

The Rejected Poetry of Lindsay Traynor

Volume II

Lindsay Traynor

Table of Contents

The Rejected Poetry of Lindsay Traynor

Production Line

Interrupted

Apparent

Language

Grass Eaters

Drifting

The One

Startled Stare

Space

Sky Blue

Pond

Wet

Geometrics

Lost

The Book

Original

Song

Futility

Captured

Eagle

Branded

Loop

Caught

Be

Lost Poet

Something Special

Olgas

The Life

Quill

Zen and Poetry

Inverted

Pushing into Light

[Discontinuity](#)
[Mystery of the Emerald Tablet](#)
[For Whom?](#)
[Circular](#)
[Pages](#)
[Buddha's Door](#)
[Radiant](#)
[About the Author](#)
[Books by the Author:](#)

The Rejected Poetry of Lindsay Traynor

Volume II

Collators and editors select according to various subjective preferences; however, what appeals to one is loath to another, and so here presented are the poems of rejection which body, warts and all, reveals much about the author/poet and the prevailing sensibilities of repressed Western and Eastern cultures. Nevertheless, the author/poet views all his works of merit and demerit Equally – enjoy.

Production Line

squeezed, contorted to a pre-designed, uniformity/ shape, which above all labels a production line -- which process must necessarily produce duplicates/ repetitions ad infinitum

consider sausages, chocolates, and a multitude of moulded products then ask yourself how broad ur perceptive abilities are

ur ability to think creatively outside the formulated, prescribed patterns, which you share with millions of other human social products

an escape offered opens new worlds, seeing what few see, from one degree perceptive awareness to 360 degrees of increased awareness that blooms into the continuous/expanding, elevating you above the herd forever

the spirit of freedom, the prime ingredient/requisite of true creativity, which erupts volcanically from the unknown, undiscoverable spaces as they disappear once their progeny are delivered, notwithstanding that many new spaces open when other apertures, revealing the flux of existence, close; all of which un-mapped spaces are not detected by myopic society which is subverted by simply venturing into the unseen giant pores of the breathing living body of existence

formulated/confined products ask, how did you, or could u think of that 'twist' and transmit what is usually incommunicable linguistically?

indeed, all-encompassing views do not allow for repetition

or the repetitive, social productive routine which is death to creativity and Freedom

one does not think about an outcome, the outcome guides itself, breaching time and space in the process, such is the exhilaration, beauty of the unknowable, and so my honest answer is, i have no idea, it's simply a matter of a symptom of true freedom which every creative work verifies

there is no mystery regarding how 'sausages' are made but ever mysterious, and completely satisfying are the unknown processes of Creation

refuse walking/living in step, walk/live to ur own unique pattern/rhythm/beat and you would have no need to doubt or ask ur questions as ur questions attempt to locate, map and categorise -- and where does that process lead?

back to the human production line of living death and social slavery

Interrupted

while grappling with existence frantic
door knocks rudely interrupted a possible
victory

it was you -- rejection doesn't seem
to affect an obsessive personality,
so i stepped aside while you rolled in
pissed as a fart

'take it easy, don't bring me down again'

'no, no, i have reformed my ways'

tho i would have preferred transformed,
while you plonked literally on the sofa

'well, what is it this time, u've already
exhausted ur dastardly repertoire?'

'i love u and can't stay away,' spreading
ur knees revealing lust, desire not love,
more like an alley cat lifting its rear,
offering itself

'close ur legs, it won't work'

with that she sprang from the sofa into
my arms without falling over

amazed, i held her tho it became apparent
that she was acting more intoxicated
than she was

'okay, take it easy, the last time u were

here u wrecked the place in a fit of rage'

'no, no, i truly am reformed'

that bloody word again

'well good on you, so what do u intend to do with ur new reformed self?'

'fuck you, now!'

'but there's nothing new in that,' while she rubbed her crotch up and down my thigh

'release me u maniac, it won't work'

oblivious to my comment she dropped to her knees and began sucking my cock, easily accessed thru my night attire

'for christ's sake, does anything penetrate that head of urs, it won't work, do u understand?' while my phallus began to react -- that damn traitorous appendage

'look, don't imagine ur usual tricks are working, a man has two heads but only one has a brain, the other only mindlessly reacts'

she could only respond in gags, she was desperate

faced with this predicament what would you?

'okay, one last time' -- how many times have i said that?

another disastrous future was in the making
and to think, i had almost beaten existence
until that bloody knock, tho i have an ace up
my sleeve

so, until we grapple again, existence

Apparent

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

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

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

confronted again by my choices/directions,
some in tune others clanging like worn,
discordant cymbals; i do not fret over
illusions, i belong to no culture
of blind believers/subscribers

again it approaches, it's unmistakable --
this time it assumes the shape and illusions
of this poem

who am i to resist it?

Language

i threw three polished river pebbles
onto the ground again and again
until a sequence became apparent,
i threw again and from each
successive throw letters formed
from the patterns

at last an alphabet, which i arranged
into words, soon a phrase then a
sentence, narrative and the known
world was created/recorded encircled
by words of power

the little mothers (letters) soon
delivered the entirety of the known,
well done father, they said, with your
artifices you have captured all humanity
and chained them in bondage with
language, every literary artifice that
exists verifies your power over all

what would you have us do next?

what is power without Love, i thought?
nothing! indeed, without Love there is
nothing whatsoever and so i gathered
my little mothers and instructed them to
hide the real meaning of this word as it
is the key that unlocks the gates to
paradise and everlasting joy, peace and
Freedom

with that accomplished i took my treasured
magic three pebbles from my silk purse

and threw them into the raging river making
this world a prison with only one avenue
of escape

Grass Eaters

the earth's green provides for our needs and the most prolific vegetation is grass but do not compare humanity with bovines and other grass eaters tho there is no escaping it, rice, rye, barley, wheat, maize/corn etc, are all grasses which provide staples for the populations of entire continents

discovered as a reliable food source they were/are cultivated allowing for stores of food without the need to gather and hunt daily, which led to the formation of communities and free time which led to the development of writing and culture, moo, chirp and baa'aa, and so modern man has more in common with sheep than lions

notice how easy large herds of humans are led by their shepherds, follow me this way but not that way, baa'aa

i've often wondered if a chemical exists in grass-based foods that facilitate servility, the need to follow rather than cut a solo course like tigers, what is it about human sheep that makes them so susceptible to servitude, the urge to obey/follow?

have u seen how easy it is for
slaughterhouses to lead grass eating
cattle and sheep to their deaths, the
victims not realising they have been
led to the slaughter until the very
end, but by then it's too late?

perhaps if we paid more attention to
the shepherds it would awaken the
herd

they are wolves that delight in
managing, exploiting and consuming
passive, fear-ridden grass eaters

Drifting

there were times when conservatives
desperately attempted to fix the drifting
plains, floating lakes and walking
mountains of mind, time and being,
though nailing water is impossible
but try telling that to 'educators'
from kindy to the tertiary heights
of verbose convolutions -- empty,
soulless, dry as white, rain/sun-
bleached street dog shit, which
incidentally no longer exists as
dog owners are now forced to
collect dog shit in black plastic bags
supplied by local councils, how
considerate and desperately anal

and so my metaphor is lost on those
younger than fifty, they were the days,
the beats and their incessant
philosophical chatter, cool man

today they are but memories mixed
with the smog that issues from city
corners where the splutter and drips of
imported italian espresso machines
once sang, gurgling like drunken
plumbing

the lanes and vacant lots that once
reeked of cunt and fermented cum
are now apartment blocks tho haunted
with strange moans and grunts in the
dead of night

yet the past overtakes the present from
various perspectives complete with
sight, smell and sound drifting slowly
up through the tar, cement, new bricks,
mortar and iPhones,

have u ever heard the roar of a 650cc
kick-starting?

