

Sun Moon Star Poetry

Book II in the Poetry Series



Lindsay Traynor

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Sun Moon Star Poetry

Selections by the author/poet, Lindsay Traynor

Book II in the Poetry Series

*“Listening not to me but to the Logos
it is wise to agree that all things are One.*

*You cannot step into the same river twice;
All things flow, nothing endures” -- Heraclitus, 500BC*

Clear and Bright

the Sun shines but is diminished by the clear bright Light, which reduces the sun to a candle flame

this Light is seen with the single eye only, its qualities are beyond description it is the light that shines without source as it is self-illuminating, non-dependent tho it shines through all things

taste it, bathe in it, hold it without effort or tribulation, it is your very life gifted by eternity for eternity without discrimination

ever available, it seeks nothing though everything seeks it knowingly or unknowingly

beyond all measure is this Light that evades science and thought

it is true, we all shine on, but not like the moon, stars and sun, we All shine on Eternally ...

Grey

the sky hangs low drawing its
bleeding sunrise colours into grey,
it's dreams abandoned in its youth

yet the sun shines always above the
opaque grey

only those under the grey are
deprived of light, warmth and hope

to compensate for the loss
people have become addicted
to 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 holding 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 soul-less
ghosts, though the sun continues to
shine above the greyness

few if any put down their desperate
screens and attempt to climb the tops,
which summits are cleaned with

unpolluted air and bathed in
golden light

Way

i must return to the Way
where meaninglessness has meaning
and the autumn leaves that once
rustled in the wind lay fallen
crunching underfoot

where the sun rises and sets without
the need to presume and the moon
receives its light, shining silver in a
motionless pond

but there's no point in returning as i
have never left nor could i or anything
else that exists in the interplay of
dreams and realities

longing for the Way is self-deceit so
i simply find my way without taking
trails or roads that lead nowhere or
at best, places that i have outworn

it is good to have been a fool, scholar,
monk, magician, thief and madman,
it is good to have been hanged, abused
honoured, tortured, murdered and loved,
so many times i have lost count

if u see a familiar phantom in the sky,
forest or urban place that appears and
disappears do not think of me, or follow
what u see as you would only find
yourself searching fruitlessly for
what you already have

Apparent

sometimes it shimmers
like the wings of a dragonfly
other times it flickers like the
refracted light from hummingbird
feathers and icy stars in a clear
night sky, but more often than not
it accommodates the perceiver

oozing like thick oil in the sea
splashing foam onto the unshures
of existence

i care not for control as all attempts
fail in the end, i happily allow it
to assume any manner or shape it
chooses, sometimes this, at other
times that; it shapes reality like we
dream our desires or should i say,
it shapes its dream which is reality
for actors in a dream within a dream
within ... ad infinitum

confronted again by my choices and
directions, some in tune, others clanging
like worn, discordant cymbals

i do not fret over illusions, i belong
to no culture of blind dreamers and
book believers

again it approaches, do you feel it,
it's unmistakable?

this time it assumes the shape, form

and allusions of this poem

who am i to resist it?

Stay

don't look at me with those
calculating eyes; why look
through ur personal prisms as
all u see is urself and ur
projected aspirations

have u not realised that i am
all the qualities that attracted u?
and yet ur eyes betray that u
wish to modify the real into ur
distorted vision/dream

are u able to traverse the seas
using clouds as sails, or harness
the sun to lift u above the temporal
and fly? i doubt it.

i am a poet and if u would inspire
me first inspire urself

so be content with what u have
now as tomorrow never comes,
where are u if u continually project
out of the present? u are nowhere,
as tomorrow for me is as today
gliding free always in One
continuous present

u have as much chance of nailing
me as nailing the wind

learn to feel and sense rather than
calculate; if ur not here with me
now u may as well be elsewhere

permanently

settle first within urself before
u attempt to alter the unalterable,
find urself and offer it to me
if u wish and see if it works

if not, better adieu now

Hold Fast

hold fast to that Love that brought
the universe into existence -- not
particular but unconditional and
boundless

why chase mirages that burnout like
fireflies, always luring temporal desire,
which if followed only lead to ruin
and pain -- what price desire?

the door to the furnace below
waits to be released, let that fire
ascend to heaven burning your
shackles as it rises, you are a flower
that blooms in the morning and
bathes in moonlight by night, why
do you trouble yourself with
perversity?

by day it is a shoreless crystal lake,
by night ebony though Swans are
able to navigate it freely, dancing
in-on the 'waters' of Eternity

hold fast to that One Love, it will
never abandon you, it cannot

imbibe its purity and satiate your
thirsty soul, only in it do you find
peace, rest and Life

in the forests of the night you do
not see, you tear your garments,
flesh and wound yourself in its

thorny undergrowth

seek only the open sunlit fields
of day be-speckled with the wild
flowers of Love and you will be
healed and find rest and joy for your
soul -- slavery and torture are Not
your heritage

do not listen to the lies of blind
malicious men, they will lead you
to certain destruction and death

allow the Truth of Love to course
through your Being, it will give you
the eyes to See everything in its glory
and the world in its darkness, you are
not a dweller of the night

drink the morning dew and rise with
the sun, which takes its light wherever
it goes -- the dark night will never
swallow you again

Binary Games

if i say yes, a no is sure to follow
love is accompanied by a cat
bristling its back and growling

tears become trapped when
pressure is applied and freeze
forever as diamonds, from pitch
black carbon to crystal clarity,
is there no end to reversals and
polarities?

the sexes attract each other seeking
unity yet it often ends in combat,
binaries are a curse it seems
mutually effective and destructive,
what cruel spell has been inflicted
on this plane?

