

PLUMAGE

Poetry of Love Inspiration

**Growth Revolution
and
Freedom**

Lindsay Traynor

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Poetry of Love Inspiration Growth Revolution and Freedom

by Lindsay Traynor

Feathers

migrating birds they come and go

some variegated with striking
plumage others drab but possessing
rare song that shames the famed
nightingale

each with something unique,
something special to offer those
with nectar, seed and safe refuge

but with the morning they sing
and are gone, the urge to take
to wing and fly overtakes any
tendency to stay

compelled by nature's drives
forces these exotic creatures
must take to the air bound
for Asia, Europe or the jungle
forests of Irian Jaya

my favourites are local
hummingbirds of the northern
ranges and the gang-gang of the
south; one for its sheer beauty,
the other for its mischievous
intelligence and entertaining
antics

they gather in season, some
feed directly from open palms,
others imagine they steal seed
though it was intended for them

some fanciers, overwhelmed by
desire, attempt in vain to possess
and capture the spirit of these
exquisite birds, so captivating,
alluring, rare and inviting their
appearance, song and character

i have discovered that offering
unconditionally small necessities,
safe rest, essential needs and comfort
attracts the free-spirited variety
while fanciers settle for appearances
in cages that confine and kill spirit
like so many others

my reward for honouring Freedom
is they continue to come and go
preferring an open hand and an
open heart to the stultifying confines
of a gilded cage

if Freedom is loved offer it freely to
all Life, including humanity

Regrets

like hamsters running pet shop
wheels, regrets are circular having
no resolution

everything living moves on, i/we,
move on, regrets surely not

every event/thing done is decisive
beginning and ending in itself,
complete, does Love begin or end?
so it is with our profound encounters

we may in ignorance become
temporarily lost but Love/Life
continue forever, We continue
forever

what an utter folly it is to regret
and taint the beauty and wonder
that is experience Now; what sheer
joy that destined encounter, what
sheer ecstasy/majesty and magic
we experience, do not misunderstand,
what is there truly to regret?

we have been strengthened and
made wiser by experience/encounter,
all collisions are extraordinary

i leave you my soul, what else have
i to give of worth?

a Persian poet once suggested that
Lovers have at least a thousand souls

to sacrifice for Love; so i leave a
soul for you to burn on the altar of
our enduring Love, use it to illuminate/
dispel the darkness should it ever
envelop you

would we regret the rising sun, roses
budding/blossoming or the south wind
cleaning the air?

most would sell their souls for a
minute of what we shared, why your
tears, are they for me, you or
yesterday's memories?

how many yesterdays are able to
intrude on today – none?

like an addict you wish to repeat
habit/sensation, like a laboratory
rat with a pleasure electrode in its
brain and a lever to hit until it dies,
every spasm more contorted than
the one that preceded it -- we are
not rodents

the bliss/ecstasy of our encounter
cannot be tarnished unless we
corrode it ourselves, the past is past
remember it as it was, enthralling,
wonderful

do not ask how i am, it's a question
insecure people ask, never forget we
are warriors fighters to the death,
heroes and heroines

move on to new experiences each
stronger and more intense than the
last, no one is ever forsaken except
by their own perverse imaginings

like the Love we share, beginningless
and endless, leave it open, flowering/
flowing always, tugging at the seams
of Creation

Carried on the Wind

struck to the ground beside
the track overlooking the sea,
Free as the Bondi breeze

like a Tibetan prayer flag i
unfurl my sacred text to be
carried on the wind to the
teaming millions and all
things

a flag to protect against the
treacherous passes and
dangerous tracks like Buddhist
sutras that ward off the evil,
which pervades the world

[Compassion, a most foreign
word in today's sick, star-
spangled Occident]

what need for fake Hollywood
terrorists, etc when Real warriors
from the South Land run the wire
like Mongol conquerors never
retreating an inch or withdrawing
at the death of the Khan; always
expanding their seized digital
territory

our sacred text is inscribed
and carried on digital winds,
disseminated to every land
do you see/hear our flags
whipping in gales and gently

lolling in mild summer winds?
forever vexing and taunting
the failing evil powers

we seek out star-spangled
tentacles and slice them from
the body of the demon
watching them writhe,
twitch and curl in death spasms;
one less hold that evil is able
to maintain on hapless,
innocent victims

every step is gained ground
toward the inevitable final
Victory and the restoration of
Justice, Peace and Harmony

Ascension

it began with You as it always
does, you know it

first you tugged gently at my
garments and played around my
feet, like a child

sparkling with laughter, your
flashing eyes stole me away
from mundane tasks and
delivered me into your serenity,
the face of an infant God

you grew before my eyes,
your adolescent embraces never
infrequent or devoid of affection

you flowered into full youth,
grown, full and firm powerfully
elegant, a blue vision in human
form

now ready, it was/is time fruit
of my soul, diamond of my mind

time to reach the unattainable,
time to savour forbidden fruit
and satiate a soul's yearning
a heart's desire

you led me to the summit
through thickets, treacherous
passes, all manner of
obstructions and barriers you

adeptly and stealthily navigated
until we reached the peak --
rarefied thin air constantly
rasping at my throat

there you left me supine an
offering, to the Sun/existence
body, mind and soul

my chest cavity opens like a
flower revealing my heart,
receiving warm solar rays
from You

slowly with ease my inner
being releases itself like scent
from forest trees

my heart beating opened to the
Sun endures in naked Love for
You

i now die daily, a mountain
offering for You alone

Dream Assassins

potent dreams become preludes
to reality if they inspire action
in dreamers and others who
participate in the dream

born in fertile imaginations,
nurtured with passionate desire,
dreams have hatched every
invention we take for granted
today

from Tesla's AC current, which
supplies the entire world with
power, to supersonic aircraft,
which the nefarious use to
deliver death to populations
in impoverished, resource rich
nations

every advance and social reform
began with a dream in a dreamer's
imagination

yet those unable to dream view
dreamers with fear, suspicion
and dread – dreamers are portrayed
as social maladjusts, subversives
and revolutionaries, enemies of
a perverse State, destroyers of the
sick Status Quo

wherever dreamers are found
non-dreamers follow to compensate
for their profound lack and

to eliminate the source of their
irrational fears

at times it seems like a struggle
to the death, between two separate
species but sadly it is only one
group at war with itself

a war that would end in extinction,
an insane race to eliminate the
essence of harmony and survival

it is fortunate that dreamers are
in numbers and are easily able to
identify those that would prevent
the free flow of creativity

be vigilant, be aware of destructive
dream assassins, they are only able
to deliver stasis, entropy and death

refuse their perverse ways, dream
of wonders, marvels and magic
vistas that open onto new worlds
and endless horizons

We have a Dream ...

