



**Selections Mystical Prose
and Poetry**

Book V in the Series

Lindsay Traynor

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Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry

by Lindsay Traynor

Book V in the Series

Collated and Edited by the moderators of his various websites

“It is not a matter of laborious achievement, as we have been led to believe; it is a matter of Revelation. Everything seen and unseen in infinite existence already exists, it is only a matter of Discovery.” --

Lindsay Traynor

I Was Dead

(Jalaluddin Rumi)

i was dead
i came alive

i was tears
i became laughter

when it arrived
my limited life
was transformed,
it became eternal

love said to me,
you are not
crazy enough,
you don't fit this house

i went and
became crazy,
crazy enough
to be in chains

love said,
you are not
intoxicated enough
you don't fit the group

i went and
got drunk,
drunk enough
to stumble and fall

love said,

you are too clever
filled with imagination
and scepticism

i went and
became gullible
and in fright
pulled away
from it all

love said,
you are a candle
attracting everyone
like moths to a flame

i am no more
a candle spreading light,
i gather no more crowds
and like smoke
i am dissipated now

love said,
you are a teacher
and a leader

i am no more,
not a teacher
not a leader
just a servant
to your wishes

love said,
you already have
your own wings
i will not give you
more feathers

and then my heart
pulled itself apart
and filled to the brim
with a new light
overflowing with new life

now the heavens
are thankful that
because of love
i have become
a star in the night sky

Water Glider

dance like the spirit wind
touching but not disturbing
the surface -- leaving no
footprint, no impression of
ur sojourn a journey unseen
and unrecorded by gross
minds but inscribed by
rarefied styluses

what determines solidity, the
weight of a burden on the
back of the lightness of being?

leaving no traceable impressions
on the surface of water only
fascinates earth-walkers oblivious
to the existence of æther -- an
unseen world teeming with all
manner of life

thoughts become things in this
realm, tangible and effective,
the guided missiles of desire

it's not a truck or tank bearing
down on u, it's a charged thought
seeking its target for good or ill

Sea Foam

hisses on the shore, the sea
retreats leaving a noisy
deposit -- ebbs, flows, froth
and bubbles agitating desire,
the only static thing in this
universe is the box-ideology
that culture creates -- its idiotic
theologies, ideologies that
populations wear like death
wears its stench

stasis/form-ality in a *kinetic*
universe, how much more
perverse is it possible to
become?

infinity is kinetic, uncontrolled,
unformulated, expanding, Living
whereas conservatism is fixed,
regulatory, static and dead, the
polar opposite of spontaneous
unpredictability, continuity/
infinity

try, won't u, to reject death
masquerading as safety and
security, 'keeping u safe' is
keeping u dead, ur joys and
Freedom murdered

the sea ebbs and flows, a
warm night-wind catches
the foam lifting it into the
sky whispering Life all the

while; this night is saturated
with sound, the music of
existence

conservatives lock themselves
in their coffins with shades
pulled down watching home
entertainment units, interfaces
to the high priests of perversion
fear and slavery

we are keeping u safe, we are
keeping u dead but u are already
dead, maybe it's time to Live

Invisible Verse

after years refining the art
i finally mastered the
invisible poem, white text
on white background,
inscriptions written
on the wind by the wind

an entire world opened,
lyric verse seemed to
saturate all existence, i
could not turn my head
without another inscription
appearing

so i settled for a sea poem
written on the sea by the
sea -- very wet -- punctuated
by sperm whales and dolphins
riding the sea and its power

Companion

who is it that never withdraws
their support or turns their
open hand away?

the familiar stranger that
refuses to abandon a reprobate
like me or you, who constantly
nurtures and delivers comfort
in a comfortless world

it seems that regardless of
every transgression (against
myself) and the abuse i have
heaped on others somehow
my companion remains loyal
tho offended by my actions

dozens of downers and bottle
of scotch failed to rid me of
my life and ur presence

a massive accidental OD that
paralysed my diaphragm and
left me without the ability to
breathe did not earn ur
displeasure or rejection, instead
u delivered the kiss of life by
proxy until my diaphragm
reactivated, such an odd
sensation to lose the ability to
breathe while fully conscious
it seems there is nothing i
could do to earn ur permanent
displeasure and banishment

the patience of a Sphinx, the
charity of a Buddha and the
forgiveness of a Christ chase
ur measureless magnanimity

after decades of folly i finally
gained some insight and began
to learn and appreciate the
healing effect of limitless
compassion and patience,
without which i would have
surely fallen, another victory
to oblivion

it was ur refusal to abandon a
reprobate and recidivist like
me that awakened my sense
of purpose

who would have thought that
unrelenting forbearance and
unconditional Love would
have finally melted a heart of
stone, chiselled in exquisite
pain/torture by a perverse
world

no matter how much i tried
to drown u out or bury u
in an orgy of self-destruction
u remained and waited for me
to regain my senses

okay, i acknowledge u won
without contending, victory
over me was achieved by

enduring compassion and
consideration

now u reveal urself in all ur
wonder, beauty and glory –
no God, angel or celestial
being, just you in naked
wonder

i should have known, you
were all too familiar

Distortions

memory distorts the present
and taints new experience with
the past, is there no escape
from this syndrome?

like a recurring dream ur peerless
beauty and perfection prevent
new liaisons

none compare to ur ineffable
wonder, their inane, inarticulate
gibberish and primitive gesticulations
-- see what u have done to me!

was i fortunate to experience such
perfection or cursed, as now nothing
rates -- ur legacy, an unattainable
standard

i have tried to dull my senses with
substances, in vain were my attempts
to re-educate my aesthetic sense

i have engaged Americans in
conversation hoping that tedious
venture would invest others with
qualities previously unappreciated

but not so

Americans slid below the scale
of every known measure and
the rest remain grotesque, circus
and freak show performers

the fault is mine tho i would
dearly love to blame others,
i have never settled for second
best

friends and associates were shocked
to see me with a plain, pedestrian girl,
but they do not possess an eye for
real beauty

Escape

u hesitate for reasons unknown
(to me) the moment is lost
never to return, lives lived this
way unknowingly chase tragedy

lost opportunities accumulate to
form tapestries of regret only
speckled with the joys of
spontaneous release

fear and hesitancy subvert
wild abandon -- have u ever
seen a waterfall hesitate/
deliberate over its free fall,
or a river pace itself and
reverse its direction, does the
sun diminish/shrink or retract
during day?

i search for u behind ur eyes
and find crowded company
intruding on *our* time; ur mother,
priest and culture have robbed
u of ur identity they have
become the wardens of ur
prison, their faces forged in
fearful steel and window bars
always watching with their
dead eyes

i have flung open the gates of
hell for u to see but like a
frightened animal u shrink into
a corner, terrified of the prospect

of personal freedom/escape

wild abandon becomes daunting,
a nightmare in the making for
those afraid to live

escape takes many forms but
it must be pursued, do not wait
for saviours or anyone to lead
or guide as u would wait in vain

freedom remains a personal
challenge, a personal prerogative

myths and gods are incapable of
freeing themselves from the
fabrications of men, how much
less are they capable of liberating
You?

