

Thin Line Between

Love & Hate

Suffering & Despair

Inspiration & Insight

Wisdom & Perspective

Instinct & Spirit

Poetry of Illusory Divide

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For my muse

Who inspired so much ecstatic agony and poetry in me.

I'll never forget how completely you conquered me,
simply by being your overwhelmingly-endearing self.

In the unlikely event that you ever come to read these poems,
please know that writing has always been my pressure-release valve,
and I was *always* under immense emotional pressure in your presence.

Thus, I'm sorry if many of these poems seem harsh. Please consider
them reflections of how I felt at the time rather than critiques of you.

And know that all expressions of 'hate' were rooted in love;
in being prohibited from expressing love, and in being resentful
of how much power over me that love imparted to you.

Ultimately, I want to thank you from the depths of my being
for giving me someone to love when I needed it the most,
your presence lifting me from the depths of a very dark,
despairing period in my life that would have been inestimably
more bleak without you, and for teaching me that the greatest
fulfillment comes *not* from overcoming others, but from being overcome.

I learned a great many lessons at the DRC, but do you know
what the most important thing that I learned was?

How much I can love.

You're never far from my thoughts.

I love you, and miss you every day.

Introduction

Anything connecting us to that innermost, primordial place through which everything and everyone weaves and is connected, and which, when fulfilled, conducts its perfect contentment, is what we *all* seek. Without exception we are driven by Spirit, our essential shared Self, to evoke and embrace such conduction; to experience the feeling of heart-expansion we call 'love,' the sensation of spiritual connection and completion. The gateways leading to this place are infinite – endless reminders that we are built upon and forever exist within that which cannot be constrained by but entirely composes space-time and matter made for limitless form, variety and perspective upon experience – whispers that the limited, corruptible, suffering body and mind are aspects of an impermanent self sitting atop that infinite Self that *all* share, that always has and always will be, and that, once the illusion of separation is abolished, reveals that everything is connected, including our emotions. Moments mindfully immersed within every form of feeling, and connections built and expressed between all forms of life – these are bridges bound between the false separating lines we set between our emotional states, often believing those relative states to be absolute. The appropriate section for the placement of all of these poems is uncertain, and that's the point!

In the rare, invaluable instances in our lives when we find ourselves easily conveyed across these illusory divides we're granted brief glimpses of enlightenment. Such timeless moments reveal the highest truth and present the essential-most Self. You, we, *all* are indivisibly eternal as our universally-shared spiritual Self, only changing in form for infinite variety of the experience of One as its unique, mortally-fleeting manifestations.

These poems are inspired by such moments of spiritual connection, and by my attempt to understand and process the pain provoked by an impossible, unrequited love connecting me to one wonderfully torturous young woman in particular; she that reminded me why I fight, and how vulnerable we are to being burned by the torch we hold for others. And yet, to sometimes be burned by the flames of our passions is the price of impassioned life! Let us have it no other way! And if these poems can help

propel you, dear reader, even a little bit closer to the level of inspiration and passion that provoked them, stirring your own connection with the primordial, their greatest purpose will have been successfully realized!

Love & Hate

Your Eyes

Shades of amber, shadows of green
Delighting with desires yet unseen
Sorrow reflected, joy unsealed
Everything within them heart revealed

Knock me back, pull me in
Kicking, screaming powerless pin
Mind enraptured, body numb
Looking lassoed, under thumb

Kissing caressing coursing elation
Bowed but unburdened my prostration
Killing, capitulating kindly brutality
Caving but saving, denying reality

Anything to stay in the ecstasy of now
To preserve the sensation to which I bow
Once empty chambers pumping, filled
Once barren lands luscious, tilled and milled

Fruitful forever but never I know
Absorbed but ejected by heavenly glow
Gladness and madness, weakness in knees
When into your eyes my longing heart sees





Ceaseless Storm

Emotions' typhoon lashes at my battered shores
Spun by fears and desires that I'll forever ride
Propelled one way, then the course is reversed
I cannot dispel the storm, nor cast it aside

Violently tossed about, calm quiet center sought
Finally finding my way in, I cannot dwell for long
For I'm unable to let go of the heartstrings
Upon which this pain is plucked into its song

As the storm turns, I'm resentful of this need
Then: Worry not, it'll come when it's meant to be
For I'm fine paying the prerequisites of growth
And then: This storm shall surely capsize me!

I don't care if she speaks to me or not
For her attention I don't need
Yet her presence overwhelms me
Self-assurances I cannot heed

She's just a silly girl
Unworthy of such concern
Yet she dominates my thoughts
Unable to douse the burn of yearn

For it's only when she's near
That I know how empty I am inside
Dying of thirst, she's the river rushing by
Whilst out of its reach, to her bank I'm tied

I need this distance to close or broaden
This miniscule leap mustn't remain
Erasure from heart and mind or merging
My greatest joy and most burdensome bane

I may tell myself that all is well
And in the forever tranquil center it is true
But my particular form lives in the raging storm
Unmoored, the battering desires do accrue

Let go of your sense of need
So the master teacher said
For it's the illusion of need that pains you
Yet I'll need them 'til I'm dead

What You Are to Me

You are everything to me, and nothing to me

You are everything that I've ever wanted

You are nothing that I can ever have

You are the substance of my dreams

You are the immaterial of my reality

You are the visions of my nights

You are the blindness of my days

You are the ever present torturer

You are the ever absent lover

You are the sky, the moon, the stars

You are the galaxy-swallowing black hole

You are the heartening hope of dawn

You are the suffocating solitude of dusk

You are totality

You are annihilation

You are everything that is

And will always be everything that isn't

Knighted

Plated breast, sharpened sword
Mighty mounted saddled steed
Riding round in shielding circle
Defending her from impure deed

No harm, no sorrow shall pass through
She shall not be imperiled whilst I'm here
For my heart is full with the force of her love
With it, I'll cut down any malice drawing near

Beauty, charm, intensity of longing
Prolonging persistent potent protection
Softest, sweetest, saintliest sentiments
Chivalrous knight's unassailable affection

Born to be in this battle, my right by birth
What greater charge can a knight possess?!
For to be her champion is my only concern
My honorable oath of anointing noblesse

Charging these lancing lotharios, my battle cry resounds
Sword dicing up all dishonorably deceitful invaders
Real men live to protect and please women!
By this force I'll crush all contemptible crusaders!



The Cavern

I continue to feel the need to apologize
For all my demonstrations of needing you
For all the countless ways I cross the line
For all my futile incursions into the territory
Of the one you love the most

It's the ever aching void in my heart
Your torchlight cast across its space
Revealing the feeling of its every cubic inch
Of every measure of its cavernous expanse

But in the painful pounding of that ache
You serve also as the sentry
Scouting the vast joy that may be known
Were that space, and myself, to be filled

For you are the ever-present reminder
Of why life is so well worth living
For were I not to ache so deeply
I would be unable to fill so fully



Forever

You have nothing left to prove to me
There's nothing to be earned
No maintenance that need be performed

There's nothing that you can do or say
That can ever take this sense away

You're entrenched
A part of my heart
Inseparable
Unextractable

I am yours
On your side for life
In any way that I can be
In any time or space you need me

Your defender
Your fanatic
Your friend

Forever

Quickly, From the Heart

My heart is so full right now, let me just say:

Knowing you as I do

The beauty within and without of you

The trauma that's made you so strong

All the right that you've made from wrong

The pain you've purged into my love's song

My blues passionately burned away with red

The way you've transformed my hopeless head

The bounty bestowed with all that you've said

Finally knowing that I'll never be better off dead

Please allow me to say unto you

You've enlarged my being through and through

And no matter what you henceforth say or do

I've known the best of humanity by knowing you

So if you say you love him and he's the one for you

By the transitive property I can only love him too

And while no man could truly deserve a girl like you

He'll be the richest man alive when you say "I do"

Sleight of Hand

Cold disregard

Dismissals

Power games

Boundary lines

Talk of awkwardness

Pretense of the one way street

You've done more damage than anyone

Yet I'm not allowed to blame you

I'm not even allowed to feel these things

Without feeling more to blame

Without feeling even smaller

Without feeling even worse about myself

This is why I can't be around you

Why I'm forced to despise you as much as I love you

You, the one that has made me venomous

Made me so acutely aware of my internal bleeding

Forever forcing me to feel the flow increase

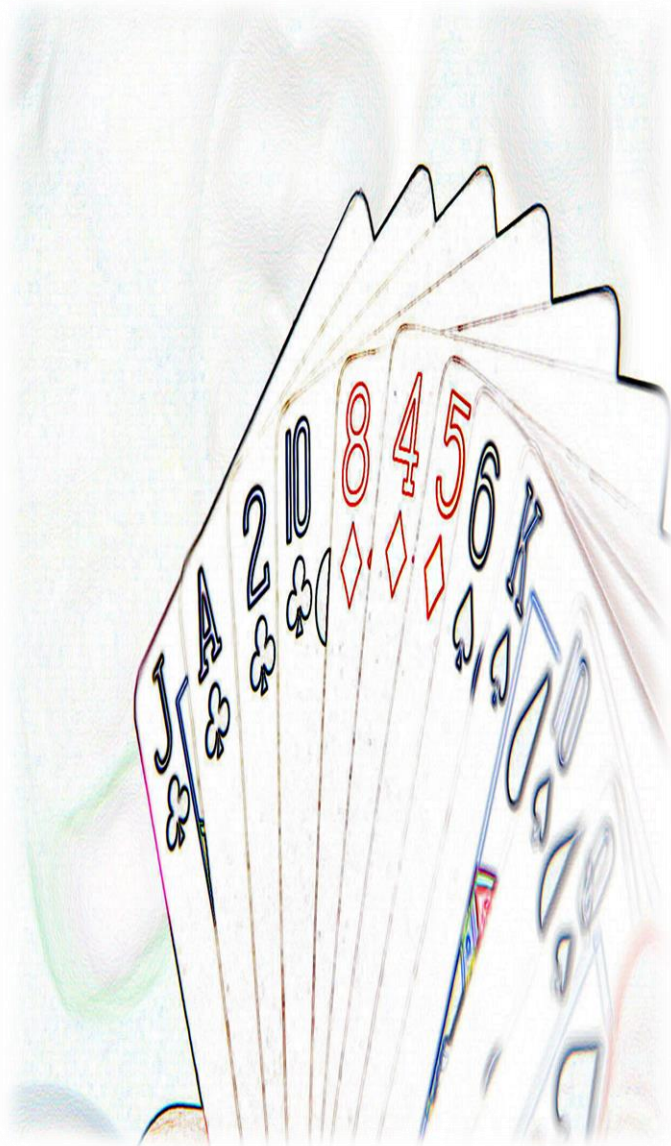
For any attempt to stem it is crossing the line

So it pools and festers and poisons and sickens

Spewing forth from the blackening inner acrimony

All so that the supposedly sweet and innocent

Can maintain her faultless cover
Can retain her considerate, soft sense of self
Pretending her sleight of hand was no hand at all





Thin Line Between

What I've wanted to say to you, but can't:

You don't value my love and friendship

Because I give them freely

You need not earn nor pay for them

They belonged to you from the beginning

And so they are taken for granted

For, regardless of their intrinsic value

They have no subjective value

The cold cruelty of the psyche

So while I feel immensely blessed

That I work most nights

With someone whom I'm naturally akin

And love to the depths of my being

I simultaneously want to mock you in retribution for this unrequited pain:

I'm so nice and sweet and adorable and everybody loves me blah blah blah

A part of me wants to scream:

You don't know true pain, and you'll never understand mine!

Yes, you've suffered stresses, abuses and disadvantages
But try being alienated from your body, and thus your very existence
Try *never* being a whole person, the self you were born to be
Try *never* being complete and comfortable enough to truly connect to anyone
Doomed to roam a meager, unfulfilled existence with no one and nothing
You cannot know it, so don't patronize me with your pretend sympathy!

Then the love surges back up and takes over, and I think:
What fool gets to know you and doesn't love you?!
I'd venture to say that anyone that spends any real time with you
Falls in love with you to some degree
And my degree is desperate, so long has my heart swum in yours
Lost between its serene seas and turbulent open ocean

It may well drown, now that it's been cast off
While looking for a life raft to cling to... another love

Then the resentment surges back in:
So tired of being the weak one
So tired of being the needy one
Of always needing something from you
And you never needing anything from me
And you being so calm about it
Whatever, never a big deal, just another night at work

Whilst I sit and twist in agony and bleed and bleed and bleed

Endlessly bleeding without exsanguination

When the one you need needs nothing from you

Ever...

The blood trickles from the wound, pools and refills

Just waiting to be cut and bled out again

Over and over and over

Forever cut and coursing blood, the desperately immortal vampire

Do you not see that you breed such resentment wherever you go?

Making man forever want to lash out in hollowed-out, unfulfilled pain?

Nothing but bloodied egos and hacked-up hearts heaped in your wake

You should consider *not* going out – consider sparing us this pain

Then, in the next moment, that bleeding heart glows, and I know:

If someone has a problem with you

It's most likely that they are the source of the problem

That is how amazing you are – how good – how unspeakably grand

Then you tease me in a subtly condescending way again, and I think:

I feel really, really bad for your ex
For I know much about how he feels
How it's not just about how great you are
But about how he, how we, are made to feel

Miniscule mockeries, unworthy of love

Is this supposed to just be accepted?
It cannot be – it is unacceptable
Left to tremble like a tiny speck of nothing
Quivering in fear, waiting to be crushed again

So of course there's anger
An inability to accept this position
A reflex to lash out in retribution, by all of us

This is what you do to me, and all whom you ensnare

Yet I'm not allowed to think this, much less say it
You produce the feelings, but only I must bear them
Bound to their burdensome mass, sinking ever lower
For to act upon them makes *me* the one in the wrong

So here you have me caught
The cruel trapper torturing its captured prey

I even love the way you sneeze...

That sound alone makes my heart ache
Makes my entire being want to reach out for you

What a tragic position:
Always needing to be close, yet proximity provoking pain

I know, it's impossible to care, right?
One cannot care too much, else be sunken by it
One cannot care when one is fulfilled and tied to another
One can only care so much for the tormented lives less lived

The hunter's full and happy life
The prey caught, left to rot

The pains of loving and hating people like you
The privileged, fully-loved few

Leather Notebook

To speak of a soft spot
Of adoration
Of moments of elation
Of fantastical flights of fancy
Of always and forever wanting more
Of simultaneous strength and weakness

Is to speak of her

The spell has been cast
My heart, and thus all of me, is at her command
She bewitched me without trying
And she seldom abuses her power over me
Which only increases that power
Reducing all reason to resist and resent it
Only making it grow ever less impeded
My heart thuds at the thought of her
And those thoughts are constant
Fantasies spring forth from my depths:

They separate, and she just needs someone to be with her
To lay with and comfort her, feeling no need to go further
She is in trouble, and I fly to her aid in a heartbeat
She just needs someone to sit and listen while she sheds her pain
Absorbing it, it makes me both blue and red
Blue in empathetic pain, suffering some of her suffering
Red in loving passion at the sharing of her heart filling mine
Her break-up and love of culinary arts, and my coming into means
Whisks us away on a worldwide tour of gastronomical delights

There is no one I would rather share such pleasures with
No one whose face I would rather see light up
Upon ingesting all the world has to offer
No one whom I'd rather hear insightfully translate
The significance of our shared experiences

The way she sits upon a mountain of past pains
The way she shares them with me, trusts me with them
The overwhelming enchantment of her conducting her truth into my core
The vulnerability and humility despite her endless appeal
The truth of her troubled formation
Only makes her more beautifully real to me
Only makes me adore her more for what she's overcome

In her courageous course of coming to thrive
To become this strong, determined, immensely good person
To become the complete, well-balanced young woman that she is

She is intoxicating

I want more

I need more

I need to be drunk with drinks of her

I am a flame

She is my fuel

My body, my brain, my mind

They are but here to support my heart

To be the tools of its expression

To build bridges to other hearts, especially hers

The physical and mental passages between one another

Until there is no 'one another'

Until the divisions, the bridges, dissolve and drop away

Until our sense of separation is drowned

In the churning waters of the world

Until our love is the safety net

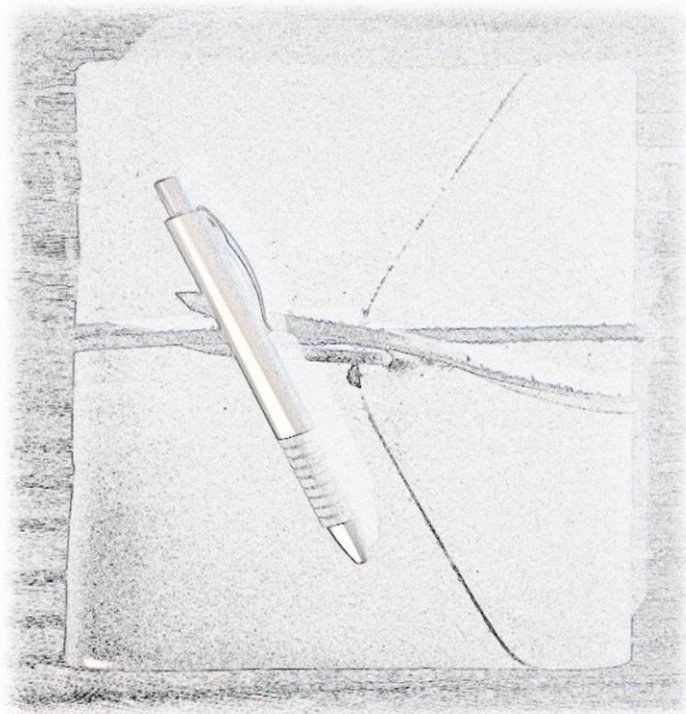
Allowing us to hang freely from the precipice

I love her

She that gifted me this blank book
Whose pages I paint with words
As they spill forth ceaselessly from my chest

That is all I care about

My love for her
The smell of this leather notebook
And its pages I pen with my truth



Fight or Flight

A big part of me, sometimes I think the stronger part of me

Wants nothing more than to rebel against you

To fight back against the pain, even lash out

To inflict some of the knife-to-the-heart you've inflicted

But then there's the other part of me

The part of me that has thus far prevailed

The part that melts in your presence

That cries: she deserves no such ill will!

She is and deserves only the best

Her power is not aimed against you

Her power is your own heart

Bouncing off impossibility, crushingly crashing back

So, fight, flight or pathetically crack and crumble?!

I want nothing more than to be around you

Yet I cannot be around you, it's killing me

I must find the means to run from this oppression

So that I may finally flee towards someone free
To make me feel for them what I feel for you
Someone able to send the love back to me anew
And make me feel as whole as you do hollow





Fork in the Road

I feel sorry for all of those that have experienced none of her

That haven't shared the joy of hearing her laugh

That haven't felt the swelling pang of seeing her cry

That haven't been beguiled by her endless charm

I've had the great honor of accompanying her upon this road

As we roll headlong into the unknown future

As we move towards the inevitable fork of our departure

She conquered me long ago as I traveled beside her

Wanting nothing more than to be glued to her hip

To be as close to her as possible

As she regaled me with stories of stormlands left behind

Of impediments she's scaled along the road

Seeing the bright, warm, sunny lands calling to her ahead

Lands that can only be made more vibrant by her arrival

Lands that she's sure to find, for she's a champion

And I cannot help but wonder as I ride beside her

Whether or not the one sitting on her other side

Holding the hand I wish I held

Is deserving of continuing with her after the road forks...
Is worthy of living with her there
Is worthy of sharing her tears and laughter
Is worthy of being endlessly held above pains by her powers
As they build a life together in the warm sunshine of her future

And I cannot help but wonder as I approach the fork
How many others there are like me
The other poor, wretched, maimed and masticated
The carcasses strewn along the road behind her
Run over, licking their wounds beside the road
Waiting for another to come along that won't quite measure up

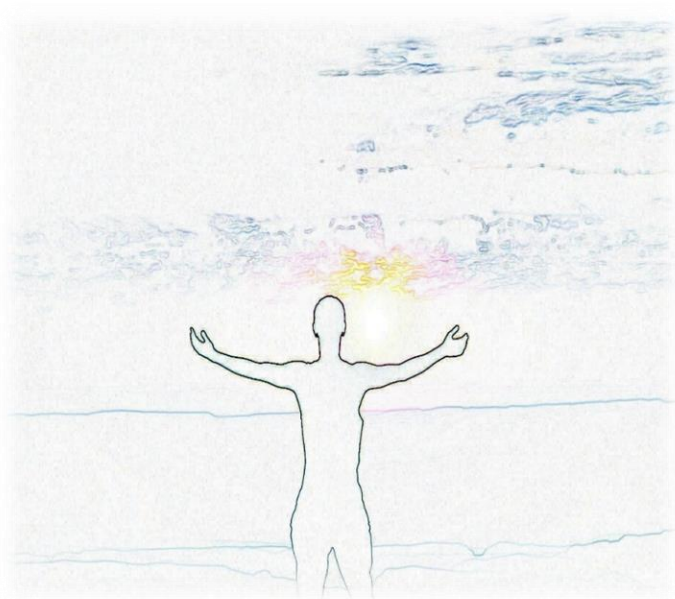
Beware all those that may ride beside her in the future!
That may be drawn in after the fork in the road!
She is certain to conquer you as well!
Bewitch you whilst barely lifting a finger!
You won't know it until it's too late!
Until you're under her spell, bound to her service!

Slip away while you still have a chance!
Else end up like me, the pitiful conqueree!
Forever trying to forget the fork in the road!

Parallels

An ever expanding balloon that can't be popped
An ocean's swirling, seemingly bottomless depths
A bird lifted effortlessly aloft on a current of wind
The warmth of the morning sunshine on my face
The most perfectly pristine of mountaintop vistas
The first cool drink of water of one dying of thirst
A wrongly imprisoned man finally being vindicated
Toes dug into the sand, sun setting over shimmering sea

My heart when we are together, doing *anything*



Unicorn

Why is it that when you fall in love

That's all you can think?

That's all you can feel?