Fecundity

you are in season, ready yearning
to be revitalised, made whole
and productive again

i withhold not a drop, the torrents
i release from glacial peaks, seas
and rugged ranges are for you,
your body swells in wet delight

you are in season fertile, ready
to transform the land from ochres
to lush greens, bursting colour
(passion) and dancing rhythms

small creatures explode into song
when you drape yourself in shawls
of colour, speckled with myriad
flowers, fruits and seeds – would
you not accept my transforming
gift?

i pour torrents from the roof of
the world and reach every secret,
dry place that it may flow again
with life's abundant joy

reserve your most divine fruit,
found only in your secret gardens,
for us -- delicacies served only in
Paradise, food fit for Gods alone,
a gift to those able to satisfy your
powerful yearning and satiate
your soul's desire

Pact

on those occasions i recklessly
release my heart and soul as an
offering and it is rejected,
abused, regarded as a curiosity,
a trifling not as the precious,
fragile essence of a human
Being open, raw to the world

i am forced to reflect on why
i leave my innermost being
exposed to be indelicately
prodded, probed and suffer
the most insensitive, brutish
abuse and callous disregard,
even from those held dear

i wince and twist in pain
while they/u remain unaware
that boots are not required
to walk the corridors of my
soul

nature deemed it appropriate
to endow the few that would
otherwise be ruined, crushed,
left desolate, with a curious
ability to revive on the shimmer
of a hummingbird's wing, the
clean scent of a sea breeze or
the joy and smiling face of
a child

Love is re-generated for All
existence to every quadrant,

in all directions -- may all
sentient beings be peaceful,
happy and blissful

the sun disappears behind the
sea leaving a work of wonder
in the sky, i am unable to
describe the sheer beauty, awe
and splendour of it

perhaps a pact was made before
my inception, if i dared bare my
innermost being to an aberrant
world, i would be granted an
abundance, more Love than hurt,
more bliss than pain, and the
ability to turn every tragedy to
advantage -- a blessing perhaps,
a gift bestowed

Love increases the more we Love,
i offer myself daily for sacrifice
on that alter

tears flow easily, the flutter of a
moth's wing fills me with hope
and joy -- my tears transform into
tiny gems glistening in the soft
moonlight

Healing Poem

would you heal yourself,
everything with Love or
perpetuate the hurt and abuse
you unjustly suffered as a
child and inflict that poisonous
malaise onto others undeserving
of your revenge and wrath?
misplaced retribution is behind
all social plagues

wonder no more at the state of
the State and the sick filth it
produces daily

are we polluted or tainted by
its disease or are we free, reborn
in Love and generous affection
for each other and all living things?

i wonder what triggers the hurt
you continue to wrestle and
cruelly manifest, the hidden
tortures too terrible to face and
resolve, which find expression
through projection onto innocent
company and intimate associates
– it is a needless and sick
perpetuation that is better resolved
with unconditional Love for the
good of All

during those morbid episodes
you become a wooden marionette
clicking awkwardly on a stage

not of ur own making, the
characters you superimpose onto
the innocent are not the torturers
of your past

emerge from ur self-imposed prison,
unlock those heavy doors with Love
and affection for all

free yourself, the Universe waits
for u to release yourself

the solace u seek in same sex
sensuality is transitory, fleeting,
it only serves to reinforce your
Fears and hide the demons
that haunt you

did u not know u become transparent
to those that unconditionally Love
You, such is the sublime healing
power of unconditional Love

Love that is not confined to a
single entity but envelopes all
beings in joy and despair and
heals everything it touches

tho i would tenderly kiss ur neck
and stroke your troubled brow
it is you who must finally resolve
your inner turmoil and release
the demons that taunt/haunt you,
you are surrounded by a sea of
healing Love, it waits patiently
for u to open ur frightened heart,
never despair

the magic is never lost, lift ur
head/heart and fix ur gaze on
the warm night sky, the
constellations, a gift from Isis
from whose breasts flow forth
the firmament

dive deep into healing velvet
seas, breathe easy as the life
that inhabits them and be restored,
released from your tortured past

in whatever direction u turn you
will confront your demons or/and
the opportunity of release

with every human birth a
whispered promise is made
that healing Love is a constant
companion, an inexhaustible
resource that would saturate ur
being and work its healing magic
once the heart and soul are open
to receive it

i Loved u before time began,
i Love now and will continue
in Love after existence is rolled
up like a scroll, such is Love's
enduring power, quality and
strength

be comforted, u are never lost
or ever alone, sweet peace to
You forever

Hesitation

your reticence is unwarranted

i would only kiss ur lips and
caress your form with my
fingertips

only a man, naught to fear,
especially by woman true,
one with depth and yearning
soul such as you

u see what u've done? i
haven't rhymed in years,

in Love we Always overcome
we stand Victorious, Free of
the inculcated aversion of love,
joy and harmony

what sheer insanity they preach,
they would try to normalise
murder, mayhem, war and fear,
yet they have no answer for
Love, which overcomes All their
toxic drear

