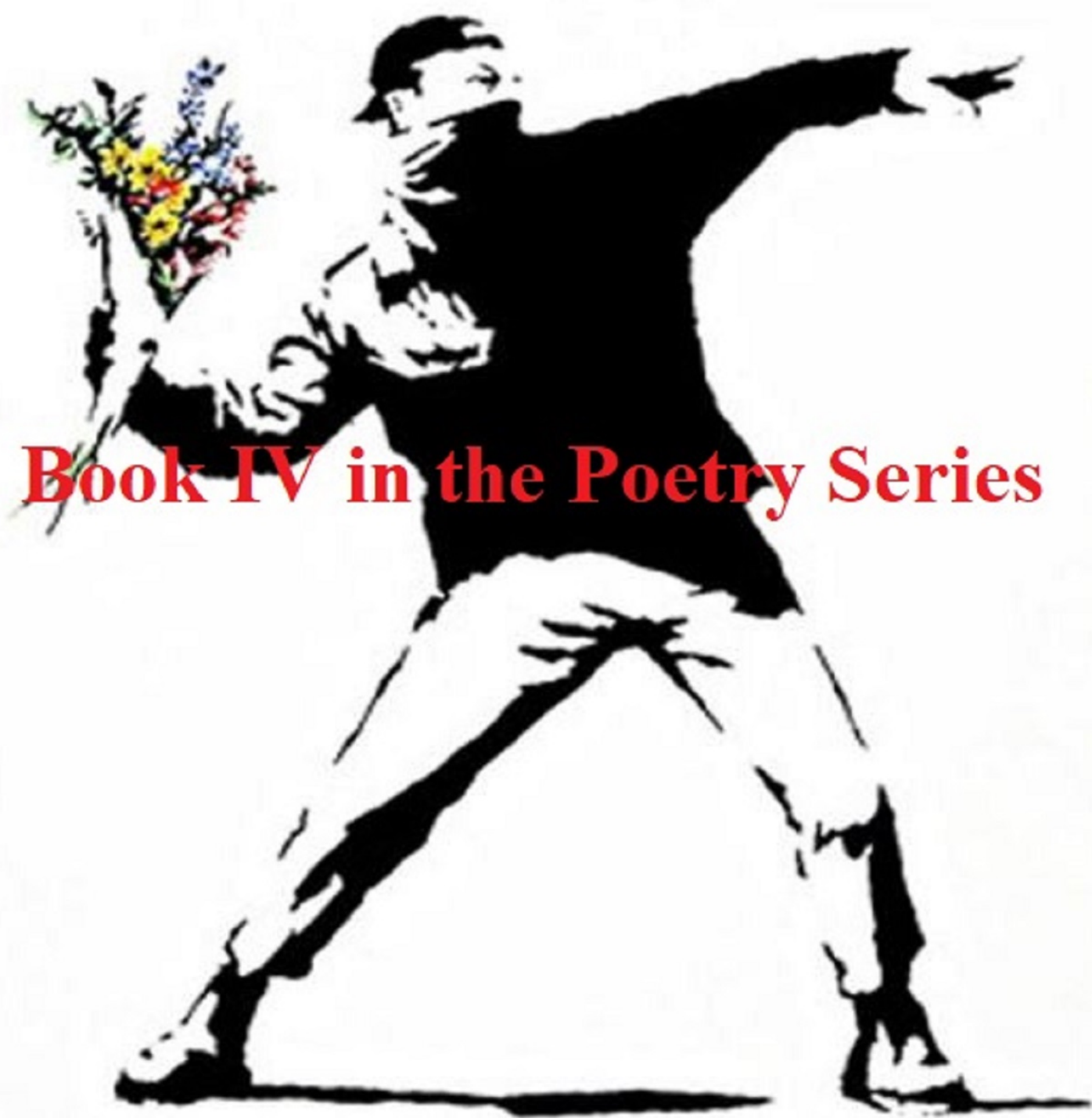


The Poetry of Transformation and Revolution



Book IV in the Poetry Series

Lindsay Traynor

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The Poetry of Transformation and Revolution

Collated and edited by the author/poet, Lindsay Traynor

Book IV in the Poetry Series

*The Way that can be trodden is not the enduring and unchanging
Way.*

*The Way that can be named is not the enduring and unchanging
Name.*

*Nameless, is the Originator of heaven and earth; named, it is the
Mother of all things -- Lao Tzu*

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

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

Introduction

It is self-defeating to write reformative and/or subversive revolutionary material about any existing culture. All the great philosophical, religious and political treatises that we imagine were/are new are merely reproductions of culture as process -- Why/how? Simply due to the fact that culture resides internally as 'mind' – distinct from consciousness – and externally as a social phenomenon, though both productions are inextricably bound in an extremely tight symbiotic relationship by Language.

Mind cannot be separated from thought and the content of thought is learned from external culture via the socialisation process, which we are all subjected to by necessity if we intend to survive in a particular cultural environment, as we are indeed a social species and therefore subject to this process.

Whatever we think (thought content) after the socialisation process remains direct cultural content learned from external sources, primarily media, in its broadest sense today; and regardless of how many 'twists' or variations we may imagine we have created individually the process is nevertheless bound by thought (cultural concepts) and learned (superimposed) cultural values, which utilise the 'magical' medium of Language.

Language is the dynamic propulsion engine of culture and any 'new' broadly accepted word/concept merely becomes another internalised thought concept of culture that may or may not survive depending on a number of factors, the strongest of which is widespread acceptance/Belief.

Have you never questioned your particular status in life and why, how you arrived at your current position? If not, it's time to question the most fundamental aspects of culture and its conditions, processes and productions, freedom-slavery and all the associated unequal distributions of the naturally occurring and inequitably

distributed available cultural productions and not forgetting, the concepts of appropriation and [ownership](#). If done then it quickly becomes apparent that inequality and authoritarianism is characteristic of All cultures.

Culture in effect reproduces itself internally in mind before it reinforces external culture by relational behaviours (working for example) -- as external culture is dependent on its subjects/slaves as a resource or source of its maintenance, production and reproduction.

The majority remain subject/Enslaved to it by automatically sharing imposed/learned values, behaviours and beliefs, which are all text/language-based cultural products. So which/whatever 'new' direction/variation of thought one imagines one is creating it nevertheless becomes self-defeating as it is nothing more than a variation of the old as there is no such thing as a cultural void or vacuum from which to draw. All cultures are thought dependent and rely on pre-existing core value or belief systems regardless of how the 'new' variation may be 'dressed' or appear -- in the end it is simply culture repeating itself. However, if these belief systems are interrogated they All reduce to arbitrary, abstract, or imposed fictional values and narratives.

Thought (language) or internalised culture, which is not necessary for physical survival but is essential for the reproduction and maintenance of external culture, is always behind All cultural processes, manifestations/productions -- which form the substrate structural and socially adhesive aspects of culture; and in that sense there truly is nothing new under the sun regarding man's condition.

It, thought or internalised language, also explains why political revolutionary movements all end in authoritarian systems; for instance, the extreme 'left' and extreme political 'right' meet and shake hands in totalitarian/authoritarian oppressive regimes with minority, unrepresentative ruling elites at the top, those who have more than they need, and exploited slaves, the majority of which are

fed only enough to enable them to serve elites, at the bottom; history verifies same as All cultures are essentially authoritarian structures regardless of transparent names and veneers like 'democracy'.

