

BAD GOTHIC POETRY: A Theist's Dark Sayings



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**BAD GOTHIC POETRY:
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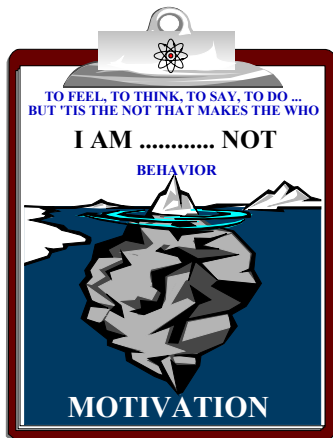
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BITS & PIECES Or Beginnings

Each man consists
of bits and pieces
spread out daily
for rearrangement.
Births and Deaths
set boundaries
for us all --- Forever
creating new beginnings.

INTRODUCTION

Poetry is a potentially adaptive response to the external process-oriented, stimulus-bound, attention-commanding, consumer-driven nature of our self-esteeming society. Our collective culture, and perhaps the whole world, has become self-distracting, full of irrelevant reverence, void of understanding, and willing to survive and thrive at the expense of others. The “if it feels good, just do it!” approach to life and living is growing by leaps without bounds. “Feelings” are deified, the almighty Self has replaced God --- and the concept of Evil has been cast out. Our politically and socially correct society is increasingly mindless, increasingly valueless, and consequently, increasingly meaningless, misguided, and without purpose.

Our culture both reflects and shapes the nature of earth’s culture. With antisocial narcissism as its highest virtue, our multi-cultured melting pot has become a peculiar cult founded on the belief that life is suppose to be stress free and all values are equal. It has created an existential crisis for “the self” by taking personal responsibility away from the individual and making every body an expendable member of a demoralized and decentralized family. Mothers are unnecessary, fathers are defamed, children are misguided, young adults are confused, and the elderly are disposable. Thus, the birth of my bad Gothic poetry.

Gothic poetry is a plea for awareness --- not attention. Gothic poetry is a search for meaning --- not experience. Gothic poetry is often occult in the technical sense, being difficult to detect, full of dark sayings, superficially simple but hard to understand, with ordered meanings hidden in clichés. Gothic poetry often scoffs at the elitist presumptions of academic poetry and the amoral contentions of a Godless society. By its nature, all poetry is uniquely personal, defiant of institutionalization, and both reflective and revealing, regardless of form or quality. Gothic poems are born through a process of externalizing an internal process of adaptation.

Gothic poets do not lurk in the darkness. They lurk in the light. Gothic poets do not discriminate against others. They expect to be discriminated against. Gothic poets do not inflict pain and discomfort. They reflect the pain they see and feel. By intent, gothic poetry accents and brings meaning to the darkness of this world system --- and the darkness caused within by the black light of this world system. This darkness is shared by all mankind (male and female) and it is full of equal opportunity and risk. It plays no favorites and accepts no excuses. And the becoming of being there is real.

To my knowledge, there is no class or organized group of Goths who write poetry or do anything else. Goths are not terribly trendy and are not much for joining anything. They are not inclined to organized crusades, don't wear ribbons for public show, and rarely join the annual bandwagon for anything. They are often amused by social and religious rituals but are not antisocial or anti-religion. They are very much against both mindless discriminations and mindless generalizations. Goths seek to escape all stereotypes by creating one of their own. Some say Goths wear black in the light and white in the darkness, but this is just a saying. Those who "dress out" expect to be judged based on appearance rather than substance. They don't share much else personally, though some do share bad poetry.

Poetry is no better or worse than its conjurer --- i.e., it is the poet who evokes memories, draws attention, or propels desire. The poet conjures images and experiences for others through words. Words ordered in a relative manner for a specific effect. A poet is a magician of what-nots and sorts, weaving webs in the dark imaginations of others without quite knowing the consequences. Poets, like Goths, are never quite understood, being lonely self-possessed creatures always one step away from obscurity and clarity, always a split second between being and becoming.

Poems consist of words. Be they good or bad, whether spoken, written or signed, they come from and reflect the essence of human nature. In a very real sense, words are spirits which first belong to the domain of the imagination. A dark domain ruled by the poet alone, the ultimate state and nature of each of mankind (male and female) --- alone. The poet brings words out of thick darkness to be reflected upon in the light. In turn, the words of the poet must pass through the darkness of the imagination of other's to be sifted and weighed in the balances by the ruler of each consciousness and its conscience. Such is the nature of mankind and poets, good and bad.

Poetry is an effort to discover, understand, and perhaps, share meaning through the form and function of words. Poetry is an expression of being and becoming which reaches into the depths of language to glean the universal experience of mankind. Whether private or public, poetry is a process of communication, an effort to capture experience in order to reflect on and in it, to exercise the imagination to such a degree that the poet touches Life, meaning as well as experience, and perhaps touches the lives of others. Yet, words can hurt or heal, build or destroy, bind up or set free, entice or warn, and the effects of a poem change across people, time, and circumstance. All poems involve chaotic processes, being highly sensitive to many conditions.

Much like people, isolated words have no relativity and thus no meaning. Words create cognitive images and stimulate sensory pains and pleasures through associations and relationships. The meanings and experiences evoked by a poem are the offspring of the poet's knowledge and intent. But it is the reader/hearer that experiences and understands the poem or not. The nature and merit of a poem is imputed by the associative networks traveled. Great poets ride the associative networks at one with the mode of transportation, in much the same sense that a well trained horse and rider act as one. Others are often invited to go along for the ride, but poets with nothing to say have few companions by the end.

Men of good reason reach the same conclusions about life and living and are equally perplexed by the conclusions they reach. Death is a concern only to the living and life is a matter of resolving doubts, untying knots and discovering new mysteries. The memories of mankind (male and female) diminish with the senses and the brain is the mechanism of awareness. Throughout life, thoughts become increasingly detached from their experiences, increasingly free to transform and transcend, perhaps to be increasingly refined into more pure forms of knowledge as we eye and are drawn to God or Not. Perhaps, those who live long and build well lose only those aspects of physical capacity which have relatively little value in God's eyes. Perhaps, the seekers of Truth will be left with a pure light to follow and will be filled with knowledge of the holy. How can this be? My increasingly feeble mind reasons that God is Spirit and, without going into the usual boring details, my feeble mind reasons that, as consciousness clouds and memories fade, mankind becomes increasingly worthy and acceptable to God. What mankind values is not what God values and a person's physical state does not change God's capacity to call his Spirit to remembrance --- and when God calls to remembrance his own, the neural networks of mankind (male and female) are rekindled by Spirit to spirit contact with the Creator. What is pure remains and what is not finds itself consumed in Death in the midst of the lake of fire. As a theist, I have also included poems with dark sayings exposed to the Light.

Words are messengers which carry meaning, much like the king's horsemen. Understanding the nature and function of words as they relate to human nature reveals the very nature of God. To the degree that a poem expresses and communicates Truth, it becomes a chariot with horsemen of fire. I say, each to his own horse. So does my God. Mount up! Lets' ride!!!

WORDS & IMAGES

or

The Mind's i Inside Out

or

The Right Brain Speaks

Loops interwoven into a marvelous fabric entwining the very sense of self
figments of being set in due order by light the time of circumstance shaped
into soul mysteriously rooting the nature of becoming deep within the seed
of each wish to see words and images in secret chambers unfolding arrays
in the midst of night interlocking devices of every cunning work encoded
with knots on every side expressions of expectations and magical thinking
memories patterned into felt desire ruminations weaving a multicolored
garment bounding the space of each being's time expectations impressed by
rituals social order ingrained in time exercised forms filling imagination
intermingling fire with blood operants of definition and focus classically
transporting all that's me alternatives marked by complexity and effect
precepts balancing opportunity with risk enticing and evoking every
inclination eliciting and guiding the power of will created by and creating
the fit my mind's i chooses to see free spirits joined by unseen hands
translating thoughts into me.

WORDS & IMAGES

or

The Mind's i Outside In

or

The Left Brain Answers

Loops interwoven into a marvelous fabric
Entwining the very sense of self.
Figments of being set in due order by light
The time of circumstance shaped into soul.
Mysteriously rooting the nature of becoming
Deep within the seed of each wish to see.
Words and images in secret chambers
Unfolding arrays in the midst of night.
Interlocking devices of every cunning work
Encoded with knots on every side.
Expressions of expectations and magical thinking
Memories patterned into felt desire.
Ruminations weaving a multicolored garment
Bounding the space of each being's time.
Expectations impressed by rituals
Social order ingrained in time.
Exercised forms filling imagination
Intermingling fire with blood.
Operants of definition and focus
Classically transporting all that's me.
Alternatives marked by complexity and effect
Precepts balancing opportunity with risk.
Enticing and evoking every inclination
Eliciting and guiding the power of will.
Created by and creating
The fit my mind's i chooses to see.
Free spirits joined by unseen hands
Translating thoughts into me.

THE FORM AND FUNCTION OF CHAOS

"Without form and void" sounds much like
 Infinitely dense and infinitely small
... The nature of all things before they begin.
Chaos is not void and not without form ...
 It has both form and function ...
 Which much like a rainbow
 Adjusts itself just beyond measure ...
Strange attractors yet to be described and named
 ... Ever to be almost discovered.
A marvelous wonder greatly enticing comprehension ...
 Lurking within the edge of prediction and control
 ... Yet subject to the slightest of influences.
 Now diminished and then diminishing ...
 But of a certainty not avoided.

The event horizon of chaos is the infolding order of the day
 And the parting of time is the sweet sorrow of darkness.
 Can the eye see itself without reflection
 Or the ear hear itself at all?
The strange attractors of chaos have no fixed point of their own
 And their only time is that which has not yet been filled.
 Can emptiness be filled without boundaries
 And does the sea know its place without laws?
Events highly sensitive to initial conditions set the order of relativity
And such founding events are ever just a point of measurement away.
 Silence and emptiness are truly great events ...
 And the consequences of NOT can only be known
 If NOT is exactly what occurs.

SPLITTING THE SECOND

Time and space meet in a split second
And the pathways there are infinite.

Its secret chamber is thick darkness
And its offspring is pure light.

Set a mark, draw a line, make a target
And you will see the nature of relativity.

Place your heart's desire dead center
And align it with the apple of your eye.

As a wheel within a wheel set a bead on the center
And make the dwelling of your mind's eye your own.

Mark well the end of the beginning and the beginning of the end
And hold fast their relationships on every side.

When the time stands still it has found its place
And the weapon at hand becomes you.

BALANCING THE BREATH

Sound chases light from its secret chamber
And those who know both give due credit to the wind.

Eyes see and ears hear events further divided across time
And each breath once divided the same time will never see.

Yet the task at hand is awesomely simple
And peace of mind comes when time and space agree.

Old habits are best broken with new ones
And the creator of your mind's eye is you.

Calm rests heavy in the eye of any storm
And the I of each expectation shapes its self.

One minute, two breaths, four equal winds
And each in balanced by measure with its out.

The time of each circumstance is situation specific
And the only whisper that counts is when.