the coo of doves woo'ing is no longer
heard in backyards nothing from then
enters now, the digital age of alienated
slaves with iPhone in one hand and
the other on clit or cock, tragic

the old pond surrounded with rushes
and all manner of catchment weeds
bounding with frogs and amphibian
ejaculate frothing on the water are
replaced with concrete shores and
manicured grass lacking shelter and
hides for water birds nesting and raising
their young

my head turns skyward, hoping its
blueness has remained, it has, tho tinted
with the brown of city smog

the devoid scene is so sterile i am
forced to project my memory into
the real world and dress it in its
previous fertile glory

i am now able to see the kids playing
i'll show u mine if u show me yours,
and elderly walkers tipping their hats
as they stroll in the park

rangers rode horses then, now they drive
swiftly past disconnected like the educators
that do not see the floating lakes, drifting
plains and the open neighbourhood doors
of the 50's

The One

an abused infant child reaches high
for the sky and cries

You came swiftly to my aid and
comforted me, to whom do i owe
allegiance?

in desperation throughout my young,
innocent life, i clung to you for dear
life itself -- the torturers were relentless
until i turned and said enough, you are
unjustified whipping and attempting
to shape me into your horrid world,
i am not, nor could i ever be one of you,
so why not just kill me and be done
with it? that was the last time my
'teachers' administered corporal
punishment, i was not yet seven

i detested them and their brutal ways,
how bitter and vanquished their souls
must have been to bully and inflict
pain on a child, but i endured while
my peers watched passively while i
was victimised as this and that,
'reprobate,' which word i had to look
up at the time, reprobate, me? i am
real, helpful and true to the core,
what offended these lunatics and
sadists?

i didn't discover the reason until i
entered university, i was an outsider
it seems who refused to conform --

my identity and safety were elsewhere,
incomprehensible to herd morons,
sadistic brutes and spiteful abusers
particularly my man-hating mother
who tormented my disgustingly weak
father until he blew his brains out
when i was ten, though as a father he
was useless except for one thing, he
was the sole target of my mother's
psychotic abuse, who now lacked
someone to torture so she turned on
me, at age ten, and persisted with her
psychotic abuse and torment until i
put her behind me, permanently

and so i entered the world on my terms
and discovered how easy survival was
for someone who refused to think
myopically or live in a box, i discovered
loopholes you could drive a truck thru
and taught my friends how to navigate
in this perverse world, we bled insurance
companies, workers' compensation courts
and every other exploitable institution/
financial organisation for \$millions - i'll
teach them the consequences of whipping
innocence; but the best was forming an
IT company/consultancy, it was then that
i encountered others that had similar
experiences to mine but they hacked for
revenge, everything imaginable and
were never known/located to this day

i learned much from them and them from
me, we were all in our element as we
triumphed over a perverse and mediocre
system that had dealt all of us injustice

and abuse for what? being exceptional
and out of tune with a shit-heap culture,
may we fight and never stop until we
end the perverse system, which now
murders and thieves openly, but have
no idea who their real enemies are, they
lack the skills required to identify and
locate

nevertheless, the power and the glory i
reached for as an infant and have clung
to all my life has never forsaken me
though i was all but murdered in my
youth

so dear reader, you may wonder why i
now consciously expose myself, well,
wonder no more, it is what it is, an open
taunt, and i/we will never stop

the Russians hack well, tho they always
could, we know them; the Iranians and
the Chinese are behind the Russians,
everyone is, tho all of them know us,
at least some of our ever-changing handles

Good luck searching, you mass murdering,
star-spangled scum, u can't even catch the
Chinese

now that's a *real* threat to the evil that
pervades the world -- good luck doodles,
u are failing and falling as i write

Startled Stare

i had a friend once an odd fellow
that had been rigorously moulded
by religion, it matters not which,
as they all separate the forming
child from its essential nature
and substitute with abuse, coercion
and fear all manner of crapulous
fantasies and regulatory behaviours
as guilt and fear work on most

religious indoctrination is tantamount
to child abuse

however, most people survive the
brainwashing to become maladjusted
functional slaves in society, not quite
right but not too wrong so they are able
to function as slaves, which after all is
the purpose of religion -- sacrifice
earthly paradise for a false promise
of heaven in death, an ongoing
unsubstantiated claim/lie, as the texts
were written by men -- God writes
existence only, not Hebrew, Arabic
or Greek

the Old Testament goes to great
pains to describe a fall and a
consequential world of blood, sweat
and tears (how convenient) which
justifies a priest class offering hope/
salvation when in essence life could
be paradise without the pollution of
any ideology or haven't you noticed

how nature endures harmoniously or
how traditional 'illiterate' societies
respect their environment, attributing
spiritual life to all things, hence not
wreaking havoc/pollution on the world
and killing each other like the
Abrahamic religions teach

the OT is not short on genocide, theft
and worldly gain, i mean, the "treasury
of the Lord," whose treasury?

over a few short years in early adulthood
my odd friend became more dissociated
until a permanent startled stare graced
his tortured face, which expression
transmitted loss and agony though
unable to be expressed sanely and
coherently as the priest's instilling
guilt and fear had done its job in
destroying what could have been a
productive, happy, peaceful life, alas,
another one bites the dust but most
survive to function, in a manner of
speaking; now notice, greed, narcissism,
selfishness, violence, murder you name
it, all the negative characteristics of that
early very sick pathological god of the OT

why would any learned scribe lend his
once specialised talents to such perversity?

well, Kings ruled and everyone under fear
of death did what they were told, the envy
of today's leaders, but they are getting there

did you know that Catholics are the most likely Christians to convert

to fundamentalist Islam; we know why, the Jesuits explained it perfectly, to paraphrase, 'give us a child till seven years of age and you can have him after that, as 'we' own him/her

indeed, but they failed to realise that other fundamentalists could exploit that training/brainwashing as do secular states today that require an obedient, exploitable passive, fearful workforce, slaves in other words.

now you may wonder where all this is going, tragically suicide for my totally lost friend, though he was supposed to be 'saved' by religious indoctrination, and of course not forgetting Jehovah's dictate to "subdue the earth," not harmonise with it, which accounts for pollution-induced climate change and all the environmental vandalism of corporations filling the 'Lord's treasury' – their own pockets.

the earth is an expression of universal harmony, therefore I say to all ideologues, either heal or fuck thyself, as all your perverse beliefs are about as useful as tits on a bull, in fact they are totally destructive, as is clearly evident today.

though never fear or despair as my next short article will be on 'the serene gaze' of enlightened beings that refused to forgo that inner connection to the universal harmony, notwithstanding the torture they faced and endured, of course delivered by 'well-meaning' social sadists, regulators and cowardly conservatives