For instance, all theological systems of belief promise a paradise after one dies but rob believers of the paradise and joy of life here and now. The ruse is simple, suffer exploitation, hardship and misery now so you earn the right, according to priests, to enter paradise if you adhere to essentially these fictional, elite serving, belief systems written and broadly disseminated by elites and those that serve them (scribes) a reality easily verified since the beginning of recorded history.

The word Freedom often touted by politicians in so-called democracies is utter bunk, as subjected people (promised opportunity) are robbed of real opportunity, the joys of living and the means by which opportunities are able to be exploited, as clearly only the rich get richer today.

Nevertheless, religion has proven itself a successful means of managing (exploiting) large groups of people, as the policing, behaviour modifying aspects exist in mind/thought, inculcated at early impressionable developmental stages by already subjected/enslaved parents and reinforced by external cultural institutions managed by elites, priests and clerics in this case.

The same applies to political systems and movements, the originators exploit those converts that are Led to Believe they would build a fairer more Utopian society and system in which everyone is equal -- the absurdity of these obvious lies (ideologies) should now be apparent to all and if one cares to investigate and research the matter, recorded history would provide all the proof one requires for verification of the Farce and fictions in which we live.

Moreover, large societies have Never departed from the minority ruling elite and enslaved masses model though many revolutionary and social reformers attempt real change but culture always returns

to its essential existing structures. They always very quickly return to the 'authoritarianism' of the elite-slave paradigm and there is good reason for that as humans must first understand what real freedom is and then transform themselves into beings that cannot be enslaved if any hope of a lasting revolution without is possible; trained minds must be transformed and purged of antiquated, superimposed fictional belief systems/structures prior to attempting to transform any external culture, which are all maintained and supported by subjects, in the literal sense; and if these subjects maintain old authoritarian models internally in mind then those tendencies would quickly reproduce another authoritarian system of minority elite rule and mass slavery, regardless of name or veneer.

The dilemma of breaking free of this process has challenged free thinkers throughout the ages, particularly breaking free of prevailing authoritarian structures.

To cite one of the latest, Roland Barthes, a French academic who 'authored', the irony is not lost, a short paper titled the ['The Death of the Author'](#), inferring the death of all text-based authority, particularly religious (we should now be aware that culture is text/language-based) was one of the major influences and instigators of Post-Modernism, in which persons retake authority, as Barthes basically stated that readers (decoders/interpreters) not authors create their own authority via interpretation; therefore the subjective choices of readers are as valid, if not more so, than those espoused by authors (authorities). Hence people are now able to elect their gender, regardless of genitalia, nevertheless, changing one's name from Jill to Jack doesn't grow a phallus nor does the reverse grow tits so it's all a bit of a wank.

However, half a century after Barthes' seminal paper we have 'political correctness' (PC) gone mad, legal elective genders and transgender toilets in some schools, which phenomena are all culturally produced today, so what in essence has occurred?

Culture either detecting a threat or for other purposes (profit) has

appropriated that thought/ideology system, which if it stubbornly resisted may have culminated in its structural demise.

Nevertheless, these rather minor and unpopular variations have Not disrupted the core structures of authoritarian minority elite rule, as exploitation, inequity and mass (debt) slavery continue.

This is not the fault or failure of the author which provided the key to dismantling all cultural authority as 'given' (unquestioned) and naturalised, rather it was/is the radical adaptability of the capitalist system itself, which almost automatically appropriates any sub-cultural or ideological variations that threaten it, furthermore, true to form, it then attempts to profit from these new bastardised appropriations.

Nevertheless, the impact on religious organisations/ideologies and other unnecessary belief systems have been fairly strong as indeed conservative religious organisations rather stupidly resisted the notions of Post-Modernism and continued to insist on the authority of the (interpreted) text rather than adapting and exploiting as capitalism does successfully.

For example, in the Christian context it would have been a very simple matter to sell/adapt Jesus as a radical Post-Modernist, as he did reject the authority of the ruling elite priest class and subverted cultural behaviours/habits such as stoning women etc; in fact, even the Roman governor Pontius Pilate, asked Jesus what is Truth? That question is PM to the extreme, however, conservative, 'anal' religionists cannot adapt as they prefer living in prescribed/formulated 'boxes' though few can agree on interpretations of the text, as demonstrated today; Christianity is the most fragmented of all the major religions hence is imploding due to its lack of radical adaptability, without refuting essential core teachings, which in Christianity is Love, one of the most, if not the most Post-Modern word in existence.

I think it is fairly safe to end this discourse here as culture's power

structures and fantasy belief systems, theocratic, political, scientific (Newtonian) agreed upon measurable 'facts' -- now disproven by quantum physics -- or any other 'authority' is easily seen as an agreed upon shared fiction by other scientists/elite specialists that now support extended or 'new' theories, which if they become broadly accepted would produce, as yet undefined, new 'realities.'

So what of Pilate's PM question, what is truth? Indeed, Truth exists but it cannot be found in any culture, due to the simple reality that truth is by nature infinite as is the universe and all cultures are finite and depend upon quantitative (measurable) finite structures particularly language/thought, which quite obviously very few escape due to the need to socially share 'realities'.

However, the answer or the experience of Truth is easily had by simply sitting quietly and ceasing to think (voiding culture) for an extended period; and when this state of quietude is achieved mind/thought cease to exist revealing instead the full flowering of cosmic (infinite) consciousness which we and existence are born/created with, you were conscious before you could think. Why then would anyone fall victim to a clearly arbitrary, fictitious cultural superimposition of false values when mature enough to understand choice and the difference?

So, if you truly wish to reform/transform culture/society then you Must first transform and free yourself, there is no other way.

Quantum Entanglements

if i split something composed and separate two identical particles in linear opposite directions and measure the outcome it appears that the two particles are entangled or are in constant relationship as they arrive at the point of measurement/detection simultaneously regardless of the distance between them

this appears mysterious to quantum physicists whereas the mystery is easily explained as the particle objects exist in a world of plurality (space/time) as does the experiment, all of which processes are governed by the laws of that world, our world; however, all worlds and dimensions issue from a singular substrate potential which manifests as the variegated in multiple worlds/dimensions

some may have taken for granted distance, time/space, which is the fundamental of measurement upon which science depends so we see that every successful experiment leads to a predetermined outcome whether that predetermination is known by the experimenter or not

entanglement is an illusion as the relationship of one particle to the 'other' is created by the experiment, nothing more

entanglement is nothing more than one created, by measurement, particle appearing in two 'locations' simultaneously as neither particle

exists until measured/observed

measurement is an illusion -- the root meaning of the Sanskrit word, 'ma-ya,' which translates as illusion, is to measure. do we have it now? no, obviously not, as the substrate potential has not been adequately explained

a sufficient explanation is that its quality, un-form-ulated infinite potential, is behind all manifestation, hence the illusion of two particles whereas in fact, there is only one, as it issues from the substrate of all things as one

before *measurement*, which is the progenitor of plurality/illusion there was/is only One essence of everything which creates anything and everything according to the desire of the observer/experimenter

that is why properly planned experiments always produce that which is intended by the experiment, not necessarily the experimenter, which entity may not be aware of the process of production and all the laws that govern it

the laws of a world/dimension create that specific world which leads to the conclusion that consciousness formulates everything that exists though that consciousness is one with the substrate potential and cannot be separated from it as it issues from it, it is it!

