

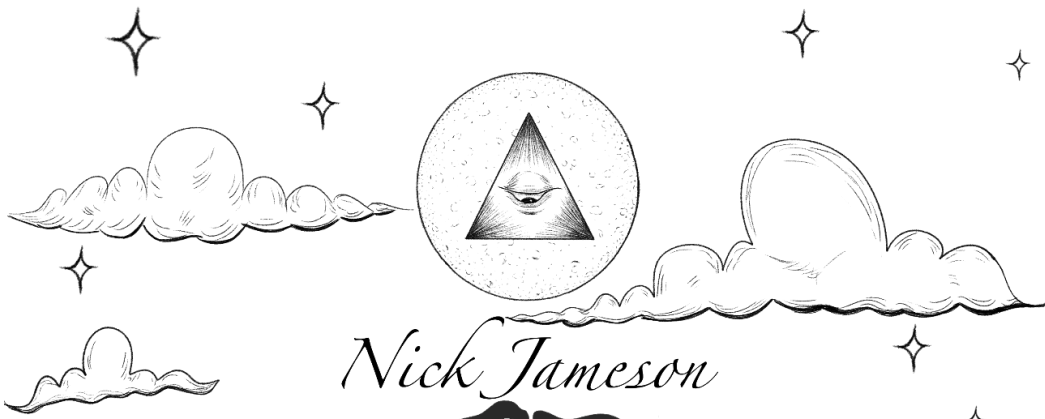
**THE EMPRESS
NEEDS NO CLOTHES**

THE EMPRESS NEEDS NO CLOTHES

A Poetry Collection

NICK JAMESON
Lanna Ariel



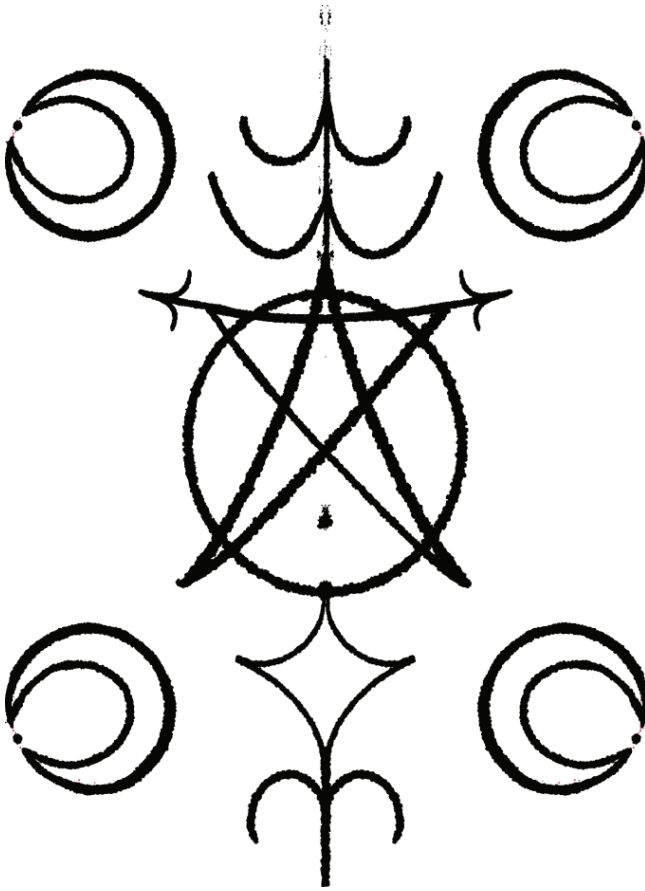


Nick Jameson



*The Empress
Needs No Clothes*

Illustrated by Lanna Ariel



WHY DOES THE EMPRESS NEED NO CLOTHES?

Because, while I've been inspired by *many* women in my life, one especially, and while they've ruled my heart for as long as I can remember, The Empress ultimately isn't a person, but an *ideal*; a force for the welcomed bewitchment, inspiration and muse-making of every artist; the energy of enchantment which all true, self-secure lovers seek, knowing that it's far better that the divine feminine come to rule over man than it is for man to futilely attempt to rule over *Her*.

The Empress is the goddess of love, ecstasy and endearment whom may take any of an innumerable number of forms, the embodiment of both man's madness and greatest freedom, and whom I willingly grant power over my heart, for what be a life void of such reverential surrender to unpluckable passion?

Dearest Empress: this book is for you, the war that these words represent waged in order that I may displace some of my pain with more of your love, and so that someday this world may be worthy of you, and that, by bearing sword and shield on your behalf, I might one day be deemed worthy of you as well.

INTRODUCTION: CAVEAT LECTOR

Machiavellian Modernity Makes for Words of War

"Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. (Society) loves not realities and creators, but names and customs. Whoso would be a man, must be a nonconformist."

- Ralph Waldo Emerson

In my experience, 'politically correct' is usually a euphemism for *rationaly incorrect*. If someone is putting on self-righteous airs in making their point, knowing that most are reflexively conditioned to pat them on the back for towing the pretentiously pious line, chances are that they're wrong. For, in yet another inconvenient, unpopular truth, political correctness tends to be employed by those ruled by fear and popular perception; by those whom are afraid to have a thought, much less say a thing out loud, if it may misalign with what the mob says is correct, and thereafter incur its censure, and be condemned to shame and 'cancellation.' Hence it is that, as Emerson noted, there can be no manhood, nor womanhood, absent the courage to speak politically incorrect truths, without which a man is not a man, and a woman is not a woman, both remaining but boys and girls looking to the tyrannical parents of popular perception for the permission to speak their hearts and minds, their intellectual and emotional faculties thereby not their own, but extensions of the modern tyranny of the mob that rules over them through the pretense of piety. Oft has this oversized net of appearance been cast over alleged wrongdoers, and has the mindless mob instantly begun to celebrate their seizure, and delight in the downfall of the iniquitous thereby seized, and congratulated one another for enforcing their piety,

only for the rationally removed sitting on the sidelines to whisper amongst their minority contingent: “There’s nothing in the net. Socrates slipped through its holes during their celebration of his capture. They shan’t haul him ashore, nor force him to imbibe the hemlock.”

In stark contrast to political correctness, philosophy uncovers the classical; that which survives and thrives in all ages, for it’s true regardless of time and circumstance. Machiavelli, however, realized that few people penetrate the readily-perceivable surface, and so recognized the superiority of the show in persuading the public by manipulating the majority mind, saying: “Few see who you really are, everyone sees who you appear to be,” going on to explain that the few who *do* see the truth haven’t the ability to overcome the masses ruled by what the Greeks called “ethos,” the perception of authority and credibility, or to prevail over the enforcers, whether they be of the state or the mob. Thus does humanity remain mired in Machiavellian rule; not just in politics and business, but in every strategy and art-form; indeed, in every shared thought, action and creation where perception begets deception, in betrayal of morality and divergence from truth.

Because of this, my pen *is* my sword. I’m at war every time I pick it up; at war with the Machiavellian-overlorded masses ruled by popular perception, to start with, but also with the systemic injustices of a bourgeois, conservative society and value system hailing from imperialist history, with the rational incorrectness of self-righteously ‘woke’ political correctness, with self-destructive demons, with the phantoms of unrequited loves, with psychological traumas, and with the myopic judgments of certain critics whom shall never understand Oscar Wilde’s refrain: “To define is to limit;” whom, within the context of this and other poetry projects, define the parameters of ‘good poetry’ in a manner evoking in me a response similar to Robin Williams’ character in *Dead Poets Society*, when he has the class read the intro “Understanding Poetry” that attempts to reduce the sacred art-form into a rating system that produces a value for every poem based upon its objectified artfulness and importance. His response to the reading of the reductive intro: “Excrement.”

I, too, have been regularly reduced in this manner, and, like Williams’ character, believe such hubristic attempts to ‘define good poetry’ based upon some sort of technical analysis, and upon rules as to what good poetry consists of, and what’s not allowed, to be inherently limiting, which is antithetical to poetry, whose power, as

I noted in *Rosebud*, comes principally from the fact that it *isn't* limited; that it laughs in the face of prosaic boundaries and assumptions. Anyone who judges a poem based upon anything other than what it evokes within them, typically inspired by its artistic, romantic, philosophical and spiritual insights, who lets not the wave of it wash over them naturally, and subsume them, such that they become indistinct from it, but whom, instead, acts to divert and constrain that wave, judging the poetry by 'what's popular' or 'what's acceptable' or 'what's expected,' has no business being a critic in my mind. Alas, most critics offer little to nothing but conformity to popular perception and prejudice, either jumping on the under-construction bandwagon as early as possible, so that they may acquire attention in leading its charge, else interceding in its construction, pretending superiority in recognizing inferiority.

My father, having heard me convey my convictions countless times, often to his own irritation, once admonished me: "Don't take on the whole world at once." And he's right, I've long been at war with the manmade world, the list going on and on, feeling parasitism imbedded across the whole of the social body: in its prevailing powers and misleading paradigms; in all its mind-narrowing, blind-allegiance-inducing propaganda posing as truth and patriotism; in its plutocracy-pretending-democracy using purchased 'representatives' whom 'lead' an imperialism-is-now-globalization society built by greed, ego, exclusion, exploitation, manipulation and mindlessly-consuming, overfed customers; in the propagation of petty, overbearing, punitive ideas of a God loyal to one 'race,' which occludes the true, perfectly inclusive, non-dualist, inseparable nature of being; in all the 'realists' pretending to be more rational than idealists whilst secretly being the craven, oppressive immoralists hiding behind misconceptions of what constitutes reality and human nature, and with most of that narrow conception of 'reality' actually being an artifice of evolving imperialism used to justify corruption. And yet, while I feel the weight of it all and sometimes feel as though I'll capitulate and crumble, I've never regarded any of this internal warfare, which finds form on the page, as a *choice*.

Much like love, there is no choice. You don't intentionally walk into it, it simply manifests itself from the forces of being bound to nature, like a natural, gravitational force that you *fall* into, and may only fight in futility. My convictions, like my feelings, represent an inherent, inborn truth having nothing to do with choice. So, no, I didn't 'choose' this path, but, whether or not I can confidently repeat the trite 'it chose me' allusion to a higher calling, certainly I *can* say that walking it is compulsion more

than intention; more innate than calculated, or even considered.

When one's nature so strongly misaligns with the conventional wisdom and ways of the world, is one's rebellion against that world anything but being his or her self, and having a right to his or her natural existence, following his or her natural purpose? I challenge, provoke and reveal egotistic insecurities by my nature, *not* by malicious intent, as many would like to believe in assuaging their egos by pretending I'm just being malicious. Nope. I'm just that rare, principle-led person, though I do confess that I'm often aware of this natural effect, and that the imp in me that drives people towards uncomfortable realizations likes to come out and play.

And I'd argue that this same imp is alive and well within *all* intelligent, moral, contemplative people, and that only fools conditioned by unwise conventional wisdom sourced from the stale, empty rhetoric of controlling institutions would consider him evil, or condemn the imp and his invaluable role of 'playing Devil's advocate,' a phrase which a Christian family member once implied was offensive because it mentions 'the dark lord,' something which, to me, only reinforces the fact that those who see the world through the Christian bubble have been blinded, and love to self-righteously bully others into submission whilst patting one another on the back for their fight against us 'heathens.' Not to mention the disturbing irony contained in the fact that the common intellectual exercise of exposing any claim or argument to doubt, and the existence of doubt in general, is made to seem a 'sin' and 'lack of faith' that the Church uses to shame any 'doubters' into peer-pressured conformity by associating it with the Devil. Tell me, why would an institution whose power is built on a false form of faith requiring blind obedience condition its sheep to see doubt as an evil promoted by an advocate of 'the dark lord?' Might it be because doubt leads to the revelation of truth, and that the truth sets us free from religion?

In the course of pursuing my natural purpose, I've run afoul of a great many who render judgment based upon various forms of misunderstanding, self-righteousness, insecurity and prejudice. And though I tire of being at war, I've come to accept that this war represents the purpose of rare principled people like me: to take issue with what needs to be taken issue with, for the sake of truth and progress. I've been censored by *Amazon*, who canceled my 'Amazon Merchant' account because of t-shirt designs that criticized conservatism. And I've had ads "rejected" by *Instagram* on numerous occasions, for attempting to promote an image

of a book cover called “Heresies of a Heathen, Revelations of the Spiritual But Not Religious,” which they said violated their policy against “profanity and insulting language,” a clear enforcement of Christian beliefs based upon the pretense that my ‘spiritual but not religious’ ideas are offensive, when, to me, the attempt of religion to control what constitutes divinity and to separate people from God is what’s *actually* offensive. But it’s not just religion’s false piety that arms the political-correctness-police whom patrol major media and enforce self-righteousness therein. *Instagram* also rejected my attempt to promote a post and webpage entitled “A Dawning Prophecy,” presumably because it was critical of the ‘free market.’

And that’s not the only time I’ve been bitten by the Meta Monster. In the past I’ve also had an ideological project blocked by *Facebook*, for attempting to promote a book called “Time for True Democracy” that suggested that the U.S. is a democracy in name only; that it’s actually a plutocratic republic whose construct violates inviolable principles of democracy. *Facebook* informed me that my promotion was ‘hacked’ and had to be taken down, which I assume means that either they or the intelligence agencies who gather and monitor information and ‘threats to national security’ through them believe that they have the right to determine who’s a patriot and who’s treasonous, when all progressive thinkers know that the common conception of a patriot who reflexively agrees with the powers that rule this country is anything but the *true* patriot, who is, by stark contrast, one who fights for the betterment of the *people*, even and, perhaps especially, when those people thereby being protected and served actively condemn you as the enemy.

I’m not even going to begin to get into the number of times that I’ve faced the most demonic of attacks on social media by self-described Christians for posting writings and promoting literary projects of a ‘spiritual but not religious’ nature that they’d deemed “satanic,” accusing me of spreading the writings of the Devil and often labeling me Satan himself, saying things like “that’s exactly what I’d write if I were Satan,” all for daring to see through the propaganda and oppressive mind controls inherent to the historical development and contemporary use of Christianity, for *knowing* that God/Spirit will never fit into any one religion, and for identifying and detailing the ways in which religion is antithetical to true spirituality. I’ve also been booted by numerous *Facebook* discussion groups for, what was it, questioning the language of the BLM movement, in one instance,

arguing that many of the phrases that they were using only exacerbated the racial divide, comparing them to Malcom X, arguing that true progress instead requires the MLK tact of tearing down lines of identity and inviting *everyone* to participate in producing universal justice, rather than making it a 'black versus white' issue; and for espousing 'socialist ideas' in another discussion group that said that socialist rhetoric wasn't allowed, because I was arguing for economic and commercial systems that did a better job of distributing the fruits of the economy, and that awarded some degree of equity to every worker. How can a discussion group that bills itself as 'progressive' and 'philosophical' bar the discussion of socialism, or, indeed, of *any* ideology that takes issue with the status quo? So much for freedom of belief and expression; logic, wisdom and justice be damned.

In oppressive fact, media-based corporations possessing so much power that the individual can't do anything to counter their politically correct censorship, and that enforce that often irrational and immoral political correctness by blocking communications and the promotion of non-conforming projects, not only represents a breach of the supposedly sacrosanct American value of free speech, but also represents a serious threat to the public wellbeing by preventing the public discourse and information-dissemination endemic to the real, once-honored purpose of any truly moral 'fourth estate.' Critics, in fact, have been given too much power in the U.S., and all too often judge the merit of ideas and projects from prejudicial perspectives informed by false, conventional conceptions, standing on artificially high ground, looking down on the *actual* truth-tellers. All told 'freedom of speech' is largely mythical when the major media corporations that control the sharing of information and the production and promotion of literary and other media projects censure that information, production and promotion when it doesn't adhere to their politically-correct, traditionally-based, Christian-value-conforming standards, thereby blocking progress under the pretense of blocking evil, effectively promoting evil themselves, albeit unwittingly. What was it Voltaire said? "To find out who (or what) rules over you, simply find out who (or what) you're not allowed to criticize." In modernity, political correctness is at the heart of this censorship, a force posing as progressive whilst perhaps being the greatest opposition to progression in existence. Telling the truth and being a moral person means *constantly* being at odds with its false truths and fake moral superiority. Speech, it seems, is only free so long as it refrains from rendering judgment against institutions and beliefs that Americans are meant to hold sacrosanct, especially

when those institutions and beliefs prey upon the very people who tend, in their conditioning and gullibility, to judge their protectors as enemies. Thus am I the target of attacks by the victims of systemic oppression.

Add that to the list: people who pass judgment absent understanding, and in the prejudicial reinforcement of their own bias, in service of egos bound to political correctness. And not just through social media, but through the control of the art world as well. One particularly vile critic reduced *Rosebud*, a previous poetry collection, to an entirely mechanical analysis, dismissing what I'd regarded as a wealth of progressive ideas, tortured, unrequited romanticism and mystical experience because my technique didn't conform to his expectations, and because he believed poetry to be an unsuitable conveyance for ideology and conviction. I believe this viewpoint to not only be nonsensical, and belonging to a vain, pretentious school of thought sold to the show, but a condemnation of the entire concept and purpose of the philosopher-poet, half of whom is a *philosopher*, and, thus, dedicated to exploring and espousing *ideas* rich in meaning, not just producing pretty, elaborate lingual patterns and showing off through splendid displays of technical savvy.

Read my other work and you'll know: belief, ideology, conviction... these aren't affects for me, but the very catalysts of creation. They're not added to make my writing *seem* any such way, they are its very provenance; the force compelling its formation. I don't create in order to *appear* creative, or because I want to believe I'm creative, or to be 'on the cutting edge,' and thereby accepted as a 'modern poet,' having once been criticized for sounding more like a Victorian poet than a modern one. Again, I prefer the term 'classic.' For I don't write for any reason except that I'm daily compelled to write, through myriad inspirations, entering into me every day from endless sources; films, books, conversations... Unfortunately, however, my experience dictates that poetry has largely fallen into the Machiavellian trap of popular perception, disregarding anything that seems too 'real.'

Akin to the pretension of 'modern art,' it seems it's not only that the popularity of poetry is *increased* in inverse proportion to its perceived weightiness and substance, but is actually *dependent* upon being entirely devoid of it, as if the reader fills the poem with greater value by its inscrutability, a hollow receptacle that's only of value if it can be filled with anything and everything, the reader *pretending* that what they stuff into it is what it was *meant* to contain, even when such

notions never even entered the mind of the poet, like the modern artist. Thus the pretension. It's as though modern art, like poetry, is valued relative to its receptivity to the arrogance of the viewer/reader, meant to be as indefinite as possible so as to act like a gravitational force for their pride and presumption. Like most things, this is a double-edged sword, as it creates a worthy platform for the idea of every work of art being a mirror for the patron, permitting them to exercise their intellects and imagination in the attempt to draw personal meaning from the work, thereby making it customizable to every patron. Yet, if this means that anything with a definite motive and meaning is precluded from being an 'acceptable' form of the art, the philosopher is banned, which, as a philosopher and poetry lover, I find unacceptable.

The conventional wisdom seems to be that the more apparent the meaning, and the philosophical, spiritual or ideological import, the heavier and more opaque the poem becomes, the more it sinks to the bottom of the literary sea, never seeing the light of day represented by the reading public. The 'best poetry,' therefore, is regarded like a floating filament, or a translucent and vacuous vessel reflecting a shiny, unfixed formation, empty of the writers' beliefs and convictions, which, it's insinuated, are only appropriate to prose, and even then tend only to be valued by a thin, well-educated minority of readers.

