

A BOOK OF BUCARAMANGA

Tim Cloudsley (2005-2019)

PROLOGUE

The story of a part of a person`s life
Is not a chronicle. It is a jumble of experiences,
Actions, thoughts, feelings, happening both simultaneously
And sequentially. There is no `realism`,
Nor linear narrative. All is mediated by
Memory and fantasy. I offer this as a testimony
To my inner life over a period of time
In Bucaramanga, Santander,
Colombia. Love and hate, like the mountains
And the clouds, mingle remarkably, as do
Colors and internal states.

A BOOK OF BUCARAMANGA

PART ONE

I

Bucaramanga, beautiful vision –
Magic under the dark gifts!
When darkness comes
With the deepest melancholy
And a star entangles with a tree`s branches;

Then the world glistens with total Creation,
Its Inness bursting through every cell,
Then you remember ephemeral joy
And compare it to Eternity, and sink in pain.

My land
 is of the Imagination –
It matters not where I am –
Glasgow, or Bucaramanga.
I am alive
When I feel in Love,
When I am thinking well,
(Creatively and positively),
When hope is natural
Spouting from within,
And Destiny is in tune with feeling.
But yet I love the blue mountains
In the day, surrounding Bucaramanga,
Which are black at night;
And the speckles of stars
In the dark blue sky,
Amid warm sprinkles of cloud.

The sparks in my heart
Are parts of all the light in the Universe;
There always am I,
Fragmented, yet complete.
If Paris and Helen had escaped from the palace,
Imagine them wandering and living in caves:
How would their sublime love have prevailed then?

Life is all within the soul:
Art, religion, mythology are of the inner world.
It matters not where one is.

Contradiction between the inside
And the outer world: grand disjunction.
How will all be reconciled?

In sleep, the work of poets,
In dreams, the work of Julio Flores,

We poets work to create forms,
And in death we create the music of our sepulchres.

II

With the Spirit flying out to the sun,
Warmth dripping down over the soul,
Here I am in South America,
Here I live, and will probably die.

With you, of my soul, me of thine,
Have I yet landed on my feet here?
I question the stars in anxiety,
I hope, till my heart bursts into flames.

Anxiety gripes at the stomach floor,
Pain pulls at the soul's strings,
Anguish and fear together eat
At Time's marrow of the last steps.

My restless spirit of the final plains,
My impatient, compulsive, mad yearnings,
Gobbling sanity in their dark holes
Of distraught hunger, sickening destruction.

Curious world, curious life, curious person I am:
Does all the past add up to make the present?
Such that the whole of your life is a Totality,
Of which each part requires the others:
The ghastly, erroneous, dark specks
Being needed by the Bright Light, the Love, the Truth,
To complete the Plenitude?

III

In this fair land
The skies fly in blue beauty

In this fair land
The flowers are bright as wondrous dreams

Plants that always have flowers,
All year! Permanent summer,
Sun shining nearly every day.

IV

Sometimes, time stops,
Worries settle,
Amid the heliconias and the huge ceiba,
Many of them covered with moss-like tillandsia
And, what the hell!
I am alive,
The irrational hope of life takes me over again,
And the past sinks into forgotten error,
As the future is luminous with hope again,
And life enters the present, where it should have always been.

Red bright flowers open up the mind
To the Eternal Now, as it enters in
To mystical union with all creation,
Enters the act of eternal creation,
The entire universe of which each part is a speck,
The Huge Divine in which each being is a spark.

Eternal optimism of my soul, come back,
I beg, and stay again;
There is no purpose or meaning in life
But what one energizes it with, organically;
Again I must accept that, and get on with it,
And stop thinking in anguished circles
Of existential nihilism.

It's time to find the revolving Door,
The means to enter into joy and faith,
Where Beauty is mingled with truth and rubbish,
Where juiciness wants to join with chaos,

Where my kiss with its angriness bites mania
And I sink into new reflection in your fragrance,
Dance into crazy life and love of sweetness:
Truth, and Love, deep Freedom, Knowledge!

STALINGRAD

Pain, misery, dislocation,
Demoralisation, defeat, self-destruction;

But at last you trickle up,
And fight back, slowly from paralysis;

You fight back, slowly from the mist
And lies, the deathliness

That has sucked out your ultimate being.
You start to fight back again.

A FANTASY

There will have to be a new love sometime –
Flying above this present life –
On another plane, with other thoughts,
Intentions different, wider dreams.
All our mistakes – so foolish – immediately
Are exploited now; it is as if a banana skin
Were always thrown beneath our feet,
To see us tumble, and fall, and groan.
Or: “They stone us when we try to write a book,
They stone us when we`re walking down the street.”