Space

between the centre and circumference
of the circle of existence is space

it is that space that defines the circle
and everything else, as without it there
is nothing, no centre or emanating radius
and no circumference, therefore no form/
circle -- space is that necessary something
which defines all things

now consider that a jar is only useful due
to the space it contains as is a house, we
live in the space, not the walls, roof or
floor and yet space is ignored or at best
taken for granted but it fills/saturates the
void, its emptiness is vital to existence

and so emptiness is the essential component
which exalts all things, including man

what occurs if we turn our minds to that
'emptiness'? we know that emptiness is
something and thoughts are things/
formations, structures of the mind; thoughts
are not the space in which they form

you have noticed that space is consistent,
unvarying there is not this or that space,
only one space that permeates all existence
and so that space has quality/meaning, as it
is the substrate that carries/defines *everything*

if you wish to find meaning then enter the
space between thoughts and you would

discover wonder, something truly special,
and if you hold that for a duration then thought
itself subsides leaving only awareness and
perfect clarity in which all vexations and
problems are solved/dissolve

only in that infinite space is true freedom and
Perfection found

surely it now becomes the height of folly
to underrate or not address/embrace that
unpolluted, continuous, unvarying perfection

there is so much more to it than here indicated
but you must discover its wonders for yourself

Sky Blue

the sky cracks, shrieks and shatters like
blue crystal and all the nations and their
people realise how insignificant they are
without Love to support them

how paltry their ambitions, aims
and bickering compared to the magnificence
and its enduring power of Love

the drear is displaced by panic and alarm,
it's ending, as they clutch desperately to
idiotic myths and religious texts written
by men

the winds scream across lands sweeping
steel towers like weeds and brush; folly,
now full grown has become the monster
dreaded, created by perverse deeds

lives are incinerated in a flash faster than
cognizance of the confronting reality, we
did it, we finally did it, yet its course and
final outcome was no secret from the outset

the seas roar and swallow continents, the
earth spins and loses its axis, loosening its
grip on cohesion, nothing remains as it was
yet the earth survives but without the
aberration that caused the cataclysm

it wasn't the fault of creation/evolution it
was the perversity of men flying in face
of gifted Love, Peace and Harmony that
demolished everything

Pond

a natural pond in close proximity to the slums of Darlo, adjacent to the SCG, once thrived, few are aware that the site was once a water catchment and swamp before it was drained as a sports and showground

early Sydney settlers used it as a tip tho nothing toxic existed in those days and so a natural pond with rushes frogs, tadpoles and dragonflies flourished as a favourite place of play and adventure for slum kids that made rudimentary rafts and played pirates on the Moore Park pond left to its nature through the middle and later decades of the 20th century

huge fig and other trees surrounded the pond their buttressed sturdy branches making excellent climbing -- very few televisions or enslaving digital devices existed then so kids grew closer to their wild independent nature

their abilities honed by games pushing limits in one of inner Sydney's last natural spaces

i returned recently much older and experienced, to witness its ruin, gone are the frogs, rushes and dragonflies, it had been dredged and concreted, a 'modern' metal sculpture/fountain

set in the centre of now dead waters,
the shore concrete, grass manicured,
nice, neat and anal to the extreme

lost is the vibrancy of natural life --
the scene devoid of playing children

the fear that grips our cities today
grows due to kids deprived of real
play, adventure and natural learning,
they now play with enslaving digital
devices, shaping their brains to accept
slavery in modern sterile cities as a
manageable, expendable, labour force
-- cities now stand mute witness to the
soulless living dead

yet the wild survives deep in the psyches
of men; wars planned by sick, avaricious
pigs are transparent to those that learned
to differentiate between real and fabricated
fears during the course of youthful play,
which acquired skill has no problem dealing
with (modern) man's poisonous nature that
always succumbs to the subtle victories of
the natural tho hidden and unappreciated

so wage your wars, fools, and destroy your
diseased civilisations, the now tamed majority
offers no resistance, their complacency verifying
yet again that nature remains victorious over
all -- what do u imagine drives perversity to
self-destruction?

perverse man has failed to understand the seeds
of his own destruction, which nature implanted,
are triggered by persistent perversity; humans

are and remain forever powerless before nature's
awe and its harmony

so, do your destructive best, you tragic, pathetic
losers, the outcome is assured

Wet

hearts are plucked by the sweet
breeze of love and move with
the wind to the exquisite

seas rise and fall reaching for
the sky agitated by the frenzy
of the sweet winds roaring as
cyclonic spirals

all fluids respond to each other,
bodies swim internally and
externally whipping high
dropping low in spasms and
according to the flow at any
given moment

sweat pours from bodies in
excitation as blood courses fast
then easy

birds catch the fluid wind without
which no birds or flying insects
would have evolved

fish catch the fluid waters darting/
swimming in its invisible blueness,
no creature is aware of the medium
that supports it

the fluids of man transport the
essence and basics of life which
grow in/with fluids in the wet
bellies of women tho human bodies
also swim in rarefied fluids of

light before they are born that dim
almost to darkness in parched, dry
civilisations

Geometrics

its secret is a key to the multiverse,
infinite dimensions opening to the
Light of existence not constrained
by any one dimension it opens like
a flower containing everything inside
and outside, micro and macro which
are one

are you able to conceive a nine
dimensional prism? not likely
as the human mind is of this
third dimension and to enter other
dimensions contained in the same
space you must lose yourself to infinity,
a simple yet impossible task for the
trained, contained and disciplined mind
limited by the feeble 'knowledges'
of men

conceptions, false knowledge which
may build towers here, do not apply
to infinity, only the tell-tale galactic
spirals which appear here like a road
sign indicating more, much more

follow the pulse, the sound as it
continues as Light of varying
frequencies through space/continuity,
life is not static, it is hyper-kinetic
as it fills the void with its joy
continuously

it laughs and dances at all the perversions
of men and other beings trapped in

their realms, indeed, the entirety is
saturated with life, are you able to speak
jupiterian or saturnian?

what issues from the Life is light
saturating everything, beginningless
and endless

and so it dances and pulses forever
expanding, while men imagine they live
and die trapped in the third

yet all life is able to connect to its source,
The Life and so is revealed the vehicle --
what were you before the third dimension
imprisoned you with a form and identity
which separates you from the continuous
whole?

Consciousness without content (unfettered)
-- and therein lies Freedom, birthless and
deathless

Lost

lost in the outback, un-mapped dirt tracks
offer routes to somewhere near or too far
for my near empty tank, such is life and
death out here

a wrong turn and ur screwed

i stop and climb onto the roof of my trusty
EH wagon, a city vehicle they said is
inappropriate for the desert, well, it's
the driver that makes the difference

binoculars to my eyes i pan 360 in the
searing heat, it's all the same to my
city eyes, O that i could read the desert
like the Indigenous that see vastly more
than i am able, their survival depends
on their perceptions and knowledge
gained

but i am a white invader that sees
with white eyes, which now fail
to read the scene

water for one day max and 10K
gas remaining, it ain't looking good,
the bush track is visible but devoid
of fresh tyre tracks, i feel doom
approaching so i drop to the ground
and fix a tarp for shade and try not to
think, as (white) thinking for me
would only lead me further into
hopelessness

the burning brass sun sinks slowly,
night follows dusk, i welcome its
coolness and make a small fire to repel
the snakes and scorpions, tho one legless
reptile slithers too close so i dispatch
it for a meal searing it first in the fire

i sleep and dream of strange incongruities,
excisions from my life displayed before
me watching me in dream, one observing
the other

holding my issue rifle i see dead asian
bodies, the park in which i delighted
as a kid, my sweet first love and the
sapphire blue sky above the danube
of my motherland, which i was forced
to abandon at four

so now i'm an aussie thru and thru
rugby, beer and the local vernacular
my mother tongue now lost and buried
deep in memory