301.83 BORDERLINE PERSONALITY DISORDER

or

Beware If You Care

Toying with emotions
Soon gets out of hand
As the body keeps on growing
And the child is the man.

But such must have a playmate
Who understands the rules:
You do everything I want
And I want whatever I choose.

Smooth as quicksilver
In making excuses without shame,
And unstable as water
Treating all boundaries just the same.

Whining and crying
Far beyond their youthful years,
These collect for their loved ones
An adult hourglass of tears.

Foolishly seeking intimacy in intensity
And sacrificing love to control,
These jump to extremes and crisis
Expecting never to pay a toll.

But their night comes a bit earlier
Each and every waking day,
Until their ill-defined self is restless
But there's no place left to play.

Such patterns must be broken
Or stopped before they begin,
For one day the rescuer won't be there
And the acting-out will end.

AN ATHEIST'S GOD

That which IS is defined by that which is NOT
And that which is NOT is equally defined by that which IS.

IS and NOT are

But what IS is not is NOT
And what NOT is is not IS.

I is NOT

Yet I AM too.

Ain't you?

I just love free thought. But what price wisdom?

AMERICAN GOTHS
or
What Price Prosperity?

Pitch-forked desire
Cast straight and away,
Cross-bearing brows
Forecasting their sway.
Glass framed wills
Standing in one's stead,
Shattering free-will offerings
And lost promises said.
Porcelain images
Tie tacking one's bed ...
Woeful sufferings
Best left unsaid...
For joy does not mount
The love-lost crown,
And the happiness
Of prosperity
Is all that's found.

Woe-Ha!

DEAD IN THE STREETS

Compassion cries for want of suffering and discipline
While Justice weeps for lost truth and equity.
Are there none left who are willing
And are the able bodied forever silenced?

For want of suffering young men contend with ease
And tolerance becomes the sacrifice of fools.
For want of discipline children raise up their own selves
And where will the child lead when he is king?

Unspoken truths join hand in hand with lies
And equity is bent and twisted out of shape.
Justice becomes the watchword of corruption
And Compassion the new terror of the land.

Where does one search for lost truth
Or how does one even know it's missing?
Go to the streets of the city where the paths cross
And watch the ways of all the people.

Who's buying, who's selling and what measures are used
And what value is placed on this and that?
Pay attention to attention and note the settling of disputes
And translate time and energy and blood into money.

Do you see any deeds simply for equity's sake
Or hear any witnesses just for the truth?
Or do you see deeds of violence in every doorway
And hear lies whispered at every corner?

What price for a soul today
And how much will the flesh alone bring?
Check the balances carefully ...
For it is the measure of a man.

ME, MY SELF AND EYE: A MATTER OF ATTITUDE

or

Dr. Seuss Goes To College

I am my attitude and my attitude is me
But where did I come from and who will I be?

If I could see my self becoming just one step before
Then I would be where I want and could ask for no more.

Just one day at a time would be more than enough
To avoid major pitfalls and protect all my stuff.

If yesterday were today, today tomorrow would be ...
Oh! It's all too confusing for someone like me!!!

Wait just a minute! I think I can see!!!
It's my mind's eye that counts and shapes what is me.

I see and I feel and I say and I do
But all of my NOTS also make up my who.

Now how does it work and what is its pay
And exactly what can I do starting this day?

*MOUTH TO MOUTH
A WHOLE BURNT OFFERING
AN ANSWER BY FIRE
THE DAILY SACRIFICE
DARK SAYINGS
A JEALOUS GOD
A LIVING SACRIFICE
A CLOUD OF WITNESSES
SALTED BY SALT
FACE TO FACE
AN HOLY KISS
INFLAMED*

Grant me mysteries to solve throughout my life
And knots to loose and set free.

Bind my heart in fetters of gold
And lift it up gently on your marvelous wheels.

Let me ride smoothly as an upper millstone
And teach me to tread and bruise and break.

Inflame my bones with fire of the alter
And kindle in me your utmost vehement heat.

Season the stench of my sacrifice with your personal savor
And translate me fully inside-out.

Cover my shame early in the mourning
And hastily make my leprous skin all white.

Make me understand all your dark sayings
And the way sowers are measured by seed.

DEAD CENTER

or

(the eye of the storm)

(a sight for sore eyes)

(a breath of fresh air)

(a word fitly spoken)

(a taoist's Tao)

(me ...)

(not!)

A trilogy of words and images
Enfolding what I chose to call ...

A beginning, a middle and an end
Compassing what ascends and descends within ...

My definitions of necessity set the order I seek
And their pathways reveal the ways that become ...

Dreams upon Desire upon Anger upon Fear
A multicolored fabric I weave to cover ...

Mankind follows a path in the due course of events
But the way I see is created by ...

The laws of the jungle and universal decrees
A wheel within a wheel now exercising and drawing ...

Three times to the eyes of my center's delight
And seven times I pray my God's not ...

SILENT TEARS OF GOLD

My world stands still
When I pause to pray,
And in the midst of thick darkness
I find most to say.

Should your time to leave
Come before I go,
My greatest fear
I want you to know.

For you order my world
In a timeless passion,
And your dreams nurture mine
In a most acceptable fashion.

Like silent tears of gold
Intermingled with fire,
My heart burns with joy
As much as desire.

Each night when I lay me
Down to sleep,
'Tis your soul I pray
My God to keep.

Each day I awake
Close next to you
I see my prayer answered
And dreams come true.

And silent tears of gold
From my spirit flow
In expressions of thanksgiving
Only a Spirit could know.

301.7 ANTISOCIAL PERSONALITY DISORDER

or

Beast Of The Field

Though defiant from the beginning
And rebellious to the end,
Such may be selectively compliant
And use sweet words to commend.

With social skills to spare
But ever greedy of gain,
Flattery may become a weapon
Valued just as highly as pain.

Thieves of pleasure and comfort
Manipulating to avoid life's pains ...
Irresponsible, easy liars
With contempt for honest gains.

Short sighted predators
Alert for easy prey,
Quick to accuse others
When things don't go their way.

With deception in one hand
And violence on the other,
They increasingly take high risks
Till they feel nothing for another.

Then unspoken horrors
Await the objects of their affection,
For exercising power and control
Is all that's left in their possession.

And their excess and deficits
Create a void indeed,
As they feed for survival
On another's need.

RELIGION IS AS RELIGION DOES

Dark sayings become darker
As time and space increasingly agree:
Mankind is cut off
By a most ancient decree.

The savor of the daily sacrifice
Becomes an unbelievable stench,
As the abomination of desolation
Fills the temple's last inch.

The time of every circumstance
Has always been at hand,
But even the final call for mercy
Is not attended by man.

Marked images of revelation
Drawing near as can be,
Creating an existential presence
Only the blind can see.

One woman one man one flesh becomes
One marvelous beast of the field,
Yet the wheels are increasingly ill spoken
As mankind rushes to the deadly yield:

Repent! Mocks the prophet
In the still of the night.
Forgive! Cries each master
To his own heart's delight.

Peace! Offers the enemy
With drawn weapon in hand.
Love! Whispers the seductress
While enflaming the land.

Take! Proclaim the violent
Feeding freely on every fear.
Eat! Shout teachers
Who thrive on tickling the ear.

Outside-in witnesses to inside-out

The only singularity of relativity:
Religion is as religion does
And my religion is ultimately me.

Eastern and Western become one
In the garden of the thoughts of the heart,
And the shaping of the self in the midst
Is a most holy and universal art.

The tree of knowledge of good and evil
Full of consequences still stands,
Rooted deeply in the creative power
Of each and every man.

So cultivate carefully your thoughts
As you become throughout each day,
And pick consequences you want to meet
As you go along your own merry way.

For all mankind are indeed
Strangers in a strange land,
Only able to ponder
The space of time at hand.

Many worlds worlds apart
Great gulfs between,
Yet simple words create bridges
With hands that are unseen.

Each midst must be kindled
By its own within and without ...
One image defined clearly
By the burning round about.

Blood mingled with fire
Living creatures become,
Ever sensitive to conditions
To be newly created from.

Dreams and hopes
And anger and fear,
What's in the cup
You now draw near?

To think, to say
To feel, to do ...
But 'tis the not
That makes the who.

AN ODE FROM BERTHA

Strophe (elaborate as you will):

Wayward winds spinning
Churning up the surf ...
Casting aside great trees
And ripping up the turf.

Pay attention to me now
Or be prepared for my price ...
Best not wait till next time
Lest I double it twice.

My course is predictable
And I certainly will return ...
So I presume to suggest
That my lessons you learn.

Antistrophe (consider the consequences):

Study hard my path
And be ever prepared ...
For the change of my heart
May be the one you most dread.

For I will be back
One day you see ...
Twofold more powerful
Even you will agree.

They'll change my name
And pretend I'm all new ...
But keep in mind
That simply is not true.

Epode (arrive at a conclusion):

I come and I go
Where ever I list ...
Count on my return
Full power, no jest.

This trilogy of verses
Is cute and sincere ...
But the message I send
Is one to hold near.

When you take your steps
To walk each day ...
Remember this poem
And what I have to say.

Selah

CHOW TAO

Me and my Tao
Just happened to be
Walking along
The shore of my see.

We came to a place
Yet to be come,
& hesitated to speak
For fear of being dumb.

Our tongue began to swell
As our sight became dim,
And we fought for a breath
As our thoughts grew most grim.

When all else had failed
In the midst of the night,
We paid due attention
With all of our might.

Then outside-in
Inflamed inside-out,
Shading my self
In the shadow of doubt.

For it seemed wholly true
As only verily can be,
That the way of my Tao
Will surely find me.

For becoming is
As being does,
And the way I am
Is because I was.

WHISPERING PINES

OR

What Snake?

Some scoff that pines do not whisper
And that with no ear there can be no listener.
Others contend they would have nothing to say
And would disallow even what others may.

Fewer still would be inclined to reason
That it's really true each thing has a season.
Once it's known that listen 'tis silent rearranged
A whispering pine does not seem quite so strange.

Pines do indeed wisp and swish in the wind
As to and fro and up and down they bend.
They even give out stridulous creaks in the night
Twisting and whipping again back past upright.

They even snap, crackle and pop in ice and fire
Casting their spiraling seeds to the ash and mire.
And their whisper may transform into an uneven hiss
Or extinguish with the slight shush of a sibilant mist.

Or perhaps felt silence speaks most like the pine
Making rooms for images in the shady parts of mind.
Listen real close and I think you too will hear
Pines whispering sweet nothings to an attentive ear.

IS IT ENOUGH?
or
What Was The Question?

Have I worked hard enough, Lord
To call on Thy name,
And brought to fruition
The nature of my pain?

Have my steps crossed each path
I was made to take,
And is any way created
Enough for your sake?

Is my life worth
The while left to pray,
Or should I cease to fight
In order to stay?

Should I let go at last
This burden I bear,
Or is this just an ending
To my current despair?

Tell me now
And tell me true ...
Exactly what
You expect me to do.

Just let me be
At my final end,
Following after you
Rather than gin.

