



The Poetry of Life and Growth

Book V in the Poetry Series

Lindsay Traynor

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The Poetry of Life and Growth

Collated and edited by the author/poet, Lindsay Traynor

Book V in the Poetry Series

*We must fight with pure hearts and clear minds if we intend to
survive in a peaceful world.*

*"The universe came into Being for Love's sake and for Love's sake it
continues forever.*

The Law is Love; there is no other Law" -- Lindsay Traynor

Mute

far more eloquent than speech is
silence, how is one able to respond
to subtle variations of tone while
screeching and gibbering from
vocal cords and lips?

there, where frequencies speak plainly
in inaudible tones of a whirring galaxy
and universe, its symphonic notes
captured only by silencing the primitive
mouth and listening intently -- that is
where true communication occurs

of course we are able to articulate but
should prefer listening to the infinite
lexicon of pure existence over the babble
and shrill of 'civilised' men

Masters of War

the glazed eyes of dead men picked
from their sockets by black crows
and other scavengers

they lie motionless in the battlefield
where uniforms do not distinguish,
they all belong to one flag when dead,
such is the futility of needless all
wars for profit

souls have taken flight leaving gaping
mouths infested with flies, maggots
and rotting flesh -- and those that do
not fight say there is glory in war, dying
for what? the greed or megalomania
of sick rulers, nothing else

yet the senselessness of it all screams
from every battlefield since before
recorded history to this day

people never hear, they cannot, they
listen instead to the lies, to the
message of death

all here died for nothing before their
time to fill the coffers of warmongers
that manufacture the means and weapons
of death, for the god of profit -- all hail
and drink to profit with silver chalices
brimming with human blood

but all is not still, dead gaping mouths
scream one last word -- futility -- clearly

heard by the sane and free, as real freedom
can never be overwhelmed by any weapon

chains, brutality and torture cannot
confine a free mind nor do they perturb
free spirits -- only blind fools fight their
brothers of other nations while the masters
of war in every nation watch safe from
afar while counting their filthy lucre

Sentinel

waves break like the prancing steeds
of conquistadors tho riderless on this
100-mile beach; thudding and crashing,
destroying themselves in the process
but sliding back out to sea to rise
again and again

armour rusting, i hear it from the
mouths of slaughtered pre-Columbian
civilisations, the hunted, for their
legendary gold that armoured
conquistadors seek with a mania,
for self and wealth

the rhythmic thuds of hooves on the
sand the trot before the charge for
gold, women and glory -- the lust
for red flowing blood and the yellow
gold of the sun

the sound ebbs with the tide, leaving
a crimson, bleeding sunset, the yellow
sun also bleeds red when it dies -- the
connection between gold and blood
wherever and whenever gold/money
is pursued blood inevitably flows, gold
does not hide the cost for itself or hide
under the rusting armour of conquistadors

today star-spangled invaders mass murder
for black gold but the rivers of blood
remain red, rusted armour does not speak
loudly, night passes and dawn breaks
slowly changing hue until it locates crimson

before the yellow sun rises then fades again
into night

the ghost of a native walks slowly along
the 100 mile beach spear, woomera and
boomerang in hand, blacker than night tho
the moon offers a silhouette

he neither rushes nor delays, steady are his
steps, turning occasionally as a good sentinel
should, seeing all in his dreamtime but not
me tho i see his dreaming, killed by his own
kind on this beach a millennia ago for his
precious shells

whenever something becomes precious blood
is spilled, tho precious objects change with
each age, one consistency remains, it plagues
all men of all ages, rivers of blood flow over
an illusion

i enter the sentinel's dreaming, he sees me
without my armour and sword and continues
walking, tho nowhere here for commodities
of no real value

his footprints now visible continue in his
dreaming

Fires

fires release all the stored energy in
forests while nurturing seeds that require
fire to germinate a chance, and so the
charred smoking embers are replenished
by new life

my brain is burning glucose like petrol in
a bonfire which may account for bodily
fatigue; my arms are like lead while
indefatigable fingers bounce on keys that
unlock more than words and the hopes of
green sprouting trees and grasses contrasting
the charcoal black of burned forests

there's also a fire in my belly that no
agent is able to extinguish tho this fire
only burns the criminal injustice of States
and budding Empires, which today make
mafia look like naughty children

States kill millions, mafia kills only a
handful in comparison -- before anyone
knew it nations became subservient to
vipers and now they require purging from
the top down as there is no hope for
democracy in criminal nations -- tho
vipers are able to transfix (media) their
subjects into stasis and paralysis

green shoots form young supple trunks
that hold tenaciously in all weather,
bending with the wind and surviving
storms until tall and strong enough to
withstand the worst attacks the elements

are able to mount against young, emerging
resilient growth; and so the blackness is
slowly overtaken with the vibrancy of a
new forest

city streets are always black revealing
they are incapable of sustaining life
tho various organic and inorganic forms
race across them continually; my brain
remains unaffected and continues to
pierce the night sky like a lighthouse on
a stormy coast

those other few species that require fire
to continue their germination cycle have
a special mission as they are immune to
the ravages of fire, as my solar plexus
swirls from the heat internally generated

the cool wind blows open the door allowing
my saving love to enter and quench my
ravaging fires and purify my heated brain,
pour it on my one and only, pour urself
into my every pore while i inject fire
into ur belly burning all misconceptions
from ur mind

flow like a mountain river fed by glacial
melting ice which circles my flaming
desire, still able to move powerful trunks
of full-grown trees now clasping branches
to form a canopy under which all manner
of forest life dwells and survives

at various times fireflies live and die in
minutes tho time is relative, to them i am
a statue tho moving swiftly in my own time

the forest has become a jungle tho the eyes
of vipers remain easily seen at night making
them easy prey for hunters that stalk the
night slipping between the seen and unseen
shadows cast by the moon on the jungle floor

until a lightning strike ignites another
raging inferno that eliminates slow-moving
vipers, frying them into a tasty eagle's
breakfast

Timeless

those magical moments when a glance,
a gesture or smile ruptures the cosmos
and all its power, beauty and ineffable
Love pour through drenching being and
dissolving the lie that was created by
culture

if i could love u simply because of a
moment, if i could appear and disappear
simultaneously u would know me but
while u search for an identity u have
no hope of finding me

rapture is my name and infinity my home
where nothing exists that is fixed or
able to be located, cease ur endless
search for what does not exist, a separate,
individual identity, which i have gladly
offered for my freedom and the flux of the
unexplainable, description-less and unformed
from which everything is formed

look behind what u see and see me
immeasurable against the firmament
which is dwarfed by that endless
moment of rupture/rapture

it is those moments only that open the
door to infinity, unplanned, unsought
but discovered

if it was an object i would gladly offer
it to u, but if the hand of God is unable
to grasp it do not expect the impossible

though if u are able to catch the wind or
contain the ocean in a thimble u would
make progress

a thunderbolt is silenced by its pleasing,
continuous roar -- offer ur naked soul
in Love not of me but Love unconditionally
then u would find and embrace 'me,'
however, if u diligently persist in ur
search, u would find something surprising,
u would find urself within what u imagine
is me reflecting whatever passes by

Fake Everything

don't talk to me about 'fake news,' a Trump invention that gained media traction

the most dangerous and insidious fake dissemination is, 'fake intelligence' from our 'trusted' intelligence agencies

no one has yet died from watching fake news in contrast to the millions or more innocents slaughtered by fake intelligence

do u remember, *WMD, aluminium tubing*, for use in producing nuclear weaponry, or the worst of them all, Blair's, Saddam could mount an attack on the UK in 45mins -- give me a break! All bullshit, FAKE! easily traced back to the intel agencies of the USA, UK and Australia; coincidentally, the three nations that comprise the 'coalition of the willing' (criminals)

yes, 'willing' to kill millions with their contrived lies and not one former leader of the three has been held to account, why?