A gift to all, a resource free,
most powerful infinite Love,
you and me

Transformations

never found in shallows this
species is at home in deep
dark waters

not content with peripheral
superficialities, which only
satisfy *feebs*, this genus enjoys
rare prizes, pearls of quality
and other treasures hidden deep
beneath the surface in warm
velvet seas.

pressure intolerant creatures
spin endlessly on the surface
subject to all manner of vexations
buffeted by every imaginable
whim, forces that have little
effect on the dwellers of the deep

occasionally, curiosity overcomes
a surface dweller and tentative
plunges are made until subtle
body changes equip the brave
for deeper dives, which accelerate
the metamorphosis until a new,
more able body is formed able to
withstand and enjoy the deep

during this transformation fear of
leaving familiar surrounds tussles
with the desire for something new,
more satisfying

at this critical time a dweller of the

deep, sensing the promise of a new
acolyte, may guide/assist in the
process by accompanying the brave
adventurer down until delicate
winged fins and pulsing gills fully
form -- making a most exquisite
creature of the deep

success is rare most candidates balk
and return to the surface to spend
their days in desperate mediocrity

some undaunted souls persist
completing the transformation to
enter a new dimension inhabited
with exotic and mysterious species
and the rewards associated with
that kind

remain true, be brave and venture
down, the rewards far exceed the
challenges

Open Highways

with every slow turn of the
throttle i feel your arms tighten
around my waist, your body
moving closer to mine

almost full throttle, a twist of
the wrist, the screaming wind,
the roaring, a sleek machine,
the two of us

your head tucked perfectly
between my shoulder and
neck safely behind me, your
breasts pressed against my
back, our bodies secure,
entwined, sharing, forcing
old enemies, life and death,
to confront each other and
seek an impossible alliance/
resolution, neither daring to
separate us

ghost towns, desert bush played
host to young abandon, youthful
frenzy and leaping love

wet with love we danced and
frolicked till dusk, the city
reluctantly demanding our
return

on those excursions you
burrowed deep into my being,
to the innermost reaches of

my soul and made yourself
a home never to vacate
though your earthly lease
has long since expired

(some) memories are able to
curve time, so lucid they are

they are unaware your spirit
resides alive in my being
emerging to play, sing and
steal me from the pettiness
of this world

a familiar fragrance and muffled
laughter pervade the air

Bodies in Space

there is an erroneous view that
rogue bodies cavort randomly
in space; however, deeper
examination reveals that no
such reality exists

All bodies dance in rhythmic
interrelation, in accordance with/
to lesser and/or greater dynamic
patterns of mutually effective
energies

everything that exists is defined
by/in relation to another (there is
no light without 'dark') and on
it goes

dynamics are created based on
gravity/tendency/desire mutual
attraction/aversion and inclination

[therefore] no accidents or
untraceable random events occur
in this infinite continuum

we encounter each other 'collide'
as a result of mutual attraction
and separate when an evolutionary
change creates a variation that
attracts different energies
necessary for continued growth/
evolution; we do not meet by
accident in our journey to fulfilment

galaxies continue to birth myriad
suns, planets, solar systems; cosmic
bodies sweating, embracing, dancing
unrestricted in bliss, ecstasy -- how
could anything restrict/confine
Love?

i thought of two, with me, three
converging, cavorting, sweating,
gushing galaxies, imbibing universes
creating, Paradise

Orchid

a rare genus this wild jungle
flower, difficult to locate but
worth the effort of discovery

it is found only in the undergrowth
never in the open, hidden from
all but the most persistent searchers

it resists all attempts at cultivation/
domestication, this genus only
flowers in the wild, it cannot
endure confinement or managed
environments

its soft speckled petals betray its
fragility yet it thrives in hostile
forests and dark, humid jungles

a tiny flower familiar to the
creatures of the night but lost
to the squawking, noise of day

if by chance you encounter this
orchid in bloom expose it to the
soft moonlight, its natural beauty
enhanced

never remove it from its place –
it flourishes only in locations
of its choosing

there it shares itself with those
that take the trouble to discover

its fragile allure, its secret hidden
places

Septic

i wish at times i could fold in
on myself, retreat like a flower
closing its petals for the night,
wrapping itself up, protecting
its heart from the insensitivity
that surrounds it and the
malevolent forces that lurk

if only i could hide from the
consequences of my actions
and retreat from the pain i feel
after having intentionally caused
pain and suffering in another

i should never have been let loose
on an unsuspecting, fragile world
where innocence and sensitivity
fall prey to rampaging brutes like
me

but i have never been able to
contract or retreat into morbidity
or melancholia, i am left exposed
to the elements to feel the exquisite
hurt and pain returned to me in
triple proportion, from having hurt
those for whom i have no
disaffection

i have no right, regardless of good
intentions, to inflict pain or discomfort
on another soul, no right to cause the
slightest mental perturbation

what type of star-spangled monster
have I become?

Irony

a magician once taught me how
to be invisible

stand, he said, on top of the highest
landmark and bellow at the top of
your lungs, gyrating, flailing your
arms and jumping about all the while

do this regularly and you will soon
become invisible!

extreme visibility paradoxically
becomes invisibility, i am living
proof

they have been searching for years –
they run around me, over me and
between my legs while i bellow and
gyrate, yet they do not see me

they follow semiotic trails
and seek me at writers festivals –
they failed to see me in Melbourne
how then do they hope to see me
in Sydney?

