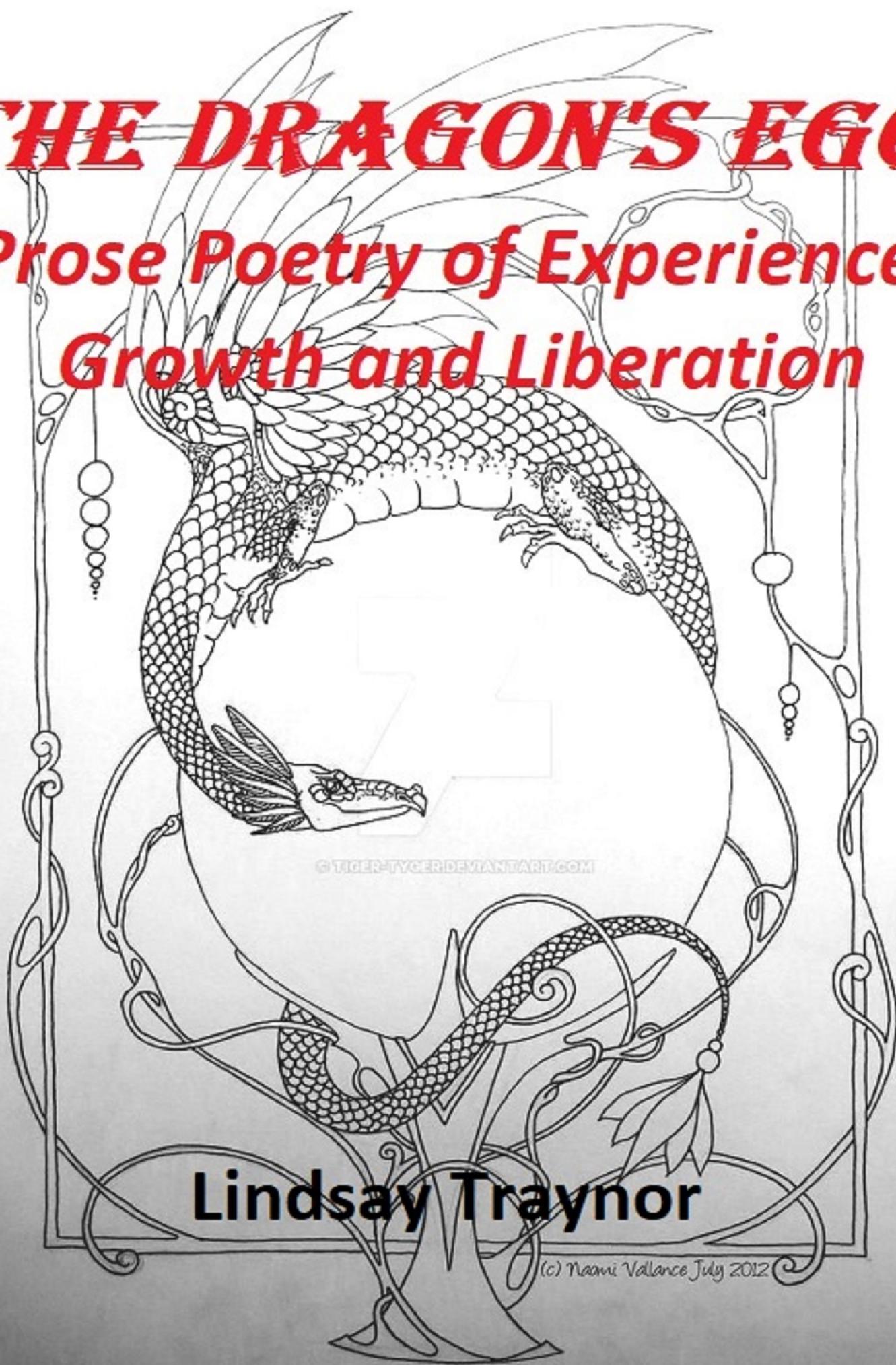


# ***THE DRAGON'S EGG***

***Prose Poetry of Experience  
Growth and Liberation***



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**Lindsay Traynor**

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# ***The Dragon's Egg***

**by Lindsay Traynor**

**Prose Poetry of Experience Growth and Liberation**

**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*

## Dragon's Egg

when i think of You the mediocrity  
of the past abandons the present  
leaving only shimmering trails,  
vapours and mists where regrets  
once formed into impassable  
mountains and insurmountable  
barriers

free of constraints we rise like  
a winged serpent and ride the  
light-streams into the blurred  
horizon, bodiless souls unimpeded  
by dense matter

be pure light limitless like the sky  
more radiant than the sun, home  
at last in bodies of light

formless beyond measure filling  
all space and saturating existence,  
nothing is able to impede or obstruct  
this ascension

what futile desire or biological  
need deluded us into imagining  
we could be captured, confined  
and tamed according to perverse  
cultural prescriptions — whose  
nightmare are we living? it carries  
no appeal here

accompany me to the edge of infinity,  
leave ur instincts and desires behind  
they are of no use in this realm; allow

ur Love to guide you, the essence  
upon which all creation quickens

are u able to forgo the gross for  
the fine and escape a world of  
drear and shadows for the blinding  
white light of Creation?

only ur Love is able to join me  
nothing else is able to make *this*  
journey

i no longer have a taste for bondage,  
needless suffering and oblivion  
only limitless space appeals and the  
quickening kinesis at the edge of  
creation where only immortals and  
Gods congregate

join me if you wish and dare, or  
if ur longing is greater than ur fear,  
sense and reason

join me in Freedom or descend again  
into the mire of cultural perversity,  
bondage and misery

*the* Light waits patiently for us to  
choose — it is that simple

## The Psychic Wind

like a genii escaping from its bottle  
a vapour jets from a fissure in the  
earth into the atmosphere

hovering momentarily, as if  
reconnoitering, it spots a suitable  
subject and penetrates the solar  
plexus leaving no blemish or  
tell-tale mark to indicate a point  
of entry

now trapped in the central nervous  
system with its myriad neural ducts  
and pathways, the vapour swirls  
through the entire system exciting  
and activating sleeping centres as  
it goes until it locates the major  
ducts

shooting up to the crown then down  
to the sacrum, it completes seven  
orbits before it coils itself (three and  
a half times) at the base of the spine

if favourable conditions prevail it  
sends forth a shoot until a gossamer  
lotus forms and blooms below the  
navel

opening its petals the lotus reveals  
a tiny Buddha sitting in trance, eyes  
turned upward body erect in profound  
meditation

a glow emanates from this being  
and permeates the host until the  
entire body is quickened and moving  
with light

the object of desire harmonised, now  
complete, locks her legs around my  
waist and straddles my lingam —  
locked together polarities reconciled  
in undifferentiated Bliss we become  
everything that is, was or ever will  
Be