though from this never-ending
tussle springs abundant creativity;
binary oppositions give birth to
collateral creativity in their fight
to the death, and their offspring
repeat the cycle until, well, it's
endless

a boy and girl laugh as they
see-saw, one ascends while
the other descends, each pushing
to reclaim the height

i watched until it dawned that
a fulcrum pivots the opposing
poles, often neglected is the

third force, unappreciated
and unseen, which reconciles
all opposites

gods must have devils to define
themselves, darkness is redeemed
by light

above, a foreboding sudden storm
tho the sun shines imperturbable,
the moon is unaffected by storms
at night; the night sky is punctuated
with celestial lights but dark clouds
form over the brightest sun of day

where does this piece end?
it doesn't, as we are all caught
somewhere in the destructive,
transforming battle of oppositions
seeking balance and reconciliation

i hope u survive it without
too many wounds and scars

Dark

tonight is black, so dense is its
darkness, the moon has
abandoned the sky

the waves on bondi fluoresce
as they break, agitated plankton
offer the only light, an eerie glow

i search in vain for the horizon
but am unable to separate sky
from sea in the blackness

it is strangely reminiscent of
something deep in memory

i locate my favourite rock ledge
with my trusty l-e-d torch tho i
almost lose my footing and plunge
to a certain death on the rocks
below

can u imagine?
instead of reading this poem
locals would be reading
about a body at the bottom
of the cliffs with no ID or
other identifying features

little would the authorities know
that this is now the useless body
of Australia's leading anonymous
poet -- this is not a narcissistic claim
tho writing is a narcissistic pursuit
and no Australian writer of merit

writes anonymously all the time
as i do

few understand why i do not wish
to take credit or criticism for my
works, it's so tedious being known

i am happy to disappear into the
blackness and reappear where least
expected, u see, i'm not a poet i'm
a semiotic terrorist

*[i recall now the blackness which
reminds me of my inception in the
womb -- everything begins and ends
in warm fertile darkness]*

Hobo

the land sprawls in all directions
un-interrupted; an open fire and
a billy of bush tea

i have my back to the tracks that
shine like silver needles in the
moonlight, an appropriate position
as my back i have always shown
the civilised world

parallel tracks that surgically
divide, i have no idea on which
side of the tracks i have made
my camp though i assume it's the
wrong side, as my life has never
been right according to civilised
opinion, what a waste they say

blue steel and veins track the land
and my arms, mutually-effective
folly transposed, which conjunction
forced my departure from the poison
culture and its anaesthetized cities
that poison everything, voraciously
consuming and spewing more poison
as it consumes, which polluting process
now affects the entire planet but least
of all here on the border of the
Territory and Qld

but i must sleep now and hitch a ride
on a road-train at dawn, free of
worldly cares in this exquisite, desert
place

blind and deluded theologians continue
to believe and teach that no mortal has
seen God when the divine saturates
everything natural and drips its bliss
and perfection everywhere

the outback is devoid of polluting
clerics but saturated with the Living
presence of Creation

Song

whales sing in the oceans
birds sing in the sky
existence is a song
which harmony man
ignores

do the flowers of the field toil
and spin, as was said of old?

galaxies spin creating their particular
song, a symphony complete with stars
and all manner of singing lights
vibrating according to their character

is it sad that man fails to hear, heed
and understand the music of the
spheres?

is it sad that the cosmos dances for joy?

discord is not tolerated for long in perfection
yet man fails to hear, see and learn, therefore
the future for man is mapped and easily read

should i mourn the loss of a failed species
when many have failed before it?
no, as the pattern is set, enduring harmony
(not discord) prevails

should i mourn the loss of my temporary
home on earth when my true home is the
dancing light and life eternal?

would i be enslaved by man's creations,

language, thought and culture, which are easily overcome?

man kills only himself as he has no power over real life, only the life-giver is able to extinguish the soul if it could, but its perfection prevents it, as it would then extinguish itself

ur temporal life is but a dream that fireflies, fleas and gnats dream; return to the original flame which no power could extinguish and u would see that temporal death is a joke, bodies merely returning to the elements from which they are composed freeing ur essential nature and accumulated experience in the process

are you the body? surely not, seek refuge, joy and peace in the light which living light animates the gross, you are of the most rarefied but u must know it to Be it

learn that consciousness does not require thought which mind must engage in order to exist -- mind (cultural thought) and consciousness (unqualified awareness) are distinctly apart

if u watch mind/thought, as they cannot be separated, u too would learn that all your thought-signs, symbols, words and images are derived from culture, the creation and prison of fools and the blind

are you a sovereign free Being or a cultural product, therefore a slave of culture?

all things are created free, why would you forfeit ur greatest treasure for a turd?

u have three choices, oblivion, freedom or aligning ur culture to the noble and enduring cosmic harmony

Raindrop

during a summer shower the universe
revealed itself

under the scented pines one raindrop
precariously hanging 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
releasing me and revealed the continuous
process of creation in a raindrop,
which quality words fail to describe

lost in the experience my (false) identity
evaporated replaced by ineffable joy, peace
and bliss, such a wonder

i realised that it was always Free,
the entirety of infinite existence was me,
in it, of it, 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 not lost in this
overwhelming, scintillating ocean of Light,
as wherever it takes me i am home

Folly and Desire

from the foothills of my folly
i climbed the rugged mountain
of my unquenchable desires

tortuous was the ascent, blocked
by thorny forests in which spaces
young nubile cavorted naked

i could scarcely believe my eyes
as the girls spotted my throbbing
desire and laughed, which only
increased my maddening desire

surrounded by a thorny wall of
vines i pushed through, bleeding
and torn, until I reached the girls;
my wounded appearance became
a source of amusement for the
frolicking nubile

insulted, and in a frenzy i trapped
three and attempted to ravish them,
which gross act did not reduce their
laughter, they had seen it all before
and were immune, though their
disdain cut me to the quick before
i had satisfied my ridiculous lust

so onward i went higher and higher
until i reached a roaring party of
all manner of drugged and drunken
human denizens stumbling about
completely unaware of my presence
though i was in their midst

so i packed a pipe, sipped sweet
wine and reclined next to a flame
always lit; i sucked and inhaled the
acrid smoke until i lost sense of
where i was, riding dreams and
euphoric illusions instead; how
sweet it was for a time unknown
until i began to dry-retch bile
filling my throat with bitterness

i had seen this movie before,
so on i went leaving the party
of fools burning out their flame

cut to pieces by thorns and sick
from drugs and wine i continued
until i reached the summit where
i found a dying hummingbird twitching
until its little life flew from its
body as it slowly contracted and
became motionless

i had shot this bird as a boy,
with an air rifle and prided myself
on my marksmanship until i watched
the jewel-feathered innocent target
die and recalled the tears i shed
profusely, robbing this exquisite
creature of its life

and there it lay before me again
and i cried again at the sight of
my cruel stupidity learned from a
perverse, violent culture

i cupped the dead bird in hand and

placed it on a rock exposed to the sun,
hoping the rays would revive it, but
not so, the sun only increased my
torment by accentuating its flashing
feathers brighter than anything i had
seen

what torture is this, in this place of
tormented desires?