how 'cunning' they are to have
deduced from the crumb-trails
i leave that I am a veteran;
that i may be artful with a pen
or more so with a keyboard
(my weapon of choice)

such skill as this has not been

seen since simple Simon
incarnated as President Bush/
Trump – we are all in awe of
their talents and intelligence

i have all but spelled out my
name and location yet they fail
to see, they are unable to arrive
at an answer for the simplest
calculation, $2+2$ =anyone's guess

i offer them my soul yet they
fixate on my dick

i am surrounded/distracted by
women, wild hips, exotic
ornaments, Asian eyes and
magnetic smiles; my heart i
offer but they too cast their
eyes on my dick

i wish to converse and play
with their minds and spirits
but they offer open thighs
and throats instead

i fear at times the magus cursed
me with his tricks and wild dervish
dances

an Estonian maid i frightened
without even trying, such is the
strength of his magic

i will do my best to leave a clearer
trail, signs a blind man could follow,
but please try at least to distinguish

the silhouettes that appear

engage my eyes, my face, not my
crotch

*[I'm just a soul whose intentions are
good, O Lord, please let me be
misunderstood]*

they say i am a stranger, a lone
wolf, though my entire life i have
published for the entire world to
read/see

Unforgettable Moments

i have never forgotten that first
(and last) kiss

the instant our lips met our bodies
scintillated from the toes through
to the top of our heads, completely
overwhelmed by the power of our
souls exchanging signatures,
greeting, embracing, swooning in
delight

it wasn't only that you left stunned,
disoriented, and a little daunted,
i didn't know what hit me either
so delicious, warm and permeating
that experience

your sweet kiss gripped my entire
being so surprising the exchange
i forgot myself entirely - transported
to paradise for an unforgettable
moment

a kiss like no other before or since
— O, toni, you needn't have taken
flight like an overwhelmed young
girl fearful of losing a treasured
prize

i couldn't blame you then nor
could i now, we were left spinning,
disoriented in sublime space but
you vanished after that extraordinary
encounter leaving me with a

profound and tender memory
tattooed on my soul forever

remember me as i remember you
a perfect moment unspoiled by
familiarity, a magical moment that
only our two bodies/souls could
share

no regrets, though i sometimes
wonder what sublime heights
we could have reached together

Summer Rain

who would you deceive,
speaking winter with
summer eyes?

stringed instruments
resonate on the warm
wind yet ur voice intones
cool ice and snow

should i respond to the
flame in ur eyes that speak
honestly to mine or allow
ice to imprison u in a
perpetual winter of your
own making?

melancholia is a poor
companion better to break
free and emerge naked
in the warm summer sun

some things we must do
ourselves with abandon
without expectations -
hearts engage easily while
words measure acceptable
distances

culture/propriety is a perverse
measure, why would u allow
it to narrow ur options?

time is on no one's side, it
makes short work of all our

lives

is it not preferable to follow
the heart and its natural
inclinations for joy rather
than the head in matters of
Love?

summer rain, a rainbow
arches across the sky

Himalayas

your love is strong
like a mountain,
how so?

you're a himalayan
woman!

never been loved so
strong, wild, screaming
wind

i glimpse a
snow leopard
stalking its prey

The Tibetan Long Hum

remember how enthralled you
were with my Asian art collection,
one piece in particular, a Tibetan
Thangka – Yab-Yum - Buddha
and his consort locked in sexual
embrace, you loved that picture;
I have it still, though other pieces
you liked fed my veins to relieve
the pain

i saw your face today in the features
of another (woman) so young, as
i remember you, i nearly faltered,
you could have been twins though
decades and strength of character
separate you

this one diminutive but tectonic,
and you too fragile like fine Chinese
porcelain doomed to shatter

i failed to protect you from wigs,
gowns, white coats and ugly, lying
guardians/parents

what chance a young outsider,
defying the highest authorities
in the land, a rebel on *their*
home ground?

they crucified us both – i lost you
forever, torn from my arms and
destroyed

i discovered it was possible to
kill a person in a living body
leaving no trace of the crime
no evidence that would satisfy
a court though a vile, heartless
murder had been committed –
i can barely relate it now

people forget that leucotomies
are legal today only signatures
from white coats are required
to commit spiritual and soul
murder though today
'chemical *management*' is
preferred, that's social progress

'cure indicators' have not
changed in half a century --
able to perform menial labour,
obey guardians and others in
authority, 'cured!' take your
zombie home

u asked me what the painting
represented -- always the
philosopher, i tried to explain;
the male, female deities in
sexual embrace represented
the reconciliation of opposites,
the unification of (all) binary
oppositions, life-death, love-hate,
day-night, heat-cold, dispassion-
passion, *etc.*

The Buddha locked in coitus yet
oblivious to the plurality of the
world/sensation, his consort, her

lips pressed tightly against his
her yoni enveloping his lingam,
lost in passionate embrace;
you loved it, her abandon/
passion and his imperturbable
detachment

together they represent completion
everything unified, One

Om Mani Padme Hum – The Jewel
is in the Lotus

i intone it often, and remember ...

Riding Tigers Chasing Dragons

in semi-dream Tigers pace
the dark and hidden places
and deny my mind its rest

phantasms and mythical
creatures team in these
semi-dream landscapes

stealthily they move thru
jungles of the night
reminding me never to
relent or cease in my
focused endeavours

like a man possessed i
slay legions of demons
and all manner of
malevolent life that
threaten my kind

not since Solomon have
the jinn been marshalled
to the service of one magus,
yet the fiery (winged) dragon
continues to evade capture

we have taken (digital) ground
and hold fast our acquisitions
their machines are in our hands;
we inhabit their secret places
and watch their every move

like thin peals of opium smoke
we ride and twist effortlessly

with the slightest movement,
such is the secret of our invisibility
and intoxicating subtlety

with patience, persistence and
unwavering vigilance the gambit
and prize is ours, the enemy has
no strength or stamina for an
extended campaign

we weave dreams and substitute
realities ever so convincingly

the skill is letting the enemy
believe they have determined
their own course

let them race toward a
predetermined end like a dying
man to a mirage that hides
a precipice