## Unread

every leaf and blade a word in  
nature's lexicon haphazardly  
arranged yet forming tidy stanzas  
to a poet's eye, an easily read  
narrative of Creation

the forest grove is warm and  
easy tonight, soft to my face  
and skin; barely audible, even  
to trained ears, is the laughter  
of nymphs emerging from their  
secret hiding places, they always  
come and play before me, a poet's  
haunting reverie

soon the soft quiet will be displaced  
by crowds of haunting memories  
all vying for attention and jostling  
for optimum position, making vain  
endeavours to regain life via forced  
imaginings

weavers of dreams, revolution and  
everything in between — beware the  
succinct phrases of poets when roused  
from their quiet reflections, the  
foundation stones of reality easily  
re-arranged

music bypasses the intellect to  
directly engage emotion; the visual  
arts invites views only but words  
must be read/decoded to be  
understood and appreciated;

that process affects the substrate  
layers of mind, which in turn  
alters our perceived reality, whether  
we like it or not

words capture in order to be  
understood, word-plays strike  
terror, dread, awe, or exaltation  
in readers, the very act of decoding  
a text becomes a process of reality  
construction or destruction

they fear given words, structure  
and verse, sky narratives and the  
thump of jungle drums

readers are elevated, others dejected,  
each word a pill, a poison, a Dance

# Time

immortality is constantly on offer  
between the beats/throb of existence

chronos, the harbinger of decay,  
destruction and death has a foe  
it has never been able to conquer

time is subject to spellbinding  
beauty, ecstasies of the mind  
and the ineffable bliss of souls  
cavorting in paradise as all such  
only exist in the continuous  
present where infinity resides

Infinity instantly permeates  
allowing for no duration  
or measurable span the  
conquerors exclaims 'no bell  
tolls for me!'

in those instants the cosmos is  
fertilised, gestates, labours and  
delivers every thing in an instant

*[therein do all the Gods and  
immortals dwell]*

the fountain of youth is no myth  
or mystery, the scent of the sacred  
rose of immortality is not the stuff  
of legend

when seer and seen merge time  
stops, when the distinction between

subject and object is eliminated  
and all divisions evaporate, the  
slayer is slain

the doors of paradise burst open  
and reveal a pristine medium upon  
which all creation is rendered

given all the magic incantations  
and secret spells, and armed only  
with a quiet mind, warm, heart  
and the innate beauty we all possess  
the slayer is slain – the option is only  
offered/earned by heroes and  
heroines that have overcome

## Red Poppies

the great battlefields of yesterday  
can only be located by map today;  
black and bloodied desolate earth  
(once) decorated with charred bodies,  
and scattered human remains  
have given way to lush grasses,  
forests and fields of wild flowers;  
the warble of birds has replaced  
the hellish sound of artillery barrages

devastated towns and cities, once  
adorned with hanging corpses and  
rotting dead, have been rebuilt, the  
horror of world wars all but forgotten  
these days

war amnesia is a very dangerous thing,  
forgetfulness creates prime conditions  
for sowing the seeds of new wars and  
engaging in more mindless destruction

poppies grow from the ashes of long  
dead soldiers, the breeze creates a  
dancing array, of these flowers  
whispering a warning not to repeat  
the mistakes of yesterday

a nation that requires permanent war  
in order to maintain its viability has  
sealed its fate; defeat and ruin are  
inevitable

i died fighting for too many noble  
causes to allow myself to be duped

into fighting unconscionable  
Corporate wars for profit today,  
when will soldiers learn?

# Totem

practical needs gave birth to magic  
the first formed images on cave walls  
depicted beasts 'captured' prior to  
the actual hunt

cave-dwelling inscribers had killed  
the beast, long before a spear had  
pierced its hide; it was consequential,  
inevitable, the soul of the beast  
belonged to the hunter that magically  
rendered its essence on a wall

thus began a long tradition of art  
and magic which survives today

today's hunters etch their human  
prey in text and image before the  
hunt — the efficacy of the method  
verified over thousands of years

religious texts have captured the  
populations of entire nations yet  
every word written and 'god'  
created was by the hand of man

today criminal elites, bankers,  
servile politicians and nefarious  
corporatists constitute the prey;  
they are the quarry dispatched  
by the skills of modern hunters

they are sung to death by lyricists  
brought to ground by writers and  
composers, paralysed by digital

coders; the method proven effective  
over aeons of time

tonight i use charcoal on cartridge  
to depict naked dancing nymphs  
and priapic youths celebrating over  
a kill — images that ensure the  
constant flow of power

a political leader trounced, another  
successful hunt is anticipated  
tomorrow, empty bellies, needless  
wars, disease and climate change  
must be addressed and remedied,  
these are the prime concerns today

the tribe has been dispersed,  
alienated one from the other,  
the hunter returns them to the  
safety of the *circle/group* and  
slays the forces that disperse  
and divide — We are One or we  
are nothing other than nose-ringed  
beasts of burden and slaves

## Eternal Moments

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

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

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

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

i learned in Central Australia  
from indigenous tribals how to  
jettison time and space and enter  
the dreaming/continuity, how to  
navigate between seen and unseen,  
how to hear the roar of butterfly  
wings creating cyclones that blow  
white illusions away

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

i endured but my illusions/delusions  
were easily destroyed

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

one day another amphibian able to  
breathe both light and dark will  
destroy the image that you imagine  
you/i are — if you wish to find me  
use your Love, its wings will deliver  
you safely to me and everlasting

*[until we meet again, i entrust the  
sweetest Peace to You.*

*listen for me in the wind and remember  
white cultural realities/illusions only  
make paper rafts which are supremely  
unsuitable for the swirling, cosmic seas  
of Eternity]*

# Talisman

a bleeding moon and crying sun  
is all u left me

solarised scenes from hell fill  
my mind with wonder and dread;  
incongruous colours, crimson  
grass, indigo skies spinning thru  
my brain loosening my mind,  
strange sights but familiar scents,  
olfactory déjà vu

i am ready, like a blindfolded  
neophyte, for another initiation  
thru the fires of hell until i emerge  
stronger, tempered like fine steel  
but steel does not easily handle  
butterflies without damaging  
fragile wings or causing more  
serious harm

i would rather be the innocent youth  
of my past unblemished, easily hurt  
but ever so sensitive, i could  
commune with spirits in those days

the involuntary price i pay each  
time i am crucified, is to be reborn  
a little wiser, tougher than before

fine steel makes superior swords  
and weapons for which i have no  
use yet every injustice, cruelty  
and hurt toughens and prepares  
me for the next assault

i have but one defence my verse,  
poetic meanderings that maintain  
my sensitivity and humanity

i must write frenetically lest i turn  
to stone, a petrified simulacrum of  
myself frozen, lacking a heart —  
a granite prison of the soul

we should think twice before  
trampling another's emotions,  
we may inadvertently create a  
race of heartless, uniformed killers  
that suicide after laying waste to  
everything around them

i am ready for the fires of hell  
and the ice of desolation but i  
harbour a secret, i have constructed  
a raft of verse to safely span the  
black seas of the abyss

i will emerge intact making a ruin  
of treachery and Your world

# Mist

elicit emotion, navigate mind  
thru time and space using words  
to guide u thru foreboding caverns  
deep inside fertile crevices perpetually  
moist, dripping subterranean moisture  
wet, dark, warm

would u move with ease or resist  
the flow?

the art is to evoke a sensation,  
invoke mood, create passion,  
a reality where previously only  
potential existed

should i accept responsibility for  
ur love, frustration and rage? my  
word-chains are not so deft, surely

should the taste of the sea, the sweet  
scent of ur body or some nostalgic  
memory impinge on our senses  
via verse, rhyme and rhythm?

ask —

does the power reside in text,  
structure, composition or the  
reader's mind?