but i love this place like i emerged
from its sacred red soil

how many lives and deaths have i
experienced? tho my current life is
distinguished by a cultural anomaly,
my european birth saved me from the
anglo-aussie cringe which has plagued
our politicians to seek a mother/father
figure since the Brit empire failed,
colonial infantilism continues to plague
this nation as it continues to cling to
apron strings

but here in the red desert no such
infantilism or other white tendency prevails

i have done well not to entertain my
predicament -- a new dawn, a packed
wagon and off to who knows where

driving moderately in the heat until i
reach a threeway intersection on the
road -- the initial track offered two
choices only, now three so if errors
were/are made doom lies ahead

i do not think, which allows my primal
brain to guide well below reason but in
closer proximity to survival

i remembered my first visit to an Indian
capital wandering the streets fascinated
by the foreign sights, night fell and i was
lost tho surrounded by millions of people,
a little apprehensive due to my youth

i allowed what i call my remnant pigeon
brain to guide me back to my hotel;
after two hours of walking on instinct
or rather latent unconscious impressions,
i arrived but this choice was different
as i had not previously experienced the
terrain so i let it go and allowed my arms
to turn the wheel taking one in three
chances for life

i was committed tho passively, so i drove
until the last of my petrol was exhausted;
not giving it a thought i took to the track

on foot, water and light pack on my back

right on dusk i saw an unfenced dilapidated
gate on the track, a cattle station -- and so
i am able to write this account four
decades later

The Book

scratched, brushed and written on mediums,
man's signs and symbols deliver the limits
of men's minds

confined by rudimentary languages they
all fail to deliver Truth and the meaning
intended as interpretation is limited to
subjective understanding and personal
experience yet a book exists that delivers
all the secrets of infinite existence, Truth;
this book is said to be older than time
and remains open, freely available for
all to see/read

some have attributed the mystical allusions
of Hermes the Thrice Greatest to this book,
others refer to the poetic works of mystics
and the riddles in the Gospel of Thomas,
they come close but a micron is one
measure too far as they fail to deliver the
immediacy of Truth itself, tho they infer
and allude

so i embarked on a journey to locate this
book that opens existence, Creation/God
and all else, exposing all the lies of men
-- life becomes meaningless if one does
not apprehend the True, there was no
turning back for this entity

forty and three years i searched fruitlessly
tho the mystical poets inspired and
comforted

others tripped unknowingly on this text
but failed to understand it, therefore it
remains 'lost' to the world of men

i now refer to Fibonacci, Turing and others
who understood the open mathematics of
this book but failed to comprehend its full
significance, Infinity!

it is known that galaxies, pine cones,
flowers and certain sea shells indicate
this truth but it evades finite minds
trapped in languages signs and symbols
that only reproduce culture/themselves

yet the spirals found in galaxies and on
earth are repeated constantly, screaming/
whispering, Look!

after years of persistence the realisation
dawned, the medium is man, *it was/is*
written in All existence before the
beginning and expresses itself in kinetic
creation, it must

this process bears its own witness and
displays itself openly for open eyes to
see, expressed in the puzzling statement,
"I Am That I Am" and figuratively
signified in naturally occurring spirals

the book once read and understood allows
the most obscure texts of men to be easily
decoded; *The Emerald Tablet* of Hermes
and other obscure mystical writings/texts
open like flowers according to the rhythm
of the Sequence as do living galaxies, the

Cosmos ... which all throb to the pulse of
Life

nothing could express the ineffable joy of
this discovery as truth/infinity is its own
reward

understand that there are no secrets in this
universe, what blinds men is ignorance,
self and superimposed limited cultural
'learning,' all humanity sees the open book
daily but cannot read it, blinded humans
continue to ruminate but do not comprehend,
they do not live or die as they have never
fully existed -- without Truth there is
absolutely Nothing

so what would you? Truth, all Knowledge,
Bliss, Peace and Harmony or the nothing
world of discord and deluded, ignorant men?

the Book of Life must necessarily Be Alive,
i hope **You** understand

Original

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

heavy rainclouds billow in the
blueness not yet ready to deliver;
the postal wind has not reached
its destination to pour the wetness
and so i watch the living territory
unfolding like a flower, dancing in
the light

rocky monoliths fixed in the ground
move like clouds in the Dreamtime
which opens for me like dawn freeing
itself from the confines of darkness

the desert shimmers in the bright
heat like a variegated gem unlocking
refracted prismatic colours hidden in
the (white) light

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

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

offered all their precious products,

unnecessary gadgets and liquid poison,
i could not trade my soul to accept

only a fool would sell their being and
freedom for trinkets and lies

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

Song

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

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

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

is it sad that man fails to hear and heed
the music of the spheres; is it sad that
the cosmos dances for joy without man
as a companion -- the answer is the
same

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

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

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

would i be enslaved by man's creations,
gadgets, culture/language -- which are

easily dispensed with?

man kills only himself as he has no power over real life, only the life-giver is able to extinguish life if it could but its perfection prevents it as it would extinguish itself/everything as All is One in the Creator/infinity

temporal life is but a dream that fleas and gnats dream

return to ur original flame which nothing could extinguish and u would see that temporal death is a joke, bodies simply returning to the elements from which they were composed freeing essential nature and accumulated experience in the process

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

learn that consciousness does not require thought which mind must express in order to exist, mind and consciousness are distinctly apart

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

are you a sovereign Being or a product of

culture, therefore a slave of culture?

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

u have two choices, personal freedom or
aligning with a sick culture, they all are
-- make haste and choose wisely

Futility

the vacuous dress well and live
in luxury yet they have traded
their souls for tinsel and lies

fly in your toy jets and drive ur
limousines, play with ur stock-
markets, banks and paper money
printing presses until u exhaust
what remains of ur souls then
where are you? bereft, hollow,
poorer than dirt, and defenceless
tho u continue to count ur paper

the herd of humanity u exploit,
enslave and fear will devour u,
you know it, enjoy ur short time
here as there is no future for you

every animal knows the story

the burdened, exploited beasts
hear the whispers in the wind,
they raise their heads sniffing
the scent of Freedom in the air

Captured

this earth plane is a contained, sealed environment, some would say our atmosphere seals and protects all life below and within it

yet the cosmic harmony that knows no bounds effects all things here as it does everywhere

there is no real escape from its harmony tho few have realised; this plane unpolluted would have been a paradise -- however, all things being mutually e/affective, our paradise is lost due to the perversions of a profoundly lost species

two choices present for humanity, cease inharmonious disturbances and restore balance or seek personal freedom from the polluting, poison forces that have doomed the planet and enslaved the species, notwithstanding these pursuits are complimentary

one choice (social) presents as difficult, many dynamics must be altered to re-establish social harmony and hopefully restore the paradise lost, not an impossible task but extremely fraught; the other is freely available to all humanity, seek a doorway or avenue, where none is apparent, to real freedom which would remove the entity from the fate that dooms all

do you see a doorway or are you trapped by your own ignorance and folly?

the foremost facilitator or attribute to effect change is consciousness, use it, tho its dampening by culture is requisite for ongoing slavery/destruction and the status quo

consider your thoughts, all of which are composed of cultural signs, symbols, words and images then ask, where has culture led you/us? Disharmony, destruction and financial slavery! it, culture, is simply perverse and perversion in this universe leads to oblivion

yet we constantly entertain thought and are therefore subject/enslaved by it to culture, simply thinking, animates culture internally and externally; the mind feeds unconsciously from the reinforcing apparatuses of culture via the media in all its forms – which speak the same language as our thoughts, which consequence reduces our broad expansive scope to transmitted linear, fixed belief, and/or binary options/oppositions only, yet the expanse of existence exalts Being, infinity, as is self-evident, and therefore presents limitless options.

the doorway to real freedom is discovered simply by becoming aware of the cultural thought walls (beliefs) that confine us and the dynamics of cultural learning/re-enforcement (socialisation) facilitated by all manner of media, primarily text, which build our belief prisons.

