

Against the fallen wind
Across the hungry sky
Leans yet another tree
With green but purple heart
Outraged
In silence

And there they sat
Two of them
Debating the meaning of the wind
The message in the sky

Protesting now and then

Reading
Insights in the author
And intent

Understanding
Its hidden meaning
Blatantly painted
In obvious humour
And sarcastic intent

It's just too simple
It's just too shallow
It's just no good

Twice hidden was its meaning
In obvious disguises

In the unhidden
And the undisguised

Bare and naked lies the truth

Unpainted
And defenceless

Unnoticed in the glitter of lies

In the end
a merging
drowns
in its own horror
falling
into
itself
and choking
on its own
deep
silence

In the field he stood
calloused and blood worn
with his goal achieved
a goal no more

there was no one to fight

the shield of truth
the sword of peace
tempered with convictions
buried in the tomb of the heart
to be displayed to future generations

Each day I travel from past to present
As if from the beginning to the end of time
And I think of the present as a final escaping
I think of the past as nothing at all

Each day a vacuum
An aimless adventure
A journey
From stasis to stop

Each thought but a hurried journey
A constant fleeing
A constant escaping
A constant searching
For a resting place

A misunderstood search
A mythical journey
A misdirected wish
A hope for a light
In a motionless time

A hope for peace
A motionless peace
A wish for a dreamless night

on the wings of a dream
in the forest of light
play the honest and brave
in childish innocence...

Immortals they are
unassailable

hidden from the truth of the blind
hidden from the twisted reality of the conflicts of fate
and the cosmic forces of the sublime

segments of space
in spiralling motion

flashes of light
on ribbons of time

colliding like ghosts
passing through each other
unaffected

Today I walked
with my head up high
and put on silken wings
and hung a mirror in the sky
to never
look down
again

for
I had always looked down
to forge my path
to plan and to dream
my goals

and
constantly clean off
the mud and the grim
from walking on earth

In the light
through our own shades of green
do we cast our crimson ribbons
tarnished by our own malaise
and made visible
to ourselves alone
by our own most favourite visions

like the last warrior
left standing
returned among pacifists
there banished
for destroying their foes

set free at last
to search for his own battlefield

rapped
by his own discontent
betrayed
by his heritage
rejected
by family and friends
banished
by his own failures
searching
for a world
he'd not learned to recognize

too young to rest
too strong to die

the last warrior
wanders
in search of battle

the joy
the celebration
of that moment of silence
when that which can
but quiver and shake
says
“I told you so!”

The inner peace of reconciliation
the joy
of the submission
of the self
to social expectation

the celebration
of re-admission

the feast of the prodigal

the white soldier
the champion of the people
teaches protection
against
other people
teaching
distrust

Alone,
as if upon a desert sand
aching to quench a thirst
yet void of dreams

there is no wind
nor heat of sun
nor vision of illusion

just hope trapped in the now
waiting for the sands to stir
to uncover a trail
or make a path
that will bring a traveller
his way

a traveller, yes
but a stranger not a stranger
a kindred soul to touch
a likened spirit to embrace
to share those tears transformed to joy
for ever

and to end the search
that never ending search

again the eastern sun
absorbed the morning mist
and left nought but a silent gentleness
on all that touched it

protected by faith, sustained by time
and cherished by tradition
an uncorrupted innocence
emerged both proud and confident

it was the fire from within
that cast the spell
and moved the mist

it was the faith within
that feared no test of time

and motionless it stood
making no, and awaiting no
judgement

Silence
unbetrothed to duty
rests
waiting
dreaming of some future cause
to stir
within the fibre of its being

the morning light must awaken it
and cast a spell

willingly it must conform
to itself
to its own metamorphosis
convinced of its own righteousness

with faith in itself
it must continue
proud of its conviction

without doubt
it must persevere

its own death
it must accept
as resurrection

a white shadow
transparent and pure
incapable of absorbing both guilt and sin
stands alone on every peak

a local deity
unworshipped and unnoticed
patiently and thankfully accepting
its position and duty

for but through it shines the light
safely bent for our protection
to all but the deepest abysses dug by men

as if a 21 Century centurion
he has made the world his Coliseum
training gladiators for sport
teaching them to fight
to prove
the existence
of misery

corroded
wind-erased
motionless
expressionless
statue

severed
fragmented
unstable
incomplete

slowly
randomly
reclaimed
remains

gradually joining the fate
of its forgotten idealistic creator

the impossible dream
an unimaginable dream
an unremembered dream
an undreamt dream
the dream not a dream
the dream not possible
the dream not fulfilled...

like a tight rope walker
keeping himself balanced
creating the myth of difficulty by adding the bar
making himself the fulcrum
keeping himself the centre of attention

at the point that can not tip
at a place that can not fall
transforming the ordinary into the sublime

illusion by allusion
misinforming the misinformed
telling everything
saying nothing
acknowledging silence with a nod

disagreement in principle
the sword of might
swung at the winds of innovation
to lay prostrate the observer

ignorance paying homage
to the lord of the sword
for its prosperity
with the blood of innocence