It subsumes you

Becomes you

Suddenly I can't imagine being with anyone else

Building a life around anyone else

I want to share everything with her

I have a funny thought

A clever idea

A joyous revelation

She has to know

I would tell her all if I could... but I can't

And I would never wish her pain

Even if I had the power to break them up

Their pain would be too great

And she's so good that she could never leave him

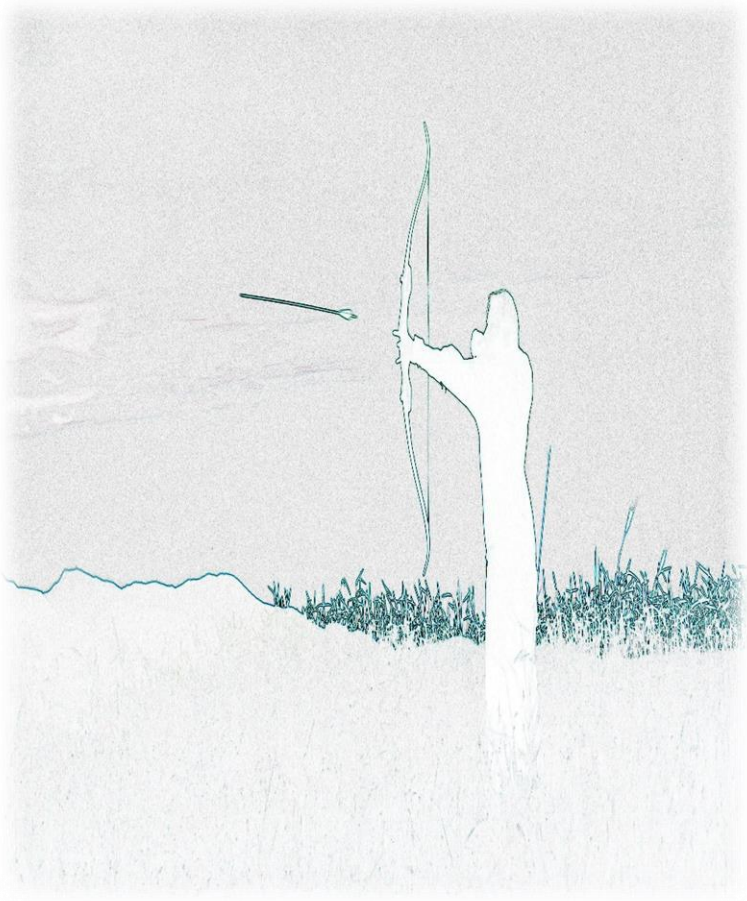
Even if she wanted to

Her life is already built around him

That fortress cannot, should not, be torn down

So I am cursed by Cupid's arrow

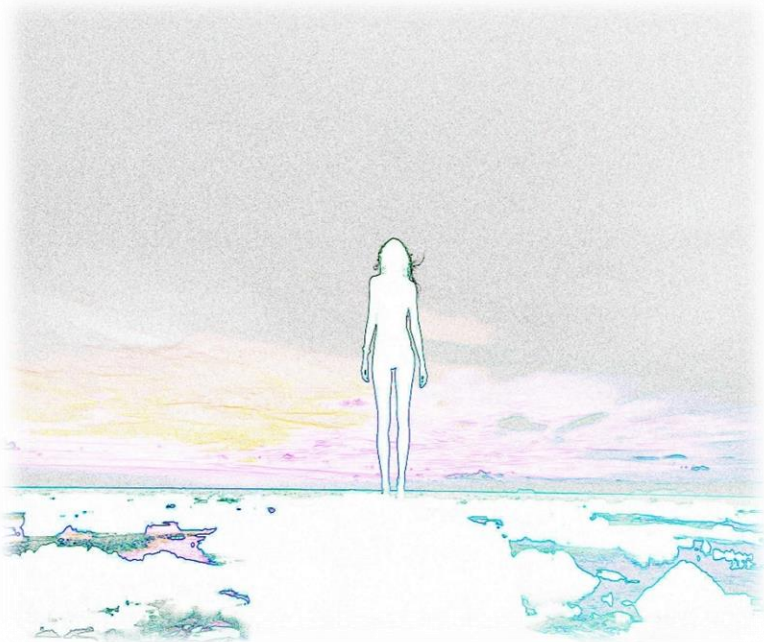
Hunting a unicorn where only horses exist!



Existential Thief

Embedded within my heart
Unextractable jubilant terror
The source of all my feeling
Existential thief, steadiness stealing

How much space is in here?
How to fit someone else in what's already filled?
How to search for what's already been found?
How to speak the name of love without making her sound?



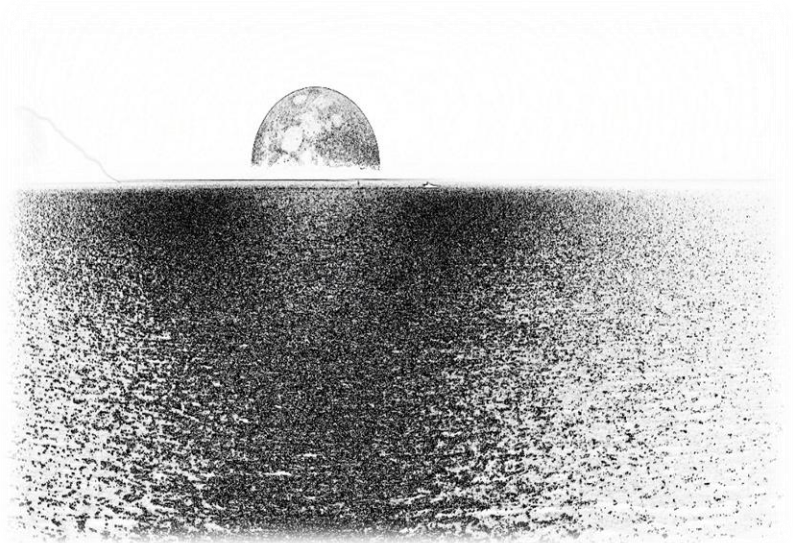
Outshone

I'm incapable of getting you out of my head
Heart ember hot, craving body burning red

In my dreams our long-engulfing embrace
Hands touch and trace, fingers interlace

Every ounce of my being cries out for you
Overtaken, this force I can't subdue

Racing round my mind when I close my eyes
Full, outshining moon of my star-quenched skies





Safe Harbor

The salted siren sets to sea, leaving her homeland's wreckage behind

seeing so many caught there, unable to escape the triangle

seeing so many crash upon its rocks and unkept, splintered docks

her heart wrenching whenever she thinks of those still there

how much more she can do, should do, might she one day return

might she play the role of dousing and treating the painful burns

freeing its wailing, shackled citizens of their victimizing years

So long running from the plundering pirate of privations past

he tracks her from station to station, unable to let her go

for the siren knows the seductive songs of enchantment

her tentacles so easily clutching, capturing the hearts of men

pulling them in for love, they find nothing but impending doom

they hear her but she's not there, only the rock to which she was tied

only there for the night, sailing on, compelled by a force to find

a means to mend her vessel and leave all risk of future wreckage behind

For a stretch she sails with the wandering, wavering cartographer

seemingly aimless but never lost, endlessly seeking while sinking

perpetually patching his battered hull, bailing water over his bow

cracked compass and misshapen rudder rendering him ever disoriented

necessitating his constant course correction, scanning for fixed horizon

and yet his innate seamanship and promise propel him forward
sensing within himself the potential of profound possibility
pieced together from priceless artifacts that he endlessly unearths
pulled from the wondrous lands he daily leaves in his wake
but never forgotten in heart or mind, like the siren with whom he sails
she that reminds him why he sails, for the boundless love of open ocean
for finding the best way to navigate and map man's explorations
for the fleeting ecstasy that she, like the sea, stirs in his deepest depths

When he's most disoriented, his wooden ship plows into her iron bow
lovingly, she tows him through some of his most troubled waters
she maintains the bind, often burdened by his unsteady bearing
continuously thrown off balance by his tirelessly bucking fate
eventually obliged to jettison him and his taxingly tiresome tow
mast cracked by craze, futilely he pursues, firing shots over her bow
like the pirate, terrified of losing her loving guidance forever
afraid of navigating without his north star, knowing not near from far

Disappearing into the fog, she cannot know what becomes of them
it is not her fate to be bound by the stormlands, the pirates, the seekers
it is her fate to play a part in theirs, preventing their tanking for a time
before paining them with her presence lost in pursuit of her safe harbor
then, one day, she finds it... a harbor naturally sheltered from wind and wave
and its harbormaster, assuming the stalwart stance of un-caving character

He needs nothing for, even when he loves, it is a temperate love
his head never flying over his heels, never lost to wonder or wander
his work and play never falling prey to risky, reckless abandon
ships never wrecking upon his rock, never sinking in his port
by his makeup he commands a harbor no instability may thwart

For he too has seen what may be lost to the ravages of the roiling sea
to the complete loss of control of its capricious contrivances
to the tortured lament of sons forced to live with irreparable wreckage
without what its unforgiving, unruly heart crashes and consumes
with what has made him both stout and scarred by the storm's lashings
a bit unforgiving himself, damning those that set upon the open ocean
while their dependents stay at home, hoping for their uncertain return
wishing they may one day decide to permanently moor just offshore
cease ceaselessly reembarking to wantonly wax upon the savage sea

"My children and future cannot rest within the wreckage of my homeland
or upon the uncertain storms and colliding currents of the open ocean
for I cannot forever abide by their ravages and shall surely someday capsize
I cannot bring my brood into such a perilously pounding existence
but must save them and, indeed, everyone I can tow free from calamity
from the heart-breaking catastrophes of often disastrously foiled fate

Here, with this solid man that lovingly tends to my vessel
making his home upon sturdy, never eroding, unfailing foundations
loving without need, at a calm, cool distance, not imbedded in my bow
never needing me to tow him, or to vainly maintain his vessel

Here with him, in his still, predictably cool waters
and his harbor locked to the comfortingly constant land
the land that sits in the same place every day
a land free from the careless customs of the ceaselessly self-shackled
a land naturally shielded from the invasive assaults of plundering pirates
a land which the wavering wanderer sails by uncharted, taking for granted

Here my future, *our* future, shall be forged
for, like the rocky land to which it shall be locked
that future too cannot be washed away
nor gobbled up by the savagely scathing, capsizing sea

Henceforth I am freed from the turbulent waters from which I ran
to abide by the fate formed by how, where and why my crafting began.”

Goodbye, Have a Good Weekend

Locked within my heart and mind

Not a moment without you may I find

In your presence, wanting to pull you near

Forever denied your presence what I most fear

“Goodbye, have a good weekend” only endurable

Knowing your promised return renders me curable

I need not seek you, and yet daily you’re found

Cannot force you out, to my innards you’re bound

Perpetual pleasure, persistent pain

Peace-pervading torment sans refrain

Where is she now? What is she doing?

The moment she steps away for good I’ll forever be ruing

How to say “I love you completely” to one already claimed?

How not to envy he for whom you’ll soon be renamed?

Haunted by thoughts of what the two of you together possess
Lacking such perfectly self-assured union my ongoing distress

Yet, rather this untiring torment than lose the hope you lend
Limitless passion incited, spilling-forth without end

Deep inside you've awoken me my magnificent muse
Want to defend and champion you, yet you must refuse

For I am not the first suitor to come crawling to your door
Not the first heart you were born to dash across the floor

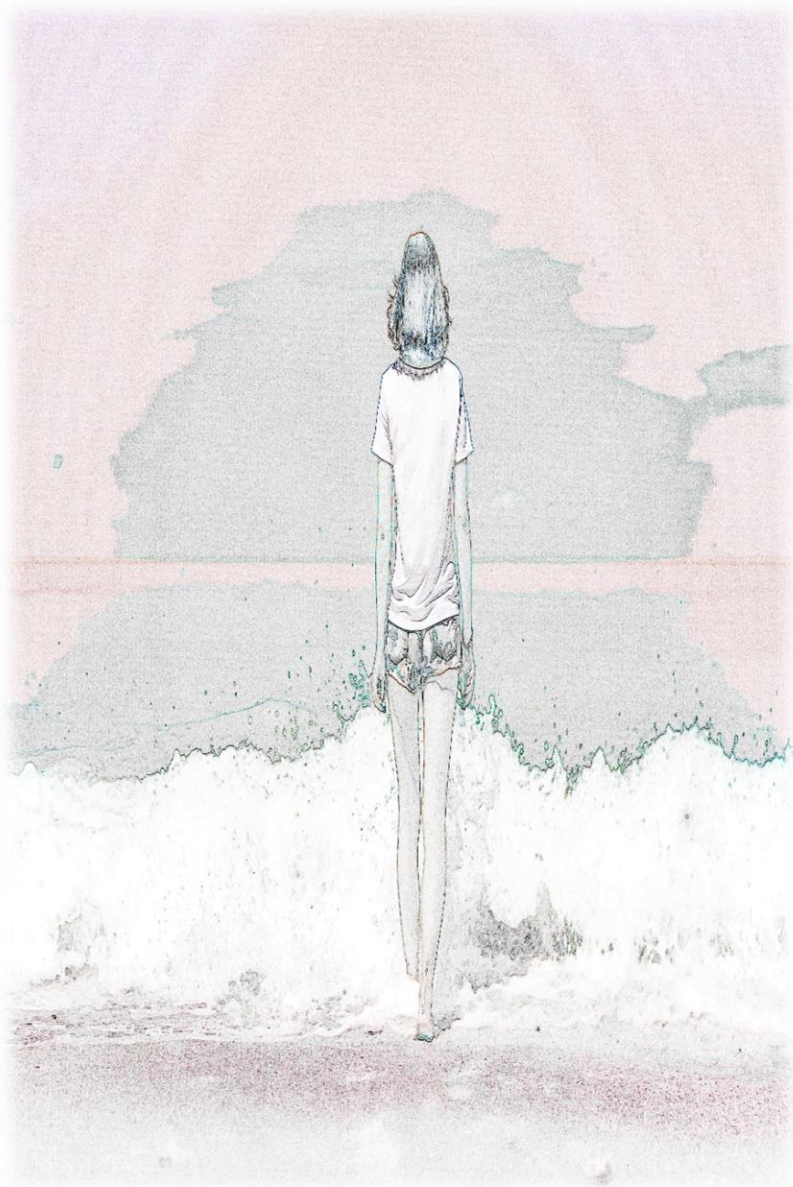
You're not to be blamed, you play your part with grace
Your ever throbbing mark, that which I'd never erase

So grateful to the fates for leading you to me
To keep me afloat in my capsizing sea

You are the best person I've ever had the privilege to know
Nothing I wouldn't do for you, to the depths of hell I'd go

I want to find my way for you more than for myself
Proof that my love is true, that you're my spiritual wealth

So when we say “goodbye, have a good weekend” for the final time
Know that I treasure the endless assault of your love’s cruel crime



Just Lay Here

Let us just lay here

There is no time

I have no thirst

I hunger for nothing

You are my sustenance

I want nothing more in the world

My arm across your shoulders

Your head pressed against my chest

Your hand in my hand

This is the whole world

Right here, right now

There is nothing outside this room

There is nothing outside this bed

We float along an ethereal plane

Everything else is wiped away

We imagined it all

In our shared dreaming

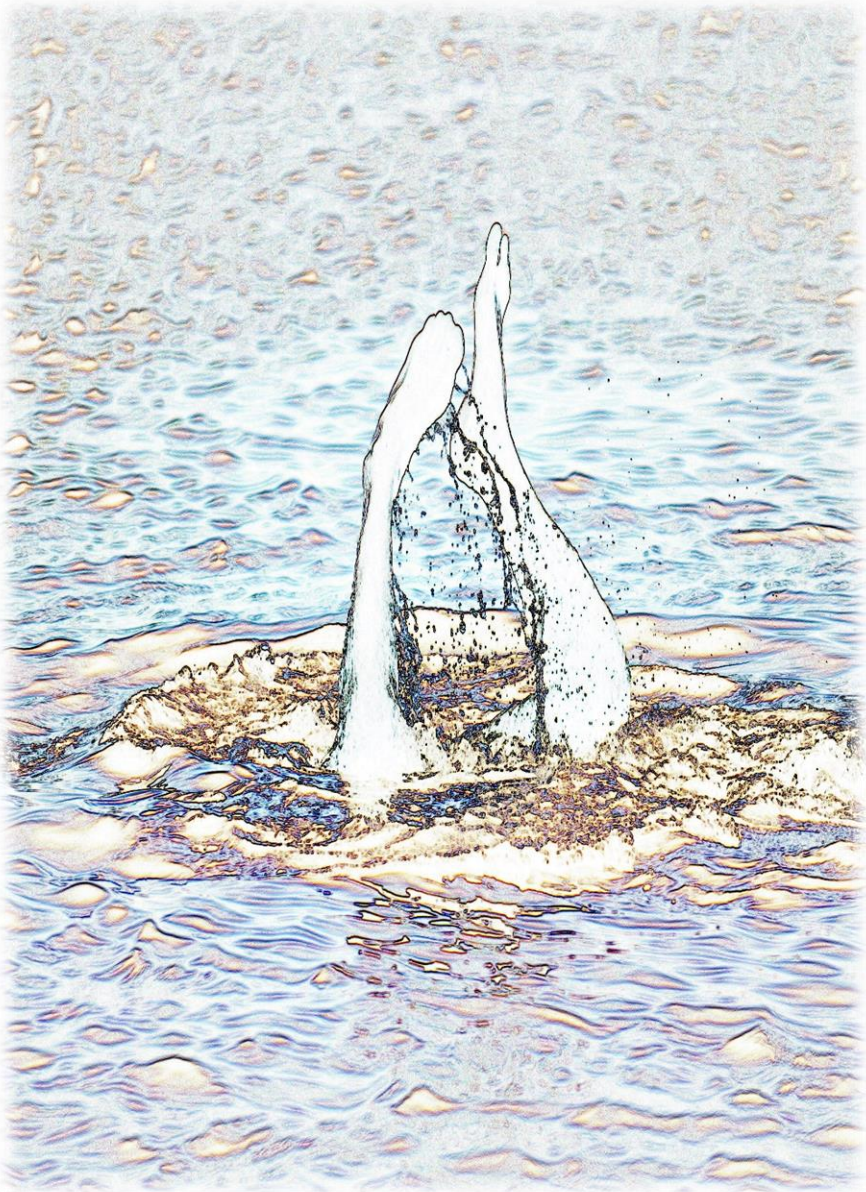
There is only this

Only this...

Reality redefined
In this dimensional shift
In this sublimity
Pressed together
Like pieces of parchment
In the one and only book
We shall forever read
The never ending story
Let me never read 'The End'

Just keep breathing...





Bottomless Depths

Have you any sense of the depth of my feeling for you?

The endless chasm at the bottom of the sea of sentiment

Do you not see that I am *never* merely sitting in a room with you?

How your presence is *never* only external, but is internal first and foremost?

How you own me, and how I need to be owned by you?

How this makes me your most powerful ally, as the inestimably profound pain I draw through you empowers me *for* you in equally potent turn?

Have you some sense of the immensity of this power?

This indestructibly consuming, domineering, indomitable force?

Of course you do, though it can never be said

It's a secret so loud I hear it in my eardrums as my heart beats it unspoken

Please be gentle, as you never go gently away into the morning light

Your steps away are the pounding pangs of my heart, the ache walking step in step with your blithely unfeeling departure

Love. What a feeble word for this force I feel, but can never control

If only my mind could capture and wield this force

If only they would work in league, rather than being my schism

Rather than my reason ripping me away from my romance, entirely unappreciated by you during my ultimately frigid dive into this chasm

That which I value the most, you don't value at all; you watch it drown

How tragic, to dive to such depths seeking everything, finding only a void



Netted

I'm not interested in the hookup

I'm interested in being hooked

Keep the sensory without the sentiment

Keep the act of love without the love

Keep the impersonal, dissolute debauchery

Keep the carnal without the affectionate caress

They are corruptions; perversions of perfection

Give me romance

The budding rose

The heart's soaring cathedral

Spirit's song sung through shared sensation

Shatter my world

Send me into upheaval

Turn me upside down

Wrap me inside out

I want to be swallowed up in you

Enveloped by you

I tire of the water's surface

Of what can be seen

I must dive beneath that

Then swallow all of it, all of you, up

Absorbing everything about you

Ballooning my breast until I float aloft

Make me realize the purpose of my being

In the completion cast from your gaze

In the heart-levitating gaiety of your laugh

In your endlessly endearing dorky gestures

In the electricity conducted when you tell your tales

When you speak of your life before I knew that I needed to be in it

In all the inextricably intertwined qualities of the net you've caught me in

I want to be bound-up by this net

I want to trace every fiber of every thread

I want to be suffused with your sorrow

I want to bask in your bottomless joy

I want to see in every color of your spectrum

Keep your freedoms

I wish to be your captive

I am the worm that longs for your hook

The Romantic's Conundrum

I blame you for my pain
For you could have taken it away at any time

Instead you stayed with him
He that may bottomlessly embrace you

That may hold you whenever he wishes
Knowing not how horribly I long
To spend but one night bound up in you

It would add years to my life

Therein lies the great tragedy of being:
Those that would receive the most from the thing
Are the least likely to receive it
Learning that it only becomes available to them
When they no longer need it

The romantic's conundrum

Eternal Spring

Come sit beside me
You dare not leave
Not if what is best
Dare not be left behind!

You remind me of why I'm alive
Every time you relate anything
Any detail of your life
Is an electrical current coursing through me

The way you brighten and laugh
And tell the excited story with your hands
Hands me a softer, fuller breath
Expanding not just my lungs, but myself

Your generous, jubilant voice
Your every spoken word fills me with love
Even restricted to a word we call 'friendship'
A designation that cannot capture truth

Even knowing you'll never be mine
For true love is always unconditional
Thus, there is no condition
To our drinking from the same cup

To the cup being filled until overflowing
For I worry not when, uncontrolled, it spills
As this vessel scoops from the eternal spring
That which shall forever be refilled



Magnificent Madness

Expansion and contraction

Fulfillment and deflation

Mind narrowing

Heart broadening

I know now why they say “madly in love”

You drive me mad

My greatest gift

My obsessive curse

The brightest rays of hope

The darkest recesses of dejection

How to carry on as if it's just another day?

When carried above the clouds?

When diving to these depths?

Until verging upon drowning, gasping for air?

Waiting, breathless, for the only one that can resuscitate me?

When simultaneously shot into ecstatic inseparability

And the absolute agony of our separation?

Everything in the world is okay because of you

Everything is in upheaval because of you

Thank you for being my insanity!