Doing the Tonne on a 650

it was the last 650cc i owned,
i'd had a few -- i was just 18
and still at high school

i had expensive tastes for a
schoolboy so i hustled yanks
on R&R before they returned
to Uncle Ho who routinely
and abruptly ended (many)
of their young lives

they were only kids, a few
years older than me fighting
some bullshit Gulf of Tonkin
staged ideological war --
the fat cats loved it
hundreds of millions
in blood-drenched dollars

over 50,000 Americans killed
and 4 million Indo-Chinese
from Laos through Cambodia
to Vietnam, dead – for what?
so executive, white-collar
criminals could turn huge
profits

i made sure i showed those
boys a good time while in
Sydney, it may have been
their last

Sydney was my town, the
Eastside was home, i grew

up on the streets, i knew
all the girls, nice whores
with a heart and a taste for
expanders, from acid to pot;
coffee shops served purple
hearts, bennies and dexies
with every expresso –
cool, man!

the yanks showered me with
money, i arranged to have
their every need satisfied,
never had a dissatisfied
customer; they just kept
throwing money at me,
i became a reluctant
entrepreneur, a high school
kid on a 650cc Trumpy,
proud and arrogant

it is hilarious when i think
about it now, the Domain,
Webster spouting from his
soap-box and the Nazi party
(in uniform) fighting off
thugs the Jews hired,
never a dull moment, the
decade seemed tailored just
for me

pockets loaded with pot,
pills, acid and American
currency, i was the prince
of Darlo Rd, in black leathers

my only loves were my girl,
sweet serena and my Triumph

– i loved them both equally
with a passion, what more
could a young man want?

it seems like only yesterday
i did the tonne on my finely
tuned machine; 110mph on
the road to the Atomic Energy
Commission -- the wind
screaming through my hair,
my black shades forced
hard against the bridge of
my nose, the roar of the
engine and the ever present
angel of death just waiting
for me to make one tiny
mistake; i never did, i still
haven't, many decades later

on one occasion a beetle
impacted my forehead
at 100mph, it felt like i'd
been shot, i had to dig it
out of my head later –
no helmets in those days

i loved to tempt death, still
do

the yanks would sometimes
ramble about the war, drunk;
i could taste their fear, bravery,
desperation and desolation
all at once

the only way i could shake
this lifestyle was to ride fast,

as fast as a well-tuned 650
could carry me

it came to an end the night
my bike was stolen; soon
after that, serena overdosed,
a suicide attempt, she was torn
between her family, who hated
the sight of me, and her
profound love for me

doctors and family begged
me to reel her back to the
living, which i did, not that
begging was required

they shot electricity through
her brain until she forgot my
name

Indigo

that afternoon was predominately
grey -- sky, clouds and the evening
light reflecting only mid-tones

if ever a sky could be despondent
it was that grey blanket above
Rushcutters Bay

a perfect half-moon stole glimpses
of the earth between rolling leaden
clouds; bright, transmuted silver
shafts of moonlight reached the
earth originating from a hidden,
warm, golden sun

the moon, framed by grey despair,
seemed to shine of its own
luminescence against the heavy
gloom

occasionally a long break in the
clouds revealed the moon hanging,
bleeding reflected light from a
clean dissection

i gazed up often at its wounded
yearning as if answering a plea
that few could hear/see

people hurried past casting
apprehensive glances in my
direction perhaps wondering
whether i was a genuine 'lunatic'
making silent entreaties, face

pointed skyward to the pagan
Goddess of the night

i would not wait long, the entire
universe acknowledged my silent
petitions affirming transience,
flux and constantly shifting
realities, the primary characteristics
of existence -- a life of constantly
changing splendour

the mid-tone sky began to develop
a hue, lead-grey slowly shifted to
a warm indigo-blue, a colour often
used to background serene Buddhas
seated in trance, eyes turned upward-
inward with faint smiles painted
deftly on their faces

in minutes the grey foreboding
became a soft sea of velvet indigo-
blue gently supporting a serene
half-moon and wisps of silver clouds
reflecting reflected moonlight

is it coincidence my favourite colour
is indigo-blue?

Aquatic

gliding
winding
cleaving
weaving
wet
wondrous
fish

few animals challenge nature's
forces directly and survive, yet
turning against the current and
overcoming is precisely the mode
that salmon mysteriously choose
to prosper

we can only wonder at the power
and explosive strength contained
in their sleek bodies, as they swim
up river, rapids and waterfalls to
spawn in high mountain lakes; an
awe-inspiring journey

the sheer power of the species
stagger belief

each fish, laden with sperm/eggs
(continuity) is compelled to make
the journey or die in the attempt

after years swimming freely in
open oceans the fish respond to
the call and begin their final run
back to the place of their origin
to procreate thus completing a

full miraculous cycle of Life
that few other creatures could
even imagine

patiently waiting for the precise
moment ... who could comprehend
the awesome, gyrating power and
single minded drive/purpose locked
away in one of nature's humble
species?

Weavers

with wheel and loom we
spin and inter-weave threads
throughout worn and tired
fabrics

our fresh and vital motifs
afford new vision and form
a grand design; old, fading
patterns, irrelevant today
are displaced in geometric
progression as i write

our looms are strong and
versatile, our skilled
weavers easily produce
the finest silks to the
heaviest wools; wheels
spinning day and night
produce the finest quality
available, sturdy, captivating
with universal appeal

the entire world will soon
have new and vibrant attire
with which to adorn itself;
our weaves are smooth and
soft, a joy to wear and
behold ill-fitting, ugly, worn
garments will no longer see
the Light of day

No God but Love

come, surround and envelop me
with tenderness; unseal my
bindings with your sweet kisses
lay me to rest that i may rise again
and overcome the darkest night
reigning with the Gods in the
bright light of day

am i not your progeny, made
in awe-full dread to overcome
and take my place beside you
in Paradise?

have i not opposed them, the liars,
murderers and thieves? do i not
relentlessly pursue them and hurry
them to their fate?