now note that consciousness cannot be apprehended as something because it is that which apprehends – it has no plural qualities in and of itself yet it becomes every quality/quantity catalysed and created by

intention/desire in our world/dimension and every other

physicists attempt to comprehend that One essence from a plural world perspective in which things are produced by consciousness, which is without quality, however, there is no 'spoon,' apple or orange in the pregnant world of the measureless (no space/time) only potential

in actuality (space/time) measurement does not exist in Reality, only in created (by mind from consciousness) dream worlds of plurality from which mind is also created (in that world); however, consciousness is unborn, un-created, as it is Infinite, without beginning or end therefore measureless though its products are measurable as created illusions though appearing 'real' within that (dream)world context.

the indivisible point of origin is One though not particular and remains as a substrate supporting all worlds/dimensions of plurality, which as explained are nothing more than dream worlds mistaken for reality.

if the process from potential to manifestation is understood then appearing in any location instantly becomes a matter of ease, in this sense moving from any location in the 'known' universe to another regardless of distance (space/time), is done instantaneously without friction as we are dealing with pure manifestation not travel through matter or energy.

there is much more that could be explained but man in his present state is not qualified to know or is he capable of understanding, as he has become divorced from the source of existence/manifestation due to erroneous and false beliefs which create discord.

man must become One with universal harmony and the Infinite prior

to realising its laws which are only mysterious to the unaware and disconnected

Imprint

a flower regardless of its evolutionary course never escapes what it is, a flower; so too the animals, however, sapiens are distinct in that they have a unique, inherent ability to be Self-aware though no qualification is required for the Self-aware as awareness qualifies itself

so, to what end/purpose does each thing aspire or evolve? simply to be exalted as itself, as in that exaltation is completion fully realised

a perfected rose cannot help but be perfected as all other non-cognisant things, a pig wallowing in shit is in instinctive bliss as it was born to it and does not question

yet sapiens differ as they question everything including themselves to arrive at their perfection which is not forced by nature, sapiens must be free to rise or fall in order to attain their perfection, so sapiens have chosen to be simultaneously connected and disconnected with all things including the progenitor of all things

the original, solitary creator 'god' of ancient Egypt 'masturbated' existence into existence, that lone god had no choice, it relied on itself to create everything created then ceased its masturbatory creation in order to develop into something greater than it once was

alone initially it created companions to evolve and become perfected in which process it also

becomes continuously perfected through its creation/itself! which entity must seek initially within, prior to seeking that which it created without, which in essence is modified self in continuous kinetic perfection

the above is that which is below, and the inner is that which appears as the outer, herein is the trap and path to liberation or bondage for created entities

mindlessness serves the natural world well as its program is perfect and harmonious by nature, what need of thought and cognition?

however, a conscious self-aware being is challenged as its perfection must be discovered or achieved to be appreciated, yet sapiens are also able to draw on the same instinctive process if they choose, the greatest knowledge is therefore emptying

in that sense, sapiens rely on nature to lead them to perfection yet a conscious decision must be made to accomplish that task, and do not think that process is simple as we may imagine, we have cognition to deal with, which either liberates or enslaves us, we are struck with a two-edged sword of self-awareness as potential gods if we successfully achieve, or become pigs wallowing in shit if we fail

so do not trouble yourself with thought as it is circular, the origin and end is thoughtless yet fully aware as consciousness without content; we rely on Creation's dynamic, indelible imprint and perfect

knowledge alone to re-collect our inherent
Perfection

The Lie of Predetermination

(A prose poem)

a dead branch cuts into the sky forming a visually contorted erratic series of curves and abrupt angles – shedding its bark and revealing its smooth white wooden flesh in its dying though the branch of this conifer remains fixed to the tree while other smaller branches lay scattered haphazardly on the ground, returned to the soil to nourish more life.

the mixed incongruous shapes of this dying leafless branch defies predetermination as does the rest of the natural world, nature never repeats itself, everything is unique in its living and dying though it may belong to a genus, it remains unique from others of its kind.

its shape advertises and confirms that existence was/is beyond the anxious and fearful attempts of conservative minds to impose formality/uniformity onto existence and the human world, we are all unique though susceptible to cultural lies, impositions and domination.

'our' omniscient god planned everything the anal-ists say including the future, existence is his predetermined design, they say, -- so why is everything in the natural world unique, never replicated? which reality indicates a dynamic of change and chance

this 'minor' reality seems to have escaped the book learned/enslaved dictators that seek to impose uniformity in appearance and behaviour on the slaves amenable to their absurd notions, misinterpretations, dictates and fantasies.

good luck, as the real 'book' of creation, cosmic existence is the book of Truth/Reality directly offered by creation itself for all to See and read, only a fool and the profoundly lost would defy the obvious and opt for perversity, much to their great cost -- climate catastrophe,

mass extinctions and future famine.

find me the life in any man-made book which is able to compete with one little living weed, flower or living blade of grass, you cannot. all living things hold secret a direct route to the living creative force, which necessarily supports by its nature ALL things, including the profoundly lost human race, though the option for return is always available.

nothing knows in advance how many veins and pores a leaf will have or the shape of the branch that supports it, the creative force leaves final outcomes to chance in order for the new and unexpected to emerge, in which process Life delights though an inherent pattern exists but not a fixed outcome, which is always new and unique like creation itself.

the pattern is always harmonious at its heart, it doesn't stray from its inherent harmonious push into existence, yet what it produces is always new and unique -- show me one grain of sand, leaf etc, on the earth that replicates another.

reach out, feeling and absorbing the Living with all your senses, there is nothing dead, static (or uniform) in this or any other universe.

infinity is unable to repeat itself as it would then cease to exist as infinity, the very difference impels it to continue, if god has a name Flux would be appropriate, not the profoundly stupid appellations given by men.

marvel at chance, which has produced everything that is, unique, ecstatic harmonious and pleasing, and realise the force within you from which you too are able to create and contribute to the greater harmony/symphony of Life, not the death that All religions spread like a plague on human societies.

theologians lie as they have no Truth to guide them, plain to see and verify, so they replace the harmony and beauty of reality and

continuity with the discord and death of absurd destructive Dead books that only the feeble-minded and children believe -- beings that fly or walk on water; have you seen a pig or cow fly with wings or without, which match the beauty of the smallest flying insect which nature produces effortlessly by the trillions?

storms strip the leaves and weaker branches from trees yet the tree stands firm already recreating anew what was lost, marvel at the profound simplicity of nature's intelligence which is evident in the seeds of some Australian plants that require fire in order to germinate, which adaption they learned after man and his hunting fires invaded the land.

what do humans learn? how to kill each other and destroy everything; 'subdue the earth' their perverse bible says and their genocidal god commands, clearly a god of lies, wanton death perversity and destruction.

all man-made gods encoded in man-made texts are devoid of the harmony that pervades existence -- sell your death, lies and perversity to each other, as you have done since you recorded your commands and fictions, which are clearly designed to enslave/misguide humanity and maintain elite rule.

predetermination is proof of the lack of spontaneous creation and chance, you lying fools -- nature's outcomes are never pre-designed, plain to See, existence is not a clock.

the push is always forward, undetermined, chance is the mother of creation/evolution – where is the life and joy of surprise and the New in predetermination? creation is not prediction, the tiny particles/energies of existence live and dance in harmonious chaos which produces the new, never reproducing the old.

i am ready to win, lose or draw and play/dance again, this game is Life everlasting, everything continues in one form or another forever.

only the fearful, vacuous and fools are fascinated by dead fictions
and a predetermined dead universe, which clearly does Not exist.