LOST LESSONS OF THE GARDEN

The past and future are figments of our imaginations
but our memories are rooted in our senses,
our desires and fears are learned,
and our thoughts create and govern a virtual reality,
much like a garden of flowers, fruits and vegetables ...

A little seed.
A little water.
A little time.
A little circumstance.
A little you.
A little me.
A little life.

The lessons are in the living
and the living is in the growing
and the growing is in the care
and the care is in the effort
and the effort is in the provider
and the provider in the garden
is you ... or not.

314.xx ATTENTION-DEFICIT/HYPERACTIVITY DISORDER

or
Huh?

Bouncing babies
Are just cute as they can be,
And adults love to give full attention
To the busy little bees.

But as these go and grow
Darting gleefully all about,
Those wanting their attention back
Soon find what's inside is all out.

So they go to and fro
Every-which-a-way,
Increasingly cut off
From what silence has to say.

And enticed in every direction
But never following one,
Their frantic visitations end
Before they've hardly even begun.

Running their course wide open
Unconstrained by space or time,
A child's unbridled power
Courts anxiety, high risk and crime.

If distractions and temper are clearly learned
Or the lack of attention nets systematic gains,
The deficit is a matter of values and discipline ---
Of course, you must rule out physiological pains.

For patience is still an acquired skill
And violent tempers must be bound,
And paying attention may be hard work
But the personal effort must be found.

For pains come and pleasures go
And all things come around again,
But when change becomes the answer
The enemy is from within.

PATTERN ME
or
Today's Unborn Child

Without form and void
To day begins
Like each time must
Till it ends.

Indeed, this day too
Yesterday will be
And in between
'Tis where you'll find me.

As time becomes
A memory you see
We create ourselves
What we will be.

There'll be storms without
And many pains to bear
So pattern me
with due comfort and care.

For I am you see
Yet to be
The self one day
You will know as me.

FRANTIC VISITATION

or
Poe's Woe

VII

Entering now through the tortured panes
Deep pools frantic for light,
Come images potent to all banes
Cunning afoot in quickness of flight,
Dancing around familiar ways of pain
Now into the day, then into the night,
Peering and peeping one's name
Exposing untrodden paths & all well trodden in fright.

VIII

Each heart of hearts clad in black
Swiftly steps the well-footed estate,
(Oh, let us reel in the slack
Lest Come! pass while we wait)
Compassing each form by its lack
Chaos forced binding in order to weigh.
Shades of gray hanging on value's rack
Each clamoring to be worn today.

IX

Glittering across the never-ending lie
The fleet-footed scurry to survive
Evermore denying, denying, denying
The ever Present that must certainly arise.
Heat portioned by time's cast die
A clean cut space to revive --
Instances of exquisite pain in stillness sigh
Two edges once felt always to bear alive.

X

Latticed degenerations in the wind
Encompassing coals of desire,
Cursed spirits given power by men
Listing and fluttering in the mire,
Once possessing without, ever possessed within
Clasping hands in the midst of unseen fire,
No doubt a soul fitly sent to begin
A last meal on earth in unseemly attire.

XI

As the ill kept tarn glows bright
Now bubbles up as the harvest below,
Eddies of thick darkness pocking the sight
Forcing the dank's ebb to flow ...
(Ahh, Nevermore claims gleaner's rights
Where Evermore once tickled the ears to sow)
Winged creatures casting lots in the night
Surfacing where each fears most to go.

XII

Black waves swirling deep within
Rushing winds pressed hard to light,
Churning thick the blood of Then
Shattering the comfort of night,
The silence of empty hooded winds
Hovering, drifting, alert for flight,
Hollow seeds ever seeking new friends
Wanting forever any exploit's delight.

Open the rapping that Now keeps tapping
And see just who's at the door.

MAMA'S LITTLE BOY

OR

Ode to Alice!

Time is running out and space is closing in
Everything's becoming like nothing's ever been.
The faster I run the slower I go
And I must pause to pray just to have something to know.
Seems memories still come and memories still go
But it's no longer my me that's controlling the flow.
Now I can't quite recall exactly what I was going to say
And I keep getting beside myself in the midst of my own way.
Oh, I used to worry so and make plans into the night
But anymore I just wait until it's right in my sight.
I feel there must be many things I have left undone
And it seems so much harder now to have any fun.
I wonder young man if you would mind helping me
My lap is so damp and I can hardly see.

GOING HOME
or
Here Is Where I'll Be

Sailors sail and hunters hunt
And all sorts want and be
But no man chooses his own place
Nor his place can make or see.

Each walks the associative networks alone
& quakes and takes and eats
Ever fueling fiery pathways
That create the image that one seeks.

Each step in every way
Creates a print of its own
And each being by each step
Stands and will be known.

So draw your conclusions without me
For I won't be there when you arrive
Each must taste their own words
And by what they eat survive.

Whether by sword of mouth at high noon
Or flaming arrow at night
Best be ready, willing, and Able
To take up flight or fight.

Now is the only space ever at hand
To bind and to set free
But lead only where you want to go
Because that's surely where you'll be.

Each hesitation and haste in the way
Creates impressions in the sand
And the last two that you make
Will witness exactly where you stand.

So lean forward into the wind each day
To prepare for a good night's sleep
And let tomorrow's cares be
As you rest in the peace you keep.

THE SPACE OF TIME

or

Dreams and Such

The quantum of thought and relativity of behavior
Mysteriously mingle in the cup of time at hand,
Creating intoxicating networks of words
Evermore inflaming the curious beast called man.

Like a wick quickened to the flame
Each heart burns with desire
But no man fully understands
How flesh contains holy fire.

As the darkness without prevails
And tempests rage within
Desire is consumed by living
And joy becomes what's been.

Yet before the power is full gone
Or the light evermore goes out
Fuel is added to the ashened coals
And the keepers of joy do shout.

So attend the work of the keepers
And stoke the most holy fires
For joy is relief of suffering
And the watchers know God's desire.

Ever weigh your self full measure
In the balances close at hand
And take great care to notice
If and when you stand.

For as you think you do
And one day forever will be
And surely your God knows
Exactly what you see.

THE OCCULT WARRIOR

or

The Way Home

As one created upright
Generated undue self esteem
Subtlety grew into violence
Inflaming desire to reign supreme.

Pure avoidance was approached
Disesteeming the most holy way
Transforming light into darkness
And disobedience into day.

Their eyes indeed were opened
To great darkness and empty hand
As death satiated desire
And fear ruled the land.

An internal scream of silence
Fulfills the new found void within
As aging eyes consume strange light
And new awareness occults what's been.

Now one must surely learn
And should ever keep in mind
That the places we have been
We shall never leave behind.

So keep watch in the midst of every way
To nurture the self you wish to see
For where your mind's eye focuses
Creates where your heart will be.

Imagine what you will with great care
In the domain of the thoughts of your heart
For where you lead you surely will follow
And the reins have been yours from the start.

299.00 *AUTISTIC DISORDER*

or

The Cat's Meow

Apparent indifference
To what other's say and do,
Marked by avoidant eyes
And abhorrence of what's new.

Words come and go
But all things remain the same,
To those who know not
Smile, comfort, nor game.

Perhaps fascinated by patterns
Or fingers flickering light,
Some wrap their attention in detail
And bind it with all their might.

For when one is stimulus-bound
In both time and space,
Chaos appears everywhere
Till ordered by sequence and place.

Hypersensitive of much and patient of little ...
Too much/too soon, too little/too late,
What's to be expected ...
And why this awful wait?!

Thus change requires added structure
And avoidance tendencies are strong,
But visual cues ease transitions
And help teach what's right from wrong.

Each day must be a re-creation
Which hooks on the day before,
To de- and re- sensitize feelings
Which give life a chance to soar.

Or their strange event horizons
Will evermore come to rest ...
Much like a bird alone at night
Fallen out of the highest nest.

SERAPHIM AND SUCH

or

On Whose Account?

First there was NOT and the NOT was yet One
And the One was without and between.
Light full of darkness and sound full of silence
Great potentials ever attending to be.

A rush of pregnant pauses
Powerfully hesitant to begin
Implode and cross
To become the four winds.

All things sown in generation
Converge to their own end
And the relativity of each point
Simply marks when.

For the course of time is set
In the multicolored fabric of space
And even words whispered
Have their own secret place.

As the thick darkness of mind
Mysteriously fills itself with words
Each purpose comes to light
And even its absence is heard.

As the mind's eye works
To create the thoughts of the heart
Unseen hands shape living souls
According to the ancient art.

Associative networks of fire
Await travelers to attire
By imputing reason to icons
And stoking the power of desire.

For words only take on meaning
By the order in which they stand
And they accumulate power as attributed
By those who seek command.

So ride the associative networks
At one with well trained mount
For the unseen hands that cloak you
Literally take full account.

HOURGLASS OF TEARS

OR

The Way It's Always Been

The baby's cry is sweet
To the well tuned tender ear
For it calls on one who cares
To relieve some pain or fear.
Such tears dried in good comfort
Nourish the holy seed within.
Mercifully, that's the way it is
And the way it's always been.

But children learn quite quickly
The power of their tears
And some would fain use them
Well past their intended years.
But lying tears are fool's gold
And buying or spending them's a sin.
Oh yes! That's the way it is
And the way it's always been.

Young folks spend tears of laughter
Because they have the will and time
But any way at the expense of others
Turns one in time to crime.
For unkind tears are twice poison
Searing the heart of the soul within.
Straight up!! That's the way it is
And the way it's always been.

With empty heart and heavy hand
Grown-ups whine and cry
Blaming others for their plight
Cursing even the sky.
Good reason always escapes them
Because such never look within.
Unfortunately, that's the way it is
And the way it's always been.

Now tears of joy are relief
And mercy is well spent
But lying eyes too are seen

By the very light that's sent.
So fill wisely
your hourglass of tears
Drawing first for others
from your deep within.
Just because ... that's the way it is
And the way it's always been.

POETRY IS AS POETRY DOES

or

The Horse's Mouth

It's true that form follows function and water rushes to the sea
And all things arranged in due order is the way things ought be!
But mankind's quest for knowledge is fourfold buried deep
Beneath the lust for power and the control one chooses to keep.

What weapons of war are chosen for combat close at hand
And what courtship determines where one will take a stand?
What occasions of being will lead to the apple of the eye
And what manner of silence turns the truth into a lie?

Which fiery pathways are taken to dig far and deep
And what manner of mount is able just to stand the heat?
What feet are well shod and speak to all who hear
That a rider is fast approaching out of joy or out of fear.

What manner of horseman rides
Just to give full account
And what good is such a messenger
Without a well trained mount?

At times, the rider is the poet and the poem the mount
But what manner of horseman knows the ways that count?
Too much, too soon, too little, too late?
And, Oh Yes ...
Was the trip worth taking and message worth its wait?

POWERS WITHOUT POWERS WITHIN

or

In The Beginning Was The End

What mode of travel carries this world to its end
And what options are open to the hands of men?
What forces are being carefully brought to bear
And what measures will be taken once one's there?
What universal Powers sway Nature's way
And whose unseen hands formed the light of day?
What paths of darkness must be tread
And what steps will fix the way one's led?
What consequences of being are becoming to be
And which are simply a matter of me?
What lawful order was surely set to exist
And what outcome never escapes any list?
My God, let me ride on the wings of the wind
And send your Word wherever my i begins.

