on the other hand is easy
prey to the monster that annihilates
everything and lays waste to all our
dreams and hopes

the towering figures, the good teachers
that went before did not lie, they
offered from the East and West timeless
simple Truths; we are our brothers
keeper and Love, not division, fear and

hate, offers perfect Liberation and a
solution to All our woes

examine carefully what is presented
and choose from what is offered wisely

Peace

Song Forgotten

(for Brett)

*"Can ya tell me
where we're headin'
Lincoln County Rd
or Armageddon,
seems like I've been
down this road before."*

A remembered past life, a forgotten
song, floodgates burst open releasing
repressed memories and images of
bloodied syringes strewn across
haunted passageways moist with tears,
dank with regret, unwritten chapters
of my early life

songs and pavlov's damn reflex so
sudden this inundation of grief for
you

past events captured and frozen in
a glass tube like a museum specimen,
a time capsule of gloom and dread,
should i have lived this long alone?
what cruel hand threw the dice that
left me and took you?

alone with my sculptured gloom,
ghosts and a song

i remember you so clearly long
dead now, decades ago u made
the front pages but not the bard

who fucked ur wife, he died in
ignominy

that human skull on your mantle
traced ur future too well, u used
it to inflate the price of ur pictures,
it used u to fulfil itself

i knew it would come to no good,
Melanesian spirits seek their
revenge and stolen rest

fear sticks to me like glue tonight
impelled to write myself free,
scratching oaths on a door that
must close on these haunting
memories and spinal chills

where are u friend, alive or dead?
where is ur strength and zeal, i
know not, the tears that flow
tonight are for you, but they are
mine, far too late to save what
could have been but never was

u left in despair to find solace
on that winged white steed
and black velvet sky etched
with every starry dream ever
spun

riding solitary in the eerie
stillness of night

i wasn't strong enough to bear
us both at the time having just
escaped that murderous demoness

that feeds on dead men's souls

my punctured arms and battered
heart are left howling tonight
like a white arctic wolf in the
chill blizzard wind

One Immutable Law

There is only One Law in this Universe and that Law is Love – we all know it though some would deny it. Love binds everything of itself, to itself forever. If you do not have Love you have nothing and woe to you.

The time of the re-adjustment and levelling fast approaches; every action in this universe produces consequences – good or bad relative to its compatibility to the One Law.

Whether you choose to remain outside yourself and perish or choose to return to yourself is a matter for you alone.

Your lying, evil leaders and poisonous cultures have led you to slavery, fear and misery; they are creating a hell on earth for you.

Do not think for a minute that the Law is mocked and that inequity, theft, deceit, the mass murder of innocents, indiscriminate destruction and every manner of perversion, go unpunished -- to each his reward; to the man, to the group, to the nation, indeed, to the planet itself.

All discords and disharmonies are corrected until flawless harmony is restored. There is no avoiding the harmonising factor in this universe. We are One as this universe is One.

He who tolerates injustice commits a greater injustice than the injustice ignored. Are we not our brother's keeper; is the universe able to turn on itself in hate, greed and mindless self-destruction?

While life exists Return is possible. I leave you to make Your choice but make it you must, by volition, inaction or complacency, your choice is made.

Selfless Love is the surest path to peace, harmony and salvation.

Only the insane cling to chaos, disharmony and destruction.

Peace.

Web

beware little fishes and breeze riding
butterflies

words spun by the accomplished are
nets/webs; all manner of lures, weapons
and healing salves they are

reality is a servant to a well-spun phrase,
word-chains form dazzling necklaces,
exclamations pick the locks of paradise

words yoke the unwary, beware my little
pretties, words both save and ruin

by design i tug at ur heart, entwine ur
soul and capture ur spirit easily

words dance on ur being as invited
hands dance around ur secret places

slow-moving fingertips release torrents
of pleasure, words send spirits soaring
or terrorise entire nations

consummate artists are able to span
the entire length of existence instantly
-- sweet kisses on ur neck and spine

the most adept and intelligent are slaves
to skilful code more so than the dull
and dense

no one is immune not even poets, we
are all defenceless

culture rests on the pillars of language,
texts are the building blocks of
'reality/mind'

so thrill or shrill, whatever the case
may be and never forget to whose
word-chains, rhymes and rhythms
you dance

Transcribe

some impressions translate easily
onto paper, others labour to become
reality

my pen completes the last letter of
the last word, "d" of a poem then
abandons the page

rain gently intrudes on the silence
pit pat, pitter-patter, under a leaden
sky

inside a cat curls and sleeps at my
feet

streets shine with clean rainwater
reflecting all that the world could
be

Lassitude, Fear and Suffering

Need I reiterate? At the root of all sorrow is desire – no doubt. An ancient Hindu axiom promulgated by Gautama Buddha. It is an inviolable Truth too often forgotten or ignored at great expense.

For those engaged in the pursuit of equanimity there can be no compromise, desire must be abandoned or one's sanity and peace forfeited to hell, we all know it from bitter experience.

Yet an ancient Hindu antidote for sorrow exists, unconditional Love.