Therefore it becomes expedient to reject superimposed media/cultural beliefs and utilise new harmonious creative patterns to gain our independence and freedom -- the chains that bind us all are truly tissue-thin.

the easiest path to freedom is to cease thinking (obvious) as culture resides in the thought process -- let it go, Be Still to the core of your being And Know!

Once free your new creative thought patterns would guide you and others to harmony, safety, and the joy that issues therefrom.

understand that culture resides in your mind, how simple it is to simply change/reform your mind permanently; beliefs/convictions, tho completely unnecessary, bypass vetting as they enter or already exist in mind -- have you ever asked yourself why you believe, when belief is entirely dispensable to a fulfilling Life.

Existence is not insecure it requires no support whatsoever, it is self-qualifying and shines as the stars shine without doubts, crutches or

others to support mutually accepted cultural fictions, and note that man has created all cultural beliefs -- why would you enslave yourself to the perverse fictions of other men when existence/Being is on offer and requires nothing external to support it?

It is parasitic culture that frantically and violently requires you to believe (in it) -- you do not require it to Be your true and unique Self.

You too would shine as the stars after you gain your Freedom from the known

Eagle

soaring high above, telescopic sight
makes the ground immediate, two
worlds are brought together with
wings and eyes

eagles emit a piercing shriek tho
no-one has determined to what it
shrieks, perhaps it alarms the
creatures below making targeting
easier

the smallest mammals are not missed
by the bird of prey, targeted animals
must evade skilfully otherwise
it's over

it's a matter of timing as once committed
the bird at hellfire speed is unable to alter
its trajectory and so little creatures escape
tho out-matched in every respect except
judgement/tactics

deadly talons withdraw as the bird seeks
an up-draft to lift it to the heights in slow
gliding circles from where it must attack
again

almost defenceless, a person is surrounded
by armed aggressors that rely too heavily
upon their technological superiority, the
defenceless have only three effective
weapons with which to evade the aggressor,
judgement, speed and camouflage

uniformed human regulators (morons)
continue on their way not realising
the person they stopped was their target

thus the free, unassuming and meek
always prevail against the larger, dull,
cumbersome and 'superior' opponent

Branded

the herd is guided by trained blue dogs
and green riders but owners never get
their hands dirty

millions of dumb animals are easily led
to their slaughter but only after they are
exploited as beasts of burden until unable
to produce for their owners any longer

the young are rounded up daily and
branded with a mysterious brand that
owners have designed, invisible to the
naked eye but clear and burning to
trained eyes

the brand circles the brows of the
dumb beasts and its power is renewed
daily tho the beasts remain unaware;
they are owned and their every move
is monitored and guided tho they imagine
they choose of their own accord, such is
the ease with which an invisible brand
manages the many

it's slaughter time today

various beasts are prepared for their fate
and herded to distant lands where they
are killed for the benefit of the few

various breeds join in the game of death
until they assure mutual destruction,
owners delight in this game of death --
herd beasts have always been expendable

occasionally a branded beast becomes aware of the band/brand around its brow and charges, which alerts the blue dogs and riders

owners have specified that these beasts be neutralised immediately one way or the other; these beasts now aware they are enslaved and exploited are dangerous to owners as they could disrupt entire herds, which occurred often in days past

one such aware beast whispered to the enslaved herd and promised freedom in a land of plenty, he led the others to the promised land where the herd became enslaved again with a newly arranged brand/band around their brows

and so the cycle repeats itself for the want of one freed beast to pause and read the invisible name on the band, its symbols are arranged thus:

B-E-L-I-E-F

it is this band/brand that always binds and enslaves

Loop

a roller-coaster loops back and
above before speeding forward
tho the rails always offer an
apparent forward motion

the mind loops back before
proceeding -- culture offers a
convoluted course to its inevitable
destination

mind views the matrix of culture
from the top of the loop, it reveals
a retrograde motion yet it appears
to be proceeding forward tho
moving backward

i was given two toy six-guns and a
cowboy hat when i was six tho these
were foreign objects in the slums
of Sydney where i grew -- cultural
pollution in Oz which incongruity i
remembered while i developed

i had no use for guns and idiotic
cowboy hats which symbolic
directions jarred the magical
pathways of Oz

an indigenous school friend casually
remarked that his uncle had walked
from Melbourne to Sydney to see
relatives; this loop presented an odd
and astounding perspective -- who
walks such a distance when trains, cars

and planes offer transport?

i learned that walking was more than
simple locomotion for the indigenous,
which had walked the veins of this
nation for thousands of years -- the
view from above revealed their tracks,
intersected with bitumen roads and
steel tracks

i found one of those toy guns in the
shed today

the Australian news on radio and TV
is American today (permanent wars)
but i had learned to see and walk like
an indigenous Australian

i move freely like a native through
invisible veins to the red heart and
back to the coast of Australia

i remain out of sync with popular
culture looping back and above to
see before proceeding on my way

Caught

this strange forest articulates its emotions
which befits its location

vines hum as they throttle the entwined,
slowly, each turn squeezing the life from
the hapless captured

screaming leaves urge trees to reach
higher and higher to escape the murder
lower down, but trees are fixed to the
ground though their sturdy trunks protect
them from many attacks

winds whistle and shrill through the canopy
whipping leaves mercilessly for daring
to speak

clouds are caught in up and downdrafts
spinning like wool in an invisible tube

the hissing and taunting is directed at
the hapless fools beneath caught in every
imaginable way, they cannot see the sky
or ever see the sun, they read and
consume the digital signs promising all
manner of things leading all astray

the perpetual churning of people seeking
release eventually liquidates them as they
have no clear direction -- few survive to
tell the story of the orchestrated horror of
the sinister few that delight in murder,
torture and power

tho occasionally one or two escapees cry
warnings, and map escapes which they
cast to the ground to assist the lost

and when found after being trodden
underfoot by the churning masses they
are unintelligible tho decipherable words
hint at something inconceivable

Freedom for All

Be

from the sylphs i learned to be quick,
the salamanders taught me how to burn
the dross from my being and purify,
the undines' lesson was how to flow
without resistance while maintaining
integrity; the earth taught me patience
and nurturing

from these four elements i was made
whole, lacking nothing -- i am
accomplished without exertion, without
thought as nature accomplishes
everything in perfect harmony without
a care

what was *your* instruction again?