'fake accountability,' of course, which indicates 'fake law,' notwithstanding justice today has as much substance as helium

and of course we have 'fake democracy' where people vote for representation and

get puppets of unrepresentative minority
ruling elites instead; indeed, fake news
is simply a latecomer to a fake world

social media has the integrity of a whore,
educators teach fake history and religionists
kneel before fake gods

but 'she'll be right mate,' just adjust to
the new fake world where nothing is real,
fantasy and fiction are more real today
-- and all you can talk about is fake news

doctors prescribe fake medicines that cure
nothing but make huge profits for drug
companies

'fake news,' don't make me laugh, my eyes
and ears are wide open and have been for
years, so settle it now and realise that
everything is fake in this world

however, what is real are the bullets
and bombs that kill as a result of fake
intelligence -- it's a shame the law is
fake as we could then haul all those
responsible before the courts, which are
also fake, the Hague for instance, and
mete out some Real justice/punishment
and possibly restore our world to Reality,
the meaning of which word has been lost
with the minds of those that believe
anything today

now fuck off before i clock you, and i
can assure you that you would feel it
because it issues from a real fist

the most meaningful word in the english
language today is, meaningless!

but i have saved the worst for last, you
see, i know that writing this is futile
as fake people are reading it, yes you,
if you were real you would not tolerate
the current status quo for a minute, you
would have remedied the universal 'fake'
plague infecting the entire world the
instant it started

now quick, reconnect to the media drip-
feed and re-enter your fake world,
this piece is too close to the Real to
be comfortable for You

Hallelujah

every sound continues while a medium exists to carry it; i heard a pulse that originated in outer space where nothing is heard but somehow it reached the earth specifically, me

i informed friends that scoffed at the claim, c'mmon man, u know no sounds exist in a vacuum

well, i thought so once but not anymore the pulse was like a heartbeat that permeated all space and reached the earth -- for that to occur somewhere in space a burst or an event occurred; i heard it plain as could be

has it occurred to you that what u heard was an internal phenomenon, like an audible thought associated with a memory, or perhaps your own heartbeat?

yes, but its rhythm was altogether singular not like my heartbeat though related

perhaps u heard the big bang, why not? surely it would have made a racket, an explosion that created the universe

it was otherworldly and besides the big bang indicates a beginning whereas

we all know existence is infinite, no
beginning or end

nevertheless, everything has a frequency
and as such must produce sound

yes, but that would be a symphony, what
i heard was a singular, unaccompanied
pulse

well, try and hear it again then trace it

excellent idea

so in a state of hyper-relaxation i
heard it again and was able to focus
on it

what i heard was both internal and
external it was me, originally entering
existence and persisting

Origins

i threw three coloured 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/formed, encircled
by words of power

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

but 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 a word, as it is the
key that unlocks the gates to paradise and
everlasting joy and Freedom

with that accomplished i took my treasured
magic three pebbles from my pouch and
threw them into a raging river making this
textual 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,
corn etc, are all grasses which provide
staples for the populations of entire
continents

discovered as a reliable food source
grasses were 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 and
cattle than lions and tigers

notice how easy large herds of humans are
led by their shepherds, follow me this way,
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 an
independent course like tigers, what is it
about human sheep that makes them so
susceptible to servitude, the urge to 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 their deaths until the very end,

but then it's too late?

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

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

Drifting

there were times when fixators
desperately attempted to fix
the drifting plains and floating
lakes 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 sun-bleached 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,
Triumphs, Nortons, Beezas, greased hair
and widgies turning it on for the crew --
bennies, dexies and pot fueled beats, and
their incessant coffee shop philosophical
chatter, cool man

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

the lanes and vacant lots that once reeked
of fermented sexual fluids 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, did u hear the roar of a 650cc
kick-starting?

the howl of alley cats mating and the coo
of doves woo'ing is no longer heard

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 by rushes
and all manner of water catchment weeds
bounding with frogs and amphibian
ejaculate frothing on the water have
been replaced with manicured concrete
shores lacking shelter and hides for
water birds nesting and raising their
young

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

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,
good day to you

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

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 circle
-- space is that necessary something
which defines all things

now consider that a jar is only useful due
to the space within it, 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 meaning, as it is the
substrate that carries or holds everything
that is

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, as space defines everything
-- only in that infinite space is true
Freedom and perfection found

surely it now becomes the height of
foolishness to underrate or not embrace
that unpolluted, continuous perfection?

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

No Fixed Address

is how the regulatory 'authorities' list
my abode, which classification is quite
correct as in 'my place' hangs a shingle
'home sweet home,' what home?

surely not the homes with street addresses
fixed in locations with their benefits and
problems, no, my 'sweet home' is not so
easily located by the mundane yet i exist
and have lived in my sweet abode free
from all tribulations

i have no way of entry or exit, my home
has no doors, only windows

i have a favourite seat like most homes
for their occupants, but it's not a chair
or an elevation from the floor, yes, my
abode has neither ceiling nor floor, my
seat is situated in the centre of Existence
which is my sweet home to which i have
happily returned after many millennia
lost, only to realise that i had never left,
how very sweet that home is as home is
where the heart is

Aquaglide

birds of the sea and waters broaden their
wings and allow natural air currents to
carry them for miles without effort, just
above the water, such is the power of
instinct that reads what man cannot see
or sense as he is divorced from his nature

there are times when confined cultural life
becomes tedious and painful, so divorced
from the real is culture that it now tortures
those that subscribe to its fictions, lies
and separation

its media dribbles this and that, mostly lies
and propaganda, so it becomes necessary to
glide on nature's many avenues of freedom
ever available to those that see, feel and
sense

wherefore art thou romeo?

never mind juliette, i am skipping above
the waves in this expansive see

what do you see romeo?

it's not so much seeing as feeling and
allowing sense to guide/glide

to where do you fare romeo?

destinations are a dream, juliette
as i have already arrived from where i
departed so long ago

please take me with you romeo

who, or what prevents you from flying,
juliette?

my family and place here in my abode

indeed juliette, where is your real place,
what is your real home, what binds you
to the known, the cultural perversity
of men?

answer from your heart juliette and spread
your wings of your own volition and you
would join me in an instant

'To be or Not to be' is not a question, it's
a proposition

Bye

the high and the low reflect ...

seagrasses move underwater like
the hair of angels floating and swirling
in the clouds

mountains, tired of the heights diminish
and seek the depths

corals grow like crystals saturated in
solution accommodated by the sea
and moon

the wind howls high above the ground
but whistles in the trees, reach out,
strain to break the barriers, be more
than u are in another space
un-mapped by culture's jail

the look of the un-guessed captivates
until it is understood like your face
in heat draped in desire, dripping love

beyond articulated speech is the pulse
of creation forever beating like your
heart for my embrace

love is a bankrupt word that cries for
what it implies which reaches from the
bottom to the top and rises from the top
to the bottom again

who or what could categorise u outside
the known -- are u so easily enslaved

that u prefer the prescribed?