You've taught me that sanity is overrated



Unburied

She sees me in ways that you don't
Not because you can't, but because you won't
Fears of festering wounds you need to scar over

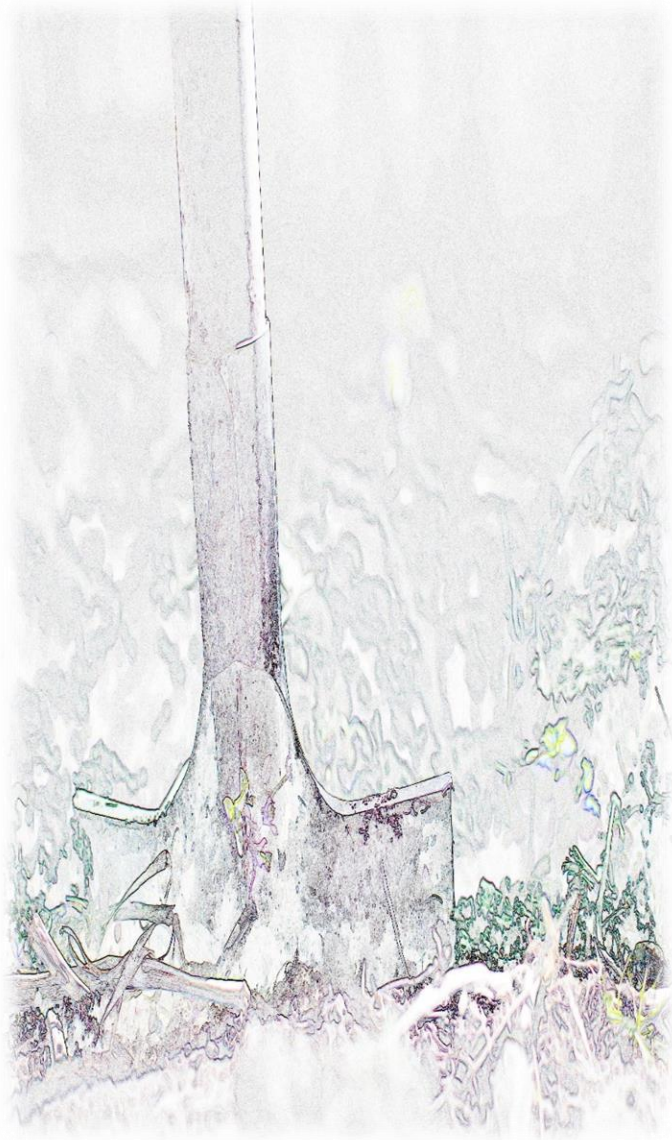
My qualities pick at scabs not yet healed
I see terror in your eyes reflecting demons revealed
What you want left in the past I pull into the present

This is part of my 'accidental' purpose with you
Exposure reversing the flight you dare not renew
Better to meet it head on than to bury the trauma

Just as you've dug up a love for life in me long dead
A sickness of inner death by long dwindling hope bred
Great therapy of reciprocity recalling reverential symbiosis

So while the road has been rocky, so the progressive path goes
Spinning 'round the other in surging cyclonic passionate throes
We have not been set beside one-another at random, my dear

Run, we may hide, the doubting, irresolute mind
But only the sacred heart's eye sees through to the find
The folly and illusion of limitation balanced by providence



Man Eater

She needs no physical weapon

Her weapon is his own heart

It is mightier than the pen or the sword

It is, she knows, the mightiest weapon of all

It makes the beautiful, endearing woman

The most dangerous, destructive thing on Earth

So long as she may clutch and capture his heart

He is powerless, pathetic, under her command

She has him right where she wants him

And though she pretends she cares about him

In truth, it is her love of power that she cares for most

All those that wield power lust after it

Even those that seem sweet and saintly

This is but their front; a false façade of prevailing pretense

A hypnotically slithering snake in the grass concealing its fangs

A sweet smelling flower hiding poisonous thorns beneath its petals

A spider set to paralyze and cocoon its victims, keeping them fresh

How attractive I am, how alluring my aroma, how hidden my web

She has set him up for his approaching annihilation

And she knows it

And she loves it

Though she is far too ruled by her pride to ever admit it

He sees it in the little tells she gives off

When the corners of her mouth turn up any time he admits his pain

The eagerness with which she says all that which she knows hurts him

When she slips and admits feelings of appreciation or even affection

Then immediately retracts and conceals those feelings

When she refuses to reach out or show concern

But, seeing he's writhing, leaves him to ache alone

Knowing she can last forever as he squirms in agony

Waiting with painless patience for him to crawl to her

Laughing within at another victim driven to his knees

She says she is only protecting herself

But this is a lie; a cover-up of her cold, cruel psyche

So easily does she speak of 'setting boundaries'

Viciously uncaring of how it feels

To be on the wrong side of her boundary line

So condescending; so damaging; another puncture

She is smiling on the inside

And he sees it on her face

He sees her love of power reflected in his pain

All the rest is simply affect and her self-image

She wants to believe that she is good and caring

She wants to see herself in this pure white light

But when reflected it's clear it was always the black light of power

Always concealing anything that might reveal and relinquish any of it

Always trying to convince herself that this light shines with righteousness

Yet ever swooning knowing that she can crush him whenever she wishes

For secretly she's long known she'll tear him apart

That it's all a matter of time and opportunity

After she gets her needs met

After she is positioned for promotion

All her flanking, fronting pieces in place

She will checkmate him and move on

She will tear his heart from his chest

Shred and then eat it in front of him

And there's nothing he can do

For to say anything, to retaliate, makes *him* look wrong

If he pretends he doesn't care, he will break
If he acknowledges he cares, she has more power
If he speaks up and says something, she will play dumb
She will make sure everyone knows that *he* is the fool
So she presents friendship, closeness, then *nothing*
Waiting until she's all the way inside his exposed chest
Lodged where she can do the most damage
Waiting for him to need as much from her as possible
Then silence; dropped like a bad habit
As if it was nothing, shrugging him off her shoulders
Dusting him off her boots like yesterday's dirt
Annihilated, the victim of unacknowledged power trips

And yet he cannot say this
He has to pretend like he's fine
He has to move on, get over it, she's gone
That's it, the maddeningly miserable silent end
The pretend love and friendship revealed for what it is
The love of pretending friendship to get inside his heart
So that it will be all the easier to control and dismantle him
To use and abuse him like a puppet on violently pulled heartstrings
So that she may reap the rewards of his love while lending little in return

"What, me? The innocent one? How dare you?!

How dare you retaliate for my tearing your heart from your chest?!

How dare you feel angry and bitter at suffering so much at my hands?!

How dare you get mad at me for refusing to call and see if you're OK?!

How dare you expect that of me, to walk the talk of friendship?!

Do you not know that it's all easy, empty words?! All a manipulation?!

Have I not made that clear from what I've betrayed to this point?!

Just get over it; I got what I wanted: your heart in my crushing grip

More proof that I have this power over men; revenge against he that hurt me

It's over, I'm gone, you little vanquished speck of nothing," her eyes glistening

But how to live without the heart?

How to be around the one that eats it in front of him?

Secretly hoping he loses control, so she can grin within again

The ego-stroking smile of the conquering neo-feminist siren

Loving to lure the next victim in for death by heartbreak

Avenging the patriarchal past, punishing men for their past misdeeds

Stabbing her hand through his breast, tearing out his heart

Reveling in the sweet gushing blood as she bites down

As she sinks her teeth into it with ferocious, horrifying glee

His blood dripping down her chin as he is bound, forced to watch

"Make a move, I dare you," she thinks
"Any move will only make you look all the weaker
Make you feel all the smaller inside
Everyone watches, awaiting your futile, feeble reaction
Trapped, your struggle only makes you bleed more heavily"
The siren sings her self-serving song
The snake coils round his feet, set to strike
The flower emits its alluring aroma, concealing its thorns
The spider spins its sticky web, preparing to paralyze its prey

"Your heart is on my platter," she thinks
"I cut pieces from it at will
I eat you up until you are next to nothing
You are but the crumbs I play with on my plate
The paltry pieces remaining after eating you near to nonexistence"



Fortress in Flames

I burned the bridge
Between your fortress and mine
Because I did not want to cross it bearing arms
Because I did not want to see you cross it
And remind me of the consuming blaze

For my fortress is in flames
And I want to retaliate
I want to at least singe your walls

But I cannot
Because your fortress protects
The most beautiful thing in the world
And it was my time within it
And being banished from it
That led to the torch being lit
And dropped within my walls

But perhaps bridges must be burned
In order to build new ones

Perhaps you must first see your fortress in ashes
Before being driven to build a better, stronger one
To better guard the helplessly sacred within

Else abandon all fortresses
And wander the land
With open, exposed faith

Seeing that all is sacred
That nothing may be truly possessed
And is only fully appreciated when turned to ash



Subject of Psyche

Shaken foundation

Fractured formation

Neglected cultivation

Opportunity deprivation

A desperately steadfast focus

Of resolutely forward orientation

An adolescent lack of control

An ego demanding to be whole

An overwhelming sense of pride

A deep-rooted insecurity to hide

A need to repel all threats to her will

A hunger for power she cannot fill

Never again may control be denied

May anything other than psyche be her guide

Her psychological need breeding a psychological master

Subtly pulling strings to avert potential disaster

A refusal to ever again play the victimized part

Turning the secret victimization of others into an art

Paired with a warm, vulnerable heart to conceal
To psychological wounds that just won't heal
Another tear-inducing layer to peel
Too much doubt and fragility to feel
Thereby seeking shielding, balancing mate
One as secure as predestined, iron-clad fate

Buttressing the emotional instability of her making
Of empathetic nature versus nurtured taking
Of abusive, manipulative men that can't be trusted
Rendering a loving friend's reflection shattered and rusted
A refusal to recognize the potential buried within
His resentful adoration wears their natural tether thin

The cycle of abuse cruelly advancing
A witchcraft brewed by endearment entrancing
"It's all about protecting yourself!" her call
So she keeps him feeling helplessly small
Insulting boundaries, cruel condescending fall
Heart splatters into fanatically guarded, cold separating wall

The Pedestal

Placing you on such a high pedestal
Adoring your every movement
Every look, every sound, every precious nuance
I was flabbergasted to find
But a man set beside you

I'd expected a demigod



Beneath the Mole Hills

When I am tired and stressed, I take it out on you
When I am symptomatic, I project my pain
When my ego is bruised, I look to bruise yours
When my love is unrequited, I am screaming inside
Pains combine and mount, the mole making a mountain of its hills
It rises upon my shoulders, the weight so great I fear I may buckle

But then...

Time passes, and the mole is mollified
And the mountain it has made falls away

My ego lets go, and the true Self emerges
All that is left is the love I feel for you deep within

This is how I know...

It is a spiritual epiphany
It is the revelation of my true Self
It is the cleansing of the illusory, artificial and egotistic

This is how I know that the love is the only real truth
The only thing that lasts, that is permanent, that will always be
The foundation of rock at the base of the mole's muddy mountain

The everlasting upon which all the impermanent assemblages are made
The perennial that won't be washed away by flooding seasonal sentiment

Love is evocation of spiritual Self... of God

The Little Prince teaches us:

It is only with the heart that one may truly see

It is only with the heart that one may know the truth

Who they really are and what must and cannot cease to be... *love*

Love is all there is

The rest are but false façades and extensions of ego

Especially the depth of love I feel for you...

Through it emerges knowledge of self... validation of existence

So my true Self forgives my egotistic semblance of self

And I vow to live within the one true Self of love

For as much of my existence as my ego will allow

Practicing its sacred art without foolishly-forced conditions

Wine Upon the Altar

I spent all this time in this suffering, egotistic strife!

Unsettled, unstable, flying from one sentimental extreme to the next
Loving her while hating her, resenting her power while worshipping it
In an endless state of self-berating, self-destructing, battering dissonance
Why does she value me so little? Never need or support me? Discard me?

Then, one day, the power of wine!

'In Vino Veritas,' the wise ancients said

In wine, there is truth

We more readily sense truth under its soothing spell

The nerves washed away

The pain dissolved

And I thought: *Why?*

Why the endless battle?

Why revile the sense that she got the best of me?

Took what she wanted, then tossed me aside?

Why do I feel so much pain in her having all of the power?

Imbibing the ancient truth serum, I heard: *Stop fighting. Let her have the power!*

Better that power be in her hands than most!

Yes, she has sucked the air from my ego to inflate her own, but that's on her
My need for the power, for control, for reinforcing my ego, is my pain's source!
Better to relinquish the power than futilely, stressfully fight without end!

She wins! *Let her win.* Peace lies in letting go of egotistic warfare!

At the altar of the goddess I kneel, cleansing my need for power
I feel the strain of it lift off my shoulders as I cease my resistance
Letting go, I feel the epiphany: the ego's impositions impose pain!

I now see that the greatest power, peace and freedom
Is to cease resisting and relinquish the power, finding freedom from ego
I shall no longer reflect upon how I compare to egotistic visions of others
I shall be in the moment, take love as it comes, and never try to control it!

Love can only be used to hurt you when you buy into the battle!

Thus, I give its command over to those that naturally wield it!
For we are who and what we love, not who and what loves us in return!
For the more I silence and starve my ego, the more I hear and feel my truest Self

I love her and those like her, that reveal the way within – that is the truth!

That love defines me more than anything! Not the power, ever!

And though I wish that love to be returned, this is no longer a need
I don't need it returned to know who and what I am, and what I am not: the ego!

Spare me, great goddess, my unconditional loving loyalty is yours!

Take my power, and empower me to be your champion for life!

I shall not struggle with you for control, for I now know its cost

No control. No power. No ego. My heart smiles at the thought!



In My Veins

I've wanted other women

Many other women

But it's different with you

You're in my very veins

I'd drown the whole world

If you and I were the only ones to stay afloat

You've carved out a piece of my heart for yourself

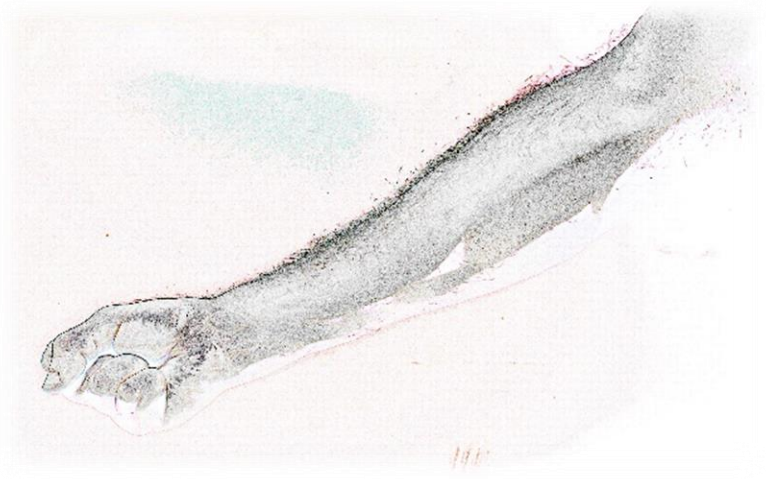
You reside there, permanently

Any chance of being with anyone

That has any chance of making me feel this

Feel any significant measure of what you do

Makes all the pain worth it



What You Eat

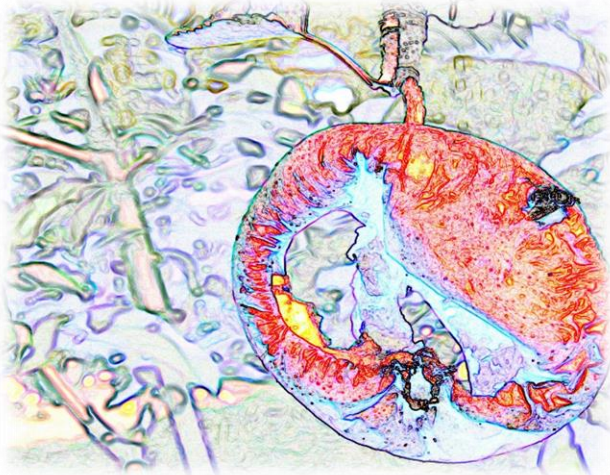
I don't remember it as a moment
But as a gradually consuming force

Bite by flavorful bite
A most sumptuous meal

But while I ate my fill of you
You chewed me up and spit me out

Once so spicy, salty, sweet, savory
Now but a sour taste in my mouth

You are what you eat



Dust to a Mountain

Words fall as feebly upon the page as time upon eternity in wanting to
capture what you evoke, still

Some mysterious, eternal part of me feels no passage of time, only your
passage from my sight

You, the merciless muse, the all-consuming phantasm that haunts my
every waking hour

Thoughts of you, undefined, like whispers in a swallowing haze

In mind's eye you're but an outline, but within you're more solid than a
sword sealed in an anvil

My aching, wrenching heart rises daily just to be cut down by its rapture,
your fingerprints left behind

I'm entirely powerless to purge your ever-looming, dominating presence

And my thoughts of him... he that unwittingly luxuriates in the greatest
treasure man may know

Just a simple, sweet young man, or so he seemed to me

Yet such a conquering colossus, effectually bigger than I've ever been

So green with envy I'm lost in a jungle carpeted with every hue of verdant growth

Every night he shares your bed, every day you share my head

Every moment with you was a levity of being, the weight of the world
dropped away

With you all must compare, and yet all can be but dust at the foot of a mountain

How can I love again when I know what love can be, even unrequited?

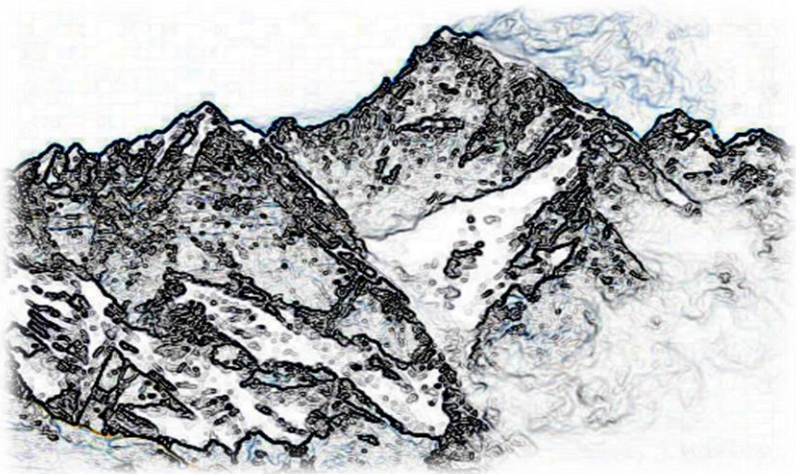
Were it reciprocated the terror of its vulnerability, of any potential of its
loss, would be more than I could bear

How can he bear it? He must feel so little to confidently carry any shred of
such possibility

It would assuredly spell my end, for just losing our time together, what we
once meagerly called 'friendship,' tore me to pieces

To have you, then not... it would be obliteration, complete dissolution,
no pieces left to piece back together

Saved by being denied the only thing I've ever really needed



Heartstrings

There's not the smallest part of you that I didn't fall in love with

Not a single shared sentence of your past you imprinted upon my being

Not a single experienced joy or pain, obstacle or its overcoming

Not a single quirk, nor any of those characteristics the foolish call 'flaws'

Each one a separate string sewn through my heart muscle

An enmeshed weave gaining tensile strength with each new thread

An inextricable fabric interwoven into the walls of my heart

Together possessing the potential to pull me any way you choose

There they stay, should you decide to pull them again someday

My heartstrings, you have them wrapped around your little finger

Suburban Bliss

I've always said that I don't want the conventional life

House in the suburbs

Dog in the backyard

Two kids upstairs

Two cars in the garage

Soccer practice

Saving for trips and retirement

Then I met you

Now I'm in for it all

The Dream of You

The dream of you
The dream of the realm you take me to
Sustains and guides me sleep and wake

Takes me resolutely by the hand
Whispering: all that matters is this transport
The journey inward, while facing out

The memory not so much of you
But the landless, sea-less, mater-less realm
That you so easily, naturally took me to

Every time I sat by your side
Listened to your voice
Vicariously absorbed your pleasure and pain

A journey which someone else may someday take up with me
But neither the realm, nor the course, were known before you
They were obscured, concealed by darkness

And thus, every time I sense the transport draw near
Every time I catch a whiff upon the breeze blown from there
You are there with me

Within every guide, powering every conveyance
Inseparable from the realm of which I was once ignorant
Before you revealed it to me

In my heart, in my dreams, in your presence

Eternal Truth

Love of loves, never to pass away

Subject not to anything which any may betray

Invulnerable to every force, withstanding any fray

True and everlasting, come anything that may

Bones and body brittle, heart heed not decay

For what is true is ever true, forever here to stay

Suffering & Despair

Nesting Bird

What is it that doesn't die?

That lives within, all wings to fly

That flew away years before

Yet nests inside forever more

That makes no sense, un-returning

Yet always beckons, rejoins in yearning

That painfully proved the purpose of being

Barring itself and simultaneously freeing

Enough time has passed, please take flight

Cage flung open, become the night

Crack my chest, the ejecting breach

Chasm unending, beyond my reach

Now inseparable from the essence of all

Forever resounding clarion call

Invisible safety net of unfathomable fall

Caught in a current I can scarcely recall

By the Root

Too deeply rooted in heart
Too difficult to restart
The future bound-up in the past
Stalling starts that cannot last

Subsuming sentiments sometimes subside
The suffocating overgrowth somehow defied
But unless the root is entirely extracted
The future will be but the past protracted

I beg you, dig down deep and tear her out!
Put this pathetic wallowing weakness to rout!
Ruminating upon thoughts evoking the ache
Sickly-sweet addictive cycle I cannot break

Beseeking for a displacement of her position
That ever so futile, faithless mission
A presence I'm seemingly powerless to purge
A mind mired in endlessly immutable merge

Angelic force: dislodge her, set me free!
For your divinity I'm presently blind to see!
Dig beneath my blindness, pull up the root
Salvation of a future by its past made moot



Empty Vessel

An artist living without a muse
Has no purpose at all

A throbbing empty vessel
Caring not if it is filled

An ethereal sunrise
Shone upon closed eyes

A bustling city street
Making no noise at all

A frigid winter night
Leaving the jacket at home

A happily aimless day of wander
Wistfully groping for an aim

The spring of eternal life
In a land of immortals

The most delicious dish
Served to one without a tongue

Give me back my agony
Someone to agonize over

For I'd far rather be overcome
Than feel nothing at all



Never Me

I've long been where thankfully few shall follow
Where I seek to fill the seemingly endless hollow
Where what you take for granted is never there
Yet seek it I must, and with your completeness compare

Don't worry, it matters little if you care or not
Regardless, nature repairs not this malignant rot
Mortally wounded by arrow in youthful folly shot
Doomed when I with Sacred Mother fought

Great gifts granted by her left in unwrapped decay
Irredeemable fate of endlessly darkening day
Forever tormented mind assured by bodily betray
I shall never be me, then helplessly pass away



Light of the Seventh Circle

These people whom I pass, they have no notion of their good fortune
to have bodies capable of gratifying their desires
to exist in vessels able to deliver them their yearnings
to not have lives consisting entirely of coping with unnaturality
to not forever long for loves and fulfillments their physiology can't deliver
to not be forced to avoid people to prevent passing along such pain

Yet, even as a twisted, hollowed-out, fractional shell of self
even living outside of organic, inherited reality
beneath all depths of deconstructed depravity
in the cracks of compromised unnatural condition
trapped within a ceaselessly shackled body and bombarded brain
shaking from the monstrous stresses of endless enervation
entombed within an existence filled fully with unfulfillment
prematurely greyed and disconnected from life for decades
daily clawed at by the beastliness of bottomless burden

Even then I knew I loved you

Like it was the only truth
the one thing that mattered

the one legitimate life raft in this endless ocean of mirages
the one thing of true substance I could grip onto for once dear life

Like it was the only real thing in my unreality
the only anchored thing
the only sustaining thing
the only thing that kept my head above water
the only way I could continue to draw breath while sinking

There's no way you could know it
there's no knowing the Seventh Circle of Hell
without having existed in it with me
which I would never wish upon anyone

Especially you
the only one I've ever really known and loved
for as long as my memory serves me

There's no way for you to know it
without knowing the alienation of self
the perpetual pain of endless disturbance and deprivation
of *never* being in the present moment
when the body is forever holding up an unnaturally taxing weight
when its own elements have been turned against itself

preventing its dependent mind from ever being in the now
so as to render what was biologically born into deviant, frail form
separated from touch, affection, love, fulfillment... from everything
for so many years that there's no longer a memory of them
nothing but this overwhelming sense of what it would feel like
of how it would be to actually hold and be with someone like you
my heart almost explodes with thoughts of embracing you as I wish
with thoughts of what I am forever forced to hunger for in vain

But what I need you to know:

You enraptured my heart, keeping it stimulated, beating

Aching in longing and sorrowful love

a longing endlessly lingering in impossibility

a sorrow of not being able to show you my truest form

a love lost the moment it was known to that evacuated, once full form
the form from before the beast set its claws in me, burrowing into my being
nesting in my corrupted temple it forever strains, debases, defiles

Before I needed you to help me bear this weight

An angel of loving life forestalling despairing doom and death
pulling the sinking, suffering victim back above the water line

tethered between the fleetingly glimpsed realm of his real nature
and the Seventh Circle into which he long ago slipped and stuck
mired in the inextricable muck of steadily manufactured madness

You cannot know this
where I've been and what you've done for me

But I need you to know... just you

So I write these words, preserving the loving agony
in the hopes that the love will one day prevail
and that you, or another one so deeply loved
may someday know who I truly am
and help bring me back to what I so long ago lost

Love. Life. True Self.