i could barely utter a meaningful
phrase before You stole my soul
and endowed me with magic
letters that confuse and confound
the souls of evil men; did You not
tailor me for the task, would i
have chosen this course of my
own volition?

be vigilant, watch over me my
Love; prevent my meanderings,
which always lead to folly

offer me on the altar, body,
mind and soul, a willing
sacrifice for Love's sake,

transfuse your healing Light
to every particle of my
Being, revive my soul

do not fail me in times of need;
illuminate my path that i may
never stumble or falter

yesterday by surprise i almost
met my end but you plucked
me from harms way at the last
instant, a sobering experience –
it seems you have not done
with me yet

i am yours my Love, you know
it, i will never relent or shy
from the task you set for me;
may my lips never cease singing
your praises, nor my heart forget
for whom it beats

how so?

my freedom is your sentence,
your sweet prison my salvation

Enveloped

how far is it possible to soar
on these wings of wax and
string, yet i have touched
countless moons, skipped
stars and traversed galaxies

what trick is this?
i asked not for Love but Love
uninvited ambushed and
enveloped my soul -- it refuses
to diminish or release its hold
on my Being, i am captive

dissolving in nebulae where
suns are destroyed and re-
created ready to bring forth
new planets teeming with Life
– all for Love's sake

like some insatiable, cosmic
junkie that can never get
enough my spirit cries for
more, more sweet ambrosia,
but i fear these tattered
wings may fail me

who would have thought after
so many encounters that a
simple touch would send me
spinning? a bloody *touch* for
Christ's sake; a simple hug,
one among thousands in my
life and i am catapulted to the
outer reaches of the cosmos,

forever, it seems

You went straight through me
without warning, not the
slightest hint -- fair go!

Cleave

cleave to Love, it is your power,
strength and Being, cling to it
for dear Life, more important
than the need to breathe is y/our
Love

wonder not why millions become
slaves to the vilest, darkest forces;
they have lost Love, their strength,
the very foundation of Being --
they fear everything and learn to
loath that which would free them,
the tragedy of our time is Love lost

Love requires courage, forbearance,
patience, endurance and wild abandon;
culture is anathema to the Freedom of
Love – is it now clear why enslavers
loath it?

Love endures forever and overcomes
every obstacle yet it escapes the fearful
and timid – *see how they run!*

a Loving heart is more than all
the rhapsodies and lofty words
ever written by the most sublime
poets; a Loving heart speaks all
languages to all people for all time

if you would make Love your
eternal companion understand it
cannot be possessed; it is given
freely and must also be expressed

freely and selflessly

cleave tightly to Love, grasp it as
a drowning man would a saving
hand -- never let it go -- nothing
else sustains and empowers like
selfless Love

nothing/nobody is able to rob you
of Love; its strength endures forever;
it is the reason and 'substance' of
Existence

if you do not Love you are already
dead and nothing good comes from
death or its progeny, denial, nihilism,
hate and destruction

understand that Love offers itself
continuously to everyone without
distinction or condition, it is your
most precious resource, what morbid
lunacy would reject or fear such a
gift?

be not afraid, overcome, embrace
and cleave to Love; it is Your
salvation, only Love is able to cure
all the woes of the world

Victory

seabirds fly
fish swim
man kills
without a
whim

i penned those words as a child,
knowing (convinced) that it
needn't be that way, yet the
killing persists and my childhood
days are long gone

the assassins of unity, hope, joy
and all human values that we hold
precious are Known to us all;
they brandish their vile, poisonous
wares for all to see, hoping that
fear overtakes our natural inclinations
for Harmony, Peace and Love

our political leaders are sick narcissists
and puppets of criminal elites; they
pose no problem whatsoever -- that is
clear; fleas are a greater nuisance than
those incompetent, servile lackeys

when We decide together the killing
will cease ... if a young innocent
child is moved to protest what then
of mature adults strong and steadfast
in their convictions?

do not these constant outpourings
indicate victory?

in vain do murderers, liars and
thieves search for the source of
their demise; a handful of sand
is their reward, while we Continue
to command the high ground

constant harassment, persecution
and repression have only made us
stronger; surely these irrepressible
expressions and the relentless
resistance indicate the final,
inevitable Victory

Love, camaraderie and Justice
sustain us; no empire has ever
claimed victory over the indomitable
will of our people, are we not
honour/duty-bound to rid our land
of evil murderers and thieves, the
hijackers of our governments?

who are We?

From the four corners of the World
-- We are One

Integrity

sincerity -- do not seek immortality
via a poet's ability to etch stanzas
in time or create word-necklaces
strung with rhymes

strange rhythms and fantastic
imaginings that endure for
generations are appealing but
do not be mesmerised by such
artifices

many women have been named Helen
but we remember today the face that
launched a thousand ships and we
create her beauty anew; a beauty that
changes with the demands of the age;
her beauty was never cast in bronze or
fashioned in stone and therein lies the
secret, beauty (re)created by imagination
– a million faces that launched a million
ships

if you wish to endure it is better that
you Love sincerely – only then is your
place among the immortals guaranteed;
Love is One and draws everything
together into itself

be sincere, as Love lays bare all fake
and counterfeit emotion and makes
hags of deceivers and connivers

poets inscribe for posterity but are only
able to offer convincing simulacra –

be not deceived by words, authenticity
is found only in the heart, the brain is
easily deceived

it is therefore with my heart that i
constantly intone your name and
pledge my unceasing Love, it grows
beyond my ability to contain it;
every space and void is filled,
bursting with Love/Life, expanding
constantly beyond all measure

be borne aloft at the slightest prompting,
let abundance overflow, disperse it to
every corner of the universe