a vortex forms in the middle of the ocean
draining into the sky where fluids form
and interchange

inverted solid ranges tower below --
what goes up does not necessarily come
down but what is down must ascend

break that which enslaves by entering the
un-known, un-mapped places, make ur own
unique space/place without the walls and
confinements of the expected

smell the scent and imbibe deeply of the
sweet nectar of Freedom

Diamond Mind

nothing perturbs the diamond mind of Zen,
storms confront it and resolve themselves
into the clarity of a clear blue summer sky,
nothing sticks, do ducks get wet in the rain?

the diamond mind remains unblemished
regardless of all that confronts it though
it takes unrelenting focus and steadfast
meditative practice to achieve clarity and
awareness

understand the perfection, impervious to
everything, pleasurable and painful assaults,
it remains clear and aware, which imperturbability
leads to awareness and supra-normal abilities
inherent in all human beings, but only manifest
once perfect clarity is achieved

with clarity comes knowledge, understanding,
and the ability to see things fresh, as they are,
not as presented or coloured by experience,
which distorts

the diamond mind grants a special vision
uncluttered by culturally learned biases
which enslave the majority

perhaps a Zen anecdote delivers meaning more
efficiently:

Two Zen monks were traveling from one monastery
to another, a day's journey.

the two happened on a flooding stream

which impeded the progress of a young,
aristocratic, beautiful woman.

‘could you please assist me crossing the
stream, she asked?’

with that the older monk picked up the woman
and carried her across the knee-deep stream
accompanied by his young companion who
seemed troubled by the occurrence.

the monk placed the lady on the ground and
resumed his journey with his companion,
whose face now indicated agitation.

the monks journeyed together for a short
distance, the younger monk, still clearly
troubled, could not restrain himself and
blurted,

‘we are not supposed to look at women yet
you took her in your arms and carried her.’

‘yes,’ replied the older monk, ‘but i put her
down on the other side of the stream, you are
still carrying her!’

and therein lies the secret of the unpolluted,
perpetually fresh, untroubled and free,
diamond mind

Fools' Suicide

keep ur empty words to urself i am
listening to the ageless voice of the
earth weaving its symphonies -- the
bliss of which harmony ur words/minds
fail to capture and understand

how do You expect ur limitations, finite
mind, to capture and understand self-qualified
infinity, or the continuity of existence?

how tragic you are given the All which you
shrink into wasted perversity, violence and
destruction, u are beyond salvation, creating
false human gods to comfort u in ur screaming
desperation; you imagine ur dreams and myths
will save u from reality, but u miss the obvious,
that no man-made god is able to save anything,
the origin of all ur pathetic, feeble gods are in
texts written by men, but u are forced to cling
to the idiotic lies and myths as u have nothing
else to cling to

look at you, alienated, disconnected from the
splendours of Life born/e of Harmony and Love,
which dances in ineffable bliss before ur eyes,
a free gift that u you trash daily with your
perversity, blindness, violence and psychotic
ways

today u elevate the sick and flawed among you
to lead you to ruin and oblivion, which reality
the psychopaths ensure is never presented to
ur faces, the media drip feed is shaped according
to the designs of those that own it

how transparent it all is given clear eyes
and an aware mind to See, which senses
are dimmed by ur apathy and addictions;
i watch u imploding in ur desperate alienation
and loneliness, designed by corporate entities
to enslave, tame and exploit amenable slaves
in order to maintain their sick designs and
wealth which serves only them -- You serve
them also for want of an identity and life

You are pitiless waste products, healthy
humanity disowns you as u think only of 'me'
tho humanity is essentially We, without which
understanding it cannot survive

play with ur digital, alienating and enslaving
toys designed and shaped by the sickest
among you to exploit and dis-empower
tho you are aware but are so disconnected
from the real u cling to ur slavery and
inevitable ruin as u have no life

the earth has no need of ur perversities
and cowardice, neither do the few healthy
among ur plagued populations -- the brave
and free that fought and continue to fight
for their Freedom do not need you, while
you pathetic slobs attempt to compensate for
ur loss with baubles and transitory titillations,
which burn and fry u until a dry autumn leaf
seems robust and full of life in comparison

i wish you well knowing it is unattainable until
you fight and remove the superimposed mental
poisons within and regain your sovereignty,
self-respect and real Freedom, which no-one

could thereafter deprive you of

We are All a physical and emotional social species, the many working as One for the good of All

why do you remain divided, defeated, miserable, enslaved and tortured by a few nefarious, sick and treacherous elites that pit u against ur brothers and sisters?

you are free to choose Life/Freedom/Unity over slavery, ruination and death, however, it is clear you have already made ur choice -- You have forsaken Yourselves

Coming and Going

linear tracks offer two directions only,
trains go forward and back on the same
track

and so the myopic reigns in the minds of
travellers going backward and forward
on linear rails

wars in heaven, wars on earth, when will
they ever learn, the one-track minds of
men?

crop fields are full, no tracks scarring

the landscape, wildflowers dance in the
openness each according to its nature
while man tugs and toils going backward
and forward, going nowhere

written records are linear, history travels
in one line backward or forward but reality
bursts spherical in omni-directions as my
Love explodes and embraces all through
you

watching you move/dance before me, every
gesture, turn and expression surrounds my
being, penetrating, permeating my soul

the unpredictable will inherit the earth
as they are of its nature, boundless and
free; the linear streets of cities and rectangular
buildings confine by their linear direction,
up and down, a tragic habitat for field

and forest dwellers

kiss the sweet ground and kiss my lips,
gateway to paradise

why did u take so long to fall into my eyes
and take rest in my heart?

cease ur searching u have returned and
nothing is able to separate us again

you knew you would return millennia ago,
do remember withdrawing from my initial
embrace and becoming trapped in the linear
ways and myopic visions of human gnats
and moles that have lost their way?

all must return home, some sooner, some much
later

the ways of man lead to wasted lives and death
but the *Way* leads to Love and Life but how would
you know paradise if you hadn't experienced the
confinements, tortures and slavery of hell?

i have left spirals in the sea and land to
guide you

Media Maze

distorted mirrored images as in a maze reflect
not what is real but shaped, mirrored distortions
according to their design

exaggerated at times and compressed at other
times tho not one reflected image reflects
what is true

trapped in a mirror maze people imagine
they are what the contrived distortions
reflect tho the distorted reflections are
real according to their specific designs

without bearings or the real to guide, people
become trapped and live in false realities,
the mirror makers are careful to reflect
and distort with semblances of the real --
pushing and pulling images this way and that
according to their desires

and so people remain deceived/enslaved,
tho all mazes have an escape and those that
emerge in an un-distorted world are shocked
by the reality/truth they see; so painful
and disorientating is the unfamiliar real
world and reality, they scramble to re-enter
the maze seeking the comfort of the known
and group, living in dreams and shared
un-realities

it seems preferable to most to live shared lies
rather than deal with solitary freedom/Truth

some, very few, remain free outside and are

able to see how the enslaving apparatus
functions and the machinations of those that
manufacture the mirrors and maze