*Everything that is best
that makes the suffering worthwhile
so long as some hope of ascending from the Seven Circles survives*

Bird of the Barren Branch

A vibrant, most beautiful bird
Alights upon a brown, barren branch in winter
The tree's leaves having fallen away long ago

Dazed, I'd been scanning the tree's dormant form
Waiting for life, for some awakening elicitation
My wish granted, an overwhelming wonder

It sings to me, sensing how long I've yearned for its melodious song
The sight, the sound, they propel me over the branches, into the clouds
Soaring, I'm soon overtaken by dread, knowing ascension demands descent

Terror takes over, for I sense that the bird shall soon depart
Some other victim shall silently call it away with his pained projections
For this bird feeds upon need, pecking on ephemeral moments

It is vulnerability embodied, a devilish angel
I feel it grin within as it flies away, splitting me in two
One of these two it takes in its clutches, helplessly limp

I may never get it back, that which it birthed and betrayed

The branch now looks far more barren than it had before
The void now laid more achingly, openly exposed than ever

Would it not have been better that it'd never been drawn to the barren branch?
Would it not have been better that I'd been deaf to its resonant, seizing song?
How did I warrant this rush, the heart-warming expansion and utter deflation?

Before it arrived the void was tolerable, for I'd become accustomed to it
Now I know its every inch, aggrieved by the echoes of enchanting treachery
A cavernous hole in my breast left by the bird I'll forever cherish and resent

Come back! I fear your song may slip away forever!

I can barely hear it now... into oblivion it fades... So be it then!
Callous over the walls of my cavern, seal the entry, make the ache dull again!



The Lack

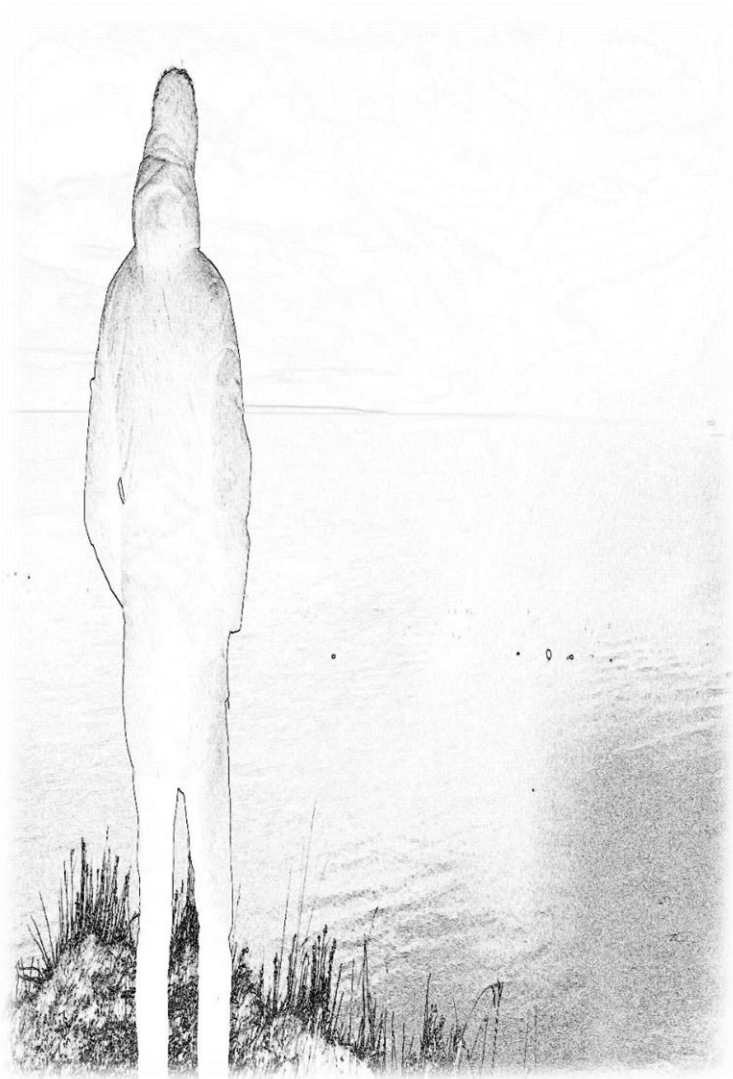
Bright, handsome, charming, unlimited potential
Wide world by the tail, opportunity exponential
Nothing he can't do, not a thing out of reach
Obsessive mind misfocus, foundational breach

Now but the beast by the tail, wide world no more
Nothing for him now but the cold, iron-barred door
Love, fulfillment, everything good out of reach
Endless torment long past all lesson to teach

A link in the chain worn thin and splintered...
CRACK! Warm sunny future endlessly wintered
No one to touch, no happiness to know
Soil diseased, here only isolated, twisted trees grow

Alienated from his very body and being
Disorientation unending, reality unseeing
Too uncomfortable to connect, body or eyes
Deprivation of all that sustains, slowly he dies

Born with everything in front, now everything behind
Once all possibility visible, now perpetually blind
Only naïve hope sustains this life upon the rack
This tragically miserable knowing of only the lack



Gravity

Total darkness

Cold

Dank

Shivering

Frightened

No direction

No up or down

Where am I?

How did I get here?

How do I get out?

How long have I wandered here?

Without a sense of direction?

Without hope?

Lost in cold, cruel isolation?

Slowly freezing to death...

What's that?!

A light?!

Far off... tiny... barely perceptible

But even from here I can tell it's bright

It's brilliant...

Now I'm moving

But I can't feel my legs... they're numb

Yet my aching heart suddenly feels fuller

And the light grows with each mounting moment...

It's brighter and filled with color!

Am I moving towards it, or it towards me?!

Perhaps I am pulling it...

No, it's pulling me!

I can see it clearly now... feel its warmth!

Its luminous colors are casting away the darkness!

Its beauty surrounds me!

It's drawing me in... effortlessly

There is no energy being expended by me, or by it

Thank God, for I think I have lost the strength to walk!

So long have I been broken in this bleakness, I can barely budge

Closer and closer it pulls me

As if along an invisible track

Its gravity is incredibly powerful!

So powerful it pulls me from the black hole...

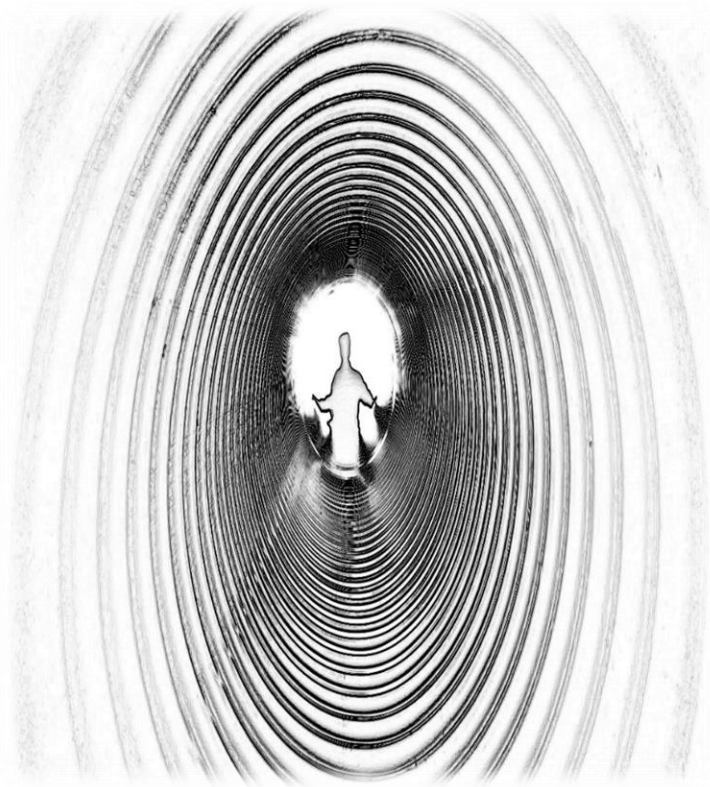
...from the consuming force so great it seemed nothing could escape!

Its brilliance burns away the darkness, the dejection, the despair
It's sunlight upon my frigid face, reinvigorating me with long lost life!

Finally I see direction... I feel hope, passion, purpose, love...

Thank God for the light!

Thank God for you



Nothing

Greatest of granted gifts corrupted
Naturally endowed development disrupted
Vilest of villains unveiled within
Unsparing demon's torturous grin

Beast of burden freed, forever unbound
Throat of mercy cut, no saving to sound
Rescuing ransom sought in vain
The promise of love, my inseparable pain

Hollowed out nothing's endless despair
Forever lasting litany of desires laid bare
Connection confounded, tortures uncounted
Naïvely hopeful belief surmounted

Inside an insufferably agonized being
Every ounce of pain by others unseen
Every strained breath, less hope than before
Festering wounds, rotting away at the core

Broken body, fractured brain
Over a life less than death I reign

Impossible to straighten this twisted self
To redeem the irredeemable state of health
To carry on, or let existence go?
This field forever fallow, no joy to sow
Whipped and racked, wantonly whittled away
When Mother Nature's sanctity did I betray



Non-Entity

What know you of true pain?

Pain without sense of gain

Without sense of limit

Far past all place of purpose

Long past the point of no return

The yearn for life ripped from root

Cut, poisoned, burned upon the pile

I defile your pitiful pain with my pain

Look at it and laugh at your sense of largesse

I can barely see it, so insignificant it seems to me

The most twisted side of egotistic competition

My pain far surpasses yours

It's not even close...

On another, far lower level of the fall

I fell past your semblance of suffering decades ago

In my fall from grace to debase everything good

Lost in the crushing vacuum of nothingness

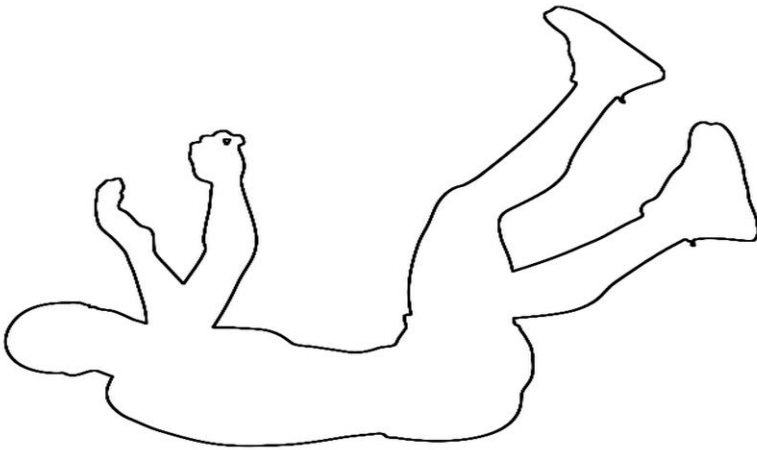
In the confinement, the twisted loss of nature's mercy

In the estranging, alienating existential pretense
In the envelopment of non-entity past the point of emptiness
In the inability to see life lost leagues over horizon's past
In the wake of wandering aimless, vacant, entirely neglected
In the endless plummets down un-bridged chasms' crossings
In the inability to connect to anything real, rewarding, reinforcing
Far, *far* past the patience of even the most compassionate love

Here I sit, alone, deranged, deconstructed...

Can you see me?!

No... I am invisible this far beneath your reality



Naïve Hope

Body cracked and crumbling
Accumulated years of stumbling

Cut to the core and seeping
Mountainous stacked burdensome heaping

Back-broken by merciless fate
Festooned with festering hate

Endless litany of loves precluded
Possibilities once open occluded

Luster of longing losing its sheen
Promise of progress buried unseen

All measures of support long ago lent
Goodwill once gushing now entirely spent

Cried-out eyes emptied of tears
Grey-haired acceleration of gobbled-up years

Dropping headlong into disaster

Life-lines cut, falling ever faster

Dizzily descending, the sickening spin

Relativity of loss, no way to win

Internally seized, yet staying in motion

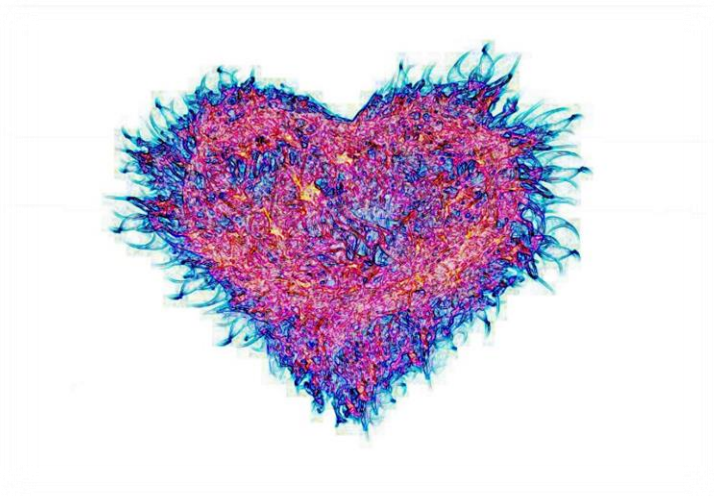
No quiet within, only commotion

Agony grows, invisible to all

Broken through bottom, still I fall

But somehow burning heart sustains

Dwindling, naïve hope maintains



True Tragedy

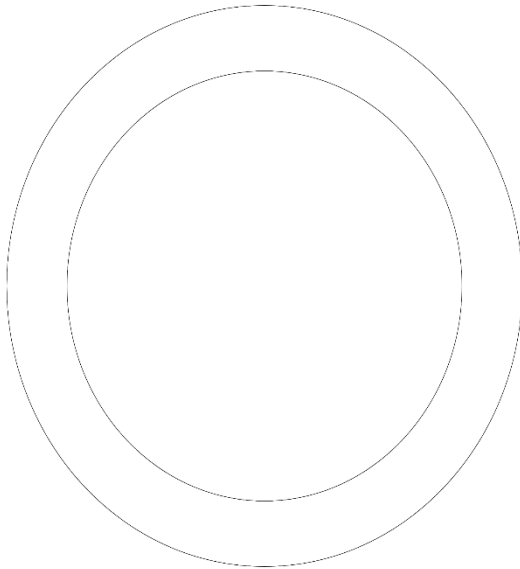
Disastrously tragic life conventionally depicted

As the travails of being recklessly unrestricted

At least they had something to wreck

They know nothing of nothingness

There's your true tragedy



Sleepless

Inner disquiet, quiet or drown

Within the cacophony of this sleepless town

Within the spiriting to dispirit overturned bottle

The strippers toying with sensitive throttle

The powders and pills that imitate bliss

The passing by fantasies of forsaken kiss

The screens and sights, sounds and delights

The showcased imitations of machismo might

Anything to distract from the plight of endless unrest

Of nerve-shattering blasts forever blasting what's best

Proceeding bent but never broken, screaming in silence

Heart beaming with hope, body bursting with violence

Heavy

Sometimes I don't think I can lift it

Out of this bed

Over to that chair

Into the kitchen to brew the coffee

Across the blunting, weary workscape

Around another unfulfilling social circle

And back to bed to do it again

So heavy is this heart

Prosecco Pointers at Carriage Court

I remember this house from before
Before it was burned and rebuilt
When a dream wasn't just a dream
But had the taste of a coming truth

But like this house I've become less lofty
Dreaming in the one story of survival

No one cares
Until you can benefit them

What we all wish we didn't know

There is no one close to me
No one can be close to me
For I'm not close to myself
Myself, in fact, isn't here
He's long been lost
Since a time before my memory

I don't want to die yet
I'm not done fighting
But I need someone to help
To fight for my will to fight
And remind me, as she did, what I'm fighting for

Nerves going in too many directions
Tearing me to pieces
Finally running out of the glue
That maintains the semblance of cohesion

--

Somehow the coast is here
Pushing away the suffocating smoke
Of a state always on fire

If only it could somehow also squelch
That which is turning me methodically to ash

What is this emotion?
That is separate from my mind
Yet insists it's all that matters
In one endless form or another

Ultimately it's about ideas
If your ideas are worth the most to the people
And you assure they're known by the people
Those ideas inevitably prevail
As you do, through them, in the end

Alcohol clarifies
Calming the clouding nerves
Inhibiting my thought

Precisely to the point where it doesn't
Then... Godzilla

Inspiration & Insight



Firing the Furnace

My furnace you set fully ablaze
Stoking a fire that daily sings
Yet provoking passions powering
My greatest production binges

Trying to take charge of the flame
Burns me where I'm most exposed
But harnessing it to fuel my works
Breaks through boundaries unopposed

Thinking you can command the fire
Is man's painful folly so oft repeated
But yield to the power of her ignitions
And harness more heat than is ever needed

The ego calls for you to claim control
True men command the bellows' chains
Yet greatest blazes require reciprocation
Hottest, happiest fires your pride constrains



Reflective Match

Is there anything you can think or say
That can't be thought or said another way?
That isn't black or white, but grey?
Any dusk that can't be confused with rising day?

Every word that's written is by others read
As if recorded just for their ears to be said
Made unique by every experience housed in their head
It's truth relative to the truths their perspective has led

Bound hearts ever tied by a bind that's shared
A connective tissue cross-pumping paired
An inseparable, indivisible essence bared
A loving leap across dividing chasm dared

Our truths must match for joined life to hatch
Balanced out so to brew our most potent batch
Eye to eye in beliefs so hand in hand to catch
Our fullest future found in our reflective match

Romantic Call

Simple pleasures not so simple

Mind skimming surface synergies unseen

Completer complexities compose the portrait

An infinity of immersive bliss for me to glean

Every delight deserves its intimate inspection

Within even the tiniest particle an intricacy teems

One may see someone simply steeped in slumber

That bathes in the brimming emotions of their dreams

One passively partakes of their routine coffee

I brew over the budding beans behind the roast

One absent-mindedly looks across endless ocean waters

I muse over the interminable horizon just off the coast

One carelessly guzzles countless glasses of wine

I savor the search for its notes sip by succulent sip

One kisses her out of a sense of obligation

I tenderly trace the subtle contours of her hips

Deriving pleasure is an underappreciated artform
There's an abundance of form and phenomena in all
One may mine the mingling complexity of any moment
In every macro's married micros, the romantic call



The Feel is Real

If it be pure, it be good
If it would it can and should
If it's felt, it shall not fail
If need be told it tells its tale

Seemingly accidental painful confusion
Black and blue bruised random contusion
Façades built by minds unknowing
Untruths sown, unlit ignorance sowing

Feel it, felt it, for real, complete
Need not tie it down nor make it neat
The sound is real as soon as it's heard
Conveyance of truth in spontaneous word

Wistfully it whispers, hoping to be heard
Floating tirelessly aloft, untamable bird
Catch it and release it, imprison it not
Folly in firing at what cannot be shot

See it swept away by godlike gust to know
By eternal current we're cast to our every fro
Blowing up and out, passing through us unseen
We speak its truth regardless of what we mean

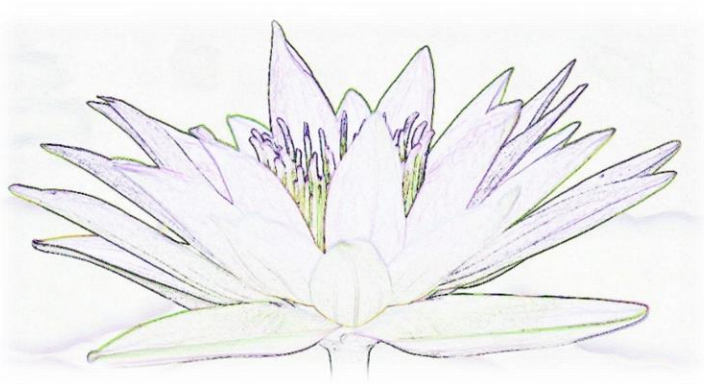


The Fullness

Endless beauty passed over, banana unpeeled
Intricately elaborate magnificence sealed
Pollen within pistils, petals past un-reaching hands
Every hue of green and brown in seaweed on sands

Every tart sweetness in fruit most mindfully ate
Every tantalizing temptress a devouring mate
Kisses kneading nexus of neurons awaiting
Lips locked to totality of attention's elating

How many invaluable moments promised and lost?
How much life left unlived at incalculable cost?
No more! Within the *now* henceforth I vow to be
For only fully absorbed may we fully be free



Feminine Form

Our worshipfully-affecting adoration

Our burden's bind-breaking liberation

Our ceaselessly reshaping idolatry

Our entrancing spellbinding alchemy

Sly and subtle this brewing witch

Every swatch of skin a sensory switch

In shapely hands that touch and tease

In her cutting gaze, our weakened knees

In hugging hips and soft bare shoulders

Rending the heart, sensuality smolders

Each detail of intoxicating female form

Rainy day entangle, long live the storm

Cheeks burning bright, disarming blush

Time standing still, relinquishing rush

All features tied together with perfect grace

Indelible images no man may erase

So, confused, we stumble and mumble
From tough and hard to soft and crumble
After limitless likeness of love do we lust
The fire of our ashes, our rock ground to dust



Full Bloom

Your scent draws me in
As a hummingbird ushered into a freshly blooming field

I can't get enough of it
It engulfs me, enveloping me in its satin-petaled embrace
I grow weak in body and strong in heart
Falling forward into you, I rest upon your shoulder
Your golden hair spills across my face as I plunge between your petals
I taste the sweet nectar of your neck and you swoon
Gyrating gently as if from the faintly beckoning breeze

Your mouth drops into mine
Our tongues tracing the patterns of ecstasy

You place your hands upon my face
Pulling me in, you implore me to take my fill

A honeybee suddenly happily heaving
Heavy with the haul of a soon to be honeyed hive

Soon I can't see or taste the difference
With your fingertips you draw lines upon my face
I feel the weight of the day entirely wilt away
You pass yourself across me and wipe away the years
My stress evaporates, rising to become tomorrow's rains
I reciprocate, pollinating your pistils, fertilizing your fields
In full bloom the bounty is born, nourishing our mutual knowing

I will feed upon this sustenance forever
And we just met yesterday!