Chronos

the great slayer by reputation,
yet chronos is no more real
than a dream

time is vanquished by the
continuity of existence, the
progression of experience and
the endless sway of the imploding
-exploding Present

where is time now? find it if u
are able, the past is all u would
find, nevertheless, we are all
locked forever in the Now

every experience is Now, eating,
shitting, screwing are now; every
joy, ecstasy and sorrow are Now,
people live and die only in the now

try doing anything yesterday
or tomorrow to test ur disbelief

some things are created for
the sake of convenience, time
is an illusion an oscillation in
an evil mercantile magician's
box, time is simply slavery by
any other name

time enslaves yet it does not exist
so what is it that enslaves?
ur blind faith and obedience or
maybe ur perverse adherence to

culture's anal need, to regulate?

time makes you a servile drone
masquerading as a free being

i was dead before i was born
and dead before i was alive
i was before i was not

so who or what are You, slave
or free, conqueror or conquered?

culture is an amalgam of Lies that
only duped slaves believe -- time
has no more intrinsic value than
money has any real value tho you
sub-scribe and therefore invest in that
false value

So, if you care to research the subject
you would discover who and why
time was created and then you would
realise who time serves and who it
enslaves

Australian tribals have no cultural
concept of linear time, their
dreaming is spherical and constantly
expanding

Futility

poets attempt with inadequate
means to capture or describe
the indescribable, nevertheless,
it's our efforts that make us poets

i try in vain to capture the totality
or meaning of infinity in a phrase
but fail tho i never stop trying

there, did u see it, did u catch the
meaning, did it touch ur soul,
could u appreciate the subtlety
and deft delivery?

No!

well, it's the best i could do in
the circumstances -- infinity is
best described by silence

the poetry of peace and stillness
has already been written without
words, medium or stylus

Superimposition

is my soul stolen, mind mesmerised
or do i eagerly surrender my spirit
when i see you?

how dare u appear like that, perfect
visage and body, the envy of
ancient Greece and Asia

pure outrage, as this world admits
nothing perfect, imperfection reigns
in an imperfect world, what secret
stealth brought u here to capture me,
who or what sent u?

i have inquired of the Gods, u are
unknown to the pantheon, the oracle
is mute regarding ur identity and
origination

have ur thighs, eyes, face and breasts
bewitched all heaven and earth?

only hell's demons are able to sculpt
a form such as urs, one glance and
entire nations become subject,
how impudent

fortunately u are only a product of
my imagination, a convenience
that i use to superimpose on the
imperfect females of this imperfect
world

Breaking

day hints at its approach the
horizon now clearly separates
sea and sky, amorphous night
sabotaged by light, the unity
of darkness subverted by the
plurality of day

silhouettes begin to take full
form, the universe is reborn
with every dawn

i see ur eyes but not ur face
i sense u but ur body evades
me tho i have little need of
bodies they are only good for
fucking, fighting and working

realms of spirit, soul, intellect
and intuition are my domains,
my home

so much time/energy wasted
on gross bodies

souls are distinct, each has a
unique course whereas gross
bodies share one destination,
death, decay, disintegration
how original -- all travelling
together to doom

but do not delude urselves,
separating the body from its
animating forces does not

extinguish the continuity of
being, i have been killed
many times yet i persist and
haunt the murderers, the
destroyers of Unity/Life

u think 'i' write every piece,
create every text, not likely,
i allow myself to act as a
conduit for various voices/
impulses -- the disembodied
speaking clearly thru me; the
vastness of this creative store
is matched only by the infinite
splendour of existence

light has robbed the sky of its
blanket, clouds appear as do
variations on the ground, the
repose and security of night
is replaced by the chaos and
multiplicity of day

u appear before me in totality
tho i prefer u unseen, sensing
ur energies and subtle nature
rather than encountering form

u can have the day warm and
fertile night suits me fine

Shoreline

the shore whispers tonight,
i wrap myself securely in
the warmth and safety of
the darkness

a sick child shuns the light
preferring night and its
healing, soothing softness

the sea invites when unseen
sea rhythms mesmerise,
background sounds to'ing
and fro'ing in sync with the
pulse of creation, the throb
of quiet delight

Succinct

sometimes it is enough to
leave it to destiny, and allow
the greater harmony to
determine the outcome

so i leave my message on
the wind in the hope that
You will receive it

Integrity

O, how they tried with fake
tenderness and subtlety at
first, then psychological
intimidation, followed by
coercion and physical torture

after decades of relentless
onslaughts did they succeed
in altering one iota of this being,
thought or tendency, did they
break this Spirit?

not on *your* life, as this Spirit
is too precious to compromise

Dormant

the mute mountain in the
distance appears as something
it is not

at rest now but ferocious and
merciless when active, the
mountain is a volcano in
repose

do not be deceived by its
snow-covered summit it hides
explosive fury, rivers of lava
and endless fire-streams that
reduce everything for miles
around to a moonscape

things are never what they
seem, everything reverts to
itself and a volcano is a time-
bomb ready to explode and
wreak havoc across the land

mega-tonnes of power in one
volcano, how much more in a
caldera, a nursery of volcanoes
-- Rabaul and Yellowstone
are overdue, as is the big one
along the fault in California

humans are so arrogant in
times of dormancy, they have
forgotten how vulnerable and
insignificant they really are

soon, very soon ...