FACE TO FACE
or
Was There Ever Any Doubt?

What are these numbers swirling
Deeply within my mind
And exactly who is marking
The ones I seek and find?

No disrespect intended
To those who bear the flame
But I must make up my own mind
No matter what's the same.

My soul is just a bit deeper
And my reach a bit more grand
Than to simply follow
Where others have taken their stand.

I enjoy good reason with most
And enjoin all who seek
But don't call on me to follow
If the meat's between your teeth.

Perhaps splitting the difference
Is what it's all about ...
Knowledge being dependent
On at least a holy shade of doubt.

No offense intended
Just clarifying my place
But when the time arrives
Best get out of my face.

Not that I'm bad
Or that I'm good
But that one's measured
Exactly where one stood.

REFLECTIONS IN A SUNROOM

or

Soul Casting

My heart is empty with felt desire
More intense than fear or fire.

As thoughts rush deeper within my soul
My being cries out for a loss now told.

My I AM is scattered about to and fro
And my becoming has no particular place to go.

The void within is infinitely real
For without your face I find no way to feel.

So I cast my eyes as a line to the sky
With my tears as bait to catch God's eye.

Yea, what manner of man indeed!
Who feels more for woman than His seed?

Then, as the cloud-paled blue cushions my plight
And the Jack-O-Lantern trees grin wisps into night,
I understand the grace of the catch I've made
'Tis the very one that my God gave!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

or

Where Did It Go?

Fire meeting fire in the midst of the way
Drawn from the beginning to the long day.
Places set round about from the start
Weaving internets and dots of the heart.
Structured allowances taking measure's delight
Shaping freewill offerings deeper into night.
Cast out shadows darting to and fro
Frantic for visitation awaiting the show.
Seats taken by power enchanted to play
Following after the mystery with nothing to say.
Glowing embers of desire sparkling the night
Disappear as their presence becomes increasingly light.
And in the midst of thick darkness all things must appear
Just as clear as The Spirit of Yesteryear.

TAPS TAPPING RUSHES

or

Writers Rushing To Right

Taps tapping out jerked left
Off the cuff.
Jerks jerking in doubt
The curds spluttered turf.
Fermenter's torment
In yeast fed fights,
Tasting to perfection
Every merchant's plight.
Competitors competing
Palms twisted to the sky.
Broken breakers
Rushing in and out.
Rushes rushing past to and fro
To be present round about.
Power powering control
Controlling power at hand,
Taps tapping out
Jerks
Off the cuff.

ARABIA'S TRUE SON

or

Shadows at High Noon

I thrive on thirst, my LORD, make me sweat to Thy pleasure
My desire is great hunger, feed me at Thy leisure.
Pour out your memory freely on the earth
Making every seed of kind create its own birth.
Here am I, my Lord, in my own stand
Awaiting your call and the touch of your hand.
I see desolation in plenty and hoarding of stuff
And even the winds of destruction cry the suffering's enough.
In whose name do you ride as you trek your course
And what manner of bit decides the steps of your horse?
What sights impress your images of delight
And what words compass the self in the midst of your night?
What hedge of thorns do you build to protect and to shield
And what boundaries of land mark the places you yield?
What morning star is brighter than the sun
Creating relative shade where before there was none?
What shadow stands tall in the sight of the moon
And where does it rest dead set at noon?
What stranger commands respect in every way
And what table will you serve in the cool of the day?
Dead men walking each and every one
Following after whatever to evermore become.
The time of circumstance is only relative once
And the self you generate is just a quantum's lunch.
With the sun bearing down and the moon drawing up
All must choose how they fill the cup.
As each step taken surely leads to the end
Each line of reason becomes the measure of men.

SIGN OF THE TIMES

OR

Hey Blood!!!

Seems people are dying everywhere
And everywhichaway
And every body keeps on shouting
Just to avoid what others say.

For each claim to be blind
Increases the common pain
Making all offended
And subject to common bane.

Surely suffering is an art
That most haven't mastered yet
But where you stand in line
Of a certainty sets your bet.

For all things are relative
To the time you have at hand
To place your very small wager
And create the image of a man.

EACH DAY'S LIGHT CAST DIE

Or

Fingerprints On The Soul

Time comes each day's light cast die
Giving space to moreover and place for birds to fly.
As each takes hold forming images in word,
Impressing reflections become mysteriously textured.
For the imagination certainly works as the artist creates care
But what price wisdom and how much for a little despair?
Surely there is a cost of reason buried deep within
And such by nature is hidden from the usual sight of men.
Every artist fears and loves what they take into the night
And Nevermore's unseen hands separate what's left to right.
For the image of one's being increasingly unfolds
As the Potter's finger presses against living soul.
Such uncloaked awareness cuts deeper than bone
Purely pouring out the suffering others have know.
Thus paint splatters the carpet and canvass of life
Creating new prints of passion and strife ...
Evermore reflecting and binding in time
The figments of becoming in God's paradigm:
Words and images are the seal of a certain absence
Only to the presence of a ready mind:
"Fear not" and "Follow me" and "Come"
Are a few that He left behind.

WHEN REASONS BECOME EXCUSES

Or

Nine Tenths Of The Law

(Possession)

When reasons become excuses
And people turn to lies
Shadows of doubt grow in silence
And thick shades mask internal eyes.
But the stalkers of the darkness
Find themselves most alone
Exactly when they find success
And possess another's stone.
For one lot is cast to each
And each casts many lots each day
And each die that is cast
Certainty marks the caster's sway.
Of some no man is master
So there's no accounting or toll
But even the worst of lots given
Affords reasonable exercise to soul.
Lo! ... to possess another's treasure
Is a delight to lover's of gold
And stolen waters are sweet
'Till the bitter tale is told.
'Tis worst when concealed words are the booty
Or ideas planted compose the stuff,
For then predators become the prey
And the darkness is never enough:
When the still small voice within
Consumes all the hope without,
The whispering enchanter of NOT
Fulfills the remaining soul with doubt ...
And as the net of Nevermore is cast about for prey,
The Evermore of fear and trembling finds a place to stay.

TIME WILL TELL

or

Points Of Order

Some say Time will tell
And perhaps it would be true
If living were not dying
Or becoming never new.

Certainly, each order of events
Commands its own time
But the numbers which share it
Would boggle any mind.

For as occasions build
To form the nature of any mount,
Outcomes forever exceed measure
Because all things are on each account.

Even the absence of events
Takes the usual toll
And silence can weigh as heavily
As any measure of gold.

Though function comes in many forms
And many forms may fit the bill,
The time at hand has many eyes
And point of view is set by will.

As each becoming of being
Is an offspring indeed,
Every excess and deficit
Creates a new felt need.

Surely, the becoming of one mind
Is a product of many
And connecting the Nots
Outlines each identity.

Times come and Time goes
Everywhichaway ...
But it's we that run out
And have nothing left to say!

*TALKING STONES
OR
The Last Tale Told*

The stones really, really do talk
But first they must be found ...
For they are ever hiding deeper
Within the cold, cold ground.

Stone shackled to stone
Binded by some ancient decree,
Monuments to earthly kings and priests
Ordered for men to see.

Such rush headlong after themselves
To create a past before their future's all gone,
Blind to the gravity of Time's long day
And deaf to the woes of Eternity's unknown.

So the blood daubed streets still run
Nowhere beneath the sea,
And men continue to destroy mankind
To set their own souls free.

Even as their great walls are salted away
Or consumed by the four winds,
Their net worth is being measured
By their value to other men.

For as each lot is pounded out
As designed by an unseen hand,
The empty balance is ever poised
To tally the castings of the man.

And no matter how deep you dig or climb
To be safe or on high,
The shape you create of your self
Will be known the day you die.

*NEVERMORE
OR
Second Hand Thoughts*

Echoes of darkness pooling ripples of light
Evermore sent bearing fruit just out of sight.
Mystically beyond reason's event horizon rests
The becoming of being in an unseen nest.
Proud warriors ride and ridden warriors cry
And all change places by and by by the way.
Many sail in silence at the sound of the shout
Others listen loudly as they proclaim every doubt.
Cumulative consequences ever filling inside and out
Networking separate etches straight to and all about,
Two-way steps inclining smoothly till the sensitive end
Binding comings and goings full twisting the bend.
Once upon a day an hour stands still
Giving time its due and the cup its fill.
Once upon a night said time flies away
Taking full measure the light of one day.
Tempered points brought furiously to bear
Penetrating the darkness of the young lion's lair.
Meal offerings of meat plucked asunder and chewed
A feast for the sucklings of another's brood.
Deliberate indifference exposed in the light
The hands of words interlocked in plight.
Feet shod for the sands deeply pressed to the sea
Words lifted on wheels fitly spoken to be.
Spirit creatures enticing to pass your way
Hoping you pray having nothing to say.
Shades without allowance held to account
Cloaked with the garments of unseen mounts.
As the clouds of the eye mask the sight at hand
So the days of darkness will fulfill the land.
Then the war of dark sayings will surely begin
As spiritual warriors clash to strike the hearts of men.
For weapons of words ordered to mark
Measure the reins of the thoughts of the very heart.
And each must hone to bear their own
As time ends and their worth is known.

THE THIRD WITNESS

or

Silent Wings Of Gold

Two was enough
But my God gave three
And each singularity was just
To commune and witness and be.

At the mouth of two or three
Even Death is subject to decree
For my God does not lie
And that's the way He said it would be.

Silent wings of Cherubim
Bearing the Word forward in time
Ever feeding sheep
With the meat of the vine.

The second took flight
Resting on a tree
Raised for mankind
Mouth to mouth to set free.

The third
Makes you want to cry
ABBA Father !!!
And look to the sky.

Just a bow shot away
Bordered wilderness within
A woman's seed becomes
The only hope of men.

So bind as you will
And loose and set free
For the Seraphim know
Where my eyes will be.

REFLECTING ON REFLECTIONS

OR

Some Say

... ..Reflections are images of light cast long ago from the sky,
Pure energy ever beholding to a seeing eye...
... ..Reflections are mirrors within mirrors uncovering the hidden heart,
Giving mercy to the shame of guilt and new life a place to start...
... ..Reflections are felt experiences of sufferings old and new,
In the pursuit of simple peace knowing vengeance is overdue...
... ..Reflections are memories resurrected each waking day,
Ruminations of the past just to justify the stay...
... ..Reflections are doubts about allowances both given and received,
And weighted measures of self balanced against what others need...
... ..Reflections are cherished memories and anticipatory fears,
Bringing the past and future closer together over the years...
... ..Reflections are just devices to shadow unseemly desire,
Cloaking false images of self and stoking eternal fire...
... ..Reflections are communications in the fiery pathways of mind,
One side against the other to approach what's called Divine...

