

To Be a Ghost

Rising from bed,
Wobbling on feet
That I could not feel

Creeping into rooms,
Swaying with Thoughts
That I could not grasp

Feeling myself
A Ghost
Hidden from the World
Mind detached from Body

A lone Memory
In a soft
And most quiet
Darkness

To Be Color

Lying still in my bed
Silently watching with closed Eyes
As the Temple slowly resolved-
Spiraling kaleidoscope pillars
Of royal purple and sunrise orange

Images and Thoughts raced through me,
Pulling me Deeper
Beyond the Veil
Past the Curtain
Onto a new world's stage

I was an actor with no lines-
The Fool.
My heart throbbed with Fear,
But from my chest blossomed Truth:
Trust is Real.

Time was forgotten.
Language crumbled.
I came to know
Of that Nameless Something
Waiting Deep in the Dark.

Full Circle

The wooden porch groans with me as i sit,
Calloused hands sounding like sandpaper
As i rub them together for want of warmth.
i had always mused about kicking back,
Toking up,
And watching the fireworks.

Now that the End is finally before me,
i know that i want to have a Mind
As clear as the Sky above.
All clouds have been swept up
By the Wind-
The Breath of God, methinks.
The dark vortex hovers high
Over the horizon, our growing red giant
Embossed behind it, like the blackhole
Is a black vapor, and around it a
Kaleidoscope of Fire,
God's Eye shining a last sunset.

Something salty drips from my face;
Tears or sweat i know not,
But the awe-full wonder cripples me
As Passion and Fear burden my knees.
i kneel
And whisper something unheard.

my Prayer is lost in the invisible hurricane,
Like just another blade of tall grass
Of the early-Spring meadow all around,
Plucked thoughtlessly from the Earth-
Stretching towards Time.
The Sun has nearly touched our Home's curve.
Forget-Me-Nots join the spiraling cyclone,
Blue and white petals flying identic
To the butterflies that have long fled.
The golden seed pods scatter in a sea of spores,
Tickled by Sunlight

And soaring skywards to the unknown.

i feel a flourish of Air that lifts me
Just as the Land below splits where i was.
The house crumbles behind and beneath me.
It is slipping down into darkness when i look,
While i Ascend,
Feeling this Darkness is different.

i resist the primordial urge to close my eyes
As Oblivion raises me up to greet It.
Am i a Sage or a Child? Already i've forgotten.
But the flowers i still remember, the Pure colors
A Cradle
Caressing me where i float.

The Sky is Fire and Dark now.
my hands reach up for something unseen,
And in my gesture i grip a pod.
It tickles my palm, and a giggle is heard.
The End
Hurts neither the seeds nor their holder.

A Boy stirs from slumber,
Inclined against a Tree.

The dark Sky is streaked with Color.
Down floats a Golden Something.

Our Minds are Orange; Our Souls are Blue

There is a dissonance
That seems inherited
In the Human Condition,
Wherein we do not always
Think what we Feel
Nor Feel what we Think.

Our Bodies are as we train them,
And perhaps our Brains too.
But the Mind and the Soul—
The subjects of our Experience,
Can be in a great conflict of Color.

Our Minds are Orange,
A chaotic mess of disordered flames
Full of contradictions and strife.
Reason prevails,
Even beyond belief in God, many would say—
Even beyond Love.

But our Souls are Blue,
A soft sort of sadness and longing
That is vast and often
Unbroken by Doubt.
Inside the Nameless Somethings
Rest our Faith and Hope and Love,
And from these we must ne'er depart.

We Could Live Differently

We believe in the wrong things,
Running around chasing our tails
Like self-eating serpents,
Our own flesh rancid
In our merciless mouths.
We smear the Earth and sneer at Time;
We besmirch the vegetation-clothed Mother
And fear the dark-clad Father.
We chase God
When Divinity was within Us all along.

We outlaw Insight:
No, no! No alterations
To the mental course must be made.
Ban the plants, ban the Meaning!
We cannot Trust Ourselves to
Use Nature's honeyed abundance
For anything but harm.
We control others because
We fear ourselves.

Put on the clothes! Dispatch the animal!
We cannot let the silken or sand-coarse skin
Be exposed to the Elements—
To feel the heat of the Almighty Sun
Or bathe in the Silvery Moonlight
Or drip wet in the Eye of the Storm.
We cage it all away, like the animals
Our egos think we're so above.

But who says this is how we must live?—
Who said—who will say—why control
Must cage us from the World?
Even a castle can be a trap,
Its every hall smelling of rich metals
That have long since rusted.
Because the castle is dark and dank,
And every room is a dungeon in disguise.

We could live differently,
Setting before Man all the tools
That could change the World
And letting each decide
Like a Carpenter
How the castles will be built—
Not by a controlling hand
But a Free Mind.

Heptagon of Humanity

At the top of the structure
Meet Love and Trust,
Two radiant rays of white that meet
At a radiant corner pointing Heavenwards
With the best parts of Us.

But beneath Love, Fear
And beneath Trust, Doubt
Facing each other, both as dark
As the Night that knows no Moon—
The most directionless of Us.

Trailed down from Fear, Hope
And under Doubt, Despair
Greater opposites never known—
One glowing bright, one deeply dark—
In perpetual battle, never touching.

And all this built upon a base of Ignorance,
A greyness that is almost blue,
Like fog over water—
The veil of dull Mind and cloudy Spirit.

Creature of Dark

That white dinner plate, marred by the
Ash
Of merciless space-stones—
That I kneel afore like 'tis
A princess, pure of heart and mind.

The dots of Light scattered across the sky
Beam at my beaming expression
As I thank the World for the endless painting
Stretched out over the knee-soaking dew
Sprinkled over the field like the princess's tears.

I weep too, salt soon chilling my face
As the breeze shifts to greet my bared body,
Naked as a babe or a fully shorn lamb.
Nude as though knelt at the princess's
Bedside. In reverence of her holy emmanance.

I ask her for nothing.
In the silver-streaked meadow of bluegrass
I simply am and am content to be
By the side of that quiet and mournful mistress
Who knows only dark, same as her suitors.

The Deepest Reflection

As Above, So Below,
So go the words of old—
And oh how right they were,
And how little credit we give them.
And how? How did they know?
Look, lo, look!
The stars, the galaxies, the Universe!
Low! Look, low!
The lobes, the receptors, the Neurons!
Look how they cluster and spread
Like branching limbs from a
Nameless Something.
See how similar the pair are.
See how the patterns show Design.
See how
As it is Above
So is it Below.