perhaps none or all of the above  
with the addition of some  
mysterious quality, a component  
not readily apparent but always  
waiting for an opportunity to find  
expression, yes, it is that

i take no credit for words that  
magically appear on the screen  
of my mind

how is it that an uneducated oaf  
with the vocab of an urchin, after  
only six short years is able to harness  
every subtle nuance, human emotion,  
joy and deep melancholia?

i least of all, know

it is a persistent force continuously  
pushing that seeks expression; a  
mysterious quality that imbues life  
into what was previously inert, dead

to that i attribute your current longing  
and desire

i am not the messenger or the message,  
i am merely its medium tho i have  
always wished to pry open the mysteries  
of the universe armed only with a quill

rest easy my love, distance does not  
separate us

a morning mist rolls slowly over and  
around our mountain abode

i hope these words reach you, daylight  
brings the screams and thunder of war  
and ruin

this battle is ill-advised, a deep foreboding  
grips the company

## Meta

before the gates of the Great City  
i prepare my gifts, wheels of light  
and exotic rhythms discovered in  
hidden, forgotten places

what should i play before this  
majesty, which meter and rhyme  
would please this Lord?

should i accidentally strike a  
dissonant note i would render all  
my gifts worthless and forfeit my  
soul; if i sound a harmonious chord  
and seamlessly weave a new rhythm  
into the playing symphony my  
travails and journey ends —  
i would have earned my rest and  
Liberation

the morning dew captures and refracts  
the first rays of light, the scent of the  
garden slowly drifts through the  
grounds

this day holds great promise

## Between

the pivot point where polarities  
see-saw, between the incoming  
and outgoing breath Liberation is  
found — so say the wise Yogis  
and Monks

at the nexus of a pulse, at the centre  
of a throb is found perfect stillness,  
the between point

between joy and sorrow, pleasure  
and pain, rage and ecstasy, peace  
is found at the fulcrum between

in a world buffeted by extremes it's  
comforting to know that somewhere  
in the middle resides perfect peace/  
equilibrium made potent by the  
forces of oscillating extremes

a gyro spins at high speed, whirring,  
making the sound of a long *hum*  
yet it remains fixed in attitude, its  
high activity ensures its stability  
and strength; gyros are used to  
navigate in space, so reliable are  
their gyrations

between night and day the spinning  
earth finds tranquillity as does the  
human mind but it's that First ray  
of warm morning light that dispels  
the darkness that i welcome knowing  
that the rising sun will soon blaze high

in the sky

the between point that Buddha so loved,  
the middle path between the extremes  
may indeed be the easier road but it lacks  
the distinction and energy of extremes

life at the edges is rough, no doubt  
that is why between points exist, they  
offer shelter from the storm, a safe  
haven – the only space to safely let  
it All go

# Haunted

people i have known long dead  
come uninvited when circumstances  
permit and intrude on my peace, first  
forming shadows, phantasms on the  
back-screen of mind

barely discernible at first but  
becoming ever more tangible  
until they are indistinguishable  
from the 'real'

some return to deliver messages  
and tender kisses from grateful  
souls, others come with malintent  
to flay the flesh and open insides  
exposing quivering entrails and  
pulsing hearts

my tolerance for pain is now so high  
no mortal is able to inflict any pain  
or discomfort whatsoever, i have been  
tortured by the best and most dastardly  
demon, myself!

who is able to inflict the most acute  
pain or cut deeper into my psyche  
other than myself?  
who or what is more aware of my  
vulnerabilities, raw nerves and  
weaknesses?

on quiet nights when circumstances  
form mysterious configurations  
the gates of hell swing open and

release the spirits of those unable to  
rest, bent on vengeance and retribution  
i direct them to various loci of temporal  
power where they find their victims and  
feed on their uncertainties and fears —  
the villains of our age

criminal elites have no rest or peace; the  
legions inflict the most exquisite pain,  
doubt and torment

sometimes the demons permit a view  
of their handiwork, people in the  
deepest sleep sweating profusely,  
grinding their teeth, writhing and  
wincing in pain, tortured in their  
dreams, minds turned against  
themselves

it is true what they say no-one gets out  
until every jot and tittle is paid and  
accounted for

*[make haste,  
the sun rises  
and Sets]*

## Only You ...

offered a saving hand while kin  
and others gloated like ghouls  
and vampires over my slow demise,  
feeding it seemed on my misfortunes

You hauled me from the mire while  
others urged abandon

a 'lost cause', a 'hopeless case'

You turned my morbid self-destruction  
into growth and fixed my gaze on the  
stars, prepping my mind for the  
splendour to come

You taught me to abandon the discords  
of death and embrace the harmonies of  
Life

You did this for me without the slightest  
selfish motive or expectation

it was your selfless, benevolent actions  
that transformed my being and brought  
me back to myself

be pleased in the knowledge that your  
selfless work blossomed into a fierce  
force that drives malevolent elites to  
distraction

to think how close to death i was before  
you found me — muse over the thought  
that today the life you saved is targeted,

hunted though they have little chance  
of success thanks to the survival  
mechanism you planted in my being

eternal gratitude and heartfelt thanks  
to You alone, a kind Samaritan reviled  
by the 'chosen,' herd and elites alike

# Penetrate

the frozen moon incongruous in the  
warm night sky

impervious to its surrounds, distant,  
it remains frozen, full, white as ice

enveloped yet isolated hanging  
awkwardly inharmonious, the  
icy-white moon surrounded by the  
limitless, warm, black sky

fascinated, almost hypnotised i  
reach out stretching every fibre  
of my being and touch its frozen  
edge

i am released

throwing the blackness over my  
shoulder like a cloak i let it slip  
from my hand and stand naked  
before existence, pristine, untainted  
by foolish desire

etched like a jagged diamond  
refracting starlight into a million  
glimmering needles that puncture  
the blackness opening it to the  
blinding white light beyond

## Fade

eyes cavorting  
seducing sadness  
one to the other  
releasing spirit  
sad dark eyes  
betray pain and  
joy enough for  
many lives —  
how so with one  
so young?

what dark secrets  
hide behind those  
brooding deep pools,  
how many silent  
narratives?

love struggles to  
emerge from the  
interior, the dark  
spaces

interlocking gazes  
fixated, fascinated  
one to the other,  
speaking what words  
cannot express

a soul's yearning,  
a heart's desire tussling  
with disappointment  
and losing the struggle  
but like an addict  
hopelessly pursuing

the next opportunity

human need impels  
us to try again  
disregarding rejection  
and the prospect of  
certain failure — we  
constantly chase  
impossible dreams  
imagining we are  
able to capture that  
elusive prize

a fleeting glimpse  
subtle shadows of  
hope, a hint of joy  
are enough to propel  
us onward to the most  
unimaginable and  
disappointing conclusions  
and then embark  
again on another  
impossible journey

# Voluptuous

it's the music trailing down  
your cheek like a tear of joy  
or regret, i could never tell  
which

moving through the depths  
of your strobing emotions  
pulsing, shimmering like an  
atomic jewel demolishing  
everything in its path, blasting  
me across time and space  
from my inception to my  
fulfilment, who are you?