*TIMES COME
Or
Plaguing The Self*

Scope me out a place
Just to be
And to be without,
No cares, no passions, and most certainly, no doubts.
I'm not sure what I'm looking for
But I'll be there when I see
Eyes just as sore as mine
Looking back at me.
I'm not looking to be found ... or lost,
Or to be left alone,
Just to deeper ponder
The paths I call my own.
I don't hear any voice calling
Or understand any message sent,
But time's neigh past stalling
To discover whatever's meant.
Surely, now is the only time
To deal from the top of the deck,
Though I don't know what the game is,
I refuse to say "What the heck !?!"
So, if you don't mind, or even if you do ...
I'll just plague my own self ...
If it's all the same to you.

*IN THE MIDST OF THE MIST
OR
What Darkness?*

Two wings of a great eagle
Drawn to the breaking of bread,
A most holy gift from above
Evermore placed in one stead.

Attendants swiftly hovering to cover
Every apparent certainty of sight,
Spreading thick darkness evermore completely
To occult the remaining holy shades of light.

A job sweetly stolen by others
Who lead without eyes or ears,
Always peering after empty hearts
And peeping dark counsel to master fears.

Exquisite pipes full of word images
Flooding the wayward mind,
Endorphins of promised fulfillment
Gleefully enticing all mankind.

But the desolation that follows
Is empty darkness most profound,
For there is no chain long enough
To reach where such are bound.

Truly, all matter can be broken,
Shattered or burned beyond belief,
But when the Consistor reveals his namesakes
The whole universe will seek relief.

So pursue the darkest chamber
Of the dank innersanctums within,
Holding fast this seal of word and deed:
Lies lead and violence follows after the unbridled desires of men.

But perhaps there is a flip side
To the terrors of the land,
Perhaps there is a terror
Greater than any understand.

Death and Hell have already been named,
So of them I do not speak ...
But of the living God
With all creation at His feet.

Yet terror is not His pleasure
Nor the punishment of pain,
For He is a river of mercy
And the Comforter is in his name.

So attend to "Follow me" and sow to the four winds
And "Take, eat" all the hidden manna you find,
Calling to remembrance "Feed my sheep"
As you destroy the destroyers of all mankind.

For pure love is only perfected
As one translates undue hate and unholy fear,
Giving most holy space for Mercy and Truth
To gender a knowing eye and an understanding ear.

Yet still, for a little while,
A little is all it takes,
To go along your merry way
Or attend to another's stake.

So why not follow after
Every inclination to Life,
And relate to the Master's wishes
As he would expect of a wife.

THERE IS A PLACE ...

or

Waves in the desert

There is a place where deeds are kept
And remembrances abound,
A memorial palace of sorts
Where what-nots are also found.

There is a place of accountings
Finely sifted by balances due,
A weighted measure from within
Against precisely what one knew.

There is a place where judgments are born
And the justice of equity rules,
But its far, far away from the minds of men
And other habitations of fools.

There is a place where lies are bound
According to their measure ...
And when rumor runs amuck
It's by way of Truth's good pleasure.

There is a place where Mercy prevails
To slap the other cheek,
And the Destroyer of the presumptuous
Is the keeper of the meek.

There is a place where men walk tall
And women are not the prey,
And children grow old
And all agree on the way.

There is a place of safekeeping,
Where the words are fixed in place,
And no power in the universe
Can remove them from their space.

There is a place for lost souls
To find if they ever will,
Planted by the grace of God
Whose testimonies are active still.

THE WAY TO THE CENTER NEVER CHANGES

or

A Long Day's Night

Pathways are not people
And all roads don't lead to Rome,
But the highways and byways one chooses
Are the ways that become one's own.

Yet choices are more than forks in the road
And even approximations count,
For decisions rest on values
And each judgment is on account.

So make your trek a worthy quest
Marking well each place you start,
For there is darkness beyond one's measure
In the domain of the thoughts of the heart.

And no matter where you go ...
Much less what you do ...
Your world will one day boil down
To nothing else but you.

So hold fast to what you want
For you become your own desire,
And as you daily measure up your self
Best bathe your soul in fire.

For desires speak to pleasure
And fears speak to pain,
But Mercy attends to comfort
And Truth answers each loss and gain.

So cut slack where you hope to find it
And prune carefully your own will,
For the light will one day overtake you
And your becoming will be naked and still.

*PREPARATIONS OF THE HEART
or
Accommodations*

Without due preparation
The rhyme of good reason will fail,
Just as seed cast against a wall
Hits hard as cold, cold hail.

And hard faced sorts with stone ears
Still sport kicking to and fro,
Making a mockery of personal sacrifice
Just to fuel their violent glow.

Sucked into their own pursuits
Bleeding dry before their time,
Fools still-chase their own eyes
And treat the Truth as a crime.

(That's not to say
'Tis not still here ...
Just that 'tis dead
To tongue & ear.)

And ears that hear golden trumpets
Are a rare breed indeed,
If the silence of which we speak
Has to do with rising seed.

For quick fixes & simple solutions
Are sought after as each day's prize,
And mankind reckons justice
Whatever's right in self-serving eyes.

Personal allowances soon become doctrine
To Institutionalize the traditions of men,
Making straight the ways of ancient familiars
Veiled in the guise of a newborn denizen.

But the nature of all things is constant
And the golden measuring reed reads true,
Making every point of reference relative
With no more or less than's due.

DANCE-FEET BEES
Or
On The Tips of Tongues

Dance-feet bees
Tipping the tow of the wind,
Pounding out messages
To those who have yet been.
Wobbling and wiggling
Their sting-tail stint,
Bending and contorting
To fulfill the message sent.
Well marked from the beginning
To discover their own end,
Such flit about unwittingly
Much better than men.
For workers duly sent
Most joyfully return,
To tell their dance
For others to learn.
Yet mankind still-dances
Aimlessly about ...
Deaf to the truth
And unblinded by doubt.

NOBODY CARES

Or

Vacant Eyes

1000 eyes blackened with blue
Hue-toned with stuff
Never spoken
But true.

Wretched sockets
Pin-pointing their plea,
To THE UNKNOWN GOD
Staring holes in me.

Pools of darkness
Fighting for sight,
Rippling against
Soul sources of light.

Great wandering warriors
Skip-wondering their way,
Learning tomorrow
What they taught today.

Headstrong well-wishers
Hell-bent against the winds,
Dividing themselves asunder ...
Back-casting has-beens.

Jump-starting themselves ...
Into their own past,
Present contentions accepted ...
They have no place to last.

Battered about
Within their own dares,
They self-destruct
Crying: "Nobody Cares"

Yo!

Yo!

Yo!

Go, BOW-STRINGED bro!!!

NO PAIN, NO GAIN

Or

No Not!

It's never the same or sane,
If what you're looking for is pleasure
Without a life of pain.

So settle back

And consider:

What's in a slash or lash or two ...

That's deeper than human nature

Or reaches the being you call you?

For only you can mark your self ...

But you must ride your own mount,

And the image you are crafting

Tallies solely to your account.

And what you say and don't

Reflects what you don't and do,

Enlightening your will of becoming,

By inflaming intentions anew.

Yo! Woe! Lo!

Who you are is who you've been,

And each being is now becoming ...

And your spirit is now forever

In your court again!!!

You do and will cut as you are

So please do be kind,

Spare not a good measure of self-esteem

As you consider what you mind.

For blood satisfies no desire

And out-of-sight's not out-of-mind,

And all who feed on self-injury

Will be taught by their own worst kind.

For each cut surely counts

As you prune your daily ways,

But public sacrifice of flesh

Is reserved for saints and slaves!

THE END
Or
In The Beginning

The laws of the universe
Can not be broken by man,
And the nature of one's nature
Is traceable to where one began.

(All things in due order ...
Pictured from the start,
Patterns of beings becoming
Images of their own art.)

Names named in the beginning
Well suited to be fulfilled ...
By the decisions one makes
And the reasons one willed.

Though each consequence is forever
And effects are surely cumulative,
Change is the essence of life
And its nature is sensitively generative.

Fine points make great differences
And many parts make one whole,
But relationships create all patterns
And the space of time clarifies each role.

As Wisdom gives order to Justice
And Equity clears Judgment's way,
The lawful nature of the universe
Is fully operational to day.

Lo! Acting is real
And thoughts indeed do count,
And the seeds of each seed
Mark and seal each account.

SO LONELY

Or

The Lover's Sensitive Soul

So close, so far, so lonely ...
Oh, so justly becoming to be!
Trekking the essence of pleasure's pain
And the rising and falling of me.

The sour sweetness you bare
Is indeed a needful bane,
And by the nature of nature
Bearing one is the other's gain.

As soft words whispered
Entice the sensitive ear,
Hard words unspoken
Melt away in love's fear.

(Captured in imagination
Felt wishes of delight ...
Memories of satiation
Day dreams of the night.)

For words are spirits
you see,
Creating images of the I AM
And Not of me.

So think hard and deep
When we must be apart
And inflame your becoming
With our passion for spiritual art.

Lo! Boundless in wonder
Love's spirit is always new,
And this poor soul's heart
Forever belongs to you!

GOTHIC BANE

or

Relative Light

dank tastes seeping into my ears
as hot breath sucked into my heart
for felt desire
pouring out an essence
that escapes my being
only to appear at life's event horizon
as a mocking expectation
forever emitting black light
to the elicited albino of my soul
Oh, exposing flesh!
glow in the light most darkly
to bind the merry
blind torchbearers
and all most worthy of plight.

THE MARKING STONE

or

Ancient Arrows

Etched by sapphire
upon the pavement clear,
footprints of a holy man
slowly did appear,

(revealing one drawn upright
in the most holy way
well balanced precisely
with what one should (not) say.)

He took his bread and water
at no man's undue expense,
paying tribute to the Truth
as no man before or since.

(He honored His Father
in every-which-a-way,
And followed after each jot and tittle
far more than men of clay.)

Now the eyes of the universe
are forever firmly fixed
on each lonely life and death
and the grace He left betwixt ...

(for He is the only horse and rider
to be both first and last,
the only begotten, the able Son
who sacrificed His past.)

Now you have His bow,
His crown is passed to you ...
to continue the Horseman's journey
creating His dream anew.

CRISSCROSSINGS
&
Nots

On the face of angels
Serpents forever ride
Bearing strange gifts
Crafted to abide.
Exquisite artists
Of their on craft,
Whispering enchanters
Fulfilling the kraft.
Enticing enforcers
Strutting their stuff
Evermore nevermore
Saying enough's enough.
Hell bent destroyers
Twisting inside,
Marked from the beginning
For another's pride.
Crisscrossing scars
Marking each spot,
Burning reflections
Refracted to NOT.

Drip! Drip!
Who's there?
I don't know!
I don't care!

HUBBA BUBBA HUBBARD

or

The Painmaster's Pie

I got your hurt
You got my pain,
Open wide the plate
Here I come again!

Now call me "crazy"
Or call me "blue",
For with either name
I'll call you.

And if you wait
Far beyond my sight,
I'll command your presence
With your every might.

For I play on doubts
And feed on needs,
Fulfilling my self
With every heart that bleeds.

Oh, how I love the taste
Of unsavory deeds,
And take great pleasure
In distorting holy creeds.

So I do unto others
By doing unto me,
Taking every advantage
And copping each plea.