Night Fliers (Bogong)

flying by night seeks a luminary to
navigate

all earthly night fliers fly by the
moon with dusted wings ever so
light fluttering like airborne orgasms
which terrestrial creatures envy,
they seem to know the ecstasy of
our flight tho they prey on us
continually, spitefully jealous it
seems, but what do we care?

i alight on a wall attracted by electric
light, the downfall of my kind but
nature, as if aware of future technologies,
provided a strategy irrepressible,
we reproduce young by the millions,
impelled to reproduce again and again
in season

at times our flying swarms obliterate
sight of the moon from ground, you
terrestrials have no hope of silencing
the humming of our dusted wings that
flutter by the moon in unspeakable
delight

Rising

amplitudes rise though resonances remain
unchanged, every sound, frequency, motion
has already been struck

existence expands to accommodate variations
of the existing tho there is nothing new in the
new, it's the same discords and chords regardless
of where one looks, sees and feels

my wand made according to the art is an
extension, projecting will/power at a target,
there is no defence against this projection
as once created it continues as all else, in one
form/desire though some vibrations harm and
others heal -- what to do with this power stolen
from the Gods/existence?

the juggler/magus/conductor manipulates what
is, to produce what is not, transforming what is
thereby -- combined polar energies of their own
accord attempt to cancel or destroy their opposite
in order to neutralise what is not, which eventually
becomes what is until another chord or discord
arises from the energy of both dissolutions, which
raw, unblemished power produces and births more
harmonised chaos and creation

we are left at the 'beginning' of creation always,
the notion of arriving is false as the journey
is the realisation of continuity, beginningless
and endless, there is never an end to this
'journey'/symphony

what is your place in it, which resonant tone in

this symphony is your particular signature?
how high is the amplitude of your creation, or
does it remain undetected in the flux?

have you learned not to Be, as to Be is the
better option?

Feign

another poem birthing tho i have no idea
what it desires

this time language like assorted vegetables
and fruits are blended, not in some mysterious
way but like making a smoothie with a kitchen
blender -- it's rather puzzling as this hasn't
occurred before but the muse has her ways

in goes every word i can remember and
many i have forgotten plus the base solution
or liquid emotion in which everything is
emulsified -- how on earth could something
coherent be the result, tho i never have
doubts?

i was reading Kafka the night before tho i
do not relate to his dilemmas and anguish
awkwardly disguised in his skilled
literary productions, tho the surreal does
appeal it's trapped, pointless endings leaving
only existential crises is pure Kafka, tragic
soul that he was

writers have no choice, they are forced
to write about themselves all the time
regardless of how distant or well disguised
that self appears to be in the work -- the
self vomits thru every sentence but is
re-consumed by the writer/dog who
attempts distance and once swallowed
is regurgitated in an endless cycle of futile
attempts to hide

so now to this blend; the heavy liquid brew
continues to be without form so the blades
of the muse weren't utilised on this occasion
perhaps to instruct or simply to experiment --
has descriptive meaning been produced?

of course it has, you have just read it
but you long for meaningful emotion,
something you wish to hang yourself
from but after dog vomits which are
re-consumed and banal kitchen appliance
metaphors what good, merit or elevating
meaning/emotion is to be had?

none whatsoever as is clear, meaning
in a world devoid of it remains
nevertheless, tho very easily hidden,
unlike the feeble attempts to hide self

this blend is pure prose without
a skerrick of the poetic artifice
but do not be disappointed/displeased
as allusions and meaninglessness
are plentiful -- as meaning is the most
meaningless word in any language

there is no use throwing a rope or lifeline
to a person unaware they are drowning
they simply do not see it, they *painfully*
enter the realm of death in a dream state,
much like the dream they imagine was/is
their lives

Senseless

there is no sense to be had from dulled
senses that feed and pollute minds

what lasting gain or good is to be had
from the conflicts born of perverse
avaricious minds?

give me pure water to drink which once
flowed freely over the land, give me clean
air to breathe which now is only available
on the highest mountain tops

ur poison minds produce poison fruits,
u are killing the earth and its life though
ur dulled senses tell u it's necessary for
profit and progress, but what profit
or progress exists in extinction/death?

there is no mystery except the profound
stupidity of humankind that now rejects
all things harmonious, natural and clean

contorted minds twisted into knots
cannot hope to see the easy path of
harmony

so continue until u are no more never
knowing the paradise u have lost,
existence will not miss you

join the many failed species before u;
existence continues without the slightest
regret, only those aware of its harmony
and peace thrive in worlds beyond ur

pathetic, poisonous reach

you have only failed your profoundly
stupid selves

Waste

why waste ur time with that (poetry)

i nearly clocked u for that remark --
do bears shit in the woods?

waste my time? is my life a waste by
implication? i am a poet it was not a
decision it was and simply is what i
am

sometimes it rains and pours other times
squeezing juice from a rock but it flows
not by choice but by some other demand

u have so much to give

really? do u see the red arterial rivers
that flow, or hear the sound of deafening
silence in a quiet brain or understand what
only poets understand, that we simply are
reflectors, polished mirrors of what needs
to be said, communicated

giving what no eye sees or ear hears; award
me a posthumous medal for woven seasons,
blankets of fire and molten lead to scorch ur
senses, insensitive to the harp strings of
paradise

drink with me that intoxicating reverie that
separates poets from the drear -- waste my
time! *waste*, for fuck's sake

before me a reed so hollow it hisses

i will write my next poem on ur forehead
and brand u for life tho only poets would
see the scar

as for u and ur ilk show me ur life with which
to compare my 'waste'

i see beyond the seen, before ur thoughts
coalesce into, let's get married and have
kids -- give me and urself a break

i am off to shit in the woods, do u feel it
burning?

Meaning

the meaning of meaning evades understanding
like a Zen koan, it cracks then shatters mind
leaving only the pristine, unblemished
origination

how fearful this process, plucking metal
feathers from grounded birds that wish
only to fly, tho the sky remains empty

streams and rivers must flow to the sea and
rise again to the sky like spine fountains that
burst in the brain spilling soma, birthing
creation

a Lie was the cause of the fall and Truth/
reality sets all free, watch rivers of light
flow and circulate to See

action arises from non-action effortlessly
allow the flow of soma to circulate
ceaselessly by interrogating meaning

Be with me, tho this is no place for personal
pronouns, the steel feathers that prevent flight

existence does not labour, it simply becomes
spontaneously; the above is as the below
and that which is below must rise above,
the hot flows to the cold and the cold
warms to the above without effort

all the power in creation is there for the
taking if taking is effortless, spontaneous

sweat, blood and sorrow plague those that
try/labour, everything already is -- could
you 'add one cubit or remove one jot?'