Lost Poet

output has failed, i went looking for
the poet and could not locate him
here, in my place

perhaps he's hiding somewhere
familiar, as i know he only haunts
familiar ground but not here lately

i was overdue to visit my mother
but i had another motive

she was pleased to see me, her man-
hating target of abuse had returned,
what is it with mothers?

she hadn't started up yet but it was
sure to occur so i asked where's my
stuff from the past stored? 'in ur old
room,' which was now full of her shit,
she had filled a two-storey, five
bedroom house with her shit since i
left

but i found an old cardboard box,
which contained some of my stuff
which she had not thrown out

she was behind me babbling as usual,
'u refuse to believe they're after me,'
'yea mum,'

'i called a carpet cleaner, he was one
of them,' 'did he do a good job?'

she ignored the question and said,
'he threatened to kill me, i told u they
were out to get me,' 'look mum, i've
copped this paranoid shit all my life
and ur still at it'

'u won't believe me,' 'yea mum, is
there something on the stove?'

my feeble attempt to get her out of
my hair, it worked, she went to the
kitchen

rifling thru the box i found my old
sleeveless Levi jacket which i wore
on every trip i took in the Valley of
the Waters

i imagined the poet was in one of the
pockets regressing to the womb of
creation

she returned, babbling another para
story, i walked, thanks mum, see u
again -- 'i thought i threw that jacket
out, look at it, it's a rag'

she was never sensitive to spirit, that
lunatic woman, 'see u later mum,' i
left with my jacket in hand

when i got back home i went thru the
pockets desperately searching for the
poet, instead i found a stained cotton
swab with a drop of blood, now over
forty years old

i was getting closer memory is now,
in the present, unrestricted by time/
space, i was a junkie again trying to
close the doors the acid blew open

i hadn't used a Lux Rose for over 45
years -- that damned drop of blood
was now chasing me around my flat
but i knew the poet was born in the
acid, the jacket would save me and
reveal the poet

i wore that jacket thru my late teens
and early 20's, it was in my hands
again, a talisman more powerful than
a crystal-tipped wand and a silver
chalice

but i failed to find the poet

this piece was written by an old,
worn and weary denim jacket while
i watched from my desk, sipping
laced green ginger wine

Something Special

there's a wild natural air that emanates
from your being, something special

the moment i cast my eyes on you, tho it
was that 'presence' that turned my head

i immediately understood that you were
above the fashion-addicted, desperate,
insecure herd of female slaves that were/
are taught their twats are a commodity to
be used as a lure, barter or currency

it's a shame for these whores that real
males are averse to these learned
behaviours and easily see through these
tired tricks and pretences

i wait patiently looking for something
special, true and real -- a culturally
unspoiled female able to stand without
tinsel props and a mother's perverse advice
transmitting a clear message of whoredom,
which substandard primitive males fall for
-- indeed, a man has two heads but only
one has a brain

but the slags seem content catching any
male that chases his dick, mother was
right after all but she failed to inform that
quality males reject these approaches

for mine, give me intellect, independence,
an athletic body and most important,
something special that exudes from every

pore of being

this is not an aspiration or dream chasing,
as i have met a few that fit the criteria
and felt my mind, body, soul jump thru
my throat when i attempted to speak, such
is real feminine power tho most were
unaware they wielded magic, ever so strong
but soft, smooth, devoid of all jagged
edges, like rolling ocean waves caressing
the shore, or wild mares with tails and
manes whipping in the wind as they prance
for joy

i watch as u run past, light shooting from
ur being, average slags in the street cringe
when they see you, they also know that
you are something special

Olgas

the huge moving stones of the Olgas
now frozen in time, precariously
balancing, appearing weightless
on outcrops, arranged on the red
sands of the interior

i remember when they rolled freely
searching desperately for a place, a
position to prop, off-balance until
the great southern land was shaken
from top to bottom setting the red
boulders on another journey

these are not the devil's marbles
but a tribute and salute to a timeless
land, dry, but ferociously wet at times,
teaming with life then withdrawing
into the starkness of the red desert,
home to precariously balanced
boulders known as the Olgas

u took a path into a crevices which
whistled in low tones and howled
in strong winds

i followed u knowing u would expect
it, u entered a deep fissure and
disappeared from sight, a cave system
illuminated by the sun penetrating
through a ceiling collapse -- shafts of
light supporting green life in this moist
cave

ur shirt cast aside then ur bush shorts,

i wondered

i called ur name only echoes responded;
i hastened and entered a domed cavern
-- u had lit a fire and sat behind it, nude,
body silhouetted on cave walls

u sat with knees apart relaxed, waiting,
propped it seemed slightly off-centre

how congruous, moist fissures of flesh
with contoured stone cracks, uneven walls
dripping water laced with minerals

u smiled when u saw me and spread urself,
waiting

The Life

u have groaned ur way
to this material shore
yet u know u are light

faced with the dilemmas of life on
this plane u/we groan some more
and some groan until they depart
from the body and return worse off
yet there is a purpose, you have made
the choice no-one else, u must take
responsibility for ur life and the lives
of others close to u tho those near you
may test ur patience to the extreme

to give up or retreat is to crucify
urself not for good or liberation but to
groan with greater exasperation

u have choice to expedite ur evolution
or delay it, no-one else is able to interfere
with ur evolution tho u may imagine
otherwise

both enemies and friends instruct and
offer opportunities for ur evolution
some would enhance, others would
deter but u are always free to react
in such a way as to turn everything
to ur advantage/growth

u have invited all experience seemingly
good and bad tho neither quality exists
in/of itself -- binaries are only essential
until understood as cultural illusions,

arbitrary comparisons

note the binary qualities of this plane
yet ur light is the same as that in others
tho each expresses it thru their own
experience, but the Light is the same
divine, inviolate, indestructible, ineffable
blissful, yes blissful, spark of creation

there is only one infinite Creation
expressing itself in infinite ways/patterns
in order to experience or know itself,
what other option is available to Creation?

deal with it and become aware of the
process, it is one entirety only appearing
as many

and so creation announces victory for
every liberated soul and itself

until then u are the world, deal with it
and take responsibility for it, would
you create a hell or a heaven? it is
your choice to create either

avoiding this obligation to urself/creation
would see you regress and hobble urself

when confronting a mountainous obstacle
think of the undaunted ant that moved a
mountain a grain of sand at a time until
it was no more

understand that u are immortal, unaffected
by illusory qualities such as time and space
no challenge you have given urself is

beyond ur ability to overcome, be consoled
by this

We, on this material plane are One
we are our brothers and sisters tho some
may view them as obstructions, enemies
-- understand that souls have no enemies
they only have helpers

if we are united in creation surely we
should take the lead and unite here on
earth

be constantly vigilant otherwise division
would destroy your security and peace;
division borne of fear is the only real
enemy on this plane, by restoring unity
and harmony we are all restored in peace
and harmony

this universe came into being for Love's
sake, Love is the surest and safest road
home

tho u may lose ur temporary body in the
process do not, never fear -- do trees
mourn fallen autumn leaves?

you are the tree that supports the entire
universe there is nothing to fear as
nothing is able to destroy you in essence
-- bodies are like garments/vehicles

you *are* the Life, Love and Truth of
Reality and Existence -- understand it
and prosper

Quill

after more lives than stars
in the sky i finally merged

my quill has written millions
of words

but the ink never flows
when i attempt to encode
totality

so, i have written it clearly
on the wind

Zen and Poetry

"the frog jumped in the water, plop!"

how do you beat the immediacy of that,
which simplicity realises the poem?