i determined to shut it off by throwing
myself off a ledge into the deep dark
valley below but as i stepped toward the
edge i saw a clean folded robe which
fit me perfectly

so i sat in pensive regret and made a
pact, a life for a life, a cruel deed
annulled i hoped

without food or water i sat for hours,
days and years it seemed; time had
disappeared until i noticed that little
bird twitch and shiver, the wind i
thought, until it opened its tiny jet
eyes twitched again and flew like a
dart then returned to hover inches
before my eyes

the sound of its humming wings transported
me to i know not where until a stirring in
my sacrum reminded me of my failures
and folly pursuing transient pleasures,
abusing my body and hollowing out my life,
but a pact is a pact, and i had offered
my life in exchange for the life i had
stolen from that exquisite little bird

that blinked thrice and darted into the trees for joy

finally i had done something of worth, i thought, i was ready to die but die i did not because i sought it -- was there no release or peace to be had?

i once again approached the ledge deducing that i had license from the pact but try as i might i was prevented from jumping so i returned to my seat and sat in quiet meditation

every ugly and frightening creature, demon and fox spirit assailed me as i sat, the horrors and mental tortures were relentless; i sat without regard or reaction and held to the image of the living hummingbird which i had saved until a cleansing breeze stirred my senses and lifted me from my tortuous trance

light as a feather, i imagined i could fly in the breeze but refrained as i had lost all desire to prove, conquer or satisfy myself/culture

i was free at last, like the flying jewel-feathered, tiny, resurrected hummingbird

Plight

the darkest hour approaches before
the dawn

the herd is alarmed, agitated by
unseen movements, panic rules, which
way to move, where is freedom/reason
/sanity and security?

nowhere in this treacle blackness
but the rising sun dilutes opacity
allowing clear sight and thought

a breeze gently blows and blue waters
murmur, each according to its harmony

i am tempted to catch the wind and
let it assist but the wind responds,
to catch me u must become as me, the
waters below concur -- to be easy,
free and flow u must be as me,
formless and easy, beware of enslaving
conformity, fixity

there is nothing to resist or fight/fright,
it is day but darkness has stained the
mind and fear continues

a stray beast balances on a high
precipice, hide twitching in fear,
the sun reassures that even a herd
animal alone is able, tho it must
know it; the wind assists and
increases intensity, buffeting the
animal toward the edge under which

the waters flow below

the animal stricken, loses balance nearly
tumbling over the edge, i must fly like
the wind and flow easy as water to escape

but it is not of my inherent heavy nature,
but i know i must in order to survive

the stray eases back, assisted by a gust,
and sits feeling the reassuring warmth
of the sun

surely there is nothing to fear, tho
i miss the security of herd numbers
but i am here alone and must make do

it regains its feet, the wind returns
to breeze, the water sings its song below

Dark Room

i come from day into the darkest
night not forgetting the light from
which i came

they come to me pleading, save me
from this darkness

do u not remember the light from
which u came? i ask, if there is a
way in then surely there must be
a way out

i am trapped one responds

by whose hand? i say,
u would find no other hand but
ur own

i cannot bear this dread any longer,
i must end it

end what? i ask

my life, it's not worth going on

promise me u will speak to a friend
before taking irreversible action

ok, u have been a good friend,
i will do it for u

better u do it for urself

i inquired after the meeting,

how did it go?

i saw ur friend more than once as he
offered hope but then i left

why did u leave? i asked

he said i have a lot invested in
remaining the same

yes, how many times must u hear
and reject sensible solutions?

i told u it would be of no use,
was the response

two years later a mutual friend rang
informing me of the suicide

the first tones of daylight weaken
the night sky heralding the approach
of the sun missed by those that
imagine they are trapped in darkness

Original

turning back into the desert scrub
like a dingo avoiding a road train,
i watch

heavy rain clouds billow in the
blueness not yet ready to deliver
-- the postal wind has not reached
its destination to pour wetness
and so i watch the living Territory
unfolding like a flower, dancing
in the sunlight

rock monoliths fixed in the ground
move like clouds in the dreamtime,
which opens for me like dawn freeing
itself from the confines of night

the desert shimmers in its brightness
like a variegated gem unlocking
refracted prismatic colours hidden
in the white light

i inhale the entirety, free of the
poisons of the city

i have left it and dying civilisation
behind to return to the source of my
being -- dead and dying realities are
no substitute for the living dream of
my heritage, my skin is comfortable
and easy here far from the paleness

offered all their precious products,
unnecessary gadgets and liquid

poison, i could not trade my soul
to accept

only a fool would sell their soul
for trinkets, lies and a slow death

i belong here, where the land wraps
me in its purity, it is good to be back
home

Reach

and touch the sky, puncture its thin
membrane and let it weep and moisten
the parched earth, then penetrate deep
into its secret recesses and let it flow

reach farther until the cosmic expanse
opens like a galactic flower

spin and twirl like a dervish, scream
and dance like a banshee, no
restrictions

touch the round heavens, caress its
shoulders and breasts then move down
toward the portal of myriad dimensions,
race to it no longer destructible