Neptune Moon

the indigo planet hovered over
my natal moon, silver-blue

i thought nothing of it until
i began to fall in love with
every woman i encountered,
crazy dykes, demented, tormented
casualties, damaged goods and
other crazies, i was seeing
everything through neptune's
opiate eyes, no sooner had i
met another woman i was
gone again

it was love no doubt, my
experience and intellect
backgrounded watching my
irrational love run rampant
all over my good sense, my
brainless heart writing my
secret life in the open sky

but such is the nature of love
it knows no norms or bounds
each foray is a new world of
experience, every woman
another soul to explore/
consume

a teen again complete with
gut-churning desire and
the agony of rejection --
the ecstasy and torment
of love unchained

my god, i had almost forgotten
what it was like to love
without reins

what a boon, a natural blessing
the neptune cycle

the only woman i didn't fall
for was my female astrologer
who informed me that neptune
had left the orb of my moon,
just before i threw a rope
over the garage rafter

fortunately it was only a transit
i wouldn't have coped with a
a natal conjunction

Steps

a truckload of cares is removed
with each step walking thru time,
space and memory, only knowing
things when moving

walking thru the past which
appears as a carousel of images
strangely detached from the
present

walking, moving in this world
and others -- 'and how are u today?'
glints the old lady watering her
flower garden

neighbours nod, strangers smile
young women fix their gaze
on something i am not aware of,
it happens so often i check to see
if my fly is undone or whether
that pleasant feeling is the wind
blowing thru ripped jeans

but it's the walking that is
pleasant, step by step 15K a day,
i have yet to calculate how many
kilometres over a year

how did i arrive at this point?
step by step, there are no shortcuts

i wasted many years looking for
shortcuts but no safe avenues
presented, speed culture is doomed

the expedient course is fraught with
pitfalls signposts all-around point
to ruin

deliberate steps open wide horizons,
alternatives and viable options

cocaine gratification and short-term
thinking, destroyed the global
economy and amputated a successful
future for the world

as the world races to its inevitable
destiny, it's the walkers that will
build a new world

*[step by solid step allowed China
to rise to superpower status in
a few decades while western
hedonists and short-term thinkers
prepare a grave for America]*

Driftwood

wonder no more why driftwood's
gnarled contortions and bleached
body appeals to our aesthetic sense

it's no secret that a communication
that relates to the widest audience
is considered superior

it's the same with driftwood
every contorted turn, gnarled
twist replicates our lives like
a road map of pain/contortions

the elements attack everything
with equal zeal, they do not
discriminate between the animate
and inanimate, the living or the
dead

our once slender symmetry
becomes a twisted torment
of disappointments and mis-
directions

the longer we are cast adrift
at the mercy of irresistible
forces beyond our control, the
more aesthetically pleasing
we become to others

sucked dry until we are only
outlines of our former selves,
we become famous and die
young

Unrestricted

i've fallen asleep on my
keyboard four times tonight

for whatever reason these hours
spawn poetry like coral sperm
in tropical seas

but let's not be self-indulgent
it's production time

unlike so many narcissistic poets
that cling desperately to their identity
and reputations i cling to nothing,
the creative impulse is unfettered
here

free to spin a yarn, nail criminal
corporatists and the puppet
politicians that serve them

or simply to open up and allow
a poem to arrive easily of its own
accord, unhindered by categories
or expectations, which destroy
many artists in love with their
reputations

poems fall like summer rain and
winter snow here, some ooze
slowly like spent sexual fluids,
others spurt like sea anemones

no rules only the impulse of
creation -- could u imagine where

we would be if the universe was
self-conscious?

*[another poem without the confines
of style or course, without the burden
of identity or other traceable features*

*it is far better to create than to be
somebody*

*how tedious/restrictive identities are,
think of the expectations they create,
identities enslave more effectively
than chains*

*write, paint, sculpt like a winter breeze,
crisp, clean and fresh, nothing here
impinges on the free flow, un-owned,
unclaimed, even by the artist*

*u may have it if u wish, there's plenty
more where this came from]*

Liberation of Uncertainty

locate me between night and
day, at dawn or dusk where
uncertainty reigns, where day
and night momentarily lose
themselves in each other's arms

those who know find me at the
edge, on the cliffs where sea
laps the land, where horizon
marries sea and sky, where
fissures between space and
time open portals into other
dimensions

find me in the uncertainty of
existence where nothing is able
to take hold or anchor itself,
find me in pure freedom coursing
like a madman in undefined space

categories cease to exist, form
becomes void and void is saturated
with unblemished existence

emptiness overflows with Be-ing,
continuity explodes into Ecstasy

find me there swirling like a
dissolving dervish, inward outward
who could tell?

no Truth or ignorance, no failure or
attainment, no identity, no fear

find me with the Gods in concert
with creation spinning dreams and
weaving realities for those below

locate me where space disappears

find me there, nowhere, now-here;
pure terror for conservatives but
paradise for the liberated Free

Personal Pronoun

American poets are obsessed
with themselves or rather myths
of themselves

so engrossed (they are) in their
reflected image i dare not disturb
the water and shatter their
modernist illusions

when post-modern poets refer to
the personal pronoun, 'I,' it would
be a monumental mistake to
assume they refer to themselves
in any way

the 'I' refers to the actor, the
imposter, a cultural product an
experient that imagines illusion
is reality, but it's tempting to be
seduced by notions of fame,
celebrity and notoriety
-- 'identity' --
especially after years of dedicated
work mastering the art with no or
little appreciation for one's efforts

it's laughable when an artist is
'discovered' by a publisher as
though he or she fell from the sky
proficient in verse and the artifices
of poetry --
a most complex, tricky form

'we'll do an initial run of 20K

supported by marketing and
press agents but u'll have to use
a real name throughout or we'll
have nothing to sell if u persist
in using dozens of pseudonyms'

but they just don't get it, it's not
name or fame that is sought,
every poem has its own identity
a one-off, it would be an injustice
to attribute its uniqueness to a
single name, so dozens are used --
the author is not above the Art

i perfected this art after marvelling
at ancient petroglyphs and the
unsigned cave art of indigenous
Australians

a poem appeals because it relates,
many are able to identify with what
the words induce; it follows that
many write the pieces, as who really
decodes-reads, language/culture?

