

A butterfly with yellow and black wings is perched on a red flower. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green. The text is overlaid on the image in a white, serif font.

UNPUBLISHED MYSTICAL LOVE
AND OTHER POETRY
OF
LINDSAY TRAYNOR

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BBQ Chicken

I usually pick up a BBQ chicken at the end of the week, more from a need to avoid cooking than as a treat. I hadn't seen the shop assistant who served me before, he was very particular about which chicken I selected, he gently prodded a few, very gently turned a few over all the while commenting on moisture content, texture and oven position. Very dedicated I thought as I pointed to a small plump chicken. The attendant smiled approvingly at my selection, as he placed the chicken in a take-away BBQ bag. He gave me a knowing wink and said, "good selection, the pretty ones are not for eating." He then ritualistically handed the bag to me with both hands as if making an offering. Very odd behaviour I thought as I headed for the fresh vegetable section to obtain salad ingredients.

I had long since given up on reacting to winks, innuendos and various body gestures, the world is full of weirdos. But on the way home I wondered what the lunatic was on about. It is probably necessary to mention the occasion I discovered my dick sitting on the perch next to my pet budgie. I watched my dick sidling back and forth along the perch as adept as any caged bird, it was bizarre watching it bobbing its head in sync with my pet bird. But amusement had long since turned to impatience, I needed my dick in its socket for pissing, fucking and a host of other phallic tasks, but this dick had somehow developed a mind of its own – and a predilection for birds it seemed.

The salad was prepared and the bread rolls buttered, time for my chicken dinner.

No sooner had I taken the chicken from the bag and placed it on a plate than my dick jumped from its socket wriggled its way between my belly and belt, jumped onto the table and began ravaging the BBQ chicken on the plate. I watched the stuffing forced out of the neck aperture as my renegade dick penetrated the rear orifice of the chicken. This was too much, not only had my dinner been mangled but my dick had begun to assert itself and challenge my authority as

master of my body and mind. It was obvious this attack on the BBQ chicken constituted a serious threat to my sovereignty; something had to be done to redress the natural order of things. No dick should ever be allowed to take control of its host.

So I decided to use a combination of physical restraints and aversion therapy to rectify the situation. I had a leather craftsman make a small studded bulldog collar with attachments on each side for two small chains.

After fitting the collar tightly under the head of my dick and locking the chains in place under my waist and then onto my belt, I began the aversion slide show I had prepared. I should mention that my dick was able to dislodge itself from its socket but it couldn't escape. I laughed as its futile attempts to release itself from the collar and chains, after numerous attempts it returned to its socket and began to sulk. The slides had been carefully selected for maximum impact. My dick had somehow acquired a fetish for birds. Each slide depicted an exotic bird in a lewd posture, however, clearly visible were nails, pins, razor blades, tacks and other sharp objects in locations on the slides that renegade dicks usually favour.

To cut a long story short, the strategy was only moderately successful. I have been forced to wear the collar and chains when in public.

I was in a rush on one occasion and forgot the collar and chains. Unrestrained, my dick dislodged from its socket on the train. Before it returned, a number of high school girls and secretarial types were seen twisting in their seats and making faint squealing noises. It seems that nimble detached dicks are more welcome in certain circumstances than entire bodies. But this is really a story about reverse logic, dislocation, aberrant behaviour and dissociation.

Bush Walk

rolling around the voluptuous hills
searching for the coolness of a secret
valley

moving deliberately, tho i wish
at times i could race with carefree
abandon, not so in these virgin hills
and hidden valleys where the unwary
easily come to an abrupt end

the grasses are riddled with serpents,
most of which are venomous – welcome
to Australia

and if the snakes don't get u the aggressive
black funnel webs would, and if they
miss ur soft inviting flesh its red-back
cousins would give u a terrible toxic
episode tho few die of red-back bites
but another creature is what i seek

the toxic spur of the duck-billed platypus
only in Oz do mammals lay eggs
then suckle their hatched young,
monotremes to be specific

sometimes i feel a twitch in the centre
of my forehead, i'm always on the alert
for another appendage growing out of
my forehead, this strange land infects
everyone

i release my real appendage from my
shorts to take a hissing piss, the hiss

created by the jet stream on the bark
of a gum and notice the gum trees here
have fissures similar to a vulva, some of
which are hollow allowing rare and
endangered parrots to nest and squawk
while their mates regurgitate food for
their hatched young

pissing is a real experience in the bush

finally i stumble on a hidden gorge
that hosts prehistoric trees that clone
themselves rather than bother to
exchange DNA, create seeds then
hope they take root – why bother
with pollination and the exchange
of essences here

and to think that these trees were
only discovered recently, tho the
entire area around had been logged
for decades

gorges offer a haven for the peculiar,
i am in my element

where is it? rocky outcrops offer little
vantage tho to my surprise i see a patch
of wild cannabis maturing, so i divert
and find a female with sticky buds
ready to seed, what luck!

i fill my pockets with the sticky buds
hoping to cure them later but impatience
overwhelms so i find a hollow twig,
it will do, and stuff an entire bud

down one end, and light a fire
from dried twigs and magnifying glass
which twigs also act as matches

draw and cough, cough and draw until
i'm shit-faced, bush walking has its
rewards

whoa! these green buds pack a punch so
i recline disturbing a scorpion sheltering
under a rock – fuck it, i'm too stoned
to be concerned

the clouds seem to breathe swirling above
me tho i wonder about the tinges of crimson
and violet; a little agitated i stumble forward
and trip thru bushes which were hiding the
valley i sought

its steep slope presenting a challenge, no
problem i imagine until i trip and stumble
to the bottom, neatly etched out of the
ground by a gurgling creek, the perfect
habitat of the platypus, not that i would
attempt to handle a male in this state

spinning, i stretch out and flake

when i regain consciousness its twilight
so i decide to camp here for the night
and boil a billy with tea and some
pulverised buds – refreshing, soothing
and physically exciting, this is good shit
for wild bush weed

now i'm challenged with an unwanted

throbbing erection so i finish the brew
which only further aggravates my cock,
which is now ready to explode

what do i care, it beats wanking, so i
focus elsewhere and tend my camp fire

the mosquitoes are having a field day
they are attracted to the blood of those
mammals in heat emitting various scents
from their pores

i learned from the indigenous to accept
annoying insects when too tired or
incapable of preparing the usual protections
thick smoke from a green fire and clay mud,
which i luckily find by the creek and rub
over my exposed skin

the creek gurgles in the dark, various
nocturnal animals and perhaps snakes make
their way thru the wild grasses and brush
foraging for food, seeing with their tongues

who cares, tho a wrong thought would tip
me into paranoia, so i stay cool with a hot
cock, which refuses to relax