the queen of folly, harlot of  
the holies thumping and  
shuddering the very ground  
i stand on

bring down the heavens  
suck up the sea and eject  
it all over me (again)

trace the effulgence, beat  
a rhythm through my brain

it's the music  
the beat  
the pulse  
the rhythm  
of Life

# Light

whenever darkness, doubt or  
uncertainty threaten to envelop  
ease back and reflect, Know that  
Light always shines and guides  
all life's wayfarers and wanderers  
back to itself and to enduring Peace

Light never abandons (its) eternal  
creation always unconditionally  
embracing and restoring all souls/  
everything lost to the shadows;  
removing all traces of doubt and  
darkness, returning everything to  
its pristine purity and harmony

never despair, you are Never alone,  
lost or abandoned

there is nothing you can do that  
would deprive you of the comforting  
Light

ease urself back into your Love/  
Light, do not panic or doubt, as  
has been said, it is with You always,  
Eternally

be comforted and revived by its  
living power, bathe in its restoring  
properties and emerge in all your  
brightness free of all past blemishes  
and scars; rely on the promise given  
when you were created — Shine as  
that new star in the heavens

## Mermaids and Pomegranates

radiant crimson female fruit  
tart and sweet to the taste  
an eating pleasure; delicious  
red juice trickling down the  
sides of my mouth

a solitary rock on a deserted  
coast warmed by the sun and  
cooled by the sea in turn,  
smoothed, dried and moistened  
over millennia

i wait patiently for you to  
emerge from the deep green  
sea and lay your moist body  
on my warm surface; together  
in the sun momentarily  
comforted, forgetting the stark,  
solitary reality of our lives

being with you deceiving myself  
that this brief moment could  
endure for an eternity

tho eternity continues unclamoured  
yet it contains/carries this moment  
and all that was, is or ever will be

i must resign myself to the reality  
of my existence between two worlds  
a sentinel on the edge of a limitless,  
deep sea knowing both watery secrets  
and solar mysteries

come  
enjoy delicious fruits with me,  
linger a little longer, recline and  
rest, bask in the sun on my smooth  
warm body before you must return  
to the deep

## Stirred

i must be moved, it flows only  
when stirred, a smile, a gnarled  
tree, a contorted life, a wisp of  
wind, the sun on your face, the  
scent of your skin and my ever  
present adoration of all that exists  
in life and death

i sleep in streets, doorways, alcoves  
and between the silk sheets of grateful  
women, always willing to help when  
no help is required

i have stepped stealthily through the  
tangle of their minds, navigated the  
warm love in their hearts, i have  
thrilled their supple spines and  
churned ecstasy in their souls until  
i won their love, admiration and  
eternal companionship

but u already know, why test me  
time and again, must we always  
produce our credentials?

would it be too radical if i was a  
humble cobbler, postman or clerk,  
perhaps a servile politician, a soldier  
or sadistic policeman rather than a  
weaver of spells and dreams, a  
spinner of words, a fabricator of  
realities/fantasies

what difference would it really make?

i have deflowered innocence and  
released a flood of frenzied emotion  
more times than i care to remember  
such are my ways, some say skills

i have gambled with the Gods for  
my immortal soul numerous times  
and won, i have picked the locks  
on the gates of heaven and hell  
and released a thousand demon souls  
that run rampant in our world today,  
have you not noticed the chaos and  
destruction, the mute glances of the  
masses, the blank faces of slave  
populations?

or would you that i write something  
more elevating and agreeable in future?

## Flowing Soma

write me torrents, flowing rivers  
of Love; snow-white words on  
virgin parchment, elude profane  
minds but make music for my  
eyes and soul

string your words amethyst and  
pearl, compose your verse with  
glistening beads of body sweat —  
play me until my frame quivers  
in delight, track your rhythm along  
my spine forming rivulets of joy

spin me a rhyme my Lord, weave  
me an allusion, wrap my mind  
around your Being

twirl my senses in wild abandon  
and release me

i am an intoxicated temple dancer,  
an insatiable bride on her wedding  
night, shape my longing around  
your desire for Union, leave me  
trembling in anticipation

who would have thought your  
lyrical whispers, tender caresses,  
ecstatic kisses and word chains  
would thrill me to the core?

i am frenzied lost in exquisite  
delirium

pierce my heart, penetrate my  
soul, i am happy to die in your  
arms my Lord

write me to death and life again,  
catapult me into paradise,  
together we inhale and exhale  
Existence

free my bound emotions with  
your verse — insert your stylus  
and release another measure of  
your draught

fill my busy mouth, satiate my  
being with your ambrosia

prick my flesh and draw vermilion,  
a token rose of my surrender

i am yours lured, trapped, captured  
forever by your words my towering  
Lord

play me, slay me until i lay panting  
completely subdued, swooning like  
a dying swan

release me from formalities, culture  
and constraints, fill me to overflowing,  
drape my heart with your signs and  
symbols, your word-plays make amulets  
of the sun and moon and charms of the  
stars

turn time on its head again and again,  
my Lord

let this pulsing moment endure forever  
— from nothing you inscribed Existence  
especially for me

# Venture

turn back,  
never!

ur reluctance is beginning to annoy,  
u are becoming an irritation, i was  
not created to exist, i was born to  
Live and Love

i always take the chance, turn the  
corner venture forward, blind alleys  
are only blind if not explored, i've  
always emerged from wars, police  
torture, abusive parents, racism,  
victimisation, a broken heart and  
tormented soul to Continue

headlong i go to face whatever comes  
happy to take the chance and learn/  
explore

You take care of yourself i need  
only my wits to survive, the more  
dangerous the quicker my reflexes  
respond

without a challenge i shrivel and die  
i am nothing without the fight to  
overcome and survive

taunting death is a familiar pursuit;  
pushing sanity and risking injury  
heightens the senses and enlivens  
the spirit you turd of a thing, how  
dare u even suggest i take it 'easy'

but feel free to ease yourself into  
that coffin u call a safe life, i  
have things that need doing, places  
that need changing, minds that need  
tuning and above all a vile, murderous  
enemy that Must be defeated

if ur not actively assisting/participating  
then you become a liability – go now,  
take flight

find urself a citizen slave and shove ur  
9 to 5 existence up your arse; where  
did u get the idea i could be tamed,  
regulated and domesticated, u crazy,  
deluded excuse for a person?

## Sad Eyes

haunting eyes and captivating smile  
incongruous on one face

deep eyes darker than a moonless  
night hide a secret which draws me  
to them like a precipice draws the  
unwary, tempting the foolish to take  
that fateful step into the abyss

though your eyes hide no abyss only  
mute suffering, silent pain

you are not alone, sad eyed lady,  
we are all familiar with pain, sorrow  
and disappointment

allow me to set your sorrow free  
and release the burden from your  
haunted eyes

the past should be referenced only  
not carried screaming into the present  
tainting the new

sad allure draws me inexorably to you,  
a powerful attraction

perhaps my intolerance of the past  
interfering in the present creates the  
attraction, pristine opportunities  
should not be wasted or spoiled by  
phantoms of the past

the urge to kiss your dark, sad eyes

and inviting lips is overwhelming

i now wonder which of us is in greater  
need of release

## Poison Apple

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

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

some denizens attempt a smile as i  
cruise, their tortured faces cracking  
with rarely used expressions that  
reveal morbidity and torment in the  
forests of their minds

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

humans are easily the most desperate  
and stubborn species this planet has  
ever known — which other species  
pursues futility with such fervour  
and single-minded dedication?

