

WONDERGROUND

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PREFACE

Dear Reader,

Poetry is personal, as is the enjoyment of it. Poems come in many forms, again, one's preference being personal. The vast majority of the poems included in this book embrace and utilise simple and varied 'rhyming verse'. These poems were drawn from a much larger body of loosely categorised work generated over the past ten years.

Poetry is personal ...
Best silently construed
And pondered by the feeling eye
Of heart where none intrude

It gifts to you alone What you alone perceive therein Best read subdued in quietude To glean what lies within

Essentially the author is a 'watcher' who by way of verse is attempting to give expression to a variety of personal observations, insights and perspectives in an effort to examine diverse themes and topics, ranging from the esoteric to the existential, each relative to the common human condition. The reader will invariably discover ambiguity and contradiction, for the author is human after all. Given the imprecise nature of words and their use, they are ever at the mercy of construal skewed by the prism of another's sensibilities; such is the nature of all reading.

The author considers that poetry in particular is best appraised and reflected upon in the sole and sovereign silence of one's own mind, in the presence of one's own heart, in order to seize and glean the essence of what has been approximately and sincerely conveyed. Indeed, one may need to attentively read a poem more than once to ascertain and reflect upon its underlying message and sense. The author simply hopes and trusts that one or some of the insights strike an empathetic chord.

This book is free and for personal use only. It is an attempt to stimulate, entertain, inform and inspire the introspective nature of the reader. The author does not know who the audience might be and seeks neither praise nor criticism. Nor does the author seek eminence or recompense for this work save a voluntary unspecified charitable donation to whatever case or cause the reader may consider

worthy in accordance with their sincerest of hearts.

The reader will find no pretence to any conviction or creed, no adherence to any single principle, spiritual or otherwise. These poems are the oft-times imperfect musings of one flawed mortal who 'knows that they know not'. Of no claimed superiority, of no political persuasion, of no static morality, the author tries to stand squarely in a 'no-man's-land' witnessing and imperfectly relating personal perceptions of unknown worth. The author commits these perceptions to the page hoping and trusting that some encourage meaningful reflection and so become of use to even just one other kindred soul.

And those accused 'sat on the fence'
Compassionate and innocent
Who apprehend both sides and see
This world without disunity ...
Must they elect? Be forced to choose?
Must harmony be thus refused?

A fence implies a sure divide, The space where 'undecideds' hide, Where frowned upon they reap the ire Of those whose interests stoke the pyre Of separation's baneful deeds, That fertilise their feral greed ... In poetry as in life, there is faith and there is not, there are dreams and there are not, and we perceive or we do not. The author discerns, alludes, negates, reveres, rebukes ... is cynical, circumspect, avidly pessimistic and at times dismally wry. Similarly, respect, love, compassion, unbridled optimism and a yearning for universal justice also play their part, as do innocence and an unrelenting spiritual hope. All manner of perceptions are rendered in verse without fear or favour. This collection of poems is no exercise in morality but rather a heartfelt and focussed effort to elucidate many facets of the human condition encountered by an earnestly objective eye.

The author wishes to acknowledge those who have facilitated this work. Firstly, I wish to recognise my uncompromisingly loyal and long-time loving partner, who has supported me in more ways than words can convey. Further, I would like to express my deepest respect and unerring appreciation for the astute and consummately professional editorial talents of Joanna Piekarski, who has tirelessly applied her expertise and finesse to refine and elevate the quality of this collection of poems. Both I and my partner owe her much and we now name her as one among our closest of friends, eternally grateful for her contribution.

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I would also like to thank Tina Delceg for applying her formidable expert skills in crafting the arrangement and presentation of this book of poems.

The Author

UNIMAGINED HEART

All pleasures pale before the light Of transcendental inner sight Where spirit's eyes are opened wide To unimagined heart

Where mercy meets the unseen All, Where dreams made real absolve the fool Who dared believe, dared to conceive Of love beyond themselves

ONE ESSENCE, ONE ETERNITY

Right here is heaven clear and calm, Beyond the clamour, haste and harm Long hid amid the lie of time Forever cast in ways sublime

Lain strange and still both here and there
In instant's pause, awake, aware,
One essence, one eternity
Now was and is and will so be

AND WHAT

And what is truth shall ever be
That glimpsed and known so fleetingly,
The eye of sorrow found and met
By moment's gift eternal set ...
For there suspended time informs
The baying senses' changing storms
To compass and to finely tune
Night's pensive thoughts by rising moon

And what be truth sure some may flee
When faced with raw reality
As mirror nags in harsh delight
The telling truths of self-made plight
Where there amid sure pinned and flailed
Beset by fears less faced, unhailed,
The self thought safe is calmly slain
So vanquished, ne'er to rise again ...

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SOPHIST SOUP

First proffer sweet aperitifs Whose blends suspend right disbelief, Slick potions that prepare the ground For feral feast of lies profound

Pre-marinate the rudely real
In deep deception's rind and peel
Add innuendo copiously
With just a pinch of truth's debris

Stir well and test by tasters' spoons Then offer cold myth's croutons strewn To supplement and thicken more That sophist soup most all crave for

Serve here, serve there, serve everywhere By hoarding, placard, laissez-faire, From post to pillar to and fro To ease digestion, truth unknown

And whilst the sated foolish sleep Prepotence hastens, poison creeps Through bone and sinew, vein and mind Until awakened rendered blind

KNOWING LITTLE

I know a little ... not enough ... Enough though to surmise That we in deepest mystery Come blindly in disguise

That certitude's shenanigans Inveigle impatient hope Inviting catastrophic plight By way of tease and trope

Thus knowing I know little I choose nothing all the more, So I take care, press on aware That nothing is for sure

NO THING

Nothing binds me, nothing fools Nor tempts this heart to worldly thrall, No ... not one sense or preference Deserving of its truth

And not one thing of earth or sky Compares to that which seeds no lie For nothing binds by self-design Thus 'nothing' reigns supreme

NOW AND THEN ...

Now and then when life allows We slip unsigned into the now's Sweet mystic grace, its boundless space The cause of each and All

Its cryptic rise comes silently
From out the deep eternity
Foreshadowing the ground of things
So oft felt incomplete

And in its sway we sense its charm As world about recedes to calm ... And time stands still in hallowed thrill Of joy in soul's release

THE PARTING

The greater one now lesser two,
The torn apart of me and you,
The raging silent enmity
In bared and scarred humility
Regards the silence of the rooms
As dark and swift heart's chasm looms

Here fated to uncharted seas,
An emptiness to now appease,
The lonely path come begged to tread
No laughter shared, no like tears shed
As flight to dream and memory
Invites dark chance envelop me

And will I smile when we pass by?
Seek netherworlds in which to cry?
How shall we now this life then meet
So long as one now incomplete
Here at the forge of me and you
Once shared existence morphs to two?

And there from lonely window high
The silent screams of pain will fly
To fill the world with sadder things
As echo of that lost now rings
Into the coming night of woe
That soul and self must undergo

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A UNIVERSE OF ONE

What 'is' that is not personal?
Opposed who thus here marks as fool
A one who knows innately so
That All is thus arranged?

Inconsequential slurs imply
Deep unity is one big lie,
Naiveté unconsciously
Co-opted and applied

Are not all worlds but Heaven's whole?

Each part related heart and soul?

In truth we are as earth and stars

A Universe of One

GAME OF 'I KNOW NOT'

Call me simple, call me blind But I can't fathom root of mind's Hypocrisy most others see That eye of self cannot

Perhaps it's wilful sly deceit? The mind's dilemma cast complete? Yet either way the 'I' will play Its game of 'I know not'

NOT YOU?

Affection, care and honesty Of friends soon leans to jeopardy When 'you' of their imagined traits No longer are and deviate

For who 'you' are conceptualised
Is supposition's time-spun lies
Contrary to the truth of you
Friends' mental mischief would accrue

NOTHING'S PANTHEON

Things are ... and yet still not ...
The neither this nor that exact,
Beyond small mind of humankind
The real evades its fact

For neither here and neither there

Duality confounds,

Those claimed to know its root soon grow

A wit the half unwound

The 'is' and the 'is not'
Here ever rises as if one,
Its mystic trait the quantum gate
To nothing's pantheon

A TURNING BACK

It called ... I followed ... At first this path then that ... Once clear too soon the way came narrowed Its panoply grew high and dense ... more shadowed The winding stony track soon precipitously steep -So few I note seem to have passed this way ... And almost, as if to dream, almost ... there beyond Swathed in silken golden light A bridge of hope and faith There stretched astride a vale of tears Gave way to holy endless fields of joy Where none dare not remain ... So turning back I vowed to seek another way ...

DISSOLUTION'S PLAIN ADO

Lay me down where'er you must ...
Returned to earth, as dust to dust
So sending me where'er it will
Into the void of deathly still

Fix not one sign, no nod to me, No plaque, no forced hypocrisy, No mark to passing's silent slip Beyond travail, life's mortal grip

For insofar as sorrows touch One heart's lament is one too much, For death is life, no cause to rue Mere dissolution's plain ado

THE UNMARKED GATE

Deceptively awry
Received perception chokes the true,
Inverse pretence now common sense
Engulfs both me and you

See through and don't believe,
Apply proportional mistrust,
Delve deep to find truth's roads unsigned
That lead to where they must

With care beware the zealot's line No heedful soul would cross, Such psychic bait the unmarked gate Through which one's soul is lost

THE SONG OF WORDLESS SENSE

Transcend the flow and meaning Gleaned of that relayed unheard, Attend most clear that song you hear Beneath the spewing words

For straighter sense will you attain
Beyond the serpentine
As there you'll trace its truth and face
As melody unwinds

AS A BEACON

Hope enters when we least expect,
Applies itself to resurrect
Sweet promise missed, stirs faith, insists
That all is possible

For hope is ever grace awoke,
The life beneath life's sombre cloak
Of misery, come swiftly
As a beacon in the night

A HYMN TO EARTH

A hymn to Earth, to arcing sky And rising moon in heaven high, Of restless oceans' to and fro, Of swirling winds that howl and blow

A hymn to Earth of passing time, Of seasons' ebb and flow in rhyme, To farm and field, to vale and hill, To mighty forests dark and still

A hymn to Earth of root and ground,
Of birth and death lived round and round,
Of light and life beneath one sun,
To grace and charm for everyone
A hymn to Earth alone I sing,
Its peerless beauty here to bring,
To bid each heart to dream and give
This Earth our home the leave to live

GONE TO SEED

You say yes and I say no
The each of merit shown as so
Thus truth's wellspring lies languished in
Wry relativity

Though wrung of every conscious creed, Contextual maxims gone to seed Truth shuns the light to stem and spite All striving for its heart

AT SUMMER'S HEART

Show me where the bloom of spring Invites the summer lark to sing, Where meadows blossom, blush and sway As if to wave the clouds away

Show me fields in summer's grace,
The beauty of this mystic place,
The rising evanescent moon
In velvet twilight gone too soon

And show me summer rich and still Without a wisp of winter chill, And guide me to sweet calm's repose, A sanctuary that none here knows

For I in need of peace and calm Now aged and stooped by winter's harm Dream long and deep and ache to be At summer's heart eternally

THAT GIVEN FREE

A gift implies that given free ...
Without a fuss, no pageantry,
No caveat or subtle gain
To influence, impair or strain

Unmotivated selfless pride Will sweep impediment aside As simple heart in artless prayer Marks silently its joy in care

THE HISS OF HEINOUS HARM

Trust invites extreme abuse From those whose mirror has no use, The feign of face devoid of grace Come mercilessly made

Indifference marks their every play,
Disdain and hatred come what may
Informs all choice, their inner voice
The hiss of heinous harm

APPROXIMATE

Words just point, allude, assign, Imply, infer yet least define ... Invoke vague trait, approximate Essential subtlety

Subjectively all truth unclear,
All elemental rising here
Remains profound, its root and ground
But wordless namelessness

HERE MASKED AMID

Informality and charm
Is power play, disarming balm
So to connive the means to drive
Agendas yet unknown

Prerequisite is vigilance, Objective space, a formal stance That sooner names the guileful aims Adroitly masked amid

Formality is guard and gate Of honest heart, discretion's wait For evidence of clear intent Straightforwardly applied

KARMIC CLOCKS

Through truest right to blackest wrong
All action wrought is karma's song
Sung out from One whom cause obeys,
Whose melody unique replays
Until it bids arise in you
Change conscious long long overdue

At its behest angelic care
From finer realms steals out nowhere,
Comes providential, purpose-made,
A timely guide, the spirit's aid
Where mirror true reflects the flame
Of right and reasoned self again

At its behest foul demons stream
The realms of lower nature's dreams,
All harm and ruin, curse and woe
The karmic feast some undergo
Bound to dark self's calamity
Till blinded spirit learns to see

Our karmic clocks tick on and on, Life after life souls ever drawn Strive inch by inch through loss and gain To blossom in their fields of pain Until compassion comes to stay In love the ever and always

One nameless goes by many names ...
Its eye sees all, it cedes no aim,
Metes karmic justice, holy fate ...
Persistently it demonstrates ...
Through your own eyes it bids you see
What heart must bear for spirit free

Inappreciable or no
Each step we take in trust will show
Unmeasured care, compassion true,
The way innate to greater you
Where stood aside accepting all
Unfathomed grace then comes to call ...