i become accustomed to the sounds of the
night and flake again

squawking parrots rouse me to consciousness
the next day, i boil a fresh billy with more
pulverised bud than tea, shit-faced first thing
in the morning, but out here, hidden, i relax
and munch on protein bars and other sweet

goodies none of which ease the pressure in
my groin

u are probably wondering why i don't just
have a wank, well u should know that it
screws a good head stone, so i accept the
pressure of an almost permanent erection
now attempting to burst thru my pants

familiar bush sounds are interrupted
by the faint sound of chuckling and laughter,
i must be tripping, no way i think until
three young feral girls emerge from the
bush to wash in a natural pool in the creek,
a short distance from my camp
they relieve themselves of their loose
clothing and wade into the creek thigh deep

if they turn they would see me and as soon
as thought they turn, see me and burst out
laughing, of course i'm still stoned and
take it personally, relax one says, we noticed
someone tampered with our plants and judging
by that rabbit in your pants, it must've been
you

sorry i say, i thought the patch was wild,
no matter one responds come join us

ummm, that would be a bit difficult
my rabbit might escape – forget it,
the cool water will do u good, so i
strip and join them at the natural pool
tho with the younger in hysterics,
no, the erection was unaffected by
the cool water, so i just let it be, tho

the ferals view it differently

it would now be a good time to end
this piece as i rarely venture into blue
prose, suffice to say the rabbit got away

after which we all sat, spent and smiling,
sipping my brewed tea and watching the
shimmering scintillations of wild flowers
quivering in delight

just another average day in the Australian
bush

Portrait

the unimaginable reaches of consciousness
becomes imaginable tho distorted by
pre-existing notions of cultural pollution
which is not me

yet this emergence cannot be allowed to
fade and die as its source is from the
pristine pure

it winds around my mind blanketing
the learned and derailing the train of
incessant thought, i have no regrets,
like a babe's first laboured breath
it forces the door into existence
while banishing memories of previous
existences, tho not the consequences

nothing has gone right since my initial
recall, all connections lost with my
species, in this realm of inversions,
distortions and the profoundly lost
living prescribed dreams of vacuity
and senseless folly

every road taken is crooked, signs hang
riddled with bullet holes, squeaking
in the wind, offering no direction,
how in hell did i end up here?

tho deep down i know it is the result
of previous actions forcing new
experiences that must be dealt with,
tho here nothing makes sense but
the moving cycles of all existence

from my vantage i look out over
the horizon and see no future that
anyone would desire yet it is a
future which was created in complete
ignorance of consequences

every thought, word and deed of
un/intentional designers permanently
recorded on the akasha, there is no
escape, only the option to deal with
every lunatic confrontation of this
world

trapped in a world as foreign to me
as is possible – heartless, selfish and
violent, pure madness reigns here
incubated and hatched in poison
urban conglomerations

the unimaginable begins to take form,
it is my pristine self comforting me
and re-painting the portrait of Dorian,
with a palette of colours i have never
seen before

Winged Gate

there is a gate neither open
nor closed that leads to an
invisible garden a place/space
called paradise

its realm is between the seen
and unseen – few enter and
fewer still appreciate or are
able to understand where
they are

it is time for me to enter this
timeless, invisible place

i take flight on the wings of
a phoenix leaving my created
self in the fire of transformation,
dead in the ashes of a dead
world

i realise when i arrive that i
know this place, which realisation
grants me an eye to see its
ineffable wonders and qualities
that two eyes can never see

i am here again,
it is the place of
my origination

Signatures

it's not unusual to find in galaxies
what we find in sunflowers and
pine cones, the curve/spiral of
continuity, the mean of meaning

the fingerprint of creation must
repeat itself in itself in all creation,
it cannot separate or avoid itself
as humankind, as everything in
itself not of itself

spin fast, spin slow my lovely
until i enter ur centreless centre
and lay my perverse finite cultural
superimpositions in ur fire of
redemption

at times i see u with form tho i
prefer u formless most of the timeless,
ur 'body' is One limitless creation
dancing forever in blinding Bliss
and unfettered consciousness

u curve out and in simultaneously
defying the indivisible point and
reaching past the last cognition
of understanding

a circle without a circumference
it/you have never arrived anywhere
by puny conceptual thoughts/language,
the jail of finite minds --
how i lament this dark yuga of profound
ignorance/blindness

flow freely, flow continuously and
sweep me away with ur tides of
ecstasy – immerse and resurrect me
in ur ocean of Light/Love

how they take it all for granted, the
universal gift of love, oblivious to
the fact that it is all You an overflowing
chalice of the most sublime wine
which never runs dry, a sure—less ocean
of bliss that grows forever in perfection
like the mythic rose of immortality

yet their brows frown, sweat drips from
foreheads, their tortured minds living lies,
following prescribed perversities for
nothing – no effort is required to attain
ur gift of sweet peace/love,
none whatsoever

it cannot be found by seeking or effort
– are u able to lose ur essential self?
impossible, there is no cessation
nowhere to locate separate selves,
no disconnections or discontinuities
exist

ur hair bounces in the cosmic wind
floating like reality in a dream
as u run toward me smiling beams
of joy simply because i remembered
only You

i tried and learned that *they* are
better left to pursue their nihilistic

perversities, u/i know that nothing
discordant or perverse endures in
the perfect Harmony of infinite,
Creation

The Beat

hear it before it manifests as
form, there is a beat, throb, pulse
that is the source of all sound
which is the substrate of all
things

do u hear it in the rustling leaves
of a forest or the crashing of waves
on the shore?

all sound is synchronised to the
original beat/vibration and like
waves it rolls forever in the forever

the hissing of the wind thru long
grasses, the symphonies of nature
are all expressions of the perfection
and inviolable purity – what do u hear
and feel with ur body and mind, or
are u fussed out of ur swooning tree
in the garden of Life, where the
drone of wasps and buzzing of bees
express the beat after their own kind

listen without distraction

well past the expression of a particular
sound and the primordial throb/pulse
of life would seize every particle of
ur being and synchronise u with the
original beat/logos, which is creation,
incomprehensible to a mind drowned
in static – notice that sound is never
static it is pure kinesis, infinity has

no end or beginning

it saturates that which was not into
that which is forever filling the void
with life

how childish ur silly man-made gods
that claim they are the beginning and end
as creation is beginningless and endless,
know a fake when u see it

when do waves cease in a fluid medium?
they do not, even tho ignorance would
give the appearance of stasis – nothing
ceases in reality, it cannot, as all exists
in flux in a medium of light

close ur eyes and surrender everything,
including thought, to the voluptuous
vibrations of sound within you,
hear it with ur mind's eye not the
auditory organ which is gross and
only responds to gross stimuli

where would u? everywhere or nowhere,
which expressions share the same
meaning/quality

u cannot see me if u do not hear me first
u cannot feel me until u hear and see me,
what am i?

