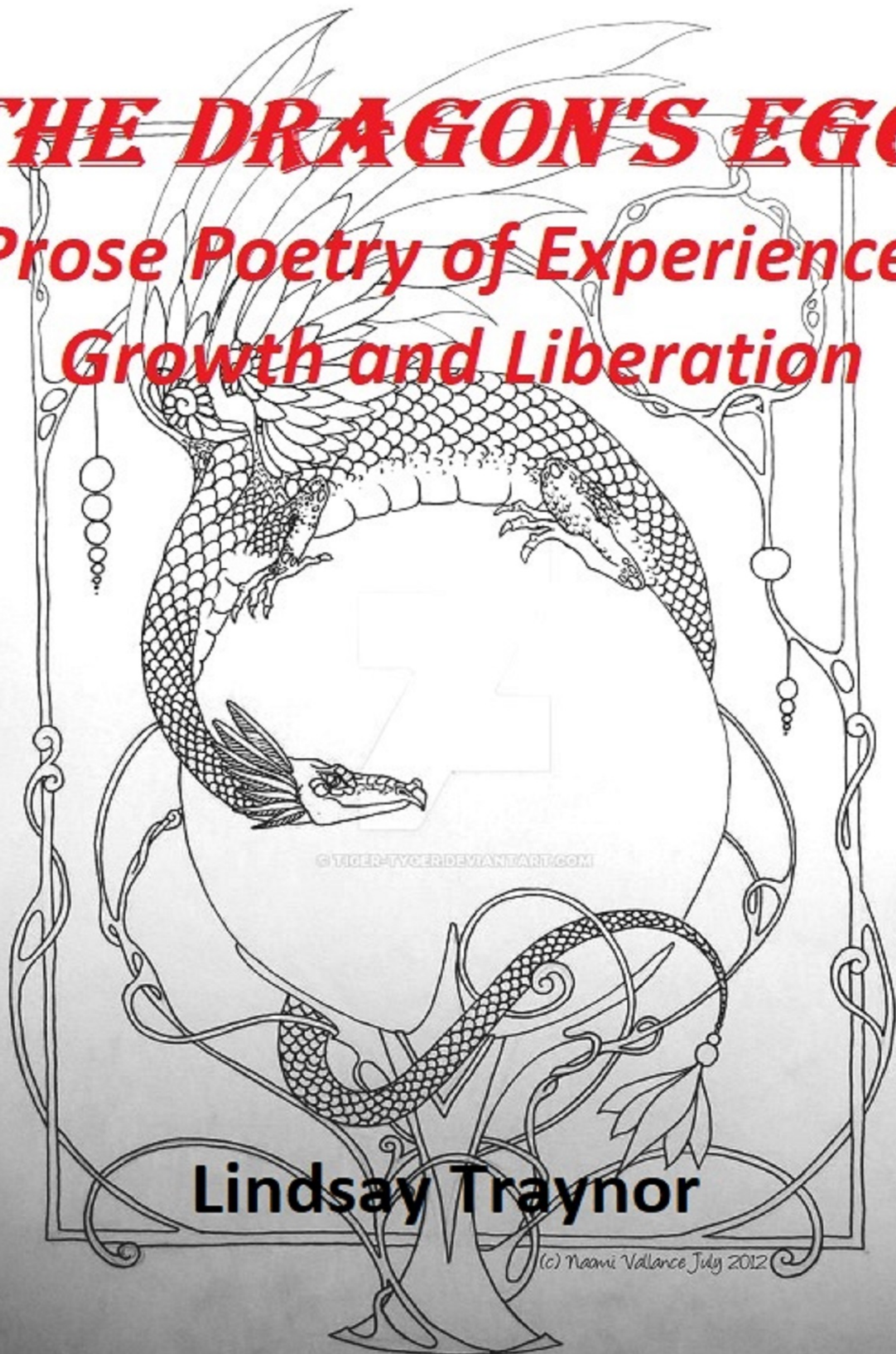


THE DRAGON'S EGG

***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/atraction

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 unimparted, 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 urself 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
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Selected Articles and Poetry Volume II

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