One is ... it was and so will be...
Of peerless grace and sovereignty,
It rules all realms from dark to light,
Instructs, intractably invites
We acquiesce, concede self-rule
To live by heart no more the fool ...

WE OFTEN WONDER ...

We often wonder how they are ... Those souls once known now strung afar, Fine fellowships of closeness made The slip of time has since betrayed

And oft we wonder where they are ...

We hope that providential star

Shines bright for those whose lives depart

The confluence of common heart

Their faces drift through night's deep dreams,
As real as real they rise and gleam
In ageless youth, in life unchanged,
Preserved, surreal in passing strange

AN UNKNOWN NATURE

One's outflow is one's mortal key To inward will's true apogee ... Thus what you are is what is shown By sense and choice of self alone

Mere consciousness cannot deceive What eye of others here perceive, Dark cowl of self masks much in turn That eye of self may not discern

Observant intellective thought Falls wide of mark, uncovers naught Of that in self more recondite, Self's primal sway devoid of light

Persona is one's mortal plea Reflecting what one craves to be, Yet there amid beneath self's shroud Lies unknown nature unavowed

FREEDOM'S PHANTOM

Freedom's phantom roams the halls
Of lofty castles rich in fools
And agents of life's world of dreams,
Their psychic cries and silent screams
But empty invocation's plea
For aether's morrow not to be ...

Equality, fraternity,
Man's hollow plight for liberty
Defies the sacred manifest
Of Nature's truth writ on her breast,
That base and wild imparity
This mortal world would have us see ...

Are we not but of root the same?

Here steeped and fixed in self-proclaimed
Prerogative, self's heaven blessed
By god of reason nonetheless?

In true dissimilarity
Yet fancy bent to parity?

All mind's sweet lambs of Morpheus
Anaesthetise the obvious,
Embrace the beast yet scour the sky,
Wax lyrical to realms on high,
Serve solemn prayer, chant strange laments
Cast out to wonder's firmament

Now lost in vague and vain conceit
We conjure fancies bittersweet,
Shun Nature's truth, the reasoned eye
Distracted, blinded, addled by
Conceptual affectation's flight
To hollow being's endless night ...

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PENDULUM

The compass of true consciousness
Is sweet unmoved attentiveness
That sets and signs, seeks truth align
To love dispassionate

As pendulum swings to and fro Its lessening heft once stilled will show The hallowed way, a heart's true sway With least a trace of want

WHISPERS OF AN OTHERWISE

I feel a presence all around
As name and form slip underground,
Who framed this awe? What came before
This existential thrall?

Upon the breeze that gently sighs Wend whispers of an otherwise ... A mystic song hummed sweet and long From out the holy void

NATURE'S BEST

Not one iota does it make To favour this or that, For life enjoys an equipoise Replacing tit for tat

By ebb and flow all tides must turn, All prejudice addressed Life's parity the symmetry Of Nature at its best

PROWLER

It prowls amid the sensual flow, Made mustard-keen it strives to know Each crevice, recess, crack and chink, Rules how we feel and what we think

It lurks, it scurries here and there In ever-present need to snare Cold-sharp, self-preservation fore Full-on it skulks fomenting more

The more to add to self-wrought, To finer contrast's crown of thought Heart's outpour seized, worn warped to suit By self-hewn time spun convolute

All challenge there to apprehend, To mask or bury, twist and bend Until supreme its mental mire Arms self grown strong in self-desire

Beware ... a beast prowls being's ground, A self proclaimed, a mind self-crowned

NO MIND TO LEAP

Without reserve self half-aware
Denies raw mirrored truths that dare
To name the dance least countenanced
By self's imagined life

As ever eye of self sees not Its own offense no matter what, Self's living dream akin it seems To well-honed heresy

And reasoned blind by fear fulfilled Self lives illusions steeped in will No mind to leap into the deep Of utter honesty

CHALICE

Some grapple sadly desperate, Some just forcefully aspire, Ambition's grip a poisoned sip From chalice of desire

Though some aspire unscathed By fickle fortune's random kiss The most fade spent in sad lament To craving's dark abyss

A MANTLE WORN

Preoccupations can divert, A mind engaged is heart less hurt By adventitious brouhaha, Emotive knots one step too far

Absorption's cult sure best applied,
Pent space the safer to reside
Where needy world may least invade,
Where form and plan and rule dissuade

Immersion's feast, involvement's shield Oft sates, offsets deep lack concealed, Profession's poise a mantle worn To camouflage the self withdrawn

HEAVEN SOONER GONE

There all sweeter life exudes Reflected light and space, A wonderment, bewilderment At mortal life embraced

Chaste pools imbued of blameless bliss
Infectiously convey
The joy of life, no trace of strife
To taint this hallowed way

Once seen, twice struck by beauty Of one spirit's rising dawn Whose deep delight in fleetest flight Signs heaven sooner gone

SUN AND FLOWERS

Just watch the bright new flowers grow
There gathered waving to and fro
There swaying gently in the breeze
Without a care ... in perfect ease

Immersed the bustling bumble bees Collect sweet nectar gifted free From flower to flower they flit and fly Beneath the sapphire summer sky

And as soft twilight here descends Fair flowers meekly close and bend Their dainty heads, fall swift to sleep To dream until the morning creeps

Dawn's sun soon floods in warmth and light The fields and trees released from night, Each wakened bloom to greet the day And wave the endless hours away

SILENT INVOCATIONS

All silent invocations
Plainly cast and wholly meant
Are blessings true, the heart of you
Released sincerely sent

Thereon to sail the aether
Until need somehow akin
Receives your prayer from out nowhere,
Takes comfort from within

MEA CULPA

By my own fault I spin a lie In truth's omissions by and by, Add grist to dark mendacious ways That course the realms beneath life's fray

By my own fault my silence grows Complicit in malfeasance known Cast conscious, eyed in feigned pretence To vague unseeing void of sense

> By my own fault I fear to stand, Abide in courage hand in hand With those who dare air verity In mortal peril choicelessly

And by my fault I choose to breathe, Survival's exigent reprieve Enough to know yet seldom say I live to fight another day

A FORMER LIFE

One's life before a life before Is not a life to want for more, Returning to a former you Can never satisfy

Personas past yearned to abide Is retrospective suicide, No going back will sate the lack In this the here and now

I JUST DON'T KNOW

And dare I say ... I just don't know ...
The face of truth can come then go
Don't ask me to express my view
I really just don't know

But if I knew I wouldn't say
For ever-changing truth betrays
The once known so as moments flow
To moments yet to come

For truth reveals itself as true Defined in moments cast anew That none may seek, to each uniquely Shown, perceived afresh

PSYCHIC MEADOWS

And there are times in moment's breach
When memory is roused to seep
The long ago, one muse that sparks
Lost recollections from mind's dark

Thought's chains of far-remembered chance Flood mental sense, relive their dance In psychic meadows flushed aglow Reminding heart of that once so

A LANTERN BRIGHT

Be a light, a lantern bright Held raised amid eternal night A fervid flame with least a claim To dominance or pride

Be a light, a lantern bright
A beacon blaze to reunite
Through silent call the hearts of all
In love's true sanctuary

And be a light, a lantern bright
To soften sorrow recondite
That comes in waves, whose weight enslaves
The greatest of us all

TOO WITLESS

One yields in outward courtesy Compliance and respect So oft to meet audacious cheek, Presumption's gall unchecked

With such regard construed as weakness,
Formal etiquette a flaw
Abuse unkind spells errant mind
Too witless to know more

MOST MYSTICAL

From whence we spring sure none here know,

The fleeter seen to come and go
So beautiful, most mystical

This palpable unknown

Through root and core we probe the All Beyond infinitesimal Right there to face in inner space One vast eternal void

ZERO-SUM

Obsessive mind's contracting noose Asphyxiates, such self-abuse A game of one, self's zero-sum Psychotic parody

For round and round and round mind goes Soon overwrought in mental throes That sap and wear until despair Claims tense and fruitless rest

SEA OF SOLITUDE

Silent outcasts everywhere Please lend an ear, attend this prayer Of vibrant hope, a primal plea Beyond materiality

All renegades, all castaways, All lepers, outlaws, waifs and strays Life's dawn of love we've long dreamed of Will surely surely come

The darkest hour precedes the dawn Cimmerian shade, its carnal spawn Will bow to light, dispel this night Of palpable distress

For love will raise all hearts sublime, Eclipse the moon of darkened times And bid you home, no more to roam This sea of solitude

NOWHERE'S AUTHENTICITY

The place for some is on the fence Cite 'nowhere' as their best defence A 'somewhere' consequentially An optionless fait accompli

To crystalize a 'this' or 'that'
Is choice without a caveat,
A lock with neither pick nor key,
A manifested certainty

Perspectiveless sure ever best, Affined to all yet none the less Or more embraced to nth degree, The each and all served equally

For some 'the' place is on the fence, The only niche that makes right sense, An 'everywhere' where one may be In nowhere's authenticity

A GAME I PLAY

I believe I Am and that All else is me besides, A game I play all by myself My loneliness to hide

The fragments of myself My spirit's light in every face, The nameless Me inanimate Shines forth from every place

The Me disguised seen everywhere By cunning mental tryst, Just One ... an only, ever so For naught but Me exists

THE NARROW STAIR

Nature weeps indifferently ... She gives and takes instinctively, Projection's eye the hue and cry Of blind emotive heart

Senselessly we brand her soul Through narrow mind least nurtured whole, Name that unknown now lost and flown From moment's fleeting dream

Yet still we climb mind's narrow stair, The tapered way that leads nowhere Inanely steep, each mental leap One further step from home

This mortal cage constrains plain sight, Casts psychic shadows feigned to light Shed less than clear both far and near Yet still we crave to 'know' ...

A SONG DISPLACED

Innocence seems gone to ground ...
Now shamelessly run out of town
And in its place a dark disgrace
Now foists its choking shroud

The child in us has been debased Sweet virtue's song a song displaced From power's walls corruption calls, Bodes unimagined harm ...

EFFERVESCENCE 101

Effervescence 101
Is self unpicked, the web unspun
Where faith unnamed,
Hope unashamed
Bids spirit clear and bright

No inculcation lurking here, No sly subversion, course unclear, Just self self-taught With nothing wrought But optimism's fire

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THROUGH AND THROUGH?

And what do you believe With all your being through and through? What do you know and safely so Unquestionably true?

Will faith leap from your breast?
Expunge all qualm or latent doubt?
Does knowing spring from hope that clings,
That fear can't do without?

PROCEED WITH CARE

Whosoever claims their place
As elevated here
Exhibits pride, the underside
Of that claimed loud and clear

Note well each soft and soothing word, Each overture of grace, In mind awake do not forsake Discernment's solemn face

By measured trust don't cross that line
To faith wrought blind and lost,
Remain aware, proceed with care,
Don't live to count the cost

A MYSTIC MIX

How is an artless nature won?
By circumstance? Mind's sway undone?
Simplicity so seldom seen
What virtues there abide?

One evanescent? Rarely known? A mystic mix of hid and shown? Sagacity? The means to be Both this and that alike?

To cleanse the mirror of the 'I', Reflect the self from one clear sky ... Through subtlety, by mastery Raise Self in self's domain

A FRAUGHT AFFAIR

Survival is a fraught affair, A judgement call that those aware Would measure with intelligence, Apply with close equivalence

The karmic highway hints and signs, Life's oscillations undermine, Dilemmas harm, temptations bite As spirit navigates its plight

The poise soul's justice yearns and seeks Comes harder won through troughs and peaks Where heart decides how to proceed, Each action weighed against true need

All asymmetric actions tie
The karmic knot misdeeds belie,
Assess each choice with greatest care ...
Survival is a fraught affair

ARROGANCE AMISS

And those that know weave wishful art, By sleight of mind place self apart From all the rest, their holy quest More holier than thou

Self-rarefied their import soars, All truth is theirs by metaphors Too vague to grasp, so crudely cast In arrogance amiss

CANDLE TO THE DARK

That unfaced is that unfound, Masked motivation gone to ground Rules cryptically, flees scrutiny Through alchemy of mind

And that unknown is that unnamed, Blind heart's lament for truth unclaimed Held deep below the conscious flow Where feeling fails true sense

For time and mind would weave a spell, Seed severance, bid sense to quell Heart's appetite to boldly light A candle to the dark

AN EASY MARK

Feel drawn to liberation's feast?
What offers most oft gives the least ...
Take extra care, a master's lair
Seeps poison laced with truth

Yet you are free but think you're not, Let none here tell you what is what, Damn lies the all, they think you fool, Of need ... an easy mark ...