*[from kerouac to warhol, americans
are such narcissistic wankers]*

Dark Reign

for whom do u maintain your stoic
long-suffering, for whom do u
torture urself?

no god requires your pain, no
goddess accepts ur sorrow, not
one angel in heaven has need
of ur misery

let it all go, relieve urself of
imposed, useless burdens

do u think u were created to suffer?
it's a brazen lie

in ineffable bliss were u created,
u were created in pure joy, who
would displace ur peace and
serenity with frenzy? what thief
would rob u of ur inheritance and
leave tribulation and agony
in its place?

but we know who

this type is easily identified, their lies,
machinations and deceit brand them

they would give u barbs for necklaces
and broken glass for a bed, they are
well known to everyone, could decay
and death disguise its unmistakable
stench?

if u are offered fear instead of happiness, if your treasure house is burgled and garbage is left where your shining jewels and pearls should be u needn't look far to identify the culprit -- look to the Hill where a black (white) man with a black lying heart signs orders to murder women, children and all manner of innocence, a man that replaces life-giving rain from the sky with missiles, blood and death

it is costly to ignore reality and continue to suffer needlessly when the cause is known and the cure is freely available

we need not succumb to evil, death and slavery masquerading as democracy, freedom and liberty

Hannah on a Skateboard

i need to get out daily to
escape my crowded solitude
-- in throngs of city people
i find complete anonymity,
peace

it's not so much an irony
as it is plain reality, it's like
looking for that hidden good
in everyone

i've searched every aspect of
being and found no such thing
but something seems to attract
them, i know not what

a young Swede, Hannah, on a
skateboard asked if she could
walk with me up Oxford, Paddo,
i said "you may," with a smile

22 for pete's sake, and me almost
three times her age, tho i marvel
at this interaction

my solitude invaded by impulsive
youth looking for what i know not
but i'll keep looking for that piece
of good in everyone

i am sure to find it

Clovelly

i caught a glimpse of u as i
walked, seated on a grassy
knoll exposed to the wind
overlooking the sea

seated alone on a bench in
silhouette against the setting
sun and fading light

how desolate an image u
presented with ur back to me,
long brown hair flowing on
the offshore wind

motionless, u didn't sense
my presence as u once could,
our minds once linked, we
could converse without the
need to articulate

u are lost to me now, deep
in thought, solitary, sculptured
into the seascape, i know not
why

a haunting isolation so unlike
the gregarious person u once
were confronts me now

i could feel ur profound and
powerful solitude strong
enough to resist the urge i had
to say, "hello, how have u
been?"

ur form conquered the entire
scene, alluring, more powerful
in ur solitude than in company

i never figured why u left yet
u seem strangely assured, a
woman alone and comfortable
in her solitude, a rarity these
days

stay strong
stay well,
my lost love

Serpent's Tail

when the mystic serpent injects
its soma into the centre of your
brain, opposing left and right
hemispheres synchronise and
begin to pulse in harmonic
rhythm

joy overwhelms spirit and floods
being with delight; the radiant sun's
glory fades before the brilliance
of this vision

the firmament with its studded
array is shamed by shafts of
shooting light issuing from a
crystal skull

dread no more, eyes once exposed
to the ineffable beauty of this
landscape see only perfection

the diamond-mind transformed
cannot return to its carbon past,
the world shudders in delight
and trembles in ecstasy, there is
no going back to a world of
shadows and the thick fog of
ignorance

but seizing a serpent by its tail
requires practice and skill whereas
enduring Love liberates All safely
and securely

Twain

i was turned in my youth
to the East

to fine porcelain skin, delicate
artistry, jet on white which
can be traced back thousands
of years

i need not deride clumsy, bovine
occidental girls hidden beneath
forests of body hair, rolling
mammaries and tiresome mind
games

it's refreshing to succumb to
direct allures and precise biology
rather than attempt to fathom
mixed messages and indecision

yes, it's the whole deal the
psycho-somatic differences,
temperaments, everything --
oriental and occidental are
galaxies apart

but it's the twats that really
separate East from West,
pert, tight, tidy fissures
sparsely forested in amazing
contrast to gashes of meat
fashioned by the axes of
drunken lumberjacks

okay, so there's more to a woman

than a twat, not that most men
really care, tho i require fine,
delicate porcelain in harmony
with my aesthetic sensibilities

Seasons

'to everything there is a season,'
with one exception, the awakening
of the American people to the fact
they truly have a choice

not those presented binaries like
left-right, liberal or conservative,
but real choices like hanging
Wall St bankers and shooting
plutocrats on sight

perhaps additional choices like
dragging transnational CEOs
from their glass towers and
forcing them to clean toilets
until they die from inhaling the
fumes of powerful toxic cleaning
agents which they manufacture

few today understand the meaning
of the word, choice, it implies real
freedom and real democracy --
perhaps that is why the meaning
of these words is fading from the
pages of dictionaries and memory

a thousand paid talking heads cleverly
avoid real opposition to the status quo
and dissent, they present scripted,
packaged myopic discourses for
passive consumption, the masses have
yet to progress to an instantaneous
decision to be Free or enslaved by lies
and propoganda, to realise that death

does not necessarily require the body
to expire -- mindless automatons
are required to service the machine

if we cannot remember the past, we
are unable to appreciate the present
and realise we have a choice in creating
our future

Walking with Buddha

if you walk with Buddha on your right then be assured Mara the great tempter, is to your immediate left

this world is defined by opposites, but for the notion of 'good,' 'evil' could not exist

the more we toil to achieve a particular objective the closer its opposite approaches; great achievements are necessarily accompanied by great trials and falls -- polarities are inextricably bound, everything is defined by its opposite

locked in mutual embrace, polarised forces vie for supremacy, eternal conflict appears to be the one consistent characteristic of this plane, or is it a signpost to salvation?

if we strive for a high ideal, we risk the usurper stealing our prize, it is the dilemma of the ages prompting an ancient poet/scribe to vent his frustration and despair, 'there is nothing new under the sun,' when in reality the opposite is true nothing remains the same for an instant

conservatives toil in vain to preserve
and chisel their values in stone
only to have them disintegrate
before their eyes.

whenever great calamity or 'evil'
dominates be assured its total defeat
is inevitable, as it creates all the
forces necessary for its own
destruction; it's as certain as the
cycles of night and day

it seems we face a dilemma in this
world, the fruitless and futile
struggle of opposites or the choice
of freedom, emancipation

ancient and modern scribes have shown
the way, it has been written;
'If you see the Buddha on the road,
kill him!'