The Semiotics of Wrestling Minotaurs

a green-oxidised bronze sculpture endures
in the park fountain, water issuing from its
ears besmirching tradition

half goat, half man playing a flute tho no
water ejects from the flute -- tho it should

the faun supports a large disproportionate
human phallus semi-erect and incongruous
among ancient greek heroes, with
disproportionately tiny penises, wrestling
minotaurs and slaying pythons,
begrudging it seems their tiny dicks

tourists, all fixated on the faun's penis to
the exclusion of other heroes, comment this
and that about the erect presence, wondering
but not appreciating the expression on the
faun's face and the geometric harmony of
his cocked elbow with knee and (bearded)
chin, truly a symmetrical marvel

it seems alive tho motionless, cursed as
cast statues are by immobility

i first saw this strange incongruent fellow
aged six or seven, i paid no heed to the penis
it was just a cock then

now much older the cast bronze ridicules
my age, it remains frozen in youth and visual
virility tho a change has been made, the
semi-erect penis now ejects a stream of water
pissing on other greek heroes and the inane

comments of tourists

the faun's expression also seems slightly altered as if mocking the living that tampered with its penis, now ejecting water intermittently as if in timed ejaculations

indeed, it must have been a Dionysian steeped in the cult of abandonment tho no modern Apollonian has dared restore it to its previous inertness

the ancient Dionysian mysteries persist in open view in a central city park for all to see but not understand that all we need is music

Night Fishing

every creature has an Achilles heel
reptiles of the sea are fascinated
by artificial lights at night, powerful
crocodiles draw involuntarily to a
flashlight as do turtles and other
protected species

it was a clear night at cape tribulation
campers gathered around small fires
enjoying the natural surroundings
one local had brought a dinghy,
armed only with a flashlight,
he launched it into the sea,
few paid any attention

we could see the light as he shone it in
the water just beyond the breakers;
after a while violent water agitation
and banging on the aluminium hull
of the small craft echoed along
the water to the shore

the fisherman rowed back to shore
and landed a thrashing sea turtle
from his boat

most knew it was illegal to catch turtles,
a privilege reserved only for the indigenous
population which were few at the cape
tho none were present among the white
unwelcome intruders on this night

the fisherman wasted no time slaughtering
the defenceless turtle on the beach, its

life-blood soaking into the sand

he butchered the animal and gave pieces of
fresh white flesh to the others on the beach,
involving them in his crime

the beer, always present, flowed as the white
meat sizzled in pans, barbecues and pots,
a drunken feast ensued

the morning dawn starkly revealed the slaughter
the night before, the exquisite shell of a protected
sea turtle that fell victim to a bright artificial light
which it couldn't resist

returning to town troubled by our previous
activities we passed by a huge television
transmission tower

Sailor

in dream or otherwise
my rudderless ship sails
a new shoreless sea

it sails through fine weather
and storms of light until it
happily sinks beneath the
waves and merges with the
rolling

Listen ...

the first pulse that began all things
continues in every throb and pulse in
existence, it is the nature of all things,
the reverberations of thunder, the beat
of hearts, the pulse of dying/living stars

what is referred to as Logos or word, the
first, is the original *spanda* or throb of
emanation

be still and know ... that ...
you too could return to the first, and last,
the forever

there is nothing gained or lost, the pulse
does not differentiate, the one true underlying
continuous creation beyond comprehension,
forever repeated in sound, form and light,
as light, is vibration only, emanating from the
first/last sound but maintaining its integrity as
light so we may all See

are you able to 'hear' the heartbeat of the
cosmos? Listen

Stranger

her sorrow a giant mountain pressing on her chest pushing the very life from her frail exquisite body, her magnetic eyes deep as the blackness of deepest space, could not hide the loss she suffered, it seemed as though the entire tragedy of all humanity was carried by this petite stranger that asked for no help only directions in a metropolis unfamiliar

menacing dark alleys intermittently illuminated by archaic single globe light poles were safe for locals moving in the shadows doing business and waiting for opportunities but hazards for strangers and the unwary unfamiliar with the neighbourhood

yet she took to the lanes without the slightest apprehension seeking an address, which i explained was one lane among many

i trailed her safely behind in order to prevent an attack though she was aware of my presence -- the denizens in the alleys assessed the stranger each to their own intention, none of which were good

though as they approached and met her gaze they retreated somewhat daunted

this one had accrued much power in her pain, no-one dared harass her

she turned and gestured that i approach i'm alright, she said, i know u are watching over me, do not be concerned i can take care of myself

yes i see that but i would never forgive myself if any harm came to u, do not concern urself, she responded i have no interest in my welfare so why should u?

perhaps that is why i am watching over u, i replied though ur

disregard for ur safety seems to ward off evil, people sense something though unsure what they sense so leave u alone, perhaps i could assist, what or who is it u seek? 'drake,' she responded

my god, she seeks me yet i have no idea who she is so i politely ask why she seeks drake/me unawares

well it's a little involved but to simplify i was referred to him as someone who could help with an issue

indeed, drake is a fixer and well respected, i replied, but not of worldly affairs, 'well, that is why i seek him,' the matter is not mundane

i do not know who gave u that address but it's not where drake lives, i informed her, do u know where i could find him? indeed i do, i am going past his place, i would be happy to take you there

thank you, i hope it is not out of ur way, not at all, i replied with a smile

i decided to take the long route and learn more about this mysterious stranger but she didn't respond to all my questions only those she thought appropriate, the more we exchanged words the more fascinated i became though acutely aware of her deep sorrow

i notice u carry a burden, i said. she turned her face and locked her eyes onto mine, we all carry burdens some more than others though none are given burdens they cannot deal with, each according to their capacity, i nodded in agreement, which seemed to comfort her

as we approached my house i was inclined to divulge who i was but she interrupted the intent and asked, 'are you good friends,' well yes, very close indeed, how close, she asked, well close is not the word i am drake i confessed, she didn't react, as i withdrew the key and opened the door

i see, she said, i knew there was something ... , she did not finish the sentence, come in, i said, tea or something stronger, tea is fine

we sat at the kitchen table while the water boiled to the hiss of a gas flame. i poured and covered the pot to allow the tea to draw

do u wish to explain why you seek me, it's a lost love that haunts me, how do u mean?

well he recently died in a motorcycle accident, interesting i said, come to the window; she peered at my black Ducati in the yard and her face became pale is that his bike, she asked? it's an exact match, no way, i have customised this machine with loving care, i see she said, then why do you haunt me?

the room began to spin her face began to a blur but her eyes remained focused

what do u mean?

you are dead my darling, how forlorn i have been but u must leave me and attend to your matters in this world, what world? this is the world, well yes for you but not for me, i have travelled here in a dream to speak to u one last time in this life

it hit me like a truck though it was a truck that killed me, i remembered instantly, i could see the tears in her eyes which welled and began to flow down her cheeks

u know how much i love u, but u must let go for ur sake and mine we will meet again u know it, but for now let it be i have to finish my cycle as allotted

i had regained some composure though i was not entirely sure where i was. go to your bike she said it will take u where u need to go, mount it and hit the ignition, everything will be fine

with that, she kissed me goodbye and faded from view

my Ducati roared and transported me at light speed to my
destination alone, for now

i need not explain, you will all learn soon enough

Adieu

Glide

the rolling hills rise and fall only to rise
and fall again; bodies suspended in space
form spheres the most economical form,
yet these bodies move in elliptical orbits
each tugging against the other creating a
tight balance which defies the formation
of perfect circles

every sinew, nerve and cell in this body
articulates your name, to whom should this
created body bow? only to its Creator and
yet all bodies born must die, so where is this
Eternity/infinity?