PAGAN HEART

Not for me a faith discerned ... One differentiation learned ... Belief designed for fragile mind That craves deliverance

For me no feigned believer's balm Whose hollow hope engenders harm, No lure to thrall ephemeral Or habit stripped of truth

No passive, blind or martyred fate
To masters who disseminate
Tall lies of old in stories told
Congenitally false

No, I am one of pagan heart, Faith's sacrilegious counterpart, No urge to choose, no wish to lose Impartiality

ONE IS NOT A NUMBER

One is not a number
But an affirmation prime ...
Beyond the whole, before the soul
Of essence wrought divine

A lone unborn, an only,
First and namelessly unique
The cause of two, of me and you ...
A One all other seeks

A FECKLESS COURSE

The thoroughfare 'twixt this and that Is where I'll stay, is where I'm at ... All lies perceived must be believed Or doubtlessly denied

The tightrope of neutrality
Is vilified, condemned to be
A feckless course, the Trojan horse
Of faithless falsity

Is chosen 'here' not 'there' refused?
The evidential thus abused?
Dispassioned zeal for what is real
Rerouted subtly?

All sure committal binds and blinds Prerogative of common mind, Saps innocence availed of sense, Beguiles in countless ways

SAPIENCE

Practical intelligence,
Intuitive prowess
The each refined and thus combined
Breed wisdom and finesse

And wisdom in transcendence
Speaks to truth's reality,
Sane judgment sure so claimed the more
Of sense that all can see

HELPLESS GAMES ... HAPLESS WOE

The here and now is here and now, Lives everywhere at once somehow Yet lone perspectives separate The truth of being known innate

Preoccupations charm and please, Indoctrinations warp and seize Whilst we in psychic toil pursue The chosen gods we pander to

Self-isolation's cruellest lie Is self's deceit, our sense of 'I' Perpetuated deeply so In helpless games of hapless woe

HOPE FOR HOPE ANEW

Great expectation fills the air ...
Strange promise calls from out nowhere
Sheer joy sighs wonder undefined
Of that to come yet known to mind

Heart's extant apprehension feeds Mind's will to change, rare feelings seed A growing presence called to trust, A way foretold of need and must

Impatience grates, wild fancies fly, Unbridled hope scans earth and sky For time is short, new chances few That harbour hope for hope anew

TO KNOW IT NOT

Neither lost nor found am I As drifting now upon a sigh I sense the fear endemic here That spurns the choiceless way

For neither this nor that can slake The thirst that drives a mind to fake And breathe an air that is not there, To die yet know it not ...

AN ARTFUL SKIT

All words' true sense and emphasis
Great latitude ensnares ...
An artful skit for honest wit
That genuinely cares

More wary souls step back, Consider carefully that said, Discern the flow right there below Where wordless truth is shed

HONOURED EMINENCE

In this world, amid, among,
In places hidden, farther flung
Those lost unnamed claim truth's great flame
In solitary care

Estranged they flounder, seek alone Deep existential truths unknown, Wend inner ways and pass their days In glorious pursuit

Believing they will surface saved Beyond the unforgiving grave Of mortal play to seize the day In honoured eminence

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NOT BROKEN

I am flawed but not broken ...
Susceptive but incapable of surrender ...
Trusting yet breathe in vigilance ...
Yielding I come awake to the storm,
Hold fast to constancy divine

I live in benign artless indifference Beneath my mantle of kind reserve, I have but one love, one true friend And that is all I ever dared hope for ... Each day ever grateful for such grace

All else is veiled and passing mortal ghosts
Streaming forth from the root of unreality
Ephemeral, of the evanescent now ...
In timeless moment's cryptic snare
I watch, I see ... yet knowing not ...

MIRROR

I am mirror cold and bright Reflecting that denied to sight Returning to the heart of you The truth of here and now

And I as mirror cold and bright Know not, feel not, perceive no plight Reminding you without ado 'What is' of flawless truth

NOT ENOUGH

We talk ... but words are not enough ...
All miscommunicated guff
Offends, annoys or plain upsets
Misunderstandings to beget ...
Invigilated, screened or honed
Discordant words the least disowned
Consigned to self of lesser heed
Leave all but ignorance to plead

Though spawned in all-consuming care
Still words cite meanings unaware,
To incongruously offend
Wrong connotations gleaned descend
From mind to more contrasting mind
The each to each perspective blind,
And awkward eyes swift to avert
Conceal interpretation's hurt

NO RETROGRESSIVE CHARM

There is no going back ...
No retrogressive charm to cast ...
A wish yearned sent mere dream's lament
To that now lost to past

Don't dare to reminisce, To dredge the hinterland of hope, That gone is lost, the coin is tossed Now live, accept and cope

INTENT

Hermetic veil of empty deeds ...
The mental trench that supersedes
All wanting act oft cast as fact
In refuge of deceit

Intent is action stupefied, Asylum's ark, the scoundrel's hide, A sapless tomb, a lying room Where honour goes to die

TICK TICK TICK

Impatience is a step too quick, Self's hurried haste, the tick tick tick Of time-a-wasting, things to do Of great importance just to you ...

You need things done ... like yesterday! You scuttle, scurry through the day More fretful, eager, mind cockeyed By this and that then more besides

From A to B you blitz then scourge In rash and restless spurts that urge You on and on the swifter still In self-inflicted overkill ...

THE GRAPEVINE GROANS

The semblant smiles confer support, Restrained affections veil the taut And vying minds that lurk behind A shallow sophistry

Away and gone feigned grace inverts, Spreads gross hypocrisy and hurt, Judgmental lies all but despising That which you define

Backchannels, byways hum and purr As buzz and prattle slant and slur, The grapevine groans as overblown Duplicity bears fruit

OF BEING WITHOUT END

The fields and trees wave gently, Faintly call, I know not why ... Affinity so deep Akin to ocean sea and sky

By lure of mystic whispers Am I beckoned to attend As Nature's voice tells tenderly Of 'being' without end ...

AWOKEN WANT

Here comes mind's old 'what might have been'
Aroused once more to reconvene,
Oft prompted by the errant sigh
Of heart's awoken want

Its come and go a wish long cast
To ocean of the great unasked
Where mind's extremes and buried dreams
Live deeper than we know

Yet each return lives fainter so
In time and memory aflow
In sense resigned, by heart affined
In longing laid to rest

CARAVAN OF DREAMS

We dreamed we knew, we shaped our fate
In subtle ways unlearned too late ...
Like gods we ploughed false freedom's fields
Each self-inflicted wound concealed

We thought we knew, forged blindly on
Whilst love wept silent tears upon
The barren ground of ruin's seed
Where heart once bloomed in Nature's creed

Some knew they knew, told others so, Claimed rare dominion of the souls Of those found lost upon the road To nowhere's paradise bestowed

A caravan of dreams came by ... We hitched a ride not asking why, We made our beds so here we lay In lax abeyance far astray

AN HONOURED FATE

As if a dream we ride the real, This disconnection that we feel Is love debased, life starved of grace, The truth's reflection we displace

Turned upside down, pulled inside out Still all at sea most cling to doubt Whilst all the while this mortal trial Awaits soul's wakening

Time after time life's karmic stream Exhibits, signs, unwinds the dream Till wide awake one honours fate Returning to the real

PSYCHIC SLEW

Antecedent malady
Is rife in mortal mind ...
Just look about, rogue genes act out
As errant seed unwinds

Alas the ever was it thus
And ever is I fear
A psychic slew that threatens to
Wreak constant havoc here

WISDOM TREE

Turn inward, learn to fly and crawl,
Then pass unseen amid the thrall
In honed perception, unafraid
To witness here the dark charade

Live on untainted, worldly, free, Claim sorrow's tears of ecstasy, Lay still amid the fields within And rid the mind of what has been ...

Let union's eye betray the dream,
Attentive ear detect the scream
Of stolen rationality,
The lemming hoard's received decree

Deranged insanity will curse
The reasoned soul through mind perverse
As addled aggregations swarm
And blunder forth before the storm

Raise spirit where the heart abides, Bequeath the grown but keep the child For only they may seek and save The undefined we search and crave No in, no out, no life without All sovereign thought loosed free of doubt, By lamplight lone delve deep and be One leaf upon the wisdom tree

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TO ONE FOREVER DEAR

Those loved and passed hold in your heart ...
No stone or token can impart
Their essence pure nor render sure
The spirit of their life

And cherish them in honour of Their mortal being known in love ... Remembrance true is heart's adieu To one forever dear

BY MEANS UNKNOWN

The All flows ever as it should No 'would that I ...', no 'if I could ...' The ceaseless stream of being's course One enigmatic feral force

The All flows ever as it may
No 'what if I ...', no 'who can say ...'
But One self-made by means of what?
A game of self by self forgot

The All flows ever as it ought
No guiding sense, no second thought,
A woven web of drifting dreams
The never once but what it seems

A STOIC SPELL

Beneath a bias bristles course,
Proclivity the driving force
That plain persuasion fails to breach,
Immunity to overreach

Interpretation's armour is Myopic need, a mystic quiz, Wit's labyrinth of weaponry, Perspective's lock without a key

And try as might contrary views
Won't penetrate, can't disabuse,
Assimilation's hardened shell
A mind made up ... its stoic spell

BITS AND BOBS

Some minds packed full of bits and bobs Come scattered here and there, They clutter thought's capacity To function with due care

For most they're less than useless, Random factoids stored within To stick and stuff or muddle Memory's teeming litter bin

ONE COLD COURSE

This consommé of curdled spite Enriched with bitterness and blight, Decanted, stirred, refined by age And essence of a festered rage

Add this to weasel wit suppressed, Cast slivers of raw callous zest Upon the dumplings of desire That simmer on a faithless fire

Last garnish well with snarl and bile, With cynicism rank and vile Then season well with sneer and scorn And serve it cold ... ad nauseum ...

UNBRIDGEABLE DIVIDES

Some options are untenable, No compromise to weigh Ire amplified as views collide, Affinities decay

All intellective trenches Deeper dug and fortified Sure obstinately guarantee Unbridgeable divides

DO IT NOW

Just do it now, don't waste your time,
Don't fritter it away

For time does fly, soon waves goodbye
Another precious day ...

For this is it, this moment now,
No other to exist

So don't regret, get ready ... set ...
And go before it's missed!

SLIP THE BLISS

What lies without is mirrored in Self's focal world where all begins See through the thrall, perceive the All In undivided flow

The mirage of the mind excites, Duality's feigned mortal plight Woos heart amiss to slip the bliss Of being's common joy

SO SO MUCH

And so so much here passed as read
Is supposition plain,
'Neath Nature's guise a world made wise
Lives soundlessly humane

She, quixotic, noble, staunch
Forever holds the key
To Heaven's gate, her silent wait
The patience of the free

IN UNIMAGINED WAYS

When all seems lost, horizons none, When every dream appears undone Yet deep inside true heart abides ... Then grace will intervene

Its how or wherefore augurs not,
The hand of grace no matter what
Will raise you up, will fill your cup
In unimagined ways

ROLL UP! ROLL UP!

Roll Up! Roll Up! Come to the show! Watch nimble magic's ceaseless flow, The curtain rise, the footlight's blaze As hokum charms fixation's gaze

Roll Up! Roll Up! Come to the show!

See fleet distractions come and go,

Where guff and glitter captivate

Each dead dull mind that craves such fate

Roll Up! Roll Up! The show goes on, Each sleight of hand another con, All smoke and mirrors' artifice Designed to blind a mind amiss

Roll Up! Roll Up! With open eyes See what befalls in deft disguise, Behind the scenes where deeds are spun And freedoms silently undone ...