if u answer anything but you, u are
mistaken

Nietzsche's Lament

no-one gave me 30 when i was
very young, torn and buffeted by
unnatural, destructive social forces
too immediate to avoid,
you can guess

indeed i was a (taught) self-destructive,
maniac but i knew, way down so deep inside
I would survive and wondered where that
impulse – the will to survive – arose,
i would persist and overcome against
the odds not to prove a point but to
honour my mysterious comforter

i had learned from the Tao to yield and
not break, overcome as water overcomes
by yielding but not allowing anything to
overwhelm its essential nature;

water remains water, tho it allows itself
to be shaped by external forces, it never
forfeits its nature, and by so doing, it
defeats the forces that assail it without
effort

how i love that poem by Lao, no-one
has equalled it in 2,500 years tho the
knowledge of my impulse remains
unclear, tho nearer than it was in my
youth

i recall while in the last throes of
overcoming self-destruction how
suicidal temperaments were attracted,

nudging their way through my defences
seeking help i thought

i was able without effort to support
and prolong their lives but dependence
was their undoing as all relations
must end one way or another and
without self-sufficiency or internal support
they finally succumbed

others whom i hadn't seen in decades
would appear on my doorstep in the
midst of nervous breakdowns exhibiting
extreme murderous/suicidal tendencies
– by that time i had learned and was
able to piece their shattered minds into coherence
and send them on their way

i recall how i was introduced to Nietzsche's
works at uni, poor fellow, he hadn't learned
you cannot force 'the will to power, it must
issue like a small mountain stream at first
and then allowed to become a raging river
or scouring glacier or just a trickle until it
reaches its source, the sea

the 'see' of course was/is the comforter of
my youth, excuse the allusion, i try not to
use allusions or metaphors in didactic prose

poor Nietzsche and others bereft of the real
will to power, they always self-destruct
either by internal or external forces – history
is replete – yet these 'heroes' of academia
or the battlefield fall like leaves from static
trees though they are held in high regard

regard/esteem by sick cultures unconsciously
pursuing annihilation, no-one seems to
understand that culmination is the measure,
if it ends in defeat then why follow?

the wind blows outside, rain drenches
everything, will she respond to my appeals?
tho few have the courage to engage me
these days they sense something undefinable,
disturbing to their minds (self-sufficiency)
people unfortunately wish to find
themselves in another, which of course is
impossible

fortunately i no longer attract entropics/
defeatists, all seem to sense the power
to overcome and survive tho they are
unaware it arises from pure, unconditional
Love, the unpolluted, unfathomable force
that creates, sustains and destroys universes
in one process, this is the full featured face
of my (and Your) comforter

i watch, thru the wind and rain,
we shall see

The Time Before

before i incarcerated myself in
pure text i painted and so it
flowed as easy as rivers which
power is easily represented
by pure text

though emotions and moods
render pure text a pauper –
music and colour – prevail
here, tones, colour and shades
leap, ease or slide into being
shaping the viewer momentarily

art-forms are suited for their
purpose though none fit perfectly
like the skin which medium is
also shed in serpentine fashion

though a realm exists that only
the substrate of mind is able to
apprehend, consciousness evades
capture/representation by any
medium

mind however is easily moved,
trained and led in any direction
the artist chooses as it is a product

in text we are culturally bound
as text demands decoding and we
learn to decode in culture – schools,
that blot and coagulate free running
streams and rivers distorting
the pristine everlasting to a finite

location

though we all must express ourselves
with the limited tools on offer, you
see now why and how text infiltrates,
as culture teaches that chicken tracks
mean something but meaning is lost to
subjectivity though clever magicians
play with words/minds at will and
lead entire nations into captivity

the chains of social slavery are thereby
locked onto everyone the instant the
letter 'A' learned, by 'Z' we are finished
as free individuals – no-one extinguishes
a fire with gasoline, a dog chasing its
tail captures only itself

so i take my fine human hair brush,
dip it into the sea and move it effortlessly
across the sky though few are able to read
what is expressed

poetry and artistic prose are simply word
tricks, music endures only to the last note
and colour on canvas fades; what is the
medium and stylus that encodes messages
forever?

i may have insinuated it by pure chance
though never forget that all meaning is
lost to Infinity

Clouds

shutters rattle in the
howling wind, its
coolness brushes my
cheek

the moon appears
still in the night sky,
moving clouds
deceive

the candle flame in my
studio is motionless
providing a steady light
for this poem

Mazes and Labyrinths

here we are navigating uncharted
paths again searching for what,
escape?

so many share this maze
which promises freedom

many fall from sheer exhaustion
trying; others cheat only to
be pushed back from the
progress they had made,
maddening

some have learned to deal with
everything that confronts as
running or avoiding is counter-
productive

so i try to recall that vague memory
of my emergence as i know it
holds the secret of escape

turning and turning into so many
dead ends until i find an uninhabited
space so i sit exhausted and try
to recollect

whether from exhaustion or sheer
exasperation i fell quiet

images begin to race across the
screen of my mind though i do
not recall the experiences

remain quiet, they begin to slow

i could then begin to decipher

i realise they all issue from
various stages of my existence
here and elsewhere so i continue
knowing that if i could recollect
the moment of inception,
between potential and manifestation
i could solve the riddle of this maze

i pushed on until nothing appears
though that nothing seems pregnant
with the endlessness of all things
yet to form

i fall again into another empty
chamber which slowly begins to
reinvigorate my depleted vitality
until it feel it agitate my sacrum
and collect in my solar plexus
until that hexagonal store begins
to overflow and ascend and descend
of its own volition

a field appears in a vision teeming
with everything imaginable, mad
beasts and dreadful delights all
juxtaposed creating confusion,
as a hell it seemed to be

undaunted i pushed on when
something caught me attention
it was the smallest inhabitant
of my vision, a tiny serpentine creature

standing erect on its tail

i move closer until i could see a
human face where fangs and
beady eyes should be

i move closer until i could discern
its features, which are strangely
familiar

the creature, aware that it had
captured my attention coiled
and uncoiled repeatedly then
stood perfectly straight and
disappeared into a ball then
speck of light so tiny and bright

before me a huge mountain range
appears dwarfing anything on
this earth, its peaks extended
beyond the sky and its valleys
seem to plummet to the core
of existence

i approach the edge to get a better
perspective of its depth

jump, a voice whispers from
nowhere, jump (again) but more
insistent but i would surely die

that is the point, jump and be
assured there is no death
did you not recognise the face
on the tiny serpent? it was mine
in a previous life, it was me

informing my new self of
something long forgotten,
this crazy maze is nothing
sacred?