Jacob's ladder
unsupported
unsuspended
countless rungs
of variable distance
visible
only one at the time

a ladder not a ladder
a dream not visible

an upward journey
not taken, not seen

modesty

pride transformed
by piety

might disguised as truth
seducing guilt

and like tears without compassion
producing nothing
but salt

unforgetting
undeleting

recovering what is lost
adding to the sanity of the future
the madness of the past

disregarding
nature's failsafes

betraying the self
betraying the faith in the self

recalling with equal clarity
both right and wrong
and the good and the bad

finally void of spirit
and having destroyed all traces of individuality
loneliness dances its victory dance
rhythmically
hypnotically
reducing itself
into an oblivion
gradually delivering itself
to an unknown god

the Baccarat
exhausted
lifeless
recuperating
in the cycle of rest
unconsciously awaiting
his pleasure
to experience anew the already forgotten
giving endless purpose
to repetition

like waves on beaches
constantly erasing the past
to transform each repetition
into a first time experience

thoughts shared
bonds of sanity preserved
a barrier of the self kept in tact

thoughts shared
a testing of strength
a reconfirmation of adequate self-defence

thoughts shared
self-confidence re-enforced

hopeless
useless
pain
dancing in recognition

a winner
running the victory lap
in final recognition
like a gladiator
awaiting the emperor's nod
for being the lone survivor
and having destroyed all opposition

A forest of tears
become salt
like dust upon existence

as if the warm mist
had transformed into a sandstorm
baring the soul to the elements
exposing even the strongest of ideals
and blowing it away
leaving the spirit blind and helpless
hopelessly awaiting the calm

no longer was it wandering
for it had lost its desire to move

pollution
unnoticed and invisible
silently accepted
having crept unnoticed
into the minds of the people

it is not a mist in the skies
nor a sludge on the ocean
but a cataract in the eyes
a veil upon the face
making vision difficult
making itself difficult to see

it is its own disguise
blinding itself from itself

being everything
seeing everything
being everywhere
always
all in an instance in time

being unchanging
being never changing
forever

silence by choice
a conscious withdrawal
a deciding not to communicate
not to share ones thoughts and opinions
an isolation of the self

silence by choice
a conscious expulsion of the unwanted
a purging of the uninvited
a defence against the anticipated

silence
a sentinel
to the familiar
no longer welcome

perfection
creation understood

conflict with meaning
death with purpose

predictable choice
chaos defined

like a master builder
pushing the clay with delicate hands
walking on water and calming the winds

sitting and watching
and listening to prayers

instantly knowing the final effect
playing and playing the same record again
playing and playing the same record again

outside space
outside time
being everything
seeing everything
for ever and ever

the universe
a clock unaffected by erosion
once wound
never to stop

self-oiling
self-fixing
always in balance
always keeping just the right time

chaos

an illusion of perfection
in the finite mind

chaos

a confession of imperfection
of the finite mind

There was a shadow over the mountain
light transgressed impeded
offering no threat nor safety

an infinitesimal difference
noticed by the human eye
and magnified by the conscience

and yet it had dulled the senses
and compensated
even overcompensated
by a blindness onto itself

it saw less
and saw less that it saw less
it heard less
and heard less that it heard less
it knew not
and knew not that it knew not

In alternating ribbons of heat and light
the creator set in motion
the spheres of birth and death

avoiding repetition

by affixing
to the wheel of darkness and light
both remembering and forgetting

and by making the wheel
ever so large
and giving us limited vision

The greatest gift
is a friendly smile
and an understanding heart

And to share life's simple things
with an open mind
and friends

Initially
He'd casually
Maltreat her

Eventually
He'd regularly
Beat her

And then one day
He callously
Snapped off her head

And she
Painfully, most painfully
Grew two
In its stead

Life is afloat
On a passionate sea
On a journey
From cause to effect

And you
Unlike a stone faced Deity
Can not just stand there
Totally discompassionately

But must act

I built
A castle in the sky
But she
Hers on the ground
And mine was built
Of hopes and dreams
But hers
Of concrete and of stone:-
And in the storm
Mine swayed and swayed
While hers
Came tumbling
Down

Prometheus was not a man
but a woman
Breast bared and chest opened
Chained to the rock
And the eagle
A vulture
Everyday drunken
Devoured her liver and heart

And the Titan was human
That drove off the vulture
And broke that steel chain
For when the chain snapped
He fell into the ocean
And drowned

Give with a free heart
And give from the heart:
Give a blossom of your heart
And like a freshly pruned rosebud
It will blossom anew
And grow

Promethea was loosing her heart
One piece at a time
Some to the condor
That was her keeper
And some to the rodent
That was housed there beneath her
And feared the light

At night that rat
Would feed on her
Yet lie asleep by day
While the vulture
Seemingly nursing
Was lavishing the rot away

And once her heart was eaten
The rat was gone
And the vulture released her
Leaving only the scars

I dreamt I was a charming prince
Who held an ancient ball
I dreamt I met a princess there
Most beautiful of all

All time and earth stood still
Each silent glance, a spoken thought
Each touch, a binding selfless vow
That none could break or ought...

I dreamt I was a charming prince
Who held an ancient ball

He painted
A picture
And gave it
To his lover

And she claimed
It was she
And no other

But didn't like it

Her fate was like
 An omnipotent God
That totally possessed
 And enchained her
Like an emotionless
 Faceless Tatarian king
That carelessly decreed
 Pleasure and pain to her

Whereas his
 Was like a mountain nymph
That would visit early
 On a calm sunny day
That would touch and tease
 Most pleasingly
Or pout some coy-tempered jealousy
 And then be on her way.

Charity, too, has its honour and dishonour
But neither the honour nor dishonour
Is in the giving nor the receiving:-
It is in the asking and not asking.

Passed
Long passed
Has the season of spring
Yet still, each night in his dream
He smells that sweet rosebud
As if now fully flowered
As if now fully open to him

But long lost is that flower
Its soft touch and sweet scent
And shorter the warm daylight hours
In which to find her again
And longer and colder the darkness
In which to sleep
And dream of the coming spring

To give is to give and to judge not:-
For to give and to judge
Is not a giving
But a stealing
Of a piece of the soul.