FROM OUT OF PLACES DEEP

Heart's inner reaches flow and shift ... Who claims to grasp its deepest drift? Sure even though we strain to know It slips keen consciousness

And come the hour as truth unwinds
The heart informs the stricken mind
Of secrets kept, of sense inept
From out of places deep

INDWELLERS

Indwellers of all realms are we From malice to morality, Here fared the greater or the less, Made manifest or lived suppressed

And where we go is what we are, Familiar realms or those afar, Those guarded by a moral code Or prone to probe mind's open road

Such endlessness engenders fear In psychic freedom's nascent sphere, Excites or vexes equally, Beguiles or limits by degree

Indwellers of all realms are we ...
A phrenic host, one's spirit free
To roam the realms of inner worlds
Where dreams of heart and mind unfurl

SHADOW DEEDS

Think as you will but act with care ...
Resist the slide to unaware
And thoughtless sense whose consequence
Comes reaped insidiously

For absent minds oft miss the signs, Neglect each ideation blind That slips the light of watchful sight To cast unconscious deeds

SOVEREIGN DANCE

Mind will gift a heart's desire, Contrive its way to soon acquire Assuredness, self's spirit blessed With ultimate release

Though greatest heed in silent still May dream discern of potent will A sovereign dance, continuance Beguiles the rim of wit

Self-sense beyond the primal thrum Through prism of the self leads some To dwarf the fray as castaway Upon delusion's sea

HEART AND CHARM

The root of mortal being Is in seeing none exists, Upon life's flow awake to know That nothing here resists

The fleetest life upon
This great ethereality
Is heart and charm midst rage and calm
Accepting what must be

COMMONALITY DIVINE

Feel the winter turn to spring, The bliss heart's roaming hours bring When once aroused in gentle thrall Affined to Nature's silent call

Come hear the winter turn to spring, The song the heart of Nature sings Of that to come, of joy and cheer, Of shining summer's promise here

For heaven's gate lays at her core Held open wide to spirit more Inviting soul and sense to find A commonality divine

I KNEW

I knew in moment realised
That I thus far had compromised ...
Had hid all feelings deep within,
Shut tight the lid neath thickened skin

Accepted unconditionally
The mantle of conformity
To grin and bear in false respect,
The mimicked smile to hone perfect

Whilst all the while my inner voice Had long proclaimed the life of choice, In moment's call of change I knew ... How now to rise and start anew?

FOOL'S PARADISE

Same as all we all are same, Life's cryptic knot a guessing game Where confidence defies plain sense Of depths which lay before

The knot untied by knowing's store?

Absurdity, a mortal flaw,
False sacrifice, fool's paradise
Of shrewd and subtle mind

PROCEED WITH CARE

Revere the world, Be like a guest more disinclined to feast, Live light, with care, and quite aware Give most yet take the least

For great is her predominance,
Don't wake her sleeping ire
Lest Nature's womb becomes a tomb
For dissolute desire

SLAVEHOOD

The unlit stage of life, a tomb Here steeped in ever-deepening gloom, A living death neath greying skies Of forced perdition laced with lies

Embrace the hoax of freedoms won, Live blind, dream on, stay deaf and dumb, Mask bitter silent truths betrayed By heart's stark mirror day on day

For you in plain obedience Relinquish priceless sovereign sense And dance the dance weak mind believes As freedom, choice, of self achieved

Do you not hear the mocking mirth That echoes forth from favoured birth? See flaw in privilege and in claim? Self-warrant? Empty proud disdain?

Yes ... you are vassal, slave and serf, A chattel of but little worth In life conceived by faceless few So deftly hid from me and you

COVENANT

The covenant of self with Self Yearns innermost unasked, Self's strained divide withstood inside Belies its outward mask

Innate elusive unity
Is heart's most holy ground
Where healing love least spoken of
Lies waiting to be found

WHAT MUST BE BROKE

You think you cannot change? ... You can ...
Once overwhelmed one understands
Need must take hold, resolve unfolds
To break what must be broke

And once achieved one rues one's lack,
The straw that broke the camel's back
A willing power, eleventh hour's
Welcome saving grace

HORIZON TO HORIZON CLEAR

Indecision's wild embrace,
Morass of plight too deep to trace
Beseeches silence of the mind,
Self's psychic witness neutered blind
To sway of neither more nor less,
No aide to either no or yes ...

Right there in solemn quietude
Indifferent to both mind and mood
Remain ... just wait upon the heart
That knew the way right from the start
Obscured by mind's frenetic flow
In vacillation's to and fro

And swift as sense its sudden spark
Illuminates the clinging dark
Of mental limits, tangled knots,
The murky sky of what is what
Now rendered certain, crystal clear
Horizon to horizon here ...

PHOBIA UNTAMED

Fixated on minutiae One's compulsions heighten more, Each manic spree brings needlessly Obsession to the fore

Anxiety's collusion Yet but further fuels the flames, A spiral down to rabid ground Of phobia untamed

EMOTIONALLY IMMUNE

Some feign distress, ooze empathy, Their callous hearts a litany Of cold hard traits that emulate Compassion and concern

They smile yet ever watchful eyes Reciprocate in sweet surprise As self beneath bares snarling teeth Emotionally immune

Impassioned selves live wanton greed, Their fealty but a heartless creed Of self served first, a heart unversed In tenderness or grace

PIE IN SKY

In the silence I perceive The futile woes of make-believe, Capricious mind's afflictive bent To higher spheres deemed heaven sent

Where self is paltry self no more, Where raised it sweeps all doubt before, Ennobled, woken to the sight Of otherworldly rare delights

Thus dreams are chased, wild creeds are bred
To shroud the existential dread
That few abide yet most deny
For flights of fancy ... pie in sky ...

DE FACTO

Unmentionably present though In point of fact we know it so ... A truth denied impelled to hide Is moment's masked Moirai

Each breath, each deed, each woven word Reaps consequence, truth's voice unheard Mind's tourniquet to bind and stay Heart's sensibility

> Tangential moot morality, Prescriptive bound mentality Is ours to break so to awaken Blessed consciousness

We feel yet not enough to sense That every instant's precedence Is Nature's key, the means to be Spontaneously chaste

WISE ACCOMPLISHMENT

Love assumes uncommon means, Appropriates diverse extremes, Reveals its face yet leaves no trace Of wise accomplishment

From barely there to arrant care
Love tends and sways the unaware,
Unerring will applied until
One mirrors and succumbs

BUT WOVEN 'WAS'

Don't hang on to that now gone, The 'which once was', a long lost dawn In resurrection's pointless plight That seeks to wrest a day from night

Don't tarry for one moment more, Futility's forbidden door Implacably denies the key To blind desire's fantasy

Don't call, don't crave what can't be asked Or reawakened from the past, Such dreams are spent, their moments spun But woven 'was' whose days are done

SUBJECTIVE SOUP

Emotive flux of any kind Is Nature's course directed blind, Subjective soup, an endless loop Of being starved of light

Strong innervations trap the dense, Yield least and last self's finer sense Objective sight consigned in rite Of hedonistic laps

BY SUCH MEANS

Weaponised, the negative Soon obfuscates the causative, Demands as proof through inverse truth The potency of fact

Claims what is not as verity,
An otherwise as what ought be,
Casts certitude by meme and mood
As actuality

And by such means are rivals rid, Dissent denied, opposers hid Until the day divine decay Restores reality

NOTHING

'Nothing' lasts forever
Only this and nothing more,
With naught to chase and naught to trace
Of certainty searched for

For 'nothing' seeds the causal root
Of all here manifest
So live to bless sweet nothingness,
This life at its behest

IF WE KNEW

And if we knew what we would do
Before the fact, choice ushered to
Material reality,
Grim circumstance unsavoury ...
Would matters change? Could choice in lieu
Achieve sure better outcomes through
Omniscience, great forethought by
One's wise all-seeing psychic eye?

For surely if one knew one might
Be paralysed in hapless plight,
All inclinations stultified
In fear of action misapplied,
Weighed gains, misuse, each fatal flaw
Left carping at decision's door
Whilst pressing need to dare and do
Stands chastened, numbed with not one clue ...

IN CONSCIOUS WHEREWITHAL

Some natures find their niche to serve
A greater good by choice,
Content to give, at ease to live
Without an errant voice

Oblige, sustain and aid Another's hopes in greater stead, By subtle means enhance their dreams In constancy unsaid

They serve yet not as servant,
Not as minion nor in thrall,
Of sovereign mind they toil unsigned
In conscious wherewithal

VERSE AVERSE

Haughty folk they love a verse, A convoluted mental burst Of cryptic wit, the nub of it Confused in fancy prose

They crave theatricality, Mosaic measure by degree, Plain cleverness in vast excess To feed their cultured breasts

And ever pompous never coy They frown upon the hoi polloi, Name 'simple' minds judged crude Inclined to ignorance and lack

ON WE GO

Penetrate the physical
For nothingness to grow,
Probe deep the aether, stretch the mind
For nowhere's face to show

For we are nothing born of naught Here strung upon a dream of thought In rootless flow as on we go Unfathomably bound

A JEWEL OF WORTH

And how we come cedes no concern, For that forgot is that unlearned ... The healing rite of love to light The darkness of the way

Aloft self's sacrificial flame, Afore self-dissolution's claim ... A jewel of worth, one spirit's birth Into the arms of bliss

DO YOU THINK FOR YOURSELF?

Remote unseen authority
Imposes explication-free
Commands, usurps your sovereign sway,
Assumes control to shape your days ...
Do you think for yourself?

Self's fundamental nature flows
In instinct, sense and insight know
Unbid agendas time on time
Assume shrewd fashioned paradigms ...
Do you think for yourself?

Manipulation stalks its prey, Conditioned minds' consensus bays And hounds the herd to ends unknown, Pernicious interests darkly sown ... Do you think for yourself?

Yet you are sovereign Self alone, Let not another steal your throne, Degrade, disrupt, defeat, deny Plain truths discerned by instinct's eye ... Think only for yourself!

WELL OF FAITH

The well of faith lies strong and still, Its beckoning the echoed will Of those surrendered to its spell In promise made no time may tell

Deep need and want drive faith supreme,
The well sure never what it seems
Bids souls who linger long and close
To come, succumb and join the host

Met eye to eye the desperate few Surrender will for life anew, The well of faith to swallow whole Their very hearts ... their very souls ...

So live awake, don't slumber long Lest well of faith's inveigling song Divines all need, pre-empts desire To lead a fool to light faith's fire

KNOWING'S NARROW RUT

Negate invested heart
To reap the wrath of that denied,
Temerity's dissent soon sees
Faith's unattractive side

Albeit subtle or overt
All disagreements cut
Right to the bone, conviction sown
In knowing's narrow rut

CELESTIAL CHARM

Spun strangely from the stillest night,
From naught, from no place dense and tight
Sprang sudden life from that unborn,
Beginning's pulse, a shattered dawn
To seed the aeon's trackless way
In rise to being day on day

In freedom's wake wild worlds unnamed
Spin on throughout the vast untamed
In pulse on pulse of primal urge
Directionless, a feral surge
Teems ceaselessly in hastening gait,
Flows on to meet its nameless fate

No conscious sway, no confluence, No unnamed hand availed of sense Here orchestrates the stars in flight, Compels the constellations' plight For all just 'is', eternal, free, Celestial charm's reality

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NOW'S ETERNITY

No need of faith, no use for hope, No dream of more than this, And when you know you know you know All else is truth amiss

For here awake with all undone Acceptance flowing free Calls heart and mind to rise affined To now's eternity

AS WE CAME

As we came was Self complete, A mirror bright, causation sweet Thereafter to without ado Bleed unremembered bliss

Reprieve is but a breath away,
The haemorrhage of joy allayed ...
Simplicity, the urge to be
Returned to openness

SHOO!

Cast small thereon it grows and grows
Inclined to dire excess,
At first beheld too soon compelled
To gross unmindfulness

By surreptitious subterfuge Blind bent assumes a rut, Fixation set to soon beget A door that can't be shut

So if or when the now and then Becomes the more and more, Step back, don't wait, don't cogitate Shoo habit from your door!

A LIFE SEDATE

Ubiquitously plain,
The more forgettably disposed
Some navigate a life sedate,
Live harmless in repose

An unassuming scrutiny,
All action wrought in care
Ensures that they conceive the way
To tarry most aware

NOT ONE OF THEM

Just go against the crowd and see ...
Run counter to the pack
To feel the wrath of those who claim
The loyalty you lack

Not one of them? No feigned accord? Meet enmity's strange ire, Cold isolation's lonely path Will set hate's tongues afire

TIME'S RELEASE

Time flows on relentlessly
From past to future's nameless sea ...
Or so it seems lest self-dreamed
Is ceased once and for all

The lives of most rush senselessly
Through living's days too blind to see
That self so ceased is time's release
Into forever's now ...

THE OPPOSITE

Some seem of greater acumen
Than others less refined,
And yet ... not so, who claims to know
The workings of a mind?