shattered pieces reform themselves
automatically, black roses and scarlet
tulips do not exist, the meaning of
meaning cannot be defined tho meaning
defines then shatters all things

the void is full and overflowing,
saturated existence is void

this poem is not a riddle, discern the
meaning of meaning to un-know,
which unknowing gives rise to all
knowledge

this poem is not a poem it's a koan
saturated with meaning tho appearing
meaningless

in the end/beginning, u may discover that
meaning is meaningless

Walking

an irresistible urge to walk possessed me

gone were the days when i crawled on
knees and hands, watching my fingers
merge with grass and leaves -- i had not
yet separated

i remember

dressed in heavy coat against the snow
and cold, i took a step of my own volition
two feet moving by another force tho i
was unbalanced, falling forward but erect

victory swept over me and filled my being
until a wall interrupted my progress tho
i could not stop, walking alone was
too
intoxicating

i slammed hard into the wall and laughed,
so very young

i have been walking alone and slamming
into walls ever since

i remember my first victory, the joy of it

For You

u have complained bitterly that i have
never put u in verse, a poet that has
written from a mere glance of bewitching
eyes or has expressed the beauty of a
wave retreating slowly from the shore

do not lament ur exclusion as poetry stirs
things unknown and sometimes dangerous

i recall two unnatural stares which resulted
in the death of the two persons in focus,
tho at the time i was unaware that the
glances were accompanied by thoughts
of death which force engaged my vision
and found actuality in the demise of two
who were unaware of my focus

the wind does not whisper for u nor does
it sing

do not lament ur absence as the poetry of
love i have written has been written to no
effect other than rejection and that i do not
seek for u

the moon doesn't shine for u tho it caresses
the chill waters of the bay while u remain
warm beside/inside me, do not lament that
my word spells are for others known and
unknown

understand that while writing i am unaware
of my inner thoughts as the poem appears
to write itself, and it's the deep thoughts

behind the written that find undetectable
expression in events -- i dare not frame u
in verse

the dunes move with the wind on southern
beaches hiding murder and death, u are
too precious to risk capturing in verse, all
manner of untamed forces pounce on poetry
and seek expression

be content that u are unassailable remain as
u are free from captivity free of the allusions
of word-spells

fly by day and sleep peacefully at night, ignore
the spells cast by poets

Clock

an incongruous oddity broke the usual
harmony in my life

not yet clear of the source i began hunting
it down

everything seemed in its chaotic place in
my studio until i closed my eyes and
deferred to my ears instead

it then hit me like a brick, the old clock
was not ticking, it was tocking and its
arms were moving backwards

tock tick, tock tick

how could this be? the clock had departed
into the surreal like Dali's melting

i thought little of this at first until i
realised that it was pulling the room
with it; low tones became brighter the
ceiling became the floor leaving me
spinning without a fixed location

tock tick, tock tick, on it went until
the melt set in

first the walls began to drip and then flow
slowly like treacle, Dali hadn't affected this
before so i grabbed my book on the history
of art before it melted

Vincent was alive and his swirls were

moving, the German dude's cock was
becoming erect, wtf?

until Munch's scream transported me into
the terror, the horror but Pablo saved me
by locking me in a blue cube until my clock
regained its composure

hickory dickory dock,
tick tock, tick tock,
the mouse ran up
her what?

the clock struck one, the mouse ran down ...,
finish it yourself

tock tick, tick tock ...

Counterfeit

this is reality, presented like a ghost
from the mouths of fools and liars --
u must adjust to it

i have no intention as what u present
(culture) makes no sense to my sense,
i cannot nor would i adjust to a turd

seeing

i could see forever as a child i had not
yet been trained in blindness

i could hear angels sing until i was
taught the chromatic scale now i hear
only what it produces

i could fly on my magic cloud and go
anywhere i wished by imagining,
now i am offered street directories

before i was taught to write i could
read the universe, now they give me
books with limited characters

haven't they yet realised that innocence
is full to overflowing from the inexhaustible
cosmic well within it?

today children are deprived of joy and
dying of thirst but they are coerced to
adjust to a turd ('civilised' society)

Here and There

i came from there and ended here but
there is where my heart is, as it is
my origin

yet here and there become irrelevant
as location does not alter essential
character

i am that which i always was tho
location attempts modification to suit

so here i am a warrior in a slave society
yet my blood is that of conquerors,
Mongol and Slavic, too strong to tame
yet they tried from my earliest years
with cruel punishments delivered by
cowardly, racist, anglo adults on a child,
so different, which only had the opposite
effect as my blood and heritage defied
every attempt

u have today a person that answers only
to ancestry and Truth alone, keep ur meek
and mild social fantasies/deceptions to
urself they are for feeble-minded slaves

i have defied and fought to maintain my
original nature which cannot be compromised,
i would rather die a lion fighting than an
anglo dog whimpering in fear

now u see how easy u were conquered by
my ancestors, u shit-eating dogs, u have
forgotten what u are, as my origin is ur

origin tho u must fight to maintain ur
integrity; and that action is the irreconcilable
difference between us

look deep into my Asiatic eyes and see ur
inevitable demise

Poem

flowers bloom on the sea, the sky
flashes gold, it's not ur average day

blue lotuses carpet the waters until
i realise it's me that is seeing what
lies before and after, there is no
beginning or end to this dream

i am the dreamer and dream, on it
flows and spins fast and slow
relative to the centre -- why deprive
experience, why relinquish reason
for a dream of which i could describe
much more?

but it should be obvious -- the dream
created by the shadow rulers is a
nightmare, it's called civilisation and
drips with blood and poison; its subjects
are cowards and slaves that do not
weave their own dreams, they opt for
the poison offered by culture rather than
delight in the food and ambrosia of the
Gods

they are always welcome at the table but
are too frightened to attend

Today

if i had an eye i would see yet i have
two and remain blind

if i had a brain i would think and
discriminate for myself yet my two
lobes accept a drip feed from the
matrix/media and believe its fictions

if i had a heart i would feel and
empathise with the suffering of others
yet i am insensitive as my heart was
stolen for transplant to the highest
bidder

if i had a soul i would know god and
delight in its harmony/creation
but i remain a modern man as empty
and weak as a hollow reed

Ventriloquy

raise the curtain and See the art of
ventriloquy

a pallid, cognisant being speaking for
you and himself, tho the dialogue is
scripted to entertain and distract

the dummy here is alive tho devoid
of sense, such is the refined art of
ventriloquy

but look closely and discover that the
dummy is familiar and the pallid
person is your adversary

he finishes his act and withdraws
behind the curtain unseen, tho the act
continues via the apparatus of the
broader theatrical art where it is more
difficult to determine the ventriloquists
from the dummies

it becomes apparent that the dialogue
is non-existent, as the art behind the
curtain clearly indicates the sole
discourse of a scripted monologue

Naked Angels

i had committed a crime grievous to
monitoring eyes, walking awake and
aware in crowds of automatons and
somnambulists that feign life from
9 to 5

they are chained by debt and serve
their masters grudgingly

and when released they grapple with
existence/freedom, as they have
precious little of it, stupor and
dilemma is home

stolen souls cram IT jungles, anti-social
media, accurately named, pretends
friends, where titillations rule digital
landscapes inducing delusion, creating
chronic masturbators, physical and mental

digital titillations fail to satisfy flesh,
blood and bone, yet they persist, where
else is there to go?

everything directed to self-pleasure in
a world now devoid of meaning and
real companionship

perhaps abuse is more accurate but then
who would judge?

i am invisible adrift in a meaningless
land of targeted consumerism, buried in
a world of another's making

beware,
do not repair to nature as u would stand
blazing, incongruous in the natural; better
to access ur smart device, it gives fake
comfort to false, created identities, false
'friends' that do not know you or themselves
but belong to the same enslaved group

tho a trillion captured slaves and fools bleat,
'look, look!' they never see what there is to
see, freedom lost to a voracious, parasitic
beast

it suits me to hide in plain sight, tapping keys,
creating naked angels

Freedom

the Gods came and prostrated before
their maker, man -- is the creator inferior
to that created?

and so when all the religious and 'sacred'
texts are read the obvious becomes known,
all the books were written by men and
by consequence all the Gods in these texts
were created by men

and so would i pay homage to myself? not
likely, that which exists above the gods
and man is That which i would honour,
Truth, yes, simple Truth, no commandments
or punishments, Truth does not punish or
lie like man and his religions

Truth is free, unconditional and beyond the
reach of commodification, always available
and forever abiding, those qualities do me
just fine

man in his delusion chokes on all his books
which teach slavery, nothing more, only
Truth sets us free as is known by all -- so
what is this shit you are trying to sell me
today?