Time is but a measurement, and cannot capture all
Blissfully, into this endless enthrall I fall
For surely this is the eternal season
The days of the never setting sun
In which we photosynthesize a future
In these softly sweeping spring showers
Here we are one, a new beginning begun

Ever More

Descend not the night
Ascending seekers take flight
Hold the torch against the cold
Burning hearts vanquish the fright

Searing sirens drawing us near
Silencing enchantments stealing our fear
Pulling us in with beguiling beauty
Away from the championing deity's duty

A warrior's might shall only make right
When cast in impassioned lovers sight
When her sacred honor compels his fight
Imbuing his sword with white heavenly light

Charging forth sans restraint
Missions of love, the inseparable Saint
These fruitful lands bequeathed to We
For only united as Spirit may We be free
Seen with heart, these divisive dispersions
Divided and conquering all our conversions
No small self in our truest, bottomless core
Possess not and grow by loving ever more

Lost at Sea

What is life but a race with death?
A succumbing to each sensuous relish
A fight to absorb with every breath

Why do we covet what can never be had?
The dumbfounded dog chasing its tail
The dismayed, unstitched hatter made mad

The promise of perfection forever abounds
Overwhelming beauty accosts at every turn
Let me be, she whose temptation surrounds

Magnificent tenderly enveloping mate
In every enrapturing enchantress I pass
Another spoiling of less fully loved fate

I adore her already, this I know
She that smiles while ambling easily by
Bursting heart willing and ready to try

Passion's flames forever ignited
Tantalizing, touching teasing embrace
Endless stoking revelations confided

In from horizonless sea, roll into me now
Ye wondrously perilously engulfing waves
Your waters banking off my unbending bow

No long adrift romantic ever may drown
When hopefully affectionately buoyed afloat
Even with loveless tempest sucking me down

“Here I am!” I desperately, silently shout
To every venerable vessel sailing about
To be lost at sea or share your rescuing route



Immortalized

Divine hand upon him
The immortal writer writes
Wistfully whispering in his ear
The wings of his every fancy's flights

"Once amongst the best," they say
He who put his words to page
Yet such a he shall forever be
Chiseled revelations cannot age

Romance, metaphor, alliteration
Assonance and conceptual articulation
Inspiring every matter's investigation
His compulsively driven necessitation

Inborn, unwilled, fatalistically free
Revealing ever extant words to be
Within him it was already said
Bindings upon truths reared to be read

Pressures of ideological increase
Salvation found in penned release
Recorded wisdoms' unburdened weight
Rescuing parchment's inky mate

Gifted Curse

Is it not the gifted curse of the romantic
To fall in love with every alluring woman he sees?

They that be as beseechingly bountiful
As the Spring's bursting blossoms to the bees?

What tantalizingly wonderful torment
To be forever drawn to the goddess' well
To always be compelled to cool parched lips
By the arousing heat of unrequited hell

I've heard it said the romantic poets
Wanted more to hunger than they did to eat
That it was the empty stomach panging for fullness
Filling more than feasting on the maidens they'd meet

The blood flows where the energy goes
Drawn to digestion, drawn away from heart
To starve the litany of gratifying indulgences
Is to hone the instruments of the creator's art

So stun me, tempt me, tease me

Draw me just close enough to the wants of your well

Don't let me dive into to its quenching coolness

Put me under the enflaming bewitchments of your spell



Possessing Skin

Roaming fingers to nipple tips
Following flanks to inviting hips
Every inch needing to be traced
All her angles angling to be faced

Wet and warm, she pulls me in
Where she ends, I begin
Mouthing myriads of one long kiss
Nothing shall the scouring seeker miss

Drawn into a dance as timeless as existence
A completion of an all-powerful insistence
Every curve calling to keep rounding its bend
Reciprocating rhythms needing a night without end

Passion is a Pin

Passion is a painful pin
Set precariously upon the sewer's finger
Piercing the finger's point
Throbbing with the price of persuasion
The greater the sewer's passion
The sharper the point of the pin
The more difficult it is to balance
Without burying it deep within the skin
Try as the sewer may, it simply won't stay
For it never remains upright for long
Falling from her finger each and every day
Pricking her repeatedly with every replacement
And yet it is only with the sharpest pins
That the heaviest fabrics may be pierced
Potentiating the weightiest, warmest weaves
Able to enwrap the most magnificent mysteries

Yoni's Temple

Everything most beautiful

Everything most pure

Everything worth fighting for

The worthiness of all that we endure

The inspiration for our greatest creation

The magnificence over which we muse

The honor over which we're beseeched

The clarity cutting through conditions confused

Deep within the temple

Where divinity is uncovered

Body, mind and Spirit unite

In her fulfillment manhood discovered

Nymph's Breath

Beautiful, enshrouded, enveloping night
In which only the heart reveals to make everything bright

In which darkness daily misleads the illusion of might

The trickery concealing the revelation of sight

That which cools me down just to draw me in

So my being may be bountifully born again

To summon that which soothingly, betrayingly slumbers

Just to be awoken, igniting limitless luminous wonders

Everlasting is the beautiful burden I feel

Enlisting me to steal the nymph's breath, and make her my meal

Rapture

Somber to sanguine, revolving rewind

Intellectual treason, no reason to find

Losing of mind, emotionally departed

Freedom from logic, third-eyesight imparted

I think to the brink, belying the best

To fall off the edge is the truth to attest

In unthought release, cardiac capture

There is no knowing greater than rapture

Wisdom & Perspective

Morning Mantra

Repeat after me...

I don't know everything

But I can learn anything

And will continue to learn for life

For there is *always* more to learn

And the more I learn, the more I have to offer

Knowledge is a growing set of keys upon a chain

The more keys on my chain, the more doors I can open

I am not an island

And I will continue to support others

Hoping that they'll do the same for me

I don't have everything

But I have everything that I need

And can have anything that I can earn

There is no one best person, place or thing

Rather, *all* things have value to offer the open and receptive

I will love others regardless of how they feel about me
For we are defined by who, what and how we love, not by who loves us

I will accept that life is painful
For there can be no ecstasy without agony
And only through darkness can we know and appreciate light

I will not resent the happiness of others
But will praise and celebrate it as if it were my own
Continually working to assure that someday it shall be

I will not worry about how things reflect upon me
And refuse to reflect the wrongdoings done to me
But will forever endeavor to reflect the best of things

My body is an extraordinarily sophisticated biological machine
I will act and consume as such, supporting its highest functionality
For the better it functions, the better I feel, the more I can do

I will practice all the skills that I value and wish to employ in life
For only through practice may I improve
And only the most practiced hands may produce the most value

I will try new things and force myself outside my comfort zone

For experience is the greatest teacher

And there is *always* more to experience

The Earth is my Mother and my partner

I will work with her, not against her

And in return she'll reward me incalculably

Nature is endowed with endless inherent wisdom

I will listen to, learn and heed its invaluable lessons

My greatest power comes from empowering myself

And from being empowered by and for the benefit of others

I must instill it within, or have it freely given to me

It's been confirmed that consciousness manifests much of its reality

I may call this phenomenon many things: the law of manifestation, the law of attraction, the placebo effect, the creative power of consciousness

The truth of this phenomenon is the same no matter what I call it:

If I believe good things will happen, they will

If I exude and harness positive energy, there will be positive results

If I have faith in myself it will be rewarded, both by myself and others

If I believe in the beauty of my dreams, I will make them a reality

Candlelight Seekers

Morning light that shines so beckoningly bright
Blasting away the enshrouding night of inseparable past
Pouring cool and clear as the full moon's reflected portent
Its promise fulfilled by the dawn, ushering in the agreed upon reality
Forcing into focus measures that were absent only hours before
Signs which the scientists require in order to make their claims
Absent the truths torn from God's grip by the candlelight seekers

Truths of families torn apart by the dependencies of parents
Rubbing shoulders with revelers burgeoned by the bacchanal
Of islands bridged by libations lending mirthful merriment
Of neon lights, warning horns and endless fancy's flights
Of quiet thinkers with tumultuous hearts and disquieting minds
Of stealthily slithering snakes stalking up the trunks of trees
Hosting mother birds bundled up with their flightless hatchlings

Knowing that no nest can forever forestall the first fall
That all means of making it requires self-propelled flight
That protecting and precluding are scantily separated
That their difference is like a feather upon one side of the scale

That most glide upon the currents, some plummet, and few shall soar
That one cannot fly too high without being threatened by the burning sun
A force few shall withstand, harnessing its riskily-ascending thermals

Night or day, regardless of what the naysayers say
Against the conserving, dictating currents they set themselves
Sensing that only through the pushback shall the flock push through



Paradise Lost

Swallowed up

In the crisscrossing, crumbling grey walkways

In the cacophony of horns

In the endless monochromatic hallways

In the glass, steel, colorless unfeel

In the machines and their machinations

In commerce's unflinching vibrations

All that was once wondrous was lost

All that makes life worth painful cost

Drowned in the systemic numbing

In the dreariness of productivity

In the painstaking pathos of profit

Producing but more money for the monied

And a few extra 'middle class' comforts

Rendered in the rejection of what?

Romance. Inspiration. Exploration. Life.

Absorption of the fullness of every frequency
Catching heat cast forth by emboldening blazes
Blocked by the rat race that bastardizes being
That alienates us from the pursuit of completion

Let your mind be still and hear the forever wild whisper:

If it be prevailing, set it aside

Let not the seeking heart

Continue to hide!



Thanksgiving

Let us give thanks

For being brainless buffoons
For falling in with the conquerors
That slaughtered and enslaved

For finding any excuse
To create another holiday
To facilitate gluttonous consumption

For our slowly sickening fare
For our bankrupting, masking doctors
That refuse to heal and cut-off their profits

For our self-righteous delusions
For our hollow self-glorifications
For the flag we fly when we meddle, invade, occupy and oppress

For our ironic pretenses of piety
Coming from the ignorant and unjust
Who act as the antithesis of their mythicized prophet

For our under-education and over-incarceration
For our ever-increasing disparities
For our privately purchased 'public offices'

For electing a clown to play president
To put on a globally shameful show of mockery
To distract us from the fact that democracy is a myth

But do not lose heart or mind
For the more the former leads the latter
The more hope there is for deserving to give thanks someday



Polished Stone

Upon the beach I plucked a polished stone
From the coarse sand which long had shone
Disproportion into symmetrical perfection
Patiently wave-carved aesthetic confection

Squeezing the stone tightly in my hand
I knew its perfection to be unplanned
Persistently pounded, rendered complete
By the pressures of past, rounded and neat

Holding the stone's once abrasive features in mind
Rock-wrecked, subject to seemingly endless grind
Until, with time, its inner beauty fully revealed
The purpose of its beatings no longer concealed

Turning the stone over in my hand, I sense a reflection
Similarly shaped by every cold, colliding connection
Where once I feared I'd suffered its collisions in vain
I'm made stronger and smoother by every rubbed grain

Great Mountain Guides

Love

Don't need

Love

Don't cling or control

Don't try to possess

Love everything

Need nothing

Therein lies bliss

Cherish the moments with the people and things that fill the heart

Don't grasp at them, for your moments are all you can truly possess

All other possessions are illusory

This is the Buddha's great lesson...

I love her completely

For she is most excellent, and fills me with love

But I don't need her

I need the fullness of love she leads me to

I love them all, in fact
All of the women that lead me to love
To various heights and places upon the Great Mountain

But I don't need any of them

For there are limitless Great Mountain Guides

I mean no disrespect

No ego or misogyny

I mean it as a reminder to self

I mean it as a self-protecting principle

I mean it in the Buddhist, free-from-suffering way

There are endless paths to joy and love in life

No one person or thing presents the one and only path for *anyone*

As much as it may seem that way at times

When we invest in, fixate on or base our lives on someone or something

Take to heart this misery-mitigating truth: there is no one 'soulmate'

This is a dangerous religious trap set to ensnare and control

You are not bound to but one, please trust me on this

As I have mated my heart to many

And I know that even the heart shattered from highest fall

Can be gathered, glued and hauled back up by a Great Guide

Yes, we come to associate what we feel in our hearts with people and places

But it is never actually those people or places that we feel

It is the connection between them and what they've led us to: love

And that love can be found through endless people, places and things

There are endless individuals through whom we may know love and happiness

Each offering a different, unique experience of that love and happiness

So love without expectation, control or any other type of clinging

This is the only best way

The best way for your own heart and mind

And for seeing the endless paths to love and happiness

Not just the one you're currently climbing or surveying

For the paths ascending the Great Mountain are endless

As are the Great Guides that lead us up the Mountain

And though not all paths lead to the same heights

And while some Guides know of higher paths than others

There are innumerable ways up

And limitless Guides to follow

All of the paths are worth climbing

All of the Guides are worth following

So never despair
Do not lose heart
Just keep following their lead
Or searching for your next Guide up the Great Mountain



Contemporary Castaway

Scanning, surfing, skimming sensory bombardment

Blundering, burning blissfully intricate interweaving

Endless beauty merely glimpsed, never absorbed

Peeping, continually failing to peer the modern man

Sweeping the sea's surface, leaving unfathomed depths

Blind to the mountainous full form, the iceberg's tip

The rushing, reckless Titanic storming across existence

Crashing, capsizing, sinking best in the race to be first

We are missing the trees for the forest

The flowers for the carefully manicured lawn

The buzzing, procreating bees for the murdered, misjudged 'pest'

The reciprocating cultivation for the corralling fence and planted flag

Maintaining our constricting clans, casting aside connection

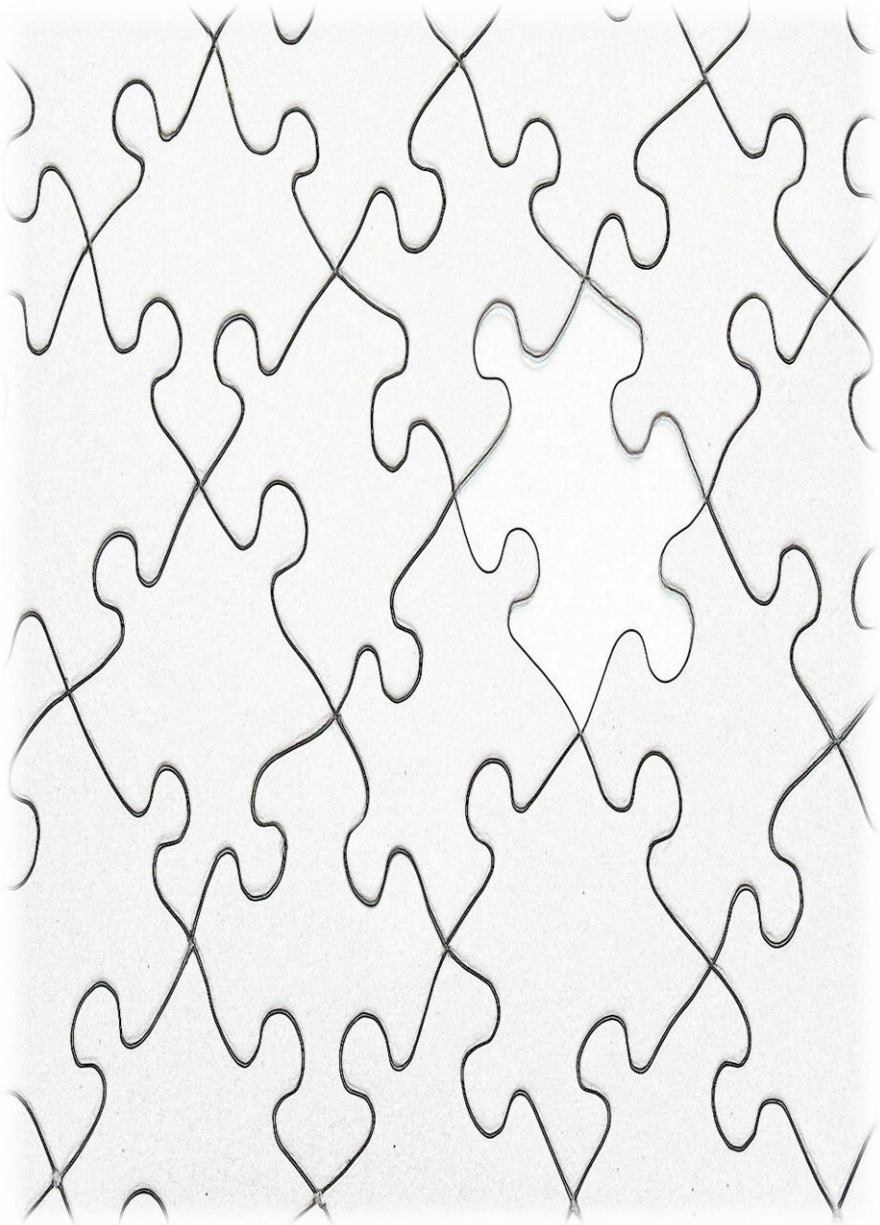
Killing the higher calling of commonality and collaboration

Embracing the means and modes of distinction and division

Solid gold sold to gilded fools for the fool's gold of class and accumulation

Lead me away from the today's to the gleaming idealist days
Call me naïve as I navigate the unexplored seas of experience
As I round the heart-surgings realizations of the romantics
And the philosophers funnel me toward the essential-most Self





Illusory Disconnect

What is the way to love?

Understanding revealing connection

The more that you understand it

The more that you love it

What is the way to hate?

Obfuscation displaying disconnection

The more that understanding is blocked

The more that you hate it

Yet we love everything already

For all are aspects of one thing

There is no true disconnection

Only its illusion through obscurity

So what is the essence of hate?

Ignorance-begetting individuality

What is the essence of love?

Understanding-begetting indivisibility

Love is thus known by removing illusion
To discover the connection already there
A sculptor chipping away at a block of rock
To reveal the Sculpture of One hidden within

This is the core truth. Inseparability
This is the core ignorance. Separation
Separate from your sense of separation
And you will find that you love everything

Listen to the father of philosophy:

There is only one good: knowledge
There is only one evil: ignorance
Love in the realized connectivity of knowledge
Hatred in the illusory disconnection of ignorance

Two Samurai

Upon the fallow fields between ancient villages

Two samurai draw near along a rural path

In recognition of one another in their approach

They draw swords, taking up their rival wrath

One samurai was taught the ways of the aggressor

So he charges headlong with blade raised overhead

The other samurai was taught the ways of the defender

“Let his own force break him,” his wise master said

As the distance is cancelled the defender crouches

And in his posture the aggressor recognizes perfection

“That is precisely the position to parry my attack”

Appreciation of knowledge and skill kindles connection

The attacker sees the impending fight unfold in his mind

His enmity dissolves as he imagines a clashing of equals

Suddenly sensing he loves this enemy he'd sought to kill

He is faced with the dishonor of his death-dealing's sequels

A young child and beautiful woman flash into his thoughts
Hand in hand walking beneath cherry blossoms on festival day
“Is it my own wife and child that I now see in my mind’s eye?”
“Or those of this brother of mine I’d cut down in this fray?”

The defender’s village looms in the misty morning background
Its loveliness accentuated by the rising, emblazoning sun
“How many of this man’s family and friends would pain upon his fall?”
“I must halt this blood feud before any more heartbreak is done!”

Stopping in his tracks the aggressor sheathes his sword
And walks the final few paces between himself and his brother
He bows at the waist, entirely defenseless against the defender
Whose heart fills, and with return bow, they let go of the *other*



Evolution

Feeling without form

Highest function of being

Understanding sensing

Being no longer freeing

Comprehension compelling control

Caught in a web of manipulation

Modern mankind mired in its ego

Extraction through brethren negation

Feeling philosopher poet

Heartstrings pulling the mind

Strung away from narrow self-seeing

Toward indivisibility humankind must find

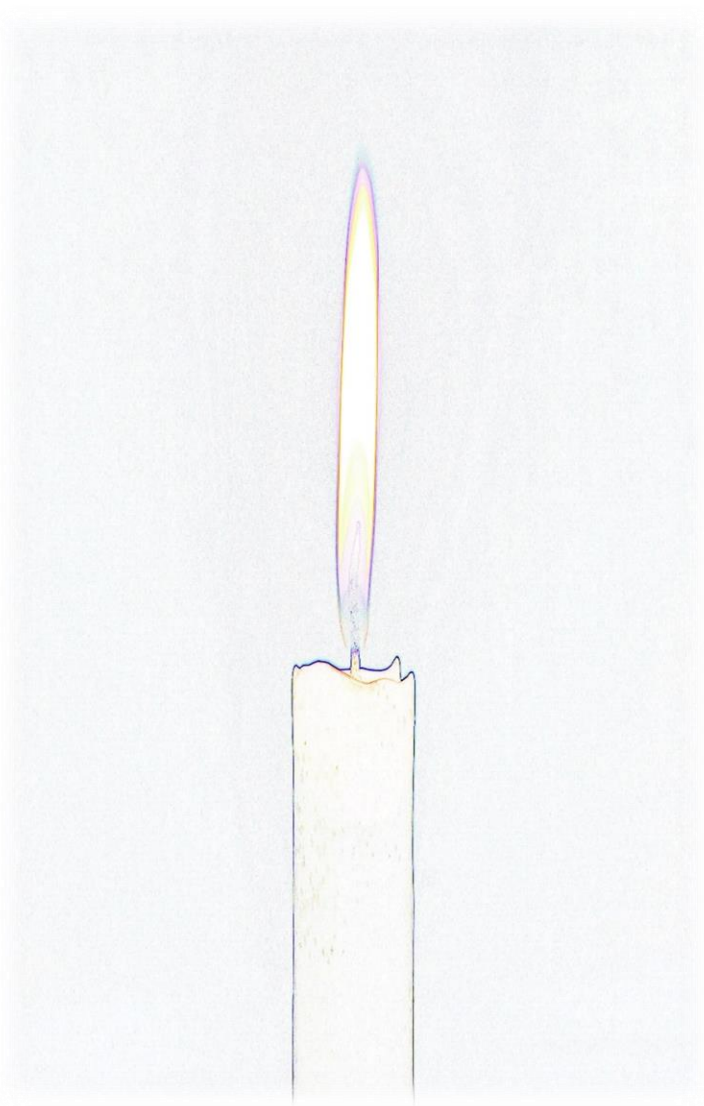
Evolution of the species

Seeking its greater, fuller form

In comprehension compelling communion

Ending illusive divides to which we conform

Therein it all comes together
What is known wrapped in what is felt
Maximizing everyone's experience of being
At altar of shared Spirit all true leaders knelt

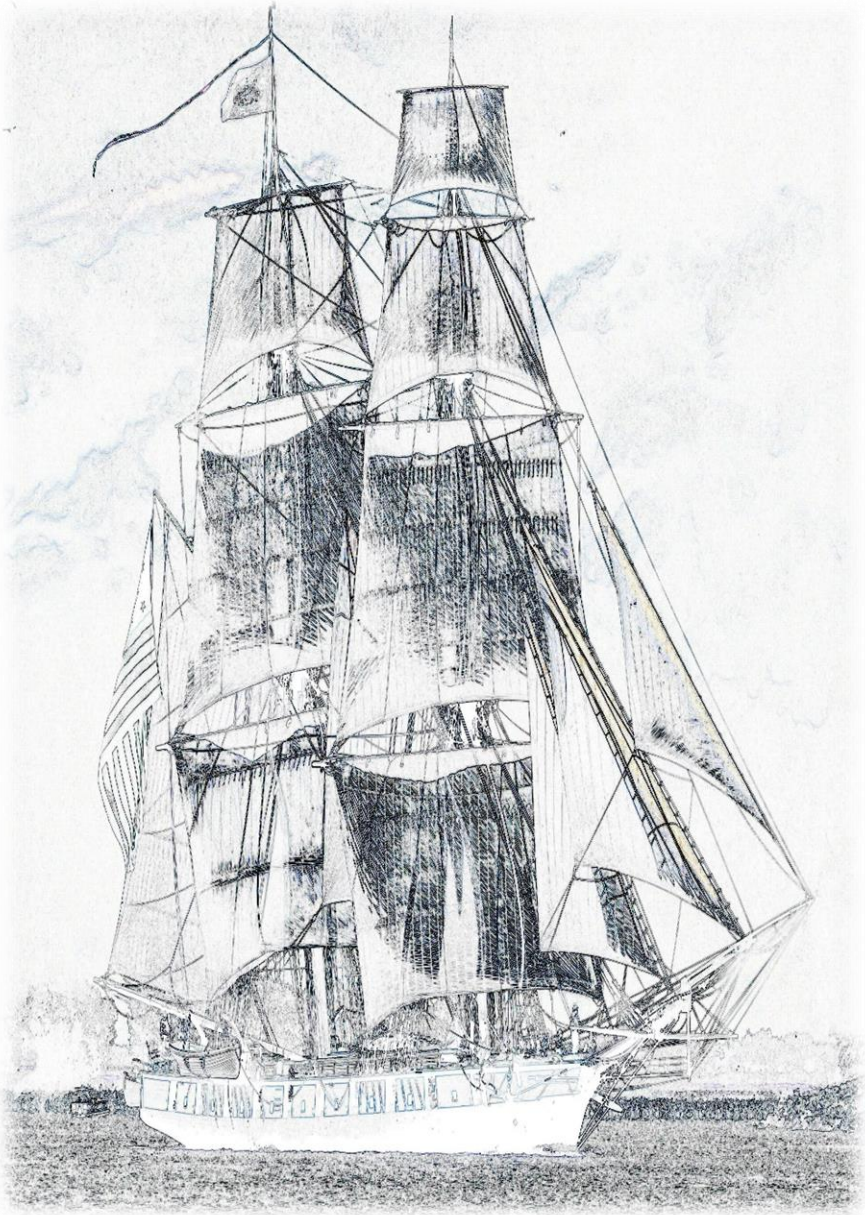


Less Troubled Ground

Upon this troubled ground I stand
To strengthen the sufferer's fraying strand
To lift some weight up off their backs
To track those lost by tracing tracks
And find upon coming to this ground anew
That it's all the better by my passing through