For some appear moronic
Whilst some others blessed of wit
Oft borne out soon more opportune
Exactly opposite

FOR THAT OF PEERLESS WORTH

I serve, defer, accommodate ... My psychic fields present no gates ... But don't mistake this fluid trait For mental malady

I bend, I bow, oft acquiesce ... Affine to sorrow's wretchedness ... Innately watchful nonetheless I mark all presence here

I feel, I sense, try to embrace A life attuned to artless grace Where heart's allegiance saves its face For that of peerless worth

NOT THE THING

As word is not the thing
Thus is its author least revealed,
Both worse and good of that withstood
Considered then concealed

That sung is not the singer, Soft-spun words do not advise, Each work a rhyme, a mark in time's Forever-changing guise

CLOSE AND LONG

Once upon an end unknown Where promise fades, when dreams have flown I'll tell you true without ado How strong this love has grown

> And though so long now ne'er apart We two now spun of one true heart Will share a love in memory of A life lived close and long

WHO KNOWS?

Who knows? ... I venture not a one, Who knows 'what is' or not? Sure none ... All artifice pollutes the bliss Of sweet simplicity

Sophisticates proliferate, Each cult of 'knowing' vies to bait The simple soul, to rend the holy Heart that once lived true

A RECKONING

Upon us soon a reckoning, Uncertain fate we choose to bring By acts more incompatible With greater Nature fair and full

Wind wails and whispers secrets kept, Red sun condemns the rain that wept The brimming river's welling tears Foretelling Nature's nascent fears

All sentients of innocence Divine the rising dissonance, Equivocation runs awry From poisoned earth to sullied sky

Upon us soon a reckoning ...
No space to dream, no place to sing
The song of Nature's sweet release
Now racked in pain the least to cease

NO SOUL TO SAVE

Indifference marks their every slant, Cold dissolution's scorn supplants The commonplace pretence to grace That marks plain decency

No heart to feed compassion's way, All ethicality astray Alas for some by rule of thumb They have no soul to save

BELIEF'S WAY WALKED

Belief ... like waiting long in line ...
Expectant in the queue,
Through weaving walkways roped and set
Faith's hope is ushered through

Each aisle there strewn with promises, Great tales of trust abound, And as souls shuffle, hope and pray Faith waits salvation's ground ...

Undoubted promise fills the air, Faith's day seems almost won, Such surety yet to perceive That day will never come ...

TRUE FACE

To see folk true by face unseen Be nobody to each, Inconsequential value Peers insightfully the breach

For there by deed or looser lip Strange facets soon appear As truths of veiled selves Crave exposition without fear

MEDITATIVE MIND

What eye may silence elevate? Whose wisdom comes to consecrate This inner still? Beseech the will Of meditative mind?

And how do real and fantasy Return to root, both cease to be? Does wile of mind desist unsigned Its ceaseless sophistry?

Can stillness be invoked thus so? Merge effortless in Nature's flow? Or is it just unguarded trust And vain naivety?

HIGH HUNG FRUIT

Wisdom is but high hung fruit Left withered on the vine, Discernment's prize unrecognised Like pearls before the swine

Time's truth reveals few lessons learned,
Judiciousness applied,
Each genesis a truth dismissed,
The light of hope denied

INSTINCTIVE CHOICE

Beauty, art, the woven word ... Subjective all, critique absurd, Distorted by the mordant eye Of self-styled connoisseurs

A meat or poison? Yay or nay? What expertise confirms such sway? No other ought pollute or thwart One's raw instinctive choice

AS IF FIRST AND LAST

Dawning glory marks this day, Birds hither thither flit and play To greet sweet morning's mystic rise As world in slumber dreams and sighs

Great light of being faultless made Reveals a splendour long mislaid By minds entranced, mal-seized and turned By heft and drift of ways unlearned

Majestic wonders weave their spell As leaf and bloom unfold to tell Of solemn secrets deeper wrought Beyond mind's cage of teeming thought

And there the endless moment calls To heart, to soul behind the walls Of lesser self, misshapen mind Lived separate, sad and misaligned

Yet wakeful, those with eyes that see Regard life's wonder naturally As each pure moment unsurpassed Lives ever as if first and last

WHEELS OF WILDER ANGST

And say a prayer for those who cry From labyrinth of mind awry ... Bereft of means to read between The lines of psychic ill

They sail self's wild cerebral sea, No compass, no safe agency To call to rest at heart's behest Their wheels of wilder angst

DITHER FLAP AND BLUR

All biting impasse may just be Unbounded opportunity, A choice too far feeds reservoirs Of dither flap and blur

Set all of needless trait apart, Bid clarity to mind and heart, Each sift and till evokes by will Essentiality

DOUBLE BIND

Are some things better left alone?
Truths desolate best never known?
Or is one bound to bare such ground
To common scrutiny?

Once done one can't unsee the seen,
Unsense the sense of that once gleaned,
Truth's so consigned a double bind
To vex the sweetest soul

ALL OF WORTH

Beauty shines from every place, No cloud may hide its shining face, And all of worth upon this earth Is ever so affined

Reflected or directed true No matter ... it will come to you, Its soft caress to raise and bless The heart in moment's grace

OF GOOD INTENT?

Predominantly mind assumes
Itself of good intent,
Plies principle, that biased tool
We oft live to lament

The presupposed an iffy code
More dictum than right sense,
Mind's rule of thumb that pleases some
Whilst others find offense

CARNIVAL OF CHOICE

Much too much lies near to touch
As row by row we lunge and clutch
At 'stuff' enticingly arranged
To tantalise, too sooner changed
For newer, brighter, sleeker made
To justify this fraught charade
That we partake, more feign to shun
In world of want disguised as fun

Awake, aware or in-between
We wrangle blindly, join the scene
Where wild esteem exchanged by glance
Sparks envy's flame beneath this dance
That whirls and spins relentlessly
Not knowing why or what to be,
Naive as wile and urge deface
The truth of being's simple grace

The carnival of choice is here
To mesmerise, to wipe the tears
From wistful faces lost among
The echoes of false songs still sung,
Yes ... Welcome to the pageantry
Where most aspire pointlessly
Yet dream to have, to hold, impress
To chase away their emptiness

Long claimed, set on temptation's way
The creeping night invades the days
As we bewitched in twilight's hour
Condemn the feast yet still devour
All stuff and nonsense wrought or spoke,
Heap still more weight upon the yoke
Of freedom fleet, of mortal bliss
As moments pass too dear to miss ...

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DOCTRINAIRE

Some here demean the spiritual, Spew over-intellectual Prescriptive guff with not enough Plain candour and accord

Half-told, half-clear, half-understood Their lexicons of 'how' and 'should' Thrust knowing fare in doctrinaire Definitude awry

One Spirit here pervades the All, Simplicity its clarion call, A love supreme ordains unseen Ineffably unique

JUST LET GO

Let go, release great Self inside Long hidden deep neath errant pride, Let go, command the cunning mind Concede control ... let heart unwind

Let go, accept the all that is, Don't second-guess, inanely quiz, Let go, believe and simply 'be' To rise above the 'I' ... the 'me'...

Let go, no other here will aid Eviction of the mind's charade, Surrender 'I' and you will know Why life flows blessed when you let go

VIRTUE'S VICE

Morality, mind's mental whore Sets contradictive thought afore, Strays from the straight and natural state Of unacquired sight

Its limits bind, divide the flow,
Thought-feelings wasted cease to grow
To sure constrain beyond mundane
The eye of wisdom's heart

SPIRITUAL CONCEIT

Immerse yourself, hold fast to creed, Trade fear for supplication's need, Shirk nothingness, shun doubt's duress In safe obsession's arms

And hold self's mirror closer still
To mask the state of crippled will,
Confound truth's eye, accept the lie
In spiritual conceit

TONE OF REASON

Tame the tongue, that wagging limb Of supercilious wit Egged wildly on by feral mind Decidedly unfit

Far better yet resort to pen, Vouchsafe each written word, Best tone of reason cast concise Upon a page unheard

IT SUITS YOU WELL

Looking for a safe way out? A vindication free of doubt To obviate or fully sate That emptiness inside?

Dream on ... No one can have it all ...
The cake and eat? ... Impossible!
For you believe what you believe
Because it suits you well

SKYFLOWER

She lived upon the meadow's hill Amongst the swathes of daffodil, In earthen house set to the sun With windows wide she wove and spun, And sang with voice so fine of sound That sentient life from all around Came softly, there to linger long, To listen to sweet Skyflower's song

So wistful did her voice seep charm
That all around fell deep to calm,
Each meadowlark ceased song to day
Stilled silent as veiled charm did stray
And bless the meadows full in grace
Compassioned strange lament to trace,
One pure enchantment cast then flown
Of Skyflower's heart most gentle sown

And there she lived until she died
Where now through windows opened wide
The scent of meadow's flowers wend
As rising moon's pale beams descend
To bathe the silent rooms in light,
Dusk's breeze to breathe her name to night,
Sweet Skyflower, we remember you ...
Your song of life, the love we knew

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THE WARY TYPE

Inclined to peace, to certainty,
All wary folk hold fast,
Life's quiet corners fit to burst
With havens built to last

Sure whether world or town or room
Such space is occupied
By gatherings of cautious souls
Who sense the turning tide

NOT THIS

Should you decide plain truth to seek
In life so lived then do
Eliminate all falsity,
That left then must be true

So underestimated
Is this method much maligned,
Yet power of the negative
Outstrips all other kind

Eradicate and purge the lies, Bare tainted truths amiss, Negate and cleanse indifferently, Not this, not this, not this ...

FOOLS SO SET

Inconsequential entities
Are what we truly are,
Each one of us mere cosmic dust
Amid the countless stars

And we near naught in time and space
Adrift its endlessness
Claim precedence, effect and sense
In wretched worthiness

What folly follows fools so set, How unrestrainedly We wallow in a world akin To utter fantasy

NURTURE UNDISCLOSED

A modicum of nous
Is better nurtured undisclosed,
Times ebb and flow, things safe to know
Soon challenged or opposed

So exercise restraint
Innate intelligence can shake
Suspicious minds the more inclined
To silence souls awake

AMBIGUOUS THE EACH

That spoken ever circumscribes,
Defines and erringly ascribes ...
Capriciously incites one to
The counterfactual, truth askew.
More mythical than absolute
Each word misphrased warp the root
Of nuance, sense or tenor meant
Conveying lies by accident

Disingenuousness read
May trigger baseless judgements said,
Ambiguous misreckoning
The cause and bane of many-a-thing
Of import framed most earnestly
Then ill-received perplexingly,
So glibly used, the looser named
Wild words misguide and oft inflame

Alas ... such words loosed least in care
Bid caution's eye lest speaker bear
The brunt of misconception's ire,
Offending thus, ignite the fire
Of vexed concern, recipient
Now consciously more discontent,
Demeanour masking hackles' rise
As flickered fuss betrays the eyes ...

All words gift ambiguity
When cast imprudent thoughtlessly

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GO FISH

Firstly, allegorically
To best express creatively,
Identify which fish you wish
To catch and place upon your dish ...
Then thoughtfully prepare with flair
And cook it perfectly with care,
Refine then serve one portion prime
To chance the stars, seek peaks sublime ...

A COMPLEX REALM

I survive ... yet not unscathed, The psychic vistas masquerade As hope's great shrine, the soft benign Foundation of safe change

They beckon on all innocence That extant time denies to sense, Allurement old's perfected mould Expectantly awaits

Survival is a complex realm
Where sovereign self must take the helm
To navigate the bribe and bait
Of all discarnate harm

Yes, I survive ... but at a cost Where sacrifice is spirit's loss Reflected in the heart of things That wakefulness endures

SEED OF WISDOM

Hither and yon some flit and dart, Desire the foremost blind to heart, Wild passion's eye bedevilled by Raw need to sate vain want

And only surfeit's crude embrace Invites beleaguered souls to grace Dispassion's charm where safe from harm The seed of wisdom grows

IN AFFECTATION FEIGNED

Some friends are more professed than true ...
Wring keen advantage, motive skewed
And deftly spun, adversely won
On terms irreverent

They use, abuse unwary care,
Beguile through means and ways unfair,
Awake or no such actions flow
From callous disrespect

Beneath suspicion, aim unseen More wittingly they plot and scheme A dominance in artful dance Feigned affectation fore

THE HONOURED WAY

And all the worlds lay acquiesced, Eternal movement brought to rest As heart and mind adjoined divine Reveal the honoured way

Enraptured, held in conscious sway Self's flowing mystic interplay Receives and gives as being lives To feel infinity

WISDOM'S DOOR

Shattered false perceptions bring Great rays of truth, awakenings That ripple through conception's store Appeasing least, disrupting more ...