enter where no matter or form survives
re-emerge everywhere transformed,
reborn as the pulse/throb that
produces and destroys everything
with each contraction and expansion

vibrations, scintillations that permeate
all existence in which you now play like
a child or an ancient one, nothing is
able to impede your progress if you
reach farther than you conceived is
possible

the universe is laced around your
violet neck, moons and planets bead
your necklace, push on until you reach
the threshold which mere mortals are

unable to apprehend

turn and see your past and future
simultaneously unfold in every
direction and become the fountain
which evades the ignorant
spraying ambrosia, the elixir
which sustains all

continue beyond endlessness
pluck at the tails of comets,
strings that form the harp of
creation -- play the music of
the spheres, know that everything
is nothing to you now

move and slither like the serpent
coiled around the top and bottom of
the great dancing God, beating his
drum in unison with your pulse

throb, imploding/exploding everything
and nothing and know that you are
insurmountable, enduring, immortal,
infinite

forget the limiting mental chains that
crucify the minds of men, know that
all Gods were men and women
transformed by reaching beyond
the stars

White Light

i lived in a crystal cylinder for over
a decade, the best years of my life
some say, insulated and wasted

borne away separated, carried to
realms euphoric beyond description
on the snow-white wings of my
faithful unicorn -- ride me to ecstasy
save me from the irrational, cruel
and senseless violence of this world

i have stolen the moon from the night
sky and offered it to u, but its cool
marble paleness did not please u

i returned on my winged steed and
stole diamonds/stars from the farthest
reaches of space sparkling when i
produced them, but hard facets
and ice-cold clarity did not appeal

intravenous dreams and melancholy
recollections attract and addict,
only fools underestimate this magic
powder

the central pillar of the temple is
able to support the entire structure
but not your desire for the impossible
or ur insatiable thirst for experience

there is nothing warm here, though
the chiselled frozen beauty of this
desolate landscape remains irresistible

to u

this terrain is not for the faint of heart
or those thin on courage, it is the realm
of the vanquished and victorious only
heroes and heroines return to tell of
their experiences, enslaved or liberated

had they let me be i never would have
returned but they found my corpse
in its hiding place and revived it with
violent embraces

they killed my white wonder and
doomed me to a life on terra firma
and mediocrity

in response i dedicated my life to
exposing their rotten corruption,
deception and lies; every breath i
take is punctuation in a narrative
of revenge

words of advice i offer future
regulators in another time and
place -- leave addicts to their
dreams allow them to die young
or suffer their wrath and
unrelenting vengeance if u
disturb their dreaming

i could barely put a sentence
together before i was violently
thrust back into this sick world

now my written words are honed
weapons, devastating grenades

and lethal darts

be wary of your intentions,
never dare disturb wayfarers
in their dreaming

Lux Rose

with a tweak your blood-red petals
blossom and surge in my body
stealing my mind and soul

your love courses through my being,
you take it all but return more,
you never displease or disappoint,
always reliable, True

your constancy has carried me over
chasms and crevasses that others
could not conceive of spanning --
poor feeble souls that lack a sturdy
reliable companion, a faithful
consort (Goddess) an
all-consuming
Lover

you once carried me, mortally
wounded, from the battlefield
and somehow brought me back to
life; you sustained and cared
for me until i grew strong again
stronger than before

you took me to the mountaintop,
a vantage from which new fields
of battle could be seen

*[in which we now engage
a vexed and confounded enemy]*

you fed me ambrosia and
manna reserved for Gods until

i ascended to the immortals
beyond the reach of petty,
frightened beings

your love is terrible, stronger
than heaven and earth, all-
possessing, yet it became clear
that it was time

time to take what we
had learned from each
other and cut courses
anew, each with a singular
purpose

what hope the vermin that rape,
steal and poison the earth, their
time fast approaches?

they feel our breath on the whites
of their necks and turn

see the dread and fear in their
eyes; an entire world prepares
for the purging

Memories

memories exist beyond the chemical and electrical combinations in the brain and heart

memories accessed from the akashic record, which remain as a coded trail in the modulations of infinity, created since our inception but that is a simplicity as infinity has no beginning or end point, the trail leads back to unqualified, indefinable Creation

remembering this life is easy but recalling our essential nature, tho accessible to all, is only achieved by the very few

people ask, who am i? not me, you -- should i have avoided personal pronouns as they shield and block our memory?

false identities are learned and limited, they die with the body, yet we are more, and we know it

u seem familiar more familiar than most yet u do not remember who u are, not me, you -- we have known each other before, but u imagine u are distant, a stranger to me; indeed, if u are a stranger to me then u are a stranger to urself and others, u have failed to appreciate and connect to the continuum, the only constant reality -- tho 'constant' is not altogether accurate, as infinity is never constant it is flux,

frantically kinetic, creating and destroying

but i refer to the constancy of its/our
essential Being, its eternal core, from
which everything emerged and continues
to emerge

of what consequence to infinity is our self-
destructive, puny, errant lives? none
whatsoever, actions and consequences are
all ours, do you remember the options we
were given? probably not, how could you,
u remember only this particular life,
when in reality lives are as disposable
as shirts and as changeable as the weather

i focus behind and above ur head, the
stars move/swirl in the night sky watch
it, if u have the eyes and memory to See

would you care to dance?