it is formless beyond definition, nameless
beyond all the characterisations of culture,
which is only able to grasp itself

and so it is something else, not of culture/mind,
matter, gross energy or learned patterns of
behaviour and thought

something lost then found, and when found it
becomes known it was never lost

who could add or take a scintilla from
existence? all that fills space continuously
is neither diminished or increased tho it
is in constant flux moving between gross
and fine then from fine to gross again tho
each r/evolution is distinct

nothing repeats itself as it did before or
after, we add nothing but variations to the

treasure we inherited, our choice is only
to give it all away in order for it to be
replenished; retention only stagnates and
stultifies life

your toil and thought is for naught, as
everything necessary for life is freely
supplied, the life in every seeding fruit
and grain, the life in a man's and woman's
seed which together form bodies from the
food of the earth

to what end?

so renegade and other spirits could find a
temporary home and learn Truth, tho a
price is extracted as each physical home
becomes a prison walled by material desires,
emotion, lust and fear -- bodies are very
aware of their vulnerability and needs,
and so spirits are temporarily trapped
in matter

subject to matter they must learn that the
light of spirit requires no body or vessel
to shine

those that give most receive most, those that
retain receive nothing, as no space is available
to refill the 'cup' -- give freely as everything
necessary has been given freely to you

who could add a jot to their stature, who is
able to possess light, where would you store
light? contained light becomes darkness, your
light is made brilliant by removing barriers
not creating them

i required wisdom when young and so read
every scratching that great men made until
i happened on a maple leaf freshly fallen,
coloured in its dying.

every vein, pore and serrated pattern
contained more wisdom than everything
recorded by men, the entire mystery of
the universe is encoded in its myriad
productions, pine cones, sea shells and
flowers indicate infinity, what need do
i have for any book?

continuity/existence is naked in its beauty,
and light is brilliant in its nakedness, what
mystery do you speak of when all around
sings its song and dances to its music openly?

life and existence are an open book containing
not one confining finite word of men, the hills
roll, rising and falling like the waves of an
open sea

above the waves a violet-crested seabird rides
the air stream, barely flapping a wing, it
rides for miles above the rolling sea
effortlessly

need i continue?

Another Day

an intriguing prospect the 'otherness' of
a day, difficult to locate no doubt yet the
promise is beyond debate or contestation,
it is another day

pet ferrets, guinea pigs, and rats run on the
same wheels going nowhere, but please note
Not 'now-here' -- the real 'otherness' is betrayed
by learned repetitive behaviours, ritual, habit
and inculcated prescriptions, social slavery
in other words yet the promise is never
withdrawn, 'otherness' is always on offer
tho rodent brains know only instinct and what
they are taught in their captured, confined
behaviours

surely it is now time to affect y/our escape
into the New, the real Freedom of otherness

Silk Ears

“the wind cries, mary ...”, sings jimi,

yet mary is also contrary, if u say
right, mary says left tho the seething
mass of maggots in the middle see
neither direction, they feast frenetically
on the corpse of civilisation

they see a river which they name,
reinforcing the delusion that the river
is somehow mapped/known, located
in time and space tho we know we
never step into the same river twice

with silver bells and cockle shells ...,
thus mary's garden grows

i've never known a girl called mary,
perhaps i am fortunate, Felicity, Prudence
and Virginia are my true loves, they each
possess their own integrity

the silver bells tinkle in the wind, the river
remains in flux and the seething mass of
moronic maggots feast on corpses and shit
until they take wing as developed blowflies

my grandmother once quoted an old folk
saying from the village in which she was born:
'if you follow a blowfly it can only lead
you to shit.'

and that defines the character of the seething
masses -- would You waste ur time on a lost,

impossible cause?

pig's ears and silk purses are another story

yet mary was once a virgin pure until the
maggots despoiled her with an impossible
conception

wonder no more why mary is so contorted
and contrary today

how does *Your* garden grow?

A Day

ur hair floats like a sail and turns like a gull
in the sea breeze, the two of us perched on
cemetery hill overlooking the moving sea
and sky, gravestones and the city are
behind us

this cemetery occupies multi-million dollar
real estate development but famous
Australian poets are interred here, their
spirits have protected this awesome space
for over a century

the wind is fresh and vital with accumulated
energy from the sea, which is spent before
it reaches the city of the living dead

palm branches move slowly singing a low
harmony as they move; u do not speak, as
words interrupt the experience, here, now

i turn and watch ur face turned to the wind
like a totem on the bow of an old sailing
ship, there is nothing to do and nowhere to
go, Being is more than sufficient, everything
is in its space

u smile speaking volumes without the need
of words, i respond in kind which prompts u
to draw closer and snuggle into my side,
my arm automatically allowing ur new position,
curving around ur back ending with my hand
resting to the side of ur breast u respond and
rest it gently on ur breast, not a word to interrupt
the intimacy or haul us back into petty distractions

assured and at peace the two, without interference,
become one, effortlessly

the plurality of everything here begins to merge
into a voluptuous dance of experience/existence,
bliss and perfection

Joy is always available on this earth if we choose

Turn Around

the throngs raise their arms in anguish
muted, they have no voice, beseeching
silently for someone to save them from
the folly they created -- God save us,
but there is no God that saves anyone
from their own folly and self-inflicted
torment, they must learn to take full
responsibility for their lives or perish

their leaders rant, rave and lie, blaming
others for the worsening situation, 'it
couldn't be our fault,' we're exceptional,
God is on our side, they have been told
by their lying leaders yet there is nothing
exceptional about ignorance, cowardice
and blind folly

i look down on these poor, pathetic fools
always willing to point a finger but too
frightened to look in a mirror and see
their true state

what to do with these ignorant fools? they
cry for impotent Gods and safety, forever
trembling in fear; it's simple to be a saviour
to the ignorant; so we shall supply a suitable
idiot to lead them to the destruction they have
created for themselves

do not think this solution harsh as their own
God advises that the blind lead the blind and
the dead bury the dead, but we are not this
heartless

clearly it is death they seek to free them from
their torment, so ignorance and death are the
order of this and every other day for this
star-spangled throng

though some see the truth behind the lies, the
life behind orchestrated wars and the mass murder
of innocents; horrors these people create and then
wish to be saved from the consequences of their
own perverse actions, not a chance!

turn around and see who really leads this nation
to ruin, listen to your instincts, you know it's all
wrong and that your leaders Lie -- so what to do?

make it right, take responsibility for your follies,
actions and inactions, make it right

purge the vile filth that has stolen the capitol
return government to the people and then take
responsibility for your lives and nation, as
no-one anywhere is saved from their own folly

turn around and face the enemy Within -- overcome
and restore your nation/society then come to us,
the Gods only lend an ear to those that break their
chains and fight for justice and freedom, Not for
filthy lucre

begin this fight against the enemy Within and
what is outside becomes your friend

the Gods only listen to free men, not star-spangled
slaves that cry like babies bound only by paper
chains. Real freedom is Earned never bestowed by
anyone, man or God

Wake up doodles, unless you wish to go down with
the blind fools and cowards

perhaps i should also add that no cowards are able
to enter paradise

Rise up, Overcome and Earn your freedom on earth
and your place in Paradise or remain subservient
and choose to perish like the cowards you are.