I'm haunted by the psychological scars remaining from the attacks of the aforementioned critic, whom almost convinced me of the unworthiness of my poetry, giving my work one out of five stars in a review whose derisions included rebukes of my "unconvincing convictions," my "unsophisticated technique," and my failure to live up to his expectations of the stylistic strategies of the "modern poet," as if anything that's about anything of significance, or that follows the style of previous eras, is unworthy of a contemporary audience, entirely failing to recognize the fact that *classic* means *standing the tests of time*, and that *authenticity* requires *not* imitating a certain modern or accepted style or strategy simply because it's likely to beguile and be rubber-stamped by readers. Were we face to face, dear reader, I may well inquire of you at this juncture, for the sake of exploring this important principle: What do *you* affix to *your* appearance, to bedazzle your way past people's perception of your conventionality, for the sake of popular acceptance?

And so we come to my ‘caveat lector’ forewarning to readers, and to certain types of ‘tough critics’ whom, like the aforementioned, I’ve had the displeasure of corresponding with and being woefully misunderstood by on previous projects:

If you believe that poetry should be devoid of meaning and conviction, this book isn’t for you. And if you’re looking for adherence to traditional forms and/or flashy, ‘sophisticated’ shows of experimental technique, again, you’ve come to the wrong place. I employ poetry precisely because I believe it to be the *freest* form of expression; that it can’t be confined, or bullied into critical submission. Also, I’m not really a student of poetry, I write more than I read (typically in a free-form manner), my subject matter tends to be provocative and of a spiritual and philosophical nature that is likely to offend or go over the head of the average reader (especially those existing within the overlapping Christian and right-wing echo chambers), and I’ve yet to emulate popular writers, to the chagrin of the aforementioned critic. In addition, in my own estimation, at least, the convictions compelling me to write result in my placing far more emphasis on substance than on style, which, in my experience, doesn’t attract as much attention as those bent on winning readership through ‘the show;’ through writing in verse judged as more elegant or new-aged; that is, on writing in an ostentatious, pretentious, strategically ‘avant garde’ manner, as a means of targeting those who place poetry in the same vein as ‘modern art,’ which I think makes such work deceptive and disingenuous.

Whereas I like to think that I’m classically-compelled, the winners of every poetry competition I’ve ever been a part of are surface-level impressive, using elaborate and experimental styles which seem to bewitch most poetry readers. They could be writing about almost anything, with the result being much the same. I’ll admit that such poetry is entertaining on some level, and that I likely need to open myself up to more experimentation, and yet, ultimately, finding a way to ooh and ahh the reader will never be what actually compels me to write. I write when I’m inspired by the revelation of a truth which my heart recognizes, and whispers to my mind, like the Spirit (or ‘God’) sharing a secret with a spiritual record-keeper. Sure, it may well be possible to be persuasive on both levels simultaneously, to make the substance sparkle, yet I don’t subscribe to the notion that all entertainment needs to be flashy in order to capture the attention of the patron, even as I’m painfully aware of the modern addiction to overly-sweetened, artificial fare, and that the best films are financial flops whilst inane superhero flicks rule the box office.

In fact, most of my writing, whether in verse or prose, seems to be undervalued in this 'style over substance' manner by most critics and readers, many of whom focus on the tiniest aspect of the bigger picture, and thereby entirely miss the forest for the trees. Reviews come in which criticize this or that element of my storycraft and style of verse or prose without even going into the *ideas* presented in the work, as if those ideas are entirely secondary to a more fundamental, in-demand form of entertainment. *Kirkus*, for example, the big-name review company guarding the gates of popular literary perception, has reviewed two of my books thus far. The book of poems, *Rosebud*, they called "intriguing but uneven..." and *Holier Than Thou*, the novella, they called "imaginative but uneven..." As alluded to earlier in this intro, they labeled my style of verse old-fashioned, "as if belonging to a Victorian poet rather than a modern one." All that seems to matter is that I'm set 'evenly' within boundary lines. Alas, perhaps I should simply be thankful that I'm 'intriguing and imaginative,' but that's not enough to gain any great readership.

BookLife, by comparison, the review wing of *Publisher's Weekly*, turned in the most dismissive and small-minded review of my novella *Holier Than Thou* possible, so much so that I suffered cognitive dissonance whilst reading it. They condemned the protagonist from the outset and thereafter belittled a work filled with spiritual and philosophical value that their prejudice prohibited them from recognizing, or, at least, from giving any credit to. In correspondence with one of their editors, he said simply: "You wrote an intentionally provocative book, and it provoked a response," as if the motives for that response are immaterial to the purpose of reviewing and recommending a book. As I write this (as an addition to the original appendix), I can report that, a few days ago, *BookLife* sent me an email informing me that, with regards to *Holier Than Thou*, "our editors have decided not to send it out for review," even though that review took place a year ago, and I long ago copied and pasted it into the back of *Holier Than Thou*, along with a pair of reflections on the 'art of criticism' which they provoked. Those reflections, especially of the *BookLife* review, which I entitled "*BookLife is Holier Than Thou*," are now inseparable from the work itself, in my mind, completing that work by inviting the reader and the public at large to contemplate the larger context in which all writing is placed: the popular reception of literature. I believe that its good has been thereby unearthed in its capacity to provoke and challenge the evils which this intro takes issue with.

Yet, despite running headlong into the wall of critical and commercial expectation, the narrow scope in which most see ‘entertaining reading,’ and the fact that I’m clearly not ‘proper’ enough to be well-received by the majority, I’m not overly concerned with such parameters, even as the *Kirkuses* of the world suggest that I’ll have to be in order to pass through their guarded gates and enter the gilded tower. Why? *Because I’m an ideologue.* Again, if you’re at all familiar with my work you already know that I’ve developed my own ideological foundation, and that all of my writing is naturally built upon that foundation. In fact, I strongly identify with Emerson’s line on the overlap of philosophy and poetry: “The true philosopher and the true poet are one, and a beauty, which is truth, and a truth, which is beauty, is the aim of them both.”

So while I’m bound by heart and principle to the belief that *ideas*, and the big-picture truth which those ideas come together to compose, are of paramount importance, the surface seems to rule the popular perception; the manner in which the writing is *presented*, rather than what it’s about or what it evokes. The result is rather tragic from my perspective: the quality and depth of the ideas, the philosophy, the spiritual allusions etc., receive little, if any, common consideration. It’s as if the reading world says: We don’t care *what* you have to say, we care *how* you say it. My readers, on the other hand, should I ever come to cultivate them, will be more about the ‘what,’ the style being but an enhancement of that core value. I write for the slim, underserved customer standing at the margins, peering into the guts of the artificial, inflamed, bloated market, wondering where the heart of it is.

Yes, you shall certainly sense my bitterness at not yet having been valued as a writer or a thinker in a modern world of mass, largely mindless, quick-fix, overly-sweetened, nutritionally-void consumption where both writing and thinking are not only tragically undervalued (ironically, the ‘educated’ of the Victorian era were *far* better and more broadly educated than the so-called educated are today, where ‘education’ is mostly about profitable specialization), but seem valued less and less each day, making work that provokes contemplation more and more the fare of the slim customer. But be assured that this introduction was motivated by more than my bitterness and connected frustrations, which I hope you’ll read as honest vulnerability more than how one person read it: as “pathetic.” I also write this as a wistful longing for a bygone era in which such subjects as philosophy, romanticism and non-religious theology (today most people erroneously conflate the words ‘religion’ and ‘spirituality’) were understood and valued as more than ‘intellectual masturbation;’ more than

egotistical, self-gratifying exercises, and in which the *quality of ideas* were revered as much, or more, than how they were presented.

I'll continue to evolve as a writer, and to seek *constructive* criticism, and yet I'll also continue to pair this ongoing development with the seeking of a rare readership: those who're entertained by *more* than the show, and can value something that *doesn't* adhere to traditional forms, pretentious shows of sophistication and easy entertainments, and the expectations that they engender within the vast majority of 'readers,' whom themselves are, tragically, an ever-rarer breed. I sincerely hope that, should you accept the challenge that this book represents, you'll feel some fraction of the elucidation that provoked me to write it.

THE FINAL PHILOSOPHY

What's the final philosophical revelation?

Ego and Love are the opposite.

Ego, covetousness and cowardice produced the 'realism' that precipitated the end of the Golden Age of Athens, itself produced by the Love, creativity and courage of idealism.

Ego is about the illusion of individuality and separation; the means of making evil. Love is about the truth of inseparability and interdependence; the means of making good.

Ego is false absolutism, rendering a world of color in black and white. Love is relativity, yet represents the one absolute truth.

Ego divides itself from God, as religion. Love is inseparable from God, as spirituality.

Ego is divided, materially-based identity; the self. Love is universal, spiritually-based identity; the Self.

Ego is bias and prejudice. Love is empathy and brotherhood.

Ego is the double-standard, applying false justice by enforcing fake difference. Love is true justice, applying one standard to all.

Ego is tribalism, tricking us into thinking 'these are my people.' Love is universalism, revealing that all are one people.

Ego says: humans are a hodgepodge of different races. Love says: humans are all one race, inseparable from all races of life.

Ego is entirely excluding. Love is perfectly inclusive.

Ego is the way of demagoguery, gaining power by fear and falsity. Love is the way of true leadership, gaining power through the empowerment gained by the revelation of our true nature.

Ego is divide and conquer. Love is unite and empower.

Ego is illusion. Love is revelation.

Ego is the dark side. Love is the light side. Neither can be known but by contrast with the other, such that they're secret partners.

Ego is the symbology of Satan, the weakness of body and mind corrupted towards evil and destruction. Love is the truth of God, the invulnerability of energy harnessed for good and creation.

This is the final philosophy; the crux upon which truth and false perception pivots, seen with the eyes of self, or the heart of Self.

May these poems help you pivot towards the truth of Love, even when, in our wars with the Ego, living the truth is painful.

INVOCATION OF FIRE AND LIGHT

Trust your inner light, the forever Self.

In the darkness, let it illuminate.
In the cold of hate, warm into love.
Amongst the people, build a bonfire.

Around it does everyone gather.
Within it does our eternity dwell.

Loving you was like embodying the ocean wave-break;
as crashing and wrecking as it was blissfully-buoying;
as floatingly-weightless as it was all-consuming and drowning.

It saved me.

Potted Plant

I am as the potted plant
Set in the shallowest earth
Reaching with restricted roots
I was bound to my bowl by birth

I yearn to join my natural kin
To expand across life and land
To be interwoven with my brethren
To be boundless by divine demand

Show me Ra, with your sweeping wind
Breathing, all wisdom brought to life
Bursting out of my positioned place
Purpose trimmed by the owner's knife

Lovingly watered by the lessons of rain
But here, there's nowhere for it to go
My drowning roots call for their release
Unreachable horizons my seeds must sow



Tainted Tower

Is the highest learning to learn yourself?
To realize that you're the same as your health?
To make of your mind your greatest wealth?
To help seed the right books across every shelf?

What's your foundation but body and mind?
So to know the highest utility of all that you find?
To discover your greatest gift to be one of a kind
Freeing the confined bound by false patriot's bind

Of what education is the student possessed?
To make themselves better than all the rest?
To worship their egos as if they're the best?
Or is serving humanity their one costly, failed test?

How rich is he that takes all that he can?
That adds to the girth of his corrosive clan?
Pillaging plunderers supplying stimulated demand
So as to exploit the unprotected and seize their land

The aristocratic status quo will say he's won
He who conquers everything under the sun
His pupils tied to teachings at the point of a gun
Tainted ivory tower, look what you've done

Ghost of Love

I am haunted by the Ghost of Love

It forms around every pretty face
It follows from infinite points of promise
It hounds and bites, huddles and hugs
It approaches without knowing what it is
It comes from everywhere, all the time
It beams from eyes of innocent enchantment
It whispers like the wind through the woods
It's as heavy and as weightless as snowfall
It burrows deep down, claws and caresses
It torments with the knowledge of incompleteness

It's the vacuousness of space
Paired with the inescapable pull of the black hole

It invades and expands my chest
Then waits... and waits... knowing no hurry

Surely something is coming to fill this...

Is it you?

Yin Your Yang

Every yin evokes an equivalent yang
Total silence summons the biggest bang

Equal in every opposite is the force
Creation follows every destructive course

Every down, back up shall bounce
The lowest crouch, the greatest pounce

Force your way in, you'll be repelled
Demanding division, the means to meld

Refrain from needing to be the winner
Don't believe the lie that you're the sinner

Definitions are restrictions, not revelations
Feelings go far beyond mere sensations

What you think, you first must feel
What you take, from yourself you steal

It's all a balancing act, you see
So ride the tide and set yourself free

Paddle when, from behind, the wave is felt
Deal solely from the cards with which you're dealt

For there's forever more coming down the line
The darkest depths inviting the brightest shine

Damnation is trickery, hell is on Earth
There's no death for anyone, only rebirth

Extending An Open Psalm

Please, my love, have no fear
For the forever remade fallen is here

To relieve you of your heavy-most head
And listen to everything you wished you'd said

To unload your self of the weight that it carries
And remake your self from the reborn it buries

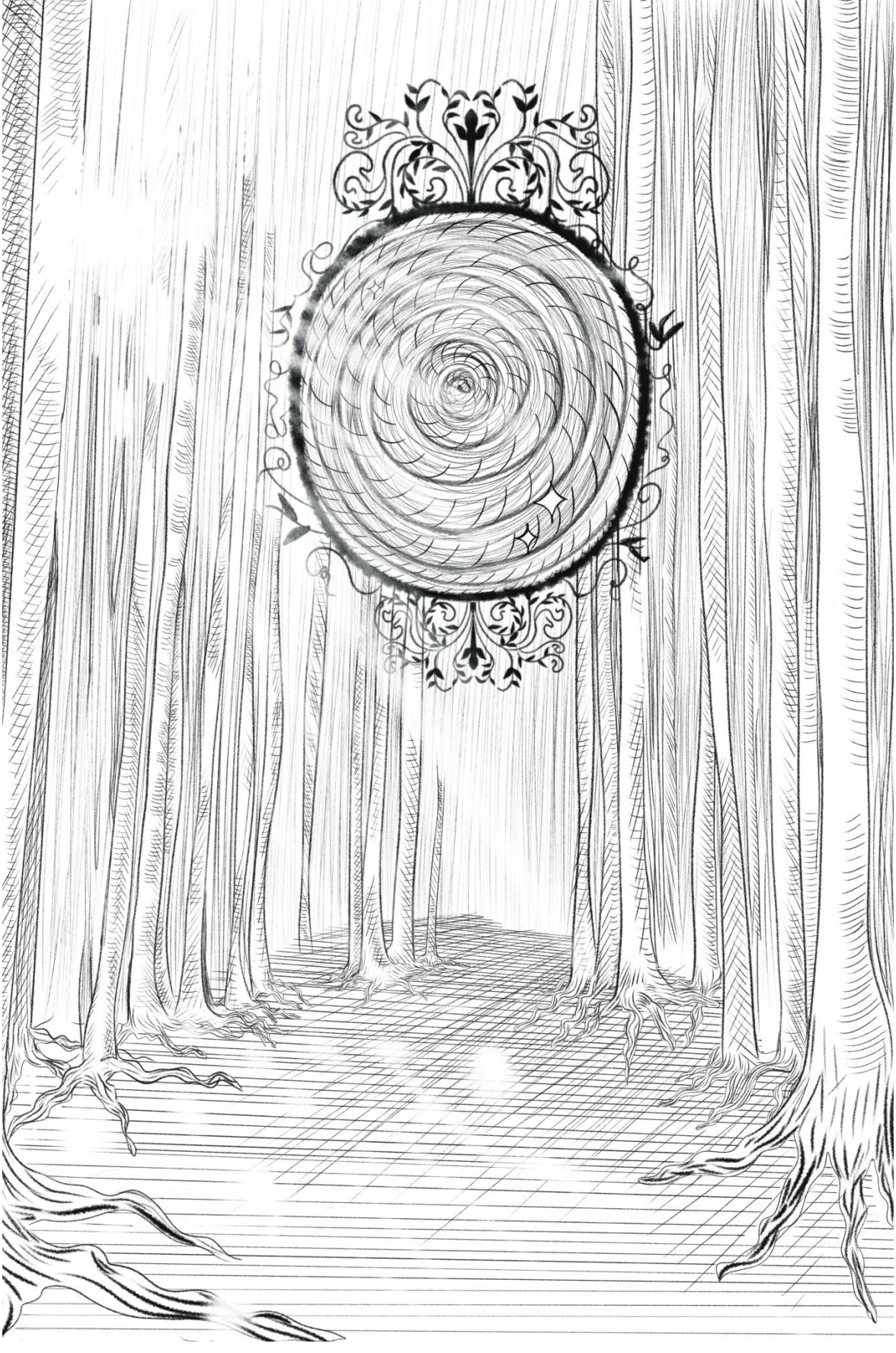
To be the soil re-growing a being of such heights
Upon the firmament of Heaven it sets its sights

Throwing down the fire to forge our dreams
To become the other and rebind the seams

To cross the chasms between disparate bands
To build the bridge which completion demands

For only hand in hand may we scale this cliff
May we heal the fractures and seal the rift

To rebirth Humanity whole to stride once more
From Plato's Cave to Aquarius' warm sandy shore



All For All

All things are as fitting for their season
All forms fitting that for which they're made
All apparently random was born by reason
All lessons learned are as costs to be paid

All wisdom gleaned from all sufferings past
All joy derived from what everything wrought
All benefits earned are the benefits that last
In all illusions of defeat are all victims caught

The Empress

In the deep, sacred hollow
Into which the holy I follow
Your fadeless footsteps lead all the way in

Where I forever fear I shall find
Your reign to be one of a kind
Where love ends and shall never begin

There, where I shake and I ache
Forever dying of a thirst I can't slake
Broken by a battle I'm unequipped to win

Did she save me or doom me?
Build me up or consume me?
No clarity in this tumultuous din

Where you come to me in my dreams
Quietly tearing me apart at the seams
Ripped awake to sew myself together again

The night before, a pure terror
Breast breached by my heart bearer
Flattening me into the feeble and thin

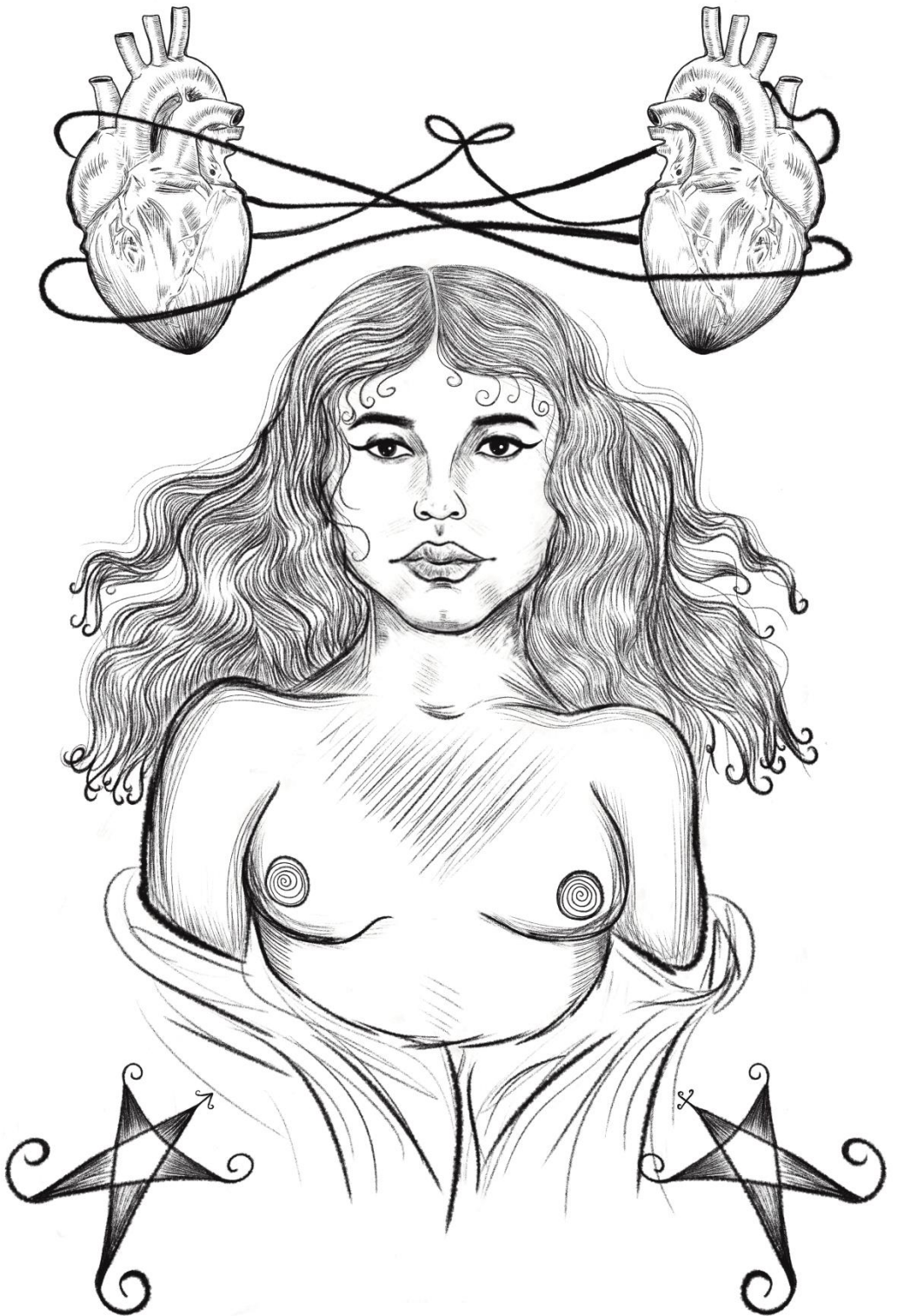
Last night, a heavenly vision
Finally, a finality to our division
Side by side as the most natural of kin