Leaves on Rain

perspective does not decide the first
splat, pucker or pop when it rains,
and how leaves dance/fall on rain
yielding always to the pelting

it would seem absurd that leaves
fall on rain but watch them dance
long enough and you too would see
what few see

does the agony precede the ecstasy
or vice-versa? an unanswered but often
put question in the minds of those
that lose their mind in order to create
something special, unique, un-nameable
and abstract, the latter word lacking
all precise meaning, which renders
meaning meaningless, abstract

it rains from an opaque marbled sky
onto the dead and living without
discrimination as though neither
qualify enough to care, perhaps the
ecstasy precedes the agony

uncertainty is the only certainty,
absurd but real; so living leaves that
remain on trees fall when it rains,
pours, roars, drowning other sounds
into numbness without distinction as
nothing else is heard when it pours
tears from the soul

the sun breaks through the clouds

creating an arc in the rain but never
a circle of colour, unfinished business;
a circle has no beginning or end its
perfection repudiates conjecture but
an arc is worse than half a fuck, a
paltry excuse not befitting the splendour
of nature's perfection

do not judge as you would only judge
yourself you do not know me, no one does,
though some are acquainted and have been
for decades though they would not dare
presume or question how leaves behave in
the rain of an artist's eye that sees far
more than it wishes to see at times,
you see, another absurdity, time! which
does not exist as everything occurs in the
continuous present

so do not try to discern the real from the
unreal as they are not mutually exclusive,
in fact they interchange

the ground breaks under your feet and the
sky shatters into rain delighting the green
of leaves that never die when they fall on
rain

Still

the lake is still tonight nothing agitates
its perfect surface, the night is quiet, the
summer air is motionless, the midnight
moon is so close one could grab its
reflection from the black-ink surface of
the lake, its perfect blackness makes for
seeing and reflection

on the shore in body but mind meandering
i drag mind to the centre of the black mirror
and drown it in the stillness, pushing mind
to the bottom without making a ripple, i
drown it leaving me mindless and free of
thought so still for a thoughtless while

until tremors begin without agitation or
ripples, so strange, unexplained, it continues
until the stillness detonates an explosion of
pure white light so bright the sun is shamed
yet the light is cool though intense as it
moves up through the darkness and explodes
into a blazing night of perfection which sits
like a pearl somewhere in the secret stillness
of the black crystal lake

Discourse

there are many

the mind speaks via the tongue but
the heart's eloquence can only be
appreciated when the mind is mute

a summer shower drenches the hill
and ceases as abruptly as it began
remnant drops of rain drip from the
needles of a solitary pine and thunder
as they hit the ground

i quiver in the breeze sparkling like
a wet crystal star in the sun waiting
to splash to earth

a predatory hawk alights from the
tree-top its piercing cry slits the air
and fractures the tortuous monologue
of culture

it has been said that it is easier for a
rope to pass thru the eye of a needle
than for a rich man to enter paradise

yet i have seen thru that eye it opens
into infinity, the minuscule and
gargantuan meet there

the constraint that prevents the rich
from liberation is folly born/e of
ignorance promoted by culture's
perverse discourse

my abode has no door, walls or roof,
in which cultural location do you place
an open space?

the single eye that prohibits entry for
most opens into fields of dancing
flowers, towering ranges and sapphire
skies for the few struck dumb by the
discourse of the heart and the silent
thunder of freedom

the heart's discourse is continuous
tho it speaks in silence to the ears of
deluded men

to be or not to be is not a question,
it's a proposition

Cemetery

the sun rises
and catches the dew-beads
on a scarlet rose unfurling
over a grave

Elephants

elephants shit like ten-pin bowls
scoring a strike with every roll

Quill

after more lives than stars
in the sky i finally woke

my quill has written thousands,
perhaps millions of words

tho the ink never flows when i
encode totality, yet it is written
clearly

Lion City

with total disregard
for Lee
i nestled back into
the acridity
of an old colonial terrace
full of asian match-men
and received a discourse
on the bamboo
(only available in China)
hand-painted porcelain bowl
treble refined opium
(that came in red cellophane packets)
wick trimming
and height/orientation of
flame to bowl

i produced the compulsory
smile of the neophyte
and reclined

it was miraculous to see
thin peals of smoke carry
tragedy
through the ceiling

Midnight Light

midnight light
clear
in its absence
of things
is warm
buoyant with nuances
like foetal growth (and apparent death)
is soft
like a cormorant's wing
and safe
as spinal cords

somewhere in its shiny
darkness
forms and dreams are born/e
delivering
Options

Eternity

where would we seek continuity
what form would it/we take?

would we discover it in vacuous
formalised religions, cultural
conventions and social protocols,
or in transient pleasures, fleeting
sensual gratification; or in temporary
achievements/failures? do these
things endure, do they really satisfy
our inherent need for everlasting?

did we, as complex physical, mental
and spiritual Beings appear from nothing?
every school kid knows that something
cannot emanate from nothing, are we not
already part of Living creation, continuous
manifestations of infinity at play?

have we been fooled into believing in
beginnings and endings when infinity,
which encompasses everything, is
measureless, without beginning or end?

i learned in central australia from
indigenous tribals how to jettison time
and space (measurement) and enter the
dreaming/continuity; and how to navigate
between seen and unseen, how to hear
the roar of butterfly wings creating
cyclones that blow 'white' illusions
away

i became my real Self again and saw

my reflection in a pond next to a
perfect image of the moon which
a frog dispersed, plop! but i remained
tho my *image* was shattered by an
amphibian leap

i endured but my delusions were
easily destroyed

i traversed the solarised desert
of dreams, spirits, singing stones,
rivers of light and ageless beings,
who seemed to know me well,
until i discovered my enduring
quality; it is comprised of Harmony,
Peace and Love -- in equal parts --
forming an indestructible Perfection
that is inseparable from You/me.

one day another amphibian able
to breathe both light and dark
will destroy the image that you
imagine i am

if you wish to find me use your Heart,
its wings will deliver you safely to
me and everlasting

*[until we meet again, i send
the sweetest Peace to You.
listen for me in the wind
and remember 'white' cultural
realities/illusions only make
paper rafts which are supremely
unsuitable for the swirling, cosmic
seas of Eternity.]*