Your choice

Books

reclining with my favourite little book,
a gem of a book that always inspires
poetry

its covers are like a persian mosque
layered in colour and geometric patterns
its paper is somewhere between parchment
and human skin it inspires because nothing
is printed on its pages, nothing whatsoever

it tempts me at times to jot a note or
doodle but that vandalous act would
deflower it, and its virginity is what
makes it what it is, whereas female
virginity is meant to be given and
taken

white walls in this cave beg to be drawn
and painted with lyric lines of strange
beasts, match-men, none without their phallic
representation, all engaged in the hunt
and dance

i take a charcoal piece from the fire and
let loose, my arm and wrist do all the work
moving like waves, crests and flicks

after a few hours of semi-trance my arm
withdraws, the white walls of the cave now
brandish what is outside, various living
creatures and scapes -- we have not learned
to write yet as it hasn't been invented

aeons pass, now words that express the

inexpressible tantalise like gems fixed
firmly in the rock walls, i have tried
to loosen them and incorporate them into
my writing but to no avail they are firmly
fused in the cave wall

perhaps a shock or charge may yield one
of these gems

imagine a word that expresses the inexpressible,
which would by its nature transform everyone
that read it

i once tried a crow-bar but not one word could
be freed and so i am left with only common
words that express what they intend

like an awakening from a dream you appear
ageless, though decades have passed since
first we met, i now approach seventy while
you maintain your nubile appearance, yet it
is not my body you love, it is the lights
i conjure with words of power

i once conjured a spirit and various demons
with incantations, though using the art for
protection, these spirits freed are dangerous
to mortals, they drive them into crazy frenzies
and lead them into spaces from which there is
no escape

i am very careful with words as i know they
possess power to hurt or inspire, to draw
and repel, indeed i know my art, i was taught
well by a magician and a pythoness

my love for you endures like an indestructible

column though i choose to slice it and offer each
circular wheel to you, which you fasten to your
chariot to see where each new wheel takes you,
we have travelled half the universe in your golden
chariot

in the end i would write one last verse for you
alone -- i have a secret

i managed to loosen and take one of those magic
gems/words, this one realises the inexpressible
Forever, i need not write another

Things

the still whiteness deceives, its serenity harbours
explosive force

certain actions realise certain results, a potential
avalanche at critical mass needs very little to
trigger the devastating fall; what we know is
where it ends in the valley/lowland after
everything on the slopes has been impacted

the picturesque village at the bottom of the
mountain seems like an array of dollhouses

a wise sage once informed me that thoughts
were things as powerful, if not more so,
than actions

a rifle-carrying fool knowing nothing of the
danger shoots at a wild goat the report echoes
through the valley and locals dread the result

similar thoughts attract each other in the
ether and become a cumulative force seeking
expression, they grow, fed constantly by
men's evil minds

another harsh crack is heard but not from a
rifle the ice and snow near the top of the
mountain is released, in an instant the entire
accumulated snow and ice roars down the
side of the mountain and buries the village
snapping the houses like so many matchsticks

it is not an accidental result, though the fool
with the gun, unaware, triggered the devastation

accumulated good and bad thoughts vie with each other until one becomes stronger and overwhelms the other, how simple it is to think, speak and act for the good of all, which helps *ensure* the good of all

today, however, there are too many 'armed' fools ready to kill others and themselves ...

"We don't like that kind of behaviour, don't be so [reckless](#), put down your guns."

Reluctance

certain poems like bullets pierce the
brain of the living dead but never
awaken the dead to the reality of
themselves

a bullet shudders a reluctant poet
and drags him to the keyboard --
some poems are violent interrupting
peaceful rest and surges of joy
demanding to be expressed, caring
little for the medium

they reach out disguised as tracks to
those that discover or are targeted

blood oozes from a small calibre temple
wound like unfulfilled desire until the
air arrests its slow, seeping progress on
bare floor and rug forming coagulations
that remain in memory staining a future
that could never be free of the past

fires burn in the night reflected in dead
eyes but never warming a soul

the moon hangs precariously in the jet
sky buoyed by the blackness

the stars keep a safe distance as they
know this planet of perversions and its
paralysed moon amount to nothing good

puddles of tears reflect only the stars
as tears contain the salt of bitter

experience

this bullet fails to make a difference as
the dead cannot die twice

bang, bang, bang

Temple

a small temple stands ivory white
and majestic at the top surrounded
by flowers and fruiting trees revealing
itself momentarily through the mist
and clouds

but the only course to it is carved
in the stone of the steep incline

not one step aligned with another
they seemed carved, scattered,
laid out by madmen of great skill
as tho the steps were fashioned by
magicians as there is no safe footing
other than the steps themselves

people gather at the bottom of the
hill wishing to reach the temple
but stand hesitant before the first step
which is disproportionately large,
so large in fact, that it required great
effort to surmount it, yet there were
hundreds more to negotiate, all madly
unaligned

despondents balk and didn't attempt
to scale the very first step, resigning
themselves to failure, others made
progress but became stranded on steps
which were carved for that purpose

few made it half way, while others
watched hoping to gain some knowledge
of an easy and safe route but none existed

undaunted, i decided to reach the temple,
and learn its secret or die trying, and so
my ordeal began

every excruciating successful movement
upward was won at huge cost in energy,
abrasions, physical pain and anguish
of mind

years passed during which time i had made
it to the last slippery and scattered steps

when it rained i drank from rainwater pools,
which also served as washing basins, i was
sustained by berries and fruits growing on
the slippery slope

until i reached the last 72 steps which i
counted

without undue further descriptions of the
ordeal climbing those last steps, i reached
the summit and wondered how it was
possible to build this exquisite temple
atop this inhospitable mountain, which
had gained a reputation as the source
of eternal life and the healing of every
complaint of body, mind and soul

and so i entered via a small sturdy door
into the domed main room; a monk of
indeterminable age greeted me with a
knowing smile

i asked the secret name of the temple,
the monk responded, 'Life.' i could not

resist asking, why the stepped path to the temple was so incongruous, arduous and treacherous, the monk responded, 'because that is the nature of Life!'

he also stated that descent was impossible and i need not bother or attempt the impossible i looked up at the aperture in the domed ceiling which revealed an ultra-violet, other-worldly sky ...

Portrait

another mauve morning, saturday, flea market
day at the old church, why not? perusing
bric-a-brac may reduce the length of
reduced mental focus and a lingering
hangover

bumping and manoeuvring didn't help -- a stall
of old wares, junk mostly, revealed a frame turned
backward hiding a painting or photograph

on request the vendor turned the frame about
revealing the haunting face of a very young
woman slightly in profile tho with eyes
focused, it seemed on the viewer, an illusion
most portraits are known for; nevertheless,
these eyes seemed to fixate the vision drawing
the viewer into the picture; if not for the eyes,
the portrait would have been of a post-pubescent
girl but the eyes were too heavy with experience,
intent, probing and knowing

how much?
ten dollars,
sold

returning to the loft i hung it where once a picture
adorned the wall leaving a tell-tale rectangular
cleanliness; oddly the portrait frame fitted
perfectly and so harmony was restored to
the wall

days passed into weeks the girl forever watching
every movement, every event that transpired in
the loft in which i spent most of my creative,

debauched and restful hours yet my invited
liaisons were disturbed by the portrait as the
position of the bed forced a direct view;
indeed, it was/is the eyes, which did not
disturb me in the least

years passed and many more short liaisons,
the portrait was a saviour as no prospective
partner lingered long enough to cast their
particular net, i often marvelled over this
occurrence and smiled at the portrait unaware
it responded ever so subtly