Western poets would do it with magical
allusions, metaphors, etc, buffered by
appropriate descriptive poesy

nevertheless, i wish to capture the
immediacy of the moment like the frog/
plop, written years past but still immediate
today

it's like dancing on eggshells with
boots, i wish to dance hard like a
throbbing cock and leave no trace
or cracked shells, impossible!

perhaps i am dancing with the wrong
shoes, so i use my cunt, which is able
to mash peeled boiled eggs and spit them
onto toast for breakfast, tho my secret
walls are also able to caress glans like
silk tendrils

perhaps i should ask you which sequence
of words freezes time and delivers the
totality of experience/meaning

i am a conceptual poet delivering open
ended ambiguities and non-concepts via
concepts

perhaps i should invoke the tortures of
the inquisition or the continuous lies
of today's media, which works wonders
maintaining trance in entire populations

it's time to admit failure, so i turn toward
my favourite sound and watch the rain
weaving unrepeatabe patterns on my
window

rain writes unique immediate poetry
without thinking or effort

perhaps i should just hang in and see
what develops

Inverted

an empty church overlooks the cemetery
not used today but protected by a heritage
act, whose heritage, what heritage?

gravestones populate the necropolis
though earth has reclaimed its own,
spirits long departed

i enter the empty church, so incongruous,
devoid of the pleas of the living to secure
everlasting peace for the dead

all souls without exception seek/pursue
peace at the moment of death yet we
ignore it in life and foolishly allow
needless wars and conflict

a slave in life is a slave in death, the only
thing we take with us is experience or
our harmonious and inharmonious deeds
-- what do slaves know of the joy of
freedom and the bliss of perfect peace?
nothing, as subservience in life is carried
to the after-life

it is well the church is empty, devoid of
the mindless mutterings of futile prayers
as nothing eliminates a jot of a person's
life

are the living bereft of lucidity, why seek
peace only in death when it is available
in life? this species is indeed curious if not
irrational and insane/perverse

we are promised paradise in death by
lying clerics if we slave for living elites
and believe their lies; are we more bereft
today than at the dawn of civilisation?

what fool would accept slavery in life
for a transparent promise of paradise in
death, the Brooklyn Bridge is easier to
sell

the dead take their experiences to a place
that accommodates those experiences and
if we do not take the paradise we created
while alive, what hope of paradise after a
fool's life and death? None!

the present always formulates the future
in life and death, souls continue as they
carry the spark of the indestructible creator

is it not time that we cleanse the earth and
our nations of the vermin in 'high' places
and trample their lies underfoot?

i turn behind and see a multitude of souls
kneeling in the pews acknowledging my
thoughts with contorted smiles of approval
and tears in their eyes, which betray they
should have Known

if you wish peace in the after-life, pursue it
with the same passion and vigour you
would pursue it in life -- whatever you make
now you will inherit after death, can you not
see the simple sequence of truth at work?

think and you would know instantly that
you have been duped and deceived by the
darkest souls of your kind; is it not time to
walk/live free?

every war and social problem is easily
remedied by clarity of mind and pureness/
integrity of heart -- seek peace by waging
peace, seek paradise by creating it on earth
while alive, paradise is only built on the
foundations of enduring peace and
unconditional Love

this is sure and truer than anything a lying
cleric or politician would trade for your
slavery

running fool's errands should be left to
fools that do not understand the simple
open truth -- do not forfeit your real
heritage, freedom and peace for feeble
lies and your passivity when faced with
needless wars and violence for the profit
of a few evil men

Peace to all that would act/spread peace,
and paradise for those that overcome evil
and take responsibility for their lives and
destinies, in life and death

Pushing into Light

all existence is a manifestation of the impulse
to pure Light/Love/Truth

we originate from it and return to it in order
for it to know itself, a mystery to many

the origins of humankind are not as is
taught, monkeys remain monkeys as is
evident today; humans, in the push to the
Light in this particular dimension possess
a free consciousness with which they are
either perfected on this earth or drowned
in its dense material qualities; nevertheless,
we learn through experience and progress
or fall according to our behaviours, mental
and physical, as the spirit never varies, it
is that inviolate spark of creation, pure
beyond comprehension by the limited,
finite mind

the pattern in our dimension is perfect as
are the laws of existence on every plane,
though various challenges confront all souls
here and elsewhere

though here it is simple, light or darkness,
make your choice and pursue what you
already know to be the correct course,
selflessness and service without expectation
of a reward, as the reward is in the act itself

how easy to understand what we already
know to be true, you see, we are not beguiled,
as we know the course but most fail to pursue

it; we all 'asked/chose,' to be here/there where the most favourable conditions exist for our development, and my brothers and sisters, we all chose earth at this stage of our journey toward the most exalted

you have been promised by that Light, expressing itself everywhere that you are assisted in every way if you turn your face and heart to it -- and so we all face the challenge of overcoming dense materiality, and associated physical desires/follies etc, and so it is

no leaders are required and no followers, we already know, it's a matter of choice and accepting responsibility for those choices, so be brave, and remember that no coward has ever entered paradise

rise, overcome every tribulation and challenge that we in actuality have invited as a result of previous actions

we are not cursed we are in fact blessed, surrender and nurture the all-knowing/loving Light within, as nothing is able to successfully resist that choice/direction

this is the distilled story of humankind on this plane

we must overcome to be Free, as freedom cannot be gifted or granted by anything/one, it must be earned via right knowledge and behaviour; perfection/liberation is our responsibility alone, we know it

wage peace if you would attain peace, express
Love unconditionally if you would be enveloped
by it, the more you give the more u gain and so
it goes for everything

Discontinuity

a puzzle thrown onto the ground, pieces dispersed, the whole fragmented

living in the 21st century is a shattered discontinuity, constant interruptions not remembering, memory wiped clean every 24 hours by the media 'news' cycle

the picture-puzzle confronting all must be returned to wholeness/integrated, sixty six pieces left, 6 more to complete the picture and return to continuity, though this is my task alone, others have given up and retreated into slavery

the six pieces must be inset to form the whole otherwise it makes nothing, have you ever made nothing?

you would answer yes or no, as you have no clue though some were something before they were nothing, i was nothing before i was something and remember, so i know i must return to my nothingness

i attempt to place a piece as the picture is not readable until completed, no guides exists visually or by any other physical means, i have learned to utilise intuition as though it were a compass

i place the piece successfully with eyes closed, it is foolish to use sight, as it is a distraction

i watch the lights with my single eye,
both eyes closed, images spin forming
geometric mandalas then disperse, faces
fleet across the screen of my mind, blurred
at first then razored into crystal clarity

i wonder who they represent as they emerge
from deep within/without, there is no inside/
outside only viewing, remote viewing, which
i did not realise i had mastered until i saw
'reality' presented across the screen of my
mind

no secret is safe, i hear and 'see' what very
few see as the pearls are jealously guarded
by the hooded ones, they imagine they work
their evils in secret though they sense
something listens and sees

the sea rolls, winds blow, clouds flow
across my eye, all is revealed in the
continuous, the evil ones foolishly imagine
they are safe

i place another piece, leaving four or one
potential solid -- interlacing circles form
in my mind, flowers emerge in perfect
symmetry, within them is a cube, within
it, a cross, are you able to see three when
only 1 appears?