indeed, all teachers are frauds whether
by intent, circumstance, folly or tradition

no-one can give you what you already
possess unless they lie and deceive;
gurus are slaves to their disciples as
their disciples are slaves to their gurus,
however, the obvious fact remains,
emancipation is a singular endeavour,
and a highly personal attainment

following or subscribing to any
teaching, person or existing doctrine,
dogma or discipline is the height of

perversity -- Liberation is not found
in the binding chains of prescription

why should we kill the Buddha
or crucify a Christ?

we do so to shatter the bonds of blind
belief (slavery) and free ourselves from
the inculcated myths of culture –
remember culture is the mother of all
oppositions and polarities, and culture,
as is evident today, is inherently
perverse/sick, i need not qualify the
obvious

consider the strange narrative of the
Gospel of Luke in which the victorious
end is presented at the beginning.

prior to the apparent defeat, victory
is asserted at the outset. the protagonist
figure is tempted by his opposite; thesis
and anti-thesis struggle and the protagonist
overcomes, not by vanquishing his
opponent, but by disengagement, the
opponent is acknowledged but not
engaged ('get thee behind me')

the futility of the endless struggle of
polar opposites is clearly avoided in
favour of another way

the Buddha also avoids polar extremes
and advocates the middle ground

both narrative figures acknowledge our
world of corruption, misery and perversity

but demonstrate that the optimum approach to divisive extremes is to understand, withdraw y/our active or passive support, but never subscribe or take sides or ever attempt to prove you're right and the other is wrong as quite obviously that indicates how entrapped you are in cultural binaries and conservative value judgments, notwithstanding it *advertises* a complete insecurity of personal identity

now, you would be a fool to believe in or subscribe to anything i say, wouldn't you?

you have been free since your inception, any bonds are purely illusory and self-imposed, all constraints are of your own taking not making; you (not your body) have been made whole, perfect and complete

Are we aware of any leaders today that lie and deceive?

would you continue to actively or passively support cultural perversity, divisive hatred and destruction or would you withdraw your subscription/support and allow harmony to prevail?

River

sitting by the bank the water
snaps, a tail whips, a gleam
catches the sunlight; in a flash
a fish disappears into the depths

perfectly adapted to the medium
freshwater fish appear and
disappear at will evading traps
and lines which they tangle in
the rushes and the roots of
water trees

i've sat and watched from this
bank countless times, it is
never the same though we
imagine the river is constant

we've given it an English name
and mapped it, yet the river
evades our feeble attempts to
fix it in any lexicon or map

it once teemed with aquatic
and amphibian life, singing
frogs, flashing fish and
cunning cod have evaded
extinction for thousands of
years though today their days
are numbered

the river unhappily accepts
runoff from rains laden with
toxic sprays and fertilisers

modern man has no connection
to the land/environment he sees
it through words, stats, litres,
dams and forced production

for thousands of years the river
supported the originals, no better
stewardship exists than native
people inextricably linked to
the land

we killed them off before we
killed the river, what do natives
know of modern farming methods
and aquaculture?

very little, but they knew how
to harvest its bounty without
upsetting the delicate balance
that sustains all manner of life

and what do we know?

how to exploit, pollute and kill
everything we touch

we continue to regard the natives
as ignorant primitives

Influx

we are of the exception no
rule is able to contain us, no
standard exists to define us,
no mind is capable of
appreciating (us) we are not
of the left or right, we are
nemesis to both

standing at the other side of
creation we leave fleeting
vapour trails, we easily evade
the 'analists' in power

behind me plays the left hand
of Jimi, as i write -- you
murdered him and u will
pay -- Leonardo before him,
machines, brush and ciphers,
and Buonarroti making an
appearance

yet it hasn't struck u that the
exception to the rule subverts
the rule and by consequence
destroys the status quo

with what are u able to contend
with our tactics? we have no
need of fame, notoriety or
wealth, how do u hope to lure
and capture us, could a chimp
outsmart a man?

sociopaths and lamers, all

resorting to fear, terror tactics,
your primitive methods are
inadequate today

u have never had our measure
u do not possess the ability
yet u hope to prevail against us,
what dream deludes u now?

perhaps another holocaust
or a million dead children to
top ur previous record, ur
population is trained to deny
and forget

all ur high-tech weapons are
ineffective against our skills

u have sought us frantically
for decades and have only
eaten our dust

we are no-one, we are everyone,
how simple it is to lead u in
circles and evade your facile
lures and traps

we have ur measure, u will
never succeed, ur abilities are
clearly inadequate

you have No chance

Dissent

there is an indescribable
satisfaction in dissent;
opposing the most
powerful forces that exist
and observing them react
in real fear to the small
independent voices
saying No, that's a Lie,
No, you are mass murderers
of the innocent, Not saviours
or protectors

watching reactions to dissenting
discourse with calculated attention,
watching agencies and information
managers monitor our every word
and attempt to suppress our message
spells Victory for dissenters

watching the most powerful
Corporations and Banks squirm
writhe in unease and wince when
every pointed dart of truth, and
every arrow of justice launched
at their murdering black hearts
hits its mark

they have no idea that every
effort they make to suppress,
oppress and misrepresent only
increases the volume of dissent

the plutocrats believe their
counter-measures are effective

when in fact the opposite is true,
without their futile efforts to
suppress and smother, we would
have given up decades past

with every advance we make
they grow weaker, every newly
awakened person spells doom
for frauds and liars

we have forced their hand on
numerous occasions, with every
new suicidal act or law they
implement the tide of opinion
alters in our favour and opposition
against them increases

it is with the utmost vigour and
satisfaction we deliver our healing
and balancing message

every corporate lie countered,
every media misrepresentation
exposed, all their manufactured
'realities' forced to defer to Truth
and simple verifiable facts,
which we happily provide

the purveyors of death and
destruction move closer to
retribution/justice as each
day passes

their feeble attempts to stem
the growing tide of dissent
only increases the forces of
opposition

every printed word and dissenting
act spells victory for Truth, we
are well pleased with our efforts
and encouraged by the results,
there is no silencing the global
dissenting voice or stopping the
growing opposition to criminal
plutocrats and the mass murderers
of **our** time