We are One

Kindred

we are kindred you and i though
hundreds of years separate us

rather that i state it plainly, we are
and have always been Lovers,
regardless of time, space or
distinctions

i was with you in my mother's
womb singing praises to Creation;
remember the soul-stealing song
we sang, something reminiscent
of the sea and the allure of sirens

i remember it was God herself
who set the metre to which i
perpetually hum praises and
gratitude

you once stated that *"our task is
not to seek Love, but merely to find
the barriers within ourselves that
prevent its free expression"*

it staggers me to think of the Huge
resource of Love that every human
being forgoes for no good reason

though i embrace asian consorts it
is for you that i pen my songs of
Love and devotion

i have forgotten the order of things
but need only remember that each

component speaks of the whole
regardless of order

you left me with a stylus to inscribe
in verse the soul's lament of love
lost; please delay your request i have
need now, i have grown accustomed
to Love's presence and depend on its
powers of endurance and persistence

you often remarked that given the
option to fly, people choose instead
to crawl, perhaps it is time we
awakened them to Love's limitless
power. we are able to heal the world
overnight with Love only – a free
resource neglected/wasted

but there is a limit to how much a
single poet can achieve – but no
limit on the powers of Love manifest

sweet dreams for now, a new dawn
will break and i promise to cover
the day and night skies with poetry
for Love's sake

Equine

in times of great pain my faithful
steed appears

cut from agonising darkness her
bright whiteness rears, hooves
prancing on the night sky, nostrils
flaring as she frantically whinnies,
urging me to mount

like a wounded Mongol Khan i
grasp her flowing mane, whip
myself onto her bare back and
cling on for dear life, my head
pressed hard against her neck

with one mighty rear and kick we
are gone from this place in an instant;
i am soon lost in her rhythmic
motions and swirling eyes – vortices
that put galaxies to shame

with a click of her magic hooves we
span light years gathering shattered
pieces of life, slowly re-absorbing/
re-integrating existence for yet
another round or turn of the wheel

before dawn i find myself back in
my terrestrial abode, my sturdy
mare uneasily pacing, impatient to
return to our secret garden in paradise

i dismount and she is gone like a
comet in the warm night sky

restored and reinvigorated, the air
continues to shimmer and pulse
with her presence

No Contest

(mesmerised)

are you in awe of their war machines
built only to kill and destroy, do you
fear them?

do you really fear twisted old men that
kill for profit and feast on the blood
of innocence and youth, do you
believe their feeble lies?

their war machines are reduced to
naught by a single verse and entire
cultures are turned by a narrative

nature's irresistible equalising power,
the pen against the armies of the world,
an unfair advantage, no doubt

Impositions

let me inform you of a reality
or two

do not come to my jungle or desert
home with your poisonous world
view and perverse values

what can you offer us in exchange
for destroying our way of life, which
Foreign standard/measure do you
apply on our reality, which you do
not understand or appreciate?

i have seen your steel/glass towers
jutting through your poisonous air,
everyone racing, going nowhere

living lives of servitude to a monster
you alternatively call capitalism,
progress, liberty, democracy and
'freedom'

yet those words portray the opposite
of their meaning, your upside-down
world and inverse logic is yours
alone; your words and values amount
to nothing more than slavery, a
condition all humanity rejects

it matters not whether chains have
taken new forms, wires, tubes, screens,
engines and worthless plastic/paper,
it all amounts to Bondage

we are born to Freedom in our jungles,
deserts and mountains, you are born
into slavery from the day your birth is
registered

we are born sovereign, you are bonded,
that is clear

we reject your worthless baubles and
trinkets, you have nothing but slavery
and death to offer and you have
nowhere to go but hell

we have heard how you transform entire
living nations into hells on earth, we
reject you completely

with what would you replace our
native homes, clean and teeming
with life? your filthy oil and poison
coca-cola? no thank you!

take you baubles and perversities
and go back to the hell that
spawned you, we have no need
of your poisonous offerings and
lunatic ways; you have no right
to impose your unsustainable,
inharmonious, polluting way of
death onto anyone

if you attempt by whatever lying,
scheming means to steal what does
not rightfully belong to you, we
will fight you and prevail – of that
you can be assured

is it preferable to live and perhaps
die fighting for our traditional
culture/existence, or die a slow
and soulless death in your
poisonous, perverse world?

Go!

you have nothing to offer anyone
here but death, you see, we have
recently learned to write in english

Death of a Poet

He
lived in bodies and minds
in Sydney in the sixties

He
had remarkable talent, he
wrote with an American
accent and developed the
monotone; his stanzas were
tubular, very disinfected

He
polished (bleached) the green
from leaves and crafted the
blood out of veins

He
converted sterile into metaphor
like silicon chips

He
scattered sawdust words to
thirsty throats while it rained
on desert sand

in the eighties he died,
Passion, colour, and verve
killed him

He
left his derivators bewildered,
they still place glass roses
on his grave

Delayed Eye Movements

(to brett)

remember

when we tried to find happiness in a syringe, that Chinaman with nimble fingers dancing about opium tipped needles, those Asian places the smoky streets while you painted in blue-fire-hues with your ginger skin and we drank women wine and

"It's Alright Ma"
(I'm Only Bleeding)

there was Nell's sugarcane face and blue-sky-breasts somewhere over the MLC and that little uni-student who had a yoni like an apricot in a battlefield

that day we met the sage in mission clothes and asked him (he wouldn't reply without brown muscat we purchased) said Art was

Ayres Rock's shadow on the
South China sea

imagine

we bought tickets to a Mongolian temple to watch the carp and learn

reflections

loved to watch you paint to the tune pulsing in my veins, tinker of the Art world

remember

we were broke. had my final realisation when you conjured \$190,000

with your brush, in two weeks

you painted Rees and Bacon on ordered canvas to the rhyme of
prevailing aesthetics; a case of mistaken identity i think

nostalgia

got sick of watching carp relish birdseed -- the Abbot insisted that we
stay, proximity was the reason

benediction

sat alone at the pond when a hummingbird dived from the water into
the air tapped me on the forehead with its beautiful beak
three times

said,
the only value anything has is the value given it
then refused to answer further questions regarding Art

took the gander out of the oven -- people were coming to dinner
without appetites

i'll save you a piece

Schoolyard Allegory

Somewhere in an elementary school a schoolyard bully and his cowardly lackeys confronted an eleven-year-old boy and demanded money. The eleven-year-old had precious little money; he could not and would not accede to the demand.