With bleeding fingers
Heart and Soul
He chiselled segments
Of himself
Into a mounted
Granite stone

And all that passed
Saw beauty
In those fallen fragments
On the ground

The ripe
Straight line painter
Sat busy and poor
In his dimly lit
Seven day shop
Marking off time
For percussion lessons
On the back and the sides
Of his old
Well-strung for singing
Guitar

My pet
Knows no cage
Nor chain
Nor elastic string

Nor gates
Nor steel fences
To keep her
Within

My pet
Knows no cage
Nor chain
Nor elastic string

But builds
Her own fences
And keeps herself
Therein

The short tailed lynx
Told gaunt faced lies
To a snow shoed hare
With deep blue eyes
And when lost in its untruths
Was licking its lips
And quietly stroking
And sharpening its finger tips

He was a collector
Of the odd
The old
And the precious

He was
A traveller
In time

And for each
He collected
He had
A prelabelled box
Of just
The proper design

An even dozen
Tamed roses
Dethorned
And unscented
Stood bend brown
In a blue plasticed vase
All alone

My one-eyed pet
Was all cuddly
And black

And strongly responded
By growling
Right back

At all things
Entirely new

He could have had
A castle in the sky
But chose a house
Upon the ground

And he never
Had to learn
To fly
Nor to learn
To fall down

In my mirror
Up is up
And down, down

And all those proportions
So perfectly me
Are turned around

In her mirror
Up is up
And down, down

And all those proportions
So perfectly she
Are turned around

I had
Just two treats
Of which
One was more sweet
The other
More sour

And the more sweet
Just minutes
Would last
Where the more sour
Would over
An hour

He had
A two odd shoed
Hunch backed
Walk

And a half bitter
Half smile
Half frown
When he talked

After you talked
To him

She stood there
Smoke scented
Among maybe five
Leg smooth shaven
Not perfect clones
Constantly
Rhythmically waiting
Shaking
To bass laden tunes

Today and forever
Life is a ten -
Not maybe, nor never
Nor just now and then

I live deep inside a labyrinth
of concentric cages
Each of calloused, calcitrated
dried and hardened skin
Built as a protection against once good
and trusted friends
And anyone that wishes to meet me
Must walk through those mazes
after an invitation
And having patiently awaited their unlocking
from within

Ripe plump
Red opened petals
Damply awaiting
Quiveringly anticipating
The first warm touch
Of spring

Relaxed and closed

Lifelessly exhausted
Resting
Remembering
Strengthening
Awaiting
Anticipating

To open again

The petals of his youth
Have fallen one by one
And yet within him
His love
And his passions stir
In the heat
Of his autumn sun
As he remembers her
And the scent of his innocence
And the lure of the opening flower
And the enchanting
Sweetness within
And its ever enticing
Addictive
Nectar

Each spring
Awakes a child in him
On a mountain top
By the morning spring

Just born
It stumbles
And staggers
Its first baby steps
Then it opens its damp silken wings
And flies

Alone she stands
Survived a cold and unexpected
Storm of spring

With sharp thorns
Wind-scarred petals
And a faint
Sweet
Scent

There stands a blossom
On a hill
Alee from wind
And arid sun
Among tall slender reeds
And mosses green
And damp and warm

With vision blurred
By dancing reeds
And smell beguiled
By dusk's sweet scent
He casts but momentarily
A dream of velvet rose
And orchids sweet
And grapes

I had a friend
A Platonic friend
That was my Muse's Lover

And while we sat
And talked most seriously
They played
And gave themselves to each other

But we disagreed
And I lost my friend and my Muse
Forever

Within our hearts
Are blossoms soft
In fertile soil
Of dreams and goals

And for you and yours
A bouquet of hope
And our prayers

Just a 'Hi'
A wave of a hand
Through a picket fence
Just from afar
A smile and a nod
To an unforgotten friend:-
Just a 'Hi'

Just a 'Hi'
To honest thoughts
Once freely shared
To that compassionate hug
Those encouraging words:-
Just a 'Hi'

Just a 'Hi'
To red candle-lit wine
To that remembered warm touch
To that soft embrace
To that night of Love
Just a 'Hi'

Just a 'Hi'
To the words not spoken
The promise not made
To the hearts left broken
To reality faced:-
Just a 'Hi'

I stood upon a Mountaintop
With open wings of hope
And prayed for warm and friendly winds
And jumped

My search was for a kindred soul
With sword of steel
And tempered keen compassionate eyes
And a heart of gold

He rode on a wild black stallion
With no reign, nor bridle, nor saddle
Nor carried a banner, or shield, or lance
Nor sang a hymn or an anthem

He followed no path nor trodden road
Nor quest nor noble design
But was driven by the wind and the rain
To quench a hidden passion

He rode on a black wild stallion
With no reins
Nor bridle, nor saddle
Nor carried a banner, or shield, or lance
Nor sang a hymn or
An anthem

He came from the land of ice and snow
His mount foaming froth and steam
With blood-shoot eyes and hooves on fire
And he
With his long black hair
And a sword of steel
And yes
Those blazing torches and arrows

He rode on a wild, wild stallion
With no bridle and no saddle
And took whatever he wanted...
And left it discarded and abandoned

He rode on a wild, wild stallion

On a grassy hillside stands
A tender rose
Without sharp thorns
That bends with unexpected winds
And opens with the sun

She stands alone
This fragrant rose
Afar from thistle and from garden weed
And is most carefully and gently pruned
Late autumn and in early spring