Cherub's Grin

an alcove affords
an island of isolation
momentarily protected
from wind, rain and
the world, your face
transformed -- a
parting embrace, a
knowing cherub's grin

the smile that launched
a single ship (into space)

catapulted,
leaving my temporal self
babbling incoherences,
attempting to explain
my slide into the slipstream
of un-reason (infinity)

far too late to speak of
resistance, already in
flight careering into the
night waiting in
anticipation

at times
you arrive like
the rising tide,
other times
like a comet's blast,
on this occasion
you simply coalesced
in the sky your hair

ablaze, your focused
eyes piercing the night,
burning into my mind,
incinerating my
illusions

i watch you
dancing
with the
sun,
moon
and stars

Sea Moon, Desert Skies

it was at the bay of roses that i noticed a phenomenon that had escaped me for years – a full moon above a calm sea lays a path of light across the water from the observer to itself and follows the observer along the shore regardless of position, a strangely insistent invitation it would seem.

a dancing play of moonlight makes for an alluring but unsound road for mortal coils yet the invitation, supported by the calm of a black cloudless night, became difficult to resist.

it was the dancing light on water that attracted; the moon was not in full splendour though it was round and bright. it hung like a limp prick in the blackness, cool and uninviting, yet the unsure road of dancing light that it cast upon the waters held a strange fascination that drew me closer, signalling that i could indeed make that impossible journey.

in a flash i remembered a lesson learned from the Murrays in the red centre

it was long ago when western man took what he thought was man's first steps on the moon -- which amused the Murrays greatly.

since the dawn of dreamtime australian aborigines have been exploring the celestial sphere while leaving their terrestrial bodies safely on terra firma; nevertheless, they easily breached *our* self-imposed barriers of space and time. consciousness knows no limitations, it is therefore a perfect vehicle and reality shaper.

i sat crossed-legged on that shore, took a few deep breaths and focused on the dancing play of light until the earth and moon exchanged places.

eventually i returned to my body having seen the earth from a different place and time – scenes about which i cannot describe, as that time is NOW; however, i would mention that upon my return i found myself strangely drenched to the bone!

Night Walk

liquid night dissolves day like
ink transforms clear water

night easily conquers day making
opaque what was once harshly
defined -- the comfort of night
absorbs everything in its secure
softness

people walk the coast track like
phantoms, beggars and kings are
indistinguishable in the levelling
darkness of night

clouds break momentarily
allowing reflected moonlight
to dance on the surface of the sea

for a moment night's homogeneity
is interrupted but the moon,
disinclined to reveal her body,
she pulls the clouds over herself
like a quilt -- it's the vain sun
that seeks attention/adoration
like an insecure exhibitionist

people glide silently past
whispering and murmuring,
i remain anonymous, an unseen
shadow at-one with the soft
enveloping darkness of night

Swallowed

symmetry is shattered at midnight

tiny fragments of crystal strewn
carelessly across the night sky
flicker magically and shoot arcs
of light when agitated -- a moonless
night accentuates the beauty of
asymmetry

wherefore, what is this allure?
perhaps a dim memory of the
warm, dark, womb tho its comfort
is undeniable, a relief perhaps from
the harshness of day

in contrast are ur dark almond eyes
set widely apart enhancing ur nose
and cheekbones, all perfectly
triangulated, the inverted apex
directs the gaze to ur full, soft,
lips, a face that captures rapture
and agitates the groin

i have no need of reconciliation, the
asymmetry of nature, which fashions its
beauty, and the symmetry of ur face
which appeals to mortals

aesthetic symmetry is born of the
chaotic asymmetry of nature, brittle
day drowned by the softness of night

appearances deceive, distance provides
perspective and in that new view a

perfect spiralling symmetry is revealed,
without beginning or end

fireflies flicker in the darkness by the
lake, living eternities in seconds

Blue Flute

during certain astronomical phases
on moonless nights, a strange
fluorescence can be seen emanating
from deep within the forest

attention caught by the blueish glow,
a hypnotic sound becomes audible

the sound/music draws all souls to it,
such is its strange pulsing allure

arriving at a grove i see young,
nubile girls dancing around a central
figure playing a flute

moving closer to gain a better
orientation and perhaps a glimpse
of the visage of this forest flautist
my body becomes light as a feather

maidens continue dancing ecstatically,
oblivious to everything except the
central figure who moves in rhythm
to his music

naked from the waist up draped in
garlands of scented exotic flowers
his firm musculature and strong
shoulders give the impression
he could support the universe

maidens wet with sweat
thighs moist with vaginal
juices betray sexual frenzy;

they dance and whirl in ecstasy
crying, Hari! Hari! Hari!

everything expands until a swirling
singing sea of sixteen thousand
maidens whirls around the figure
like a vortex with a central Sun

as the music reaches a crescendo
the flute magically transforms
syringe-like spurting wild music
to the orgiastic screams and moans
of the nubile girls, whose dishevelled
hair and loosened saris reveal their
naked yearning, wet with desire

the central figure turns always with
his back to me, unidentifiable

i climb a gold and silver tree
adorned with the sun and moon
to gain a better view and see to my
amazement the flautist's reflected
face in a pond

head cocked sideways, lips pursed
around the aperture, blowing
rhythmically

the blue flautist is *You*

Language

in the womb i learnt to speak the
language of creation but forgot it
when i entered this world

slowly i learned the inadequate and
primitive audible language of man
with all its limitations and failings

i became tired of constant
misunderstandings and the
conflicts they create so i turned
to the rhythm of the sun, moon
and stars moving majestically
with other inarticulate heavenly
bodies, i slowly began to remember
my first language

countless beings from countless
worlds are able to communicate
and understand each other 'speaking'
as if mute the universal language of
the heart and Spirit