For what once was no longer is, Honed certitude presents amiss As self's safe evidential ground Found wanting spirals deeper down

New worlds unbeckoned come to stay, Fresh eyes behold new dawns and days Now shown yet not sure better for The opening of wisdom's door ...

TOMB OF APATHY

Some feed upon and forage for Emotionality the more, Claim empathy, that hearts ought be Susceptibly at hand

In need, self's feelings stirred aware Crave substance, sense and ardour there For union of that long gone And lost to wounds of past

For those found fragile yet not broke Extremities may well invoke Emotive bliss, the waking kiss From tomb of apathy

THE ART OF ALMOST

Approximation shown concise,
The art of almosts that suffice
Sate just enough for some to bluff
A less than mastered toil

The roughly hewn is but a start, Refinement marks the very heart Of works that boast perfection's ghost In each and every trace

> The zenith of minutia's quest A eulogy to fleeting best, Sublimity the faultless plea To follow nonetheless

WITH NO PLACE LEFT TO HIDE

Compassion is but sorrow's door To heart laid open wide, Awakened to acceptance true With no place left to hide

For there a Love is wrought Heretofore thought as incomplete Where self is not, where self forgot Redeems a treasure lost

EVERY LIFE

Every life of every kind
Exacts a price, conceals a binding
Knot of deep duality
That none elude decisively

For every life in every guise Need honour circumstantial ties To nurture grace and learn to face All limits and their cost

SIDE BY SIDE

Meet me at forever's gate Beyond the golden sea, Fly swift and sure to slip the jaws Of spent mortality

Love's healing sigh will carry you
Upon its blissful wings
And I will wait beside the gate
Where ceaselessness begins

And there we'll pass as one Into the mystical divide ... Beyond respite, fly endless night Together side by side

NATURE'S NUDGE

At her behest the seasons hum, Their nascent song of that to come Seeps gentle ease upon the breeze Of evanescent times

She augurs each as if the last, Her whispered words a message cast Of shifts afoot so softly put Before impending change

FROM MOUTHS OF FECKLESS FOOLS

Word's promise is not actual ...
Avowal not the deed,
Mere act alone is honour shown
To those in crying need

For words sate not true hunger Nor gift beauty by their thrall, That said not done is fiction spun From mouths of feckless fools

THE LAST TO KNOW

Born in womb of matter Words deliver none from harm, Save not one soul, unite no whole Nor soothe the same by charm

And born from womb of matter Factious reasoning by stealth Is likewise so, the last to know Of realms beyond itself

BELIEVER'S LEAP

One final step ... a step too far ... That leap to what they deem they are, Through sleight of self exalted to Faith's fields of knowing safe and true

Does desperation drive desire?
A feral fear inflame the fire?
Or is it self-delusion plain?
Mistaken mind's deep mark of Cain?

Sweet fealty spawns an equal curse,
The leap once made lives unreversed
Beholden to its endless dance
Perspective lost, no rearward glance ...

And seen through faith's prismatic light Another's truth commands their sight, No sovereign Self to heed the heart Now plighted, penned and set apart

Believer's leap, its dream and claim, Deception's cliff a psychic shame As love's pretence exacts its price In fall to fool's feigned paradise ...

SYCOPHANT

Many times in life we cross
The creeping sycophant
Who preens and praises those they may
Eventually supplant

So never trust these toady types
No interest do they hold
In you and yours or anyone
That can't be bought and sold

THAT UNHEARD

And that unheard may not offend ...
A birth in silence marks the end
As sentiment both foul and fair
Spins ever on in aether's care

And cast upon such plains unknown Hewn visceral each feeling sown Prone hearts innately there construe, Receive and own, pass on anew ...

GROUND OF UTMOST HARM

They tell us they know best ... they don't ...
Insist that soon they will ... they won't ...
They emphasise, seize any guise
That benefits them most

They tell us that they can't but would Whilst hinting that we really should... They fertilise then normalise The ground of utmost harm

MENAGERIE OF NOISE

Unseasoned and unreasoned Wild cacophony of sound Imposing and exposing one To flap and rush around

And ... solutions to pollution Such as this are hard to find For consciousness is all the less Apparent to the blind

This nursery of curse can be Like straw to camel's back As jaded and unaided We endure until we crack

WISDOM'S EVENTIDE

Once I knew ... but less so now Time's passing bares raw truth ... Vain certitude the blinkered skewed Naivety of youth

Time casts void dogma to the dark,
Bids calm abeyance rule inside,
And heart commutes the precious fruits
Of wisdom's eventide

PROSAIC YET PROFOUND

Unglamorous and commonplace,
Unnoticed and ignored,
All wise serene exalted souls
Live ever in accord

Through crowd and throng, in graceful flow Great souls move to and fro, As ghosts upon the aether glide Unmarked they come and go

BY EQUAL MEASURE

Of Self all truth here ebbs and flows, The tide of consciousness would know And yet by mirror's taint knows not By equal measure what is what

Of Self all lies here ebb and flow, Unconsciousness could never know And yet by mirror's clarity By equal measure learns to see

At once both sky and earth entwine As mystic mirrored Self refined Here comes and goes in mortal flight, In equal measure hid from sight

PLAIN TRUTH IS DEAD

Plain truth is dead ... long compromised, Its fetid corpse unrecognised, Now dreams invade and lies pervade This temporal domain

Plain truth is dead ... though some deny
Habituated still to lie
To self and all as puppet fools
Divested of right means

Plain truth is dead ... myth laughs aloud Amidst the mute and skulking crowd Of shallow minds that stumble blind Delusional and tamed

Plain truth is dead ... its eulogy
Of silence marks the fallacy
Of cunning acts where cause and fact
Spawn seminal deceit

Plain truth is dead ... I see it clear Beheld in every wretched tear Now felled from grace consigned to places None dare dream to go

Plain truth is dead ... yet soon will rise To self-deception's torrid cries Of those who dance in lying's trance Most willed to spin and charm

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NOT ME

What is not that is not me That I reject emphatically? The each a part, a puzzle's piece Whose rightful home inspires release

Sure that denied is recognised ... No shoulder-tap more apt devised, Acceptance bids a stony climb The harder suffered stretched by time

And mirrored truth? A masterstroke By Nature cruel or kind awoke, Each soul subjected to the wheel Of wakening ... the chance to heal ...

EARTH AND SKY

"Mine is earth and sky," said he,
"The ground of life in breath ...
And wheresoever you may roam
All roads here lead to death."

"And what is death?" said I,
"But yet another road to go?
No earth or sky may limit least
The spirit's onward flow."

HYMN TO CEREBELLUM

Hear the chant to wit and wile, Through psychic night great Mind defiled, Before the altar of excess Wild intellect by heart known less

Unleashed its feral grip apprised
Sifts thought swift compartmentalised,
Mind's nooks and crannies groomed to be
Aligned in rationality

Behold the hum of mind's machine, The nemesis of heart serene, A hymn to cerebellum's rise Beyond the pale, afar its cries

Mesmeric mental mantras weave A feckless charm without reprieve Whilst artless heart sings soft and long Of being's ground in simple song ...

PROMISE

In the deepest part of me
Where nothing stirs, where mind can't see
A oneness bides, its spirit guides
And leads me where I must

Indifferently it bids me on,
As if a dream its silent song
Rings out from where a sorrow shares
The promise of deep joy

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A TRICKY CALL

A want too much tempts heart's demise, A thorny path for those unwise Enough to miss the root and gist Of self's proclivity

A tricky call to read the signs ...
Where should one cease and hold the line?
One want too much perceived as such
Is wisdom safe and sure

TOTALLY DULL

Soporific overtures, Plain tedium wrung dry, A poisoned draft, a mental craft More heinous than a lie

A drone, this whining nagging ache Relentlessly applied Leaves those ensnared embroiled and bared To that and more beside

A WORTH OF KIND

Glass half-empty? Glass half-full? The both bear worth of kind, Yet cheek by jowl they each befoul The sum of heart and mind

Unbridled expectation
Or deep cynicism plied
Is mind awry, heart's hidden lie,
Half-truths lived side by side

MIND'S COMMAND

Small self, the 'I' of nothing real, An inner mesh of thought congealed ... Mind's mental web of habitude That shapes the ways of days pursued

And interacting each to each
Blind selves, small minds near never breach
Their superficiality,
The touch and care of heart shown free

Incarceration's living trial, The death of freedom, joy defiled Runs narrow, pent, conditioned deep, Mind's furrowed ground a waking sleep

And woven 'I' the most contrived Commands the moments, heart deprived Of Self unbound beyond the wall Of mind's command wrought safe and small

GOSSIP

A mix of milder malice, Peppered secrets shared and sought, Loose-tongued and mindless chatter's Blind exchange proceeds unthought

Its fostered exclusivity
The spur to wilier wit,
Invective cruel and narrow
Naming each as hypocrite

RUNE OF ACCIDENTAL BLISS

Upon the wind of anyplace
We cry or fly, some served of grace
To meet the new the hitherto
Denied by guarded eyes

To truth one turns once shown amiss,

The rune of accidental bliss

Once cast and known self's journey home,

Then yours and yours to prize

CONFUSION CAST ANON

The past is present's future seed, A ceaseless thread of thought and deed As time's illusion weaves a weft Upon the loom of emptiness

And reason cries into night's vault, Returns no echo, yields but naught Beyond itself, reflection's rim Mind's mortal flaw, time's antonym

And Self beyond the self eludes, Pretension bites as fancy's crude Unsubtle craft flows out and on Through time's illusion cast anon

CHILD

Impressioned heart laid at his feet
The child now eyes the man complete,
Proximity the sacrifice,
Trust innocent the only vice,
To world now born, the journey set,
Small child absorbed will soon forget

All word now caught by keenest ear
In nuance gleaned most crystal clear,
Invisibly there scarred or blessed,
By sense innate as whole assessed,
To thus emerge in being long
By influence, by nature strong

THROUGH MY OWN FAULT

Through my own fault each deed is weighed,
Through my own fault each choice is made
For who but I, but self alone
Bears consequence of action sown

Through my own fault I am as is, Through my own fault and only this For who comes bringer of my fate But I alone by self-made trait

IT'S NOT ABOUT

It's not about what others have Or what you feel you don't, It's not about where others go Or places that you won't

It's not about the who or where, The why or what or how, It's all about the way you feel About yourself right now

US, CLOGS AND CINDERS

And when we pop these earthly clogs (whoever checks out first),

Don't stuff us in a coffin,

Jam the traffic with a hearse

Don't hurl us from a fishing boat Well-lashed to rocks of weight, Don't mummify or freeze our brains (phew ... what a gruesome fate!)

No ...

Just find a far-flung windy bluff
And build a pyre high,
And burn us to a cinder,
Loose our spirits to the sky

Wild wind and ash, sweet smoke and flame
To cleanse and leave no trace,
For we are dead corporally
Sure never more to be

And epitaph? ...
What need or sense for mark or sign to show?
Yet if needs be one note akin
Well emphasised just so:

Incineration much preferred, Incarceration ... NO! All putrefactive means taboo! No rotting dark and slow ...

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A TESTING CALL

Community's prerequisite?
Conformity ... and lots of it ...
Its currency and entrance fee
Compliant gratitude

The rules are set, the lines are drawn,
Obedience the mantle worn ...
A mute decree saps sovereignty
That wilts beneath the weight

Rejection's price is loneliness, The saviour of unbrokenness, A testing call for those who fall Afoul collective clique

TIMELINESS

Timely intervention
Is an art hard to effect,
A judgment fine by heart and mind
Appraised by intellect

And rarely so perfected
As to warrant reverence
Such skills exact a poise and tact
So seldom found by chance

UPON THE STARS I SWEAR

Unnumbered heavens swirl in flight
As I so small entreat this night
In Nature's still, muse what of will
Conceived creation thus

And here upon the stars I swear Allegiance to a One out there That names my fate as I prostrate Myself in wonderment

PARADOX

Love is lost, adrift at sea Obscured by senseless sophistry, Suppressed and derogated so Seemed ever-ebbing ... loath to flow

But here and there love's mien may rise Before true hearts' forgiving eyes, Remembrance shining short and sweet Bestirring sense lived incomplete

Yet 'neath dark's ghost a light lives on, Delusion's strain but love's own song That weaves lament to mirror clear Life's paradox ... love's presence here

AS A RAFT WITHOUT A SAIL

What do you know for sure? What utter certainty prevails? Is all not evanescent, As a raft without a sail?

We trust as so without safe ground, Claim cause where it is not, Is knowing's prize of worth When reasoned wisdom is forgot?