My prince rides on an Arabian steed
In gilded armour
And hand forged steel
To his crusades and noble wars
And stops between each quest
At none
But mine own castle door

To a friend:
One golden leaf of trust
And a petal from the heart
And just a pinch of pollen dust
Of totally uncensored thought

Within me I've found my destiny
A golden bridge
With neon signs
That I will span
From mountain top to mountain top
One stone
At a time

But first I'll build
Beneath my bridge
Alee from wind and arid sun
A house of stone
With a gabled roof
And a king size bed
And a fireplace in every room

As if stretched bare
On desert sand
In lost horizons
She lay empty
Restlessly wrapped
Randomly covered
Turning and twisting
Waiting
Awaiting a broken silence

Sound is creation
It is the pain
In the changes
In time

Sound is motion
It is the collision
Of two spaces
Trapping a void

Sound is silence
Within silence
Crying out

Lonesome
Is the journey
And woe begotten
The silent
Single heart's
Yearning
To be no more

The tick and the tock
In motion and stop
Is always in motion
And always at stop

The motion and stop
In the tick and the tock
Is always in motion
And always at stop

The tick and the tock
Between motion and stop
And the motion and stop
Between the tick
And the tock
Is time

My Muse
She only
Sings to me
And I
I must record her:-
Her passions and compassions
For humanity
And her tears
For human disorder

Motion
Illusion
A magic
Of movement
Through space

Perception
Of infinite
Reflections
Of objects
Always
At rest
In a
Slightly
Different
Place

I paint portraits of truth
And carve virtues into boulders of stone

Yet I fear those creatures
That fire do breath
And crush all they walk on

I don't walk
On sticks and stones
But float on clouds
Like new thoughts
Just in the mind

I'm on turbulent clouds

I can only find peace
In stale cavern places
Or on ledges
Of social design

I've built Thee a shrine
On a mountain peak
And adorned it
With emeralds and gold
And built a path
That would lead to it
Made of hard granite stone

People came to worship in it
They praised Thy mountain shrine
Yet they, too
Praised the work I did
And I sometimes considered it mine

Since it's not the gold
That makes a shrine
Nor the emeralds
Nor the granite stone
Nor the work I put into it
Nor the dreams
That are truly my own
I decided to remove all
Not necessary to it
And was left
With a patch of bare ground

I've built a temple of my dreams
That keeps my soul enshrined
It's lit by a new fire in my soul
That none but I can find

My shrine stands on the highest peak
Most dangerous abysses around
They'll smash most any dream
Or mortal that will fall down

But I have wings spun of the softest silk
Webbed most meticulously in hope
That easily stretch the length of me
And will protect me from falling down

The chains on my hands
The chains on my feet
Mere rubber bands
Of taught social needs
None of them mine

Just gifts from Thee

Time
Is adrift
On a
Passion sea
On a
Journey
From cause
To effect
And I
An Emotionless
Deity
Am ALL
Potency
Yet can't
Act

It is as if the forces of
 The mysteries of the universe combined
To make a candle fire flicker light

It is as if external time
 And probability combined
To form that miracle of chance

That one selfish moment can destroy
 And crumble with one selfish puff
Or one outspoken, emotionful glance

There is a land of emotional men
Where emotion is also their king
Where pleasures and pains
Compassions and hates
Are all equal and real

The land is like a valley of hills
Where canyons eroded by quakes
So that some may live
In the light of the sun
Yet others
Within a pit

There is no army within this land
Nor laws nor personal guards
For the king himself
He never comes out
Or has ever been seen

He dwells
It is said by the sages and myth
In the labyrinth
Under the houses
Of miseries and pains
Is attended by
Futilities and despairs
And is known as laughter
By the insane

I discovered another thing I could do
But could not
Another talent so thoughtlessly buried
And let rot

I couldn't really do it
It was just a dream
Something pretended
A trick
That for the tiniest moment
Perhaps
Seemed real

Something cast off
Or given by fate
Or a god in his whim
And then taken back
As if it again
Meant something special
To him

The mirror of my mind revealed
A ghost I had passed unseen
A ghost beneath the roadway signs
Of all crossroads I have been

And there it stood
And guided me
As a fate without a face
And kept there so silently
Inside of me
Like a jester in disgrace

I am
The I
The ultimate Me
For I have found
The true I
Deep inside Me

Walk
Gently
From mountain top
To mountain top
And
Leave
No imprints
In the snow
For the
Smallest
Softest
Gentlest flakes
Can into
Avalanches grow

To be strong
Like a tall oak tree
Or a Samson
With long black hair

Is to be alone
On a mountain peak
Or in a castle
With no Delilah there

Truth
Casts a shadow
That weights
A thousand ton

That shadow
Is a mountain
Made of the hardest
Of all granite stone

But the truth
Itself
Merely a grain of sand
That blocks out
Some light
Close to the sun

A dream
Is like a pearl
An oyster's single thought

And the work
Of collecting
Those grains of sand
Make even him
A God

he talked to me
as through an opening in the wall
and said 'i'm I'
but reflected no shadows
no shadows at all
why
why

he said
there was no cave
there were no shadows on the wall
no life that such impressions gave
no truth beyond it all

just truth within the mind
like books upon the shelf
that were i not
to shut it out
i'd find it there
inside Myself

I have been appointed
by God
to visited the land of men
i've been anointed with His Spirit
to search out
All virtues and truths
once again

i have written
on the walls of buildings of stone
to find virtue
and truth and compassions
that men
once have known

and should someone
just someone
see
the writing that's there
and spill one
just one
compassionate tear
i shall plant one
just one
seed in the ground
and in it hope
new hope
will be found