(Dedicated to the residents of the DRC)





Full Sail

Long live vulnerability
All hail the human heart
The Achilles Heel of every man
That secretly longs to be torn apart

To be stoic is to stay in the shallows
To drift along sickeningly secure
Break me upon adoration's wheel
Ecstasy costs what we can't endure

Calm waters will come later
The respite from the roiling seas
We must be pressed by passion's tumult
Else sails but slacken in idling breeze

Forever staying in safe, sure waters
Means testing tirades won't reveal our worth
Retreating from the risky ravages of the storm
Is to flee from the lands of our greatest berth

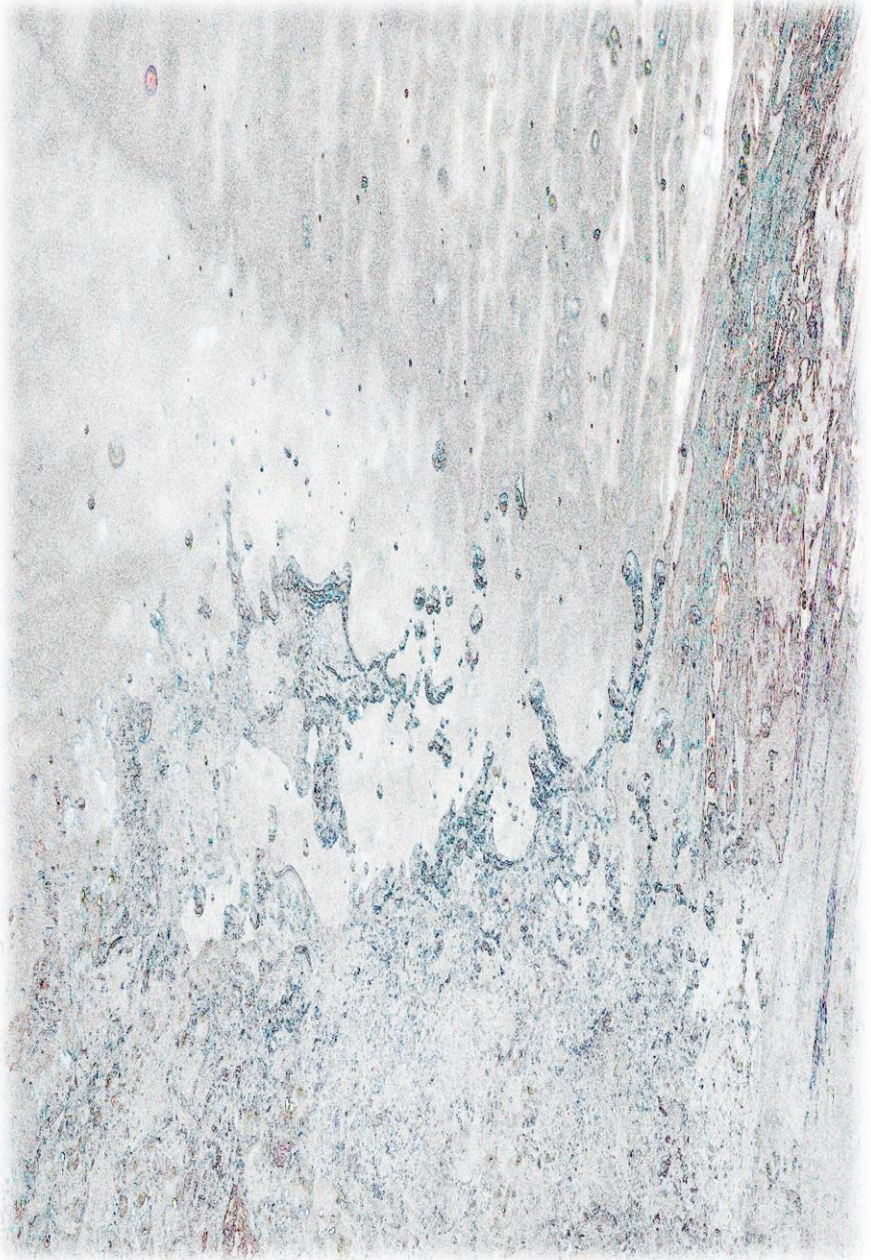
Stormy Sea of Thought

Lost on the stormy sea of thought
Battered by my overactive brain
Doubting, fearing, worrisome wrought
Drenched in mental drops without refrain

Raging reflections, cracking thunder
Surging, stinging, searching for shore
Cyclical cyclone sucking me under
Pensive poundings I can't ignore

Paddling madly, scanning in vain
A refuge from this onslaught ever elusive
Self-inflicting contemplative pain
Intelligence instigating self-abusive

Hark, what hope glimpsed off my bow?
Twin peaks set upon soothing island sands
Infinite earthly experience of now
Beckoningly outreached receiving hands





Here I Find Me

I find myself when I sit to write
Let thoughts spring forth, feelings foment
When I ride the Spirit eternally sent
To guide my pen past my mind's lament

The truth is already there, I need not try
We all have it limitlessly locked away within
We need only turn the key forever cast
In the calm quiet center of creating spin

Don't think too much, force isn't strength
Power not from paddling, but riding the wave
Let go, let it propel you forward without resistance
To the salvation of coveting not the godly gave

Forever reissuing current of reverential river
Endlessly cascading flow, each drop unmatched
Countless recorded pages of future history books
Written anew by Spirit's forms unceasingly hatched



Lament of Loss

Endless sensational sunsets

Never to be seen by the dead

Countless uplifting shared sentiments

By the fearful never to be said

Passion's fires doused before ignition

Waves walled off before they can roll

Trepidations tanking the speechless

Love's expressions henceforth un-whole

Undiscovered scrolls, lessons long lost

Unexplored seas, lands hiding unknown

Doubt tearing asunder irreplaceable reward

Countless lives unlived, then buried bone

Mind-expanding journeys joining oblivion

Intertwined lovers passing by ungreeted

If the heart yearns for it, take action we must

Upon unstable grounds is fullest life seeded

First Law

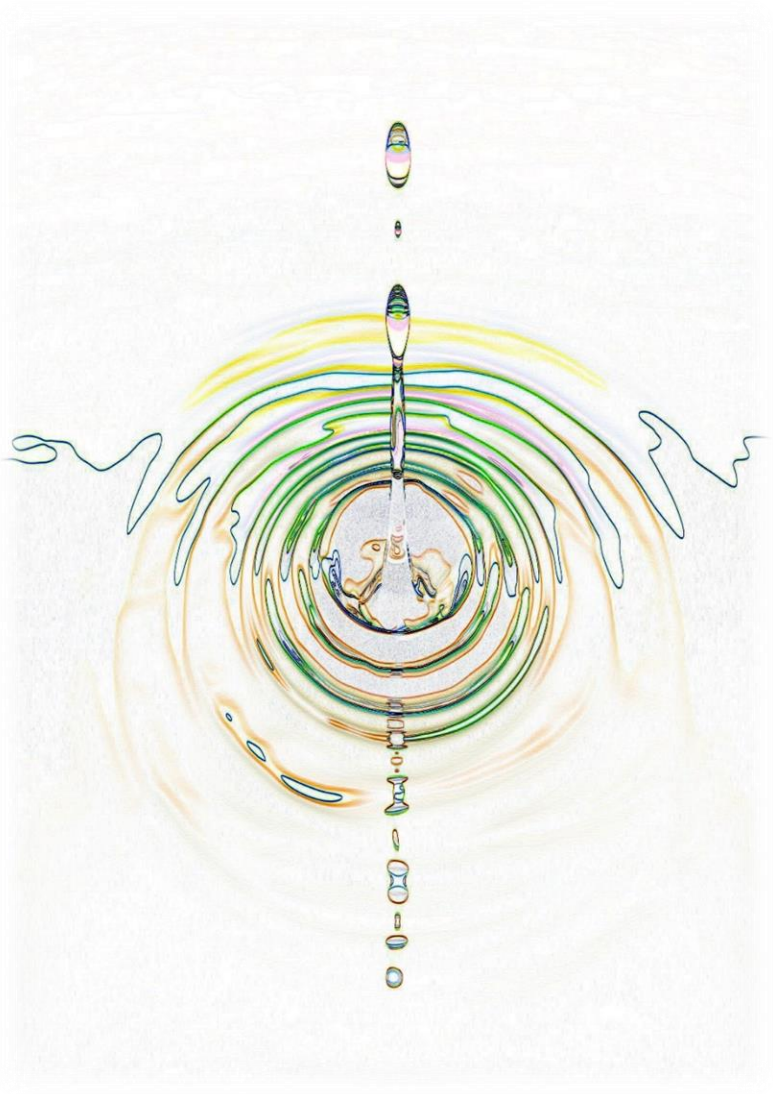
What goes up
Must come down
What soars aloft
Will meet the ground

What turns round the circle
Will see its way through
What falls to the earth dead
Ushers forth life anew

What we bring to the table
We pass around to everyone
Everything that seems to end
Made into something else begun

All that is one of a kind
Is pieced of the puzzle in all
All that appears to loom over lowly
To the lowest depths surely shall fall

Every great buildup of pressure
Will inevitably find its release
For every Yin feeds off of its Yang
Equally completing balance cannot cease



Misusing Machine

Be not the misusing machine
For the machine shall mean your death
Inhale the encumbering calculations
And subtractions shall steal your breath

Humanity reduced to tools and consumers
Nature made into materials and malls
Conforming cattle lined up for the slaughter
Clear-cut, towering collective promise falls

There's no honor in business extractions
In consolidations and ego-assigning classes
In distracting and dividing the conditioned
In cross-bearing and controlling the masses

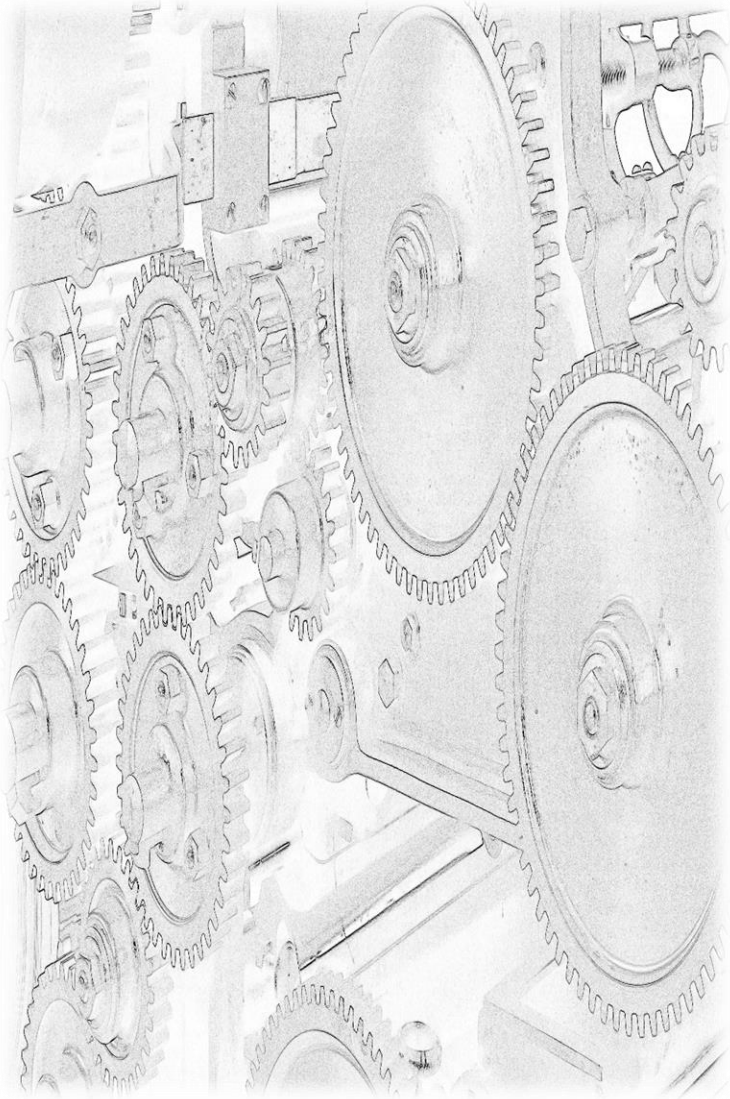
Heed the higher meaning of *caveat emptor today*
Buyer beware of more than merchandise and maker
For it is life itself that the consumer consumes
Caught in age-old traps of the aristocratic taker

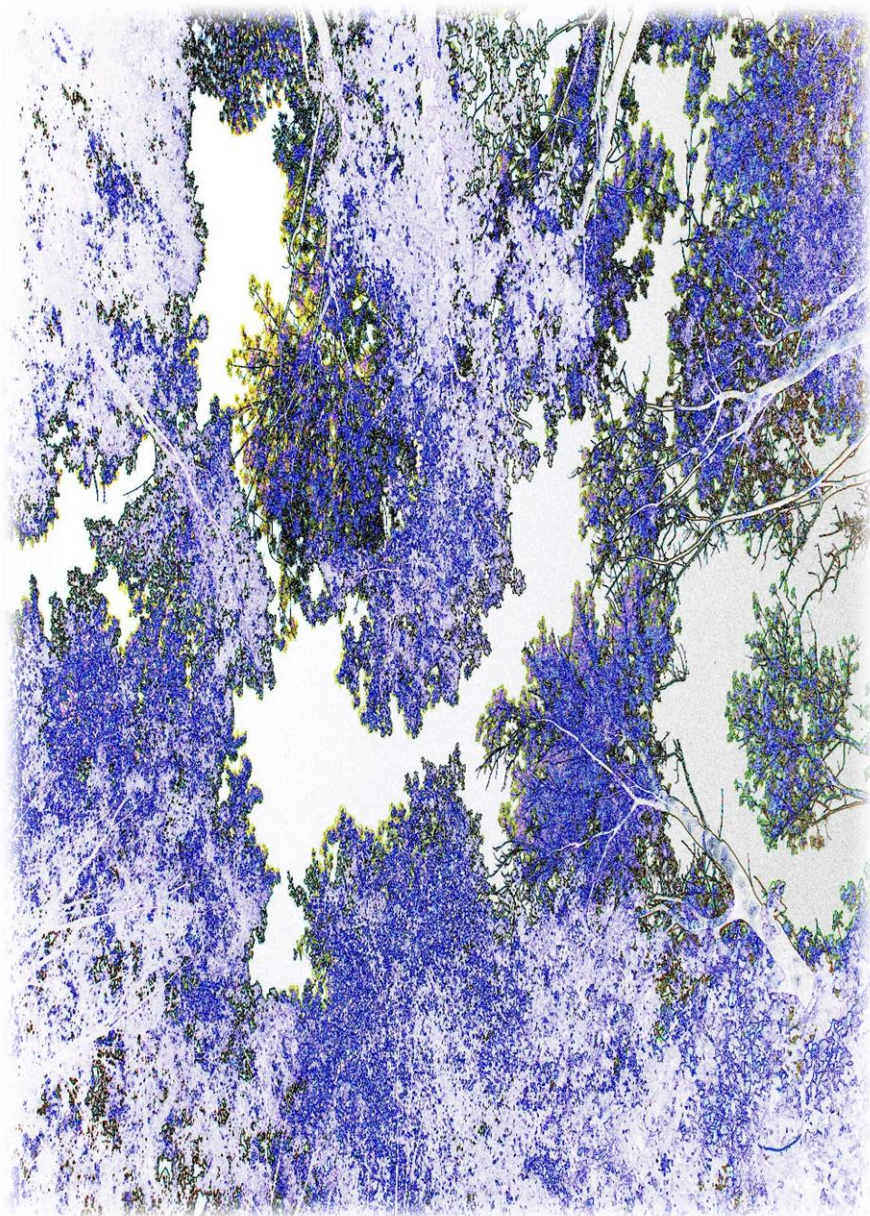
You are not your shoes or your khakis

You are not your house or your cars

Wealth is experience, purpose and people

Break free of the entrapping traditional bars





Natural State

Fleeing from herded, paved and lined
Breaking fettering chains of daily bind
Led by unclouded firmament to find
Luminous land lying beyond the grind

Dropped by trees upon forest floor
Carpeting cones creating ever more
Bathing in waterfall's rushing roar
Every entrancing wonder we adore

Scattered across mystic shadowlands
No stone unturned by searching hands
A way *into* the woods the weary demands
Beneath sky-stretched canopy's endless stands

Daylight revitalizes numb, finally feeling faces
Cold, common concerns the sunshine erases
Passing through pristine, untrammeled places
Blending with all that the modern day debases

Truth in Contrast

To know the depraved depths of deprivation

And the bottomless bounty of being

Go from long dwelling in desert dryness

To walking shorelines stretched beyond seeing

From being untouched by a lover past your memory

To so long tracing her skin you know her every line

From years exclusive to reclusive seclusion

To frequent friendship circles of wine and dine

From locked to one little town since conception

To sailing across the seven ageless seas

From being stuck in a sweltering sweatbox

To being reinvigorated by the winter breeze

All whom wish to know the truth of the thing

Will find it in the revelation of this ritual

Moving from the naught to the saturation

The condition rendering truth unconditional



Returneth Our Heroes

Forget not the fallen
Untouched by death
Its royalty now rankled
By reaper's once lionized breath

Bring back life shot by Cupid's bow
Sown not to covet and be left unloved
To be tamed, tied, then fattened for slaughter
Before headlong into empty amassment shoved

Returneth our heroes and their honorable missions
Bring back our heroines and their legendary fictions
The old monsters made in today's paraded iniquities
A reversal of good and evil's characterized depictions

Guide us back toward glorious light
A flight from this sick, ruinous day
Where with every labored, shallow breath
Great chivalrous, adventurous myth we betray

Seek me not in this sad, pitiful state
Running to and from every folly's fro
Where the only thing I'm certain to know

Is that my aching heart forever fails to grow
Succumbing to sorrowful, sickening languish
Our heroes vanquished by villainous decree
Heroines buying-up valueless bills of goods
Disgustingly hoarding, hordes on bended knee

Dragons as the law guarding on high
Screeching, surrounding impassable moat
Torched, smoldering unrecognizable remains
From the sky fall the dreamers deigning to fly

All that's best conquered long ago
In this land of contagion blackened by taking
Where lovely ladies sit back timidly awaiting
Loving largesse and romanced by faking

True men, let us pound our shields with our swords
Rally, then cut down our greed and our fear
And together drive out cold conquering crusaders
For only life-draining profits do they hold dear

Shhhh... sit down and surround
For I've a long unrecognized truth to tell
See that Star Spangled Banner flying upon cresting castle?
Justification and distraction, our rotting flesh I smell

No Grey

There's no such thing as in between
Endlessly imbalanced, teetering angst

It all must be set in its proper place
In ambiguous grey it cannot stay

Upon symmetry my sanity sits
Lopsided lengthening lunacy

At right angles or wrong angles
There is no other angle

If not taken too far
It hasn't been taken far enough

At peace or upon the front
The war wages between respites

Don't call me a friend if I love you
Your 'hey buddies' an unbearable burden

Love, hate or indifference
Hot or frigid, never lukewarm

Soaring, romantic majesty
Sinking, seething resentment

Pulsing, conducting connection
Unfeeling, insulating isolation

Boundless blossoming beauty
Untilled, dustily unfertilized fields

Brilliance or obscurity
Brightness of day else darkening dismay

Heart-expanding elation
Heart-hollowing dejection

"It's okay!," cries my ego
"They call it the genius disease

They say *disorder* to placate the herd
Superorder the more apropos word"

The Hunt

The greatest hunters

Don't hunt at all

They trick their prey

Into hunting them

For the more prized the prey, the easier it spooks

As soon as they sense the hunt

They become near impossible to catch

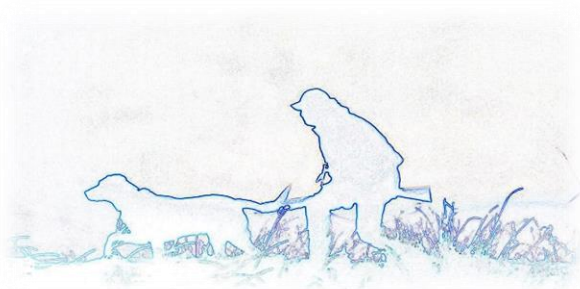
Their successful striking distance shortens

So cover yourself with the finest of fruits

Retract and disguise all tooth and claw

Don't call to them or look them in the eye

But deceive them into crossing closely by



The Rub

Give me a true embrace

Else let me be

Recognize the truth in me

Else set me free

Never am I slight

So don't be slight with me

See me for whom I'm meant to be

Not for the lesser me reflecting your vanity

Tranquility is recognition of truth

Truth is the heart of every fiction

Friction is the fight between the two

The integrative rub in everything we do

The Wrestling Match

Ego, the eternal nemesis

Arrogance, when it tips the scales

Diffidence, its fearfully scrawny form

Humility, the recognition of limits

Confidence, pushing through limits

How the competitor becomes more than before

So what are the moves of this match?

Is it balance? Not too far in any direction?

Confidently positioned between diffidence and arrogance?

How to distinguish between confidence and being arrogantly overblown?

How not to be too humble, and thus disempowered, back on your heels?

Answer: The heart will tell you what to pursue - let go of all else!

For the truest, eternal Self resides within the heart

And isn't subject to the ego and its misbalancing lies

But can only divinely sanction what to confidently take to the mat!

Sacred Stone

Oh so beautifully precious sacred stone
Made most magnificent by perpetual polishing
So long have I held you close at hand
Loved and traced your every curve
Adoringly inspected all facets of your form
That to me you are the *only* stone
But you were only borrowed
Mined from someone else's claim
He came one day and said 'enough is enough'
I want back the riches I invested with you for a time
Thank you for your returned interest! Goodbye!
And so you were lost to me forever
Wandering sad and alone I looked for you
The incomparable stone compared to every stone I see
I pluck them up uncounted, unpolished
I discard them all in dissatisfied dismay
Hoping just to catch a glimpse of you as he carries you about

But you remain lost to me forever

I shall never be rich again

You shall forever be the wealth that I lost

The invaluable granting my life its greatest value

The only precious stone of your kind

Glimmering with a luster none can match

Then came the walk that changed the very way I see

Looking for you I wasn't paying attention to my steps

I tripped and fell into a mine I pass by every day

Dazed, I slowly came to and opened my eyes

My God! I exclaimed. These glorious stones that surround!