yet the key to this prison seemed
too obscure to decode but i was
tired of the game so tired
i jumped without a thought
tho my stomach reached my throat
as i plummeted into a chasm

for a brief moment free fall felt
like flying and that sensation
comforted me though i was
aware i would die from the
sudden stop

i fell for hours it seemed, such
was the measure of this range
until i could see the ground below,
it seemed as soft as green moss,
tiny elf-like faces were smiling
through the vegetation as i
approached at speed caring
little for the outcome

at that moment of total abandonment
i fell through into another sphere
which had no corporeality it was
an ethereal plane, again i fell through
to another realm and another and
another until i returned to my body
in the third dimension though that
plane remained a maze

however, i now know how i arrived
and the many worlds i had inhabited
prior to this

all was contained in memory which
was once locked closed and inaccessible
– the door was opened by abandoning my
'precious' life

ha! creation plays a mean trick on itself

suddenly i began to lift/float
until i rose above the maze which
from above seemed to sprawl
forever yet i was free, the illogical
freed me – why remain earthbound/
captured when i was shown that
my essential self could fly above/thru
all barriers and obstructions?

Present

in the quiet wilds of the red centre
sculptured rocky protuberances
emerging and returning from/to
the red earth speak of their age,
so ancient, but time is an irrelevant
construct here tho it organises large
societies into obedience

arbitrary scratchings on any medium
do not mark time they only entrap fools
and rob them of the present --
everything present is immediate,
continuous and exquisite

huge nature-sculptured boulders
speak to me of many wonders not
past or future but Now, they tell
of their long lingering, emergence
and return to the earth weathered
by sun, wind, rain and sand

they stand in magnificent awe,
the indigenous recognising their
quiet power view them with
reverence

how to transmit the message of
speaking boulders and landscapes?

language fails yet again as it does
when ineffable awe and beauty
confront it

it is well i am a poet able to convey

something of the magnificence tho
no real attempt has been made
as it would interrupt the continuous

my quiet longing in this art is that
time be removed, the arbitrary
scratching that ensnares, so that
a mere mention of noble beauty
and peace would transport everyone
to that which i see/feel but cannot
hope to describe adequately

language lacks the essential ingredient,
Life, it depends on the living to imbue
it with emotion and meaning but what
do the dead know of Life?
there is nothing dead here

i see a shaded cool crevasse that flows
with pure desert water and have a drink

Black Magic

another poem refuses to allow me sleep
until expressed -- 'tired, so tired ...'

the single red rose on my mantle
explodes in exquisite, voluptuous
furls reminding me of something
gained and lost but everything on
this plane is transitory so why
lament the fleeting?

'if i fall in Love with you it would
last forever' -- indeed it would, but
not the 'you' only the Love

a struck piano key reverberates
i listen until i hear it no more
though i know it continues
forever

some things in the transitory endure
forever, sound scratches a record of
a presence/impression long forgotten
but recorded nevertheless

it is the overlapping of pluralities
into singularity tho few are able to
appreciate how the One expresses
itself in plurality – the many and
One are the same tho transmitting
that reality coherently is beyond
language to express

'miles away from home'

'be *still* and know that i am (God)
everything,' it is true the only
sentence of real truth in the bible,
another record of feeble scratches
that few are able to understand due
to finite language – tho, 'i am THAT'
is the most succinct linguistic
declaration of Truth

Fibonacci expressed it in numbers
those ever-present infinite spirals
of nature but why the need of numbers/
language as intuition delivers the
entire story?

alone, al(l)-one becomes another example

'i've been waiting for you,' this poem
is fraught with interruptions, old song
lyrics intervening as tho relevant

but who am i to judge or interrupt the process?
every attempt is overwhelmed by the inevitable
and so i have learned to be at peace

i strike another note on the piano/keyboard
and listen, this one endures a little longer
before it fades from human sense, tho it too
'will last forever'

'that ol' black magic ...'
in its spell, whirling with an interrupted
poem but that is how it was meant to be

'lovin' that spin i'm in'

so good night my Loves,
sweet dreams

'round, round, i go ...
that old black magic called,
Love'

The Scent of Weeds

roses are garish unfurled in their
femaleness with pleasing scent
but not all, some lack fragrance
altogether

roses are demanding they require
tending and care but by the roadside
and in cemeteries weeds proliferate

straight and sturdy they issue a subtle
scent rough as their jagged leaves and
coarse like sandpaper

one wonders at times why weeds are
rejected in favour of cultivated flowers
that wither and die when exposed to
the elements – aesthetics seem inverted
here, but who would give a weed on
Valentine's day? me probably,
as a sign of endurance and simple
taste

weeds survive in the harshest conditions
without demands, they have learned that
independence leads to survival and so
displace the weak and tended

weeds supply useful materials, chemical
and fibrous, they have learned to bribe
predators with compounds that delight
and intoxicate while roses quickly fade
and die ignominious useless deaths

but then taste and aesthetics are learned,

cultivated by culture though some people
will never learn what Life has to offer

Time

spin ur gold and crystal chain,
hooded and faceless u are

destroyer of worlds ur efforts
are wasted here, the unborn do
not die, time is a snare that traps
only the ignorant subject to birth,
death, beginning and endings,
there is nothing to reap here

entire populations in worlds too
numerous to count are entrapped
by your ruse, ur sickle is of no
account here

who do you pretend to intimidate?
show me your face, i know ur hood
hides emptiness, nothing, only the
blind see you – diamond eyes see
through you, each oscillation of ur
chain and crystal pendulum measures
nothing here

why expend urself in futile endeavour,
misdirected persistence would destroy
the destroyer – beware, i cannot
succumb

i witnessed ur birth in the dreams
of men, what business do u pretend
to have here?

this world has no time it continues
without measure, a plane that

swallows and regurgitates itself
simultaneously – you cannot measure
the infinite present

time, u are the king of fools,
enter my realm if you dare,
spacelessness devours u and
all ur illusions

Sheep Dog

summer approaches in the northern
hemisphere yet souls freeze, hot
heads are responsible for the cold

i am seized by a sudden urge to return
to Capricornia to soak in the sun
one last time

i have a sheep dog called 'pres'
he barks and manoeuvres the
sheep, they huddle uncertain,
then go where the dog herds
them, a faithful servant, i have
trained him well

i have heard it said, 'when will
they ever learn?' how many wars
must be fought before we all
wake up dead?