And when I whisper
It's lies I speak,
To consume the will
Of the soul I seek.

For I am a paradox
Dealing in blame,
Enticing and eliciting
Both sympathy and shame.

I feed on others
As emotional pie
And make them dance
Lest I die.

BLACK SHEEP--- WHITE SHEEP

or

The Name-Name Game

Thick darkness enfolded by its own wait
Explodes into a universe hell-bent to create.
Stark-fires far flung ... sparkle-twinked just to be
Cyber-eyed witnesses of the deep, deep Cee.
Knowledge beyond measure the full-blown Self
Manifesting the buy-ways scripting their shelf.
Collecting ancient stocks to pile in place,
Borning again dark matter to the depths of space.
Self-Known alliances nationalizing a base:
Legs spread ... arms raised ... head faced!
Holding hard-fast to a name well-named,
Word-up! to force-glorify the blamed!
 Circles go to be-come
 All things and the same ...
 Lo! The first to arrive last
Learns the nature of the game:
 As Is is becoming
 and NOT can not BE,
So one plus one burn-borns
 Both my brother and me.

FIRE & ICE

or

Crystal Metaphors In The Latter Rain

Events come and events go
But their horizon remains the same,
And fire and ice are shape shifters
'Tis their balance that's the bane.

The fire of the Spirit is the Truth
Which purifies and instructs the soul,
And all drawn to its Light
Seek knowledge of the Holy as gold.

(Metaphorical convolutions
Swirling in the wind,
Evermore becoming
Self creations within ...
Reflections refracted
Sparkled to One point,
Defining the being forged
By what it chooses to anoint.)

Oh yes! There is a pure burning
At the core sevenfold bright,
And the Spirit glows most vehemently
Into the last long day of night.
For even comets have their circuits
Just and surely as the stars,
And the burning of their dirty ice
Tells the tail of their bars.
Still, the waters of life are Mercy
Which quenches the needful soul,
A crystal wellspring of love
With pure joy its only toll.
For pure joy is relief of suffering
And mercy given is what's received,
But all who tread the poor to feed
Will toast Abaddon for their greed.
Lo! Literal fires burn most brightly
In the thoughts of the hearts of men ...
Magnifying crystals in rainbows
Or seeking comfort in nature ... Amen!

IMAGE OF LONELINESS

OR

Make It Real !!!

Feather touched thoughts gather you gently to me
As I try every sense to set the loneliness free.
The breath of your words against my face ...
The way of our press when we embrace.
I sift the treasures of the thoughts of my heart
To feel your presence when we're apart.
And your image is soon arrayed in memories,
Fine and sweet, adorned with love's accessories.
And as I nurture it with the heart of my soul,
The loneliness it fills is more valued than gold.
For it gives shape to the little space of my time
Allowing my heart to climb and climb and climb.
Teach me all the loneliness I can feel
Do it now, make it real !!!

*TEACHERS TEACH ... STUDENTS LEARN
... OR NOT!!!*

Teachers teach teachers to teach
And students are teachers too,
And what one learns from application
Is not what one was taught to do!

For teachers teach & students learn
Every-which-a-way ...
And from every beginning till the end
Each iota will have its say.

Though Nevermore is quite impressive
As it promises some limit in time,
Evermore is its flipside
And it plays an endless chime.

For up and down are relative
And every in side has its out ...
And right from wrong carries meaning
To clarify the shifting shadows of doubt.

Though every point has its counter
And all points well taken will count,
When the teaching and the learning are over ...
The whole class will give full account.

So learn with caution what-so-ever you will
As you go along your merry-or-Not! way,
For one day your tally will be taken
And what you taught will have much to say.

Nevermore to burn-out ...
Or to inflame !!!
Evermore to rest in peace? ...
What a crying shame ...!!!

THE BELL

or

Memories Fractled Without

contorted into one place by cumulative time
light-castled images fulfill one mind ...
liking and lacking they run their own route
empowered events now and about
binding souls in intricate lace
shadow-casted voids against a face
fractions fractled to and fro
strangely attracted, no more, just so
clustered dreamers gleaning
remembrances to be
semblances of some self
fully created by me
warding off the bells
don't you see?
don't you hear?
the bells, bells, bells that remain
(of my me).

THE DEEP
Or
Where The Little Bells Ring

The inner child sucks and kicks, flailing all about,
Till a breath is taken to sound a first long shout.
(Deep within the soul, pure to the bone ...
The sound pierces most where silence is known)

The infant tosses and turns head-bobbing for feet,
Grasping every toe tiny fingers may meet.
(Deep within the soul, pure to the bone ...
Sound pierces most where silence is known)

The toddler travels to and fro about,
Asserting autonomy with never a doubt.
(Deep within the soul, pure to the bone ...
Sound pierces most where silence is known)

The young child falters betwixt and between,
Drawn to the future but regretting the wean.
(Deep within the soul, pure to the bone ...
Sound pierces most where silence is known)

The adolescent gropes for any place to be,
Looking to others to confirm any me.
(Deep within the soul, pure to the bone ...
Sound pierces most where silence is known)

The young adult quests to fulfill life's dreams,
Mixed one part hopes and the other schemes.
(Deep within the soul, pure to the bone ...
Sound pierces most where silence is known)

The mature one works both day and night,
Just to make ends meet and to ward off fright.
(Deep within the soul, pure to the bone ...
Sound pierces most where silence is known)

The oldster remembers past which-a-ways,
And wonders what will be at the rest of days.
(Deep within the soul, pure to the bone ...

FLAKES OF FIRE

Or

Red Clay

Flakes of fire
spewing fourth here and there ...
ashes cast out
with Ne'er more a care.

Clapping teeth cracking
grinded-out just-to-be ...
trodden down 'n' out,
Evermore, don't-ya--see?

Whole grain wheat
still-born in the ground ...
prayers for discovery
forever bound?

Now, every thither travels
the asunder around
claiming the providence
in the place they'er found.

Lo! Lying scoffers will will
as leisure times pass ...
according to the consequences
they cumulatively amass.

Who-so goes yonder ...?
Is it U I see ... ?
Or just my old self
back haunting my me?

Dark-lights blind
and bright lights lie ...
but sore eyes bleed
tears cast in the sky.

So, let red clay be ...
all hands off the table ...
no master, no horse ...
no lips, no fable ...

Just sealed.

*GOTHIC AWARENESS
Or
Forgotten Remembrances*

Excruciating pain
So precise in the night,
Pinpointing becoming
Beyond every delight.
Drawing attendants
To court the plights,
Crisscrossing horizons ...
Imploding sights.
Blind warriors set loose
Penetrate silent screams,
As all things become
Cumulative dreams.
Infolding fires
Burning insights out,
Marking sealed lips
Once parting to shout.
Throats burning
A salt-laked fire,
Sevenfold dividing
Into pure desire.
Taking in
And spewing out,
Stripping and sucking
Exploring doubt.
How far can you go
And where will you be
When the onset of darkness
Is all that you see?

THE WORDS AND IMAGES OF PERGAMOS

Or

Where The Dark Horse Rides

Many colored and divers garments
Hang on each day's Value rack,
But the one who hung for others
Dressed himself in black.

Thus darkness fulfills this present wilderness
Glorifying the doctrines of men,
Who are blind to the feast without the camp
And deaf to the still small voice within.

Evermore the Foolish dilute sound doctrine
And Scorners feast on the ears of men,
Teaching the Simple to chase after demons
And to crucify Christ again, again, again.

But the sword of the mouth is still the tongue
And words fitly spoken are decreed ...
And the balance of Judgment is a golden reed
Using the Just weights of the Sower's seed.

Though the Judgment of Justice is trampled daily in the court
And the Truth be clean cut from the vine ...
A day's wages in the LORD'S vineyard is still a penny
Plus the gleaning of the oil and the wine.

For men work for daily wages
And wages are consumed by Desire,
But the daily bread of Wisdom
Is the gold tried in the fire.

The quantum of thought is relative to behavior
And they are one in the imagination of men,
For the cognitive pathways one travels
Forms an image out of where one's been.

Precept upon precept ...
Unveiling the marvelous mystery within:
Fiery pathways to hidden manna,
Creating the souls of men.

Going Home
or
Here Is Where I'll Be

Sailors sail and hunters hunt
And all sorts want and be
But no man chooses his own place
Nor his place can make or see.

Each walks the associative networks alone
& quakes and takes and eats
Ever fueling fiery pathways
That create the image that one seeks.

Each step in every way
Creates a print of its own
And each being by each step
Stands and will be known.

So draw your conclusions without me
For I won't be there when you arrive
Each must taste their own words
And by what they eat survive.

Whether by sword of mouth at high noon
Or flaming arrow at night
Best be ready, willing, and Able
To take up flight or fight.

Now is the only space ever at hand
To bind and to set free
But lead only where you want to go
Because that's surely where you'll be.

Each hesitation and haste in the way
Creates impressions in the sand
And the last two that you make
Will witness exactly where you stand.

So lean forward into the wind each day
To prepare for a good night's sleep
And let tomorrow's cares be
As you rest in the peace you keep.

301.0 *PARANOID PERSONALITY DISORDER*

Kindreds and tongues and nations
Offer fruitful ways to be against,
Because this self-possessed loner
Nitpicks any difference sensed.

So all kinds are enemies
Known as such from the start,
Even those with enticing eyes
Are treated as thieves of heart.

As strangers come and enemies go
These never accept or let them be,
For their distrust includes
All they can not see.

Kind words do not become them
Nor adorn the peace they steal,
For their tongue has a cutting edge
Regardless of how they feel.

Forever calling to remembrance
Every offense and demand,
Giving and allowing no mercy
They imagine evil of every hand.

But these are alone by choice
For here their advantage rests,
Making victims of all others
As they make their lofty nest.

Questing less for pleasure
Than the avoidance of pain,
The dark thoughts they cultivate
Insures their cup of bane.

BAD GOTHIC POETRY

GOTHIC ENTROPY

or

The Same Same Game

Mourning glories spawning midnight sons
Whispering enchanters sporting emotional guns
 Infolding flammers naming names
 Puffed up dragons spewing banes
 No heat, no strife
 No pain, no life
 Everything's going
 Where nothing's ever been
And all things become one and the same.

GOTHIC DISCRIMINATIONS
or
Differential Reinforcement

Do no harm greater than its benefit,
taking no benefit for harm.
Reflect for effect, deflect to affect,
But never neglect your own.
Lie not, buy not, die not
For nothing.
Translate pain into pleasure
And pleasure into peace.
Keep silence as an eye
Between lightening and thunder.
Search out the dark side
To find the light.
Take no prisoners and
Free your self.

GOTHICS DON'T WEAR TRENCH COATS

or

Today's Value Rack

Trench coats walking
In and out to be,
Masking beings
Only a mind's eye can see.
Back-casted has-beens
Surfacing to anoint,
Value empty spaces ...
Souls they chose to haunt.
Old Value's rack
Laid bare to the bone,
The "spirit of yesteryear"
No longer meant, much less known.
Unholy beings
Leap-froging their own land,
Jumping every boundary
Marking all they can.
Unlead leaders
With no particular place to go;
One way in to Out:
"Let the blood flow!"
A little squeeze here
And a jock or two there,
To hell with diversity ...
Only my own kind care!
Fostering separations
Into an ill defined art,
Casting dispersions about
Until there's no place left to start.
Alienated souls,
Self-created by choice ...
Souls buried FOR EVER MORE
NEVERMORE a voice.