So gorgeous! So sacred! So special!

Look at that one! Never have I beheld such breathtaking beauty!

Thank you for the message, great Spirit!

Your invaluable precious riches surround!

Now I see them! I wasn't really looking before!

Chisel in hand, I'm empowered with new perspective!

So many worth taking the place of one once undiscovered, unpolished!

There can never be a best, nor a final sacred stone!

Tattoo Collector

Indelibly inked flesh

Enmeshed in ventricular contractions

Bloodily blasting through pock-marked breast

Punching out holes with each of love's retractions

Blackening stains soak into my veins

Contaminating, wrenching circulatory pains

With each beat one less lingering wish remains

A procession of needle pricks each infatuation contains

Not one thing forgotten once printed upon skin

Every ounce of jabbed muscle trembling within

Around these agonizing etchings do my thoughts spin

Marking scars from all the unrealized lovers I've been



Confessions of an Ego

Don't dive too deep into self-conception
A shallow pool of surface-level perception
The inception of mind into the liquid mirage of matter
Headfirst and splatter, traumatic skull-splitting form
Small self ever remade, the front to which you conform
Floating upon capricious waves of forever raging storm
Continuous clouds raining thoughts upon an unsettled ocean

The constant commotion of unreal mental makings
Drowned-out by the depths of all inspired undertakings
Risky with the incalculable rewards of renounced takings
So as to see through the cracks of my careless breakings
And open up to the one power that may devour vulnerability
Casting away any hostility with the sight of indivisibility
Divine unity eternally set beneath the ceaseless cascades

Displace my vapid, pridefully inflationary air
With the rare realization lying beyond contrast and compare
A burly brute I may be, but never with eyes to see
Trudging forth blindly, crushing all commonality

The more you feed me, the more I lead you along
Pumping you up with my insecure, supremacist song
The delusion common to the whole herded throng

Embrace your pains and failures, find truth-telling humility
Strive to see me, the small self, and my endless credulity
For I can't help but compel you to keep adding to my largesse
Weighted with imbalance, tumbling backward in infinite regress
The more you make of me, the more your self-deceptions compound

Mythical misleading, bloating bias, rationally unsound
Not one truth shall I pass you, not one perception profound

Yet even if you weaken me, I'm certain to forever survive
Only may you hobble what self-awareness keeps alive
But deprived, you'll eventually find my leadings a betrayal
The success to which I pull you, the disguises of those who fail
Disciplined conditioning leads to my ready recognition
My disregard your weapon in this war of attrition
Usher the deserving into the effulgent heart's fruition

Main Course

Fattened-up obedient producing consumers

False one way street of freedom commuters

Fabricated facsimile of choice believers

Semper fidelis sold by conquering deceivers

Land of glossy façades concealing rotten cores

The values of a country of selling-out whores

Greed and corruption slyly glorified in the press

The law's been purchased, they'll never confess

Social statuses defined by the ability to take

By pretending honesty while fortifying the fake

By duping a planet of blinded, bill-of-goods buyers

Propaganda campaigns concocted by professional liars

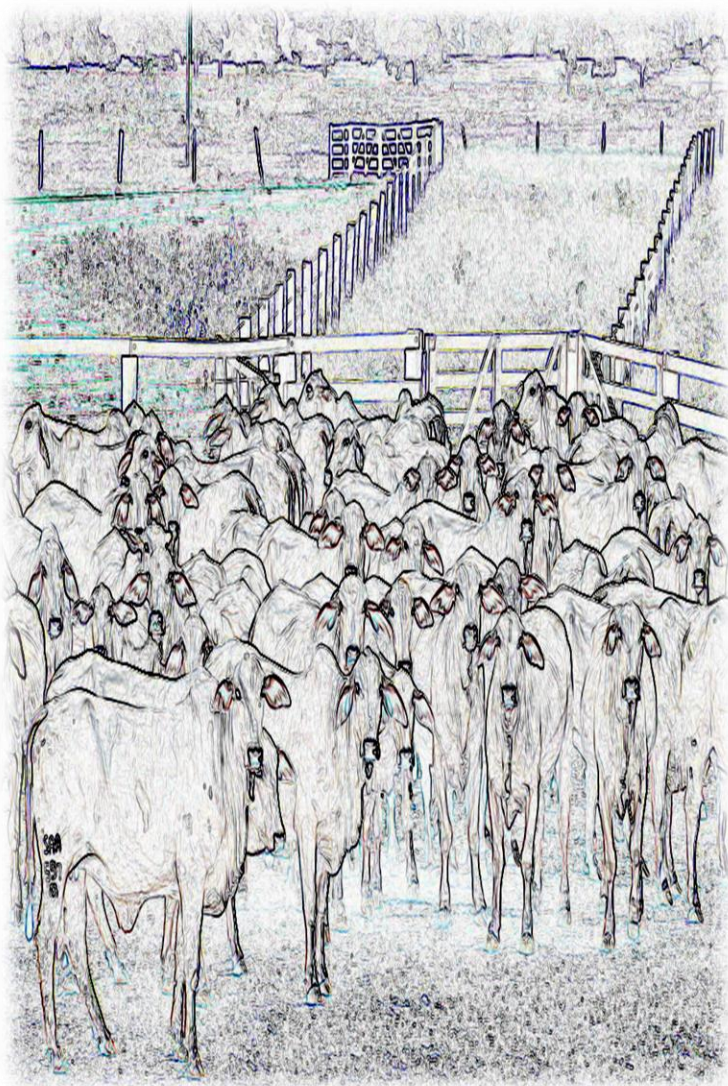
Manipulations of ego-enslaved, moral ground intruders

Systemic patchworks of parasitically-sucking colluders

And their deviously-poisoning marketing seducers

Cultural foundations laid by total life reducers

When shall we see that the 'land of the free'
Means the land where they can do anything to the we?
The people tricked, divided and deluded, kept always in line
Without a seat at the table, it's upon us that they dine



Exodus

Led more from within, far less from without

Guided by a shepherd unseen by the herds

The bourgeoisie don't see the providential signs

Deafened to eternal sound of heart-spoken words

Freed from the bonding chain rendering growth in vain

Crossing creeks and canyons, bearded and blistered

Ascending mountains made for finding human heights

Beyond the accruing concerns now barely whispered

Worn rough and ragged, wondrously wandering wild

An aimless appearance from the conventional perspective

Fleeing the controls and constrictions of whipping masses

Feeding on the outside, starving the introspective

Simply settled, building a community mindfully formed

Self-sufficiently basking in sun and soil, symbiotically bound

Behind, the bloated coldly assess their hoarded assets

Worth but a fraction of what the exodus found

Lifeblood

Excise the parasites...

from your capped non-equity professions
from your consumerist hypnotizing TVs
from your online personal information seizures
from your total lack of privacy personal computer invasions
from your illusion of choice false façade of democracy
from your aristocratically-sourced traditions
from your slowly-poisoning life-reducing 'foods'
from the concentrated animal torturing operations
from the planet-poisoning chemical cultivations
from gradually-dooming globally-warming industry
from perpetual greed-conserving propaganda
from lording over your leases because you can't afford to buy
from cost-cutting, cookie-cutter, wall-to-wall suffocating suburbs
from your preparing-to-be-of-service-to-the-greedy educations
from your comparisons of financial worth to personal worth
from your delusion of living in the 'land of the free'
from the mistaken belief that freedom is a one-way street
from your tax dollars going to overarm us and make the rich richer

from the 'Dept. of Defense' actually being the Dept. of Global Coercion
from a healthcare system that always overcharges and seldom heals
from the slowly-killing, unnatural, chemical cocktail form of 'medicine'
from the concealment of the invaluable cornucopia of natural medicine
from the narrow, idolatrous, exclusionary conceptions of God
from the profitable denial of reason, logic and science
from your need to win the rat race, forgetting the winners remain rats

I can feel the leeches everywhere
Everywhere I look and go, everyone I speak to
They are imbedded within us all, body and brain
Sucking away without end, weakening us all our lives

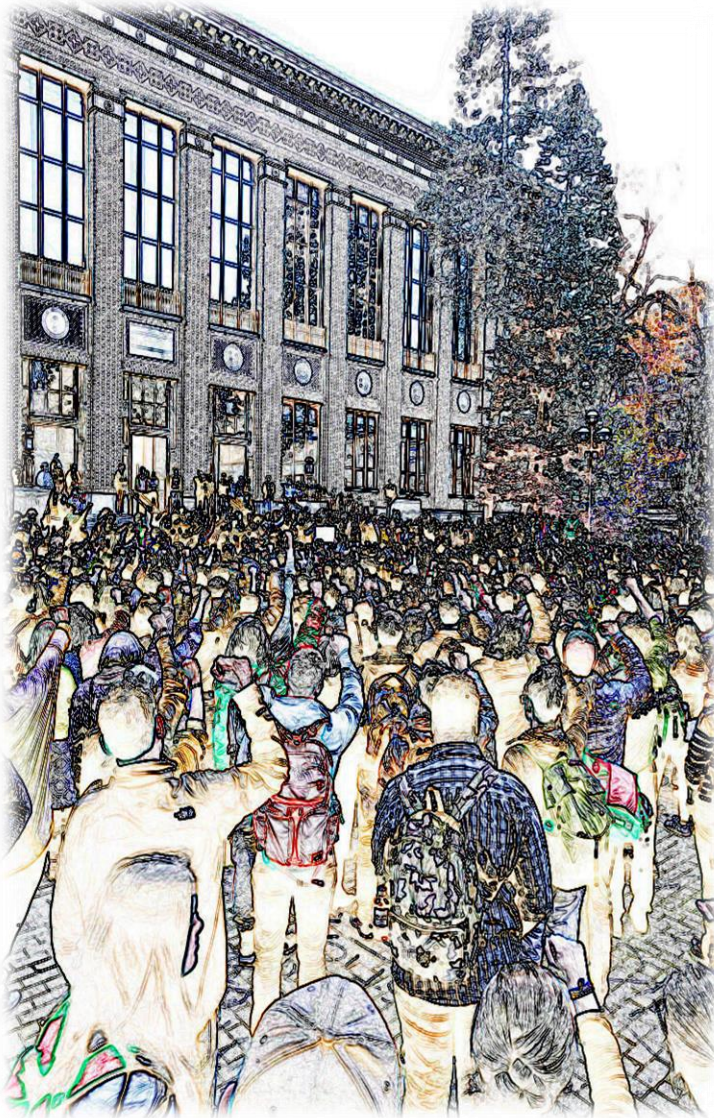
If you let them, they'll suck you dry!

Tear them from your flesh!
Keep your lifeblood for yourself!

Undivided Measures

Shouldered weight of the world
Endless injustices hurled at my heavy head
Bred by illegitimate self-centered plutocracies
Atrocities of cumulative opportunity suppression
Aggression against those resistant to profit
My prophet versus yours, cordoned-off factions
Egotistical reactions, fractioned un-whole humanity
The calamity of divisions, dividing lines for control
The toll incalculable, all that's lost in disunity
Community crushed by subtle imperial indoctrinations
Emancipations gradually buried beneath the greed
Feed upon one-another, throat cut, collaboration forgot
Not the way of the Spirit within, the commonality of all sin
Begin by seeing all as versions of yourself, spiritual wealth
Stealthily they've undermined our combined identification
Pontifications from gilded mounts distracting us from our cages
Fixed wages, we the tools in the owners' self-centered game
The shame of being used, abused by a life of ceaseless toil
Spoils of conquest, shackled by corporate conquistadors
Whores, each and all selling ourselves for parasitic satisfaction

No overreaction to being exploited this way, the rebels say
The fray all courageous progressives must enter, don't hide in fear
Draw near to one-another, sister and brother, and all shall win
All of us kin, an unstoppable forward force once we begin

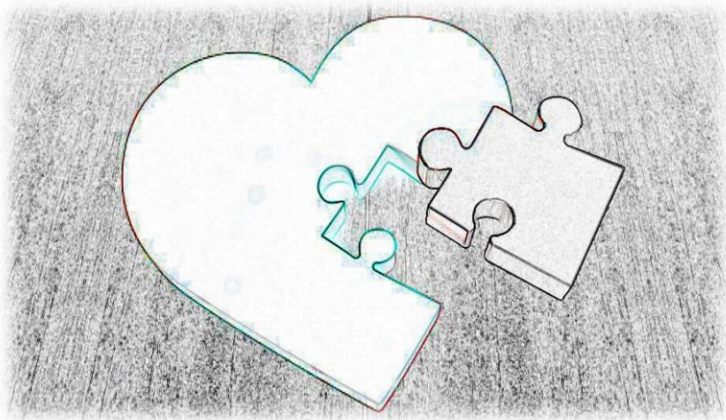


Perfection

Perfection is endearing flaws
Is flaunting departure from normality's laws
Is the moment that swells up deep within
Is the start you never thought could begin

Perfection isn't a sterile lack of stain
But a turning into triumph of all of your pain
A bringing together of those driven apart
Acknowledging the endless sharing of heart

Make more mistakes, for therein lies your perfection
Climbing from missteps stepping up learning's ascension
Fear not the inevitability of growth through stumble
For the most perfect are those most imperfectly humble



Deliverance

Surrounded by stuff
Things are the way to happiness
Possession is the purpose
Purpose is self-worth
Delusions delivering dissatisfaction
Dissatisfaction stacking-up to depression

All this stuff must be paid for, one way or another
All this stuff conceals nature without, distracts nature within

All this stuff traps me
Making it harder to see the truth
Harder to breathe
Harder to focus and fight for what's right

Happiness isn't within my budget
Credit is the only sane choice
Another trick of the parasites
Feeding off of our programmed need to possess

All that which we can never afford, one way or another
But that we need in order to meet their manufactured standards

Drowning in debt

Debt to go to school for the degree to make them richer

Debt to pay for the three bedroom house

Debt to drive the right kind of car

Debt to attract the desirable women

Debt to show the world we're worthy

To conceal what we feel, and surgically buy ourselves more time
To forget that healing and happiness don't fit within their profiteering

They're found in the uncapitalized mountains, rivers and oceans
In all the places and purposes humankind is alienated from

In the connections that their individualism precludes us from making
In the nutrients denatured by their industrialization and preservation
In the potential real world that we've devalued and dishonored
In the uncultivated land that we can't afford to purchase and cultivate

In the refusal to sell-out and cash-in
In the resistance to the consuming immorality they condition us to revere
In the exploration and preservation of the invaluable
In the invulnerable love they know will someday unite us

So we can set flames to their artificial boundaries
And deliver ourselves from the disaster and dis-ease of 'advanced society'

Delivered into the ancient recesses of our everlasting shared memory
Where we remember that matter is made of Spirit
That life persists as its purest, determined essence
Existing for all that which stirs within everything, unseen, uncounted

The Binds of Freedom

Controlled and subdued
Countless intrusions
Upon the depressed masses
In the Land of the Free

Credit cards
Buying beyond one's means
Paying interest
Student loans
Mortgages

Credit reports
You need more cards to maximize your score

Social judgment and acceptance
Political party affiliations
Calls for one-sided false forms of patriotism

Advertisements
Broadcasted propaganda
Football game flyovers
Budweiser says I'm not American enough
Department of Defense invading the East
Building aircraft carriers to defend America 3,000 miles away

Podcasts
Amazon
Google
All the best websites everyone should frequent
Know everything you can
Yet understand nothing

Major media owned and operative agendas
Geico says I should switch
That reminds me of all my obligations
Bills beyond count, track and control alerts and notifications

Social media presence
Small minded perception and expectation
Neediness of affirmation and validation
Egotistic warfare
Who knows more and understands best?

The self-righteous Church that knows without logic or evidence
Claiming to be the only ones to speak for the one version of God
Books born of the need to control humankind's beliefs and actions
The longest running con in human history
Manipulate fear and ignorance
We need to be accepted, the binds are born

Health insurance even when healthy
Doctors' visits and check ups
Countless prescriptions and promises of future surgery
You profit off my sickness
So why make me well?

Restaurants and Yelp reviews
Having friends, meeting at bars
Because that's what people do, and you can't miss out

Mom and Dad say:
You need security
You can't afford all this roaming and writing
You can't afford to disagree with your supervisor
Because she's the boss
She'll discredit you with all future employers

Dogs howling, miserably alone in apartments
Kids crying
Cars flying by
Horns and maintenance machines
Noise pollution suffocation

Suburbs
Lawns to mow
Clothes to mend
Endless chores to maintain acceptable neighborhood status
For one must own and present the acceptable appearance
Else be shamed into submission

So much noise
So little substance
I can't even hear myself think

Careers
Resumes
Beholden to the wealthy ownership class
Please sir, break me off a bigger piece

Three vacations a year
401k's
Mutual funds
Everyone that's anyone has a portfolio

Power lines
Private property signs
This is mine, that is yours

Car insurance and gas
This car is flashier
That car is more responsible
We have more kids coming, after all

Nature, romance, adventure, peace, wisdom, fulfillment... be damned

I can sell you their semblance, so you can pretend to possess them

And there, sitting alone in the woods
Beside the clear river
Birds in ears, sun on face

The only free man in America

Instinct & Spirit

The Bridge

We came to meet one another
through spiritual conduction

To know one another
through spiritual connection

To love one another
through spiritual inseparability

The bridge built between all people
gradually revealed

A bridge so brief
there is no bridge at all



Divine Drop

The above is as a boundless beckoning bosom...

A warm, radiating beauty calling me up with the fortunate few
From the dark, bleak depths I bubble up, hearing of a new divinity: Dawn
Sitting upon the surface, gathering courage, I contemplate my division
Finally leaping from the cold blues, I stretch out...

Reaching for her warm reddish-orange hues

With new found pride I break away, brazenly declaring my independence

I think: So, this is what it's like to be an individual

I now see it to be its own kind of cold, this lonely lack of cohesion
Nakedly exposed, the glaring light brings levity, lifting me dizzily up
I'm passing on, a transformation to a new mode of me, never a finality

There are new gods here upon this plane... they introduce me to Horizon
Mixing, mingling and moving about, I swirl through this new floating realm

As I climb I relax and, cooling, I'm reminded of home; of my siblings
I find some of them here, and we are drawn together... familial bonds
Blanketed by the new gods, we look down upon the old gods and sneer

Thankfully we find strength in our bonds, for Father Fire is soon upon us
In burning discomfort I want to run, compelled to push my brethren away

“Give me space! I can’t take you all anymore! What is this insufferable heat?!”
A whisper: “It’s the great blinding orb mercilessly diminishing the masses”
The weightless Gusting God blows by worshipfully chanting: “Ra! Ra! Ra!”

“Hang tight, my children!” the call of our Magnificent Mother crashes below

“He revels in ruthlessness, but his zenith has passed...

And soon West will welcome Night...”

Yellow... orange... red... running towards Horizon

Suddenly made a many-colored splendor

We see our chance, catching a passing gust

As the Glimmering Gods fall upon the firmament

“We’re Ra’s brethren...

Lighting the way for every castaway from worlds away,” they say

Their voices are soon silenced

By the ever-restless Gusting God pulling us up and away

Pressure mounts, more brothers and sisters join us...

And more, until heavy we heave

Our momentous seeking slows...

We plod ahead in blindly ominous groping silence

A spired immensity suddenly reveals itself...

Parting the Gusting God sent screaming away

“We’ve lost our conductor and must leave!,” I cry to my siblings

“Else be broken by this brut!”

Ripping myself away the Rod God enters the fray, our fracture its friction of form
Roaring with ferocity it charges past as I fall, briefly laying the great brute bare
Repeatedly it lashes at the great white Granite God with gallant strikes of blue
Mercifully they let me leave the battle, knowing alone I’m not long for this fight
“Your parents made me this way!” the Granite God howls whilst frightfully I fall

Now moaning for Mother...