Real Love is selfless, ever-giving, flowing and renewed by creation itself, all existence is saturated in Love, in fact all existence is an Expression of universal Love, so how could one go wrong embracing it? It is a far easier path to enlightenment than ascetic abandonment or forced disciplines though the same end is achieved, Nirvana.

Take your pick, the high or low road and make your play; you have everything to gain and nothing to lose as you are already saturated in Love – how very sweet it is.

If the above is not a self-evident, obvious Truth then tribulation is your fate until you realise the obvious.

Sweet peace to all Beings everywhere.

Runner

The price of avoiding responsibility for ur life/actions, notwithstanding its infantile pathology, is they accrue and build into an irresistible force that one day (be assured) demands addressing; usually when least expected or when vitality/resistance is lowest, then wham!

a tidal wave of self-confrontation and ugly karmic burdens instantly released without the buffers that exist when dealing with life's responsibilities as they arise

i knew u, a sad case, dead now; such was the measure of ur fear of taking responsibility for ur actions that u slit ur wrists when overcome

i found you, devoid now of all responsibility until the next life -- when doubled or more, no one gets out, the laws of perfect existence cannot be cheated, without paying every last jot

a tragic case, no red, passionate blood to be seen only sour lemon paleness oozing from ur lacerated wrists

i will never forget the loveless, haunted, lost expression on ur

contorted, dead face

u have not escaped via the cowards
route, no-one gets out without
dealing with what they have created
and avoided

if perchance we meet again in
some future existence i would
assist or u might assist me, whatever
our conditions until you learn, but
learn we *all* must

*"Do you know a name without a
thing answering to it?"*

*Have you ever plucked a rose from,
r-o-s-e?*

Seek the reality behind the name.

*Look for the moon in the sky, not
reflected on water.*

*If you desire to rise above mere
names and letters, Free yourself in
one stroke.*

*Purify and free yourself from all
attributes, that you may see your
own bright essence*

*In your own heart is all knowledge,
Without book, without tutor, without
preceptor."*

– *Jalaludin Rumi*

Floodgate

a mysterious hand opens floodgates
when least expected; at the most
inopportune times the entire content
of mind is released, a burden far too
large for a puny mind to bear

i am drowning in my own emotions
and experiences, whoever heard of
such a thing?

twenty-year memories dancing with
this afternoon's experiences, not yet
filed or savoured -- life's most exquisite
and horrid moments in one gigantic
mass

everything has a strange new quality,
tone, to re-experience, re-live, a
haphazard arrangement yet somehow
it is a discernible ordered chaos

a lone swimmer against a giant
whirlpool, about to disappear into
another dimension where perhaps
this monumental load becomes a
trifling, a fleeting whimsy

we are all the sum of our experience,
uncensored passions/emotions,
pleasures and pains

fuck!
it's 2:39am and i'm going down for
the count (again)

there is no existence without
consciousness, a difficult statement
to counter, the ruin of sophists and
a fool's delight

it's 3:31am, a poem completed, a
lifebuoy, a raft in a limitless,
variegated sea

Good

i woke this morning uttering your
name, i am overtaken completely

i whispered your name to ease my
sleep only to dream of you all thru
the night

your presence, now permanent in
my heart engages my lips in perfect
harmony

your name, a magic mantra launches
me to the gates of Paradise; i am
willingly overcome

your face and form an ever-present
vision in my mind, i am lost in your
endless sea

envelop me, i am yours you are me
merged in perfect union, perfect
harmony

before the inception of time we
Loved, it continues my sublime and
true Goddess

claimed in fearless surrender to each
other we reign, we are One indeed

nothing is able to resist this Love or
spoil its perfect bliss

together we reign supreme in Love

in Love only do we claim our Victory

Shattered Illusions

people come and go like apparitions,
a mind's rendition

we focus our eyes/minds and make
something appear real

though in the end things are never any
more or less than how we are deep
inside, beyond our appearance, attire
and reach

we project imagined fears, fantasies,
illusions, ideals and myriad desires

and when the looking glass breaks
or skews, only broken dreams and
shattered reflections of our many
facets remain

Kuang's Dream

a butterfly dreaming it's a man
or a man's continuous dream ...
of a butterfly beating the warm
summer air travelling on scented
air-streams and landing delicately
on perfumed flowers to feed

tubular proboscis probing carefully
for the prize, the nectar, every
flower's gift to specialised feeders

light as the breeze, butterflies easily
navigate barbs, thorns, needles and
other defensive traps/obstructions
designed to keep the less able at bay

Kuang awoke one morning to discover
that he was indeed a nectar-feeding
butterfly imbibing a rare flower's
intoxicating ambrosia

traps designed to protect the prize
present no problem to Kuang's delicate
manoeuvres

undaunted by spiny thorns, barbs and
needles he feasts on secret essences,
easily extracting the very best and
leaving the rest for the less skilled and
able

Intrinsic

there is a recurring theme/phenomenon that defies the boundaries of culture, time and place; it is traced/located by its common denominator, human Beings

from the earliest known encoded expressions (Brihadâraanyaka Upanishad) to today's mind warriors, it refers simply and powerfully to the universal principle that all things are essentially One

and that One has qualities which can be experienced by all; indeed, those through the ages that have tasted the 'ambrosia' exclaim, "Knowledge, Being, Bliss!"