The cage of mediocrity
All warped and twisted
Into a shapeless shape
Stalks you
And once it has found you
Offers you no escape

Its contours
All twisted and tainted
With hues of despair
Not merely starve the spirit
But quench their thirst
With the remnant of salt
Of each dried up tear

And the strength of its walls
Is the strength
 Drained from its captive's mind
For the harder he fights it
 The more easily
 It keeps him confined
But should he forget it
 Do as he pleases
 The cage will disappear
Leaving no traces behind

The end
An illusion
A blur
In the mirror
Of time

And those
That perceive it
Perhaps
Just for an instant
Gone blind

I am a flicker in the night
A lonely star in distant space
I am predestined to give light
To each and every face

I light the labyrinthed cave of time
Eroded walls that gods call fate
I teach with the aid of pantomime
The acts of love and hate:-
But men just see the soot, the grime
The detail that each thought negate

I've a chameleon face
With a Janus
Heart

One side is bare
Exposed and innocent
Of an ether of dreams
Of passions and compassions
Of uninhibited sharing
And everlasting love

But the other is covered with calloused skin
And poisoned spines
Disguised in multi-coloured scales of lies

Soft
Are her tender white breasts
Sweet
Her lush red lips
And I
I love
The scent of the rose
And drink
Her nectar
In delicate sips

My Muse is not a pretty lady
But and ugly old bitch
Jealous, not merely, of women I love
But of all the people I know
And she was asleep
But now is awake and out of control

My Muse is like that timeless soul
Trapped in a dirty glass flask
Not merely not thanking its breath-giving one
But punishing him for his task

She has taken each of my friends
Nay, all the people I've known
Transformed them into tiny noiseless words
And vengefully cast them in stone
And hurled them from the mountain top
Never again to be found

I
I have a power with me
That can not accept things
As they certainly must be

For I see in all men
Their temporal disguises
And in the acts called virtuous
The most blatant of vices

Yet I can not accept
When I think critically about men
That I am, indeed
Truly one of them

There is no flesh nor blood
In chiselled stone
Nor life-like hues
For trapped in canvas
Souls

But there are words
That point out flaws
In visions
Not my own

I have no thoughts
 For mundane places
Nor any compassion
 For lifeless faces
Hence I seek
 Those finite spaces
That free
 My soul

Thus I live
 Like a chivalrous king
Nay, like a God
 That knows everything
For an instant
 Or two

My gentle arms
Are cold steel chains
My castle
Dungeon walls
And I
A tyrant living there
That drives each one
Insane

My paints have dried
My easel is webbed in attic dust
For I have resigned
And forgotten the dreamer
I once really was

I have found boxes of pictures
Hues dreamers see
But can not discard them
For they
As I see them
Remind me of me

They were
Like two puppets
Attached
To opposite sides
Of the mirror
Of time

She
The dreams
That he used to be
And he
The person
She has left behind

Sweet succulent grapes
In plump red shapes
Like orchid flowers

Lush thick red lips
Bare lavender hips
Damp sweat filled hours

And sleep
Sleep
Sleep

Wanted
For no reward at all
A man that is honest and kind
That too, perhaps
Is handsome and tall
And learned
And infinitely wise

He is wanted to rule
Our earthly estate
As if a prophet of God
And to still have faith
In the word
And the honesty of thought

there are no thorns
Nor nails that pain
Nor trembling
Of the breath
That drive
So painfully insane
They make one wish
For death

Just friends and foes
That pull and tear
With whispers
In their breath
They rob
Until you do not care
For either life
Nor death

Within my heart
A restless falcon
Dwells
In hers
A gentle
Dove
Hence mine
Cries
For the wild
Free
Wind
And hers
For love

I am a dreamer
An actor the first time on stage
In a role well cast
Like a bird seeking cage

Its form is pure and simple
Its wood, slender and fine
Its geometry simple
With no hidden design

Its bars are so slender
No doors in its side
No dark cavern spaces
No places to hide

Just a perch on a platform
To expose what's inside

I climbed the mountain to my chair
'Twas my turn to be king
I read the news to music on the air
And felt compassions sting
I found solutions that were clear
But couldn't do a thing

My wife did jolt my make-believe
And told me what to wear
Pretending she would find relief
To find her role more clear

My son then asked my wife
If I'd be driving him to school

Sometimes I talk to my friend Me
And share a glass of wine
For together we are all of reality:-
The truth and the darkest lie

Together we're both the totality
The sum of all spaces and time
All the masses and unknown energy
Of matter and infinite mind

Together we're all possible happiness
And the most hideous hysterical cry

I'm a sculptor
That carves
All images of life
On my soul

But I can't see it
Was at birth blinded
Hence I chisel
All pleasure
And all pain
On my flesh
And my bones

For thee
I've painted
A lonely red rose
Its fragrance
My hopes and dreams

And on it stalk
I've put
Those pin sharp thorns
To remind you
Of me

I guard
My very dearest dreams
With monsters
Of the night

And they simply
Subtly
Scare and scheme
As they pretend
To scratch and bite

I've been to the river of dawn
And paid him
Ten thousand in gold
And requested he'd journey most carefully
With a part of my soul

He sat her in a chair
Hand-carved of ebony
And placed on her shoulders
A shawl of satin and lace
And carefully
He removed those thorns
And with them
All traces of pain
From her face

My love and I
Are two worlds
Like two islands
Of fertile land
And our vows
An isthmus between us
Much like barely visible
Bars of sand