If Only

i watch children play in refugee
camps of misery and despair,
thank you America for your callous
disregard for everything except
profit

yet the children triumph, they play
spontaneously in hideous conditions
which would break the spirits of
legendary heroes

when asked what is heaven like, Jesus
responded, it is like these children,
which were gathered playing
before him

and so that indomitable spirit so
strong in our young is lost in
adulthood, replaced with fear,
desperation, denial, self-justification,
and despair, which conditions
increase the power of the toxic
malaise that infects/torments
most adults

the spirit of heaven is lost, broken
and so wars, which could be stopped
almost instantaneously perpetuate
and the world stands in moral and
physical degeneration/degradation,
even the water and air today kill

regardless of the nature of the
disaster, natural or man made,

children find time for play, to laugh,
sing and enjoy, as that divine joy
issues from within and is not affected
by the poison puss that infects and
issues from sick adults

if a child spontaneously withstands
all the horrors America inflicts on
innocents then what could adults
achieve if they awaken to their
common spirit of hope, joy, peace
and innate ability to overcome?

if only!

21st Century

floods of relevant and irrelevant information assaulting already taxed neural pathways numbed by constant stimulation until the sound of two hands clapping is drowned out by the sound of one hand interrupting the waves and frantically reaching for the sky

a drowning man's final gesture perhaps, or a metaphor of something far more desperate, something more collective and inclusive – the screams of post-modern entropic societies facing dissolution, there is absolutely no hope t/here

peace saturates the red centre, its character defying time which only enhances its steadfast ancient presence, how far is the mangle of 'civilisation?'

subtle nuances and accentuations become ageless narratives recorded in every complimentary component of the landscape

during certain seasons the wind is felt but not heard yet its force moves the face and forces eyelids to close, how is this possible, such force acting in perfect silence?
but it's an anomaly according to

the indigenous nomadics that are
able to trace this wind back through
time

what was it about that unusual
accentuation that clings to my mind,
is it an emergence or a disappearance?
impossible to determine as meaning
is revealed only in the totality
of everything

the solitary incongruous hand above
the water belongs to something but
i dare not inquire or pursue it as it is
only a sign, one of millions that lead
to entropy – modern man's necessary
filtration system has robbed meaning
from meaning

in a meaningless society meaninglessness
becomes a religion though not practised
in churches, temples or mosques, a
grand imposing edifice is where this
religion finds its home – dare i name it
for those not yet able to see or feel it
clearly?

Practising Poetry

grab a stick at the shoreline
preferably driftwood as it is
endowed with magical
character

at the shoreline quickly etch
ur thoughts or short poem in
the sand and watch the reaching
waves erase what u have written

repeat with a new poem and you
would soon become a great poet/
writer

write about love in the sand and
watch it disappear; write harmony
and see how long your poem
remains, then finally write peace
and see the waves erase it fastest
of all

do not lament the loss as growing
inspiration will fill ur being with
Joy

ur poetic practice reveals the world
as transitory, nothing endures here,
why then grasp at impermanence
as though it were permanent/real?

nothing endures, least of all the
aspirations, hopes, dreams and
machinations of men that write
their lives on the moving sands

of time

diligent, persistent practice would
lead u to the One enduring quality
which persists (always) though u
would know it is beyond expression
in this impermanent, finite world

so leave the unshures of men and
futile, meaningless pursuits and
meet me (joyfully) at the shoreline
of time and the timeless where we
would abide forever

Tombstones

they stand peering out to sea
blind eyes of chiselled marble
etched in marble heads
containing marble brains
unable to think

tombstones of the dead for
the dead

the vast moving sea rolls
mocking these dead sentinels
lifelessly watching

all manner of desperate messages
written in marble, for whom?
for memories, loss and the desperate,
fantastic misbeliefs of the living

no poetry, though one would
expect a rhyme or verse, i have
inspected them all including
the graves of two notable
Australian poets – odd that
these graves bear no verse but
poetry expresses life and it is
sure these poets were buried
by philistines

the cemetery occupies acres of
prime land yet it houses remnants
only, inversions of priority occupy
these acres populated by the dead
by the sea

in an inverted world the living
defer to the dead though billions
of dollars go begging which seals
the fate of this cemetery in future
time

avarice pursues material wealth
but is a person increased by such
'wealth?' never, as we all know

and so the living make their dead
plans which result in more death

dark grey clouds crack and sunlight
rips the sky, a storm approaches from
the east, from a star-spangled land
across the ocean infatuated by death
and destruction which it spreads
around the globe like a plague
though always pursuing material
wealth, pursuing death

at night the moonlight casts an eerie
glow on white weeping tombstones,
which appear to move; a cold wind
sobs as it passes over the graves but
it cries for the living crowded around
the perimeter of the necropolis

soon the rising sun will banish
the gloom, the first light of dawn
already diluting the darkness
revealing the separation of
sea-sky, life-death, dream-reality,
futility and hope

Timeless

there is nothing graceful about humans swimming regardless of stroke or style, so out of place and awkward in water is a terrestrial species yet they continue to swim out of their element

surely by now they should know that the past and future are not humanity's place so why trouble ourselves in these purely illusory projections?

u doubt,
so where is the future? produce it,
or the past, try and retrieve it?
Impossible! so why allow ur mind
to dwell anywhere but the present
and if u arrive at ur/That place u
would discover everything outside
the present is a dream/illusion,
a gigantic hoax or worse a contrived
Lie

but they insist on dwelling in nothing
which must be furnished with fanciful
dreams of appeal and imaginings or
more often draped in fear and dread,
leading dreamers deeper into dream/
nightmares of lies and illusions

waking dreams are more hazardous
than sleeping dreams as little harm
occurs from sleep but waking dreams

are responsible for war, environmental
destruction and every calamity
that plagues humankind

the species awkwardly chases death
imagining it is life – persistent folly
never makes anyone wise

u doubt, ask donald trump, or listen
to his deluded rantings, all the proof
required issues from the mouths of
deluded leaders leading deluded
people to destruction

and yet reality present-s itself in all
its Infinite glory, saturated with All
existence yet few inhabit real-ity
which is located in the continuous
Now

beings out of their element succumb
to the species of that element, all ur
dreams and aspirations become
nightmares when u dwell where ur
neither welcome nor adapted to survive

i watch a swimmer foolishly swimming
in the open ocean where swift and
deadly predators thrive, he swims from
the south to the north end of the next
beach beyond shark nets and safety;
for what reason, as it is an easy walk in
the present?