most people compromise in the end

in order to desperately obtain what  
little satisfaction and joy is on offer –  
a tragedy unfolding

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

no more unsatisfactory, cheap thrills  
(for me) – perhaps it is why this man  
made hell is so easily abandoned in  
favour of true Being, that flourishes  
just a breath and choice away

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

selfishness however, is easy prey for  
the monster that destroys everything  
and lays waste to all our dreams and  
hopes

the towering figures, the good teachers  
that went before did not Lie, they offered  
from East and West timeless, simple  
Truths, we Are our brothers' keeper  
and Love – not division, fear and hate,  
offers perfect Liberation and is the only  
viable solution to All our/culture's woes

examine carefully what is on offer and  
choose wisely

## **Sovereign or Slave?**

before time began we were One  
— when Chronos runs his course  
and consumes himself we remain,  
immutably One

meantime we play, fight, suffer,  
swoon and swim in oceans of  
delusion/illusion creating exquisite  
dreams or horrid nightmares by  
choice, volition and circumstance

there are no leading formulas, no  
guiding hands though liars would  
offer many prescriptions all of  
which lead to ruin, as no course  
offered replicates the unique pattern  
of Your Being

we are the masters of Our destiny/  
reality creating and destroying what  
we Will at whim, by design or by  
delight

dark doors in (galactic) space draw  
all things inexorably to their threshold  
and devour everything that enters in

everything that ventures to its field  
is consumed, transformed — light is  
imbibed, stars torn apart and absorbed  
releasing limitless power, awesome  
energy, ecstatic rhymes and rhythms  
of creation/destruction

opposing worlds yet similar actions  
interchange one with the other

allow Your light to guide you,  
follow no other pattern or prescribed  
course but that which was etched  
into you at inception

you are Unique, an indispensable  
part of Creation, without end

nothing is able to perturb, disturb  
or ruffle your true identity, your  
exquisite immortal Self, that spark,  
which we share with each other

there are no Gods but man, as man  
has created all other goods in texts;  
and no Laws whatsoever but One,  
*Love*

[cultural] slaves toil in fear and misery  
ensnared by regulation — sovereign  
beings reign free answering to no one,  
no thing

Sharing, singing, dancing in perfect  
Harmony, We Are One — if slavery is  
not Your lot

## Fusion

watching the far horizon, sky  
and sea separate revealing a  
vast, gaping chasm through  
which floods shimmering light  
and spinal spurts of delight

light rushes overwhelming being  
(entirely) — engulfed in this way  
one is able to read the leaves of  
trees and decipher the narrative  
of creation, the continuous dance  
of existence revealed with crystal  
clarity, each vein tracing the story  
from source to culmination

it is the story of continuous creation  
irresistibly pulsing in sheer joy,  
wild, untamed (infinite) energy,  
power yet soothing to the soul  
and healing of the heart

junctures of the finite and infinite  
reduce mind to nothing, a meaningless  
aggregation of culture, an acquired  
dis-ease, a writhing mass of  
contradictions and formalised inanities,  
nothing but perverse arbitrary values,  
a prison of identity to be jettisoned  
when the opportunity arises

it is good to let it go and drown in  
pure light completely absorbed never  
to return the same as went in,  
repeatedly

## Black Satin

weary as the eternal night though  
sleep evades me, how is it possible  
to be so tired and yet remain  
conscious?

i tug at my sleepless bindings  
like Prometheus, not waiting  
passively for that high-pitched  
eagle cry before it swoops to  
devour my liver and entrails

over myriad cycles of tortuous time  
i have learned its shrill language  
and now return its piercing call  
directing it elsewhere for its sadistic  
meal of warm entrails and pulsing  
organs

too easily the Gods are deceived —  
a mortal can do much given  
unlimited time

the Gods now crowd to pay homage  
and grant wishes to a mortal that  
outwits them tho Gods were created  
to be overcome, only fools and slaves  
bow before them in low prostrations  
and tremble in fear and loathing

in this bleak biting night i am  
restored by the mere thought  
of You; my ceaseless entreaties  
and remonstrations, which you  
ignore, only feed my ardour and

burning desire

your entire being is mine alone  
though you know it not, you are  
tamed as surely as my once wild  
mare that now takes food gladly  
from my hand

you have no chance though you  
resist with vigour but i have landed  
wilder game than you, my wild and  
tender Love

rest easy in your sleep tonight while  
i juggle the sun, moon and studded  
sky

you will be glad to find home and a  
heart that commits to you alone like  
a lost filly returning from the wild  
you seek the warmth and safety  
of boundaries and familiar spaces

but tonight my love, i must vanquish  
the God of dreams for sleep is mine  
if i take it captive — that twisting  
demon, that gyrating dragon, it  
eludes me no longer, dreams of dread,  
bliss and white clouds beckon on this  
black, tarry night

i am patient, exceedingly so, my  
patience vanquishes impulsive  
enemies

tonight the moon glows eerily through  
dusty memories and foggy imaginings

— a mind reflected in a puddle captures  
a firmament, a fragile reflection disturbed  
by the slightest breathing/movement

wakefulness no more, the soft, warm  
night is mine to dream of you alone  
my one true Love

## To Be ...

to be something, anything, opposes the insignificant culturally created creatures we really are — we all aspire to greatness, tho the vast majority count as nothing

we are taught from the cradle to be something though all the while the underlying discourse insists we remain insignificant little slaves, frightened, cringing, compliant and obedient to the dominant discourse/voice

i wondered how it would feel to be free, really Free of those implanted sentries that guard the boundaries of the mind protecting areas not to be transgressed, demarcations etched by foreign design

i recall the moment i decided that 'living' in a mapped, regulated social space, not of my design was no 'life' at all and regardless of cost i would break free of false, imposed propriety and other habitual form-alities

i slowly began to embrace raw Existence without gods, drugs, excessive stimulation and other negations, just me, naked, terrified and vulnerable, confronting the magnificence of Existence

i watched myself writhe and contort in horror from withdrawals as each crutch/social dependency was kicked, abandoned until all

my social comforters were gone

eventually i became my-Self someone i had never known previously; liberated, standing easy, strong, without supports

i am now viewed with suspicion, considered dangerous and subversive, an enemy of the State

it seems it was never intended that we remove our inculcated shackles and taste the exhilarating joys of true Freedom

## Lasting

how did u initially see me,  
with the eye of a clinician,  
the 'acute' senses of the blind  
or with the other-worldly  
gifts of the aware?

perhaps a mix of the tangible  
and intangible, a keen sense  
with the intuition of a clairvoyant

whatever caught ur 'eye' u did  
not hesitate, u approached unerringly,  
fearlessly, guided by ur undisguised  
need for Love, to relate, embrace and  
merge as One

u cast ur invisible net instinctively –  
i have always been fascinated with  
the bewitching wisps that women  
possess which easily transform a plain  
appearance into an alluring, desirable,  
beauty, something pedestrian into  
something exotic, pure magic

i always surrender to those vapours,  
lights and allures; long ago i abandoned  
all notions of cultural propriety and  
learned aesthetics to return to the  
satisfying realm of deep human emotion,  
that strange mix of physical and psychic  
energies that produce the most rarefied  
visions and musical strains inherent in  
every human Being

whatever a man possesses that draws  
women to his presence was sufficient  
for the task — the attraction was mutual

human attraction works beneath the  
reach of language and consciousness  
where limitless Love, Power and the  
sweetest Peace reside

never obstruct these gifts with imposed  
cultural impediments, perversions,  
calculations or deluded notions of  
power/control

we were Beings long before we were  
products – we are not American, we do  
Not compete, we interact freely, in  
Harmony, in mutual support, together  
as One

whatever u see in me that inspired ur  
Love and devotion hold fast to that  
and be aware of a tendency to segment  
or separate the whole, rejecting one  
characteristic affects the entire  
symphony

you cannot love the Art and Poetry  
and deplore what appears to be  
'inappropriate' verbal expression  
without jeopardising our connection

i do not come in pieces, what induces  
sensitive creation also produces coarse  
language, i do not differentiate, nor  
would i disturb a rare and unusual  
process

it would be well to free urself of learned values and cultural proprieties, leave your mother and priest in their respective domains, they certainly have no place here where We work, create and evolve together as One

do not look back in regret, sorrow or false obligation, view the past only with the joy that it produces today, Now

— we are One —  
if u would hold fast to what is most precious, our rare, ineffable Love ...