Quality

they glide miles without thinking or
effort just above the water where air
and sea meet forming a secret current
known to the feathered few

a gull returning to the cliffs in a storm
twitches its wings and body perfectly
in almost cyclonic winds to land safely
in its nest, a wonder to behold how wild
creatures react perfectly to the elements
without thought

the beauty and harmony of natural existence
is unparalleled by anything produced by
those that have mastered thought, a price
too high to pay for losing direct connection
with natural harmony

a screaming airliner rips the sky dragged
upward by primitive polluting engines,
the craft cannot twitch or manoeuvre its
body fast enough to save itself when
difficulties arise, down they go with all
lives lost when they routinely fail

yet man governed by thought, *thinks*
himself wonderful in his profound
blindness

the wind moves the long grasses and
whips waves on the sea which yield
and react according to their nature,
hissing, murmuring and splashing songs
while screaming man forces himself

onto a natural world like some blind
refugee from the depths of ignorance
and folly

it is absurd to worship the contorted,
cumbersome, creations of man, which
the smallest living creature puts to shame
-- such is the supreme intelligence of
thoughtlessness compared to the continual
failures of arrogant and inadequate
imaginings

"I think therefore I am," is missing the
most important qualifier: 'I think therefore
I am [deluded]' is far more accurate

learn harmony and respect from the tribals
that have managed to survive the murderous
onslaught of 'civilised' men and perhaps you
too would discover who you were really
meant to Be

Crooked Mile

he found a crooked coin
a currency now forlorn
but didn't buy a crooked
cat that only caught crooked
mice or took up residence
in a little crooked house

he placed his crooked coin
between steel hammer and
anvil plate and beat it back
to shape restoring the harmony
that once prevailed before that
wicked crooked mile contorted
everything out of shape

he took his restored coin to
that eternal straight gate and
paid his entry into paradise for
himself and his wayward mates
proving to all that he was not
that crooked man

Magus

the wind has gone crazy whipping silver
and black eels into the air, from the lake,
shooting them thru the trees like arrows

the lake heaves up leaving the bottom
exposed then drops back with a crashing
splash which sends the waters across the
land to slowly return and re-form the lake
which again heaves up and drops down

i continue walking sideways in the wind,
feet thumping against the gusts from which
perspective i see what few creatures see,
the sun and moon in the sky simultaneously
though in polarity in which instant the sun
and moon embrace only to be ripped apart
again and resume their polar orbits in a
surgically split sky displaying day and night
at once divided

how strange these phenomena

withdrawing my crystal-tipped willow wand
from its silk scabbard, i restore harmony and
wonder which evil sorcerer has cast this spell,
my enemies are many? nevertheless my magick
overrides the chaotic madness of sorcerers

u appear before me whispering rhymes and
intoning names of power but i detect it's not
u and take another sip of potion which
exposes the black-eyed horned god that
rules the affairs of men, what need do i
have of that thing too easily banished

by the pentagram forming in my brain

the tar streets and steel tracks run in circles
which meaningless direction i am tempted
not to rectify but man must continue in his
linear directions to oblivion

i flip two cards from my deck, the fool and
hanged man, very revealing, i move my
piece across the board, check, the game i
mastered as a boy -- ur move

London bridge is falling down and every
thing appears normal again but u are my
lover lost in the chaos to which u returned
voluntarily, i hesitate to use my magick
to save u, as it was ur choice, my fair lady

Chinese needles and pins pierce my skin
scattering my harmony and power, i relax
and the needles fall from my body

the sky returns to itself as night, with a
shattered moon piecing itself together;
birds return to the trees and eels to water

yet another night in the fight, against the
deceptions and artifices of darkness, they
never rest

they will never succeed -- if i falter, fail
or die then my apprentice would assume
my role and former position to continue
the fight, his training is almost complete

the ladder and the angels descending and
ascending, all is returned before dawn,

except the shining serpent in the jewelled
tree, how could i have overlooked it?

hurriedly i return the lord of darkness and
light to the tree and ease back gently in my
geode fortress, relaxed and always ready

Compensation

they thought me slow as a child due to
my inability to express myself verbally

like climbing cliffs and rocky ledges,
pausing, stumbling, waiting for words
that flow easily from my pen without
a thought

from past life mistakes and abuses my
mouth fails to utter fluently and with
eloquence, yet by way of compensation
any textual inscriber, pen, brush, stylus
or keyboard dances with my fingers,
wrists and hands

i am confined to semi-silence purposely,
the pen soothes and rages according to
what it wishes to encode while my mouth
continues to stall on everyday words

is it a curse, magic or both? whatever is
taken away is balanced by another faculty,
fortunate is the poet that allows the pen to
do the writing and cursed is the mouth that
cuts hearts and lives to the quick

i now know why and it pains me, so i
allow it to flow from my fingertips lest
i choke on my own acerbic poison again;
to harm with such a weapon is unforgivable
and so that weapon is now denied me. the
tongue has two sides like a sword tho soft,
yet is able to cut sharper than a scalpel

now in silence do i communicate clearly
and easily though i have learned that the
tongue should only sing praises and bring
joy to others

the vagus connects the heart to the tongue
so use with extreme caution lest you too
harm yourself

Blowing Desolation

believe the wind blowing thru desolation
kissing hot lava, frying cool seas, stepping
on the highest mountains then returning to
its secret place in the pulse of the earth

the perfection, the Real, easily seen in the
movements of the wind; fire, rain, heaving
seas and the expanse of space

yet it is the same harmony expressed by
each according to its uniqueness and
character

the throat of a thrush moving waves in
the medium which appears as song like
the sound of blood rushing thru veins
wet with whooshing

the throb of heart and brain synchronised
opens the gates of paradise but remains
closed to the deaf, blind and insensitive

do you hear, do you see forever, or would
u remain as culture-created gnats tugged
this way and that by evil manipulations?

what! you do not see, hear or appreciate
the harmony?

the only way to see the blueness of the
sky is to look up with your eyes

die in awe then wait for the wind to
reveal all it has touched on this earth

since it became itself

u need not believe you have broken
free and see what is in pushing out
and that which is out pushing in --
the heaving of the universe until it
finds rest in equilibrium then tires of
its sleep to awaken once again as a
new cycle of creation

imagine all the energy in creation
exploding from the smallest indivisible
point then moving eight more times
to create everything that is seen and
unseen and you stuck in front of your
evil TV imagining that you See

Forsaken

waters rise to accommodate the changes,
winds alter course affected by the sea,
the once-hidden future becomes predictable

caught in the slow whirling cycles of
change dervishes dance, mystics shudder
in divine bliss, there is no force able to
disturb That irresistible flow

those given choice have erred, they have
chosen death, a slow death of torment,
hollowing out life in stages and yet
they passively embrace their deaths as
if harmonious sustainable living is
somehow impossible

sleepwalking to oblivion, the adversary
triumphs over the horde, too many
forsake their gifts/options allowing
darkness and profit to dominate the
halls of power

yet the immortal rose unfurls its sacred
petals in sympathy with the pattern of
creation

harmony and truth speak loud to those
that have an ear to hear, perfection and
beauty reign supreme to those that have
an eye though cleansing purges are visible
on the horizon; once again the cycle is
ready to repeat itself

while all the while infinity dances whirling,

swirling in the ecstasy of creation though
torment for reasons known is now preferred
by the majority on this plane

and so it will be

Birth-Death

u urged me to jump, free-falling from
a jutting ledge in the blue of the
mountains into a dark valley below

u promised i would not die tho death
was assured -- believe me and live,
You stated, as if God had spoken

but the voice issued from within tho
its origin was somewhere unspecified
though more familiar than myself

have i lied to myself, a trick to extinguish
my tortures and joys on this plane, or
was it some strange possession?