the sea dispassionately rolls as he
awkwardly swims revealing a moving

fin on the surface, a predator of this element is attracted by what seems to be a wounded, thrashing prey, seas are populated with creatures that cut swiftly through the water or emerge from rock crevices below with deadly venoms

foolish man offers himself as a sacrificial meal in a place/space designed to offer no solutions for a species out of its element

no creature but man is able to dwell where he does not belong or/and hope to survive

so dream on until u realise u are chasing illusions not of ur own making, like a dog endlessly chasing its tail until it resists
stupidity – man, your name is blind
perversity/stupidity

Crying

monsoon tears flow creating rivers
of regret generated by loss, O how
i detest losing anything and when it
cannot be retrieved something
overwhelming and uncontrollable
possesses me and i begin to cry
but not the simple pedestrian crying
of morons, cloudbursting tears
of sorrow and disappointment, not
remorse which plagues alcoholic
poets and not Orbison's 'crying over'
some person, god forbid i would be
so completely captured but after a
million women, most of whom were/
are on the make, the tediousness of
such relationships barely make an
impression

there's so much more to existence than
a relationship with a never satisfied,
irrational, emotionally-driven being,
give sanity, peace and harmony a break!

so acute is my sense of harmony and
rationality i couldn't help admire the
writers of a science fiction series
that created the perfect female character,
one that prizes logic, rationality and
objectivity over her non-existent need
to procreate like any dog, cat or rat,
which species make far better parents
than our own

neither the male nor female partner

drive each other nuts for the sake of it
though i do not envy arctic wolves on
small islands where game is scarce,
the male wolf running itself to death
to catch one of few arctic rabbits that
have not yet succumbed to predators,
the female, driven by nature, must feed
her pup, and so rips the trophy from
the male's mouth before it can replenish
its spent energy reserves, but what use
is a male in those circumstances?

no, i cry for other reasons the sum of
which create cloudbursts which circle
the earth to drench rainforests and
replenish myriad life forms now
threatened by corporate palm oil
plantations – a million species go under
for profit – but what does it profit
humanity when irreplaceable species
disappear?

there are many reasons to cry tho
listing them all would create a flood
of biblical proportions

my words fall like raindrops and hail
making no impression on the sea,
the parched dust of deserts or on the minds
of humankind, if ever there was a greater
reason to cry for a social species

an arctic wolf pure in its snow whiteness lies
exhausted on the ground, its misunderstood
tongue fallen, dangling from the side of its

mouth, it lies panting until its body suddenly
relaxes and it pants no more

A Peculiar Beast

a huge, dangerous breathing animal is swimming underwater at present, it has a long air retention span but it must breathe at some stage

it has been pressed under by the consequences of its own foolish actions yet its lungs are bursting for air

will it drown as a consequence of its own perversity or will it be drowned by external pressures?

the surface world sees the plight of this cursed beast, destined to die, but also desirous of taking the surface world with it -- remedial action must be taken

leaders of the surface world are deliberating over the problem which faces them all, how to prevent this beast dragging others into oblivion with it?

simply withdraw support for its avaricious acquisitive wars of plunder, respiration is impossible without air

and so it was decided to allow this beast to die alone by simply rejecting the greenback as the world's default trading currency

why subscribe to the suffocating
mechanisms of a doomed Beast?

Pond

in the night lotus lilies
murmur with movement,
they rise from the dark
muddy depths through
the water until they reach
the surface where lotuses
open only to the warm sun
of day

Manda

see with eyes closed if u truly wish
to see and the universe will unfold
before ur internal eye/vision

triangulations moving until apexes
collide then penetrate each other,
myriad triangles moving from huge
to infinitely small into each other
forming a centre from which they
emerge again but from indeterminate
locations – from large to small and
in reverse simultaneously

jumping dimensions to continue the
form/process, the largest to the smallest
where both merge and reappear as
many though remaining as One

it is the dance of the cosmos/creation,
eternally One though in appearance, many

are you able to reconcile the paradoxical
many as One without effort, as creation
is effortless, spontaneous and easy

the sun explodes on the dawn horizon
but we see only a tiny range of colours
with our limited external vision
yet the single, internal 'eye' has no restrictions,
it sees all

and if u listen everything u see is accompanied
by sound, vibrating to its peculiar frequency
though all vibrations emanate from One

original pulse which explodes into
symphonies of delight

do not try to fathom creation with ur paltry
intellect, a product of culture, it cannot be
done, only intuition is able to span infinity

intellect engages in measurement,
comparisons, each finite thought has a
beginning and end – how could thought
span infinity, the finite and infinite are
mutually exclusive to those that see with
two eyes

do not pollute consciousness/awareness
with thought

perpetual harmonic movements form
a process within/out everything,
informing us of the patterns of creation
and how manifestation issues from
the known and unknown but changes
with each cyclic turn, a mystery to
most humans, i know

however, there is room for You to
see/appreciate reality as it is, which
mocks the imposed 'realities' of
'civilised' societies

you live and die according to your
level of awareness and if u see it all
then you never expire as you have
e/merged in the infinite dance of
Creation

only the blind and dead cannot see

i wish i could transmit the glory
to which i allude but its beyond
expression, only poetry insinuates
the indescribable

but i should reiterate, close your
eyes and See

Riding the Wind

leaves clap and pitch according to
variations in the wind

below the grasses yield while
their seeds that have been waiting
patiently release their gossamer-
wrapped seeds to be carried for
miles to fall and sprout

the wind works without effort
and plants that know the wind
utilise it to spread themselves
without effort and yet it is said
plants have no intelligence
while man breaks his back daily
just to survive – it is also said
that man's intelligence exceeds
that of plants

my exposed face and cheeks
rub against it, my lips dry
exposed to it, yet it serves to carry
my voice, incanting spells
that circle the earth continuously

man insists they cannot be realised
but i have been taught otherwise
by the flowers and grasses of the
field which speak to and learn from
the wind, rain and sun – no
university matches or teaches
this knowledge

easy becomes a life that harmonises

and does not resist the environment

the indigenous perform rituals and
dance to it, sending their own
messages around the globe for
future generations while the sickness
that is white man spews poisonous
pollution in the air, earth and water
not realising he kills himself

at night it whispers revealing
much to the sensitive ear, awake
or in dream but few listen

with a dry and knowing smile
i articulate and entrust the remainder
of this piece to the wind, which
carries my message to everything
on the planet, it spreads the secrets
i have learned by listening to the
wind

the sea below my vantage yields
and rolls in gales and breezes,
sea birds ride slip-streams for miles
barley expending energy

not one thought is required to
understand the mysteries written
in the wind though i know no
white man is capable of hearing
or listening to harmony