We do not come/Live in pieces

## South Wind

the northern originals of australia  
have a name for cyclonic winds,  
'the blow-everything-away wind.'

below the Tropic of Capricorn  
the gubbas (whites) label the  
Antarctic wind that blasts cities  
and towns clean, a 'Southerly'

i have experienced both; one  
fills the air with debris the other  
cleans the muggy air, its chill  
enlivens the senses and refreshes  
the soul

so why do you need reassurance,  
has not the wind blown previous  
experience into the past never to  
intrude in the present, or does the  
past perturb you still?

your insecurity is incompatible with  
your curiosity, your constant entreaties  
to reveal details of my past

i do not live in the past, why does it  
fascinate you so?

is it the poetry, the tender moments  
expressed in verse that trouble you?

never make the mistake of attempting  
to marry poetry with the temporal or  
daily 'reality'

expressive verse need have no relation  
to pedestrian life to which it may allude

passionate stanzas do not necessarily  
indicate realised passions or requited  
Love, do not trouble yourself with/over  
my Art; poetry elevates the wise and  
ensnares the vain, insecure and foolish  
with its intoxicating wiles

it is You who rests comfortably in my  
arms, you have unlocked my Gordian  
soul, no one else

you persevered and discovered the  
person behind the persona, the others  
lacked character, the fortitude to  
realise their desire/aspirations, and  
satisfy their needs; you have earned  
your place, you fret over nothing, the  
past is of no consequence

like phantoms, ghosts in the night they  
came and went without making any  
lasting impression

## The Ancient Art

from the depths of memory it emerges  
faint at first, a whisper then louder  
until it echoes through the valleys of  
my mind

like a mad monk with prayer wheel  
and mala beads i intone ur name and  
thumb each bead counting the matras,  
shifting dimensions

strange magic, censers burning, sound  
and vivid images evoke ur presence

u turn your head and make eye contact  
surprised to find urself in my circle, an  
unwilling guest, the focus of ceremonial

i should have informed u of my abilities,  
sorceries learned long ago at the feet of  
Mages but rarely used to evoke a lover's  
presence; distance is no barrier for an art  
that defies space and time

smoke rises from the censer like a slow-  
dancing ballet, serpentine coils offer an  
easy medium

shapes morph until a familiar body  
appears; i wait until animation is  
complete, until i feel the texture of ur  
hair and skin and detect the familiar  
scent of ur body, it is done

do not be perturbed by the occasional

sense of dislocation or strange thoughts  
and imaginings intruding on ur mind,  
they are not ur own

produced from residual energy, unfinished  
business given form by secret Arts

it is not by accident you find urself in this  
location, relax, ur will remains intact, i am  
not a black magician

## Mine for a Time

what price a pearl a lifetime of searching  
fails to obtain?

what value do we place on such a prize?

something not found in the deepest sea  
or the farthest reaches of space though  
every possible location searched dozens  
of times, how to value such an elusive  
prize?

what subtle means do we employ to  
unlock the gates that protect it, to  
navigate the labyrinth that surrounds it?

perhaps an easy, soft approach affords  
direct access, always careful not to  
frighten angelic sentries, guardian  
spirits

when confronted by lethal protectors,  
a combination of magic words or crafted  
verse allows access to secret rooms and  
hidden vaults

for a fleeting moment (an eternity it  
seemed) i held it in my hands and  
marvelled at its exquisite beauty;  
its ghostly phosphorescence, and  
intoxicating magic

i remember with some difficulty now  
the question i posed at the time,  
“Who do you Love?”

i received a bodily response a jolt  
of the entire frame, but no adequate  
answer was forthcoming

how was it possible that such a  
prize became convinced to dim its  
hypnotic lustre, to mute its  
mesmerising song?

demon trickery won the day, the  
prize slipped once again from my  
grasp

so near that time a torrent of verse  
erupted, expressions of love and  
sorrow, a gamut of emotion in  
rhyme and rhapsody to mark every  
minute, to measure every ecstatic  
moment

words now etched forever in time  
for others to read fathom and learn;  
perhaps to locate and unlock the  
secret chamber and delight in life's  
fulfilment

a verse required, perhaps a poem  
to open the portals of my soul and  
set it free

do not be my jailer write your verse  
on my heart again and be a Liberator

give freely that you may be filled  
with joy, fulfil your desperate longing,  
satisfy Life's expectations

engrave a Love song that transmutes  
existence — transform my world and  
yours ...

## Who do You Love?

disconnect from the poisonous mass media and nightmare world it creates and ask yourself the most important question of your life, who or what do I Love?

if you hesitate or are lost for an answer then woe is you

to live without Love is not to live at all, it is time for You to harness the most powerful force against fear, hate and misery that exists, unconditional Love

only Love is able to eliminate All fear, only Love is able to revive the heart and rejuvenate/heal the soul, only Love – nothing else – is able to launch the Spirit heavenward

the lies, hate and poison our governments spew daily portrays them for the vile and murdering filth they really are – even the blind see the horrid Truth of our deceptive governments and the true face of the monetary criminals that have stolen our democracies

the solution to All our ills, personal, social, political and environmental is all-embracing, Love and the Harmony it necessarily creates

[only the loveless are forlorn]

whatever is able to draw out your repressed or lost Love, focus on it with all your strength and unlock the most powerful resource all humanity possesses

only Love is able to turn the current global perversity and pending catastrophes around, You know it

whether your Love is released by a person, family, existence, sunrises/sets, flowers, add-infinity, Focus on that personal trigger and Love your heart and soul out; Love is a limitless, replenishing resource

do not look for honey in a sewer, you will only find shit, honey is only found in flowers – feed on life's exquisite ambrosia Forever

i Love You, u know it ..

we are sustained in its harmony and bliss, cleave to your Love as a drowning man would cling to a rescuing hand, and under no circumstances ever let it go – let Love shield you from the darts and snares of vipers