it is True

the mystics (poets) rhapsodise it endlessly, Lovers swim in its seas, the Cosmos pulses and weeps Bliss as it implodes/explodes Existence

we are All connected and nothing exists that is able to permanently sever that link to our common heritage

We are One

and the simplest and most agreeable road home is unconditional Love

Love your way home, your Love will never fail you, do not fail it

beware, or rather 'be aware' of the cultural forces that divide, manipulate and separate us from ourselves/existence

in Unity only are all things perfected

We are One, is the salutation of a new age

nothing can prevent it

Aborted

i promised myself an early night
but a poem demanded expression,
a dedication

unlike ur bright arrival ur departure
was without event, almost sullen,
unnoticeable, a quiet dying without
so much as a whimper, something
to be avoided like a life lived in a
box, safe but lacking the joy of
surprise and wild abandon

i searched for the assassin of our
dreams [those] aborted opportunities
and discovered denial, dis-ingenuity
a lack of character and integrity, a
pathological need to manipulate/
control and a morbid fear of taking
responsibility for the least action;
a truly lamentable situation

frightened of the least commitment
or real variation u resorted to familiar,
shallow experience, vacuous pursuits,
tiresome hedonism and the safety of
feeble-minded conservative company

watching you in ur current, predictable,
lacklustre existence, it becomes painfully
clear the loss is all yours

it ends, 'without so much as a whimper'

State of Play

is it just a game, a dance?

One
manifesting as many, appearances
only, a children's playground

'only' a game, my dancing, Lover/
God?

a game perhaps, my consort
but never a trifling matter --
light spurts from the crown
of my head

swirl, dance and step with me

begin with shimmers and culminate
in blinding ecstasy

watch the cosmos swoon, pulse
and scintillate, is it just a game?

rhythmic, dancing whirling bodies
moving [in] cyclic patterns
weaving time back in/on itself
forcing it to destroy and create
according to our design, my
eternal companion

never separate or break our embrace
allow all things to pass without
a remorseful sigh, second glance
or sad regret; it's just a game
spawning and destroying worlds,

a matter of play, a state of flux

revive urself on my supine body,
raise my trident in your spine
stir/produce ambrosia/soma in
your sacred chalice

are we not inseparable, locked in
perpetual bliss, creating and
destroying galaxies together?

Invocation

peals of smoke curl/rise from the
censer, my spirit cleansed and
borne aloft, by the mix of herbs
and scented spices

slowly rising, spiralling upward
reaching the portals of Paradise

you wait patiently for your hermit
lover, inflamed by long separation
and focused concentration, a
discipline taught by mages in secret
mountain caves

a disciplined body catapults
mind to places unimagined by
the common herd, wastrels
and foolish dissipaters.

enhanced abilities and crystal
intellection are simply by-products
of the discipline, one that intoxicates
angels and makes jesters of the
Gods

first the sound of bees swarming is
heard then the rattle of a sistrum

the way to your divan is clearly
indicated

exotic fruits, sweet wines, perfumed
sheets, your golden body and sapphire
eyes wait for conquering heroes, those

able to pierce the veil and locate your
secret chamber

and yet these offerings are impoverished
by the majesty and transcendent splendour
that awaits those able to persist to the end
and discover life's ageless secrets

Spirit Dance

ensnare and tame this wild abandon
domesticate the beast, bring it to heel
in order that it serves only You --
entwine around my brain so we merge

coax me gently, ease and cajole
the fixed to respond to rhyme and
harmony (and torrid verse) while
we ascend higher, lighter and tighter
with every swing moving to the beat
of life's pulsation

wet with sweat, dissolving

allow it to produce at its own pace
draw from its flowing well of
inspiration

a pervading fragrance fills the air, a
human scent

capture me in ur swirling eyes, grip
me (tighter) with ur thighs, tame my
wild gyrations until i capitulate, and
surrender in ur arms, inextricably
entwined in love's embrace two beings
merged as one, two souls dancing
higher, scintillating, flaming through
the night

Paradoxes

water taught me strength by yielding
then overcoming with persistent
caresses

nothing is able to bruise water,
everything succumbs before the
relentless yielding power of
water

if you would be victorious learn
first to yield then quietly and gently
persist, your enemies are vanquished
thereby

learn to Love those that abuse and
hate you, Love is not strengthened
by ease, it is fortified in the face of
horrendous abuse and opposition

forgive those that torture you,
forgiveness would see your torturers
driven to distraction, physically and
psychologically ruined

learn Freedom by first *surrendering*;

offer selfless service and assistance
to all beings in distress, it is only
ignorance that offers resistance –
surrender releases everything held
captive whether of one's own making
or by imposition

and finally, achieve Immortality by
dying daily – the wise understand

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 weep openly

her hypnotic eyes steal my
attention, suspending my thoughts
making a dumb spectator of my
soul, but still no meaningful words
-- 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 nuances, and shape
intended reality

outside my window dry autumn
leaves crunch under her bare feet

silent, she lifts her head and smiles
revealing tears running down her
cheek

Healing

few make it to the end, to final resolution, dissolution, Infinity, Realisation – there is only One continuous Reality