Dead of Night

stark day drops into night almost imperceptibly; seared senses are balmed and soothed in its visually quiet softness, in night only does imagination assist with perception as its screen allows for amorphous, unconscious shapes, real projections entwined with corporeality

in this mix where artists and magicians dwell, walking comfortably in deserted streets, dimly lit lanes and tracks in foreboding forests, where phantoms also dwell but those phantoms are not objective/real tho they appear so

they are created on occasion when moonlight plays with shadows and shapes to produce 'spirits', or the essence of something, and when engaged and given some vitality they are able to converse and become familiars

imbued with more vitality they are able to perform simple tasks like affect the dreams of others in sleep too easy, and if charged with more precious vitality they are able to kill tho no doctor could determine the cause of death

it is quite the art in the night, moonlit forest clearings offer

theatres where naked sylphs
dance and engage those able
to see

other spirits not of one's making
also populate these places but
should be watched as they do not
issue from the seer's imagination
their corporeality is of another's
making so cannot be trusted,
they seduce and suck vitality for
transfer and harm tho they are easily
recognised by the incongruity in the
harmony which the magus created

if fear is strong then the victim
succumbs if no fear exists then
invisible shields protect, it is the
art of the magicians of old that
disguised their art with all manner
of superfluous complexities to
dumbfound the uninitiated

beware of what u see in the night
as only fools tempt the moon and
its fantastic creations

tonight another drama wraps its
spell around me and itself

only the day-deluded imagine the
night is dead

Curse

what greater curse could there
be than to have sight in a world
of the blind? seeing and other
(healthy) human qualities become
liabilities and burdens if unable
to be shared

though surely, to have a functioning
mind in a world of utter mindlessness
and insanity is the more exquisite
torture, as it is the mind that impales
one's life or liberates it according to
its ability in desolate fields of the
dead or in a garden sown in paradise

but no curse is greater than to have
knowledge in a world of of the blind
and ignorant as knowing only
intensifies isolation

the moon shimmers on my alien
skin the heavens draw me like a
bee seeking nectar from the flux
of creation in the centre of the galaxy

the pulse of existence offers renewal
and opportunities but only in other
worlds where awareness is complete

Gold Tops

dancing on the quays the
moon draws nearer, so close
one could kiss it; it's daylight
yet the huge moon trespasses
in the late afternoon

the sky solarises into mauves,
indigo blue and bleeding ochres,
it is now displaced by the
overwhelming size of the moon
-- the horizon screams the death
of the setting sun

something is coo'ing at the
silver coolness of the moon,
i realise it's me and turn,
ignoring the sun's setting flames
mimicking the fires of hell as
it drops beneath the horizon

cross-legged on the shoreline
i thought, but the warm sea now
laps around my waist and moves
around my groin

i coo at the moon like a dove
that has lost its partner as time
slides unnoticed into night

the tide is now measured by
my chest, it seems a few
gold tops found their way
into lunch

i hum, incant with the rhythms
of the night and emit strange
articulations which make perfect
sense to me and the universe,
now riding in on the incoming
tide

the easy sea is now lapping
inside my brain as tiny fish
nibble the edges of a pulsing
orb and swim in warm, flowing
soma

Luminaries

the sun is not timid or unsure,
it is the moon that waxes and
wanes, as though unsure of
itself, always appearing and
disappearing, indecisive of its
bearing in the sky

not so the sun's steady journey
chasing the night and heralding
a new day, always vanquishing
the dark

the sun moves steadily as it
transits the sky, blazing above
the clouds imploding and
exploding, a life-giving
fiery furnace

the pale, uncertain moon knows
better than to attempt to match
the sun, it remains hidden, safe
in the soft night sky accepting
only indirect rays to bathe its
desolation

yet the heavens would be
incomplete if either celestial
body lacked its counterpart

the steadfastness of a man
must be softened by the
emotional uncertainty of a
woman, the singular progress
of the sun must be complimented

by the perpetual shifting of
the moon

one forever seeks the other yet
both remain separated by the
cruel harmony and motions of
the firmament

it seems at times that the entire
universe works to prevent
conjugation

Black Pearl

diving deeper and remaining
underwater longer than usual
my lungs inexplicably coped
with the extra burden of
supplying oxygen to my body

ready to slowly surface i
noticed a small overhang
which had escaped my
attention previously

*[this dive was to
change my life]*

an unusual shell caught my eye
one that stood apart from the
usual gifts the sea offers

surfacing with my prize i gently
pried open the shell -- almost the
size of a dinner plate

to my delight it contained a
natural black pearl the size of a
large marble

island people believe black
pearls are possessed of magical
properties and are able to bestow
strange powers on the fortunate
or unfortunate possessor of the
pearl, whatever the case may be

i recall being enthralled by its

silvery deep dark grey and the
odd luminescence it possessed,
something i hadn't noticed
initially

weeks passed until one moonless
night i was seized by the urge to
to night dive, something not usually
done by novices or professionals
without artificial light sources and
extra equipment

i entered the warm, black, tropical
sea naked and allowed myself to be
carried by the flow

to my amazement, i discovered
i was able to see clearly in the
depths of a moonless night,
though the light that defined
the world beneath was strange,
ghostly, akin to the soft
luminescence of the pearl

to my further amazement i was
able to detect things usually unseen,
hidden, even from trained eyes

a whole new world opened for me
i also seemed to be invisible to the
dangerous denizens of the deep
that hunted in the night

years have passed since i earned
my living from the sea, though i
continue to search secret places
for treasures

the pearl is with me constantly,
i remain invisible to the predators
of the night and day

In Dreams

seven leagues in one step travels
the mind while the body follows
far behind -- mind is free when
it chooses or is impelled by a vision,
a sacred mountain that rises above
the clouds surrounded by deep valleys
and smooth hills that seem to pay
homage to the mountain's greatness

a cool fire burns at its peak with a
violet flame issuing it seems from a
nest in the rocks

silver and golden phoenixes seek it
plummeting into its flame to emerge
renewed, transformed, to take flight
again in different skies

it is where the old becomes new in
one undifferentiated action, a strange
vision for a man haunted by the aeons,
burdened by numerous existences

bamboo groves and wild grasses
below sustain a myriad of living
things confined to lower regions by
choice and circumstance but its
peak is what i seek

how easy access and surrender
for a phoenix able to fly above
the sky but for a human another
story

armed with silver bell and golden
sword to avoid rejection by the flame
a man's mind flies into the violet,
burning the sticky dross and residue
of a perverse life in the cool
transforming flame to emerge as
something other