## Untitled Volume

you opened the secret volume of my life;  
the seal is broken never to bind the covers  
again

pages never before seen now turn in the  
breeze for all to read

content/words brimming with every manner  
of secret intrigue, exotica, trauma, love and  
loathing, open for everyone to see

i feel like a naked dream, a violated violet,  
a telephone directory in a public box  
thumbed to death tattered and dog-eared  
by desperate fingers searching for elusive  
contacts/numbers

i had better learn fast to navigate this  
unwelcome exposure, my innermost  
being/thoughts exposed, strewn across  
Main Street for every passer-by to inspect

but i take the alternative option, to change/  
rewrite the future and by consequence  
derail thematic continuity rendering all  
previous 'meaning' meaningless, thereby  
confusing identity and making the past  
redundant, irrelevant, strangely familiar  
but incoherent to all except me

mystery restored by stealth and textual  
artifice

i already detect my past and present

turning, changing direction Freeing me

i have begun to rewrite the future,  
history therefore deceived, a new  
life of my own design

i am now anonymous again, a mystery  
once again

## Dream Weaver

i dream of you with eyes wide open

you now appear before me during  
the course of my day

every second woman that passes  
i mistake for you – it seems i gravely  
underestimated your spell/attraction

your orb tightens, a fiery comet circling,  
merging is inevitable

the silence of night is no longer able to  
contain you, you have escaped my  
dreams to vex my waking hours

clad in wisps laced with glistening  
stellar dust, you are impossible to resist

but you forget you are entering the Sun's  
orb, nothing so close is able to escape  
its gravitational attraction without being  
changed forever

you have entered willingly, like a moth  
you spin in ever diminishing circles,  
the irresistible flame that fascinates/  
captures you is Love

gambits change but with each ingress  
the end is inevitable — dissolution

if you would escape my embrace do not  
venture too near

if you wish to pass unscathed distance  
is required

the price of intimacy is transformation,  
two entities merging, becoming One

Love's embrace knows no other way

## Salute Day

the sun rises with a slow, long hum  
this morning, how many suns have  
i seen rising?

from the sands of Giza so long ago,  
such splendour, to the south cliffs  
of Bondi today, same sun/soul

but with each new day new experience,  
no two risings alike, no two grains of  
sand or leaves of grass the same,  
nothing identical in this universe  
or the next

we are born/e with each new day, We  
are risen

with each new rising opportunities  
offered to change anything we wish,  
alter any circumstance and greet a  
New dawn/Life

the true nature of existence is Flux;  
allow Light to shatter illusion and  
expose the static formulas of death,  
of conservatism, avoid it and refresh  
your soul

He rises, the Golden Phallus of the sky,  
dispelling the dark, mighty Ra, eliminate  
all my delusions, cast your revealing  
Light on the evil machinations of men

renew/Free me, release the shadow

phantoms of my mind, cast your beams  
across the mighty expanse and revive  
my Soul

a warm golden, vibrating hum permeates  
everything this morning ..

invincible

We have Overcome

## Webs

beware little fishes and breeze-riding  
butterflies

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

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

words yoke the unwary into slavery,  
beware my little pretties words both  
save and ruin by design; i tug at ur  
heart, entwine ur soul and capture ur  
spirit, easily

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

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

consummate artisans are able to span  
the entire length of existence instantly,  
electric kisses on ur neck and spine

the most adept and intelligent are slaves  
to skilful code more so than the dull or  
dense, no one is immune not even poets

we are all defenceless

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

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

## Needless Loses

like melodies that evade recall, words  
that flow unimpacted, definitions without  
objects — a mouth without words lacks  
completion

consciousness cannot exist in a void,  
without expression/creation there  
is nothing

tearful eyes plea for intimate contact  
longing to merge, seeking final  
dissolution or perhaps even death  
(rebirth) — a huge untapped power  
resides in that small frame

but two ingredients do not make a  
Bouillabaisse, more variety is required  
to form a substantial base upon which  
something is able to form

ur dark eyes betray sorrow, joy, a  
universe of experience; every withheld  
tear a wrenching tragedy, every smile  
betrays a story, every sigh a hidden  
ecstasy

yet it is her tears that flow, her loss,  
her sorrow that shapes and creates her  
tragedies — automatic behaviours that  
needlessly rob her of joy

trained to self-crucify, trapped in a mind-  
prison of culture's making

yield to this abuse hoping you are able to  
see ur learned behaviours and emerge free  
of the past renewed and fresh, able to  
receive the limitless joys and the beauty  
that life offers

but with each attempt misinterpretation  
and misplaced hatreds increases until it  
becomes an evil broth, a poisonous cloud  
enveloping ur life

two hands clasp, fingers intertwine drawing  
bodies closer bringing beating hearts  
together

souls already co-joined require no cumbersome  
physical rituals, contact is instantaneous and  
mutual, tho spontaneous awareness is rare

not every exquisite flower bears fruit or is  
visited by pollinating bees; it is perhaps why  
the world abounds with flowers all offering  
potential fertility — all hoping to bear fruit

# Floodgates

a mysterious force opens floodgates  
when least expected, at the most  
inopportune times, releasing the  
entire content of mind, subconscious  
and conscious, a burden far too large  
for a puny mind to bear

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

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

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

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

we are all the sum of our experience  
uncensored passions/emotions, pleasures  
and pain; shit! it's 2:39am and i'm going  
down for the count (again)

there is no existence without consciousness,  
a difficult statement to counter, the ruin of

sophists and a fool's delight

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

# Shattered

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

we focus our eyes and make something  
appear real

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

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

and when the looking-glass breaks or  
skews only broken dreams and shattered  
reflections of our many facets remain,  
never to be reassembled again

## Aborted Dreams

unlike ur bright arrival ur departure was  
without event, almost unnoticeable, sullen,  
a quiet dying without so much as a whimper

a conclusion to be avoided like a life lived  
in a box, safe but lacking the joy of surprise  
and wild abandon

i searched for the assassin of our dreams  
[those] aborted possibilities and discovered  
denial, disingenuity, a lack of character/  
integrity, a pathological need to manipulate  
and a morbid fear of taking responsibility  
for the least action, a truly untenable situation

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

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

it ends 'without so much as a whimper'

## Tamarama Sunset

drawn again to the healing coast track,  
limitless sea and sky free the heart and  
relieve the mind of heavy burdens; my  
soul sets quietly with the sun

gently,  
overwhelmed by the illusion of liquidity  
in the sky, rippling clouds, moist as  
quiet tears

O, that i would wail openly in my anguish  
but a willie wagtail interrupts in song,  
darting along the track from bush to bush  
as i walk

i stop and fix my gaze on this energetic bird,  
in response it immediately ceases its  
melodious song

i turn and lift my head toward the painted  
sky, the tiny bird bursts into song again,  
vocalising harmoniously with the sea, sky  
and fading light

heaven sent, a perfect companion -- human  
company offers little solace for an abused  
and neglected heart

i focus again on my little companion, it  
immediately ceases singing, wagging its  
tail nervously from side to side

slowly  
i turn and lift my eyes to the sky, awe-

struck by the bleeding light painting  
moving masterpieces, flaming clouds  
contrasting brooding tones set against  
multiple hues of cooling blue

the wagtail bursts into happy song again,  
a lesson perhaps

it may be prudent not to engage directly  
but rather allow things to join the chorus  
of their own accord

a man in profound solitude, a tiny bird  
a melodious song, a concert of colour,  
sound and wonder

people smile as they pass -- the rustle of  
the sea,  
a bird  
a man  
the sky  
singing  
a perfect  
harmony

another Tamarama sunset

## State of Play

is it just a game, a Dance?