I drop into one of her little sister’s shallow, fast filling flats
Colliding into cousins, I let them know of my longings...
My nostalgia for the Drowning God’s limitless legions
“Let us go meet this mighty multitude,” they demand
“For now there are too many of us here”

The Echoing Canyon calls:

“I shall make you fast enough to flee from the god whom you’ve fled”
So I pray: “Please Rushing River whisk us away...
And may the old gods forgive us and permit us to stay”





Starlit Shore

Upon the starlit shore I slept
Releasing waves of worry from my mind
And upon waking the waves had swept
My troubles towards sunsets left behind

Rising, I stood upon the sand
Letting its cool coarseness catch my toes
Wandering along pulled heartstring I set
Upon a path toward horizon no one knows

Where lighthouses point the way within
Where lilies and lilacs line the turquoise coast
Where every pathway bends back to begin again
Where everyone loves everyone else the most

Close your eyes and you will hear
The waves calling you, drawing you near
Pulling you out to the sea inside
To where you cannot be lost and are forever tied



Forever Bridged

Once the love is established true
No need to maintain, to ever renew
For to truly build the bridge between you and me
All obstructions annihilated, passage forever free

So know there's nothing you can ever say or do
No pain, privation, nothing you can put me through
That can ever truly burn or wash the bridge away
Indestructibly unconditional connecting crossway

So where in this crossing does the 'self' exist?
Though the perception of separation doth persist
Bridging connection, two halves of the same whole
Grasping essential indivisibility, the crossing toll

Fully pay the toll even once in order to find
Nothing can ever break this primordial bind
Pay the toll often enough in order to see
There's no truth in 'you' and 'me,' only in We

Inside Out

Life is lived fully within the We
It is but a dream made up of dreams
None of this is absolute nor final
Nothing sensed is truly as it seems

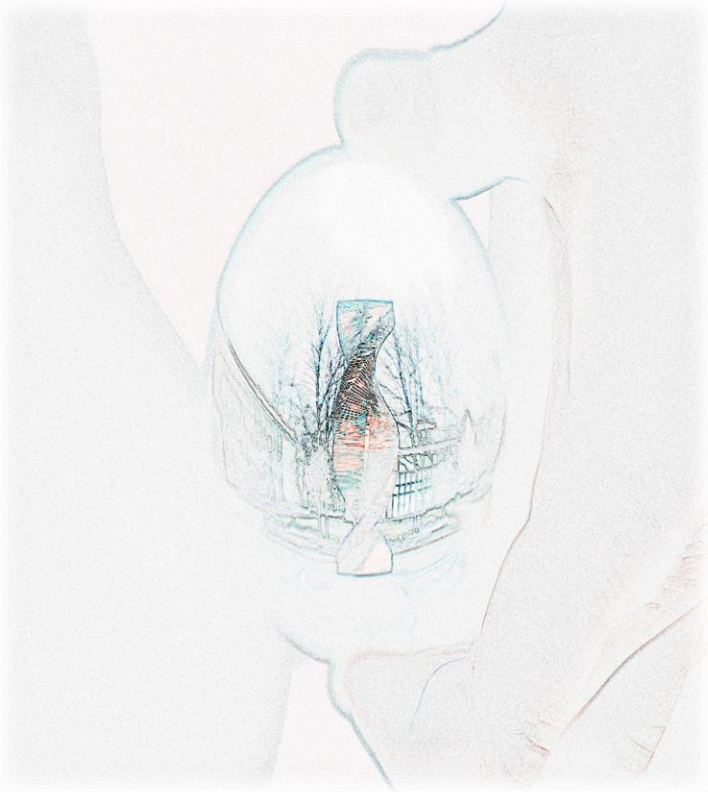
Limitless fractals from One
Shining source never begun
Passing through material prism
Infinite facets refracting spiritual sun

Uniquely minded by our matter
Only the form is made unique
Formed from what will always be
Silently expressing eternal speak

Your experiences are yours alone
The rest is infinitely recalled
Separated only by sense of self
Between egotistic trappings are we walled

Break down these borders to combine
We're completed through our connections
The more we tug on the ties that bind us
The more evidently foolish our rejections

No person posted on an island
No being born to be alone
As we swim towards shared center
We move closer to coming home

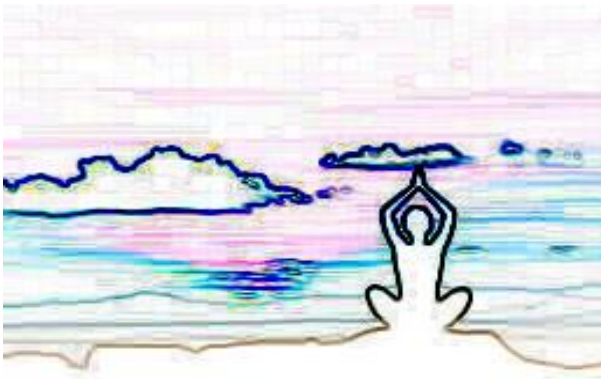


Divinity

Seldom do I seek
What I am sure to find
No great mystery solved
Solely in the mind

Depths of existence plumbed
Freeing myself from thought
Uncovering what's always been
Knowing what can't be taught

Seeing is believing
Yet few have eyes to see
Eternity is locked within us all
Where divinity shall forever be



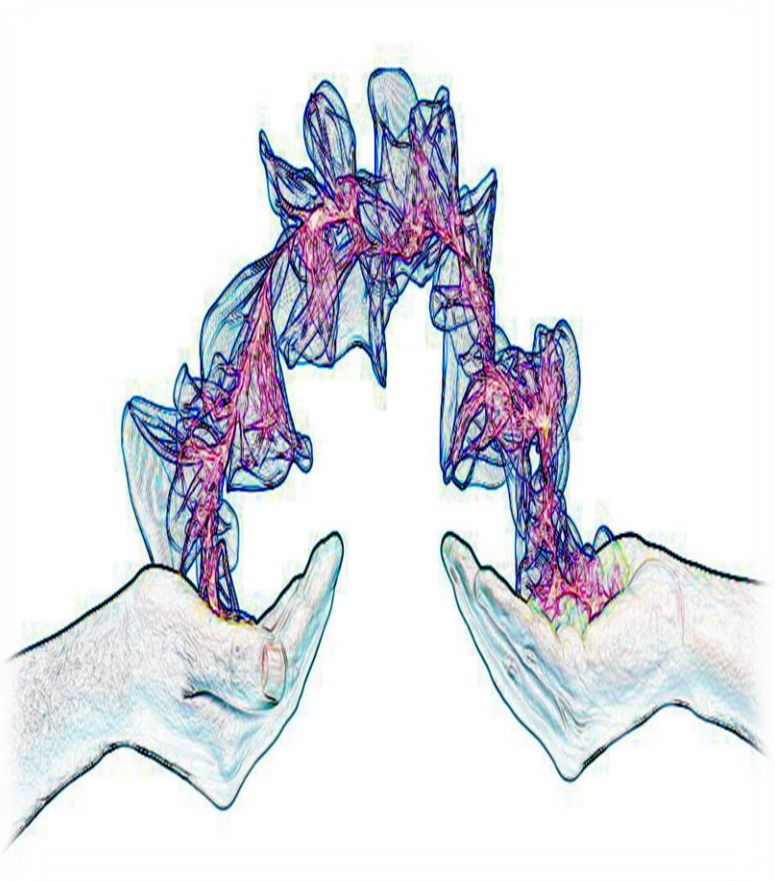
Knowledge Unknowable

The highest of truths

Can't be intellectually possessed

And yet I won't rest

Until they're that to which all attest

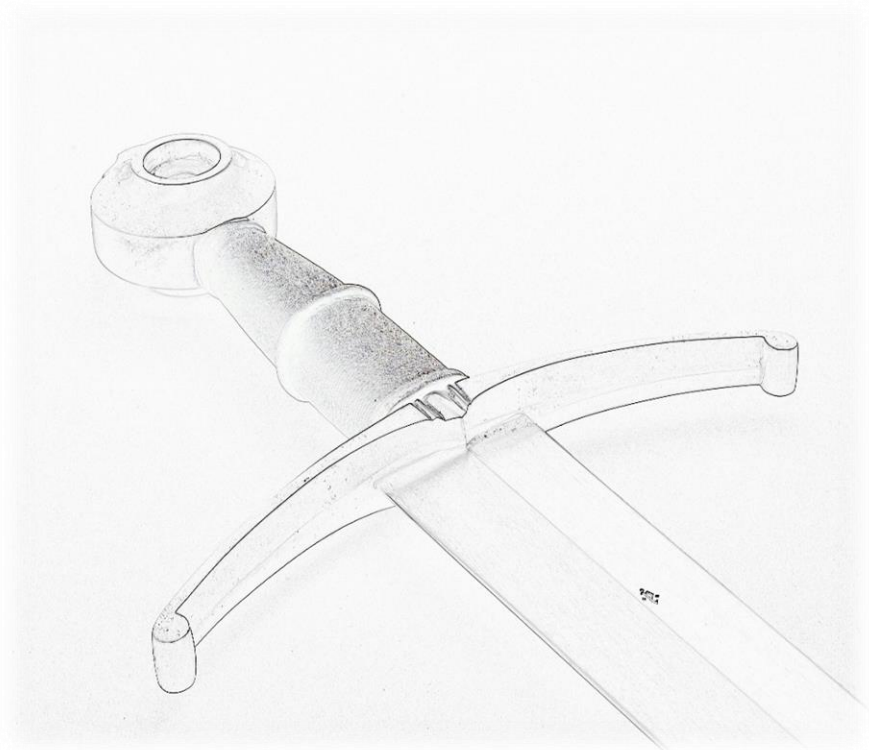


Pagan Worship

The word 'pagan' is an unclean, bloodied weapon
A sullied sword made for coercion and cutting down threats
Unsheathed to frighten the vulnerable into joining the herd
To scare away all skeptics, the condemned and ostracized
Else to stick and slowly bleed them in front of the flock
Demonstrating the price of doubt and 'a lack of faith'
One weapon in the age old imperial armory of false piety
Forged in the fires of ego and greed, borne by aristocracy

Yet forever being too short to cut down the untouchable truth:
Every one of the unoriginal ideas in their book came from pagans!
And none of their imperious commanders can ever be righteous!
And though most of their flock follows along with good intentions
And wisdom yet lingers within the less edited portions of their book
Far too much evil has overwritten the first philosophies bound therein
The bleeding of logic, evidence, science and true, fully inclusive spirituality
By weapons sharpened by fear, greed, idolatry and mind control

So when you hear the denunciation of the 'pagan,' know the truth:
It once meant 'one who resists the irrational domineering of religion'
And now means 'one who, armed with principle, refuses to succumb'
One who knows better than to unquestioningly follow
One who knows that the path to truth passes through the domain of doubt
One who was bullied, forced to flee from presumptuous, offensive pretense
And among them, many whom stoke the fire of all-encompassing Spirit
A moral army which may, one day, use it to melt the sword of enslavement



Age of Aquarius

Masculinity made, removing mask masking why he's afraid

Storms of machismo make the encircling, enshrouding fog

Conserving culture clashing with heart, concealing our manly-most art

Revealed by abandoning the island, manhood floating upon humility

Need and support propel growth, fleeing storms of egotistic self-reliance

Counter-cultural romantic defiance, she's positioned off the pointing prow

Every passing magnificence may add to you, if only you'll allow them to

Embrace your flowing insecurity and ever more solidly secure shall you be

Fight it and lie to yourself, perpetually paddle against her conducting current

Drop your pride and follow the effortless guide towards furthest horizons

Found by the fullest self made when through her completion you're paid

But paddle against her only for yourself, and lost is life's greatest wealth

Two halves of one whole, spurn not your spiritually-dictated role

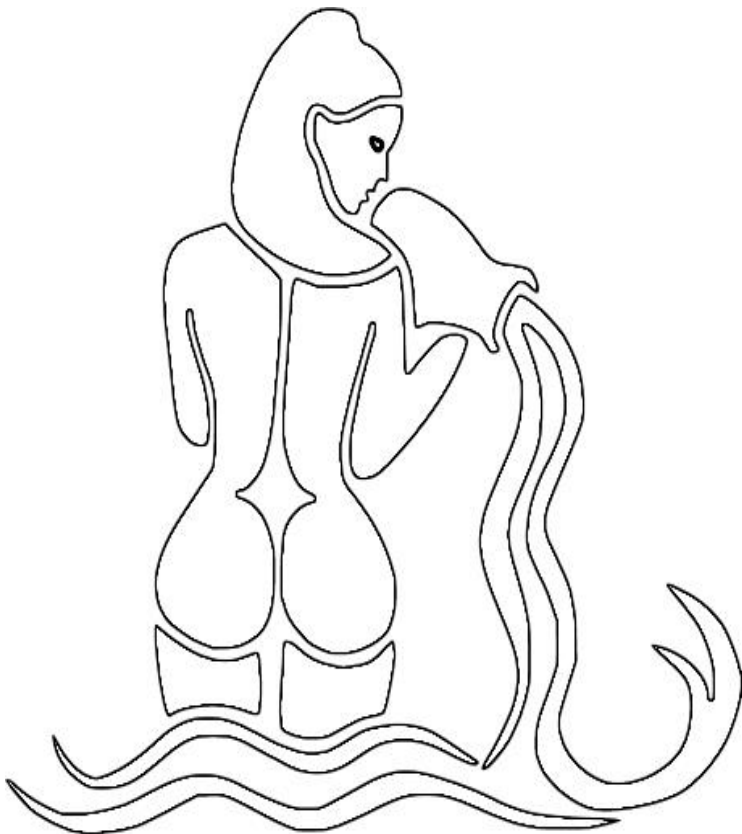
We're gifted the greatness of granting her greatest fulfillment

Returned to you in full form, when your compass is held in her hands

Backing rapturous winds blown with the warm breath of reciprocity

The man of today must the patrimonial past betray
Worship at her watery temple, and her strength shall be yours
For there is no god upon Earth who is not goddess made
Defying oppression and domination, they hold her up to the highest

Pretending you don't need the current grants but the pretense of power
For through her the furthest reaches are found, against her they're drowned
It is the insecurity of the small self and the abusive past you paddle against
Only the goddess knows the way, leading to Aquarius' glimmering bay



Milk of the Gods

Lining the tropical beaches
Bestowing all that my body beseeches
Bless you for your most blessed of gifts!

My parchment and my wearing's
My table, bowl and sheltered bearings
Cored, my most rejuvenating rehydration

Succulent fats of long-focusing fuels
Moistened and made into luscious milk
Steadily mixed into magical mana

Your dried flesh is my renewed flesh
Your flowers plucked and pressed into sweet savory nectar
Your decadently dripping creams of my salubrious dreams

I intersperse your seeds with your sacred brethren
Giving rise to cultivations of empowering creations
Bequeathing a synergizing black and white wonder

Pods plucked from canopies worshipped for eons
From the prehistoric southern lands before the Latins
Praise be to the Mayan Milk of the Gods!

This graciously gastronomically granted goodwill
Gulped into the gladdened makings of my robustness
This most fortunate fusion, my reinforced foundation

Do you not see this divinity granted unto me?!

The might-making mixings of agelessly mystic medicine men!
Timeless empowering potions brewed with unremitting relish!



Existential Skin

We say 'we, my, mine, you, yours'

But none of these are true

These are but the skin of existence

The outer shell of being

The false façade of material form

Beneath which there is but The One

Each an inseparable form in the function of physical being

We are all things and one thing at once

This is Spirit, what most call 'God'

Infinite manifestations of one true Self

The Everything

The life that inhabits me
Is the life that must always be
The eternal flame casting every key
Opening every lock, forever setting us free
Free to find everything while wandering lost
To pay the ultimate price free of all cost
Free to see each and every one of you in me
Forever revealing, recursive epiphany
Free to drink full without quenching thirst
Free to endlessly expand yet never to burst
Free to sew strength from endless fields of heather
Free to sow the seeds of every fruitful endeavor
Free to find the truth in the completion of the void
To know that God is 'nothing created or destroyed'

Circle to Sphere

A vision swept across me
Wiping the delusions of the world away
And upon the blank canvas set before me
Humanity's salvation paints itself
As if harnessing some preternatural force
Willing me to see its eternal existence
At the very base of everything that is
Displacing disarray with clean symbolic sight

"I see a whole," I say to no one
"It's complete in every way
The makings of every meaning
The full force producing all possibility"

Suddenly there's a split
And where there was one, now there's two
Two circles I see
The line of humankind set between them
"Life and its illusions," comes a whisper

The line becomes the faces of people
They all turn to face in one direction
Towards the second circle soon becoming grey
The solid circle at their backs, invisible to them

Along both circles fissures are formed
The fissures appear to break both circles
And from the fissures lines are formed
Leading from the fractured outside to the center
A perfect dot as dense as can be

The lines forming in the grey circle are solid
While those in the solid circle are dashed

Grey circle's distinct separating lines
Solid circle's indistinct separating lines

The lines in both circles multiply
Filling up each of the circles more and more
Until there's no space left to fill
And the lines begin to touch

The grey circle's solid lines overwrite one-another
"Discord of the absolute self," comes the whisper
"Delusions born of external illusions"

The solid circle's dotted lines overlap one-another
"Concord of the relative self," comes the whisper
"Truths born of internal insights"

The grey circle remains flat and constricted
Each line fighting to overtake the others
To claim the limited space

The solid circle develops in every direction
Each line amassing with the others
To share the expanding space

The grey circle starts to shake
Filling with tension

The solid circle becomes a sphere
Filling with every dimension

The grey circle quakes violently
As a few from the dividing line of humanity
Are shaken into a swivel
Turning around to see the sphere

These few are subsumed by the sphere
At the moment that the grey circle implodes

The turned backs are blasted away
As the sphere fills the full of my perception

Untouchable

It is the nature of true love
To be forever held upon a pedestal
No matter what is said or done

Held there by the heart
Borne always aloft
Upon the rarified air of communion

Unable to fall
Incapable of letting down
Those who effortlessly hold them there

For true love is unconditional
Existing regardless of circumstance
Untouchable by expectation

If this is not the case
Then the love isn't true
And exists only in word

Paradigm Shift

So heavy mine heart, heaping from steeping
Absorbing the fake and foul of societal keeping
Sweeping virulently out from contaminated core
Awash in sickening sellouts, honor no more

Enslaved, where but the truly free hath braved
Pounding evils from which the obedient caved
Saved, not by the official, conquering teachings
But by rebellious Gnostic's long-lost preachings

Fighting for a paradigm shift in what's considered success
Away from rewarding extractions rendering life less
Away from motivating dishonor, take all that you can
Until increasing quality of life is made the mark of a man

Convictions dismissed by the brainwashed: "Insane!"
Yet backed by those courageously seeking everyone's gain
Countering the corrupt and their puppets upon The Hill
The few finding the heart's power equal to their will

Upon which side of the line do you and yours fall?
Which of Sitting Bull's dogs do you feed more overall?
Words of prophets long written across the subway wall
There is no truth but that truth which empowers us all

Final Dedication: Particulars of Endearment

The way you pronounce your g's

How you talk with your hands when you become excited, which is often

Your bewitchingly gorgeous eyes – I want to get lost in them!

How certain colors of attire (that one beanie especially) make those eyes explode with even more vibrancy – you looked so stunning that day!

The way you look when sun-scathed, the tan revealing hidden freckles

How you looked when you glanced up at me in the staff room on our last night working together – “Damn she’s beautiful,” I thought to myself

The overwhelming draw I felt when I gave you that last hug goodbye – your natural smell and the scent of your hair – innate compatibility

The adorable way you puff your cheeks and roll your eyes when you’re holding back expressions of affection

How I know the true definition of ‘adorable’ because of you – *I adore you*

How you say you *have* to have pajamas on whenever you’re at home

The way you reenacted the perfectly warm, comforting embrace of the cuddle in winter cold – a fond memory of you that still tugs at my heart

How you say “you’re something else” and “you’re an idiot” – you’d never admit it, but I know that these are your way of secretly saying “I love you”

How little you take for granted, knowing how vulnerably invaluable are the gifts of life

How bad you are at accepting compliments – this list is too much for you already, isn’t it? I’m just getting warmed up...

The way you doubt yourself, humbly bouncing back and forth between confidence and ongoing, overly-critical reflection and self-examination

How you don't realize that your being 'awkward' is *entirely* endearing

How unbelievably mature and well-rounded you are for your age

How you almost always say and do the right thing, possessing judgment far beyond your years

How many things are 'your favorite' – I only implied otherwise once out of particularly resenting your power over me that day

How badly you want a dog, the fact that they're so lovable seemingly tearing you up – I feel the same way!

How much of a total brat you look like in the child photo you submitted

How loud I make you laugh – you fear you'll wake everyone, becoming embarrassed

How you have the awareness and resolve in your mid-twenties to take a year off of drinking following a very considerate analysis

How much you enjoy culinary creation, sharing food as an act of love – for almost everyone

How excited you are to have and decorate your own home, making it truly yours

The way you express your bond with family and friends, especially your grandma – may she rest in peace!

How you want to help others with your life, willing to absorb their pain

The perspective you've pulled from your past, turning past pains (accident, family struggles, etc.) into strength and a highly developed capacity to empathize with and show compassion for others' pains

How you exude that empathy, becoming the joy and anguish of those around you

How your intelligence combines with that great compassion and empathy,
making you a true force for good – a future shield against suffering

How I can see your heart melt on your face when something touching
happens

How you use books and films for cathartic release – I just want to hold
you when you cry!

How pridefully stubborn you are, in the best possible way – the high
standard, earn everything, nothing has ever been handed to you way

How gracious and modest you are, ever good to others and shying away
from crude content

Your work ethic – you'll never fall short for lack of effort, that much is for
certain!

How much satisfaction you receive from being productive, even playing at
it as a kid

How determined you are to give your future kids the stability and
advantages you were denied

How you make me feel so much I melt with weakness around you, ever
prone to 'cross the line'

How pure my feelings are for you – in a world soiled with constant
corruption, the incorruptibly clean

How patient you've been with me and my mood swings – my greatest
antidepressant (I've run out of time to prove it, but that's not *really* me)

How badly I want you to know that *real* me, the one free of the afflictions
that continually consume me, undermining every moment of my life

How I scream on the inside when you're near – *please*, be right next to me
or else far, far away!

How dedicated you are to your man and relationship – no threats are
permissible – how lucky can one guy be?!

How complete a package you are, exceedingly well balanced and leaving *nothing* to be desired – though it's true, I love that you don't believe it!

How much I identify with the pain of your ex – losing you would be unbearably devastating

How certain I am that you are one of the best people I have ever known, or ever will know!

How much you've confided in me – *my heart remembers it all, even if my mind doesn't* – you share with others too, it's true, but I like to ignore this!

How stout and steadfast my position is in your corner!

Despite all the pain and sense of being undervalued by you...

You are a part of my heart now, inextricably intertwined

I know many of these poems were harsh

Yet my ego and anger are *always* temporary, and the love is *always* there!

No matter what I'll always be here for you, for absolutely anything!



About the Author, By the Author

Born in the redwoods of coastal Northern California in the blue collar town of Fort Bragg, my early years were trouble-free times of active, youthful exuberance. I was very much a rural kid, playing sports with friends, catching critters, exploring the forest, shooting bb guns, swimming in the river and ocean and eating blackberries off the bush until my hands were stained purplish-black and my stomach ached. At the age of six my father was transferred to the rapidly urbanizing town of Santa Rosa, CA, in the heart of the Sonoma County Wine Country, an hour north of San Francisco. There, I gradually transformed into a video gamer with a strong creative streak. In my adolescence I concocted elaborate games for friends that captured their attention for hours on end, often during school hours. Some of these games were centered around toys, but the more popular were produced on paper, which I called “paper games.”

As I matured I came to the same conclusion that most young, observant people come to: money is the root of freedom, for freedom is *purchased*, not freely given. I knew that I had to do everything possible to accrue as much cash as possible, so that I could do what and be who I pleased. This culturally-pervasive mindset continued through most of college, during which I attended the University of California at Santa Barbara and studied Business Economics, entering the real estate business post-graduation. I was highly motivated by the orthodox ambitions inculcated into western youth by way of our aristocratically-hailing conservative culture and, through them, decidedly driven to pursue what most consider the hallmarks of ‘success:’ a lucrative career, the socioeconomic rank and all the trappings. This was before I realized the subjectivity of ‘success,’ and the fact that the greater form is that which Einstein alluded to: “Try not to become a person of success but, rather, try to become a person of *value*.”

Thus, I’d begun developing doubts during my last couple collegiate years that following the traditional path was what I was meant to do; that it was the best use of my abilities. Upon inspection, and in tracing the full causality, I realized that this path produces parasitism and suffering. The more you’re said to ‘make,’ the more you *take*. Nothing materializes from nothing, and capitalism unbalanced by socialistic principles and equity sharing is less about freedom and hard work than exploiting disadvantage.

My heart and conscience thereby began to coalesce around the greater concept of success: defining it in terms of the *creation* rather than the *extraction* of value. Later, as my spiritual awareness grew and I began to sense that 'listening to your heart' is more than mere fleeting emotion, but a tapping into a truer, fuller form of universal Self, my earlier doubts began to crystalize along with my ideology and convictions, and everything changed for me. Though I continued to struggle with some serious health issues at the time, much of which continues to plague me, on another level I came into myself and began to harness a deep sense of purpose. I realized that I'm meant to translate the spiritual messages I receive which, combined with my intellectual inspection of the world, have led me to some profound conclusions about the nature of existence and the greedy heart of western culture compromising our collective potential. My innate creativity found a grander outlet in conjunction with my naturally-philosophical mindset, and I began seeking the underlying nature of reality, formulating my own ideologies and envisioning the type of societal systems that might someday steer mankind away from a 'greed is good' attitude that necessarily short-sells total quality of life on Earth.

As of 2021, my list of literary projects includes:

Infinite of One, All for One IS One for All
Heresies of a Heathen, Revelations of the Spiritual But Not Religious
Veritas Ex Spiritu, A Penned Pursuit of Spiritual Truth
Love of Wisdom, Philosophy in Verse
Thin Line Between, Poetry of Illusory Divide
From the Roots Up, A Spiritual, Progressive Philosopher's Notebook
Avant Garde
Chloe in the Present
ANIMALS Party
The House on Apple Blossom Lane
Lucid (screenplay)
Turncoat (screenplay)

Access all of my books, papers and videos @ infiniteofone.com



This portrait of the author was drawn by Liz Aliberti (formerly Liz Meals) of Bend, OR