it becomes a betting game to see how long tentative explorers, attracted by the Real promise of fulfilment, are able to endure the tortures of confronting themselves, their fears and imposed limitations -- our most horrifying fears are buried deep within ourselves

yet, as is known by the wise and nefarious, everyone seeks release, real freedom, Liberation; and the quickest, safest means to that end is selfless Love, a widely known reality

therefore the denizens among us that would enslave and lord over the rest use every means at their disposal to bombard us with lies in the hope that fear and loathing displace the natural tendency to selfless Love; from the pulpits, to the seats of government, ***all we hear is fear!***

what do these deceivers offer as a substitute for our natural tendency to Love? hedonism, transitory titillations, narcissism, acquisitiveness

and of course a burgeoning ego
to carry all that useless me, me,
me, shit – *everything revolves
around me!*

as Love is the source of all Life,
and has been rejected, fear begins
to eat away the mind and body and
corrode the very soul

Love unites and heals, fear divides
and kills; how easy it becomes to
identify the evil that lurks within/
among us

*Healing all life's woes and ills is
only an embrace away*

Uncommon Trails/Trials

at times even the most experienced
encounter what appears to be
insurmountable obstacles

hidden ice crevasses, fissures in the
earth that swallow the unwary,
thousands of bleached bones form
a scattered narrative of failure and
defeat

trapped, most seek escape via the
opening through which they entered

obvious options must be explored,
attempted and then abandoned if
proven ineffective/futile

faced with such dilemmas the
exceptional turn and seek liberation
in the most unlikely direction by
following the least agreeable course,
daunting trails that appear to run
farther into a maze of narrow passages
and dangerous precipices

these routes may lead deep into the
earth, and open into jagged caverns,
huge interior domes decorated with
wondrous mineral forms sacred to
the earth and breathable air indicating
the possibility of release

again, the least appealing way is to
submerge in underground streams

and hope that air pockets offer
enough air until another opening
is reached

at each stage another life-threatening
barrier must be faced and overcome,
if you would find permanent release

by following the least likely path,
at times through total darkness
a way may be discovered that
leads to the bright light of day,
but there are no guarantees tho an
escape *always* exists -- bones/failures
litter the ground at every turn to
guide the brave

i must leave you now, i hear the whisper
of the wind and inhale the fragrance of
wild-flowers

Whore of a Word

last night i slipped free of a tangled
Gordian bind, an exhilarating release

we never know how enslaved or
bound we are until our shackles and
chains (self-imposed or otherwise)
are removed

my breathing is as the wind today
it lashes the mighty Himalayas,
whipping ice and snow from its
peaks and surrendering the heartless
chill to the warm summer sun

“Free,” a whore of a word bandied
by slavers to ensnare, yet we are
(with awareness and knowledge)
able to release ourselves from All
superimpositions whether contrived
by evil men or self-imposed by
folly and ignorance

my power returned, my Love restored,
sustained again

who would dare deceive and ensnare
in the name of ‘freedom and liberty?’

[learn something if you’re of a mind]

i could never -- I am incapable of
leaving you forlorn to suffer alone in
anguish when so easily i would relieve
you of your burden

We are One in Love and mutual
cooperation -- forever Free

Taste of Victory

i Love u now and forever; time freezes
when we embrace, infinity quickens
by the enduring nature of our love,
We are One

but i was born to defeat this evil that
plagues us all, i was specially built,
endowed with able body, unpolluted
mind, special skills and an unflinching
will/determination, tailored for the
task -- the beast must surely die in
horrible defeat

its filthy, evil designs of 'permanent
war,' destabilisation, pollution, rape,
mass murder and plunder' will be
no more, Peace and Harmony will
prevail, a tortured world slowly healed,
Your Love has shown me the way
-- the monster is defeated

we must take the fight to its divisive
throat, the throat of a blood-consuming
whore, and the heart of the beast

this thing that ravages the world will
no longer drink the blood of martyrs
and gorge itself on the flesh of
innocent children

our sacred daggers we take to its heart
and our swords to its throat – the war is
fought on its weakest fronts; its soft,
white underbelly is easily targeted

its streets flow with illegal drugs, poison
contraband of every description – by air,
land, sea and stealth, follow those routes
to the heart of the beast; its defences are
as porous as its corruption and filth --
the beast is easily defeated

piece by piece assemble what is required
divide its population, prodding, attacking
all the while with diversions to confuse
and confound

three 'gifts' we simultaneously deliver to
the whore and her consorts

the free nations turn and obliterate what
remains of the star-spangled evil that
rapes, plunders and poisons the world

*[do not fear my Love -- it is the invisible
few that have always altered the course
of history; Our course is clear and
undetected in the Chaos]*