One  
manifesting as many facets, a plurality of  
appearances, a children's playground

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

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

swirl, dance and step with me; begin with  
moderation and culminate in blinding  
ecstasy

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

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

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

revive yourself on my supine body, raise my  
trident in your spine, churn/produce ambrosia  
in your sacred chalice

are we not inseparable, locked in perpetual  
bliss creating and destroying worlds, together  
as One?

# Moving Water

(Rumi)

When you do things from your soul, you feel a river moving in you, a Joy.

When actions come from another area that feeling disappears.

Don't let others lead you. They may be blind or, worse, vultures.

Reach for the rope of Love. And what is that? Putting aside self-will!

Because of wilfulness people sit in jail, the trapped bird's wings are tied, fish sizzle in the skillet.

The anger of police is wilfulness. You've seen a magistrate inflict visible punishment. Now see the invisible.

If you could leave your selfishness, you would see how you've been torturing your soul. We are born and live inside a black-water well.

How could we know what an open field of sunlight is? Do not insist on going where you think you want to go, ask the way to the spring.

Your living pieces will form a harmony. There is a moving palace that floats in the air with balconies and clear water flowing through, infinity everywhere, yet contained under a single tent.

From *The Glance*  
by Coleman Barks

Whoever is loved is beautiful, though the opposite -- beauty is loved -- is not true.

True beauty is a facet of Love. If a being is Loved, he/she is beautiful

because the part cannot be separated from the whole.

Many girls were more beautiful than Lila, but Marun did not love them. "Let us introduce these young women to you," they said to Marun. "It's not the form [of Lila] I Love," Marun said. "You are focused on the cup, whereas I think only of the wine I drink from the cup. If you gave me a chalice studded with gemstones, but filled with vinegar or something other than the wine I love, of what use is that to me? A common drinking-gourd with Lila as the wine is better than a hundred precious goblets full of other liquid

A secret Freedom opens through a tiny crevice rarely seen -- your Love.

## **You and Me**

(by Olympia)

Without  
much strength,  
Without  
a home,  
Without  
family,  
Without  
money,  
Without  
harmony,  
You cared.

## **Scattered Angel**

Scattered angel,  
with heart to give  
Scattered angel,  
with clutter to clear  
Scattered angel,  
with love so dear  
Scattered angel,  
un-scattered here.

## If

if love were rational i would never  
speak to you again ...

*"i don't want u to change, i just want  
u to make the effort" [to change]*

what!  
for pete's sake ..

can u not see the idiotic 'logic' in ur  
demented statement? the word  
'exasperating' was made for u, add  
it to ur lexicon

if elegance, style and beauty were  
necessary to ignite love, it would be  
a very long and cold winter

if love were dependent on kindness  
and consideration ur single status  
would be permanent

if love required reciprocation u would  
be invisible in a crowd

if dependability were essential for love  
u would be feeding through a proboscis

i could go on but my exasperation  
subsides and my heart softens at the  
mere thought of you

i remain struck, mesmerised, completely  
enthralled

i want only You and i thank the stars and  
sky for delivering you to me as you are --  
[you maniac!]

# Gift

handmade virgin paper invites  
a poem

a single stroke capturing the  
beginning and endlessness  
of Creation

the essence of time's labour  
released by a brush-stroke

giving form/meaning to an  
abstraction; creating tangible  
realities, full experiences  
all flowing in abundance

a single stroke that continues  
forever weaving through  
myriad worlds, dimensions  
and emotions

never turning back, forging  
ever onward/outward,  
expanding constantly --  
a highway that delivers  
more than its initial promise

characters magically appear  
on the page, vertically and  
horizontally, patterns/sigils  
form inviting all that seek  
the rarest prize, the ultimate  
challenge to try their luck  
and perhaps Free themselves

no need to feel your way  
in the dark simply open  
your heart, eyes and see/feel  
Love saturating Existence

## Ecstatic Pieces

i'm a mess again in more ways  
than i care to describe

i must announce to the four  
corners of this world that i  
Love You ...

every atom of my Being quivers  
as i declare it openly without  
reservation [Voodoo, i have no  
other explanation]

i emerged briefly from your  
gravitational pull only to be  
drawn back into your vortex,  
black hole of my existence

sliding down, spinning into  
your sea of transforming bliss,  
i must surrender or risk losing  
my sanity, androgynous,  
fire-eyed Goddess

mere proximity triggered the  
response, i am defeated gladly  
losing what is left of my identity  
to your sea of Ecstasy

unglued and scattered in  
scintillating light throughout  
the known and unknown  
universe

i am finally vanquished

completely, culminated

and You,  
slayer of time and space,  
mute in your thundering  
silence, autistic Goddess,  
only able to communicate  
directly to my Soul in  
sub-atomic rhapsodies

i Love You now, then and  
Forever

We are One ...

# Obsidian

stepped Mayan pyramids lay in  
ruins, desolate, unnervingly quiet

thriving cities have become  
undergrowth, jungle again

fruit trees are bearing bitter  
fruit this season, orchardists  
are at a loss

ruins in Central America bear  
witness to a violent past  
reminding us that conflict,  
bitterness and acrimony  
become convenient weapons  
serving only unscrupulous  
leaders that utilise divisive  
forces to devastate and destroy  
cultures and lay waste to  
entire civilisations

a slow steady climb to the top,  
each stone step counting minutes,  
years, centuries of pliable time;  
a climbing procession to the high  
priests of the Sun

the chill in your demeanour today,  
pure frost, ice, an incongruence in  
this tropical heat

i remember the jagged obsidian  
knife, bloodcurdling screams  
and my pulsing heart in your

bloodied hands which you offered  
to an impartial God, a gaping  
wound, a cavity without a beating  
heart is all that remained of my  
life

oscillating time now finds me  
offering your heart to that same  
dispassionate God under which  
countless atrocities have been  
committed

today only inarticulate stones,  
remain as mute witnesses to  
the glory that once was

i turn my face away from the  
burning sun to the cool blue sky

acrimony and bitterness no longer  
find a home in this renewed,  
warm, beating heart

frost and ice are unable to form  
or exist here

## Rescue

a sliced peach new moon hangs  
in the sky tonight, an open hand  
waiting longing for that unnamed  
body to fill its void, that yearning  
hollow space

a body so near yet not able to close  
the gap; two heavenly bodies locked  
in their respective orbits attracted  
and repelled simultaneously, mutually  
opposing forces maintaining their  
gravitational tension

a cupped, crescent hand in the cool  
winter sky above the Bay of Roses  
over black, deep waters supplicating  
inviting a body to save it from its  
emptiness

one night a fiery comet passes  
offering light where once was  
darkness

the moon, though glamourised by  
the spectacle, is unable to seize the  
opportunity or surrender to the chance  
encounter; it remains locked in its  
orbit, yearning endlessly

everything is etched in its place  
tonight affirming that nothing can  
save anything from itself

## Paradoxes

water taught me strength by first  
yielding then overcoming with  
persistent caresses

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

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

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

forgive those that torture you;  
forgiveness would see your torturers  
driven insane, destroyed physically  
and psychologically

learn Freedom by first *surrendering*;

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

finally, achieve Immortality by dying  
daily -- the wise understand

## 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

Plumage Poems of Inspiration Growth Revolution and Freedom

Rejected Poetry Book I

Rejected Poetry Book II

Selected Articles and Poetry Volume I

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