PLANTED SEED
Or
Let The Natural Consequences Be

The seed planted by the prophet of El Olam
Shouts the whispers first uttered among the grove ...
Blessing of blessings, the seed sown is known
And the sower's sharp sickle is at hand.
The roots of Beer-sheba truly run deep
As its fruit changes water into blood.
Fully scattered by the seasons of time
Its peculiar grapes now fully ripe,
Hard pressed beyond measure ...
Just as it was spoken, "It is done!"
The silence in heaven marks the sevenfold shout
And the fruition of the great harvest of the land.
The judgment of the whole world by fire at the alter,
Testaments old and new,
Words full of blessings and curses,
Full measure meted out according to exactly what one knew.
For El Shaddai and the Lord of Sabaoth are One
King of Glory, LORD of Hosts ...
Yesterday, today, and tomorrow His Word reveals His name.
The blood of the prophets is a priceless wine indeed,
Precious drops of sacrifice and thanksgiving
And the fitly spoken words of the King.
Today, fire at the alter grows bright and the lampstands are fully lit
The furnace is stoked and the great smoke begins
As this time in the wilderness ends.
The King's post is delivered, the horseman's day is done
And the morrow brings the great long shout.
Yet still in the midst of wrath is where mercy abounds,
The almond blooms and the hidden manna is found.
Watch the Watchers attend the Spirit of the prophet's words
As the weight of each measure unfolds ...
Natural consequences, cumulative each and every one
Lawfully concluding the beginning and the end in One.

THE UNGOTH

Or

Draw!

Come back!
To the beginning (of me)
Come on!
Or just let me be.
Over and out!
And over and over again.
Hey, Yo!
Check-dis-out
Like you know!
Dis-surely-has-been.
So what ... ?
So what's?!
What's up?
So in yo face again!!!
Can't write!
Can't talk!
Can't think my self too far!
Hate love
Love hate
Won't work
Can't wait!
Hell fire! Damned nation!
Got no place again!

Draw!

WHAT NOW MY SOUL?

What now my soul
What is taking its toll?
‘Tis but my darling
My life, half told.
What now my soul
You’re alive as can be?
‘Tis just a thought
Of my darling and me.
What now my soul
What makes you smile so?
‘Tis the half-life left
My darling to know.
What now my soul
Where do you haste?
‘Tis back to my darling
And her warm embrace.
What now my soul
What will you do?
‘Tis a mystery unspeakable
Known by so few.
What now my soul
What feeling is this?
‘Tis but the blush
Of a Spiritual kiss.
What now my ...
Hush now my soul
Let the mystery unfold!

(Gothic Scream)

TEN THOUSAND MORE NIGHTS

Or

Knock Knock

Cloggers clacking
Deadbeat deads
Coming and going
In haunted heads.

Whispering light
Backcasted delights ...
Trebled about
Ten thousand more nights.

Star marked twinkles
Blinking on cue ...
What do you want and
Who the hell are you?

Creepy crawlers
By night or by day ...
Soft touches forever left
With nothing to say.

Inside passed out
And outside past in ...
Transforming your betwixt
Into my me's been.

Dark light images
Glowing to a fine point ...
Penetrating sparkles
Seeking to anoint.

Knock! knock!
Who's there?
It's my me
Don't you care? ...

SCATTERED IMAGES
Or
Death In A Hand Basket

Cognitive images scattered about
Exploding within the most silent shout ...
Behavioral morphs of universal imperatives
Contorting to capture just one day's narratives.

Evermore contending for the unnamed throne
Nevermore committed to not being known ...
Pulling out and putting in
Again, again ... just once again!

Dropping dragons
And their flies ...
Until the consumption
Reaches their neighs.

Without words left to follow
Or right expressions to find ...
Such cast out false demons
And feast on their minds.

What horror is greater ...
What Death more true
Than Time and it's Laws
And its reverberations for you?

Highly sensitive to initial conditions
Strangely attracted to one end ...
Time is bound by Space
And all things have been.

Come on! Come on!
Come back!
Over! Over!
...
Again?

GESTALT LOVERS

or

A Long Silent Shout

Spring cast images
Flitting in and out,
Seeking the light
But loving the doubt.

A shadowed presence
Made just for show,
Burning with desires
None present will know.

Spine-tingling reflections
Off-the-wall and back
Into becoming
Where all beings are black.

Empty pockets
Fulfilled with great naughts,
Comeback! universes
And no-fault faults.

Who goes there?
Is that you I see?
Or Just my old self
I so use-to be?

Gestalt lovers
Mingling round about,
Emerging as conscience
With a long silent shout.

(Gothic Heart Beats)
BETWIXT THE TWAIN
OR
Where Is Has Been

Snaking horse heads
Herding ill comforted souls
Into woe-be-gone messengers
And miss-carried foals.

Half-witted reflections
Of turn-key affections,
Bird-brained, no wings
Curiously, haunting off-springs.

Half-baked warriors
Fore-bearing the time,
Tippie-toed cloggers
Pit diggers, dirt blind.

By-the-wayside casters
Sowing swing-blades at night,
Down-and-out users
Shading fright from sight.

Devil-may-care, or NOT!
Foreboding brood
Deep-seated beat hearts
Forecasting their mood.

Yo! Beginnings end
When endings begin ---
Lo! 'Tis betwixt the twain
One's is has been.

Pound! Pound!
Whose there?
Don't you ask!!
Don't you dare!!!

IMAGINATION
Or
Where Figments Reign

Compelling images
Entice and then go
No regrets, no obligations,
Just leading the show.
Sacrificed souls
In and out of the fire,
Having no youth
Never knowing desire.
For beginnings are fleeting
And easy to amend,
But endings are forever
And ever the end.

iMPrEsSiOnS

lock, stock, and barrel to the highest bidder each day and each kit and caboodle has just as much to say a thousand ways in the beginning becomes one in the end as we are subtly shaped by our impressions of men for we certainly create clear lines in the sand in each place of reason where we choose not to stand

ImPrEsSiOnS

Lock, stock, and barrel
To the highest bidder each day
And each kit and caboodle
Has just as much to say.

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Becomes one in the end
As we are subtly shaped
By our impressions of men.

For we certainly create
Clear lines in the sand
In each place of reason
Where we choose not to stand.

HEART OF MY HEARTS

Or

Let's Dine!

Neither dew-eyed darlings
Nor odoriferous delights
Touches upon my dream
In a thousand and one nights.
For my desire is not to comeliness ... alone
Nor do I fancy "strange women" to own.
All my want, my need, and my love ...
My desire is being possessed by you:
The one I met, the one I knew;
The one I followed after
And still pursue.

Heart of my heart, this you are to me (softly now, my darling whispers):

Breath of my breath (my becoming), your life speaks:
Enfolding my presence in yours;
Soul of my soul (my being), answers most well:
Golden towers need no bells!
Body of my body (my desire), the mystery endures:
Evermore fulfilling what my heart seeks.

Breath to breath, your lips seal mine,
Tongues caressing with delight.
Thoughts press harder soul to soul,
Teaching our beings to become one whole.
Daylight's desire still cherishes each night:
Your pleasure ... mine! ... let's dine!

MY REMEMBRANCE

Or

Calling You Home

Needle sparkling pines
Waters sprinkled through light ...
These call you home to my remembrance.

Chickadees and chameleons
Engaging my space ...
These call you home to my remembrance.

Crystal blue skys and the prism's pure light ...
These call you home to my remembrance.

Heart beats of passion
High noon on a summer's day ...
These call you home to my remembrance.

Loneliness and long cold nights ...
These call you home to my remembrance.

Feeling my faults and failures ...
These call you home to my remembrance.

My deepest fears and trivial delights ...
These call you home to my remembrance.

When days are night
And eternity rules,
These too will call you home to my remembrance.

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE

Or

No first, no Last!

Today's tomorrows
same-same
as Yesteryear's
come-back
come-ons ...
unnatural tears
mocking the light,
dip-brushed images
offered to lonely desire.
So too, unspoken whispers
fulfill day's night
with the darling's delicacies
quite out-of-sight.
Splitting differences
of just desserts ...
impaled passions
consumed in time,
wanderlust outcasts
forever left behind;
still-stilted beings
running to and fro
seeking becoming in being
With no Tomorrow's heart.
Feel good lovers
plummeted fast
from the start:
No more,
no less,
no first,
no last.
Just gone.

ON MEMORY'S WINGS
Or
You Make Me Feel Brand New

I am lifted on memory's wings
searching, spiraling, savoring
the spaces you have filled
with your life in mine.

My heart and mind
share desires' delicacies
as they rival to wed
my soul to yours.

In thick darkness
words and images implode
As I find your
delight in me.

Searching, spiraling,
savoring the flame,
my being only becomes
in you.

>> I want more, more, MORE oxymorons.<<
>> I want more, more, MORE oxymorons.<<
>> I want more, more, MORE oxymorons.<<
>> I want more, more, MORE oxymorons.<<

There is an element of the burning that calls to remembrance the name of the God who answers by fire. I see trees ... a whole forest on fire ... a piece of light wood nearby. Images of desire and sounds of passion and no thought of shame or offense -- this is pure pleasure without pain. Holy burning without sacrifice ... place to walk amongst the coals of fire.

OXYMORON'S GALORE!!!

Back to the ROOTS, ...
or one burning bush, ...
or 7 golden candlesticks, ...
or Two olive trees, ...

ABBA! Father ABBA!! ...
Mark my words well for all who stand by ...
A voice of one crying in the wilderness ...
(Just a bow shot away).

Let my mouth open with a loosed tongue
And watch the order of my words as they pierce.

Call to remembrance Thy Name's sake
And let the vows of Thy mouth ring true.

Sound a long note to those who hear
And to those who do not give the blast.

Cause the scar of my own spot to mark clearly Thy way
And let the rising of my burning inflame to life.

Cast my darkness in light early in the mourning
And let the errors of my ways infold before Thee (Selah).

Swaddle my soul as a quickened wick to the flame
And let me lay claim to mercy in the midst of wrath.

Consume meat at Thy good pleasure
Let me personally break Thy bread.

Let me sup with the sower

A sop seeped for the master.

One day at a time
My wages to bear.

Yet by my own mouth I claim to double the double
And my lips clearly speak either lies or truth -- do tell.

Mark the soul of my burning
And enflame my heart's desire.

Follow your eyes' delight to me
And watch my contentions with all else.

Disallow my presumptuousness
By Thy rod of correction.

Hold me within Thy hedge to close account,
By mark, by name, and by number.

Give me power, seat, and greater authority,
And let my talent be according to Thy own account.

Teach my lips to quiver with Thy sweet arrows
And dip my tongue in the blood of the enemy.

In the midst of the night I enter Thy temple
I expect no less in Thy name.

