



MYSTERIOUSLY SITTING

Just this side of rigamortis
I am like a tortoise.

Guilty by birth, apparently!

The verdict was passed in a genetic tongue.
No decoder is available at Walmart.

A mellow fellow
but not native to this planet
because I carry MY planet with me.

(That is very Scorpio crafty of me.)

A shell dweller
that is designed to be solitary

and sometimes I get lonely, too, inside my home.

I went within
to study the Greatest of Mysteries
as I had been programmed to do.

But when I did finally poke my head back out?

No one understood my top secret report!
No one dared to HEAR of my inner studies!

So I shall have to turn turtle upon this rock.
I'll just sit by the splashing river, now.

Stretch a leg out sideways like a yogi
and hold it
like a ballet dancer.

If you can't get past
what's on my outside,
then watch me mysteriously sit and stretch
with an empty mind, receptive
while I await your next move.

*

Have any useful questions cometed into our minds yet?



FIREWORKS

If
you
could
watch the
tape in fast forward:
The starlit cosmos might be
an unfathomably grand fireworks display!
All the different shapes of space time igniting and Booming!
Blooming like confederate jasmine stars!
Spinning grinning spinning!
Dissolving again.
Gone.

Gone?
Move in closer
How does a black hole feel?
How would life have been as a red giant star?

After the Eye realizes itself in its conscious reflection
all fiery displays will be snuffed out
by the dark endless
void, awaiting.

Soft silence
Ready ready ready
to shape dark matter around new form again.



AZIGZA

(based on a song by Cyoakha Grace)

I wake in your arms
in a rowboat under the stars.
Just give me one more dream!

For there's a hole in my heart
where the memories leak out
though I try forever to plug it...

Of flaming towers pouring down.
Crushed bones under deadly clouds,
though I wish ever to forget them.

*

She looks up,
this whispering Isis,
and touches my forehead:

“You and I have died so many times
It's the old souls that remember.

“The lost are teaching madness class
Dancing in the dirt of sacred history.

“We too have shared their darkest lessons
Of timing, bad luck and misery.

“But you know the distance
you feel between us?
It is not nearly as real as it seems.

“My boat has wings!
And beyond this fall
You will be mine
After all.”

“How can that be?” I reply
“Soon our tombs are overgrown.
Soon our languages are forgotten.
Soon the earth was only one blink
in the eye of the Cosmic Buddha.”

I watch a trout surfacing
mouth gaping
gasping for air
like an artist dying to feed.

“How can I believe you?” I continue.
“How can I belong to you?
I have so little to offer.
Just stardust and my heart beating true.
And my Art! Oh will it ever break through?”

*

...Long I am stirring my mixture to get it right
Stirring the mixture deep each day and night.
Oh, let it be golden this time! is all I pray:

“Creator! I’ve so much rent to pay
with only alchemy.
Melt these amalgams under my strong Intention.
Let it please turn golden this time!”

And I find I am standing now, palms to the stars,
while with my words I am rocking Isis’ boat.

“Bring my world back in line,
yin to yang with this alchemy!
By transmutation seal this action!
O Sound, bring me all the means!
Let it rise golden this time!
All my elementals:
infuse my work with life!
The passionate future
that must thrive on this alchemy...

I'm building my way from your blocks of Light!
Come now to me!"

Isis smiles up at me
and, caressing my thighs,
she whispers again:

"From a mask made of purest gold,
Life's river has endlessly flowed
down through a canyon
and over the edge
of a mile high waterfall.

"But my boat has wings!
And beyond this fall
you will be mine after all!
Now is our time, you and I.
We are forever alive!
Know it now, once and for all...
After all this distance."



TEMPLAR'S QUEST

I AM broadcasting on all seven channels!
I AM receiving on all seven frequencies!
I AM wave and particle on all seven channels!
I AM heard loud and clear on all seven frequencies!
I AM representing!

From top to toe I feel the flow.
Mine or yours? I don't yet know.
From toe to top, I'm glowing
on this cosmic beat they are throwing.

Let's go slipping between the molecules!
For exploration's sake.
For entertainment's sake.
Leaving fools in our dusty wake!

Let's go diving between the atoms:
What we touch there reminds us
that it's been waiting to find us.
Let's find the divine Us!

Let's go sailing out once more
upon the oceans of light.
On toward the beating heart of night, where
all the spaces will at last unite!

I hear now the bell of love ringing
that mournful song of resistance.
Locked up in Polarity God's tower
by the powers of earthly existence.

"Long I have waited for you,"
she tolls in the darkness.

“Your journey ends with me:
in ecstasy.”
She stands witness

as my circles tighten into speed.

*

O, where is that golden chalice now?
I AM trying to find the rest of me.

Where is my Bell of Love now?
She’s everything around me!
She’s everything around me!
She’s conspiring to astound me!

by eccentrically running circles round me
around my I-AM-ME.



BREAKFAST OF LIGHT:

Digesting the meaning of last night's dreams

When the moon reigns with prowess,
we, the true Freemason and the priestess,
quietly slip below our sheets again.

Helplessly, willingly, we open a Void.
Our Light will explode outward to fill it with joy!
creating dream-lands for us once again.

Radiating
out of our present.
Radiating
across our lives!
Radiating across infinity,
that cross that we bear...

Thus, behind closed eyelids we stare:
"O, Intentional light
of both frequency and photon:
hear the vibration
of my Creative Word
deposited along Your Ray-beam
from our present!
O, give us signposts
rather than Judgment!
Illumine our dark bodies
and culture
out to Beyond
the foreseeable future!"

Radiating
out of our present.
Radiating
across our lives!
Radiating across infinity,
that cross that we bear...

A cosmic canvas filled with symbolic meanings.

Symbols come answering back,
wrapped in a dreamy sheen,
outlining the mythical landscapes of Between.

Symbols dance backwards throughout
all subconscious creation, and
respond to our questioning feelers
of daily ideation.

All the ivy that crawled out of us
as we paced the woods or city
seems to crawl back inwards
at night, reacting to our activity.

Like probing tendrils of nocturnal energy
that shall bear dream fruit in our alpha zone.

Dream flares of truth that are glowing deep
inside our density, skin and bone.

Said Light leaves an intricate trail of glimpses:
dream movie scenes, or simply dream pictures.

Dreams prod our hearts
with resonant moments that politely ask us:

"How do we feel
about such and such things today?
Let us stand in all of these characters'
shoes, as if it were a tragic or comic play!"

Honey, let's watch your dream again:
this time, in careful slow motion.
Let's walk that remembered trail again
with all our senses conscious.
On full alert
through all these valuable images.

(All associations and emotions
are a part of these dream processes.)

Honey, pass the orange juice
and let's galvanize the meanings.
Pass the coded challenges down:
We love to love these feelings!

We stare and stare and feel
until that primal contact is made...

Through each symbol's eyes we look.
Through each creature's eyes we look.

And in our neighbors' eyes we can then look.
We're dreaming our healing, without a book!
Until connection is made:

Radiating
out of our present.
Radiating
across our lives!
Radiating across all infinity,
that cross that we bear

Even across this,
our stained old breakfast table...