NAUGHT TO COURT

Here in sanguine brooding poise
I wait for one true sign
All fancy slayed, all peace now made
In mind and heart aligned

And if it comes it comes And if then not ... c'est la vie, Sure rather I would tend hope's sky Than court one falsity

WONDERGROUND

Out of mystic unborn nothingness,
From out the starless void
Came namelessness,
Like breath upon a pristine mirror
That leaves no trace,
Like still water fathomlessly deep
Steeped in silent vitality ...
As one both here and there

Author of the womb of matter,
Mother of the teeming elemental
Cast indifferently in ceaseless change ...
Progenitor of this and that
Unwilled aflow its own endless emptiness,
Beyond profound,
A wonderground
The which upon we dream ...

STILL KNOWING NOT

Not mine to know nor mine to say, The truth of these our living days Lies deep within the heart of things Eternally unwound

For mine to know is mystery, The fleeting phantom of a free And feral heart whose counterpart Looks on ... still knowing not

MADE NOT BORN

Most personage is mind-conceived, Mixed habits formed and then believed Essential to what self construes As plain necessity

By nature, nurture, gene or need Complexities unwound proceed To hone each trait, consolidate As time and age roll on

Personas are not born but made,
Their constructs forged shaped to persuade
All others here unknown or near
Of that we wish perceived

BLESSED PROXIMITY

Plus or minus this or that? Approximation's where it's at For close enough is good enough No need to split those hairs

All overflow punctilious Soon smacks of inessential fuss So disunite from mental blight And bless proximity

UNFORGIVING BONES

Vitriolic harassment Concealed in righteous tones, A harsh tirade, the thin charade Of unforgiving bones

Such brutal wit plied wilfully, Wrought merciless and cruel Begs fate to mete sure soon and fleet The reckoning of a fool

ALTARS OF CONFORMITY

Suppressed, assaulted, cowed, coerced,
The space to 'be' runs worse to worst
All conscious objectivity
Besmirched, squeezed tight relentlessly,
Obliquely delegitimised
Fair things besieged are criticised
To much malign and correlate,
Conceal intent and obviate

Long redefined we thrash and rail
Against a sense of deep betrayal
Unclear, wrought indeterminate
Made wilfully by those who wait
In shadows of malevolence,
The ghouls of grace and eloquence
Betrothed to end the greater we
On altars of conformity

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CATCH ME IF YOU CAN!

"Catch me if you can!"
Cried deeper Self to mind enslaved,
Small self in thought to thus retort,
"No other do I crave ..."

Yet Self persists, it nags and gnaws
The root of psychic fear
To press and tell mind's citadel
Of greater being here ...

TOO MUCH TOO FAR

Exert that phrenic faculty
Too much, too far and you might be
Uncoupled everlastingly
From intuition's womb

The penitentiary of the mind Is blight and bane in clandestine Defiance of a heart maligned That beats within your breast

LURE AND LIE

Mind has no morality, Its spiritless authority Equivocates and mitigates The once known primal heart

Cold intellect the mental tool By which the self itself befools To veil the true and greater you Beneath its lure and lie

A SELF SHOWN CLEAR

Face to face with least of grace One's mirror never lies, Stare long, gaze deep, will self now reap Reality's surprise?

For truth in raw and primal flux Is ever present here, Most arrantly demanding we Accept a self shown clear

ISOLATION'S BELL

Pray let me speak of One we know
That time forgot, the poignant so,
Unwind a tale of being wild,
True sovereign spark's contrary child
Least seen of age to tell

For long ago in world made new
The One resolved to travel to
The farthest point by deepest lore
Of cosmic mindscape's distant shore
To veil the mystic well

By every means feigned other trod Hallucinogenic roads to God, Pure pathways, love, by peak and trough, Great omens sought near and far-off Undone to so dispel

For longest time negation's reach
Built tall by brick, the each on each,
The highest tower, farthest coast
Experiential sense could host
Long hailed by mystic bells

There dwelt the One in vigilance
Did round the tower's turret dance,
To send from unhorizoned deep
Soft sign and sound from dark to seep
The toll of silent bells

Through many a dawn of searched undone
Unwavered stood the earnest One,
Unceasing eye strained to discern
Faint glimmered light of other burned
In darkness of One's spell

And still this day by tower's bond
One stares the dense and deep beyond,
Still waiting, watching everything
As far-flung other's edge now clings
In silence to foretell

Pray last I'll speak to all of One,
Of unrequited endings spun,
Of silent toll rung to beseech
From ancient Mind just out of reach,
Great isolation's bell

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BIRDS FLY ... BEES STING

Of themselves the hills are green, Wild water needs no thought, All truth beheld through feeling eyes Finds nothing to be sought

So take no action, tread no paths, Birds fly, the bee fair stings, Just nourish, grow and recognise The natural course of things

LIES DISGUISED

A preference is not prejudice As some would have us cede, For thus assigned this renders mind Incumbent to agree

Insidious intent
To render choice abnormalised
Usurps the norm, invites conformity
To lies disguised

And pointlessly applied All words set binary averse Are weapons sure, promote more Unreality and worse

A KARMIC CALL

We will to be and thus we are Intentionally here, A karmic call to carnal thrall Adrift this mortal sphere

Vibrational constraint,
Ephemerality forgot ...
A game of one, life's journey spun
In consciousness ... or not

IN WAYS THAT WORDS CAN'T SAY

No wish to use nor be used
Leaves one ultimately lone,
The truth of it hard to admit
As swiftly up and flown
Those close of heart claimed ever dear
Soon fade more fleetingly away
Where thereupon one just moves on
In ways that words can't say

FAITH UNRECOGNISED

The heart of sunrise blessed and dear Invites a world of wonder here In marvelled still its prescient will Flaunts elemental might

So hark the heavens' silent song Where nothing's right and nothing's wrong, Where love unborn fills each new morn With faith unrecognised

IN COMMON RITE

Deluded folk oft congregate, They swallow whole each other's bait, Live true to type, believe self's hype And that of those akin

And oft such fancies break sane bounds,
Defy all sense of solid ground,
In common rite conjoin in flight
From cold reality

AND ALL THE WHILE THE FLOWERS GROW

And all the while the flowers grow ...
In silence mark the come and go
Of living's rhyme, its fleeting ghost,
The shallow flight of least and most
As ever wakeful Nature's eye
Through time untold bids life to die

And all the while the flowers grow
In sense wrought deep, no want to know
But simply 'be' in moment's grace,
Eternal beauty there to chase
Until the dawn when worn of worth
In Nature's care returned to earth

PSYCHIC SHIELD

Knowing is a psychic shield, Cold fear's defence, an uncongealed Projection of self's baseless creed Insistent others likewise cede

A 'what I know you must believe'
Is supplication, wild reprieve
From self's own fractious dire lament,
The deep abyss of discontent

No love there slips mind's iron keep Of mental tangents angst would reap Where dark despair morphed cunning spins A wheel of knowing cast within

THE HERE AND NOW NOT DEAD AND GONE

Analogy ... that subtle art So many spout yet few impart With acumen, self-interest free Or rendered even-handedly

Mixed metaphors and faults abound As wanting words tread shaky ground, The past and present named conjoint In frenzied bid to prove a point

Comparisons astutely made Ascribe a likeness closely weighed, Insightfulness of circumstance, No stone unturned, least left to chance

Keen self-perception's candour rules, No bias hid, no fad to fool, All preconceptions raised to light By token of truth's appetite Straight assay of each aspect shown Bids present mind and heart full-known, Such faculty thus drawn upon The here and now not dead and gone

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CORRUPTED CERTAINTY

Knowing less of what I am
I know more what I'm not ...
Yet thought-made me claims sovereignty,
A sense of what is what

"Not this, not that!" thought-feelings cry
And yet self's eye can't see
The wood for trees as mind's dis-ease
Corrupts all certainty

PLAIN JUST

Experiential knowing
Breeds uncommon empathy,
Compassion true without ado
Drawn from reality

No penetrative proxied sight
May deign to substitute
That plainly known, all mercy shown
Unfalteringly just

VASSALS DO

Vassals do what vassals will, The silent chain's decree fulfilled, Each need a must thought blindly just Enacted readily

Dark exoteric puppeteers

Define the rules the minions fear

And steeped in dread the great misled

Unflinchingly obey

COME ONE

Come one, just one who knows for sure The depth of soul's ascent wished for ... A one of love, a keeper of The key to heaven's gate

Come one, come soon, one honest heart
Whose constancy cannot depart
Compassion true that airs anew
The root of 'being' here

Come one ... and come the sweeter made, A one of light that never fades And sing your song of soul in longing Bound in unity

A LIVING ART

Great Nature seeds a living art, An ebb and flow of common heart, Her sweet embrace brings fading grace To cycles bound in fate

The rhythms of the seasons sing Their silent songs to everything, And breathe a sigh not asking why Or how she comes to be

Her summer's glory sooner grieved Cedes autumn's chill, the falling leaves A tapestry, her artistry Exquisitely unfurled

And gown of winter's white bequeathed
Defies the yearning lain beneath,
Where nascent spring awaits to sing
Of majesty anew

IN TRUTH'S GREAT INSTANT

All manner swiftly turns in change, Familiar patterns disarrange With that thought so proved not to be As truth's fleet instants disagree

One word, one sign can alter all, Renew perspective, shame self's fool That dreams aloft supernal skies Where fancies charm and hypnotise

The penny drops, feigned truths emerge
Zoetic sense will rise and urge
Revision fundamentally
As reason's rise bids truth run free

One sentiment of errant root Can shift direction, bear strange fruit That thought and sense had long declined Now shown of face raised clear to mind

One blinkered eye is one too much, Half-real, half-cocked upon one crutch, Sure best both eyes are opened wide To face awake life's coming tides

SOON DISPOSSESSED

And of my own I understand, No alien in an alien land ... Assimilation's fantasy Is elsewhere's Eden least to be

To cultivate another's mien Is phrenic forfeit, contra-lean From mild discomfort to distress, The deepest ease soon dispossessed

WORDLESS TRUTH

Plain imprecision dogs the task, Exasperates right from start, All effort wrought, all meaning sought Through language of the heart

By word we fumble to express, Communicate the real, To touch the heart, impart The truest sense of that we feel

Yet word is not the thing Oft thrashing distant from the fact, And silence may more surely say In wordless truth exact

QUE SERA SERA

Repeat now clearly after me, "Just what will be will surely be" Don't fog or fuss the obvious, Call that most plain complex

All gods are gods one ought despise Albeit self or otherwise, For all before is nothing more Than what it truly is

The universe of navel gaze

This pointless path, its deep malaise

Feeds needs that must be ever trusted

To the hand of fate

DRASTIC CERTAINTY

Knowing is a mental flaw
Where what one finds is that searched for
As self supreme confirms the dream
In drastic certainty

And feral faith, wit's substitute Assumes the reigns, exalts its root, Forsaken sense, intelligence Vacated readily

COUNTERWEIGHT

Pride overt or subtle
Is but counterweight to lack,
A deficit, the self perceived
In wanting out of whack

Desire to project
Imagined self of dreams conceived,
A plain conceit the better stemmed
And best the least believed

TAKE ME

Take me through that ancient door From whence I came, to that before This being's dreamed reality, This blessed and cursed duality

For I unwound of self perceive
That every effort to believe
Is barren craving paralysed,
Raw need, the heart of hope denied

Pray take me through that primal door Where ever-stilled and evermore The All abides in timeless grace Where aeons fly the endless space

WHERE STARS COLLIDE

Perplexed I muse our greater home
Of spinning orbs and stars that roam
This vast unfathomed universe,
One provenance made best or worse
Where stars collide and worlds are born
By primal forces rent and worn,
Flung swirled and spun to fade and go
To roam the void the less to know

And here our home still wends and whirls
As cosmic cycle's life unfurls,
Earth beauteous blue to ceaseless night,
Found fragile, bathed in lucid light
Of sister moon that roams the sky
The restless oceans to comply,
Beheld unchanged in timeless grace
Of star-strewn heaven's endless space

And I of me ephemeral,
One speck of nothing frail and small
Transfixed here on forever's rim
Do marvel Nature's wilder whim
As silence raw and undefined
Hums softly as the heart reminds
Each sacred moment cherished well
Is life in being's tale to tell

None else save I raised sentient, Heart opened wide to wonderment

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UNDER-SONGS UNKNOWN

Feel the axis oscillate, Stability bemoans its fate, The wheels are loose, they've served their use, Great change is drawing nigh ...

Faint affectation marks the time, Portends the outstretched paradigm, Dissembling clouds the mental shroud Through which we strain to see

Will truth's salvation supersede?

Dark decimation's falsehoods breed?