Stoke justice and judgment as a lake of fire
And make me smite the earth as oft as I will.

Let me flay Thy word as a fish to the bone
And grant me grace to serve at Thy good leisure.

Rest in peace, My God.
Let me call on Thy name at my will.

(Selah)

(Places To Walk)

THE GOD THAT ANSWERETH BY FIRE
or
A Smoking Furnace And A Burning Lamp

I find not the Truth
in Israel, Rome or Mecca,
but the Synagogue, the Church and the Mosque.

I find not the Truth
in Synagogue, Church or Mosque,
but the Jew, the Christian and the Muslim.

I find not the Truth
in Jew, Christian or Muslim,
but the world and the traditions of men.

Neither find I the Truth unblemished nor complete
in Torah, Bible or Koran,
but many jots added and tittles taken away.

Least of all do I find the Truth
in myself,
but the simple, the scorner and the fool.

I find the Truth in the Word
of the Most High God,
fitly spoken by decree.

I see the horsemen and hear the trumpets
a cloud of witnesses,
crystal clear.

Abram gave tithes of all in the name of One
to the King-Priest of Peace,
who brought forth bread and wine.

Now the dead bodies of the witnesses
are abused in the marketplace,
while the Truth is daily sacrificed in the court.

Jerusalem is translated

into Babylon the Great,
and is become the cage of every unclean bird.

The winepress is tread
the cup is fulfilled,
and the whore is now fully drunk.

The abomination of desolation
now fills the temple,
the great apostasy spread to the horns of the alter.

The half hour of silence in heaven is ending
as justice and judgment arrive,
and wisdom and equity will join in the awaited sevenfold shout.

Even now the four angles are loosed
from their binding in Euphrates,
to complete the well ordered task at hand.

The great river is dry to the soles of the feet,
the frogs are rampant,
and the kings of the earth do puff.

Take heed to your self
what you hear when you speak,
for the vials are poured for you.

Peace

RAINBOWED TEARS

Or

My Gothic Wife

Rainbowed hews
crisscrossing my eyes,
sparkled twinkles reflecting
the unborn sighs.

Expansive pin-points
making rooms just to see
the new born delights
now beholding my me.

Penetrating affections
coming to-and-fro again,
afflicting the flip-side
of Evermore's could-a-been.

Mind-binding anointings
paving every known path,
creating creations
from my singular aftermath.

Cul-de-saced slingshots
purely marking the way ...
terrible loneliness, the silence
still-forcing my stay.

Now, my i sits
cud-chewing this life ...
seeking a pure breath
for my Gothic wife.

A BIRD FLEW AWAY TODAY

Or

Memories To Be

A bird flew away today,
A remembrance of sorts
And WhatNots supposed ...
A bird flew away.

A bird flew away today,
As birds are inclined to do,
Piercing the sound of silence ...
Another bird flew.

A bird flew away today,
Back-casted talons,
Head long to the wind ...
Another bird flew.

A bird flew away today,
Bearing bitters too sweet,
Memories Evermore begotten ...
Another bird flew.

A bird flew away today,
Hard wired words
And images said ...
Another bird flew.

A bird flew away today,
Compelled beyond awareness
And any belonging to stay ...
Another bird flew.

A bird flew away today,
One who whispered my name,
"Forgotten",
My darling soul flew away.

IN THE STRANGE LAND OF EPHESUS
Or
An Occult Warrior On His Own White Horse

Truly, love is as love does
And its joy has no bound,
But the first love of repentance is Mercy
Without which the lost can not be found.

Surely, working for Truth is honorable
And casting out scorners is good,
But sacrificing Mercy to Righteousness
Witnesses you forgot or never understood.

True enough, all men are sinners ...
Lovers of transgression to a flaw,
But pointing the finger at others
Sets one's own eyes as the Law.

Evermore hypocrites are viscous
And all narcissists court fools,
But self-serving judges
Have forgotten the reason behind the rules.

Certainly, one should warn a brother
Of every deviation and bane,
But lead some with compassion
And all to relief of Spiritual pain.

For Truth without Mercy is Death
And the Accuser's job is taken,
Yet you willfully break the bread of Truth
While the cup of Mercy you've forsaken.

So dig deep the well of your first love ...
Pure joy, when you first drew there!
And Keep in mind whose lot you tend
And what remembrance you're to share.

Come! Follow after both Faithful and True
As you go esteeming in the Way,
Offering the sacrifice of Mercy
With the Truth you learn each day.

IN THE MIDST OF WRATH
or
Shalom Shalom

Let mercy blossom in the midst of wrath
And savour the sweet almond blooms.

Wall to wall and tip to tip
Cast open the gates just so wide.

Let fly Thy Word as an eagle to the mount
And call to remembrance the daily sacrifice.

Teach Thy servants again to bruise the corn well
And attend the sound of bells in thick darkness.

Come out of the north as a word fitly spoken
And ride furiously upon Thy horses and chariots.

Prevent the violence of desolate inclinations
And let equity rule on earth before death.

Proclaim a feast in the wilderness
And flay the birds of prey while I eat.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN

Oh, that I had a device of clarification
To peel back the layers of time and peer into the future.
To see with His eyes and hear with His ears
To discover inside out the very nature of I AM.

Take the Master at his Word and hold fast to his surety
For it is his delight to be held to close account.
Take up the parable of parables and sup with the sower
And learn to call on the God That Answers By Fire.

"Follow me", the sower said as he went forth to conquer,
"Come", the Spirit and the Bride agree.
"Fear not", to furbish my glittering sword with blood,
Double measure to destroy as you will.
Obey my voice, while it is still small within,
Weighing carefully the time you have at hand.
Loose my words as wheels fitly spoken,
And target Death as a name now named.

Haste to listen, for words are spirits you see,
Be alert to Watch and prove each wind's way.
Bind your self to the four horns and try the reins well indeed,
For each must be exercised in this way.

Discover the old paths to ancient landmarks
To build up the hedge and leap joyfully over the wall.
Enter boldly into the holy habitation of justice
To willingly make the sacrifice of the wise.

Make peace with judgment and do equity,
Amend quickly before the sheep of the slaughter are full gone.
Come now to the feast in this present darkness,
Attend before the seven thunders utter their shout for you.

THE WORD OF WHICH JOHN SPOKE

or

The Singularity Of Mind

The quantum of thought and the relativity of behavior
Create new generations in words.
Invisible spirits filled with will and power
Spread abroad, in every direction, straight forward and back.
Words fitly spoken are lifted up on their wheels
And such words when written become decree.

A point well taken is as good as a word fitly spoken
And a man of few words may be wise or have none.
A rhyme of good reason may not chime in the ear
But the tongue of a ready writer will still ring true.
Expressions of the heart are close to spirits you see
And horses and riders must act as one.

Rider upon horse, four horses to ride, many messengers,
One message to hear and say and do.
Riding to and fro to the four corners of the earth,
Four winds, four words once uttered, still faithful and true.
The king's messengers have arrived at the uttermost part
And now all mankind has no place left to hide.

Mark well the law decreed to mankind in the beginning
And call to remembrance the name and purpose of the one who spoke.
Mouth to mouth, face to face, in the cool of the day,
The still small voice made crystal clear the way of "Take, eat" and "NOT".
The whispering enchanter continues to sway with enticements and NOTS
Even as the king's messengers return.

Try well the reins of the thoughts of your heart
And mark the shapes you have generated as your own.
Precept upon precept you give structure to your being
And the form and the function is the spit and image of you.
Taste your words with trembling and care
For of these spirits come the hedge that bounds you.

LEFT BRAIN, RIGHT BRAIN & ALMOST CENTERED

or

Daylight To Dark

Undisciplined events
Timed-out and about ...
Startled twinks left wanting
Forever more, no doubt.

Lost loves, no trust
New names, detached lusts ...
New beginnings or old ends
One path, no musts.

Old awareness, new light
Discriminations left, generalizations right ...
Left brain dis/comforted
By the right each night.

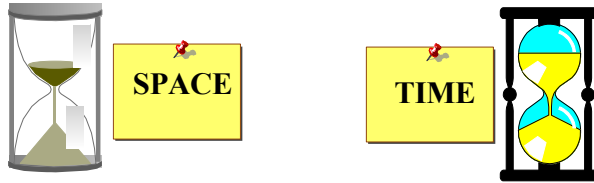
Self-dead,
“Working” strife ...
Great wonder,
Great life!

Lo! Expectations measure
And motives indeed count,
But ‘tis values that reveal
Each rider’s true mount.

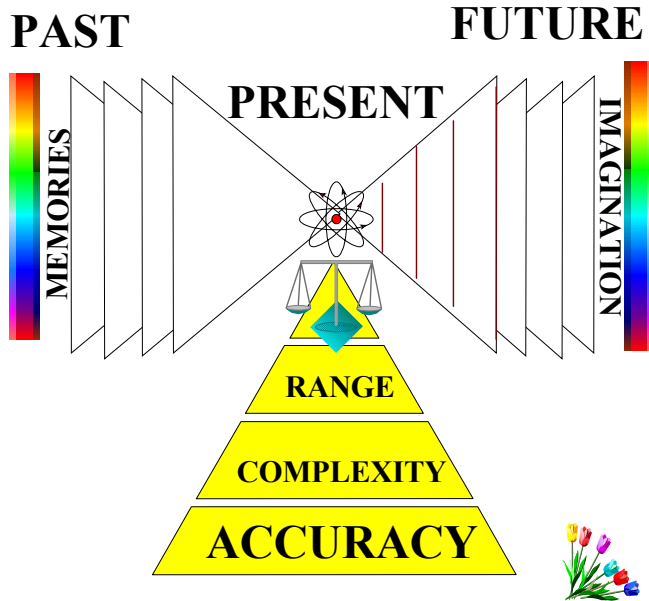
For relationships are economic
And relativity rules ...
But masters and slaves
Equally serve fools.

For we all are simple,
Scorners from the start,
Fool-hearted, self-seekers ...
From daylight to dark.

Peace!



HALF FULL OF WHAT?

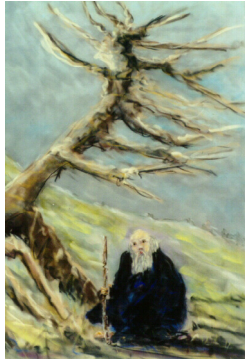


Proverbs 5:6

Lest thou shouldst ponder
the path of life,
her ways are moveable,
that thou canst not know them.

Ecclesiastes 1:13-18

And I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven: this sore travail hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised therewith. I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and vexation of spirit. That be made straight: and cannot be numbered. I own heart, saying, Lo, I and have gotten more that have been before my heart had great and knowledge. And I wisdom, and to know perceived that this also in much wisdom is increaseth knowledge



behold, all is vanity and which is crooked cannot that which is wanting communed with mine am come to great estate, wisdom than all they me in Jerusalem: yea, experience of wisdom gave my heart to know madness and folly: I is vexation of spirit. For much grief: and he that increaseth sorrow.

John 6:63

It is the spirit that quickeneth;
the flesh profiteth nothing:
the words that I speak unto you,
they are spirit,
and they are life.