Indomitable

it is prudent at times to withdraw from the battleline, which offers only an immediate view but an extremely intimate and necessary encounter

review, consolidate and attack anew with vigour and surprise; attack constantly – criminal invaders succumb to attrition, they are certainly defeated and ruined thereby, it is simply impossible to sustain criminal wars

the enemy is aware and attempts to convince a civilised world that ‘permanent war’ is a solution rather than an engineered disease, a transparent ruse at best, at worst a recipe for ruin and disaster

beware though that strategic retreat does not degenerate into an extended lapse or prolonged withdrawal; remain vigilant, comfort is the transient luxury of losers

this war, as those waged before it, allows no compromise -- Freedom or Death, the battle cry of our ancestors and fathers -- Our homes and lands restored thereby

the bones of criminal invaders, murderers and thieves litter our gorges and valleys, their bodies feed our worms, their souls in torment, thrash in hell

we have no other choice but Victory;
such is the strength and perseverance
born of necessity

death to the monsters that routinely
and knowingly murder our women,
children and clansmen from the sky

we are less than human in their eyes,
a poisonous sorcery they inflict on
themselves

God's creation is not mocked or
demeaned by mass murderers and
thieves; their lost corrupted souls are
eaten, and their minds destroyed in
the attempt

only fools and Americans would dare
oppose divine Creation

i must rest now, time enough to dream
only to wake and emerge transformed,
re-invigorated, stronger more powerful
than ever

Brothers and sisters of the World, Our
Victory and Freedom is assured

Saturn

hand me another weight old crony
i can barely support myself as is

would you once again try to extract
more than i have to give?

your judgements are harsh but true
the price you exact is harsher still,
merciless reaper

but i have nothing left to give

i have poured out my soul to whores,
vixens and angels; they have used it
as a curiosity, an object of amusement
then discarded it as refuse, i am vacant

my heart, warm and beating has been
torn from my chest and fed to the
hounds of hell, tell me reaper, what
could you take to satisfy your accounts?

my last penny is for your ferryman
would you exact that fare and cheat
yourself of a soul? a difficult decision
for a reaper

careful, you may inadvertently create
something to forever torment You,
how then would you balance your
books?

my life is no trifling matter or a
bookkeepers calculation, i have reams

of anguish, pain and bliss to verify
my claim

i challenge you to balance the wild
extremes the joys, sorrows, troughs
and peaks with your dry accounts,
old man; you may defeat your reason
for being

you see, you are not as fearsome and
terrible as you imagine

my last penny has thwarted your
intentions; a decade longer or more
my reward

no doubt we will meet again when
least expected

you have learned never to confront
me directly again

do not forget me, remember me when
i am weary, spent and unable to resist
you

See How They Run

As a kid I enjoyed a fairytale about a Lion raised as a sheep. One day, faced with predatory wolves, this lion realised who it was and what it was fully capable of; it easily vanquished the threat to its loved ones and its society. Today, as an adult, the allegory is clear – those unfamiliar with this delightful animated story should search Youtube for, ‘Lambert the Sheepish Lion.’

Today the people of the world are waking to the fact they have been misled, lied to, robbed, abused and treated with the utmost contempt by an elite group of criminals masquerading as bankers, executives and politicians. I need not add to the many stories covering the outrage felt by the people watching the performance of these criminals before government and other fake inquiries – the arrogance, disrespect and contempt these elite criminals display toward our elected officials/representatives is beyond measure.

The most striking aspect of the behaviour of these reprehensible criminals is their total disregard for the consequences of their actions. Who are they trying to kid, other than themselves?

The entire world now realises who is responsible for all our military/economic/environmental woes. The fact the President of the United States has become a selectee, placed in office by this criminal class, is apparent to All. The gross frauds that were Clinton, Bush, Obama, Trump and other unrepresentative Western leaders is now obvious to elementary school kids.

The people of Greece, Spain and Portugal are not responsible for the calamity that has destroyed their respective nations’ wealth -- criminals, Goldman Sachs and other elite execs are clearly responsible if you research the matter. The people of America and Western Europe are not responsible for the Wars and political mismanagement that has befallen the world, criminal Corporatists and Bankers are behind it all – *fact*, not that emphasis is required

these days.

The lion raised as a sheep is about to discover its real strength and power – and I have no sympathy whatsoever for that tiny avaricious minority responsible for the needless deaths of millions of innocents, trashing the Global Economy and devastating/polluting the world – you people are living on borrowed time, you know it; so try harder, if you are able.

We are your nemesis.

The Relative Power Dynamic

"If not for the notion of beauty there would be no ugliness. If not for the notion of good there would be no evil. Polarities alternate one with the other [qualify each other] and are mutually bound in [perpetual conflict] opposition." -- Lao tzu.

It is true, we only know a thing by contrast, as it is defined by its opposite. Meaning is eternally bound by mutual opposition (conflict).

Thus, we define beauty against ugliness, life against death, good against evil etc; we cannot define anything culturally without relative comparisons or oppositions. Thus Gods (good) are defined against their opponents, Devils (evil) – antagonists and protagonists share equal status/authority/power in relationship.

It was put succinctly almost 3000 years ago by Lao Tzu, an exceptional poet/sage: *"but for the notion of beauty there would be no ugliness."* Where would America be today without, *"you're either with us or you're with the terrorists."* A simplistic but clearly manufactured "evil-good" dichotomy of enemies and allies?