Amon

rest easy amour u weren't to
know, consider it a perfect
harmonisation, intonation,
reverberation that carried u
out of this world

vocalise ur escape, from
torment to the easy
undulations of another
world with rhythmic seas
and humming light

it was unplanned ur
departure, accidental, tho
u tempted fate once too
often and fate never
forgoes an opportunity to
steal a soul

ur frantic search led u here,
briefly i felt a presence and
turned, there u were, confused
dishevelled, u could not
identify that for which u
searched

but all frantic minds subside
in the end, vision stabilises,
and cognition returns

perhaps now we could return
to the plateau under the
Egyptian sun and bathe in
its light like days gone by

when as incestuous brother
and sister we copulated in
the rushes by the banks of
the Nile

the priests saw fit to deify us,
our unnatural embraces
produced a son who became
the Eye of God completing
a triadic dynamic, which
persists to this day

i miss ur sad laments and
soul-rending songs of love,
heartache and pain, u tore
urself to pieces in ur quest
for fulfilment

rest easy now amour, the
warble of night-birds will
carry you to paradise and
peace

Time Orphaned

is time measured by pulsing waves prior to orgasmic release, or the tremors of ecstasy that run up and down the spine during seizures of inspiration and creation?

No!

is time the space between two thoughts relative and illusory, or the 'distance' defined or measured by space?

how absurd are notions of space when existence is saturated and no real separation exists, 'empty' space is simply a lack of awareness

yet in the supreme arrogance characteristic of conservatism, time imagines itself the destroyer of all things, though reality easily demonstrates continuity (timelessness)

time affects only the ignorant that are unable to detect the swirling flows and spirals of continuous creation

corporeality is merely coalesced ignorance, misperception

time and space married
are the progenitors of form
and measurement yet reality/
continuity is measureless,
therefore timeless, and
timelessness is immortality

what is the true measure of
a man, is it height, weight,
stature or character, which
quality transcends and defies
all boundaries and precise
definitions?

Banner

hoist high the red white and
black, all other flags defer

unrepresentative leaders
betray the majority,
privileged minorities
have hijacked democracy;
justice made orphan must
be restored, order must again
prevail, hold high the red
white and black

red alone has failed and all
other shades have succumbed,
these times necessitate revolt,
hoist high the red white and
black

paint ur faces sisters, lift your
kerchiefs brothers, clench ur
fists in salute -- defy the
murdering plutocrats, evade
their fascist police

always strike in stealth and
return to the fray to fight
another day

strike at the vulnerable
underbelly, target the heart
and vitals, pound the beast
until it stumbles exhausted
to the ground

in that weakest moment
plant ur charge, draw your
dagger and end the reign
of murder, deceit and
destruction, hoist high the
red white and black

under that banner alone we
gather, all other flags defer

unite under the ancient
tricolour of mutual
co-operation and Freedom,
hoist high the red white
and black

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 my winged steed,
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 you but its cool marble
paleness did not please you

i returned on my winged
steed with diamond stars
from the farthest reaches
of space, sparkling, but when
i produced them the 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 perverse
desire or ur insatiable thirst
for experience

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

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

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

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

words of advice i offer future
regulators in another time and
place leave us to our dreams,
allow us to die young or
suffer the wrath and unrelenting
vengeance if u disturb our
dreaming

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

now my words and phrases
are honed weapons, devastating
charges and lethal darts

be wary of 'good' intentions,
do not dare disturb wayfarers
in their dreaming unless u wish
to confront those dreams in
Reality

Stephanie

u have forgotten

what remains unresolved impels
you to locate me again thru time
and space to settle a debt, obtain
a boon or simply satisfy a desire

so we meet again, in this new
place and exchange thoughts
easily and directly, if u think it
common think again

u recognised my ability and
sensitivity not realising that
recognition affirms u have
the same ability, yet u failed
to remember that we knew
each other intimately in a
previous life, in that other
place

you are Buddhist now so it's
natural to appreciate the
situation, tho here in the
Occident it is considered an
oddity a special gift, a strange
telepathy, conversing minds

it is time, this time to resolve
the issue, and unify bodies,
mind and soul

or would you hesitate, delay
again and allow unrequited

desire to propel u into the next
life and take ur chances again,
things may not be as conducive
as they are now

be mindful today you know
me too well, recollect with
whom you exchange thoughts
so easily -- remember, make it
plain and delight in resolution,
completion

Laying Time

arrive in ur own time, rest
beside me, next to me,
inside me, within me

spread urself over me like
a blanket until all that
exists is you

make it easy for me to
embrace u again

unlock all ur facets bring
them home here with me

u left in a flash and return
in a glimmer, use light as
ur doorway, ride it like fire,
corporeality has never
impeded u before

traverse time, breach the
barriers that confine the
mundane, liberate everything
mapped/captured by the
destroyer of all good things

return, impervious to the
buffeting undulations of
temporal existence

appear as you are, immortal,
eternal and Ecstatic, my
divine consort

Sea Ghost

at night i watch the brooding
ocean from my secret clifftop
vantage, it speaks of approaching
catastrophe, a great purging of
land, sea and sky, not one grain
or soul will remain unaffected

physical change will correspond
with magnetic realignment, the
earth will be reborn, the dross
will be purged completely
only the rarefied, attuned will
survive to replenish the planet;
that much has happened before
but the scale of this impending
upheaval is too horrendous
to contemplate

sensitive souls with deep
understanding are awed by the
scale of this looming disaster
and the savagery of nature's
forces unleashed

very little will be spared but
only little is required, the earth
will be renewed and enter a
new cycle

not one coward or self-serving
avaricious pig will remain, but
for a handful, the human race
would have all but vanished,
a situation humanity has brought

on itself

but tonight the moon is full,
its light dances across the
waves, a warm spring breeze
carries the fragrance of
blossoming flowers

i have learned to watch indirectly
in order to see what is not usually
seen, vapours and spirits swirling
slowly in the night

the hush of waves is broken by
a sudden splash, and a blur on
the surface, the omen has returned
from the deep, the white whale
breaches and rolls in the ocean
off the coast, it senses those that
sense it as it sings its haunting
lament

locals have come to expect the
seasonal migration of the white
whale, Migaloo, off our eastern
coast away from Japanese harpoons
and commercial whaling cannons

they view it as a novelty, a rare
spectacle, entertainment

few are aware of Aboriginal legend
and the significance of the
white whale

another breach and call and Migaloo
disappears beneath the waves

Your Name is Perversity

humankind stands alone as a species that is aware certain actions ensure negative results, yet humans consciously, and at great cost, persist in their folly

which other creature self-destructs so effectively?