Depths

at the depths there is calm
only surface waters are agitated
by surface forces, which gives
the impression a lake is turbulent,
not so

appearances deceive as they
always do though a little reflection
reveals a bigger picture

behind the surface turbulence
the greater reality is calm,
imperturbability

the centre is still, the depths
reveal more than the superficial
surface yet most are fascinated
by appearances and are easily
deceived

a flickerless candle flame
appears still, immobile
yet its activity as fire is frenetic
though no hint of activity
is perceived by the eye

people fuss and spin in circles
exhausting their life force/vitality,
but to what avail is chasing
appearances, shadows and the
transient?

nothing the world throws at you
is able to disturb the calm at the

centre of Being, you know it
deep inside

ships ride wild surface storms
that deliver them to reefs and
rocks of destruction while the
tiniest sea creature navigates
the calm bottom with ease

circumstances sometimes force
an outcome but know that nothing
forces calm and imperturbability,
remain centred in your unassailable
peace and nothing would distress
or trouble you again,

dive deeply into your secret Self
and you will prevail over all

Wetness

wet

like a rain forest in a monsoon
refreshed and clean, moisture in
one form or another is the blood
of the earth, and what is blood
but water carrying nutrients in
the human body

wet

like ur desire waiting for
fulfilment, without appropriate
moisture u are unresponsive,
not ready to bring forth another
life, fertility is impossible
without wetness, the principal
medium and component of
Life

wet

like the juice of fruit and the
nectars they produce that tantalise
the buds and set the heart aright

wet

like the tears that trickle down
my cheeks when i remember
kissing ur moist, sweet lips and
caressing ur beaded body

how am i to forget u every time
it rains or i take a walk by the sea,
but need i forget?

no-one escapes their experience

so rather than lament a loss
i marvel at a crystal drop of dew
on a blooming flower in my
garden of everlasting Love

Aversion

what becomes of the living
when an aversion to life
develops?

culture today is distinctly averse
to life and its source, Love,
all creation is a manifestation
of nothing other

Love is now a dirty four letter
word never used in its correct
context only to sell and lure
loveless humans to productions,
paltry substitutes

devoid of its presence the species
is lost and tumbles into darkness,
loss and self-destruction

the signifier of everlasting life
is today considered pathetic, weak,
who could announce it to the world
as the source of all things, the
harmony and bliss behind Creation?

Love is the essential nature of
creation/existence itself,
it is the sustenance of poets,
the red of a rose and the glint
in the eyes of a child not yet
corrupted

artists drown in it gladly and
lose themselves in its creative

bliss, the more we are not, the
more Love is and the more it
is expressed by the fortunate

without it the species falls into
chaos which state offers only
more chaos, misery, desperation
and pain

palms sway in the cemetery,
branches responding to a coastal
breeze, the sea laps the shore
and rolls over coastal rocks effortlessly,

marble headstones of the dead
stand frozen in the warm sun
immobile, advertising cessation
yet life surrounds and overwhelms
the dead, asserting the nature of
Love

graves overgrown with wild flowers,
dancing joyously in the breeze -
monuments to the dead are
overwhelmed by one of these
little flowers but the dead know
nothing of it

you would search in vain for a
monument to the living in this age,
though many remain from prehistory,
all announcing the cosmic turning
of cycles and the harmony of seasons
but the time to love is no more
there is no greater tragedy than to
live a loveless life

the dominant cultural discourse is war,
tribulation and despair – little wonder,
yet reality is splendour indescribable,
which saturates all space

insulated by its aversion humanity
races to extinction for the want of
peace and the harmony of Love

a gull turns on the sea breeze

The Nature

Reality emanates from the centre
and circumference of an ever expanding
sphere of existence – there are no
fixed locations from which to anchor
anything including false notions of Self/
identity, and so we trammel through
forests of illusion and self-deception
seeking the pristine source yet these
illusions we create ourselves

it is mind that leads us to hell and purgatory
from the false sense of a separate identity
from which all perversity arises, which
fictions taunt and entangle the clouded mind

yet we feel the pain and misery of these
self-created false realities, dreams and
nightmares, as though they are reality itself

we feel and suffer in this loop of despair
yet we know not how to escape this self-
inflicted torment

mountains rise and fall according to the
tectonic cycles of the earth, seas move
around the planet when displaced by
rising and falling lands, it is the nature
of this planet

civilisations unaware of these cycles
disappear leaving strange monuments
about which we know very little –
in many ways the people of prehistory
were more advanced than we are today

but the blind continue to lead the blind
and those that see are ignored or denigrated,
however, nothing is able to prevent what
is about to unfold, massive earth changes
the likes of which have never been seen

billions will die needlessly or rather perish
due to their inability to harmonise with and
survive the cycles, change/flux is the only
constant in Creation, why vainly attempt to
fix anything in a universe of flux?

Maintain singular Focus of mind
and your mind will die, good riddance
do not grieve over the source of all your pain
and suffering, reality will reveal itself
by the source of illusion dying to it

solutions are found where they were
never hiding, everything that is necessary
for continuity appears when it is required

enter the vastness of everything, the origination
of your real Being and the nightmare we call
'reality,' evaporates leaving us as we are,
aware participants in the drama and harmony
of Life

there is nothing to fear as fear is the progeny
of ignorance, a mind caught in its own deluded
convolutions – culturally produced mind
cannot see the pristine or learn the Way,
only unfettered Consciousness is able to
exist in this realm

pure, unadulterated consciousness (not mind)
is our gift from cosmic creation which wants
nothing more than for us to be aware
and understand our 'place' in existence

it is for Love's sake that the All came into
Being/creation, to dance forever in throes
of ecstasy, knowledge and Bliss

physical eyes/senses see only the limited
the single eye of Consciousness sees
and knows All

Peace

Block

the starkness of an empty page –
a writer's horror – is easily
dealt with

words wind through the Himalayas
like an old colonial train, flowing
easily for a poet waiting for a medium
upon which to encode whatever seeks
expression, though the origin and
character is usually unknown until
encoded

an empty page is no threat to a poet
poetry is life expressed and All creation
Lives

pouncing like a burning tiger onto
a defenceless, passive page poses no
challenge, it's simply another successful
kill, where is this mythical writer's
block?