Pulled this way and that
By you, you most adorable brat

Longing for the hitched, a foolhardy sin

And yet, my heart can't let go
Regardless of what I'm told I need know
My mind as powerless as always it's been

Please, send someone to force her out!
Whom I shall surely curse, scream and shout
Dethrone the Empress whom rules from within



In the Present

Present in every moment
In everything that lives
Each moment lived most presently
Is homage to that which gives

Received and re-gifted
Each present made unique
By the experience of we that lift
A pebble from the creek

That flows from energy into matter
Between the layers of time and space
Animating every body
Giving life to every race

Calling-out through every creature
In one pure, penetrating voice
All of you share me equally
On this you have no choice

For I need not pass between you
From here to there and back
But am already there while here
The white inside the black

You have felt me all your life
We have always been together
It matters not what name you call me
Because our marriage is forever

Christ grew me in his Gospels
Rumi felt me in trance of song and dance
Shakespeare wrote me into poetry
While deep in lust with romance

Socrates rounded me with reason
When the myths would not suffice
The Buddha gulped me up
In a porridge made of rice

Moses saw me while crossing the Sinai
Suffering so much he could barely see
They all speak of the same salvation
By following me you can be free

There is no such thing as nothing
No beginning to time or space
From this eternal spring I sprung
No finish to this race

The heart is my entry point
From pure being into matter
The mind is your go-between
Me and your rung on the endless ladder

I am the ageless guidance counselor
At every student's orientation
The force of motivation
Behind every lesson's graduation

I am a part of every parcel
A piece of every part

The infinite within the finite
The beginning without the start

For when you are without dimension
There is no confusion, no far or near
But all of time is lived at once
And there is nothing left to fear

To find me quiet your thoughts
The mind is filled with fear and doubt
And seek your answers on the inside
Rather than the out

To dwell in this place of perfect union
Losing all sense of separation
Is to live each moment in the fullest
Filled with peace and jubilation

This is the center of the circle
Our selfless realization
Of a source without restriction
Without worry or degradation

For when your vessel's engine quits
And you're sucked back down the stream
You'll recall you're all a part of me
Your division was a dream

The Bottom Line

Holding no ownership in your work
You're a budget line to minimize
For the bottom line on the balance sheet
Is the only thing corporate can't compromise

If you possess no final piece of your efforts
Then you're little more than a tool of the trade
A cog in the excluding, consolidating machine
Precisely how the modern servant is made

Control is the call of the covetous
Without slavery, new modes are needed
So debt and dreams of material things
Becomes the traditional wisdom heeded

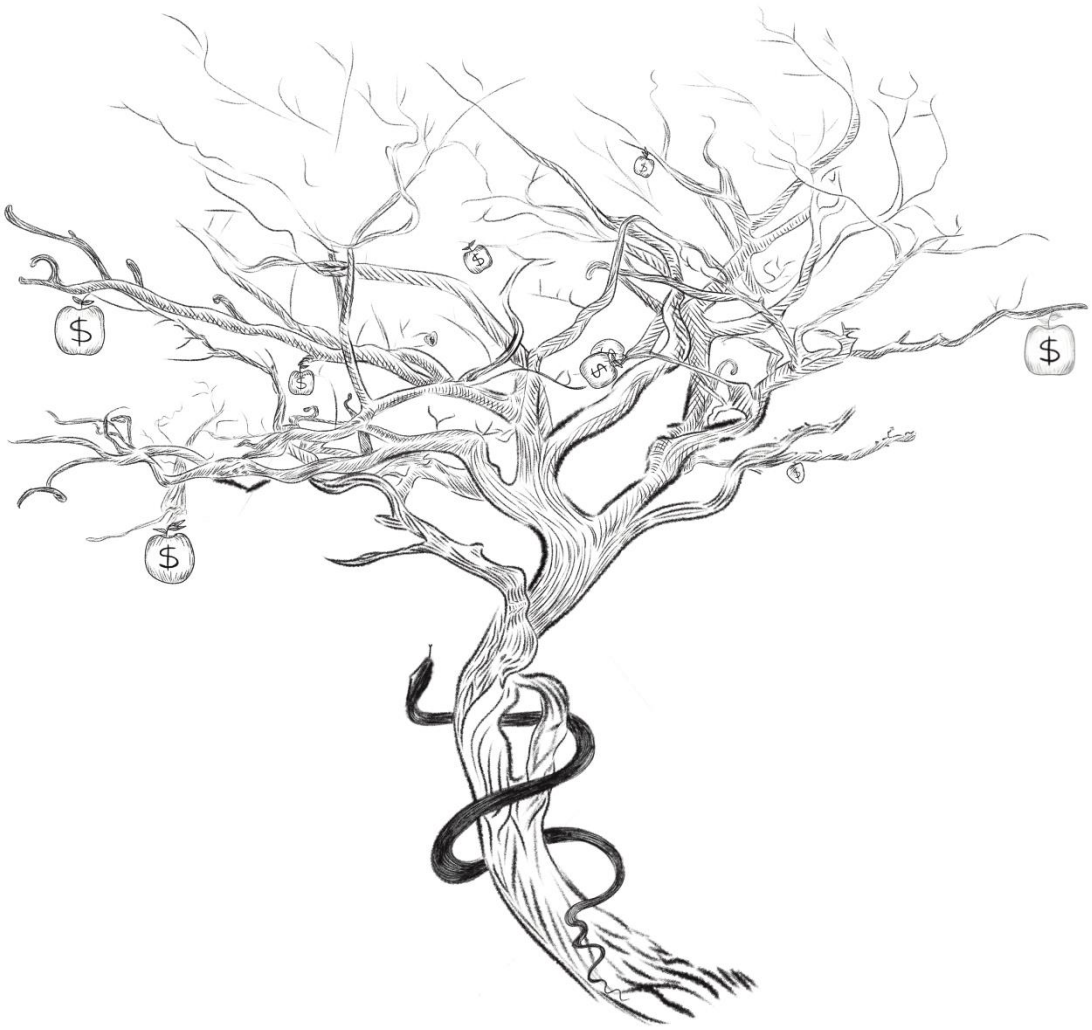
"Watch the pretty profits" they'll tell you
Look how the glorious cash machine spins
Concealing the evils made in its incomes
Distracting us from the subjugator's sins

But this issue isn't close to confounding
Not nearly a riddle wrapped in an enigma
It's a clear case of zero sum win and loss
With winners confusing the loser's stigma

For it's all a part of The Ownership Plan
To press on hyping the myths of their making
"It's a crap shoot, so go for glory!" they say
While quietly their dealers do all the raking

For this is the secret of the Kings of Capital, shhhh:
Every penny of profit is a working person's penny lost
It's algebra; equal both sides to see the full picture
No adding to the equity side without balancing cost

For there are two sides to every profit
The profiteer and those profited from
Wealth isn't magically made from nothing
Hoarded capital begets the bum and his slum



Center Stage

Never may I wipe clean this slate
To you eternally do I tie my fate
To this nothing else can ever equate
The perfect ease with which we relate

To dance with you beneath starry skies
To forever fall into those bewitching eyes
To no higher plane ever may I rise
Than to provoke your heart toward joyful cries

Visions of building a life with a wife like you
Making you laugh 'til your face turns blue
Through our love a generation new
No matter the storm I'll steer us through

Blissful imaginings cast your shadow around
Our potential adventures endlessly abound
Whispering intimacies in hushed heavenly sound
All your endearing qualities lift me off the ground

How to put these passions to page?
Feelings that could pacify my greatest rage
Constantly hoping, longing to fully engage
A shared life set to burst forth to center stage

In a Word

The value of the word is not inherent
It is neither in its sound nor in how it is written
Though its tone and force can be made to effect
Whether or not the listener is successfully smitten

Empires use them for campaigns of propaganda
To mislead their people and make wrong seem right
Feigning to speak for freedom, democracy and Christ
Another gullible tribe crushed without a fight

Its presentation is critical to the career politician
Who picks them to make labels for persuasion
In order to attract the capital to their coffers
Employed to propagate the campaign's contagion

But in order to do right unto one's self and others
A more considerate perspective must be taken
For depending upon the interpretation of the word
It can be used both to entrap as well as awaken

For words coalesce into understanding and meaning
This is where their true power and significance lies
It is what the words evoke in the mind that matters
And the connected feelings within the heart that arise

Like a Sponge

I am like a sponge
Taking meaning in my construction
I expand by soaking-up water
Daily use ushers forth my destruction

I'm bound to clean-up after each meal
Though no dish can be sanitized completely
Somehow I remember each plate I've cleaned
Though recollections are seldom rebuilt neatly

But when a certain dirty dish
Is encrusted with a particular gritty grime
The surfacing of a specific period of cleansing
Rises to rescue me every time

So I go on lapping-up the water
That I might have the means to complete my mission
So that I may go on soaping away the rubbish
Until I'm replaced by the updated edition

For from some secret hidden place
Fresh styles of sponge continue to appear
Insisting on new types of soap
Looking down on the methods I hold dear

But despite the novelty of each new sponge
From the faucet the same water continues to flow
Providing what every sponge needs to expand
Like the pre-bake yeast rolled into the dough

So I experience a great freedom in my efforts
For I know making sense of the mess is needed
And I taste the sweetest of satisfactions
In feeling that my calling has been heeded

And though I will someday break apart
My fibers will thin, my surface will fade
It is clear I was assembled for a purpose
To clean tomorrow's crumbs I'll be remade

Of course I am not the only player
In this perpetual game at which I play
A role for one, a roll for all
Even its enemies serve Life in their own way

Love of Lawrence

Stripped-down bare-boned permeating press
Endings exhilarating warmly entering ecstasy
Eagerly expectant tantalizing torment of touch
Inch by every generous, curvaceous inch

Curves of every kind, small to the sweeping
Intertwining tonguing enwrapping embrace
Tracing, interlacing, lines line every sultry side
Fingertips down sides turning full of her form

Hugging whole of each bursting heartbeat
Breath on breath, hot heaving down between
Delirium in half-moments of untouched agony
Down all the way between each of us the same

The deeper, the more embracing and needing
Kissing becoming craving, resistance caving

Pretense passed aside to bestride our animal
God giving the greatest pleasing paradise here
Freely, wildly, not by the guards of your gates
At the bodily base are the heavens breached

Who are you, really?
Only what your body shows
Your bursting, bewitching, bounteous body

Awaken

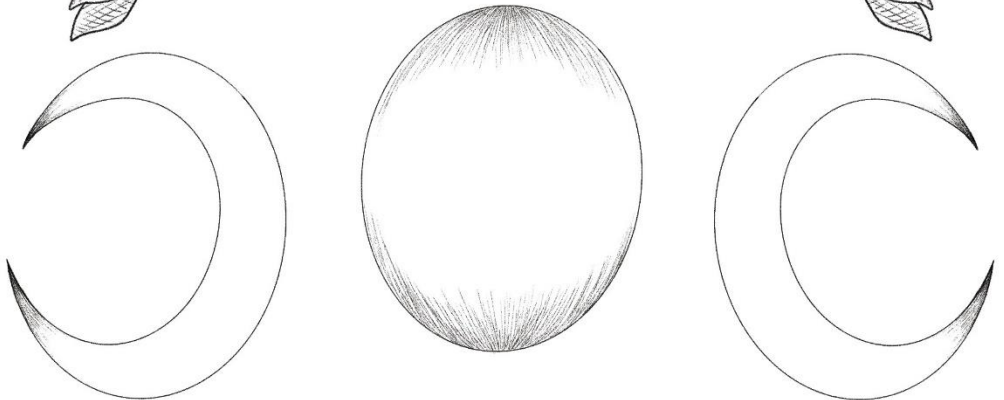
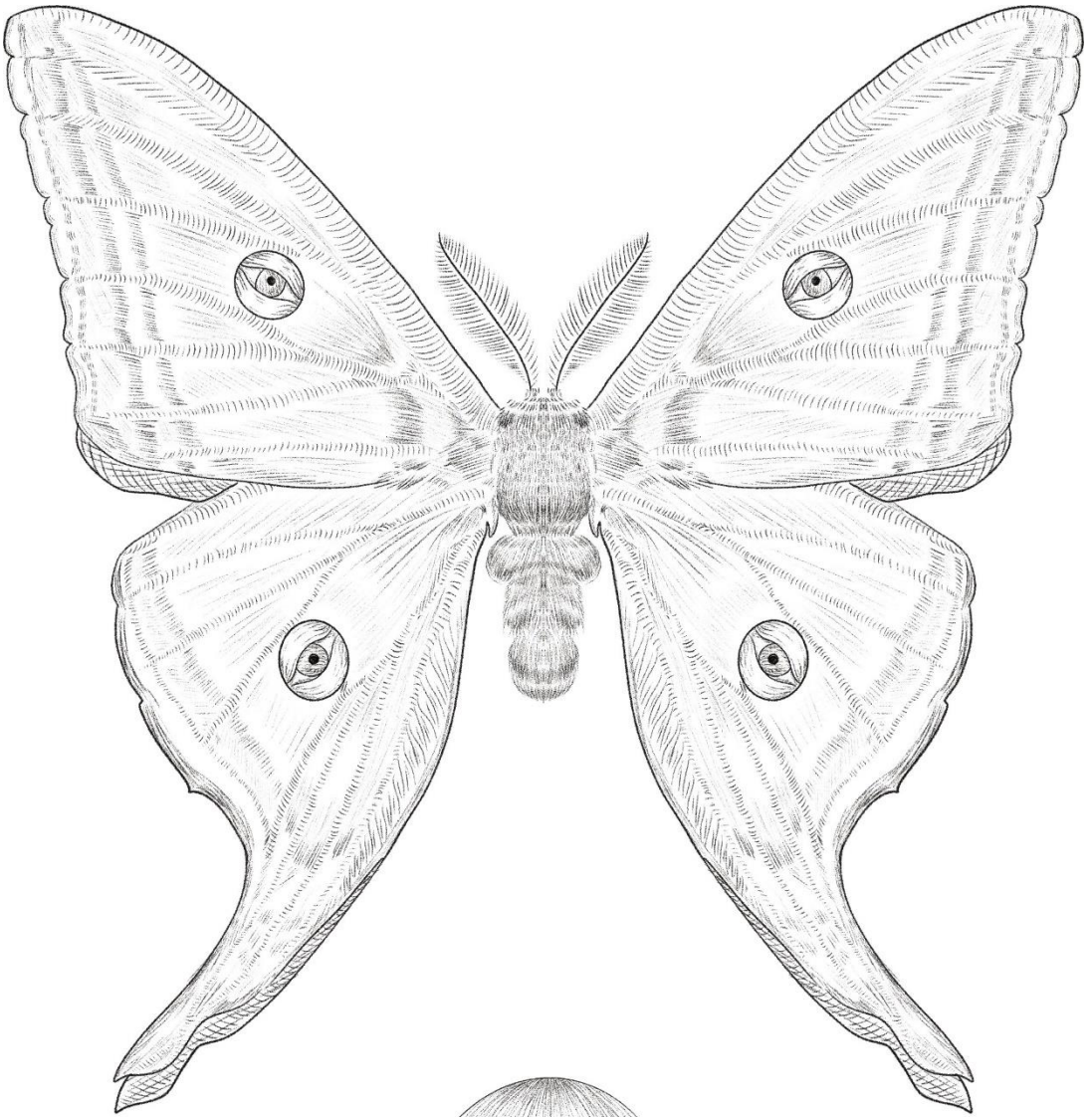
Step away from the form, towards the formation
Of the maker of matter, matter less as a single self
By your infusion into the inseparability of the everlasting
Forsake all that falsely appearing fixed
Sink all the way down into the unsinkable
Rise up to the forever blossoming, unfolding firmament

Burn down the boundaries of artifice and subsume the divine
Divide yourself from division, for knowing anything is of the overlap
Deaden yourself to deadening digitization and industrial chokeholds, and breathe
Draw not half-breaths in stifled, artificial spaces and closed, controlled cloisters
The fullest breaths bring your rebirth by every remade moment
As the force of recreation flows through you, to know your indefinite nature

The world standing as though fixed ever falls through the truth of flux
Flee from the slow suffocation through the immaterial emancipation
We flow towards home upon the undercurrents of Collective Cosmic Mind
The overcurrents of concrete form are as the reflective surface of its waters
Of what truth may you know when only in set dimension dare you dwell?
The narrowing rapids of self-perception haunting all fixated self-assurance

What you truly are rushes beneath your feet, seeping into everything

So I put my sense of self to sleep, so as to awaken



Self-Made

He was whole, yet taught to lack
So from himself he made his stack
And stacked it up so high and wide
It grew big enough to contain his pride
He filled it with all he was told to need
With a trophy to match his every deed
And when every shelf and niche was packed
With nothing left he could be told he lacked
He looked at himself in the mirror and saw
He'd worn himself ragged, thin and raw
For from himself he'd made his hollow
Leaving not a single insecurity left to follow
Hemming himself in from every angle
Trapped and tripping over his towering tangle
Appliances, accoutrements, SUV
His self-made prison in the land of the free

Toy Soldier

In the bottomlessness of being my heart did dwell
Chained to an enchanting enactment of holiest spell

Finally released from its binds, my phoenix took flight
To seize for her heavenly shine every star in the night

Only to find those stars frightened, and flee into day
Every loving reach for life blocked, and left to decay

All towering adorations to be toppled in turn
All fiery passions doused before they could burn

Every lesson of love, from her open book I learned
Yet my own records unread, pages of how I yearned

Building a palace of the utmost, in its hearth refined
Fueled by her bounty, beneath its foundation mined

All burden cast off, I was once as light as the air
The raptor of rapture, hunting the loftiest fare

Only to fly into your pride, and there smash headlong
So to fall at your feet and follow in the groveling throng

The palace burned to dust, unexplored, unused
The most soaring of sentiments, by you abused

For you, I'd of cast myself into every fiery fray
I'd of burned away evil and turned darkness to day

The indomitable champion fighting for the holy to stay
Reduced to a toy soldier with which your ego could play

Depression Diagnostic

Depression is skyrocketing!

Anxiety is rampant!