lemmings suicide as a result of population pressure and limited resources, so what appears as a senseless act is in fact a survival mechanism for the species

humankind learns hard then ignores the painful lessons learned, repeating previous errors is a favourite past time of humans

i ask you what design, flaw or aberrant gene is responsible for man's lunatic behaviour?

numerous other examples of man's insanity exist far too numerous to list here but i would mention the one truly deplorable human characteristic peculiar to the species and that is the horrid way they treat their young – children are horribly abused physically and psychologically and we wonder why lunatics are abundant in human society

which other species would murder innocent children for a barrel of oil or monetary gain?

millions of children were needlessly killed in Indo-China, the 500,000 children killed in Iraq was said to be "worth it," by a *sick female* leader of State, an 'acceptable' price; and you imagine there is hope for this sick species -- have we forgotten that children are innocent and defenceless

in full view of heinous crimes and injustices by leaders of State the powerful paralysed masses react with passive toleration rather than righteous indignation and outrage; it seems sure, the species is lost, doomed to extinction

a species that abuses and murders its young abuses and destroys itself

i wonder how many other failed species existed previously or exist on other worlds (none i imagine as suicidal abuses end in annihilation)

human beings are pathologically unique, a sick and sorry excuse for a viable life form, a failed evolutionary experiment; nevertheless, we have a Choice to return to what we **Know** is right

Greetings from the author,

Humans, as we are all aware, are very fearful creatures, however, we all have a resource upon which to draw in times of great fear or overwhelming challenge. I refer to that ability to lift vehicles when our children are pinned underneath; it is the ability to fly in the face of certain death to save something (what?) and emerge victorious.

Indeed, I refer to the heroic quality in all human beings regardless of how much effort is invested in making society scared, fearful and timid; the hero in us all waits to be awakened. It is the most powerful resource that we possess as human beings and make no mistake, certain nefarious forces go to great lengths to keep that winning quality smothered and repressed.

I would remind everyone not to ignore the many challenging issues of our time, we are the world and we only have ourselves to blame if it goes down the plug hole. With that said and by way of contrast, it is hoped the above prose poem confronts our sorry condition in these challenging times and inspires us to restore OUR lives and respective societies, which we have allowed to fall into the hands of rogues and criminals.

Do not look to others for guidance, first take responsibility for your own life -- who else could live it? Only after regaining your personal power and sovereignty would you be able to assist others in need.

Share this message with friends and those in need of encouragement. We are not yet lost.

Close

ur presence hovers above me
like a mist blanketing a lake,
so tantalisingly close i feel ur
warm breath on my cheek yet
no contact is made

enveloped all around you maintain
a distance designed to unsettle
and agitate, so very near tho it
could be the other end of the
universe

if you fail to make contact soon
or continue to resist my gentle
advances the tension will be lost
and as a gust of wind disperses
a mist a chance may never form
again, and remember, a chance
ignored is an opportunity lost,
we cannot afford to be so slow
with our limited span

hold firm, do not succumb to fear
or hesitate, gather yourself and
make ur move, the result could be
more than you anticipated

All and More

the more i give, the more i
gain, makes no sense at all
tho it's truer than the blue
of a summer sky and deeper
than the black of a moonless
night

existence offers everything
freely/unconditionally, i have
learned from the perfect
teacher; i completely surrender
to achieve freedom, i give it
all away and my cup overflows

to what do u imagine i refer,
to what open secret do i allude?

days in the warm mountain sun,
and the soothing calm of moonless
forest nights fortify the soul

aromatic flowers bloom heavy
with scent, fertile ready, pistils
receptive

should i/we withhold when
everything natural gives freely?

i removed the seven seals to
the hidden chambers, and flung
open the doors to allow free
passage, my treasure-house
exposed

am i robbed of my most precious,
that which has been given freely
to me/you or am i/you fulfilled?

i provide to whomsoever is in need
without charge, condition or toll,
all according to the original plan

the lamps are lit the wedding guests
arrive bearing more gifts than i have
ever given away; my bride gleams/
shimmers, adorned in her blinding
whiteness

am i impoverished or abundantly
wealthy?

my bride approaches along the
corridor illuminating/activating
everything as she passes until she
joins me at the threshold

in symphonic harmony we are
joined; together we pass through
the radiant portal to the boundless
reaches of Paradise

Incapable ...

of making the leap into real freedom away from religious belief, or the prison of science, which bases its empirical views on measurement, while the universe/existence is continuous and immeasurable!

it seems this terrestrial sphere is a dumping ground for the tragic turds of creation, the home of dunces and retards where perversities are taken for reality and infinite Reality is ignored

try, just once to understand, break your bonds and realise that continuum has no beginning or end, it is One continuous process, everlasting, no past or future

where from this obsession with beginnings and endings when there are no such things?

existence is Now, or would you care to produce the past or the future

if you must delude yourselves could you possibly do it without killing each other and everything

else you touch?

why is it so difficult to live in harmony and peace, do you think selfishness and avarice are admirable qualities upon which to base social existence?

do you not remember your body of light before it was encased in gross matter/flesh?

try and recall who you really are and why you exist; recognise your relationship with each other and the world around you, everything is One voluptuous harmony/dance of Joy

notions of exclusivity and separation are pure perversity, vanity, we are all part of the great unfolding of Creation

but i apologise for momentarily distracting you from your morbidity, fear and malevolence, there are people to kill, environments to pollute and destroy, wars to wage and avarice to feed

[Learn to co-operate and live in peace; you are facing extinction.