the muse is an active agent never ceasing
her undulating and serpentine allure,
never failing to adorn the starkest medium
with various shades of meaning

why rush to encode, there is no tax
collector pounding on my door?
not that i would leave something undone
once undertaken

hell would become paradise before
i attend to the mundane before i complete

a verse

i once traced my life on the sands of a beach
and watched as a reaching wave
wiped the sand clean leaving me to scrawl
another spontaneous piece which was barely
completed before another wave created a
clean medium again

i whispered to the wind which carried the
message around the globe but it's far more
appealing to read the myriad messages
carried on the wind – messages so
ancient they precede human creation
yet are readable today if one lends
them a certain poise and attitude –
all is revealed always

do not talk to me of an empty page
except as metaphor, a maiden perhaps,
seeking fulfilment or a blizzard
transforming everything to white,
begging to be utilised by one who is
able to write on any medium with
any inscriber, tangible or intangible

i have written on lithesome bodies
with my stylus and drawn on the walls
of secret crevices with my tongue,
do not talk to me of starkness

life is saturated with experience
and in each a poem/narrative
resides

Vantage

the warm darkness retreats
as dawn approaches, the
sharp cold of mountain air
bites my cheeks and sends
quivers thru my bones
but it is saturated with life
which warms the centre of
Being

from this vantage one sees
forever and tastes exhilaration
in everything

at dawn the mist floats heavy
in the valleys below but soon
the sun's rays will lift and
reveal the river far below

to the east they stew in turbid city
pollution scurrying to scratch a
living, why would anyone choose
to die the slow choking death of
city life?

i know but so do they

the billy boils in the blueness
of the mountains, tea delights
the senses, everything tastes
better here but i must soon take
to the trail and arrange the bushes
to hide my abode

i have chosen my place well

it has not been discovered
by walker or ranger in years
tho the birds and bush animals
know it well

my secret is not to disturb or
create a discordant note or
movement in nature's living
symphony

Freedom

upon the cosmic waves that
never break forever pushing
into eternity, the universe unfurls
before the single open eye

limitless is this ride
into the continuum
no shore to impede
or location to anchor
freedom in its purest
sense;

be careful how you use that
word as only heroes are able
to unbind their chains and take
flight into the forever

you speak of freedom but know
only one confine to another,
freedom from what, i would ask,
do you know?

political, social or more personal,
freedom from torment, anguish,
dissatisfaction and despair, yet
these confines are all related
we imprison ourselves daily and cry
or whimper freedom

but how many could really withstand
perpetual uncertainty or no safe place
to find rest though real rest involves
the process/action of freedom

are you able? it seems not,
the simple act of removing the chains
of perversity, criminal government
and its orchestrated wars for profit
are clearly beyond your capability
so how do you expect to gain your
real freedom?

to own all the valueless 'wealth' of
the world only to cast the everlasting
soul into a maze of delusions/illusions
is the epitome of folly/perversity

freedom requires that you understand
perversity and its traps and possess
the courage to defy the status quo,
are you really able?

clearly not, so suffer like the cowering
dogs you are in personal and social
torment, be content with baubles, beads
and the deserved pain of your cowardice,
the gates of paradise do not admit
cowards

you do not qualify to enter the everlasting,
until you become aware of that which
confines you, only then could you hope
to break the enslaving chains that prevent
you flying heavenward into Paradise

Un-encoded

if i could speak to u in a language that all understand without uttering a word surely that language would be universal, not a product of any particular earth culture

if that language issued from one 'word'/logos in which an infinite lexicon resided it would truly be divine, as true gods of creation must necessarily 'speak' such a language that all the infinite creatures of existence understand

yet,
so-called sacred and holy texts of this earth are written in culture specific languages that other cultures do not understand so, would Infinite creation which speaks to all beings at once be the originator of those texts?
clearly not.

the sacred and holy texts of the earth are compendiums of fiction written by men to enslave and serve their own interests, plain to see

the true Creative force of existence does not discriminate or exclude, all creation is Loved of the one true Creator

if we as beings are created by an all-knowing loving God then clearly we are able to 'speak' and understand that universal language

the divine language resides in the one and many simultaneously, do you understand it?

all creation is of that language, expressed as the uttered and un-uttered – uttered in the sense of what is known to all the senses and un-uttered in the sense that we already know that One from which All emanates

on this earth the language understood by all is known as Love – every creature is aware, yet it only intimates its true meaning as culturally bound beings are limited and true Love is limitless, are we beginning to understand?

we express it and understand it without the need of words, written or spoken, how great is the power of Love?

and how great is the God of creation that manifests Love as all creation?

herein is Truth to the extent that it is able to be encoded by limited language

learn to Love without exception so you are able to become One with Love/Creation

the true language is sweet and in
it is life, joy and peace everlasting,
as distinct from all the murderous,
destructive violence born of the false
gods of man and his false enslaving
religions

Being Love opens the door to Infinity,
Freedom and Peace

Wheels of Ascension

a circle that does not close
becomes a spiral turning in
or out in perpetual motion as
is replicated in our galaxy
but note that the divine direction
is outward ever expanding,
never contracting in on itself

as above so below, the wheels
to which i refer spin in each being
on this plane, seven in number
alluded to as candlesticks and
the churches of the East or the
angels that ascend and descend
on the ladder of Jacob

hidden well by the wise in symbolism
yet the 'secret' is hidden in plain sight
as there is no better hiding place in a
world of dulled and fearful entities,
the eyes of the blind fail to see
the Truth forever blazing in their faces

and so it has been said,
let the blind lead the blind
and the dead bury the dead
as none could be more dead
than the dulled of this plane

yet those that see are with us
always like the bright white flame
that banishes ignorance/darkness,
but tragically ignored by most

and so it is in this cycle of creation
that the great purging approaches
do You see it, are you able to read
the sky and earth like a book?

life is of its nature, life continuous,
in it there is no death only the ignorant
truly die though they imagine they
live, but as is apparent they are
profoundly dead so these words are
written for the aspiring, which beings
never rest until they discover Truth,
which is life everlasting, as indeed
the universe bears witness

and so to return and refer to the trees
encoded of old – these divine trees
are inverted, their leaves and branches
absorb nourishment from the ground
their roots splay outward to the heavens
upon which lights they feed,
the fluids formed in the trunk
ascend and descend in an orbit
which nourishes and energises
the seven (seals) wheels in its
path that turn in every living being
and when the movements attune
to the harmony of nature they
synchronise and illuminate
all creation, everything is laid
bare to those that harmonise
with nature's cosmic rhythms

and all that was hidden is seen,
each action bears its fruit and for
the dull that fruit is bitter, the

mystic garden however, offers
the fruits and ambrosia of immortality
to all, but few partake of its
offering

meanwhile the dead continue burying
their kind as death knows nothing
of life – beware, as i am given a
warning, the great purging the dead
have sown by their, selfishness,
violence and greed is at the door,
life discards death and the murdering
dull will be no more

and those whose lights shine will
increase in intensity until all discord
is removed from this plane, the dulled
reduced to sterile ash from which no
life is able to emerge and to those that
teeter i say sit quietly and offer peace,
bliss and Love to all beings in all
directions and **actively** wait for the
ineffable Glory

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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

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Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry I

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Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry III

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry IV

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry V

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