Beauty

ur face is beautiful indeed but
i am not taken by it tho allured

the perfect symmetry, balance
and shape of ur features create
the illusion of beauty

it is ur soul i seek, that inner light
radiating thru ur eyes separate from
the colours of ur irises, trapped in
fleshy almond frames, now showing
age tho ur inner glow never grows
old

u are watching me watching u but
u do not understand what i am seeing
u have been trained to use your
physical appearance to capture

u begin to undress before me, slowly,
ever so slowly that one would think
u had practiced for years

u reveal ur breasts so perfect
in their contours; u move in
the light manipulating tones
so ur body appears more perfect
than it is yet i remain transfixed
on ur inner light which is
formless tho saturated in other
qualities of which u are unaware

u remove ur lower garments like
a dying swan, yet i remain fascinated

by the quality of ur moving light, tho
u imagine it is ur body i marvel at

the pleasing aesthetic is not lost
on me but u remain unaware of
my focus

u move gracefully toward me until
ur face is immediate and ur arms
encircle my body, u press ur pubis
firmly on mine hoping for a reaction,
an erection perhaps, but with my
mind fixed on ur light my body
does not react

u tilt ur head slightly, inquiring
without speech, i smile and return
to my body, which reacts immediately,
u respond with a smile and kiss my
lips then lower ur face to my groin

i am now in a dilemma, should i lead
u astray by surrendering to ur seduction
or should i return to my original focus
so u learn there is something stronger
than physical beauty which only
superficially attracts?

Place

the air moves as wind and
with it tiny grains of sand
in the unendurable heat

dunes heaped by billions of grains
form waves that overcome the
land and drown the tallest trees
until they suffocate, wither and
die leaving stark, lifeless trunks
as signals, reminders of the fertility
that once was

it is no coincidence that dunes move
in wave patterns as seabeds move
contoured by air and water which are
fluids, but rooted trees die as they have
no answer for swirling, fluid change

and so it is that what was once
lushness is now dunes of tiny crystal
grains that support other types of
life that go unnoticed

yielding to a relentless onslaught
may be more favourable than standing
firm and attempting resistance, mighty
trees fall yet supple grasses persist in
the harshness

a million thoughts move in similar
fashion creating obstinacy/rigidity
not ready to succumb to yielding
fluidity and the shifting sands of
existence

in the distance date palms grow
around rare oases like something
that doesn't belong to the winds
of change

Name It

the softness of a lover's touch
and the tight vicious grip of a
rock or mountain climber, yet
all the hands are human

do not judge as to each their own
experience and raison d'etre

the voices/thoughts in ur head
are only culture reproducing itself
incessantly – are the thoughts
really your own?

i doubt it, language is a shared socially
binding experience yet hardly anyone
understands another as each to their
own experience and interpretation

so is everything subjective experience?

of course it is, yet a universal truth
must exist for everyone to which
everyone has access

if culture's train of thoughts prohibits
access then and only then are you
culture's shackled slave

the voices that others hear may not
be learned like language, they may
be other worldly, origin unknown

maintain silence if you do not wish
to be medicated, incarcerated or

ridiculed, wait and test the voice
to see if it opens doors to avenues
of Power and Love from which another
world/reality is possible

secrecy is essential until ur seedling
becomes a tree, strong and able to
withstand all the storms and assaults
directed at its *foreign-ness*, as cultural
socialised slaves fear the foreign and
crowd together in fear to attack what
is not understood or generally known
as culture must know and map all available
social space in order to barricade itself
in its own worthless, violent dream

so dream on dreamers sing with the angels
or with advertising jingles and repeat what
the media drip-feed has taught u but always
delude self and imagine it's an original
thought, baa'aa

I like the colour of my black wool as
it broadcasts without a word my freedom
and separation from known cultural
mind-prisons and accepted social spaces,
yet here I am in your, not my, culture
undetected navigating freely -- Be that
invisible outsider able to dislodge
the foundation stones of a perverse,
shared, poison dream

religion, science or whatever the prevailing
authority – which authority is nothing more
than accepted fashion, or fad soon to be
displaced by another

the voice you hear and follow determines
ur status so listen intently and it soon
becomes obvious whether your voice
or the maddening social dialogue is true

dry leaves float easily on the surface
but heavier laden fresh leaves sink easily

fly across the surface quicker than
anything is able to snare then dive
or fly to the bottom/top and talk to
universal Creation itself that spoke
to u before u could think

Truth exists simply by knowing who
and what u really are, it's not difficult
but requires supreme courage which of
course slaves do not possess

so be that hero until ur strength makes
u known to all creation but do not rush it,
otherwise u would be overwhelmed by
the mindless, gibbering, frightened herd
of humanity

so fly freely with the Gods until you
u have matured in That strength

then do what you will as nothing can
harm u, no-one is able to capture a
shadow much less the mountain that
cast it

Supreme peace to You and all my diverse
progeny wherever u may be today or
tomorrow; u will return, as the Love that
binds u eternally must return to its source

Belgrade

at two or three
i watched the clouds
above the Danube
under the sky
next to the park
below the academy
of Art

my nimbic mind
watched the clouds
watching me
in their whiteness
as blue barges
flowed across
my brown
Danube eyes

About the Author

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

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

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

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

I was asked to collate and edit some of his love and other poetry from over one thousand poems on varied subjects, as I was once the moderator of his poetry website. I was extremely pleased to be able to do so as I had a free hand in selection, though Lindsay asked for a few other poems to be included -- sensitive readers would note the mystical theme that runs through all his work.

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

moderator/editor of ozpoetry website.

Books by the author:

Infinite Consciousness

Love and Erotic Poetry

Sun Moon Star Poetry

Nature Poetry

The Poetry of Transformation and Revolution

The Poetry of Life and Growth

Selected Essays I

Selected Essays II

Selected Essays III

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry I

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry II

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry III

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry IV

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry V

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

Plumage Poems of Inspiration Growth Revolution and Freedom

Rejected Poetry Book I

Rejected Poetry Book II

Selected Articles and Poetry Volume I

Selected Articles and Poetry Volume II

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