"If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite"

-- *William Blake*

*"The gates of Paradise are wide open, no-one is excluded -- only man denies and imprisons himself in ignorance, fear and darkness."
-- Anonymous]*

Legion

crowded out of my own keyboard,
stolen themes meandering plots,
what manner of displacement is
this?

i begin to write this and end
with that, no semblance to my
original idea

a price i must pay it seems --
automatic writing is easily
hijacked by forces of desire to
communicate which are stronger
than my own to express an
idea in verse

i only add rhythm, form and
grammar, a medium possessed
of unquiet spirits jostling to steal
my keys and make manifest a
heart's desperation and unrequited
desire

i only ask that you wait patiently,
allow me to complete my draft
before you intervene

i withdrew in solitude to a
studio away from external
distractions to find peace,
to facilitate my art and
increase production, yet
at times my studio is more
crowded than Grand Central

it is disconcerting to read a
poem i wrote that bears no
relation to my experience,
who is it that makes use of
my mind/body?

[legion]

my 'solitary' studio bursts
with chatter, at times the
clamour and din is louder
than city streets yet corporeal
ears only hear the tapping
of my keys

Price

before entering here (earth)
every soul makes a bargain
with the ruler of this world,
the tax imposed for our
earthly existence

we pledge one half of our
immortal soul the other half
remains untainted, One with
its Creator

the pledged half is held
temporarily by the ruler of
this world -- each half now
the others' polar opposite

we enter as dual beings
each half vying with the
other for supremacy

which will gain favour?

the determinate is our
freedom to choose,
individually, in groups
or as nations

some nations choose perpetual
war, destruction, mass murder,
robbery and death -- their
actions seal their fate

other nations choose to eke a
simple living not infringing

on anyone

however, the sick, spangled
thief wants it all, though it can
never explain why too much
is never enough

it casts an envious at those
that barely have enough to
satisfy their simple needs

the bully has diamonds, gems,
oil all manner of things but
sees the joy children derive
from playing with pebbles
and stones

the bully contrives to steal
the stones and pebbles from
the children

in time the children grow into
adults, the good always vying
with the bad

tribulations are constant,
challenges difficult but we
are shaped by how we respond

the easy course is deceptive,
a mirage for dying men

the rugged road challenging
but not brutal or unnecessarily
cruel

we navigate every obstacle,

negotiate every turn until we
return home having experienced
the trials, hardships, tribulations,
pleasures and joys of life here
on this unique plane

resist the dark if you would find
liberation/fulfilment

depart as you came, Victorious,
and never succumb to perversity

Rainbow Harp

on certain days when rain,
sun and sky allow you can
grasp rainbows from the sky
and separate each colour to
make a seven-stringed harp
that plays cosmic music
which resonates, hum and
modulates through Existence

corresponding centres in the
body activate sympathetically,
the seven colours of the
rainbow harp combine to form
clear white light, the seven
corresponding centres of the
body harmonise and become
pure consciousness/Self, our
original nature before cultural
superimposition

on other days the seven centres
of the body synchronise along
the spine and form a flute, the
melody of which captures and
subdues turbulent storms/minds

the enchanting sound creates
vistas in the sky and opens
doorways to alternate states
and other dimensions of Being

Feather

a feather floats effortlessly
in the air

it drifts about at random
then settles beyond any
boundary

without grimace or bead
of sweat it rides the forces
nature provides and crosses
boundaries without travail
or the slightest exertion
while other things toil and
spin needlessly in tangles
and webs of their own
making

Way

no cross exists to hang this
body on, no bough lends
itself for such a task

this body will not be impaled

i continue to give (freely)
that is the only reason i exist

it flows without condition or
restraint, you are not able to
stem this flow, or diminish its
tide, you simply do not
understand that you are unable
to affect its course

how long does it take for some
to learn that nothing is able
to restrict this expression?

fed to the dogs since infancy
targeted relentlessly throughout
life i discovered that yielding
is the strongest weapon and
my greatest strength

inform me when you are able to
bruise water or striate the air

your frenzied attempts to wound
betray your sadistic and incurable
madness, will you never find
peace?

divested of everything held sacred
stripped bare of all protective layers
i was forced to locate the one saving
grace, the power that sustains all
things, which quality nothing is able
to disturb

so now i share this secret openly
though offers are largely ignored

signs in a forest disappear in time
make haste if you would find the
signs left to guide you easily to
liberation/salvation

Music of the Spheres

it begins with a long hum
then a resonance undulates
and launches thousands of
subtle, vibrating harmonics
through thru Be-ing, which
synchronise the nervous system
and organise the world around
until the skull becomes as clear
as crystal which defies decoding,
as clarity cannot be read, only
appreciated

sounds that form strange
symphonies attracting angels,
sylphs, undines and demons
flee as they find harmony
tortuous

bewitching tones and undulating
rhythms that bind the universe
together and tear it apart in
rhythmic sequence

from corporeality to the most
rarefied vibratory scale so refined
it moves through the ether faster
than light

harmonic progressions that culminate
in a perfectly transparent skull while
maintaining certain qualities

a slow steady tonal pulse from high
to low heavens and subsides with

existence binding all things to it
and bringing all manner of incongruities
together then moving them
asymmetrically apart again -- sounds
that i recall from the womb

songs of Be-ing and existence,
peaceful rhythms and pulses --
beauty beyond description, it
never ceases

Lux

futile travails and uncertainties
i leave in the city with my suited
attire, all behind me now

before me a land-seascape
solarises, luminesces --
emerald green skies and cobalt
seas shimmer in my vision

eyes flicker and fly, strobing
like nectar feeders at the open
mouths of flowers

i am shaman, translucent, part
man, beast, spirit, a body tailored
for the journey

roaring seas lashing wind
confront with sustained power,
i make deliberate forward progress
moving toward the goal

closer,
nearing the edge, the appointed
place under an overhang
overlooking infinity

at the edge now buffeted in all
directions, i take exact steps
and leverage myself under
the overhang safely into an
alcove

i remove my loin cloth, talon

necklace and wrist ties --
naked i sit cross-legged facing
the horizon waiting for the sun

i hear before i see, brass horns,
conch shells trumpeting the
dawn

it is time,
my token i take from its
protective pouch and release
it with open palm

it shoots out and up at eye level
tiny wings beating in a blur,
tubular pointed beak between
my eyes, iridescent feathers
refracting the morning light

a tweak of its head a blink
of recognition, it turns abruptly
and shoots like a bullet toward
the horizon

in a blinding flash it collides
with the rising sun

rays ripple toward the land
in waves illuminating every
hidden hollow and charging
every open vessel waiting in
anticipation

it is done

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

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry V

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

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