The bully decided to make a show of his displeasure and strength by belting the boy in the face. This event attracted the attention of all the other boys in the schoolyard (who had also been bullied.) A large crowd formed around the confrontation. The teachers in authority, for reasons known only to them, ignored the situation.

The young lad was no match for the bully even though he was capable of defending himself. Though slightly hurt, he stood his ground (for reasons known only to him.) The bully became enraged because the lad did not cower when confronted, so he struck him again.

That blow resulted in a nosebleed and some tears from the eyes, but the lad stood his ground. The onlookers watched passively but attentively. The bully, sensing that his 'power' was at stake, let loose a volley of blows which knocked the lad to the ground. The bully stood over the lad ranting, spitting and displaying a great measure of rage; but the lad regained his feet and stood again to face the bully.

The other boys were amazed at this show of defiance and instinctively moved closer. The bully was furious; he launched another volley of blows that again knocked the lad to the ground, but this time the bully began kicking the lad while he was down. Small groans and gasps could be heard from the crowd of boys.

The cowardly lackeys became uneasy, but the bully was far too involved with himself to notice anything, he continued to kick and rant until one of the onlookers said "leave him alone!" This remark distracted the bully from his assault. He glared into the crowd looking

for the boy who made the remark. "Who said that?" he screamed, but no one replied; so he chose a boy whose appearance he had never liked and started belting him.

Meanwhile, our lad (who was bleeding profusely) regained his feet and went after the bully. He grabbed his arm and quietly said "leave him alone." The bully turned and stared, confronting not only the eyes of our badly hurt lad, but all the boys he had previously bullied. The lackeys, sensing the inevitable, attempted to depart but were prevented by the crowd. The other lad the bully assaulted seized the opportunity and crouched behind the bully's legs; it was an easy matter for our lad to push the bully off his feet. No sooner had he hit the ground all the other boys attacked. I would rather not describe what occurred next, but human nature being what it is, combined with the hatred the bully had engendered over the years, culminated in a severe beating, you can well imagine.

The bully and his cowardly lackeys were hospitalised and did not return to that school. Our lad became a friend to all and peace returned to the schoolyard.

Imprint

old world european bards once
entertained illiterate villagers
spreading lyric propaganda
plucking the gut strings of lutes,
their spirit continues today

in untamed foreign lands below
the southern cross poets scratch
their verse on scraps of paper
illuminated by eucalypt campfires
describing a red and seared
interior saturated with its own
peculiar splendour all the while
drawing from the same font of
inspiration that bards knew so
well

nothing in that sense has changed
since the first human scrawled
an image in a cave to magically
capture by representation an
object of desire or need

all the printed histories do not
reveal what a single mouth-
sprayed stenciled handprint reveals
under a rocky overhang -- a human
hand merging with the land

none of our modern words could
hope to explain one man's
stenciled hand and all it entails;
this land/hand are inseparable,
breaching time and recording

history as it is

i scratch it all down in the eerie
quiet of the interior where
timeless whispers are easily
heard between the crackling pops
of the fire and floating scented
smoke of Australia

Between

the shimmers and pulse clear the
fog which issues from the known
revealing a membrane behind
which translucence shapes appear
and disappear or so it seems,
though these bodies withdraw
and present themselves in varying
proximity to the translucent screen

images nailed with cross, crescent
and star no longer hold the captured
mind and caged body

a key of vapour forms which opens
the thin skin into the world of
dancing shadows though relative
is the view from the wrong side of
creation

with a wisp of smoke the membrane
splits neatly and weeps the dew of
gratification; with a phantom thrust
between the open slit i was on the
other side, which perspective
offered a view into the absurdity
of the known

the phantoms are radiant beings
sailing free on a shoreless sea
never to be fixed on land or
anchored in false belief

i watched this sea which waves
become anything imagined, my

thoughts became real until a new
thought changed the scene into
one i could enter and live if
desired, though i refused to indulge
my fantasies (pretending reality)
then slowly disintegrating
confronted by the light of the
real

illusion stacked on illusion never
make a reality and so i let it all
go and enter that sea to float free
until such time i take to wing to
fly forever in radiance

About the Author

Lindsay Traynor is an Australian poet and mystic though born in Eastern Europe. He has travelled extensively and studied under the wise instruction of some remarkable and extraordinary men and initiated into various esoteric traditions by same, which formerly secret knowledge he is now able to share with everyone, fully cognisant of the fact that only those ready would be able to recognise, appreciate and gain awareness from the experience.

Lindsay is a prolific writer and has produced the equivalent in text of around 50-60 novels over the past sixteen years though mostly in the form of articles on varied topics and poetry, his favourite medium.

The current book has been gathered from his many poems, essays and articles relating to Self-Realisation, Mysticism, Philosophy, Personal Growth and Social Transformation.

We hope that you enjoy and derive benefit from his prodigious output as much as we have benefited and enjoyed reading, collating and presenting the material in eBook formats -- *assistant editors and website moderators*.

Books by the Author:

Infinite Consciousness
Love and Erotic Poetry
Sun Moon Star Poetry
Nature Poetry
The Poetry of Transformation and Revolution
The Poetry of Life and Growth
Selected Essays I
Selected Essays II
Selected Essays III
Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry I
Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry II
Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry III
Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry IV
Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry V
The Dragon's Egg Prose and Poetry of Experience and Liberation
Plumage Poems of Inspiration Growth Revolution and Freedom
Rejected Poetry Book I
Rejected Poetry Book II
Selected Articles and Poetry Volume I
Selected Articles and Poetry Volume II

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