Our ties are the Gods
The winds
And our fate:-
That heaves us
Reshapes us
And shifts us
Transforming our love
Into hate

I pretended to be a God
 Yet that part of me was not
And searched out my infinite essence
 And put it in a finite spot

I took it like a piece of clay
 And carefully gave it a shape
And placed my will inside of it
 So that it could never escape

To each limb I tied a string
 That could move it on command
And found my very best friend
 And put the strings in his hand
And pretended I no longer was God
 But a mould of baked, dried-up sand

The tears upon her face
 So gently touch her cheeks
 Upon their journey to the ground
And each as in a dream
 Turns into a jewel
 Nay, into granite stone on its way down

Each tear within her eyes
 And each upon her cheeks
 Emits a pain on laser beams
While those that turn to stone
 Will tear and cut the flesh
 Beneath her naked feet, it seems
Until all eyes are burned half blind
 And each one wears
 A coarse dead skin beneath his feet

My mentor
Believes
In natural laws
That well know effects
Have a
Soon found cause

He sees patterns in
Those distant stars
Each
Perhaps
A sun
Those near one
Yet
So far away
And those far ones
Long since
Gone

The snakes
In her hair
Turn no one
To stone
But merely
Play
And hiss

No matter
For no one
Can hear them
Except she
On whose head
They sit

I joined a Martyr's Club today
A place where I could hide
In rooms to be alone
With mirrors on each side

Each room, a metamorphic self
A chamber of the mind
A hidden part of me
'Twas hidden from mankind

Each room a separate virtue hid
That only I could see
Each room a separate punishment
A special penalty

My pet
Like a cat
Has talons
For paws
And razor
Sharp knives
Well hidden
In her jaws

Yet she eats
From my hands
And sleeps
In my arms

I have a serpent for a pet
Which has the fur
And the purr
Of a kitten
And arouses with a hiss
Like the bark of a hound
My fear of being bitten

When friends come to visit
They hug it and pet it
No matter their ages
Yet when they are gone
I keep it confined
In a maze of concentric cages

I've met the carbophiles
Traders
In trinkets and stone
Dealers
Of worthless native lands
Diggers
Of black liquid gold

They've given us
Blankets of apathy
And small pox of hope
Tuna A la mercury
And a dash
Of cyanide of gold

He died today
And all that knew him paused
To think and to reflect
About the man that caused
Them each to show respect

They all recall
Things that he has done
Said that he believe
Those battles lost and won
And many things achieved

And each would trace
A picture of the good
That he has left behind
That like a mountain stood
And filled each single mind

The snakes
In her hair
Turn no one
To stone
But scare
All
She does meet

But
Be aware
It's the fire
In her eyes
That cause
Her opponents'
Defeat

Huge are my steps
Wide my wings
And sharp my claws

Even more painful
My stings
And I spit
A venom
From my jaws --

I think

I can not claim
This sudden wit
It's my subconscious
A mental split
That has happened today

I give me a feeling
I'm suddenly wooed
I somehow elate me
Put me in the mood
And tell me what to say

I spit out words
In thoughts that do hound me
I give them conclusions
That really astound me
And suddenly go away

I dreamed an apple blossom dream
Of sweetest spring
And fragile flowers

Ignored the fruit it might well be
The golden ring
And its awesome binding powers

For it was only you that I could see
Possessed by Cupid's sting
And sharing those never ending happy hours

She took the mountain of despair
Trapped it
In the moisture of each tear
Hurled each
Into the abysses of fear
To free her soul of pain

Jumped into her father's arms
Sought his love and warmth
And cried and cried

I have a monster
That I take for a walk
To show to all my friends
And they are impressed
The way that it talks
And how it
Its opinion defends

Unlike me, however
If faults what they say
No matter how witty or wise
And oh, how I enjoy
The games that we play
When we exchange
Each other's
Disguise

The fire in her eyes
Like fire flies
Coloured my dawn

Yet in an instant
Were gone

I pushed and pushed
That mighty rock
With calloused hands
And blistered feet
And felt within
Each pearl of sweat
Past cunning and deceit

I rolled that rock
From abyss deep
From valleys of despair
Upon that mountain steep
All rugged, bleak and bare
And watched it roll
Once at that peak
Back through
That sweat and tears

And I wiped the sweat
From my wrinkled brow
To catch my breath
Before descending
To once again
Begin that task
That destiny robbed of an ending
When the rock disappeared
In the detail below
And I like a God had visions and insights
That were transcending

soft
if not softer
than the pedalled rose
her lips slightly moist
and her eyes childishly closed

she
as if of ivory
scented sweet
in morning dew

the most innocent child
and the mysterious woman
too

The humble evergreen
As in a Cinderella dream
For one lone night
All dressed in hope and faith
And awesome dancing candle light
Is now replaced
By strips of plastic
And numbered strips of steel

The gentle snow
Upon the ground
Was like the softest
Fluffiest
Carefully hand spread
Eiderdown

And the tall
Strong
Evergreen
Now dressed all white
Stood
Ever so proud

Once upon the time

The tumbleweed
Like a dandelion seed
Floats on the clouds
And survives
The turbulent winds
And attaches itself
Firmly
Even to the sandiest
Ground

The Muse in me
Is not a pretty lady
Or a goddess of gold
But an ugly old bitch
That turns
All things she looks at
To stone

She does not woo me
Like a lover
Nor whispers sweet dreams
But keeps me enchained in a dungeon
And whips me
Until I scream