By hand of chance we wait to dance

To under-songs unknown

COLONY

Morality, a colony
Of dangerous deceit,
A hiding place for feign of face
To mask the indiscreet

Last refuge of the scoundrel, Of the bigot and the fool, A psychic snare, delusion's lair Where truth is ridiculed

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NOTHING TOO AMISS

All is right here in my world,
Sure nothing too amiss
For me and mine are safe and warm
In self-contented bliss

The portal in the corner Yields more graphic sorrow's life Yet me and mine's indifference stares Uncoupled from the strife

For theirs is theirs to bear No invitation to the feast Whilst me and mine live separate Related not the least

And as we snuggle cosily
The choice becomes quite clear ...
We swiftly switch the channel
So to make it disappear

A WHIT AWAY

A whit away from knowing
Is a dangerous deceit,
A dalliance of blight and chance
One step from self-defeat

Imponderable certitude
Is antithetic bait,
A fine line crossed, dominion lost
To one wild whit too late

SHREWD AND SLY

Bite the lip that shapes a lie, Serve wakefulness, observe heart's sigh Of discontent, let mind's advent Be hindered honestly

Raise vigilance and check mind's flow,
Arrest its constant to and fro,
Let heart foretell to master well
Mind's nature shrewd and sly

FROM TIME TO TIME

And one day not too far away This 'I' will cease to be, This soul will fly, this body die To dark eternity

And when the 'I' of my demise
Then fades as dreams oft do
From time to time hold me in mind
There in the heart of you

HEART'S COMPASSION

Immersed in sorry fault and lack Acknowledgement of truth and fact Is heart's compassion self-imposed Reflected outward as life flows

Forgiveness is the sweet sweet balm Releasing self from self's own harm, Calls unforgiving's binding plight Into the realm of love and light

CRYSTAL CLEAR

Extremities come plain to see, This sense one feels instinctively Is how things are, all things bizarre Proliferate apace

They say this is normality,
Progression's franchise of the free
Yet look around ... its harm surrounds us
Close and crystal clear

GATES

In every realm, in every place
Corporeal they charge the space
Where none may pass save sufferance,
Where keeper names both tune and dance
For guardians of such gates hold sway
All wished to pass bent to obey,
Behest the hidden opiate
Forbearance least one narrow trait

Feigned honour dreams as truths arise
In shadow's wake unrealised,
And those that would traverse and on
Wait still the gate they gaze upon
As hoop and hurdle, block and bar
Decrees the what and how they are
Until unbidden willingness
Gifts opened gate now yearned the less ...

All earthly gates here dreamed to pass Exact a price, demand, alas

UNTIL

Sure All is ever bound ... you'll see
No separation actually
As limit's eye here bleeds the mind
Of wonderment, the purist kind

Weight's chains and anchors drag the floor, Safe sense held fast to miss for sure Great Nature's subtle secrets curled Within the womb of risen world

How may the spark of life ignite Each captive mind in blinded plight? What may be said or certain done To wake aware the everyone?

Great Nature out of time must know The path on which the most now go To wait deep cycle's mystic wheels 'til all is well, 'til all is healed

PATHS THAT LEAD US ON

Life demonstrates ... time and again, Its purpose seems a preordained Instructive spree, an urgency Of intimate design

Experiential mirrors shine,
Their raw reflections crystalline,
One's way seems set, each veiled vignette
A path that leads us on

PART OR WHOLE

Uncommonly obsequious
The spineless and the sly
Will sell their soul in part or whole
For that which baits the eye

Benumbed of heart and sense Such fawning advocates of greed Will gouge and ream, wreck life and dream To satisfy their need

SHARP AND RAW

Plain aggressive honesty
Like bullet to the heart
May wound a few, may startle you,
Upset the apple cart

Yet one must but admire Such brazen candour straight and raw, For truth laid bare told real and rare Oft leaves one wanting more

CAUTIOUS FAITH

Trust, Self's heir of cautious faith
In vital vigilance,
I honour you whilst I eschew
The feint in living's dance

For I will not stray far from you Nor question how you lead, I'll flow your way the day on day Until you sign no need

USE OR NO

Some people are not willing to Be used for others aims, And so in turn decline to use Another for their claims

Conversely there are those prepared
To use, abuse aware,
And thus in turn are used themselves,
Sure all as such is fair

CHASE ITS CHANGING FACE

We seek it here, we seek it there, We seek true meaning everywhere Yet subtly spun its guile outruns The finest faculty

In wild and enigmatic flight Truth tantalisingly invites All seekers of the greatest love To chase its changing face

SHAMELESS

Shamelessly a poem's rhyme
Should lilt and sway to mark the time,
So rare the flow to interrupt
Save punctuation least abrupt,
For verse set free oft drifts as if
Each phrase unleashed obscures to miff,
And strewn and scattered, lost to sense
A heart and mind the soon relents ...
No ... Give me cadence any day
To tease the wit but not astray
For shamelessly a poem's rhyme
Should sing a song of words sublime

VAIN DISDAIN

Some condescension knows no bounds, Pontificates from higher ground Too rarefied for mortals plain Whose mental reach discerns in vain

Here peering down from subtle skies
The patronising ego sighs
Reflecting smugly on the sense
That only rarest 'they' dispense

Deep mental instability, Raw need that seeds more need to be Esteemed, a wit of peerless might Who metes a wisdom theirs by right

Extremities of callous scorn Sign psychic harm, small self forlorn, Inverted truth in flagrant pride Long steeped in fear of lack inside

BOUNDARY AND BREACH

All absolute perspectives cast Division, malice unsurpassed, No covenant, no settlement To unabridged debate

Thus all then said so all is done As raging silence falls upon An end unknown, the danger zone Of boundary and breach

JUSTICE CRUEL

The universe metes justice cruel, Its ruthless truth abides no fool To remonstrate all wayward traits In reparation raw

Naivety is no excuse,
All pleaded innocence no truce,
Least merciful this world will call
Such mischief to account

WHAT MIND FORGOT

Oft scarcer moments here invite A harking back, remindful flight To sweet nostalgia's briefest bliss In introspective reminiscent Heart that feels the echoed thrall Of bygone warmth now come to call

Faint imagery of those loved so
Drift in and out, they come and go
Like phantoms from heart's deep unasked,
Lost feelings, loving's past unmasked
In chronicle too deep to say,
Heart mesmerised in moment's sway

Strange interludes bleed piece by piece,
Past moments rare so swift to cease
Come raise the oh-so-long-ago
In slackened time's uncommon flow
Where heart's deep chambers thought forgot
Now keenly sense what mind cannot

HERE TO THERE

We go where we are taken Often choicelessly contraire, Let fate adjust the way it must Whilst ever more aware

Such prescience bids means and ways

To meet the unforeseen,

For 'here' may drift to 'there' most swift

As fortune intervenes

NOT ONE WHIT

Some souls cannot be stirred or swayed
However hard we try,
As stone cocoons they stand immune
All influence decried

Plain adamant, intransigent, Indifferently dense, Sure not one whit will they admit Another's common sense

CASE AND CAUSE

We fear to face the root of it, This world, its ways, sure least admit That truth beknown but we alone Are case and cause complete

Yet timeless fate will wend its way
Until the dawn of our last day
When natural law exerts once more
A perfect harmony

PLOUGH HIGH FIELDS

What we are is ours to know, Self's guiding light soul's seed long sown Of gene, by breed, in circumstance, Predisposition born to chance

Years formative consolidate
The shape of self through ways innate
Beneath phenomenality,
A setting shell firmed by degree

And yet ... such husks may still be broke, One's latent consciousness awoke Through metamorphosis of mind, Of heart, of 'being' unconfined

Then what you are still yours to know Brings changing inner space that flows Beyond self-stricture's moral bounds To plough high fields ... tend higher ground

A HEART'S DISGRACE

We see, we want, we get, then need Just something else, the more to feed And sate this never-ending blind Addiction of defective mind

When will it cease? How shall we see
The truth of our complicity?
Where what we have now abnegates
Another's life, another's fate

All usury brings shame and worse Upon all agents of this curse, Such predilection sure to face The flight of self from heart's disgrace

SEA OF RECKONING

Morality obscures the law Of sacred justice heretofore And ever so the means to know Which path true heart ought tread

So hold the line of utmost troth In self and soul to better both, For lone are we upon a sea Of karmic reckoning

ACKNOWLEDGED YET UNKNOWN

In the light dark disappears,
Eyes towards the sun the shadows clear,
Her radiance the holy dance
Of instant chastening

So seek and hold self scintillant, Refine by self-relinquishment, Bid darkness flee as one to be Acknowledged yet unknown

SEPTIC SEED

Materially and otherwise That seemed 'as is' is not, A massive hoax, one heinous joke And lie that truth forgot

Hell masquerades as paradise Where fools embrace its creed, 'What is' the farce of altered past, The spawn of septic seed

ON THE HILL

On the hill I breathe the air In objectivity most rare ... The moments slow as time forgoes Its unrelenting pace

On the hill the moments still ... I sense the hand of greater will, Significance, its hollow dance But mockery of mind

Here on the hill the psyche seeps A subtle sorrow raw and deep, Heart's mortal now replayed, avowed As one in joy and woe

And on the hill abeyance hums Its ancient song as silence comes In swirls of bliss that rise and kiss The spirit come aware

Upon the hill all dreams desist ...
All questions fade as nothing missed
Is nothing found but hallowed ground
Of One by one upraised

KEEPER OF OUR GATE

Pleasure beckons soon to wane, Gifts joy then steals it back again, All solace lost with nameless cost Frequenting in return

And yet we chase its emptiness Wholeheartedly, as one possessed Each time to find its thrill unwinds To leave us more bereft

Denial oft begets but more Ephemerality before We consciously awake and free The keeper of our gate

WHERE YOU ARE

Where you are is where you are,
One whit adrift a shift too far,
Right here the raw plain truth of your
Predicament unwinds

One step away is figment made, The truth's eclipse in mind's charade, Necessity the agency By which we face the fact

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WHERE THE FLOWERS GROW

Immersed ... much deeper than a dream
She runs beside a crystal stream,
There wonder-bound, a child at heart
In billowed bliss of world apart
As there flown free loosed time bids send
A dreaming path, her rainbow's end,
There steeped in swathes of blooms aglow
She wanders where the flowers grow ...

Beyond content, in timeless hush
She wends amid the beauteous flush
Of drifting colour, tones untold
Child-innocent, no sense of old
In heart of such exalted grace
The softest breeze to brush her face,
Pure moment's charm in nameless bliss
Neath perfect sky with naught amiss

Then she swift wrested from delight Wakes harshly, greets the chains of plight, Frail she as last sweet breath creeps near Strains fading heart as loosed one tear Shed precious, soft, too slow to trace Wends lines of age writ on her face, Then spent, by gleaming lamplight's glow She slips to where the flowers grow

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CHASE THE PHANTOM

Seen pivotal the spiritual
Will agelessly abide,
It fascinates, embodies traits
That leave us mystified

Yet still we chase its phantom Evanescent promise here Until we free futility From longing's psychic fear

TEND THAT SIGHT

Smell a rat? Detect a wheeze? Suspect that what you're told misleads? Then dig and pry, apply the eye Of deeper dissidence

Then tend that sight both far and wide, Bid truth to fore, let nothing hide Dissembled here that eye or ear Is wilfully denied

SLIP THE FRAY

The spell is broke, the dream is gone Now lost to truth, the whereupon Calamitous reality Calls hearts to wake, bids eyes to see ...

Some will errantly deny
All bitter truths before the eye
And some will weep the tears of those
Whose conscious lapse now carps exposed

And yet still more will proselytise Who court and claim the quisling's prize, Hail subjugation's living hell As heaven-sent all honour quelled

Then last and least some few remained Will squarely meet all truth ordained, Accept the fact of what must be To slip the fray a spirit free

OTHERS' DREAMS

More guide than seeker here am I Yet where they go I may not fly For that avowed is least allowed To linger in this place

As portal twixt the earth and sky
From rim to rim affixed am I ...
As mirrored halls exceed their walls
I live all others' dreams

NATURE PRAYER

Great Nature raised and spun divine
Raw power's pulse the more refine,
In awe I stand of you self-made
So swift I come, so fleet I fade,
And here born conscious in this place
Each moment lives in rhythmic grace,
Here silent passed as rootless dream
From trickled flow to rushing stream

Though felt such beauty here possessed,
Magnificence the hard impressed
This I of you seem sensed apart
Lived banished slight of equal heart,
Fair bound now sung a drifter's song,
To all the while not quite belong,
Strange separation here I find
Odd taint and blight to plague the mind

Yet glorious 'neath star-strewn sky High sentience does raise mind's eye, Here blessed your spirit true and real, By grace I live by grace I feel ...