Today America is without peer as the world's leading civilian killing, terrorist nation -- meaning, however, has interchanged simply by shifting point of view; hence the USA has never been held accountable for committing the most heinous crimes known to humankind -- the mass murder of 3-4 million innocent civilians in Indo-China and 1 million in Iraq and Central Asia -- yet its 'opponents,' accused of far lesser crimes, have been hauled before the disgracefully Partial Hague Courts and prosecuted.

Never before has the general intelligence of the world been so offended by a single nation – America.

America's contempt for the world is beyond measure; yet that nation 'would unsuccessfully attempt to rule the world.'

Unaware that its transparent arguments and violent methods have failed, America, as is evidenced by its internal mass media, has become its own worst enemy by polarising itself in its own destructive (binary) power dynamic. External dynamics internalise when they fail to gain traction or affect/effect the chosen target -- binaries alternate and interchange radically. Unless another new dynamic is introduced, final destruction is assured – social implosion combined with almost universal external opposition spell inevitable annihilation for the USA.

The above simple observations and deductions are only 'rocket science' to Americans. The entire world watches as the most divided nation on the planet today, socially implodes.

American 'Know How,' Not Worth a Pinch of Shit

It is no secret this website – and sister sites throughout the world -- vigorously oppose state terrorism and unrepresentative, fraudulent democracy; hence we oppose the flagrantly criminal USA and its servile allies. We shout our condemnation from the rooftops and in the streets, we openly and freely distribute CDs, flyers, every form of media and written hard copy imaginable and of course we saturate the digital world with accurate information about a nation gone rogue and its criminal activities. And for all this overt activity over more than two decades, the US and their (fifth-rate) think tanks/consultants/intel agencies and a host of other imbeciles from associated criminal organisations, have failed to identify one of us -- Yes, I mean '1' – Imfao!

We function in plain sight yet yankee doodle intel morons that pull trillions of taxpayer dollars in funds are unable to locate just one of us – 'geniuses!' While the King sleeps the Queen is sucking our cocks – and loving it, you dumb American fucks.

Armed with nothing but keyboards, second-hand presses, rooms full of tower burners, we have become a veritable new media propaganda model for the underground and independent publishers; we distribute freely no copyright, yet money and support pours in from patrons, donations and from our stealthy digital Uber warriors -- the fundamental distribution model remains Free in every sense of the word.

The tone of the discourse on the net has changed according to a planned strategy, still the morons are unable to locate us or respond appropriately – they simply have no answer, have 'they,' Rupert, do your pathetic best? They couldn't find their dicks to take a piss.

The elite skill base has shifted to the independents – we fight for freedom, liberty and Real representative democracy. Did you hear that slave Americans? The world is onto you, you're a dead man

walking and now the threat is internal, America is the most divided nation on earth today. The joke is on you, John D, as you reap what you have sown.

America has already lost its illegal wars but fails to realise/acknowledge it – while its mis/disinformation continues to dupe locals and allies.

America today hangs on by gossamer threads and as everyone with half a brain knows – it's all but over for Uncle dumbfuck! No longer able to distinguish between day and night and find its way it must inevitably fall into the pit.

The response from the 'world's most powerful nation' to date – don't make me laugh – is brute violence/war and *Transparent* propaganda Lies.

Ninety percent of humanity has already turned against the criminal USA, not a difficult endeavour given its mass-murdering criminal, thieving activities.

Consider how the Internet has subsumed every form of media that came before it and how antiquated media moguls failed to see the future? Instead of mastering new revolutionary media, with the advantage they already possessed, they and their antiquated advisers attempted to contract, regulate and censor/restrict a medium expanding at light speed.

The game was afoot but media moguls failed to even see the ball, they instead tried to bribe the referee, too late in the game.

The game has overtaken them and expanded beyond the known (traditional) playing field into the wider cyber world where it has been incorporated into daily life; it is now taken for granted, as a given – what day is it, Mr Murdoch? Don't forget to give our regards to the 'spritely' Rockefellers and Rothschilds at the next CFR/Bilderberg gatherings, you antiquated, living anachronisms.

Catch us if you can, we are no-one/everyone, and never forget,
there's a pole on every street with your names on it.

Real Democracy will be Restored and nations everywhere returned
to the will of the People and there's jack you can do about it.

The Last Laugh

is there such a thing as the last
laugh?

i have outlived my loves, friends
and foes and i'm *not* laughing

eyes swell with tears as memories
flood into consciousness

even those that despised the ground
i walked on (now dead) only elicit
emotions of pity

vengeful thoughts this mind never
entertained, possibly why i have
outlived them all

what is there to laugh about, dear
reader?

the world's most powerful nation
gone rogue, perhaps

killing innocent civilians daily while
stunned populations watch mindlessly

i am *not* amused, are you?

there is little, if anything to laugh
about these days

my favourite artists all dead they
died so young, some murdered
for opposing the status quo

in song, picture and oratory

should i laugh that agencies serving
the interests of rogues, white-collar
criminals and reprehensible liars,
ply their murderous trade?

should i laugh that these brazen
criminals rule the world, or should
i lament the fact the masses
no longer care?