Yet sometimes
She lets me gaze at the stars
In a moment of solitude
Between pain
And I gather strength
And hope Hope
And hope she is wrong
About men

The tears
In her eyes
The tears
On her cheeks
Those
Already dried
On the stones
By her feet
They are all mine
Clusters of sand
Secreted by
My own
Deceit

The serpents of
My dragon pit
Have cougar claws
And crocodile jaws
And are kept at bay
By free-willed Gods

They are trapped within
Cold blood spilled walls
With razor sharpened
Tungsten bars
And gorge themselves
On the flesh of men

I've lived in an abyss
Its walls much too steep to climb
I've staggered and stumbled
Through its caverns deep
Without hope
Half crippled and half blind

I've discovered carved pillars
Corroded
And among some boulders
A welcoming door
And within it took shelter
From my fears and my suffering
And the then raging storm

In the room in the centre
Stood a crypt
And on it a thousand pound stone
Which when I touched it
Crumbled to dust
Exposing bleached human bones

And as the dust settled
I realized
That this was no tomb
But a once mountain shrine
And that the hopes and dreams
Of the person trapped in it
Were actually mine

I've caught
A hawk
On a mountain peak
And trained it
To eat
From my hand

I took my other
And placed
A dove
On it
And watched it
Get devoured

I've carved
Ten thousands
Of grains
Of sand
And painted
Each
With celestial light
And glazed them
Each with mountain dew
And carefully placed them
In the sky

And I carved
And I carved
And I cried and cried...

I'd like
to have seen
the daffodils
or admired
the beautiful rose
to have expressed my thoughts
more poetically
and not
in trite
pseudo prose

to have heard
the singing
of a nightingale
or seen
an evening sun
set
to have
experienced
the clean
fresh air

before
pollution
was considered
a threat

to have met
a race
of men
who held
nature
and beauty
in awe
who worshipped
the very
nature
of things
and believed
in what
they saw

I will not wear
A crown of thorns
Nor shackles
Nor a wedding ring
Nor even a smile of happiness
Nor the robes of a powerful king

For I am the I
The entity Me
And not the meaning that lies
In the symbols of things
I might carry about me

I don't wish to be known
For the pain I bear
In the symbol
Of a crown of thorns
Nor wish them to think
That my eyes must be cast down
By the shackles I've always worn

For I am the I
The entity Me
A self-contained Unique-Me identity
That will wear
Only that
Which has no meaning
Once its
Without me

I made
A little
Quadruped
And taught Him
The world
Was flat

Made beasts
And fowl and fish
And an apple
And ate that

I
I have the power within me
To make all things
As they should be

By accepting all
That living has brought
And ignoring all
It has not

I don't eat meat
I don't beat dogs
Nor club seals
Nor cut the throats of hogs

I eat beans

I am a teacher
A shepherd of souls
A light in a labyrinth
That all future holds
Trapped in a lantern
High on a wall
Protected from danger
To give light to all

Trapped like a sophist
In Plato's deep cave
With feet cast in irons
To a rusty old stave
To polish all pearls
Like an oyster bed slave

I am a ruby
Locked
In a granite stone
A pearl in an oyster
That's trapped
And always alone
A Zen Buddhist monk
Who is lost in thought
At one with the universe
And my own personal God

I am a bookworm
In a library of knowledge
A thousand fold
I can lie
And eat most leisurely
Or gorge
As much as I can hold

I can eat and eat
And regurgitate
Some forms of what I'm told
And also feed my children it
And it's bound
In gold

His first love
He loved
And kept in chains
And his second
He loved
And ran away

Nay

His first love
He loved
And ran away
His second
He loved
And was driven
Insane

Freely the wind blows
Through caverns
And mountain spaces
And in them
Children
Are blown
From places to places
Often lifted
Like condors
Far
From the ground
And like boulders
From ledges
Intentionally
Hurled down

From mountain top to mountain top
I stepped with little ease
For on my feet are sandaled wings
That take me where I please

Its wings are hopes of softest white
Transparencies of pure ideals
As are my other ornaments:
My ring, and shield
And string of pure white pearls

I dropped a pearl into a crevice deep
Into an abyss, black and cold
And slowly climbed
To find the bottom of this pit
That this my lost ideal did hold

I tore some flesh
From each soft limb
And bled and fell
And felt great pain

And barely saw
The tears drop down
Upon the specks
Of pure white dust
Amongst that black
And filthy ground

And had not pearls, nor ring
Nor shield, nor wing
And lay there trapped and weak
And never stepped
From mountain top
To mountain top
Again

Winthrum
The cat
Is pudgy and fat
And tells us tales
Of mice
Much bigger than
Rats

Art
Like life
An illusion

That mystic
Motion Through time

An
Analytic dissection
Of a fraction of thought
Within a
Creative mind

Birth
An illusion
A point of confusion
Defined
Redefined
Merely used
To measure from

The gentle drops of rain did fall
As tears upon a face
And dampen, darken, slowly smudge
Hues colours interlace

The tears of dampness had appeared
To fill those pale blue eyes
And formed two silent mountain pools
Amidst those sobs and sighs

When Patrisod, the thunder god
Responding to those cries
Hurled some home-made thunderbolts
Into his spouses eyes

While she did wait for him to leave
To quietly take her place
And with an understanding look
Did calm her baby's face

Sometimes on a lonely day I walk
Upon a road that takes me far from home
I feel an emptiness inside, no matter
What I see, no matter where I roam

And as I wander on through space and time
The world around becomes a picture book
And I, like a small child outside, will turn
Each page, become amazed at each new look