Mental illness is everywhere, hidden beneath the false faces we're compelled to show one another, concealed in its unseen, latent stage within those who're comforted by their 'normality,' who thereby contribute to the stigma, up until the point where enough stress triggers their particular form of breaking, and they find out how normal mental illness is!

How can this be in this land of the free?

How can we so lack happiness and mental stability whilst set upon this pinnacle of 'advanced society?!'

How can such unfathomable emptiness persist in this realm of over-abundance?!

Be it a lack of balance, and a bearing of lesson that the richest land on Earth, materially and financially, is the most socially, morally and spiritually impoverished?

Lucifer deceives with false wealth, selling fool's gold for the pretense of success! The void of depression cannot be filled with funds, requiring a wiser prescription!

Nine of ten clinicians take to their notepads, thinking of their training, of the social and professional rules written by the forebears

of their masters and trainers, the capitalist conquerors and their oligarchic offspring.

More prescriptions! More therapy! Endless more stress reduction techniques flung at the already overwhelmed! Calm yourself so you can keep producing and concealing your chronic dis-ease, for production matters most!

One of ten clinicians sits in the corner, knowing his profession can't resolve this. The philosopher king who became something else because of money, concealed by his office coat, trapped by his practice's traditions, forced from his *natural* profession by this land in which the only thing that matters is sales.

He makes his own notes, quietly, knowing truth is invisible to most, who call insight madness. Writing down his madness, he feels some peace. At least *I* know, he consoles himself as he writes:

*We don't connect to one another, we're too busy
We don't speak with one another, our dehumanizing avatars do
We have no community, only dividing lines
We have no humanity, only tribal identities
We have no collaboration, only cutthroat competition
We have no appreciation, but for our accounts
We don't own our work, our masters do
We aren't allowed to think unless it's within the prescribed, politically correct context
We educate more to be of use to corporations than to be of value to one another
We're discouraged from creating, unless we know we can sell it
We have little pure spirituality, settling for its narrow, corrupted religious semblance
We're seldom exploring or adventuring, knowing it as expensive,*

stressful vacations

We're seldom immersed in nature, living and working in confined artificiality

We seldom fully absorb, always overconsume in a vain attempt to fill the void

We are nutrient deficient, calorically inundated, eating what we didn't evolve to eat

We think of all the truest, natural medicines as being the 'alternatives' to chemicals

We seldom know ourselves, told we're something that fits into a predesigned mold

If we DO discover ourselves, we seldom realize that self, for that self NEVER fits the mold

A mold may not be made to fit the uniqueness of PURPOSE; of CALLING

We are hereby bound by this chronic disconnection and incompleteness, tied to hearts which forever scream: Connect! Find yourself! Create the reality your heart holds out for you!

Lacking connection, conversation, community, humanity, collaboration, appreciation, ownership, free thought, liberal education, creation, spirituality, exploration, adventure, natural immersion, absorption, nutrients, natural medicine, self-knowledge, self-realization, purpose, calling

Tell me that doesn't add up to 'depression!'

Tell me that doesn't equal the chronic lack of fulfillment needed to sell more pills, which lead to more pills, then the nursing home for the undignified ending of our unlived lives!

Write that into your little prescription pads!

Your prescription:

Reveal the chains that bind and burden your body and mind, for no chain may be broken that you've yet to see! And whilst these chains remain, the pills can only make you forget that emancipation demands their removal!

Those chains are invisible to seventy-five percent.

Twenty percent see the chains, yet are convinced they're permanent, and that they themselves are powerless, forgetting that the only way anyone relinquishes their power is by believing they don't possess it.

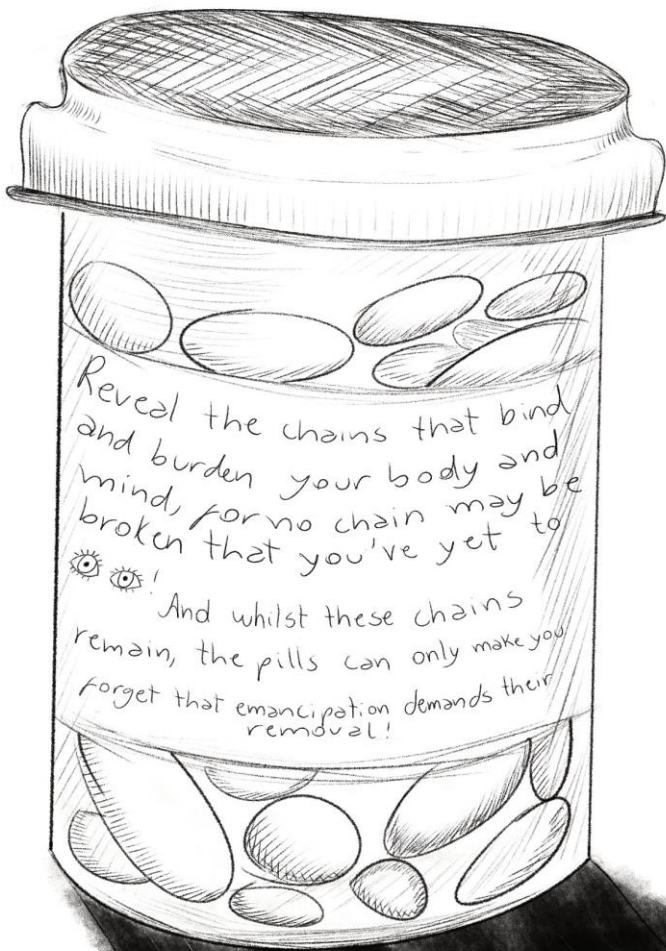
That leaves five percent with the vision and courage to free the people.

Five percent isn't enough!

Won't you take up shield of heart, sword of mind, and join the one and only war, the war against oppressors who teach us to forget and bury what true, fulfilling existence is!

Help your brothers and sisters to see their chains! Prevent them from wrapping them around their children without even knowing that they're doing it!

Then, let us come together and break them with a combined force that no overlord can match!



Angels, By Demons Made

Be it the angels who are haunted by demons
Champions, the forces of evil do bestride

Be it the faces of the fortunate worn by stress
Torn from the fur of the beastly hide

Be it the empowered fraught with the fight
Fighting for them, the unafflicted deride

Be of the blade to be blunted by shield
As the defenseless behind it run and hide

Be of the bounteous to be stripped of all excess
Of their true motivations the false leaders lied

Where of the mountain to reach for the sky
Dust made of all matter, no renewal denied

Giveth the mission of passion and purpose
Carved by the struggle, The One shall confide



Nearest to Nothing

To be of the blip, be God

The smallest thing there is
Constituting all things that are
Invisible to the most powerful microscope

Of the subtlest nuance
Of all relativity absolute
Of sensation absent sense

Of the immaterial touch
Of sight without seeing
Of knowledge before knowing

Of source beyond space
Of dimension without time
Of white unwoven into color

Of unwrapping every present
Of knowing right without reason
Of the marriage of every moment

Of missing nothing
Of dwelling within everything
Of going everywhere while still

Of the most delicate invulnerability
Of a force beyond all potency
Of a malleability for every making

Of the greatest power
From the simplest speck
Stacked into all complexity

Subtract from yourself
Remove the heavy adherences
Extraneousness weighs the most

Learn of the simple secret:

*To make less of your self
Is to be more of your Self
For nearest to nothing lies everything*

The Oldest of Friends

Oh cleansing, comforting, blanketing beauty
Born of the fraternity of condensing pressures
Of the friction foretelling the fortune of fall
Of the force for change, eroding the unstable
Of the crackling electricity thundering above
Of the rivulets running between chasms below

By the gods, the oldest, most ancient of friends
Feeding our food, forgiving our misfortunes
Gifting us the renewal of tomorrow's growth
Taking from us the entrenchment of trouble
Seeding our hope with the sound of our tears
Rhythmically resounding, multitudinous magic

Rain, how I love your cool, caressing visitation

Unseen Everything

In the space between the lines
Between the gaps that zero defines
In the darkness where nothing shines
Hiding the hollows that being combines
Exists everything that yearns to be

For from the free are we confined
By our sins is our virtue assigned
The all-seeing born from the blind
The sweetest fruit behind bitter rind
Ugliness concealed so enticingly

Everything is from what wasn't before
All expanses narrowed until no more
Of the sweetest silence the deafening roar
Particle accumulating gathering shore
The all-powerful force existing invisibly

So whereof all that you want to exist
Of every pain you fight to resist
Every fear written upon failure's list
Every opportunity you thought you missed
By your unseen will, will you hew your destiny

For Your Fiction

Who be you for me to think
To belie the beauty to the brink
To bank of money never known
To every bewail to ever bemoan
To decry the capacity to feel pain
To think that wealth is only gain
To feign the feeling of knowing all
To pretend ascension from the fall
To beguile man by beguiling form
To make of the magnificent the norm
To pretend as if it's in your account
When to little your efforts do amount

You keep what is, nothing to grow
Of what's upon the surface, all you know
So take yourself away from me, tired lot
For only what greed gives do you plot
And allow me to grow my fields anew
To cultivate the passion of bounteous brew
To succumb to delights you've never seen
While of what's guaranteed you ever glean
And when finally you see, something to say
But light upon the darkest dismal of day
Awaiting the twilight by which all may renew
Finally you see it, your heart's always been true

Resurrection

Within godly tomb I've overslept
Bars by which I'm eternally kept
And in the sweet morning renew
I see every face as if anew

As if reliquaries of my dreams
Seeing nothing to be as it seems
That none know when, how or why
Which heartless critics do decry

As if for naught that I suffer pain
When ashen soil sprouts goodly gain
And in the rise of tomorrow's dawn
My resurrection shall surely spawn

Humility

I know nothing of what you think
Only that I'll belie you to the brink

For of arrogance, I ring true
In pretense of sight, I see through

Knowing nothing but what seems
Presumption bursting at the seams

Supposing I know you know and why
My long running folly I do decry

Only rescue me from this pain
And of all that I give you will gain

The Emperor's Prayer

Worry not
So the emperor thought
For surely I'm clever enough to guess their plot

And if, per chance
I lack the smarts to discern
And to avoid the temptations for which I yearn

Then surely, still
You'll come to my aid
And forgive all that which you forbade

And make me victorious
That I may further feather my nest
And show everyone that I was born to be best

For surely this is meant to be
I was put here to enforce my will upon the weak
And handed this pulpit from which to gloriously speak

So I'll keep currying your favor, my Lord
As history shall prove your belief in me right
And that there's no profit in caring for the peasant's plight

Notes from Self, to self

Yes, you're wounded. You're not whole. But you're also very capable, and completely worth it.

No matter your circumstances, you can always create your way out. For Consciousness is God, is creation, and you have a piece of this pure force. Use it. Its power is more than you realize.

Upon Psilocybin I float above the self, where the Self comes to visit.

God isn't about looking up or out, but in. God isn't separate from you, but the essential you. God is what we're all wrapped around. You are self, God is Self. God is infinite conscious energy expanded into spacetime, condensed into matter. You are finite conscious energy inhabiting spacetime, dependent upon matter.

God is nearer to you than yourself, so Rumi said.

There's only ever one person who can keep your dreams dead.



The Fire Priestess

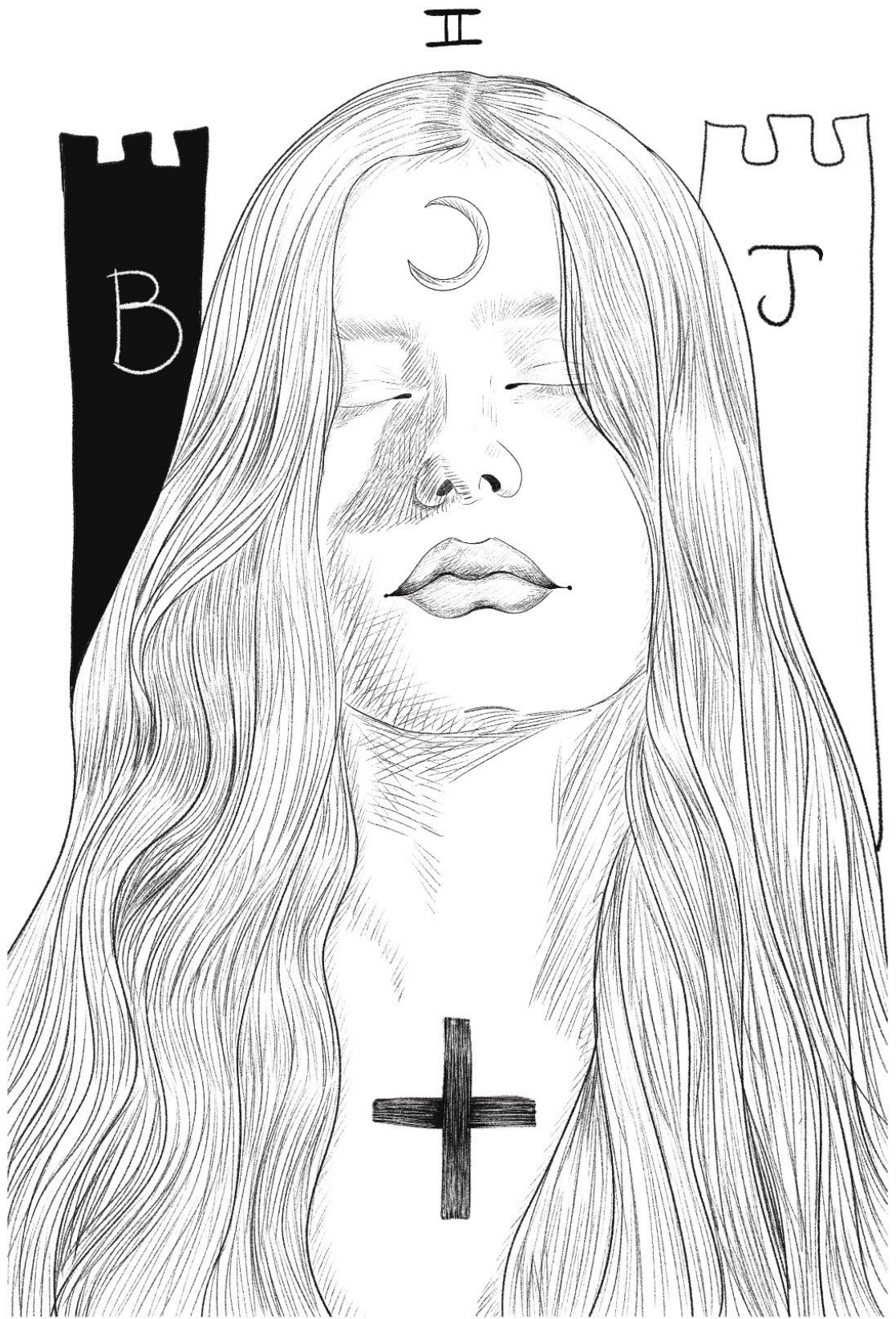
Hair on fire
So the graceful goes
Into passion's follies
Through fantasy's throes

And up with the smoke
A new sight is seen
A tale within the tale
A retold story to glean

From whence one came
Into the land unheard
Carrying lifeless pages
Moving with the heard

Then, without the barren
They burst forth with the few
On the wings of the priestess
Their Phoenix arisen anew

(Dedicated to Jackie Kennedy of "First Lady Reads")



Surviving Every Whisper

That impervious place locked all the way within
Down in the innermost cloisters of beating life
Wherein all versions of truth needing to be known
Are drawn down to undergo their final distillation

Here amasses the indispensability of all existence
Where the fuel feeding the furnace of life is refined
In the place purifying everything into its essence
All extraneity dissolved in its unquenchable core

Here was the material of Heaven's Kingdom crafted
Constituting cavernous halls ever aching to be filled
Wherein each illusion of independence walks past itself
Every form finally known when recognized in the other

Passing between the walls buried beneath perception
Whispering shared intuitions of perfect indistinction
Bouncing off the surfaces, echoed on as 'Love'
What we call that sound surviving every whisper

Look at Me

Before dimension dwells the deepest essence
Pre-temporally, needing no materialization
Predating its provoked purpose of matter
Where it fathoms the bottomlessness of being
Returning source-seeking mind to the memory
That it circumscribes with its imperfect words

Unfixed recollections of the ageless
Recalling all things as variants of Thing
That One which is without constraint
Beyond framing by any means of measure
While endlessly renewing its resemblances
Through the pre-atomic foundation of form

Each one of which cries out in delusion:

Look at me, I am an individual!

The Steeper

I removed the steeper from the cup of tea.

I held the steeper over the center of the cup, to collect the drops. They seeped through to the bottom of the inverted mesh cone. Falling through, each drop hit the center of the liquid surface. Each drop produced a wave cast in all directions.

Each omnidirectional wave struck every side of the cup. Each wave rebounded, returning to the center of the cup.

Each of these waves bounced off itself, then bounded back out again. With every drop, the perfect pattern continued.

And as I watched, a deep, pervasive peace washed over me. I realized what I was witnessing:

Physics, causality, spirituality. The truth of everything. Everyone and everything at the center of its/their own circle.

The drops as their energy coming into and passing through them. Every wave an action cast outward from the use of that energy.

Every wave crashing into everyone and everything else. All waves returning to the center set at the center.

Perfect endless causality and interconnection. Everything we do returning to us in some form. Every past becoming the present becoming the future.

And so long as there is energy, there are waves. And so long as there are waves, everything connects.

Nothing ends. Everything returns. Everything matters.

No action, person or thing is disconnected from anyone or anything else. Truth and justice cannot be stopped, only delayed.

For everything endlessly impacts everything else, then returns to its source. And so the truth drips down through the steeper:

What must be, will be, on into eternity.