i hear them speak in whispers all wondering
which of them is leaking (secret) information;
none trusts the other as each suspects the other
though the leaks are easily read by the mind's
eye

exposure would see them destroyed by the
slaves they created and lead like nose-ringed,
tortured beasts performing in a circus, which
they have named on banners and flags

soon the symmetrical cube will open and lay
its sides flat to reveal a calvary cross

the continuous seems palpable now though
impatience is a recipe for disaster, one
misplaced piece and the puzzle shatters
to the ground again with double the pieces
to assemble

i almost misplace a piece but my intuition
stops me, it has never failed me, though
slaves are trained to resist its guidance

i place it without thought, only three pieces
remain

it now begins to form an amorphous vapour
lacking solidity though appearing three
dimensional, one must not be distracted and
lured by an appearance of success

i am swept into chaos though i do not resist
its power, which response neutralises the
threat

with a piece in each hand i insert two,
simultaneously, the puzzle holds

i have led you to your freedom or doom,
you stand at a precipice with the last piece
in Your hand, place it carefully i have here

encoded how

if you misplace it you would become nothing
and be forced to begin the process again and
again until you succeed but you would have
returned me to something indestructible

the hooded ones days are numbered

but do not be displeased, i couldn't have
done it without You

Mystery of the Emerald Tablet

in a secret valley called the mother
of all things a tree grows from the
earth though its branches extend to
the heavens and farther to the outer
reaches of infinity

this tree bears strange fruits each
with its real (magical) power the
consumption of which juices bestow
immortality, all knowledge and
complete rejuvenation/healing

this tree is not easily found
because it is more immediate
than breathing which is only
remembered when attention is
directed to it

from below it rises to that which is
above and returns to the earth, and
so the sky/heavens and the earth are
caught in an orbit that enlivens
what was once dead and buried in
the earth

nothing is lost in this orbit, all is
transformed, the mythical phoenix
nests in its branches and incubates
its infinite transformations in the fire
that issues from the top of the tree

the subtle wind moves from the sun
to the moon until a fluid is formed,
soma is the fluid of life drawing

together everything from the heavens
and everything from the earth -- it is
the perfect elixir or rather the elixir
of perfection, there are no mysteries
here as indeed, the tree is creation itself

if you would know, then you must ascend
and descend following the course of the
fluid/soma, which rejuvenates the dead
and launches the risen to infinity

the only mystery in this process is that it
is not a mystery, it is as plain as the sun
in the sky and moon seen reflecting its
light at night, thus day and night are joined
in this tree of 33 steps and only man is
able fathom its open and closed secrets

for those of different temperament follow
the seven angels that ascend and descend
on the ladder (tree) of Light

and thus the secret of all secrets is revealed,
so it ends in the beginning

For Whom?

it is bright in the withering clasping at
hope, vassals wait while chaos directs
nothing

going forward tho moving backward
hordes lost in implanted myths and
fabricated realities

bees, trees are dead weakening further
the lost, vacant drones of humanity,
the fallen leaves of dead human trees

this is not a nightmare but the reality
we have created in the denseness of
ignorance tho the Light is never
extinguished except for the blind, the
created blind with mute eyes unable
to see the seas or hear the coloured
songs of long dead forests where
deafening silence now pervades

slime covers everything, once touched
it infects causing horrible deformations
and an excruciating death

yes, this is a nightmare that has
replaced the pure dreams of children,
also absent, no life is able to reproduce

turbid darkness overhead hangs tempting
everything to breathe promising another
excruciating death

where is the Light or avenue of escape?

wake up into another dream of your
making, see with eyes closed or open,
the Light is unaffected by externals

pierce the darkness with clarity to
emerge in the Light or hesitate and
remain in death's tangled claws

indeed, it is all a dream or nightmare
of your choosing but it's your nightmare
and my dream

i am the seven stages, rungs of escape
leading to the Light tho few ascend,
you must be equipped and able before
undertaking any task

the useless subterranean walking dead
that travail for demons in *their* kingdom
are only fit for slavery while another
dawn approaches

but for whom?

Circular

compound texts swirl in circles, fiction
feeding fiction serving the priests of
old and the ruling elites of today, all
weaving fantasies/lies to believe in

scribes scratch lies onto mediums
of choice, once papyrus now digital

yet nothing has changed but the mediums,
false narratives persist unchanged, elites
harnessing hordes maintaining slavery
with illusions/lies, algorithms implanting
behaviours and nose-ringing almost all

the scribes of today know their art well
spinning lie upon lie until truth is smothered
but not extinguished, never extinguished

as of old some scribes adhere to truth/
reality which few read and those that
do refuse to believe, such is the power
of repetitive inculcation, fantasies are
more comfortable than hard reality, as
reality demands people take responsibility
yet the masses feed like babies from the
poison breast of a whore, preferring it so

since before man could read or write
those that rule spin myths and legends
to enthrall and terrify their subjects
maintaining their hold with fear

time is irrelevant, it repeats itself, its ticking
oscillations refer to nothing of significance,

no measure, no progress only arbitrary
notches on a circular face going nowhere,
to which people remain fixated

clocks and texts lie as existence performs
according to its own creations/rhythms, its
eternal pulse, but man has lost connection
and is buffeted by fabrications, illusions
constantly

so what would rebel scribes do in vain
whisper or shout truth from the rooftops
and mountains or listen to their own
echoes?

the ears and eyes of humanity have ceased
to function as they were intended, only the
words and designs of ruling elites are heard
as their repeated media messages deafen and
blind everything except the poison dreams
of evil

believe nothing, test the lies of contrived
narratives and realise that it's just more
meaningless movements on a circular face
endlessly repeating itself, going nowhere

Pages

the page waits eagerly for someone
to despoil it, i seem created for that
task, how many have i defiled?

my pencil always volunteers to defile
virgin white with strange scribbles,
jolts, rhythmic pulses, showers of
written tears, joys and sorrows

on closer inspection, irregular designs
form words, which form images, that
lure minds to gift them with life until
what appeared to be violent becomes
petal soft, soothing, a witch's balm to
cure or kill

never underestimate the power of words
in the hands of a wordsmith/scribe, more
potent than a gun is the pen which is not
loaded with lead but soma which it slurps
from the cosmos like a thirsty beast then
gifts it to virgin paper until the fluid is
spent until renewed again

ur eyes imprinted on my memory/soul
etched there for eternity watch me always,
they dance with the rhythms of my hand
racing across the page offering everything
for you

your eyes watch mine watching yours as
i write, sometimes refined like maps, more
often swirling directions, arrows, circles
and magic sigils, they all become poems,

hundreds of poems that issue from one
medium, driven by millions of impulses
dented in time by the living and the dead
all wishing to speak out of turn, waiting
impatiently for me to sculpt them into a
message saturated with meaning that only
the reader understands

another piece completed though behind
me a chorus sings, please play it again
one more time, and so it never ends

Buddha's Door

is there a point to this, allowing America to plunder Australia's gold reserves in return for toilet paper greenbacks?

when it's bitter outside would u not seek the comfort and warmth of a hearth? yet people choose to remain in the cold

if a person has everything and turns his/her back on wealth, power prestige, fame and determines to understand reality or die trying, is not that heroic act commendable? if that person discovers Truth and maps a course for anyone to follow is that not a compassionate act? yet the Buddha's door is not besieged

is there a point to this?

a beggar accustomed to eating scraps and garbage refuses a King's banquet as eating refuse has become habitual, a feast is refused in favour of a shit sandwich

so what is the point of truth and a harmonious life to a mind-manipulated cretin?

it is to know that gold has more value than toilet paper and that Truth is preferable to lies, deceit and self-delusion

who would reject the option of peace
and harmony in favour of war, and
ruination for the profit of a few?

why offer pearls to swine or truth to
dogs, be prudent if u value your safety.

be content to know and remain in the
flow, let the dead and blind bury each
other

Radiant

from light into Light though darkness
is ever present, a hammer searching
for an anvil

besieged by every possible perversity
we are shaped/pounded
into materiality

rage against the opaqueness of time and
social space like the intoxicated poets
of bygone eras

allow nothing to contain or hide your
Light everlasting, refuse every attempt
to diminish its luminescence and you
will never be defeated or contained by
the darkness that envelopes the world

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
Selected Articles and Poetry Volume II

Available free and unrestricted in all popular reader formats [here](#) and on specialised Internet [sites](#).

Book cover by BANKSY