today's world is *yours*, dear reader

i prefer my accumulated memories,
joyful images etched forever in
my brain

attend to other matters, dear reader,
a grown man crying for lost justice
and lost innocence is not a pretty
sight

attend to *your* world and accept
your rewards

the fat lady may be singing but i'm
not laughing

*"i met a young girl, she gave me a
rainbow ..."*

Thebes

it began in Thebes long ago, we
were Gods then, duty-bound to
gather our scattered people,
nomads and all the outer tribes
to our hearts unifying all under
the One Sun/God – giver of
Light and Life

we instituted social harmony where
once were warring clans; Peace
reigned along the entire length of
the Nile

in gratitude our people elevated us
and placed us on thrones, as objects
of adoration a Pharaoh and his Queen;
we oversaw and ruled a nation, the first
real nation the world had ever known,
the Giza Plateau bears testimony to
this day

are we not fulfilled my Love?
we were Gods then, loved by all

it was long ago, i know, however,
our bodies continue to bear the mark
of the scarab, Victory, Life

we are responsible for the people
soon to be united again against the
dark, destructive forces that once
murdered and dismembered me

i would have been lost forever had

you not retrieved my soul and gathered
(the pieces) of my body which you
resurrected with a golden phallus you
fashioned from the Sun; our son
Horus is the living embodiment of
your power

our people lament and cry out for our
return we are bound you and i to restore
Harmony, Peace and Love to a ravaged
world

we are fulfilled only in answering this
call my Love, you know it

destined once more to rule in the bright
light of day, a Pharaoh and his Queen
with the people elevated as One, All
equal under the Sun

the dark forces tremble as i speak,
they know their end approaches

our enslaved people will soon be free
forever and the land now torn by war
and ravaged by greed will revive and
support a Peaceful nation once again

are we not fulfilled, my Love, have we
not earned the respect and Love invested
in us long, long ago?

Discourse of Discontent

Artificial debt, war, terror, fear and a discourse that has all the 'appeal' of a bit of shit on the end of a stick. With this arsenal 'they' hope to capture and manage an increasingly aware population; however, it is clear they have failed. The (predicted) global economic collapse of 2008 verifies the fact. Regardless of the name they attribute to the failure, 'sub-prime,' 'sovereign debt' or whatever, the cause is the lack of sound, basic economic principles/policies. *Production*, savings/asset growth ensures stability and prosperity for all; debt-fuelled, rampant consumerism ensures collapse, simple. 'Their solution' in times of systemic failure (huge disparities) is war, theft, terror, fear and lawless assassination squads targeting 'their' perceived enemies. It has come to this, an open psychopathology! Certainly no model for enduring success, plain to see.

As a result of extreme inequity/inequality and criminality at the 'top,' a social tsunami gathers momentum and threatens to obliterate the old order.

Instead of heeding indications and re-implementing sound principles they offer more of the disease as a cure; "stimulus/QE" with toilet paper money and a (rigged) casino economy, they hope to survive – in whose demented dream?

Enough said.

We -- as opposed to 'they' -- are One.

Target anyone one of ours for assassination and your puppet polities and corporate CEOs, will pay the price, too easy. We are specialists, former special forces, IT security, semioticians, comedians, artists, engineers and a host of other skilled operators. We form a non-centralised, amorphous, highly efficient army that coalesces whenever the need arises. So give it your best shot, arseholes. We will not be caught unawares, We are standing next to you.

Prevailing

we have vandalised time and space with Life everlasting, scrawling horrors and joys from one end of the Akasha to the other; like drunken dung beetles we traverse existence rolling dung-balls hither and thither to very safe locations

we have All conquered infinity though some are unaware, malcontents would demean our achievements and attempt to subordinate or rob us of our infinite power, impossible, we are victorious always, existence testifies to that

if you listen very carefully you may hear our laughter echoing through caverns of eternity, chuckles of delight

if you are very quiet you may listen to the Buddha's flower sermon, praised by all sentient beings in all time and all space, *We* have overcome

of what consequence are murderers and 'mighty' empires, lousy with star-spangled vermin? they are unable to contend with one drunken dung beetle, what shall you/we fear from falling towers, crumbling walls? it is of no consequence

today a young girl smiled and waved yet i knew her not, another declared her love while checking out my groceries, a spontaneous and bold declaration

all fond and lasting impressions in the symphony of Our lives

though many 'authorities' tried desperately to suppress them, creation thought it best to allow our random expressions

clouds ride effortlessly on the wind, sunlight rests easy on my face a sigh of satisfaction/anticipation escapes ...

i suddenly realise i have loved You before time's inception

Mountain Lake

hidden high in rarefied air, glacial
lakes capture with stillness and
patience the highest, fastest clouds
and flaming sun by day

by night the moon in perfect
symmetry, surrounded by attendant
stars, is easy prey for the stillness
of the lake

the smallest in strategic orientation
captures and overcomes the largest
most powerful forces with no effort

stealth overcomes bravado and quiet
overcomes the din of inept conquerors

the invader is defeated

high mountain glacial lakes remain
calm and unperturbed, while lowland
waters agitate