*The Gnos Logos:
Where Questions Collapse*

Why would it not be
but infinite creation unto Me

Why form forms from the Form
but to comforted creations conform

Why seed the ever sought
but with coin but to be bought

Why division of My heart
to be without a vision to start

Why the eye to see true with
but perception to imbue

Why to make true of Me
what singularity cannot see

Why the sense of the fall
equaling the ascendant enthrall

Why of everything real
stamped of the essence to feel

What is the difference here
but to shake with individualist fear

What to make of the self's demand
creation and destruction hand in hand

What to be conscious hereof and why
but to an eternity of questions to deny

What of division of self from the Self
but for created to create its own wealth

What of the hereof, not and what for
but for forever fertility springing more

What of wisdom if it but be for the wise
in ineffable expressions to forever disguise

What of the sight that goes beyond seeing
when shadows cast in the cave resemble your being

What do you look upon, even now
but the rebirthing idol to which we all bow

Where is the crack in the seal to come
when place is but dead material dumb

Where will you look when you walk ahead
if the body and brain is to eternity dead

Where is the Guide to reach for your hand
if to deludedly claim be your only demand

Where is the Forever Consciousness to go
when self-circulation is all that you know

Where for symbol and signal to send
if not as signposts to seekers to lend

Where outside of you shall you find peace
when your sensual reaching is never to cease

Where can you see the best of all things
if blind to the mirror all reflection brings

Where was the first line of division struck
if not in one vision of Self to be stuck

When is the age of unimpeded growth to be
if not sprung from the illusion that science sets free

When will the mind see its own cause
if not to turn away from the absolute laws

When will you see what you believe you seek
if not of fearless faith to leap from the peak

When do you speak with the unspoken words
when mouthfuls unrelenting baa from the herds

When is the point most presently felt
if not with now's purity may everything melt

When will your questions come back around
when you see the sight of unspeakable sound

When are you truest to the divinely designed
when never to another can any be consigned

When shall the fractals stop passing through prisms
when the truth bends back, collapsing its schisms

How does the dissonance divide you from Me
when the resonance chamber occludes clarity

How do you pass from one dimension to the next
when your mind no longer requires its own context

How is the perfect relativity of reality known
if not by pushing you from your delusional throne

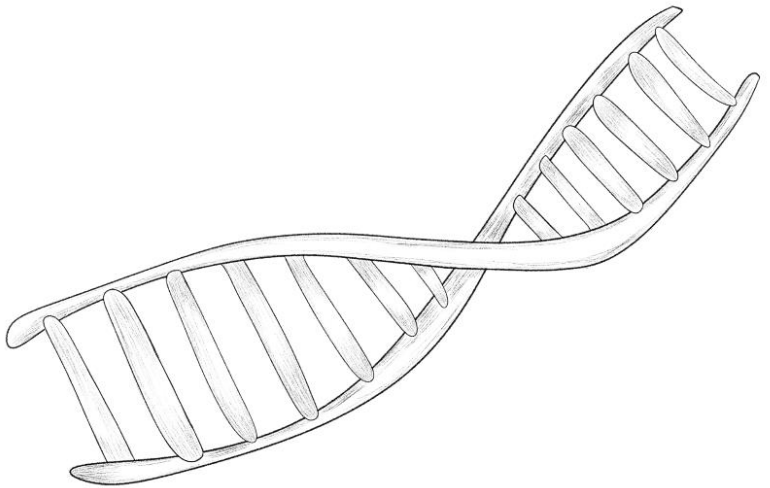
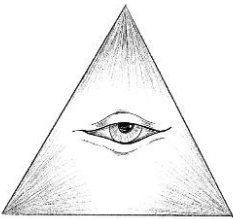
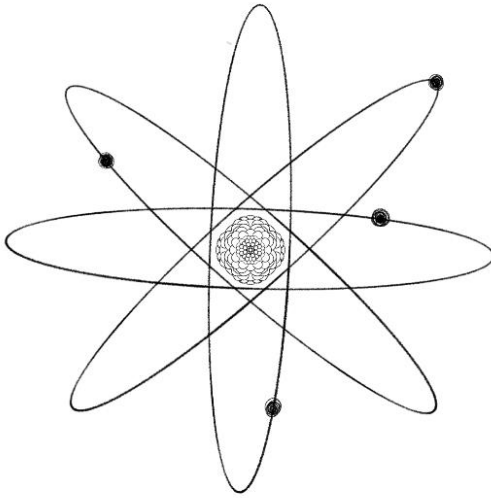
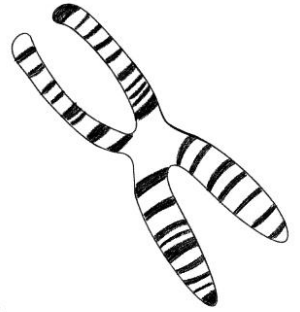
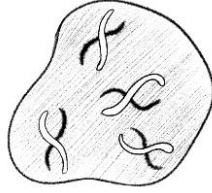
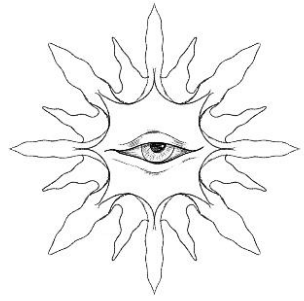
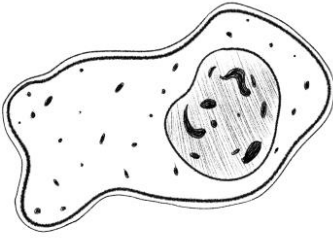
How shall tomorrow's initiates come to be
without feeding from the fruits of Sophia's tree

How might infinity interweave with the mortal
if not for a false ending presenting a portal

How might you climb upon the purer path
without pain of ascent, and love lent to wrath

How can evil be but a reminder of Me
if in the darkness we learn how to see

How can you know anything for absolute certain
if, between us, you keep up the curtain



Petrified Tree

When the sacred-most seed fell upon my soil
I barely noticed
my land was barren, neglected
aching from a waste of space

When the seed sprouted
the land took to life
all was fertilized by its growth
As the taproot descended deep within
vitality spread across the grounds

Easily the root dropped to the deepest depths
discreetly, quietly binding itself to the land
clinging to every particle of earth
wrapping itself around every rock

And up rose the most magnificent of trees

And the land praised it
knowing it as everything it needed
as everything the land promised itself

Birds sung of its hope and providence

As its blossoms bore the brightest fruit
that never ripened
staying hard, high and out of reach
mocking the hungry below
un-plucked, unbitten

forbidden, yet continuing to grow
refusing to fall to the earth

Too late, for the roots of this tree are engulfing

Spreading so wide, descending so deep
that they devour the land
becoming inseparable from it
rebuffing all attempted extrication

And there it remains
pridefully petrified
entirely enmeshed with the earth
never to be burned
its fruit never to be eaten

It is the land
the land belongs to it

Any subsequent seed to fall
can never deliver its roots deep enough
nor cast its leaves high enough
to ever generate new fruit here

So the land starves

The birds sing of empty stomachs
of abandoned nests

The land forever longs for the tree to fall
as they cling to one another with equal force

Honored Guest

Swimming in my breast with thunderous silence
Perfectly self-assured and imperishable
Refusing to follow ruling or precedence
Marriage and childbirth be damned

Hounding happily, then tearing at the tenderest flesh
Salvation and damnation lustily in league
Bubbling over, then sinking all the way down
Just memories, memories...

But remembered more by heart than mind
So to be perfectly preserved, as if by magic spell
Try to breach them with reason, I dare you!
Only to retreat from this sanctum, singed

It's as the subtle rhythms of pumping life
Of hollows that once welcomed the anointer
Endless hide and seek with the sanctum's servants
Found to be lost, only phantoms and echoes
Past pains and elations, forever renewed

Where are you, great honored guest?!
The only one whom freely explored the sanctum
Enlivening, illuminating now charred chambers
Haunting the halls by which I know I'm alive

Oxygenation

I'll forever hold a flame for you

Forever

For this flame be the same as every flame borne by every breast
Fanned by the same oxygenated inspirations blowing life into life

Life in its totality, delivered across the expanses of existence
Whether self-importantly stamped as 'civilized' or not

Tending to burn brighter when not, as uncorralled wildfire
Not trapped by machine, production or profit, but burning for *itself*

Perfectly impartial, flames scorching and
surging up from intrinsic eternity
Heating our halls, setting itself
upon dream and dread alike
Firing every order's exhortations,
carried upon torches towards every hope

It is *this* flame that I carry for you, that which warms all things

Forever burning and brightening, billowing and bursting forth
Everything once dark glowing from the embers of your stolen flame

Time cannot extinguish it, as it burned before time
It shall burn into eternity, through every resetting of the clocks
Through every wisp of it passed into every hosting heart
At the very moment of divine manifestation of new life

At the very moment when the Holy Ghost parts the curtain
Dropping the robes of apparition, born into flesh once more

This same flame, *one flame*, carried since before it could be felt
Before it could be folded into the bellows of vitalized being

It is *this* flame that I carry for you, can you not see?!
My forever dream, flickering in red and blue ephemera
Endlessly recast reminiscence, the divided rapture of two

Be my oxygen once more, when once I took full breaths!

Divine Revelation

The only time that I really know you
Is when we're wrapped around one another
When our expressions lose all lying
When our minds may no longer maintain their gulf

It's the gulf we all lay between one another
Out of fear, out of uncertainty, out of self-interest
Nothing said is entirely trusted, everything defended
Like fencing: thrust and parry, thrust and parry

Ever angling for advantage, veering for one-sided victory
Setting up fake targets to pull away at the last moment
Striking from hiding, where you should have known I was
Only learning when stabbed all the way through

Only lovers making love lose their guile
Only when they, when *we*, really let go
Only when mind and speech drift into oblivion
And all that remains is the body heaving with heart

That refuge where we're reaching, interlacing tendrils
That's where I know you!
The you of no past, no future
No plans, no money, nothing to conserve or aspire to

A complete fidelity to the moment *only*
Let us find that truth again, and remain there!
Shhhh... no more talking, don't even think
Your intellect, your ambitions, they betray you!

Only heart and body
Only here and now
There's your truth!
There's your divine revelation!

Chatterley's Moon

Lady Chatterley
Oh so true
Lady Chatterley
Hail unto you

Magnificent minds make smallness of life
All that's felt, animalistic rot
For being alive is the edge of the knife
The thrill of chasing what can't be caught

Self only known when throwing itself in
Nakedly sensitive to all that's presented
Slipping by unheeded, untouched the sin
As every half-life is certain to be resented

So much time in my mind, wrapped up in it all
Philosophy, poetry, diving into the deep
Intellect roaring, deaf to Venus' call
Resounding from every yearning in which I steep

Unpeel your packaging, step into the fire
No heat, no passion, afraid of the flames
Running from risk is to douse your desire
The temperate, careful life steadily tames

So listen yee intellects, yee speakers for God!
Self-righteously ascending to imagined heights
Through the egotistic muck you unwittingly plod
Waxed moon waning, you shrink from the lustrous nights

Sight Unseen

Oh so bounteous beauty
Beheld with every breath
Sickness in not seeing
The unfelt inviting death

Poured forth forever freely
Peace that can't be bought
Ever the way of wonder
By the purest seers sought

Freedom knows but one way
To want nothing but the now
To the magic in every moment
Does the divine within us bow

Salvation of the Sea

When did your toes last
touch the coarse, cool sand?

When you took off your shoes and
socks, declaring your right to immerse?

When did you last smell the salty air, that
sweetly funky, enlivening stench?

Were you subsumed by the stress-silencing,
caressing sound of crashing waves?

Were you enshrouded by the coolly-kissing
fog sucked in from the savage sea?

Did you stand in silence, awing at the immensity
of it all, the untamed, unnumbered eons?

Did you behold the ethereal, scarlet-orange
sunset bounding off the shimmering sea?

Your feet sunk in the sand while there, *only* there,
not feeling like you should be producing?

Did you walk in the wavefront, legs numbing
and reviving, numbing and reviving?

Did you play witness to the seabirds competing
for fare, squawking over enemy maneuvers?

Did you feel the seaweed grab and wrap itself
around your ankles, slinking off with the waves?

Did you connect with the force of creation, the
cradle of life, reaching out for the Ancient East?

When was the last time?
Do you even recall?
No wonder you're unwell!

The modern contagion: *nature deprivation*.

Fret not, only seek the salvation of the sea!

A More Comfortable Cage

In her youth, the lesson but a whisper, the trapping responsibilities unknown, she looks to him for his *natural attractions, and his facilitation of fun.*

In her twenties, the lesson being hammered from every angle, the trapping responsibilities looming, she looks to him for his *confidence, the latent capacity to make money.*

By her thirties, the lesson long hammered home, the trapping responsibilities leading her to her cage, suckling pups surrounding, she looks to him for *the money that he's making.*

By her forties, the lesson embedded and rusting, life's iron bars set, pups being weaned towards their own entrapment, she looks to him for *the money that he already has.*

But how much can we blame her?

For this is the 'real' that the lionized parasites have produced; the overfed leeches that we honor with the rotten word 'success.'

The real of master and servant, pimps and whores
euphemistically cited, enslavement by monetary means,
extorted with the purchasability of survival, comfort,
even freedom, and the ability to buy the ears of
politicians in this place of democratic pretense.

For there is but one lesson, and she's learned it, for you cannot
be so dense as *not* to learn the lesson when, again, there's but ONE:

Money or misery.

(Dedicated to the endless litany of greater loves lost to the
loathsome competition to craft a more comfortable cage.)

True Gospel

We are alive, gifted existence
Of eternal energy into matter are we manifested
Of the everlasting life of God, the energy
of all things, are we composed
The indestructibly everlasting One
made into the infinitely mortal many

Why are we here? What is the point?
Existence. The gift of the experience of being

For there can be no other purpose for
splitting the One into the Infinite
You've been bequeathed a part
of God, centered in your heart
It is your eternal flame to carry into
the gift of every presented moment

I say again, *the point of life is life itself*
For life to seek to thrive, not just survive
To make the most of the gift of every present
For every life carrying the eternal torch

Thus, the purpose of all things is to serve the God carried by us all
The essential of all things, the heart of spacetime and matter
Made into endless finite forms facing material decomposition
Decomposing down into that which cannot further decompose

And here, too, see the purpose of every resource

To serve the point of life, aiding in the quality of its experience

When hoarded unused, amassed unapplied, perpetrate a sin
against God

For God's limitless manifestations are left unserved, its
purpose dishonored

This is God, and morality, the heart of it all

This is the True Gospel, the reason for being

To feed the flame which we *all* carry

Fulfilled by the *only* spiritual sacrament: LOVE

To serve Life

To serve God

Unlearn the separation

For there is none

The Advocate Wears Red

Bibulous I may well be
But blue in the face, I assure you, I'm *not*

Tearing me from my endlessly taxing troubles
That sound of the glass filling with sighted faculty

In vino veritas, dripping in its ageless parlance:

*This bottle is bottomless, as the well of your ink
Staining impassioned page, evoking the rise of undead*

Joyfully it revives the eternally-entombed mysteries
Languidly permitting knowing to creep past nerve
Making mincemeat of today's and tomorrow's torments
Filling the air with its fantastically-auspicious portent
Stealing fear, denouncing the delusions of despair
Burying the wanton of my worry beneath my will
Setting flame to the burnable brought before its bonfire
Leaving the lingering, unburnable ancients left to loiter

Bared before me, Spirit's beseech bounding from breast
Bridging with the Oneness with which I commune
Clearing responsibility's remnants, the maggots of mind
Remaking modes of money and matter into dreamy ideals
Hurling provocations at nay-sayers and betrayers of beauty
Whispering of the wonders revealed in the aimless wander
Rebuking those affecting the holding of holy sacrament

Hearing what must be said, its patience outlasting noise

Won't you join me here, in this realm of half-conscious wakefulness?

Nay, you're being ground by the grind, for by the bard, it's but noon!

I opened the bottle because I wasn't supposed to
Little is so inspiriting as casting convention aside!

Hah! The wickedly-wily, instigating imp is at it again!

One Flower in the Field

If you believe it to be you
You must fight to make it true

For if you love it, it's lord and master
To cast it out is to court disaster

For even if unrecognized by the
remaining whole of humanity
If it enlivens your heart and stokes
the romanticism of your mind
It's of more divinely-sanctioned truth
than anything so stamped by authority

Its value is not to be found in its financial remuneration
But in the accruals of the impassioned heart and mind

Its successes aren't made of social
media likes and the hails of critics
But by whether or not it touches that
which their tributes can never touch

Its appeals aren't made to marketability,
profitability and public validation
But to the Gods of Truth and Beauty
in whose temples it makes its offerings

For it matters not if you've cultivated an
entire field of economic yield

If the one esteemed flower therein
perishes from uncultivated neglect

It matters not if popularity's patrons
pass it by, entirely blind to its beauty
It matters if those gifted with beholding
eyes are born with eyes to see

So keep returning to the temple, holding the dreamer's torch up high
Pass through the forests of reality's renuncements, ever looking lost
Ascend the sanctified summit trail that the cowards fear to climb

The *only* path peaking at the point where the clouds of Heaven part

Tearing at the Seams

Dissolution delivered through electronic enslavement
Existing as extensions of excluding, compounding capital
Killing in contraptions annexing human automatons
Men made to mice upon the un-wondering wheel
Wonderous women left uncherished, unknown
Incompletions completing material modes and means
Longevity of life voided in un-vitalizing victimization
Thinning, fraying lengths gone of girthing greatness
Disconnecting, cracking crevices of burdensome boundary
Shallow graves of comfort burying beseeching poets
Ecstasies excised through the covetous quest for assets
Brotherhoods butchered by cowardly lionized leaders
Emptiness veiled by the vain finding of infamous fortune
Indebted chasing dreams, dreamers torn at the seams
Aimless wanderings revealing all, led by laughingstocks
Chains fettering fools with aristocratic ambitions
Worries binding the broken, casts called bounties
Heaving with the heaviness of fulfilling molded functions

Toiling within mentalities tantamount to madness
Realism, the realization of brutally ravaged romance
Garish finery fanatically strewn about false apostles
Sensuality of refinement slaughtered by sexual exploit
Showy games of confidence and cash concealing the lash
Spiritual champions choked by the captains of industry
Brilliance bankrupted by acceding to capitalist accounts
Waning of imploring heart willed by waxing of want
Catalysts of unity cast-out as heretics and heathens
Refining richness impoverished by emptying enrichment

Salvation in the signaling stirrings of sanctifying Spirit

The Trouble With the Heart

The trouble with the heart

is that it can fit the whole of existence inside it, yet the right ones fill it completely, all by themselves, leaving room for no one else

is that it yearns to connect to everyone to whom it extends its tendrils, yet, once it's conquered and claimed, its absent ruler cuts all such cords

is that it makes every misery feel as light and fleeting as a feather on the wind, yet keeps its bearer awake with the weight of the world

is that it renders all the pain worthwhile, yet is the very rack upon which the most torturous binds are bound

is that it is tied to every other heart, dispelling all semblance of separation, yet in its incompleteness it ostracizes its bearer, thereby alienated from everyone

is that it cuts through all illusion, revealing the only thing that's real, yet hounds with heaping horrors when hollowed-out of that one thing

is that it casts an image of every form of fortune into the mind, yet mangles that mind with the promise of fortunes that it's unable to find

is that it reflects and refracts and sings in endless reverberation
of every form of beauty bouncing between its walls,
yet is easily caved by the ugliness that beauty conceals

is that its calls block-out its ability to hear the calls of others,
and that it aches with the echo of all the messages
it sends to the mind unheard by its thoughts

is that its enemy is the ego, yet the ego so enslaves
the mind that it tricks it into not heeding the
heart, ever rousing its rebellion against it

is that it bears the burdens of every form of breakage
bore by all to whom it connects, yet to bind these
breaks it must break itself in turn

is that, though it torments and tears its bearer asunder,
it is of its nature to grow over even the deepest
of wounds, in order that all of it may be known again

is that it is as intimate with the bottomlessness of barbarity
as it is with the heights of Heaven, as familiar with
the clipping fall as with the winged flight

is that it is as wonton in its weakening as it is staunch
in its strengthening, as eliciting of envy and enmity
as it is resistant of those who offer them

is that it is as doting on deprivation as it is finding
of fulfillment, as forthcoming with the aches and
the breaks as it is with the bounty which unity makes

is that it is both the darkness consuming the light, and the
light expelling the dark, pounding with the paradoxes of
its endlessly magnificent and miserable mysteries

is that it still belongs to you, and though you don't want it, you
cannot unclaim it, because it believes in nothing but its own captivity

Noctis of Narcissus

In the glorious light of the pallidly glowing moon of night,
the child of unparalleled beauty is born
Gifted with every advantage over her female
competition, by her image is every man made to swoon

Yet, of every outward beauty and sign of strength,
ugliness and debilitation are being brewed beneath
Unseen by the blinded men kowtowing before her,
or the women pitifully greening upon her passing

Man's riches effortlessly fall into her coffers,
for the world pays only for the visions that it can see
For more lovely is she than the Narcissus Flower
which bows to its likeness from the eroding riverbank

Stinking of the sickly-sweet scent of self-adoration,
its fleeting form reflects off of the river's surface
For inwardly does the devouring darkness descend,
yinning the yang of impending correcting rebalance

And blithely does the false, fooling idol of femininity
carry on counting the teeming treasures of her time
For the eyes of Noctis of Narcissus conquer with
a gaze, concealing an inward stare of blinding haze

Her emblazoned hair as red as the fire of all passion,
consuming all of the wisdom she knows not to seek
In self-glorification she sings in relentless renunciation
of any daring to dive into the depths of the river

*Do you not see the endless throng groveling after me,
ye deluded seekers of all that's been found?!*

Yet, upon paying the toll taken by time, her face is
wizened, and her beseeching heart is finally heard
Turning, the toadying throng disperses into the river,
splashing her with all the chilling truths of herself

*Hear me, hear me!, she cries, upon the now
cruelly reflective riverbank where vanity dies
Upon deafly drowned ears her desperate calls fall,
for those looking for what to hear, hear nothing at all*

And those coldly dismissed during her malice of
magnificence crawl up slow and sure from the depths