it seemed impossible, thoughts racing
at the speed of light i had jumped without
thinking and was in free fall, no panic
only exhilaration, certain this would be
the last of my many follies -- the valley
floor approaching in slow and rapid
motion

options reduced to nothing in the hands
of Newton, tho a flash screamed through
my entirety, surrender is ur only choice,
i would remain master by volition

i let it all go, including my life, and
surrendered completely only to find
myself elsewhere flooded in radiant
white light, drowning now in ineffable
peace and bliss

u kept ur impossible Word the very first
word spoken

i continue though not as before, i died
to my former tortured, ignorant self
and became a mystical poet among
other inconceivable things

Sand

(Inspired by Hermann Hesse's, The Glass Bead Game)

glass beads of great value and fascination
are bet in the game yet their intrinsic value
is of no worth whatsoever

i once accumulated with skill and cunning
many strings of the rarest beads created
by glass blowers in their fiery furnaces,
the owners often joke that glass is of
the same value as sand

yet an entire world is enslaved by this sand,
the worthless glass beads that men kill and
die for

the tragic joke is on them for maintaining
their false belief that baubles and stringed
trinkets are valuable

great palaces and glass towers are built by
exchanging beads and manipulating minds

the glass producers have kept hidden
the secrets of their unscrupulous trade
for obvious reasons, what real worth
is a bead made of sand?

they feed off the toil and blood of duped
innocents now forced to exchange these
beads as currency, parasites that easily
attach to the soft permeable skin/minds
of the people to derive an easy living

the lie is perpetuated daily by glass screens
which the slaves carry constantly unaware
they carry their own subjection in their
pockets

i am forced to live in a landlocked, polluted
city to maintain close proximity to the game
and have only heard rumours of the sea in
which swim powerful predators with sharp
serrated teeth making short work of their prey
though it is said that small, fragile, weak,
parasitic fish attach themselves to the bellies
of these powerful predators and happily hitch
a ride while sucking the life-blood of their
unaware hosts

Instantly

the deep scars of experience trace my
prints to the present, looking behind
counters the new -- cast vision forward
and see the teeming deep forests of the
possible

mists rise above, some swirling, others
dissipating, some coming slowly to
form though translucent promising what?
mysteries far from actualisation, indications
only of a possible new course that releases
the bind of previous dreams, nightmares
and illusions

leave what is behind become (new), whispers
the wind

a twitch indicates approval, a portend of
rising, blossoming flowers producing fruit
overflowing, voluptuous with colour, texture
and taste, senses intoxicated dazzling mind
and delineating the past from the future and
yet only in between in the present an invisible
diamond cleave hides existence bursting from
the insinuated, imperceptible, to fill all space
and time which realms evade the mundane,
yet its fullness is overwhelming

succumb, surrender or miss the opportunity
of freedom from the known past and projected
future; die completely to everything, the lies
and fabrications, language is not necessary
to communicate, leave it to the gibbering
gibbons that adorn themselves in all manner

of delusions, false hopes and pretences that never deliver, each failed hope replaced with another lie to rescue the lost and morbid, that unknowingly seek their own destruction in order to escape their self-inflicted torment, how very sorry and incapable they are seeking death in order to achieve salvation

never make comparisons with past experiences for good or ill as they lie in the present and bind tighter than a constrictor -- thus powerful buffalos become stuck in the mud lured by thirst and water and becoming easy prey for cold-blooded crocodiles that slide easily over mud and glide in/underwater

beware and be aware and live

Consumed

symmetry is shattered at midnight
tiny fragments of crystal strewn
carelessly across the night sky flicker
magically and shoot arcs of light
when agitated, a moonless night
accentuates the beauty of asymmetry

what is this allure? perhaps a dim
memory of the warm, dark, womb
yet its comfort is undeniable, a relief
perhaps from the harshness of day

in contrast are ur dark almond eyes
set widely apart enhancing ur nose
and cheekbones, all perfectly triangulated,
the inverted apex directs the gaze to
ur soft, moist lips, a face that captures
rapture and agitates the groin

i have no need of reconciliation, the
asymmetry of nature, which fashions
its beauty, and the symmetry of ur face
which pleases mortals, aesthetic symmetry
is born of the chaotic asymmetry of
nature, brittle day drowned by the softness
of night

appearances deceive, distance provides
perspective and in that new view a perfect
spiralling symmetry is revealed, without
beginning or end

fireflies flicker in the darkness by the lake
living eternities in seconds

Progress

forward against the prevailing wind
that buffets my progress -- i have
had these pillow fights before

yet neither my physical or mental
progress disturbed, as i can only
move forward

so many last kisses some known to
be final others haunt my memories
as they pretended otherwise, but why
should i now consider last kisses,
revisions, regrets and joys?

the roaring wind is responsible, as it
attempts to reverse my direction but
it should know, to no avail, nothing
has ever stopped me tho at times
some tracks appear deeper than others
-- pauses, times of resistance, reflection
and new visions

the new is the impelling force, new
horizons, experiences to satiate my
unquenchable thirst for everything

at times i feel i could imbibe a
universe and pick my teeth with
a comet's tail

those that pass me, moving in the
opposite direction, struggle, yet
the wind is in their favour, they
seem asleep, cocooned in their

myopic direction, they remain
unaware the wind assists their
course

i am invisible to them as it does not
occur to any that there is another way
against the prevailing wind which so
easily herds and concentrates many
into narrow passes until the only option
is desperate plummeting over ravines,
the force of the crowd annihilates
them all, tho each in turn

i watch the grasses and trees yield in the
wind hissing against the force, they
remain fixed in their place waiting for
change

in the distance ahead i see a solitary
figure proceeding in my direction, tho
far in advance, i wonder ...

Purpose

reeling from the effects of medication which dulls body reflexes, the cognitive processes and transforms average people into automatons managed by dressed in white carers, and nurses, frankie was nevertheless able to pierce through the chemically induced fog with driven purpose, which was buried but not suffocated by the medication, which chemicals under normal circumstances reduced most creative human beings to turnips.

frankie analysed this ability to overcome the fog and attributed it to practices he learned in the East which evade western attempts to render a person into an automaton. frankie was a mixture of diverse characteristics, qualities and behaviours, which define something as unique therefore unacceptable to civilised society. yes, frankie was human all too human but felt an outsider understanding something greater, than himself which seemed to sustain him through these challenges.

frankie had overcome chemical assassination with difficulty but overcame it nonetheless; frankie had been in the throes of mastering his life/existence well before he was arrested for the social crimes of dissension and subversion, which self-mastery would also grant him freedom from culture and the known -- he had prior to his forced incarceration, already realised he was a product of culture and pursued freedom from it.

frankie had coursed through the void as a youth -- that realm between what is and what is not on many occasions, which journeys had immunised him from many of culture's constraints, chemical or otherwise tho his body was subject to the physical yet the effects of medication applied on what culture perceived but not necessarily on what is -- and so frankie maintained his uniqueness with comparative ease though few noticed as they were trained products with narrowed perceptions, awareness and expectations, they saw only what they were trained to see; consequently, the real frankie was

undetected, free from the expected, usual and mundane and soon released as cured and rehabilitated ...