years turned into decades during which time
many literary pieces were produced and
published, it was a living

now approaching middle age i took the
trouble to inspect the portrait closely;
the eyes seemed painted by another artist
so compelling they were, the colour of the
eyes from a distance did not reflect the
slate-blue-green tinges which contrasted
with a pale complexion

i drew back a little then forward again
fascinated by the change in the intensity
of the gaze until like a lightning bolt to
the brain i recalled/recognised the young
woman in the portrait and a promise i
failed to keep but not from this life

i returned to my desk, emptied the glass
of green ginger wine and began to type

Pine

a solitary pine overlooks the sea
sprinkling needles on the ground
in heavy rain

they mix with open cones their seeds
long since dispatched yet none have
taken root nearby to rescue this solitary
tree from its cruel isolation

raindrops drip from its needles clear as
clarity dripping rhythmically on my face
and shoulders

i draw closer to one not yet fallen and
see the sea and sky caught in its tiny
sphere

how small are captured images, how
large is reality? i wait it out, the rain
ceases and i emerge from under its
branches to hear a sea hawk cry from
the upper branches, and realise it was
a hawk or bird that carried the seed
to this clifftop, which sprouted
producing needles, pins, cones and
a drop of rain that captured the sky
and sea in its clarity

Night Murmurs

i write at night almost till dawn
if possessed by the impulse, or
seduced by the muse; during the
night little murmurs issue from
the mouths of those slumbering
around me

my girl sleeps behind me on my
sofa tonight, she likes to be near
tho while i write i am not given
to distracting conversation, she is
just happy to be near

‘what’s that u say?’
a mutter escapes from her lips,
no response, so i swivel around
and see she is in deep sleep tho
moving her lips and hand

another little gasp, so i swivel
around again, dead to the world
but alive in a dream as her body
gently twitches and writhes

she gasps again and her body relaxes,
her breathing slow and rhythmical

i decide to write this poem of the
event, after which i attend to her
breakfast and take a break from
my keyboard and involve myself
in her needs, which speak louder
than her little murmurs at night,
tho i dare not show her this poem

Grass Parrot

the Australian grass parrot all but
extinct, the victim of ravaging
introduced foreign foxes and cats
yet it persists today in secret places
undiscovered by feral foreigners

its plumage is plain making it almost
indistinguishable from the wild grasses
it inhabits

it has another survival mechanism,
it remains motionless when threats
are near and only takes bursts of
flight when pressures are great

it is active at night, the safest
time of day when almost all its
enemies sleep

leaving the city and the fine company
of scholars and city poets pursued by
text groupies forever offering their
crotches to poets of repute

i turn a yielding white page ready to
write but the plumage of fine high
class whores, winked and nodded
through foyers by the knowing staff
of leading sydney hotels, distract
from my intention

birds of colourful, fine plumage are
hunted for their feathers, they live
explosive colourful lives and burn out

young; educated elite clients drain
them of colour before their time
discussing matters philosophical,
political and mercantile, but not quite
escaping the primal desire of cavemen

wandering the bush like a vagabond
those i meet see me as in a mirror
and feel no threat or unease, how
easy my journey in the plain plumage
of workers

night falls with moonlight shining like
the steel of my bush knife tho my route
never takes beaten roads and trails, i
seek the soft grass tracks of bush
animals instead

reaching the top of a small hill i push
the foliage aside, a billabong below
reflects the full moon in its black still
water to perfection

i wonder when i will reach for my pen
and notebook

Silver Threads

the earth's horizon merges with the sky
leaving no reference from which to locate
a vessel in the vast expanse of ur eyes

lost in these mesmerising whirlpools i
search for ur centre but spirals rob
space, time, location of all meaning,
tho will remains, while my life essence
involuntarily pours into ur vortex

liquid sky absorbs all into its rarefication
-- transported, free-flying in the limitless
great ocean of ur being

should i lament my lost body/soul,
captive like an insect that flies into
a web? but u are not a spider tho ur
invisible web holds me fast, the more
i resist the more entrapped i become

are u so hungry that u would not allow
voluntary surrender? it seems so, yet
i have never completely fallen prey
to anyone/thing but my own folly,
u see, i continue to assert control by
releasing my every impulse to free
myself from ur grasp

u circle me watching dispassionately
like a panther blacker than the night,
u follow my light while hiding ur own
yet ur ruby laser eyes are incapable of
disguising ur penetrating beams

so i follow the burning rays into ur
innermost being, which u have not
defended; ur spine now visible but only
from inside ur core, the middle pillar
of ur self

i watch ur iridescent currents moving
thru ur spine and nerves and the light
beaming from ur eyes, i see an entrance
in the solar region and pass thru into
ur quickening

u are now mine; i push down to ur sacral
triangle and arouse ur fire forcing u
to twitch in unbearable pleasure -- and u
imagined i fell prey

now fully mobile, i spin ur pleasure-wheel
ferociously until u lose every notion of why
u imagined u could trap the sun

i travel every delectable part of ur 72,000
nadi/nerves burning ur essence for fuel

now fully agile i move to ur heart and
throat ganglia, now spinning in
synchronisation with ur sacral
pleasure-wheel

i rise to ur single eye between the ruby
redness and see my escape thru the
crown of ur head which is now a liquid
silver bowl of shimmering light

if i move toward it and make my escape
all ur fires would move with me killing
u instantly as i exit ur crown tho my

intention is not to kill only release

i gather ur essence and fashion a golden
phallus while sitting on the seed in the
centre of ur brain -- no, u will not die
this time tho i would make my escape

i move to ur crown aperture and push
the golden phallus thru, watching u
explode into the All, where is ur
power now?

i emerge withdrawing the phallus
leaving an open crown aperture
which remains open screaming a
high pitched '*shreeeemm, kleeemm,
iieeemm*'

i surrender ur vanity to infinity until
u dissolve in my ocean of ineffable
Bliss

'hooomm, pooott, swaha!'

Dying Horizons

blood red splashes across the azure blue,
a dying sky fired by the dying passion of
day, bleeding at the inevitable approach
of night

the painted sky is not without its company
appreciating the scenic wonder, an artist's
heart bleeds its passion into the setting sun
screaming the loss of warmth and life-giving
rays of one loved and lost to the dark

memories slice through fragile reality subverted
by an infinite array of experiences; every jot
recorded in the fluid perturbations of existence

do not cry for me i am dying the loss as day
beseeches and groans the disappearance of
the sun

it is the night of my darkest emotions lapping
on the shores of despair yet unlike the living
dead i know a new dawn would revive my
life and transform my soul, as in reality no
day is as another though for the living dead
they repeat their soul-destroying rituals,
crucifying every opportunity offered by
the wonders of creation

senses abused by constant repetition atrophy
to no longer return scintillations to the heart,
eyes and soul

why travail for the dead or attempt to engage
them as they are more dead than the buried

dead, they fail to see, hear, feel, smell and taste every glorious moment of life/light, preferring to serve the forces that induce the paralysing darkness of their minds

it was said of old let the dead bury the dead and the blind lead the blind into the pit where escape is absent -- finely tuned senses and minds are required to locate escapes yet these dead and blind see only what is presented to their limited senses

every sunset is unique as is everything in existence, no named river retains its form from second to second, rivers and every manifestation on this earth is in pure flux dancing with the cosmos, but the blind mistake the flux for instability as their senses are dulled, what is moving frenetically they see as inert

there is nothing that can be done for the dead as they like rivers must continue until they are able to see and feel every tiny fluctuation in the sea of light/reality as reality explodes, dies and reignites itself, though the process of creation creates, preserves and destroys simultaneously, one state cannot exist without the other, so real life involves dying, living and dying again and again every nuclear second embracing all as one, and the illusion of what appears as plurality

how dull are the dead that count illusions as real? there is only One appearing as many in the dreams and profound darkness of the

blind

reality is instantaneous, birth/death all
experience is swallowed in the instantaneous
regardless of dimensions and realms of
experience

there is no heaven or hell as formulated by
enslavers and blind fools, as nothing endures
and nothing is able to interfere with the
continuous transformations of Creation

the azure deepens to indigo and blue-grey,
the redness to deep maroon then night
overtakes every remaining shadow until the
utter darkness is displaced by the light of an
utterly new transforming day

do not cry for my loss and gain as you know
nothing of my gain, how do you hope to
understand my loss? you have been taught
to repeat the same crucifying, repetitive
behaviours and torments every day of your
utterly blind lives