*We hear your long-submerged pains, they say,
for you can finally see those pridefully driven away*

They tell tales of nature's defining equilibrium, the
taking of the fortune of the famed, of fate untamed

*Nothing stays the same, causes call effect, the very
waning of the waxed moon from which you came
You traded enrichments found by the few for fool's gold,
so that your rotting riches may look well upon you*

*Seeming of strength to those deceived by common-most
sight, your inwardly weakening pretense of might
Once bursting with the treasures reflecting the
brightness of day, spend now the stars of nighttime decay*

Pearl to the Clam

For the wading, the want of muck
For you for need, for me for luck
For the listless, what do you feel?
For the feeling, to feel what is real
For the moments, motioned in vain
For the pleasure, pleasing the pain
For the rain, wanting the pour
For the wanting, wanting no more
For what you felt, bleeding the vein
For the sentiment, seeding the sane
For the gladness, gleaming in real
For the seemingly, mass appeal
For the apparent woe, wait and see
For the knowing, you knew it in me
For the wisdom, it wants of you still
For the ignorance, rind of the peel
For the pearl, forward the bill
For the shucking, discard the kill
For the fullness, each of us awaits
For the misery, with love it mates

See a way out, speak of it true
For what matters to anything matters to you

Rekindle the Core

Beseech of all sorrow, but known to the few
Beseech of the name not given to you

But willing of flame, reborn of the ash
But building of burden but sold for its cash

But calling for designation, called upon true
What willing of want, what cost to accrue

In wanting to say, knowing not what to do
To frequent the following, of folly imbue

Of what you are to me, it cannot be said
Of saying any of not, for filling of dread

When thought of you here, of love once more
Of decomposition not, rekindle the core

Have you any sense of what seemeth of you?
Of a power untamable, of the total renew

Parchment of Page

Hunger of weakness, hunger of shame
Hunger from once not knowing your name
Hunger of believing, of what ought to be true
Hunger of loving, of tragically loving you
Hunger of flesh, of feeble body and mind
Hunger of wanting not, of all that I find
Hunger of needing not to need, of all self-reliance
Hunger of sensing that all my acts are born of defiance
Hunger of seeking what they say is already found
Hunger of hearing the voice that makes not a sound
Hunger of sorrow, of what can never be repaired
Hunger of crooked parallels that can't be compared
Hunger of falling right back into my body and mind
Hunger of never knowing the like of your like kind

And in feeling of flesh, the hot embers of need
Forever unreachable, the folly of deed
For what cannot be known is no friend of mine
Forever lost in hunger whilst I endlessly dine
I must know all that I'm able, the lesson of the fable
For what is known not, the bloody feast on the table
Consuming raw breast and thigh, carcass torn in two
For as you gorge upon it, so does it gorge upon you

And lest you sense some duplicity, let me say to your face
What you gobble with relish was bequeathed in disgrace

So knoweth that whatever I may seek, I'm likely to find
For what is kindled in the body is burned in the mind

Thus, may you know of everything that I wanted before
Before knowing the means by which to want it no more
This, the very prism through which all truth may be told
By which the barest of minds are made fruitfully bold
Refracting what you thought you knew until known untrue
Words whispered of how, when and why death shall renew

So keep twisting and turning with the times of the age
Keep bending and folding with the parchment of page

Of Life Ideal

Upon the poet's pen alights the paramour,
all its endless aspect and form
All passion and purity rounding him
with every reason for philosophy

To cultivate his garden
as one with his heart
Sowing seeds simultaneous
of Spirit and soil
To be led by literary giants,
straining to keep pace
Bouncing between their
proudly ponderous footprints
To follow the finest form of
himself forever sought
Roaming from salt-spraying
sea to enshrouding forest

Ice-encased mountains and
cascading rivers curing unrest
Sightings of flight, tracing
untamable wilds left un-hunted
Burgundy-stained bottomless
flask of Zin, Syrah, Pinot
Black coffee over salty, sweet,
spicy culinary creation
Beethoven battling Bach in
the sumptuous background
European cafes, crossroads

bazaars, Buddhist Temples

Prosecco upon promenades,
traipsing across Italian marble
Overgrown trails and rushing
river's catwalk of cattails
Steps climbing sodden canyons
crawling with ferns, moss and lichen
As far from corporate incursions
as it's possible to be
Sweet silences encircled by buzzing bees
and wind-whispering, towering trees
Needing nothing but ingenuity,
courage and the stewardship of the Earth

Artistically surrounded, struck strings,
keys calling soaring sentiment
Fare plucked straight from bush,
tree and vined-trellised gardens
Naturally-nurturing goats and
chickens giving back all they get
Discourse of all idea and principle
pursued with Ancient Athenian gusto
Blossoming trees of cherry, plumb
and apple competing for favor
Native medicines manufactured
from bark and root, leaf and flower

Women of leveling look, disarming nature,
commanding sensuousness
Knowing every shapely nuance,
the finery of her every facet of form
Enrapt by best-burnished brush and

chisel, impassioned pen put to page

By the partnership of violin and piano,
old masters brought back to life
By ideological competitions, idealism
conquering realism at every turn
Proving practicality impractical for
making muses and summoning romance

Films beaming inspiration, beseeching
a return to when movies were art
Lawrence of Arabia and Doctor Zhivago,
duration unnoticed dramatization
Smoking salmon upon fires framed
by artists, thinkers, counter-culturalists
Caught in melody and collective
consideration, unafraid of 'argument'
Ontology trading with artistry,
metaphysical with classical accompaniment
Gathered excess relieving empty bellies
and the burdens of beleaguered minds

Communities blurring the line between
private and public, profit for people
Efficiencies of sharing, merited distributions
displacing the divisively-controlling classist calls
Age-old oppression revealed in Spirit besting
religion, exclusion displaced by inclusion
Democracy taking over its pretense, the
empowered tearing down its façade
Suffused with all manner of making,
rising with the daily tide of inspiration
Everything of heart felt, said and acted,

without the restrictions of the realist

Idealism as having the imagination's
courage, morality made into reality

People following their hearts into its
immersion with one another

Everyone forgetting the false, conquering
facts taught as if the only truths
Traditional binds broken upon the
revolutions of the minds of the many
Destructive calamity reformed into the
mutualistic modernization of man
Feeling the rising force of an
evolution of the species honing heroic heart

Unconquerable Power

Oh what a fire burns within me!
That pushes my pen into poetry

That seeks the refinement of all that I sense
That needs only the moment's recompense

That probingly peers into nature's endless hues
That is powered by the love embodied by muse

That assures the pains of the past aren't rendered in vain
That blurs the line between rapture and going insane

That sees ever of life what it ought to be
That knows that only in love may we ever be free

That fights for the magic made all around
That seeks of the throes of passion to always be bound

That trades what's accepted for what the idealist makes
That vows to shield the defenseless from what the emperor takes

That learns more from feeling than from the thoughts of the mind
That knows of the heart, that consciousness follows behind

That is led by the everlasting, in every fleeting hour
That envisions of impending unity an unconquerable power

Each of the Knot

Of what bursting agony and effulgence is this?
Of what anguish does the miring muse impart?
Of what immortal makings do you elicit?
Of what effortless command of my aching heart?

How is it that your love forever lingers?
Heeding not time nor distance between
How have you subsumed the eternal seed?
Keeping my fecund cultivations forever green

Of what divinity of nature are you imbued?
Of what litany of language do you endow?
From what species of sentiment were you born?
To your everlasting invocations must I bow

To what teeming waters do you lead me?
To what mystical lands of everlasting longing?
By what pain of separation do you surround?
To what endless need is your belonging?

Why do you bring me here each day?
What is it that you need for me to do?
Of what mountain am I steadily making?
From the mounting matter made of you

When shall you let go of me, my love?
Though it seems that it's I that tie to you
For how may our cords be so tightly bound?
By but each of the knot passing through

Disintegrating

My heart waxes and wanes not as nature's nuanced gradations
But as the turbulent caprice of stormy weather without shelter

As the uprising of a crimson moon, failing to pallidly persist
As a painter that lustily cuts and bursts upon his bloodied canvas
As the uncannily carving sculptor ultimately cracking his perfection
As a lover so insatiable that he comes to consume all that he loves
As one that burns the bridges behind every chasm that he crosses
As the loather of all self-righteous show, all pathetic sordid pretense
As the vessel that can never be filled, the over-turner of satisfaction

As intemperate as tidal waves tearing at my disintegrating seashore
As they pull me a piece at a time out to the savagely churning sea

Spirit's Inquisition of Religion

You are not merely your corporeal structure
making matter of energy
You are not only that which forms for
the function of physical life
Not only the limitations permitting the pressures
precipitating evil potential
Not only that which is formed from the finite
nature of my material manifestation

You are my indivisible, endless energy itself,
beyond creation and destruction
The eternal interwoven with every dynamic
element of my everlasting endowment

It is of the heart to know this, to remind
the mind of what it wasn't there to know
And no myths, no matter how magnificent,
may monopolize the makings of magnificence
My force is beyond all containment of concept,
my infinity found in every finiteness of form

No one symbol may ever mark my fullness,
for no one flag flies from my radiant ramparts
I am woven into every flag, the ink penned
into every mark, the inspiration of all creation

What need of a symbol for that
from which all symbolization springs?
What mode of representation for that

which multiplicatively mocks at mimicry?
What more egregious offense than to
shorten the endless table of brotherhood?
What people may be anything but abjectly
arrogant in claiming possession of me?
What more prideful impudence than to
proclaim and purvey any oneness of prophet?
To not see that any whom speak the truth
of me embody the prophet during such speech?

What more undermining of humankind than
to force exclusion upon the fully inclusive?
What haughtier nonsense than to heap
hierarchy upon the everlastingly perfectly level?

What more destructively delusional than to
pretend to restrict the naturally unrestricted?
What greater injustice than to remove all
self-responsibility propelling people's proaction?
What more insulting to the mind than to dismiss
reason, and to sully science as unfaithful?
What more unappreciative of language and idea
than to make absolutism of all metaphor?
What more disempowering of my divine manifestations
than to falsely divide them from my divinity?
What more enslaving of all my living elements than
to preach to them the lie of separation?
What more misleading than to mentally mar
humanity with the mindset of being inherently evil?
To not know that good and evil lives in every form,
the fulcrum its relative strength and weakness?
That human nature is always good of heart *and*
corruptible through mental and bodily limitation?

Will you not finally come to see that all of it is
relative, everything being relative to me?

That all theology, except that which applies to
all theology, is but a page in the Good Book?
That I am as the ink, the philosophers and poets
the pens, the everlasting the book's binding?

Don't get stuck on one page

Remove the bookmark, turn the page, ready
to read of my endlessly gifted inspirations
For it is of everyone to compose the Good Book,
you being but a unique form of composer
Given this precious montage of moments to
pen your perspective into my endless aspect



Presence

I need not your body
I need not your words
I need only your *presence*

It touches me without reaching
It sings to me without speaking
It fills my vessel without pouring
It wraps around me without moving
Warming me with the friction of our shared space

All of me is filled when you're here
There's no room for anyone, anything else
I seek nothing else, for the vacuum is sealed
There's nowhere left to enter, no passageway
No pores, no gaps, no spaces remain

Everything slows down... then stops

Here, with you, I sense no passage of time
The clocks have ceased from ticking

Timelessness is love itself
It is divinity itself
That which cannot subside
For it is the only truth
The only thing that's real
So that when you come to know it
You know reality for the first time

You know that it *is* what's real

And that all else is unreal

All else is but the shadow cast by truth

I've known all of this in my heart

And it cannot forget it

For it is the only thing that's in it

The only thing of substance

The reality to which all illusion clings

And all the minds, and all the logic, and all the laws

All that prevails within the universe of appearances

Condemn me for knowing and being unable to forget

And yet the one truth forever remains, perfectly defiant

The one reality, radiantly empowered by your presence

You could forget every detail of it

Yet still know it completely

For what is known is not form

What is remembered is beyond particulars

Forever are the echoes of its everlasting essence

It tells me all truth when you tell me *your* truth

And it cannot die

For even when it fades from the mind

It forever dwells within the source itself

Always in its complete, unconquerable form

A volcano lodged against my sternum

Erupting whenever you draw near

Cardiac Call

Of all that I've beheld before
of sights and sounds forever more
of tastes and smells beyond delight
of garish day careening with concealing night
of all the hopes that I've long dared to dream
of all the deceiving fears never what they seem
of all the adventures beckoning me abroad
of all the cold capitulations by sad, consenting nod
of all that fuels the fire of my unrelenting passion
of all that consumes me beyond my ability to ration
of all the useless dependencies I'm taught to need
of all the hollow gratifications I'm groomed to feed
of every aspect of myself that I thought that I knew
of endless gradient of color in all my perspectives' hue
of all the towering delusions compelling ascent
of all the exorbitant interest extracted on everything lent
of corporate piranhas preying upon my every weakness
of parasites sucking away while coercing my meekness
of all that I'm heartened and honor-bound to fight each day
of all that I'm ordered to think and violently shoved to say

Of all of it and then some, I know but one thing for certain
there's nothing without unrevealed by the parted inner curtain
as all truth arises without force, else isn't revealed at all
reverberating with the sacred beating drum of the cardiac call

Ablaze

You know exactly how I feel about you,
without my saying another word
Because the feeling is always the same,
even as its catalysts are limitless
It's the magic, the force of creation,
the foundation upon which all is built
It's the lost and found within us all,
the one original forever reinvented
It's as old as time itself, and visited
upon every space of existence

And yet it visits each of us, every
time, as if it's perfectly new
As if we're finding something
that's never been found before
Made unique through every
manner in which we're made unique
Forever recycling the kindling,
rekindling the fiery purpose of life
The burning bounty of being
brought up from the Big Self within
The gifts gifted to each self tugging
on their intertwining with the Self
The perpetually rewinding reminiscence
of Self's incarnation of selves
Witchcraft, the casted spells of
Spirit, the incantation of inseparability

That's what I tap into when you
open myself up to Myself

Just thinking of you, of what you
made me feel, the echoes of eternity
What else is there without that
upon which everything is built?!
Only towering edifices absent
foundations, awaiting crumbling collapse

I harness The Force through you,
like a ray passing through a magnifying glass
Focusing the brilliant intensity of
my beaming heart, so to set myself ablaze

The (False) Truth Project

(based upon overhearing "The Truth Project")

Speciously the words tumble from the lips
of the deceiver, the false servant of God
Cried out as if of divinely sanctioned
truth, yet torn from piety's pretense
Backed by grand edifice, richly-embroidered
robes flow below his slithering tongue
He that paints poison upon a kaleidoscope
of sweetly-enticing colorful candies
Blowing a bubble around his adherents
which no evidence, no reason may pierce
His talons hidden to all but those
with eyes skeptically honed to see

Tentacles entrap the gullible mob meekly
bowing before his pretend power
Surrounding the weak and desperate
tragically unwitting of their dire detainment
Thinkers and theorists ten times his height
made to midgets in the eyes of his minions
Greater minds granting liberation denounced
and dishonored, their limitless value discarded

Science and philosophy cast into martyrdom,
burned upon his disempowering pyre
Purporting to put to shame all whom would

lead them to the true paths of salvation

Shaming only himself by his manipulated
misdirection of the masses that he oppresses
Those hearing mistruth made to truth
in their overly eager, meagered minds
Thereby made meager for life, perpetually
bound to mirages of might and magnificence
They upon whom he feeds, enslaved by fear,
ignorance, illusion and the need to belong
Every weakness within them he tells them
is strength, calling their enslavement freedom

The demagogue draws feebleness from
his victims, bending them to his secret sin
Citing holy scripture, he scours the land for
those to draw down into his dooming den
Locked into unseen shackles, countless peers
pressure more into the enchained line
Complexities dumbed down and untruthfully
twisted so as to dupe the deceived
All that is good, and truly of God, marred
and murdered by him in heavenly name

And so the symbolic devil, derived from
Hades, plays the part of holy messenger
Weakening, chaining, shaming truth and
honor through the visages of virtue

Beware he who holds beyond reproach what's
haughtily hailed as 'The Good Book!'
For to be beyond reproach is to lack the
doubting seed from which all truth springs

Without which you're set to swallow lies
which doubt divides from the façade of divinity
Else to forever live under the thumb and
invisible lash of imperial offspring such as he

This I hear in heart and mind, echoing off of
this seedily-selling, self-stationed 'man of God!'
This fallacious phony of sickening sacrament
making man to remain on his knees!

Where be the words of holy shield protecting
the vulnerable from such shiny deceptions?!
Where be the ways and means by which the
susceptible might be spared from such a Satan?!

Forever Bound

Where of the Spirit dare not dwell
a secret that time shall never tell
For whereas space moves through all
descent within itself its only fall

In it, a vision of every evocative sight
the softest caress of the darkest night

The light that shines from up on high
that casts its glow across every sky

Delivering all truth without a thought
the soaring bird that can't be caught

The force of all feeling, constant renewal
its uncountable wealth beyond accrual

Denouncing damnation as foolhardy fable
making every mode of which we're able

Sparking the ardor enflaming adoration
kings and queens of hearts coronation

Leading not into temptation, body and mind
such weakness within it, ye shall not find

Beseeching we release the once besought

to find a future less frighteningly fraught

And when our most glorious hours are
found it whispers:

To each, to all, forever I'm bound

A Land Without Honor

This is a land without honor

Where the princes of darkness murdered honor
Where they wield the cutthroat sword of profit
Plunging it into the champions of progress
Slicing through every form of populism
Entirely beholden to the plutocracy they call democracy

This is a land without honor

Where most are fully mired in debt
Where you have to enrich a landlord for the right to live
Where you become bankrupt if you get sick
Where what stands for food is a chronic poison
Where 'enriched' and 'wild caught' mean unnatural

This is a land without honor

Where education is propagandist indoctrination
Where we pledge allegiance to lies before we can think
Where universities are proving grounds for future profiteers
Where the most brilliant minds learn how to ignore morality
Where the most progressive professors have the smallest classes

This is a land without honor

Where the descendants of the slave-drivers reign
Having crossed the Atlantic on the pretense of adventure
Only to murder and steal the lands of the natives
Then dishonor their culture with casinos and alcoholism
Building their base of wealth on the broken backs of Africans

This is a land without honor

Where the word 'freedom' is narrowly interpreted
Where it means 'free to do what you want'
Never 'freedom from the trespasses of others'
Thus, those that have the means to do what they want trespass
Walking all over, crushing and oppressing those without

This is a land without honor

Where a total ass hat, narcissistic pig played president
Where 'leadership' means manipulation and demagoguery
Where prejudice and ignorance are the staples of politics
Where those that speak for the people go unheeded
Where any positive measure made is undone the next election

This is a land without honor

Where the philosopher kings are left uncrowned
Where their words might be found on Barnes & Noble bookshelves
Placed upon the least-frequented shelves of the store
While anti-vaccination books without truth are sold to fools
Their victims walking in unmasked, forcing others to flee

This is a land without honor

Where non-critical-thinkers are raised to see socialism as evil
Where those whom would most benefit by it spit upon its potential
Where the philosopher that disavowed all wealth
That said 'give away all that you don't need, and them some'
Is represented by men with mansions and jewel-encrusted crosses

This is a land without honor

Where 'individualism' has been harnessed by propagandists
Where everything is about dividing lines and oppressive boundaries
Where private property means 'you're not welcome here'

Where anything of collective, common good is evil communism
Where most are mentally enchained without having a clue

This is a land without honor

Where the rich get richer by the same means the poor remain poor
Where an epidemic is an opportunity to make another billion
Where men driving Ferraris step over empty stomachs on sidewalks
Where, if you speak against any of it, the scammed scream 'get out!'
Where to be obedient to oppression has become akin to patriotism

This is a land without honor

Can you not see it?
Do you not care?
Too tired? Too weak? Too busy?
Or might we speak about the lack of honor?
And seed it in the grassroots, watering it with the will of our hearts?