My mind has taken pictures of each page
And my small hand will put its colours on
And I, I'll find a friend who'll help me with
Each page -- and loneliness is gone

I am within this abyss pit
Beneath my mountain shrine
And I'm so god-damned sick of it
That will to want to die

Yes, I will climb those barren walls
Beyond this sulphured sky
And I will find my shield and wings
And hopes and dreams

And fly

My head
Is in the clouds
I am
On a high

My feet
Not on the ground
Not even
Close by

I've stopped
Putting me down
And no one
Need try

My love and I
Are two islands
Of the most fertile
Land

But there
Between us
Is the most delicate
Isthmus
Of constantly shifting
Sand

a small hungry child
sits in a grave
in a gutter of garbage bin scraps
to find food like jackals
hyenas
and vulture
do bones

the stench survives the heat of day
where maggots and flies
quickly live, quickly die
with flesh torn feet
on edges and sides
of sharp
vulgar stones

the scene
 quickly caught
 by a photographer's eye
carefully produced
 to make rich people cry
 watching wall to wall carpeted
coloured T.V.

men in office complexes who drive fancy cars
 come home to cooked dinner
 and living room bars
ease their conscience
 with personalized
 handwritten
cheques

I met
My love
Once again
And found
That she still had my heart
In her hand

But she didn't know it

Imagination
The last warrior
Left cripple
Begging
At the gateway
Between fiction and truth

A carpetbagger
Claiming aristocratic ancestry
Reduced to poverty
By circumstance

A neo-painting
Spattered over an antique
To preserve the frame

The reticent Muse
With concave mirrors
As retinal eyes
Inverts fiction and truth

Their eyes met
As if speaking
As if calling
As if lodestones
On edges of crevices
Keeping each other fixed
Balancing each other
In the 'to' and 'fro'
Of coming and going
In the 'shall I' and 'shall I not'
Of asking
Searching for the silence
Of pausing
Trying to decide

Too late
She is gone

She saw no mine field
Nor barb wire fence
Nor sentinels with lasers
In their hands
She saw only him
Without his facade
And simply opened the door
And entered his heart

Once there
Their eyes met
They both stood agasp
Self-aware
And still

He irregularly shaking
And she
Quietly
Quivering

Not until the obvious
becomes obvious
will the inevitable know
its fate
and until then
it will know you
only as its conscience

Once I gave thee a part of me
A petal of my heart
To keep, to nurture and let grow
Or to let wither and discard

But now my heart still sore
Unhealed where it broke off
I need it back, or part of it
A blossom or some lifeless ash

A blossom of a petal grown
Wrapped in your finest smile
Or the dust that's choked the air
Returned with a thankful sigh

The blossom will heal my aching heart
As will the lifeless ash
As will your smile, or thankful sigh
And knowing we're still friends

The Gods of Olympus
Died
In poverty and famine
In the crumbling stones
Of their burning temples
Completely
Abandoned

I can not give Thee
A purse of gold
Only some petals
That can never
Be bought nor sold
And have absolutely no worth

They are petals of a red, red rose
Of love's sweet scent
And mountain dew
Of dreams and hopes so delicate
That only faith and trust
Can make them true

But they must be watered
With love's sweet tenderness
And protected from the heat
Of hatred and scorn

For should they ever wither
There will grow in their place
Just there beneath them

The sharpest of thorns

Her gift was a smile
A petal from her heart
And some nectar of her soul
Transformed into light
Transcending the room

And like the light on a rose
In a cave of stalagmite faces
Standing on chaotically vibrating bases
She made all but herself
To disappear

And she gave me new strength
And made my way clear
And I asked her to dance

Poems are but poems
Words decorated in angel dust
Or hand-bound in dreams
Of myrrh and frankincense
Or wrapped with roses
With thick sharp thorns
Or in ribbons and bows
Of arsenic

I stopped beside a crossroad sign
Embarked upon my fate
To rest, to ponder and decide
Which path I ought to take
When there among the tufts of weeds
A flower showed its face

Her beauty brought
A smile
Upon my face
And a pleasure
To my heart
And transformed all I beheld
With the beauty I then saw

And yet I could not thank
Nor stay to water
Nor to weed her

Nor touch
Nor take her in my hands
Nor break her off

To keep her

Like a chorus of carollers
On blankets of snow
Tiny tapers of joy
Standing row on row
In song and celebration

Like Magi time travellers
Bringing gifts from afar
With brightly lit faces
Full of reverence and in awe
At a festive occasion

In the light
through our own shades of green
do we cast our crimson ribbons
tarnished by our own malaise
to hide

but yet

keep visible
to ourselves alone
our own favourite visions

For ourselves we paint
To reconcile our gifts to others
In ourselves we hide our visions
Yet invisible we're not

Reflections of ourselves we are
Images of our flesh and blood
With auras of our true intentions

In our own light
We parade ourselves
On our own paved street we march
To be recognized
By our favourite virtues

Like titles we display them
Names unique to us
Better than ourselves
Beyond our heritage and culture

Like uniforms
Tailored to our needs
To show with pride our valour
And to hide our scars
And all too pale complexion

I've spanned all my sails
I'm one of a once proud
And powerful ships
Now left adrift
In an ocean of time
And you are the mighty wind
That with the gentlest puff
From your sweet red lips
Could me
Into a safe haven guide

Silence

a fragile ghost

that walks over boards that do no creak

passing through the thickest walls

to fall on ears most deaf

shy and selflessness

as if ashamed

not daring to be noticed

preaching its single virtue

practicing its one true faith

with every fibre of its being

struggling always to confirm

that those that know not speak

and those that speak not know