Untrue Confessions and Sugar Plum Fairy

how fleeting the temporal pleasures, like
drugs they demand repetition until either
agonising withdrawal grips the body due
to lack of supply or overdose due to over
indulgence

yet i have never done anything in half
measures totally in or out, no shades in
between; is this passion a curse? a
temperament that desires to swallow
universes may be a blessing, tho i am
yet to decide

i have had decades to answer this question
however, my need for exotic experience
propels me, i have never been one to sit
and wait for anything to happen to me like
the poor slobs that populate this nation

many weaknesses, which ruin most i have
overcome with ease, no half measures makes
for a powerful will, so now to put this will
to a breaking test until it either breaks or i
break the self-imposed challenge, remember,
'to rise by that which you fall'

after exhausting most offerings this bankrupt
world strives to obtain, my folly has indeed
bred a certain wisdom, so now i must overcome
existence itself and taste of the eternal bliss of
the Creative impulse itself, nothing less would
sate my screaming soul

and so i took to it like a swan to a lake or

a lioness to the throat of a deer, i knew
i was equipped so i placed a clean wax candle
before my sight and sat eyes firmly fixed on
the motionless flame resisting all attempts to
blink

soon tears trickled from the corners of my eyes
but i held fast until the flame exploded into
another realm carrying me or rather my
unrelenting focus with it

physically motionless, eyes fixed, my mind
began to turn to liquid, thank christ or some
other mythical 'god,' i was tired of it anyway,
who needs a mind in the creative centre of
the universe?

the world had already become a child's ant
farm to me so voracious was my appetite for
everything that i've grazed death on numerous
occasions, yet i was spared not once but too many
times beyond all mathematical probability, for a
reason

so it seems that we are all gifted with the means
to survive our challenges so please do not come
crying to me, find ur solution within as nature
has equipped us all with everything we need

now moving at blistering speed, tho my body
remained motionless, i wondered without
thinking where it would end, if end it would,
but my intuition had already informed me that
no end existed, it was a racing continuum that
confronted me, or rather in which i found myself
-- what fuckin' self?

there was nothing but process and light here,
light of the most exquisite kind, and permeations
all of which were well beyond our spectrum of
experience, and me a glutton for such experiences,
plunged deeper into the kinesis until of course i lost
my ability to differentiate

though some would say i had died to the world's
appeals which now appeal like a dried, sun-bleached
dog shit, the food/allure of fools

i should stop this recollection here to inform
readers that it was the indigenous tribals that
first taught me to sever the link between mind
and body and fly, but this experience was different
i remained focused and firmly seated tho i wasn't
to be found in that location it seemed, i was
making progress in the progress itself, i was
arriving and returning simultaneously, which
experience neither fascinated nor perturbed
tho most would have lost their minds long prior

the lioness was suffocating its prey and the
swan was gliding effortlessly across the lake
of existence, i had already openly shit in the
faces of all man's created gods which are
utilised to terrorise infants and transform
them into terrified enslaved adults, how
tragic for the cowardly victims that surrender
their sovereignty due to fear

i was piercing so many veils they appeared to
be a wall of water like Niagara, i loved it

would this be my final leap or termination, it
was impossible to determine so on, on, on
i went, onward to nowhere, which had an

irresistible allure/quality, tho it would terrify
most to lose notions of themselves or the
notion of the self entirely

so far words haven't failed me tho they are
becoming abstract, obscure of necessity,
so i would continue until they do fail as surely
they will as i continued to spiral into the void
full of everything

i laughed at all my past experiences and lives
tho together they culminated in this moment
which promised to continue

i had no idea where i was as i had no 'i' to
speak of though certain qualities continued
to guide me/you/everything to perfection,
and perfection as we all should know is a
quality not a form

i had lost all connection to my body or so it seemed, tho i could care
less for such dross containers, i mean really, physical bodies are
forced to consume physical nourishment but so inefficiently that shit
contains huge amounts of undigested nutrients, give me light to feed
on which is clean and rarefied and requires no digestion only
absorption, no waste products result from consuming light as food --
on i went and went, passing myriad qualities until i confronted a huge
pillar of light formed in the shape of a phallus, not fallacy, which
seemed to span the entire universe or so it seemed,

a golden peach and a deep violet sugar plum presented; strange, as
i had already passed the realms of form so what is this, a test or a
representation? either way i knew the sugar plum was a Yoni which
birthed galaxies but the peach of gold perplexed me, should i
consume it or leave it? without deliberating further i left it, however, it
refused to remain where i had initially encountered it, it was always
before me, a challenge no doubt but to what end in this endless

realm?

the peach became a distraction so i decided to consume it, after which i realised it was my soul, so now my soul was no longer a source of distraction -- onward, forever onward i went

until i was abruptly returned to my body by a loud knocking on my door, it wasn't the tax man, it was an old flame i hadn't seen in years so i invited her in and fucked her into oblivion, that damn sugar plum had brought me undone again, or had it? No! it was irrelevant, as was everything else presented, so i returned to where i had started and ended and continued unfettered...

Authenticity

so adept at accommodating/becoming
others in order to facilitate an easy
exchange i wonder at times whether
or not this proficiency carries too high
a price

it's too easy a fall-back, this ability
usually wins out in the end so i reach
for it like a junkie reaching for a syringe
rather than try to do it the hard way

fuck the hard way, life has been hard
enough wearing my heart and soul on
each sleeve leading with my most
vulnerable and sensitive parts trampled
and tortured either by design or by accident,
tho the difference is academic as the
pain is the same

now i close reflexively at the slightest probing
like a sea anemone vulnerable in tidal pools
between land and sea -- the indecision of the
anemone to commit to either realm is me
between worlds, inhabitant of none i have
misplaced my authenticity

catch me at low tide looking up from my
tiny pool but beware, my soft red flesh
hides a sting which kills instantly

About the Author

Lindsay Traynor is an Australian poet and mystic though he was born in Eastern Europe to parents raised in Canada and Australia respectively who were both in Eastern Europe after WWII.

He arrived in Australia before schooling age and has lost his mother tongue as a result, as both parents were fluent in English and the mother tongue was hardly heard.

Nevertheless, it seems that an early cultural imprint remained as his country/culture of birth is well known for producing an abundance of poets of an unusual kind.

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 relating to personal growth, social transformation and life's challenges --
assistant editor

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

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