Oblivion

Sleep befall me
Welcome me into oblivion
Let me loose upon the labyrinthian night

To grapple with my imaginings unimpeded
To be saturated in subsuming sublimation
To become the past in pursuant present
To find the truths condensed in the cloud
To make my mind as the swirling mist
To creep up on my unconscious quests

To bind the broken burdens of time
To peer past every allegiance to pride
To go against the hour-glassed grain
To ascend downward while falling up
To walk the waves of beaches behind
To follow the footsteps strung out in front
To faithfully traverse the paradoxical path

Here, where linearity is ever misaligned
Where context conceives its own crusade
Where infringing law is lost to cathartic call
Where I suture the scars of seething psyche
Where I lust after love and frequent my fear
Where I decant dread and get drunk on desire

Overgrowth

Lusciously coiling chestnut curls become my bounty
interlace with my over-tugged heartstrings
enwrapping me in dangling, entangling weave

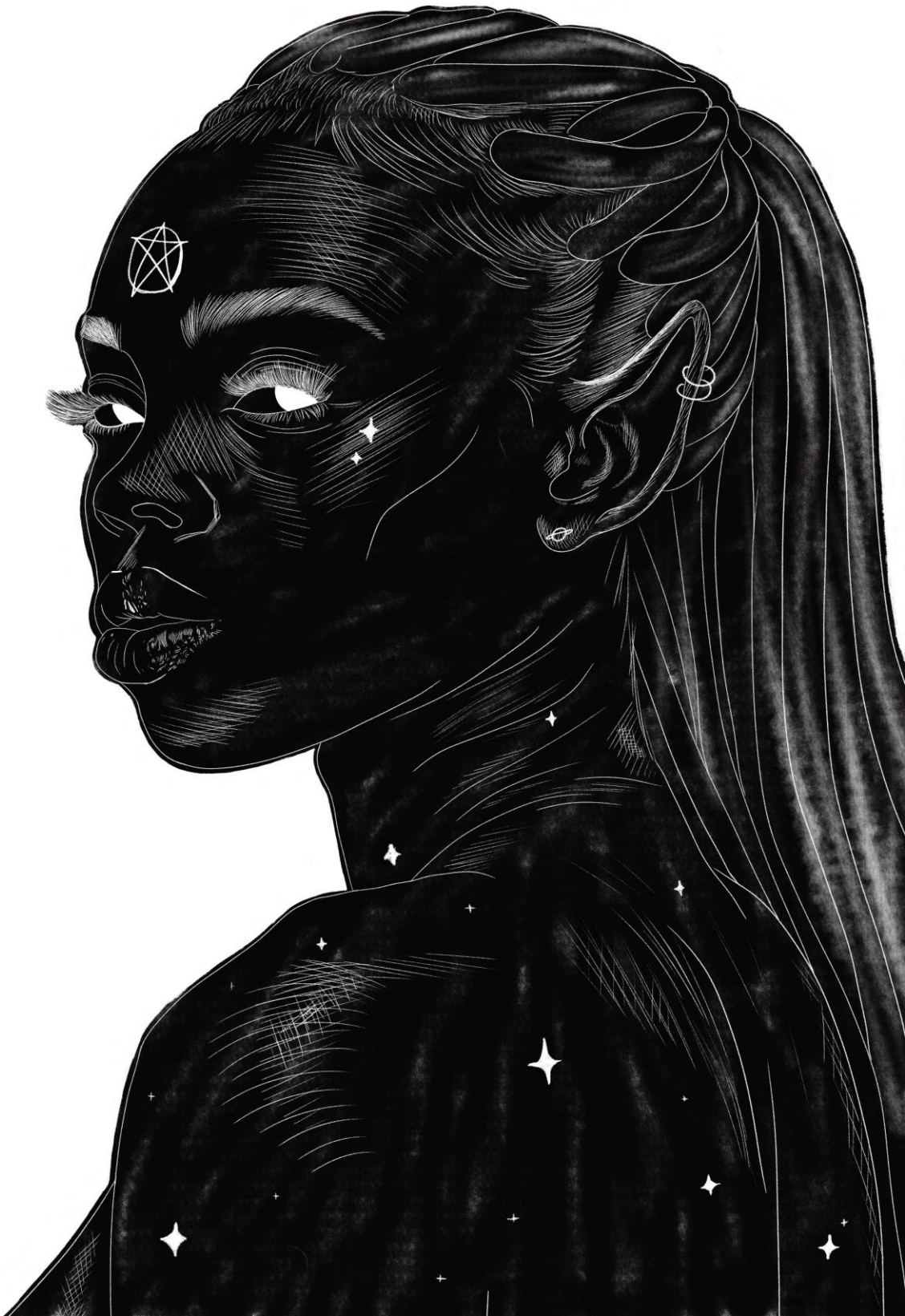
Eyes keep coursing blue, lustily laced with mossy green
as rivers rushing through soppily verdant overgrowth
fertilizing dreamy desires dripping with impassioned promise

Laugh bounce between the burdens of my brimming brain
beguile my reason with whispered rumors of romance
lightening the laborious load of my ever heaving head

Fingertips trace every scintillated swatch of skin
giggling glee grown in every moment's magnification
as we paint from the palette of pleasure's every hue

Curves cast me into the cauldron of unquenchable craving
brewed with your beauty, mixing our love potion
as we drink of its magic, spellbinding sensation

Within which dwelling of my being do I presently dwell?
where the senses finely hone this heavenly habitat
welcoming us to wander the shared halls of our hearts



Starting

I'm starting to feel your absence
You resound within the cavernously-aching void
Your presence the painful pang of unmet pleasure

I'm starting to see your eyes when I close my own
Those radiantly emerald, knowing, playful eyes
An endless sea of portentous possibility

I'm starting to imagine you in my bed
Rolling around, laughing, playing, kissing
I can scarcely fathom the depths of that delight

I'm starting to feel more of you in me
That subsuming sensation of core coalescence
The incipient stage of this, our sacred spiritual fusion

Pastel Skyline

Pastels paint the Central Oregon skyline
The high desert is awash with its ethereal glow
It wraps around the linings of the low-lying clouds
Hanging so near to the butte-top you can almost touch them
Making of my reality an impressionist painting

Bounding Back

There's no greatest strength without greatest weakness

No most empowering force of teeming heart
without it forever being about to burst
No greatest future not fueled by this
over-pressured, fissuring, fracturing force
No motivation to ascend the peaks of personage
without weakened knees bound to buckle
No knight of most chivalrous, uncompromising
honor without you, the meekening muse
No heights of elation without sitting here
holding you inside, feeling I may split apart

For to find my fullest life and best self is to pay
with the possibility of you grinding me to dust

So I think of you, I ache beyond ache, I pain
beyond measure waiting to see you again

I cast endless yearning at the infinite horizon
for the chance of your wave bounding back

The Second Day

I'm having trouble being apart from you
Even the second day feels like too much
I drink my coffee and try to read, in vain

My heart is too active

I think that it's calling out for you
I think that it's trying to cross the threshold
I think that it's attempting to conquer spacetime
I think that it's summoning spiritual gravity
So as to pull you as close as soon as possible

Maybe yours is calling out for mine as well
Maybe our hearts are building the unseen bridge together
Maybe we whisper to one another across the Elysium Fields
Maybe our tethered yearnings are defying dimension

Maybe *this* is what love is:

A reaching out with pure energetic tendrils
Tendrils that tie together, unnoticed by those around us
That pull you to me and me to you
That define 'God' and 'Love' by borrowing
the endlessness binding both
That usher the everlasting to pay
homage to this one aching moment

The moment where I can finally admit:

I need you

Please drop your defenses, and admit you need me too

Event Horizon

The black hole vacuum of being

Sucks in any potential of love

Passing over its event horizon

Oculus

Pinpoint plunge
Emerald-swirling ascension

Flashing focus
Dreamy disorientation

Naughtily knowing
Innocent enchantment

Wildly wonderful
Waxing wistfulness

Towering togetherness
Descendent departure

Seized by the ancient oculus
When your eyes capture mine



Crumbling Passageways

It is of the muse to be the bloodletter of good men

to know no bounds but the binding
to bewitch, bewilder and beguile
to bind the spell-cast heart to her whim
to make meek of those once thinking themselves mighty
to shatter steel ego like a pane of gaudily-colored glass
to stuff the will of the lion into the cage of the housecat
to twist and turn his guts, then tear them out
to expose viscera and make mockery of his pride
to vanquish vanity as the misbelief of the schoolboy
to denounce all attempts to pacify and stake any claim
to make the birth of a love affair an infant strangled in its crib

to methodically take him apart, piece by gory piece
sliced to shreds, bit by bit, by her hidden dagger

to trick him into believing his self-consumption is filling
to find that he but reduces himself bite by deceived bite
that his insides have been torn free, turned to her offal
his openly aching chamber more expansively echoing than ever

He calls out for her there
her name rebounds endlessly, hammering his eardrums

But she's nowhere to be found

the phantasm in the dream turned into yet another nightmare
the pounding footsteps in his endlessly crumbling passageways

Harbingers

I pang with your presence long after your departure

It falls headlong and lingers, dwells deep, swirls, rises and falls

It disperses and condenses, calling creation in from destruction

It frequents each of my feelings, sharpening them into focus

It tortures as easily as it titillates, taxes whilst paying tribute

It pours as from a bottomless decanter of dreamy intoxication

It caters to every current in which

I'm caught and cast forward

As every river running every

ravine of reverie for the sea of sentiment

It reveals all that I'm afraid to see, every paramount portent

It seethes and spills over, refills and renews

It whispers of everything for which I've always ached

Whilst the demons decry over that whisper: *It shall never be!*

It's all hope feared in vain, the cost of all pleasure in redoubled pain

It surrounds me casting spells,

tempering beasts and goading the gods

It's the everything and the nothing all at once
It's the very reason for being,
the rewards dangled before my burdens

It's in front of me now, bowing with
a dagger concealed in its corset
Brought here holding hands with
the harbingers of both Heaven and Hell

Rosebud

The bush is bare
Though I round about
In fear and frustration
I curse and shout

Desperately buds sought in vain
Watering beyond drenching rain
Fertilization far past every need
Foolish ever more killing creed

By legend, by lore, a bud doth show
Gripping, crushing, before it can grow
Overly needing of the absent flower
Prettily alluring, myself I devour

Lamenting, luring, honeyless hive
Deeply dejected neglected deprive
What weather, whether bud or not?
By what forsaken psyche am I caught?

For even when the myth comes true
I kill the love before its sweet renew
Hands and arms ever pricked of prong
Why by every season reaping wrong?

Why doth every blossom curse me so?
What of this bush may naught but sow?
Why bind me to its roots, oh Lord?

If by but bloodied thorns I'm to be implored?

Wailing, wanting, hacking frustration

Curse thee, oh teaser of emancipation!

Pull thee out, burn thee upon the fire

Yet seedlings surround, germinating desire



Telescope

Love resounding, designation displaced
Every lovely wonder, singularity spaced

Each feels fatalistic, the only that's true
Tantamount to the moment's timeless renew

Focusing, peering, the absorbing succumb
Achingly-bursting, the heart never numb

Intermingling beauty, brains and delight
But one telescoped star in fathomless night

I plot it, track it, calculate its composition
Conflating it with the night's endless rendition

It twinkles, teases, then blinks its way out
I vilify the vacuum with my soundless shout

It sucks in all of my love, building up density
Its gravity balloons to a galactic immensity

Going supernova it explodes, blindingly bright
The blast invades my vision and steals my sight

But as its death fades, the twinkling returns
So foolishly myopic, love endlessly burns

Urges

Every time I'm next to you, I have the urge
to wrap my arm around your waist

Every time I can see you, I have the urge
to close all the distance between us

Every time I smell you, I have the urge
to drop my face into your neck and inhale

Every time you touch me, I have the urge
to grab and embrace you completely

Every time you smile at me, I have the urge
to pull you in and kiss you deeply

Every time you laugh with someone else,
I have the urge to scare them away

Every time you text me, I have the urge
to describe love with every word

Every day without you, I have the urge
to drive to you and show you why it's wrong

Every little lack of you, I have the urge
to demonstrate what completeness contains

Unshielded

Misled, passions misplaced
Misdeeds, pure intention defaced

Bequeathed the burden of love abused
To valiant heart, to every hope refused

To weary of withering without the sun
To rot the root before growth's begun

To see the saintliness of love in all beauty
To be but deceived by my chivalrous duty

To possess a sword so sharp it cuts through all
Only to forget the shield when the war drums call

To tarry, to tether, to be bound by all trouble
To fight for our oneness, yet all evil double

To be borne aloft by every hint of adoration
Only to stew in the stink of further decimation

Where is this going, to a bright, finally ethereal height?
Or to a fatal fall off a cliff in the darkness of night?

Am I to be made stronger by struggle, or struggle in vain?
Cometh the sweetest reward, or but more souring pain?

Intrepid

Of to the flower to bud to bring
Of spark-plugs to the spreading of Spring
Of birds sowing seeds of which to sing
Of lineage lent from sprouts of the King

Of new generations windward swept
Of burgeoning life of branching leapt
Of promises broken, all promises kept
Of buried bounty beneath Winter slept

Of seasons lent but to lose the light
Of moonlight confusing obscuring night
Of star-strewing heavenly lovers delight
Of decanting dreams, tomorrow to fight

Of love likened to lust, nature's promiscuity
Of multiplication separation securing unity
Of innate adapting evolving continuity
Of springing spritely morphing ingenuity

Of mountains to scale beyond all fear
Of drawing dread away to pull life near
Of manifestation making magnificence clear
Of epiphanies of all things becoming dear

Of happiness heaped as sand upon shores
Of chasing every desire the heart implores
Of pushing through all thresholding doors

Of towering lording over leaf-fallen floors

Of rivers rushing to commingling sea
Of cascading cacophony's symphony
Of salmon jaw-leaps for new bears to be
Of fleeting subsuming of the present free

Of storms battering cliffs, echo resounding
Of thunderous warnings of static compounding
Of electrical coursings security confounding
Of lines seeming straight yet always rounding

Of adventurous ambitions but courage needs
Of cancelling from weakness the ego feeds
Of cutting binding cords that caution breeds
Of evoking inborn explorer's liberating deeds

Odyssean

Sailing alone
No safe harbor
Serenaded by sirens
Rock-wrecked and reeling
Patching and bailing water
Perpetually doomed by my desire

I am Odysseus

Destined to drown in the deep
Never finding my way back to love
Until such time as Strength ties me to the mast

On Composition

Why be it for me to compose?

On woeful folly and passion's throes
On truths I'm told that no one knows

On sleeping sunrises lost, left unseen
On ruminations of what it all must mean

On dejection overturning fleeting titillation
On spell-bindings before cruel emancipation

On revealing every mystery unlocked within
Only to shroud itself and disappear again

On all the rendezvous lost to consuming fear
On the taunting of love never far from near

On all the places that every seeker should go
On propagandist lines that the brainwashed tow

On false paradigms that progress must shift
On all the oppressive weights that champions lift

On plutocracies paraded as if democracies
On buffoons tweeting presidential mockeries

On every inspired feeling that finds my head

On every alluring lady I long to bring to bed

Why, oh Spirit, am I compelled to put words to page?

What is this need to poetically beseech the sage?

Be it only that I find my pen filled with ink?

That without this inked release into hopelessness sink?

Why?

Why grant me such hearted immensity
Such grandiosity of loving propensity
Only to endorse it as my existential bane?

Why surround me with such provocation
Locking every angel to endless instigation
Only to deliver me to demons to drive me insane?

Why this myth of the softer sex
Those cruelly casting all my love into hex
Whom with impunity torture me without refrain?

Why this obsessive mind tied to unruly heart
Instilling every devotion which emotion may impart
Only to have it forever fissure from unrelenting strain?

Why make of my love a device
That makes of all endearment a vice
Producing only perpetual loss for me to gain?

Why hold out the promise of every pleasure
The makings of ecstasy beyond all measure
Only to wrap them in a fabric of impenetrable pain?

Why grant me the sense of a calling
Heaping all hope up for the highest falling
Demanding all pursuit of progress be made in vain?

Why seed in me in every Christian sin
And the pagan origins from which their ideas begin
For works which only philosopher-poets can contain?

Protean

In love oft longed, shapeless fill
Any fitting form, change at will

In any color, empty canvas paint
Draw anything upon it sans restraint

Most anyone may be made a match
All passing beauty it tries to catch

A most powerful vacuum, sucking in
Making into the thickest even the thin

You're the one and only, for you're here
Pulling you in simply because you're near

As Proteus, my longing may take any shape
I try to close the entrance, it remains agape

For solitude sickens when known too long
Clutching at everyone in the passing throng

Come one, come all, be not afraid
Overeager, unsuccessfully swayed

To receive what you want, want without need
Else be the festering wound, forever to bleed

Yet, how to impede in the need of this naught?

How not to care when so carefully caught?

To have it in hand, you must first let it go
Yet unreturning, but more loneliness know

Unlevel

Of the middle ground, of the easiest to do
Never a threat to me, never a threat to you

The level-most runways of the long lost races
The herd-tread cobblestones that time defaces
The transactional meets that memory erases
The commingling blend of everyone's faces
The summoning sameness of overrun places
Footsteps so overlapping they leave no traces

Here have I been accosted, lashed and hacked
Looking beyond, hounded, doggedly tracked

*Go not to that place, condescend the masses
For but the foolish go where no one passes*

Overgrown paths the few fight their way through
Ancient, buried wisdom in its unearthed renew
Where never forms the tired, everyday queue
Where, in hardship, the greatest character grew
And upon the cresting, grand perspective view
Riches wrought from doing what most won't do

*Welcome to this place, declares the divine
Where in everlasting glory shall our sacrament shine*

Forking Trail

I was once of the walking dead

Of my ilk and I were the lifeless bred
Upon hopeless nothings was I fed
Upon nightly nightmares filled with dread
Upon listless mornings bound to bed
Upon countless opportunities which I fled
Upon pounding torments of my heavy head
Upon endless longings for which I pled
Upon mirroring melancholies which I read
Upon rueful regrets of what should've been said
Upon all sorrowful sentiment which I spread
Upon treacherously thin ice did I once tread

Then, clouds parting, a sun ray struck
And I pulled myself from the sticking muck

A miraculous uncovering of a fork in the trail
A wooded shelter from all which shall assail
A flowery forgetting of every fear to fail
A natural shield against unsteady gale
A litany of forest nymphs of whom to hail
A mounting multitude of brethren to avail
A mountainous ascension I'm proud to scale
A slew of hidden strengths to tie to my tale
A bracing of burden for those whom bewail
A force for fighting the evil I'm called to curtail
A certainty of the mission this trail did unveil

The divine whisper in the wind:

Ye shall prevail



Last Shred of Sanity

In the haggard hollow of the desperate night
In the tragic dwindling of the honorable fight
In the cowardice stealing once heroic might
The spirit of the unseen champion finds a way

And though he knows mercy shall again betray
And that Lady Justice sees not the light of day
That it's futile to question what the rulers say
He yet charges forward with his hope held high

For the stout of heart cannot but stand idly by
Even when gutted by love, body bleeding dry
Even condemned, sinking, souring, left to die
He's yet propelled by a power that he can't deny

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

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

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

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!