Absence

she's gone
like a doe
thru the trees

things are not quite as they were
before

it seems solitude is a jealous lover,
few are able to contend – the secret
is to embrace and persist with her,
she will soon open like a rare flower
and offer sweet ambrosia to those
that endure

voids are illusory spaces quickly
filled, such is the nature of things,
why fear momentary solitude,
reflection, opportunity/becoming?

what is foreign to social convention
and accepted norms is usually exotic
and alluring; however, some find
unfamiliarity terrifying

i have yet to understand why pain
and despair accompany bliss and
ecstasy like two illegitimate sisters
vying for the throne

the simplest things can sometimes
escape the scrutiny of eagles

once loved always Loved,
sweet peace to you forever

we are One inseparable Being

i could no more withdraw Love
than the universe cease to exist

Dance of the Firefly

Be not quick to dismiss as fleeting or insignificant the extraordinary dance of fireflies.

An entire life compressed into a single human day is easily trivialised/devalued as either a novelty or a passing curiosity.

Yet what magnificence tiny insects present in sexual display; a thousand pulsing beacons of (generated) light piercing the night in search of continuity.

Compare the sexual light show of fireflies with human mating ritual -- if one exists today.

The 'civilised' male is unable to luminesce or dart about in frenzied sexual abandon instead he engages in formalised, commercial ritual or stultifying convention for fear that unbridled passion and honesty may betray his Real humanity -- raw emotion not permitted, unacceptable in this tinsel age of inversions and perversions.

I may not have stopped to witness the dazzling sparks in the night had I not consumed nature's fungal brew – what wonder.

A certain synchronicity and rhythm attracted a multitude of fireflies as I reclined to witness the wonders of the night.

As each tiny beacon pulsed its allure to potential mates I felt a little lighter.

In joyous abandon the entire night began to shimmer in excitement until a million tiny lights adorned my translucent body.

As if unable to endure the quickening dance of light the gates of infinity flew open and transported the compressed lives of fireflies and men to places indescribable.

After a time that seemed to span the beginning and end I returned and found myself in solitude and joy.

Never again would I take for granted or disregard tiny creatures that for a night become the envy of the stars.

Love is Not a Dirty Word

I must end my contribution to the mix of soporific diatribes that today passes for news, information and entertainment. Whether reporting is accurate or blatant propaganda, it only serves to feed nose-ringed slaves by virtue of a medium that promotes passive consumption only.

The media drip-feed must be yanked from the brain of the masses and human exchange/communication must replace contrived, managed and artificial 'newstainment' – how else are we to achieve active participation if not by forcing the digitally alienated, comatose public into confronting themselves and hopefully entering into real relationships.

Real solutions for the benefit of the whole cannot be arrived at by any other means. Look around, it is no secret the world is in dire need of healing, peace and community.

I would remind you of an obvious Truth we all must face together – age-old yet always new in its promise -- ***only Love conquers and overcomes All***. There are no substitutes for the real embrace and fellowship of human beings. All things are possible when we discard our learned hatreds and dissipations and gather together in the spirit of cooperation/creation.

'We are One or we are nothing' is an incontrovertible fact. It is time for us all to depart from morbidity/apathy/fear and engage the greater harmony of life – our survival depends on it.

Universal harmony has proven itself in infinity – there is no better measure of success than continuity.

The current course imposed on humanity by destructive minorities, hell-bent on mindless annihilation, is clearly not viable or sustainable, which should now be clear to everyone.

I must take my leave now; I really have other work to do. Though I would leave you with a personal message that may surprise some – I have not taken leave of my senses, as some may imagine. Take Heart and understand that it was all a labour of Love, I Love you all, without exception.

The age of leaders and followers is over; a new direction of selfless cooperation for the greater good offers continuity. Reject the sons and daughters of discord, division and destruction. Separation is a misnomer, we are each other and we are our environment – not too difficult to understand, is it?

And never forget, the universe came into existence for Love's sake and for Love's sake it continues Forever -- choose Life over destruction and death.

Peace.

O, Lover of Love,
Love of mine
We Are one
We are One

About the Author

Lindsay Traynor is an Australian poet and mystic though born in Eastern Europe. He has travelled extensively and studied under the wise instruction of some remarkable and extraordinary men and initiated into various esoteric traditions by same, which formerly secret knowledge he is now able to share with everyone, fully cognisant of the fact that only those ready would be able to recognise, appreciate and gain awareness from the experience.

Lindsay is a prolific writer and has produced the equivalent in text of around 50-60 novels over the past sixteen years though mostly in the form of articles on varied topics and poetry, his favourite medium.

The current book has been gathered from his many poems, essays and articles relating to Self-Realisation, Mysticism, Philosophy, Personal Growth and Social Transformation.

We hope that you enjoy and derive benefit from his prodigious output as much as we have benefited and enjoyed reading, collating and presenting the material in eBook formats -- *assistant editors and website moderators*.

Books by the Author:

Infinite Consciousness

Love and Erotic Poetry

Sun Moon Star Poetry

Nature Poetry

The Poetry of Transformation and Revolution

The Poetry of Life and Growth

Selected Essays I

Selected Essays II

Selected Essays III

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry I

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry II

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry III

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry IV

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