Suddenly

i have lost my mind at last, it was
wiped clean away, as pure Light has
no need of cultural adornments

my agitated heart finally rested in its
unperturbed state, happy to no longer
engage in senseless passions, injustice
and other emotional distractions

my soul found its origination and
dissolved leaving me without so much
as a wisp of anything identifiable

and so today i'm a madman, drunk on
boundless Light, i had not realised i
was dying of thirst and starving for
the ineffable comfort of pristine
incorruptible Light and perfect rest,
which envelopes only those that are
mad to the world

the Light reveals itself to whomsoever
it chooses, sinners, saints, the learned
and illiterate there is no road, disciplines
or map to Truth yet somehow perfection
is attained which satiates not only the
fortunate soul but everything else that
exists, always, Light does not discriminate

the judgement of gods is a lie, ladders
and pitfalls lie, war and peace lie, the
entire world of men and all culture's
creations Lie

fortunate indeed is the One that has been
impoverished by that Light alone

Few

yesterday i was poor, two meals a day
was an abundance

today i have gold, fine silks and all
manner of desired things which i
would sacrifice without hesitation
for one day of the simple poverty
i once had

ask me a question, any question and
i would answer correctly, my life has
been wasted acquiring the knowledge
of men, which an illiterate shepherd boy
puts to shame

wild finches come to my window to
feed on the seeds i keep for my bread,
the birds became so accustomed to
the seeds i offered that soon they gladly
took up residence in a cage

fish cannot be tamed or trained to
perform tricks because the sea is too
vast to measure

pearls are formed from an irritation,
the oyster covers the irritating grain
until a precious pearl forms

i have taunted existence for the Truth
as long as i can remember, until it finally
covered me in its most precious essence

i wandered the country as a boy lost for

the most part, as a man i sought directions
and became profoundly lost

today i ignore road signs and advice,
now every road i take leads me home

White Sands

the white sands of Fraser attract miners
like bees to honey

greed temporarily thwarted by the public
that value pristine islands, spotless beaches
and unique environments above money

but miners are patient, the mineral allure
is too strong to resist

though while i and others live at least,
the island would remain as it was/is

the pure white ocean beach and inland
sands will not be devastated by greed,
the great sandy island they once named
it, is momentarily protected from
rapacious miners

value is relative -- following a creek that
empties ancient pure fresh water into the
sea, i found a spiral sea shell that was not
part of the local sea fauna, who knows how
long it was buried in the preserving sands
or how it managed its way so far inland?
time offers an answer

as the sandy island was formed slowly by
tides dumping sand until vegetation took
hold and stabilised the shifting sands which
attracted more sand from tides until the
largest sand island was formed off the
Australian coast

if the shell could speak it would reveal its history yet it has another more profound message, the spiral of its formation is a message from the milky way signing its ownership over everything in our galaxy, solar system, and the white sands of Fraser

Waves

ocean waves mimic, driven by the
same force that pushes everything
to the shoreless expanse

breaking into pluralistic existence
tho supported by the same singular
force that drives everything into and
out of itself to return again as a wave
that propelled me/you, everything
into existence only to withdraw again,
absorb its essence and thrust all
existence into uncertainty leaving
only a spark of itself though enough to
bring forth everything that is and will
be, only to be re-absorbed back into
itself to repeat the cycle endlessly

though with each roll and break
a New game is played that robs all
existence of the notion of separation

Plain Sight

today there is no better location to hide anything -- populations worldwide are unable to see what is before their noses but believe all manner of lies/fictions, propaganda and fabricated fantasies

i should know i am a scribe, skilled in the belief arts of communication, which today are called, Marketing, PR and 'Perception Management'

leading nose-ringed (media) slaves is simply a matter of exploiting the weaknesses the media and the socialisation process create

look around you now, you see the victory of myth and religious/ideological fantasies and the assassination of Reality/Truth, which process creates slaves/automatons, whether they think they are affected or not they remain in the bind, as disbelief is the binary opposite of belief, which binds with psychological chains stronger than iron, as these chains are formed and reside in the head -- they are of the slave's own making tho taught the process of manufacture by culture

and so i would present Truth under the very noses of blind believers that imagine they see, there is no safer place to hide anything of value, Freedom for instance, in plain sight

recall Lao's poem recorded in 600BC:

"if not for the notion of beauty there would be no ugliness, if not for the notion of good there would be no evil.

Polarities alternate one with the other [qualify each other] and are mutually bound in perpetual conflict/opposition.

The wise man (Sage) therefore achieves action through non-action and imparts his teaching silently as the Way (Tao) imparts all things that can be known, naturally and easily."

therein lies freedom from the [known] bind of polarities/binary oppositions in a few sentences, and how very sweet that Freedom is

Transition

night follows day as twilight,
no light-switch changes in nature;
transitions are usually smooth tho
borders/boundaries between temporal
states are sometimes squeezed
when lightning strikes from the
sky at midnight

i leave u return, one day our movements
may synchronise so we both come together,
leave and return together but as it stands
it's a futile expectation

two distinct patterns, one spontaneous
the other learned, too tidy to be real
tho one pattern is always distinct the
other is shared with the majority
in every society

how the fuck did such an anal personality
find me attractive? perhaps it was
subconscious need, the need to erupt
into chaos and birth a fertile nebula of
possibilities

feel my pulsing quasar throbs of light
they are synchronised like my Life and
pursued in semantic artifices, poetry

yes i understand, philistines are the majority
in every society, however, u should recognise,
art when u see it

but of course, the symmetry of a freshly

arranged dining table with silver shining
knives, spoons and forks, tho i would use
those words metaphorically, also arrange
your life

O, *that* dinner table! the one we once fucked
on and u pissed all over when u came and i
went

Eternity

i loved u before i was and when i
became i loved u more; emerging
from the primordial vapours without
an identity but a burning love for
You only

i remembered when u cast me into
existence with a kiss that tattooed
my forming heart; formed to serve
and love you until time itself dies
of exhaustion, spent, maintaining
my search for You only

i remember ur parting words, find
me that we may both live and
continue in this eternal Love

and so without direction i searched
through lives and experiences, all
of which brought me closer to You
tho i had no idea where u were but
somehow always knew the closing
distance between us

ur final words perplex me to this day
'find me that we may both live ...'
implying that if i fail we would both
perish in the void

overwhelmed by the urgency i fought
all manner of obstructions/abuse to
reach a nearer proximity, i feel You
now more than ever before

spurred on by this quickening and much
wiser from the lessons of experience, i
now sail home to You carried magnetically
in the burning fire, like a Phoenix flying
cosmic seas always deftly manoeuvring
around threats and obstacles

i care little for myself, however, under no
circumstance would i allow You to be
absorbed by the void, a space reserved for
meaningless and lost lives

i must find you to save you and me

perhaps i was given a great gift to know
what i must do in existence, return to You
and become again with You together as
One

some say i was cursed, referring to the
many tortures i have suffered in my
search, perhaps, but the pains and
tribulations only brought me closer
so i would invite the increase in power
of this curse, as i know it ends in Union

never fear my Love, emancipation is
nearer than we both know

i am so near i understand only now that
my love is your Love, the Love that set
all existence in motion

About the Author

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

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

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

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

The current book has been gathered from his many poems relating to personal and social transformation -- *assistant editor*

Books by the Author:

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

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