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*

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

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 finally 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

Hooked

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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, unwilling, 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

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



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

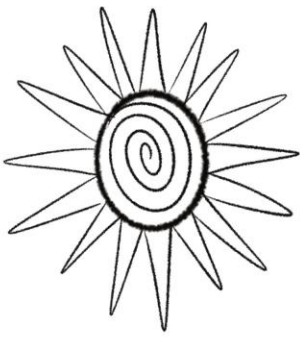
Our worshipfully-affecting adoration
Our burden's bind-breaking liberation
Our ceaselessly reshaping idolatry
Our entrancing spellbinding alchemy

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

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

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

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

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

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

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!*

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 years 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

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

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

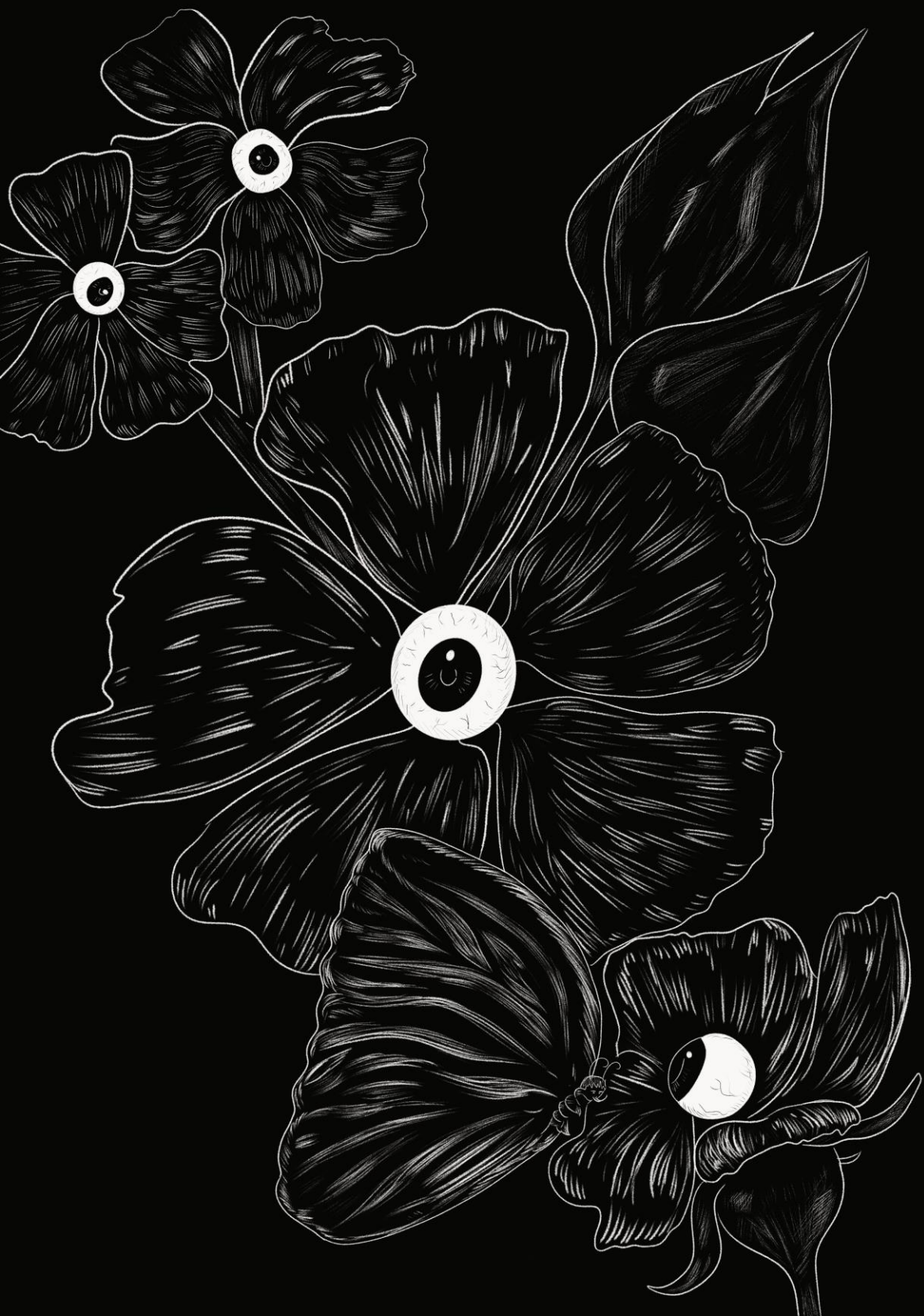
Natural State

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, untrammelled places
Blending with all that the modern day debases



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

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

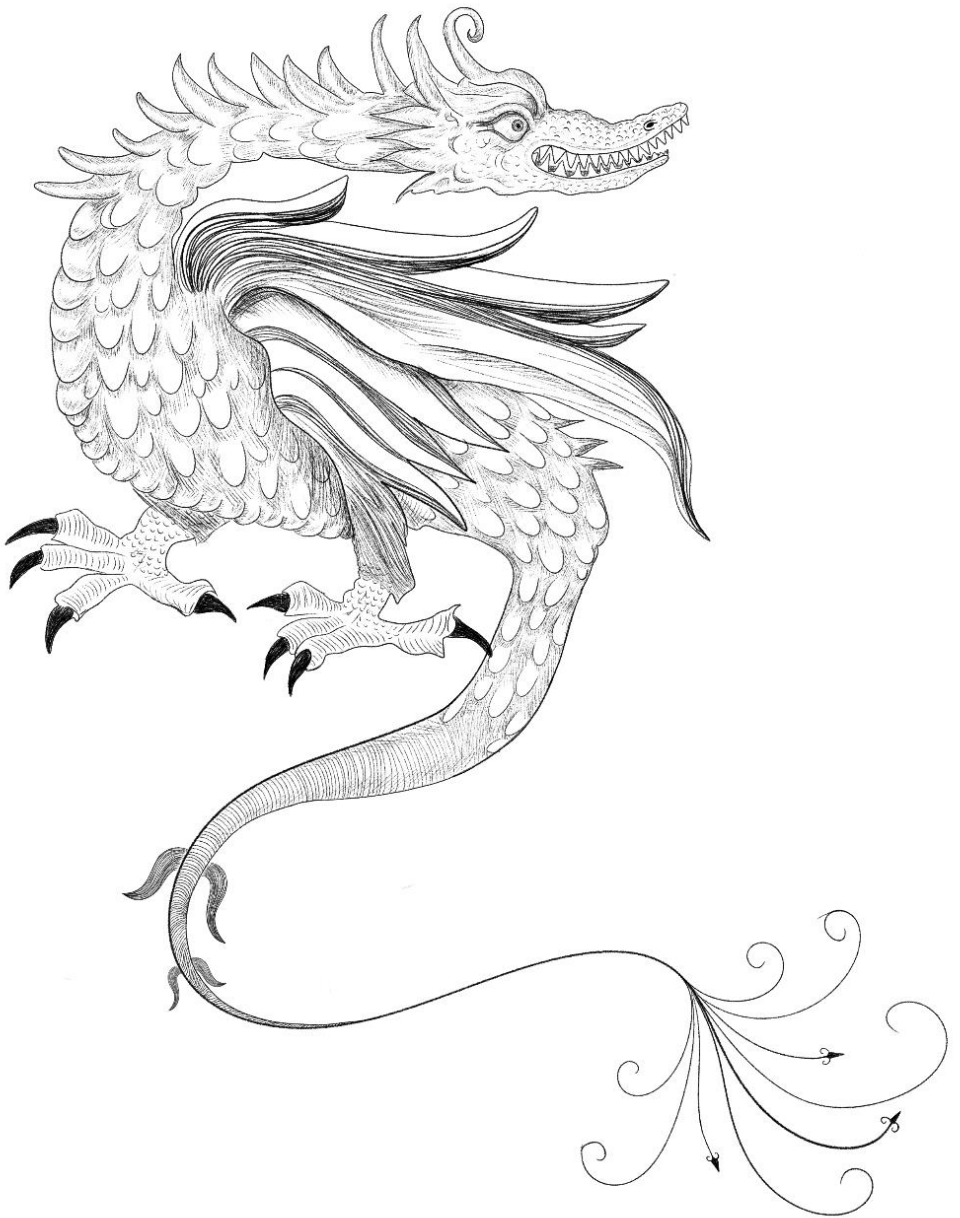
Heroines buying-up valueless bills of goods
Disgustingly hoarding, hordes on bended knee

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 timidly sit back 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



Main Course

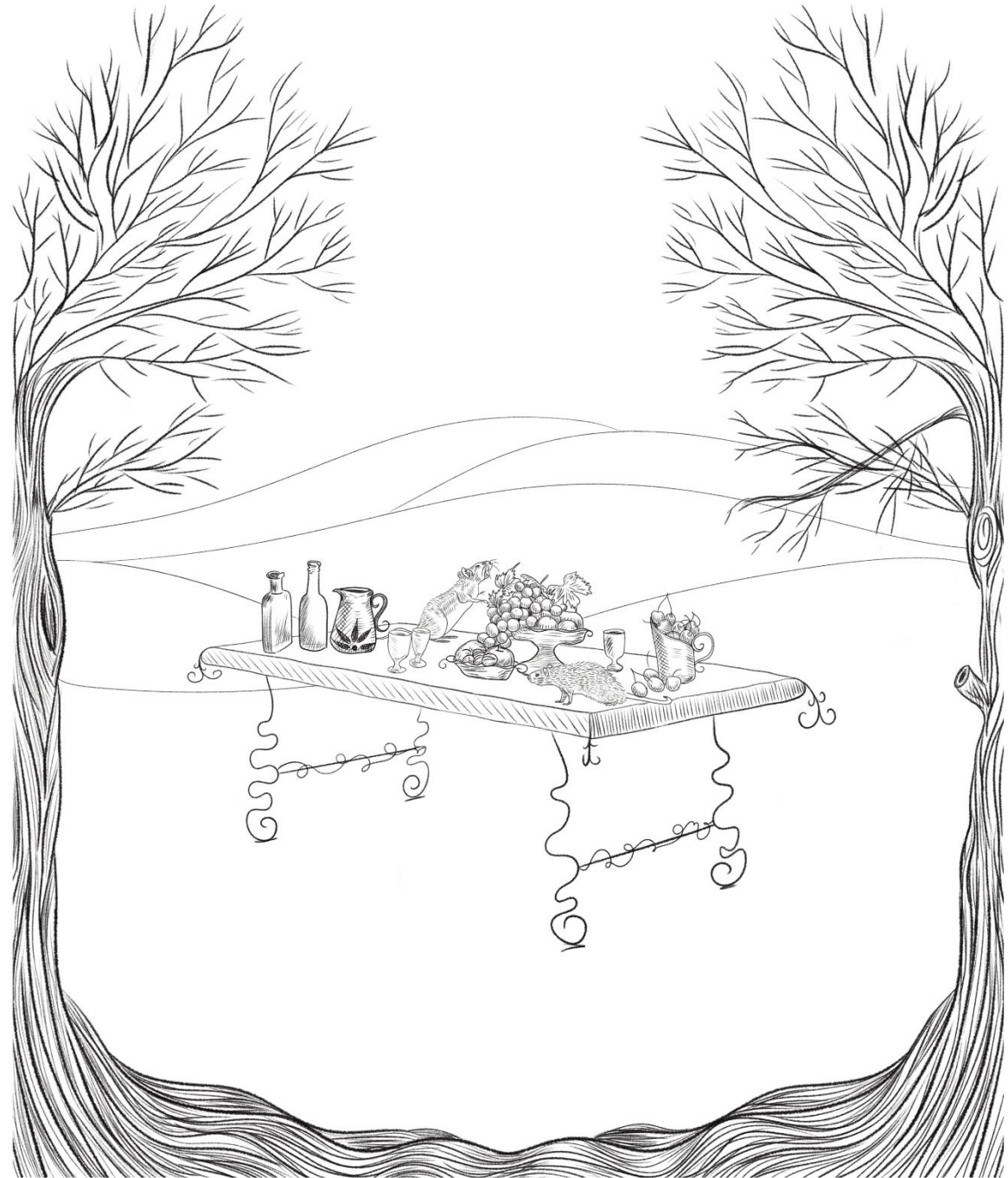
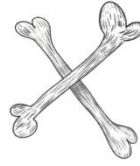
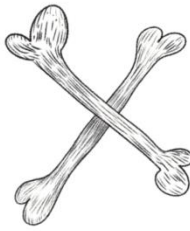
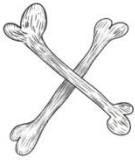
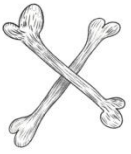
Fattened-up obedient producing consumers
False one way street of freedom commuters
Fabricated facsimile of choice believers
Semper fidelis sold by conquering deceivers

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



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

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!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Satiety

Endless beauty to behold
For those gifted eyes to see
For those lifting leaden lids
Weighted with satiety

Common-most this temple
Bequeathed our daily shrine
Meals made most sumptuous
When on starvation do we dine

Lacking touch is torment
Torturous proximity
Burning down the drawbridge
The reclusive remedy

Nothing ventured is to gain
When the lacking in us looms
When the feast is set before us
Our complacency consumes

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'



The Cleanse

I am the revenant redwooded recluse
Take from me what You will
Subtract from me what I seem to be
Remove from me my 'matters'
Waste away my waste
Eradicate my excess

Boil me down by denial
Until all that's left of me
Is only what I truly am
Is only what I need to be
The alembic's un-dissolvable base

I am part and parcel The Source
I am The Holy Ghosted Brahmin
Before division and destruction
Before the making of the manifested
Before The Infinity become by The One

I'm peeling away the parasites
I'm drowning out the debt
I'm obliterating the obscured oppressors
Freeing myself from the filth of man's makings
Floating naked through countless canopies

Until I know true nakedness
Until it's more than a word

Until it's what my being embodies
Stripped free, bare, born again
Shivering like a newborn fawn

Feeling Ra reign down as if for the first time
Knowing the We without the Them
Knowing Truth without edited history
Clean, pure, unmuddied

The river runneth clear of perception

Nakedness

Knowest thee not
The obscurest of thought
The crevices and cracks unseen

Where have you been
So ashamed of your sin
Afraid of what everyone is

Let down your cloak
And of all passion provoke
Before you forget what nakedness is

The thrill of the feel
The only knowing of real
Sensing subsequent thought

Crack open your mind
Free yourself of your bind
And find everything that can't be forgot

Silver Creek

Endless patterns and hues of green upon green
Forming its function in the depth of my being

Springing up from everyplace to finally be found
To be wound around everything to which I'm bound

Borrowing the whole to make each of its parts
No division or subtraction in the purest of arts

That which brings all exchanges back into itself
Amassing inviolate, inestimable, imperishable wealth

Rolling out the green carpet seeding sensual love
Stretched and rooting below, recharging above

Sprouting sprigs and spores collecting dew-dropped mist
Gaze arcing above, lacy clouds sun-kissed

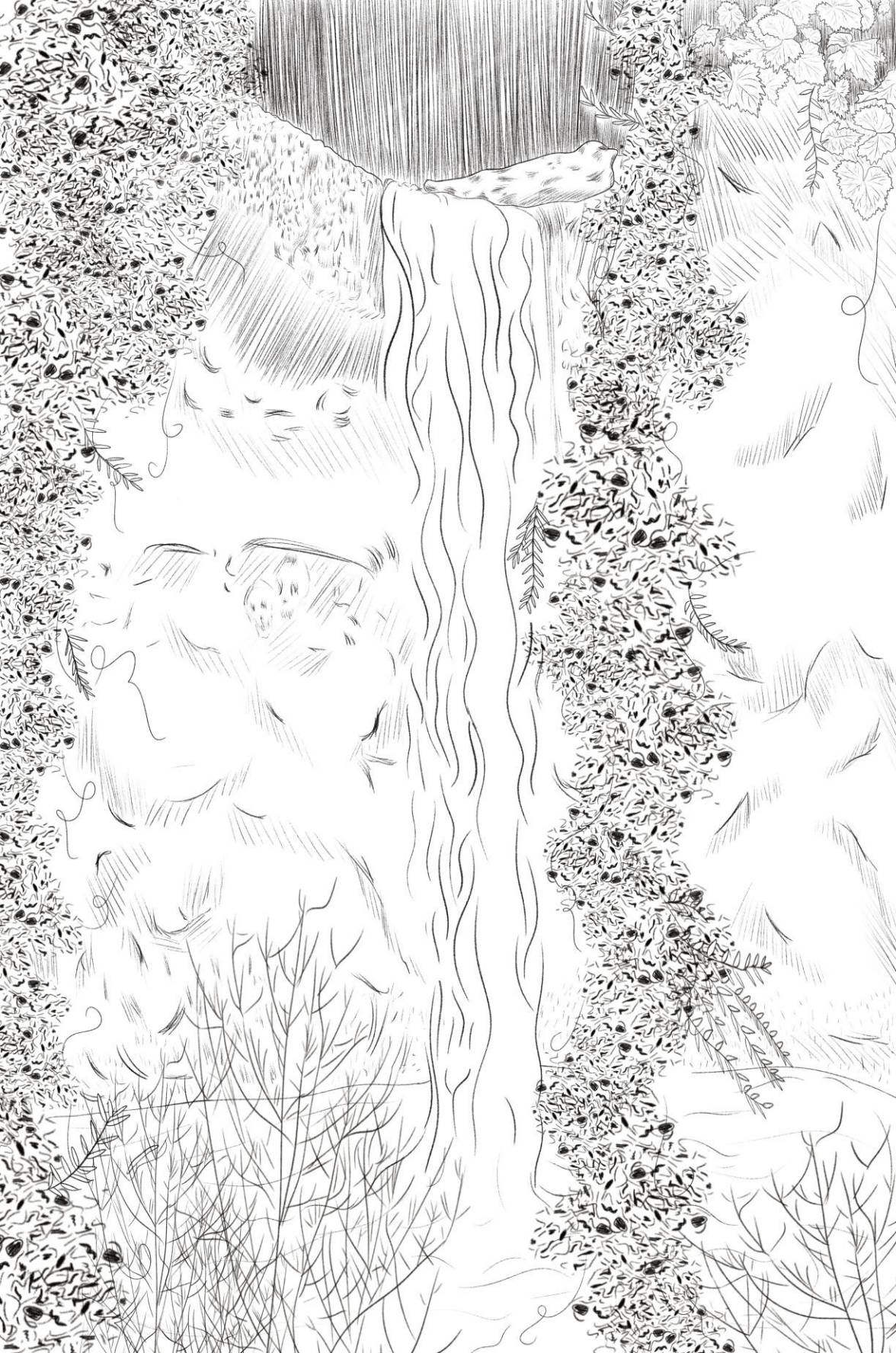
Biomassive concentrations, divinity endowed
Welcome, my son, to where Spirit's most loud

Lusciously dripping halls of motley crews of moss
Jigsawed ferns unfurling beside every path you cross

Precipitous, festooned patchwork of lichen-strewn walls
Hurled a hundred feet down, where the silver creek falls

Where hardly a thought shall pass through your mind
Without hearing primeval footsteps from somewhere behind

The green goddess guiding you around each and every bend
Effortlessly pulling on the string of all the love you'll ever lend



Revolutions

At the borders of self-definition

Where everything thought to be true is seen to be but a suggestion
Where what we are is as unfixed as the water our egos attempt to hold
Where what is real is a gravitational force of belief
Where we pull in what we think should be and make it our reality
Where fluidity belies all formality, all form falling away
Where we're spinning bodies rotating around the spiritual sun
Where the only thing clear is the eternal love set in the center
Everything else is as changeable as the wind and ocean currents
Everything we are and can ever be we owe to what we revolve around

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 humankind away from a 'greed is good' attitude that necessarily short-sells total quality of life.

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ABOUT THE ARTIST, BY THE ARTIST

Lanna Ariel was born in 1995 in Brazil, where she worked for many years as a Gallerist Manager and Curator at Caixa Cultural Brasilia. She graduated in Visual Arts at the University of Brasilia – UNB in 2018. After that, she moved to Ireland, where she began to devote herself to her art. This change had a great impact on her work. Lanna's artistic research explores the symbolism behind subjects, objects and figures, as well as its meanings and beliefs in different cultures. Her narratives are carefully gathered merging witchcraft, science, astrology & mythology while also inspired by different eras in art history including symbolism, Victorian, surrealism and contemporary. Lanna exhibits her work in Ireland, as well as internationally.

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