LOVE IS AGONY

I

The agony of love –
Tragedy is the style of its walk –
Something always bites into your guts –
Life is never free for long.
That`s why the Greeks knew you had to escape
From the rack of life
And let your soul fly free and high

Out to the outer universe
Flying free in the crazy ether
Dispersing your manic identity
Into spiritual sweetness and deep nothingness
Where you become particles of all
And everything penetrates your dust and ash
And all the dreams of you float everywhere

II

My problems are not here
My problems are far away
Poisoning my new life in this beauty
Corrupting my experience of ecstasy

Blocking my open perception of glorious colour
Squashing my unmelancholic vision of the mountains
And the green superb flames of nature
Killing my apperception of happiness

Why? Because of my past faults?
Or, because I cannot wake up
To today`s ecstasy, and feel anew
Like a lamb in new birth?

Who cares! I will have to re-emerge
Or else die. Which will it be?
(Said Hamlet.)

I try always to dream a new mind,
Why not invent a new perspective, after all?

(Said Brown Rabbit, or was it Alice?)
Look down on the rainbows of the strange soul
Showing heavenly lights and confusions
From the sky, where Pain mingles
With drifting through life, in Death`s antechamber.

THREE SAD SONGS

Recognition And Penitence

I know the soul should be immersed in love,
I may not be that, but I know what is true;
Not being what is right, does not stop
One knowing it, and thus it is
With my wrangled soul, my corroded heart,
My spirit deep in dust and chaos.
I may never know real peace,
But I know what it is, in spite of myself;
Perhaps like a Jesuit criminal,
Who is bad, but who knows God.

So Beautiful The Mountains

So beautiful the mountains, but I see nothing,
So broken is my destroyed soul.
The beauty enters not my eyes,
That cannot receive their colours in joy;
My heart is dead, my mind deranged,
My soul sunk in dust and ashes.

Why Nothing More, It Says To Me

Why nothing more, It says to me,
This is as good as it gets, and probably worse,
Not that long further to go, really,
And then it is back into the Sea of Eternity
Of Black Nothingness, again.

LIFE

Expansion and contraction,
Dionysius followed by Apollo,
Euphoria overtaken by depression,
Drunken binge by dire hangover.
That is life: action and reaction,
Effort and sucking back;
Then, followed again by expansion,
Dionysian euphoria, new action,
Integration by assimilation then re-integration:
Patience, hope, and faith!

THOUGHTS

If rain flies through the sky at night,
And sadness hangs in its every drop,
Let Love replace Rancour, peace heal pain,
Let new thoughts soften rage and grief;

For useless they are, achieving nothing;
The past cannot be changed, only redeemed,
And that cannot be done in boiling blood,
Only in calm, wise tranquility.

Almost in a dream was I at that time,
A dream of suffering, and strange thoughts,
Of the brevity of life, the ticking away of time,
The fallacy of ideals, the self-deceptions of men.

I could not escape Obsession`s dungeons,
The endless labyrinths of self-torturing pain;
All life seemed shallow, all intentions vain,
There seemed nothing in life beside illusions and failure.

The greatest struggles are in the mind,
Against negativity, pessimism, disappearance of hope
In the face of adversity, illness, defeat,
Against lack of faith in anything strong.

Without Religion, human life is hard,
Nietzsche was right about the courage needed
To affirm life when there is no transcendent
Purpose, beyond what humans invent.

To maintain conviction in yourself, when life is mean,
Purpose when all you loved turns cruel,
O so hard is that, a massive challenge;
Only time heals, saves the crushed soul.

Then the sun bathes all the mountains around
In translucent tinges of sacred light,
And the moon, early, begins to shine
Through pink hues of sunset cloud.

I want to dive into Death again,
As the river`s lights shine and sprinkle,
Nothing can reach that ideal of Love
That beats in its heart at the soul of being

Except in the midnight moonlight sonata
When the brown river flows into the Sea
Of Eternity, and the morning skies appear,
Deliciously happy in mackerel clouds.

The blasting sun, over a rocky crag
Splays its excellence of early morn
Upon the mountains where my dreams rest
And lie, opening up to day

Against the hard hills, the Andean knolls,
The dark, morning, spritely sounds
Of twittering birds, the random joys
That interact without any sure plan.

Some mad orchestral Sibelian fantasy,
So powerful all the world dies

Down, or so it seems, until the fire
Burns up again, into the moon

Above fiords, mountains, swallows, kites,
Diving dragonflies, wild wasps,
Exciting the universe with their crazy zags,
Opening up abysses again, of the mind.

I always wonder where are we when
We live, as before then, and after,
We don't; is this really a mere island
Between two Seas of Eternity?

If so, what is the point of Poetry –
Shakespeare, Bach, Mozart, Neruda, -
It all dies out, like a disappearing swan
In Neverland, and sinks into the swamps

Of all-time: what does it mean?
Before or after the sun explodes
And sucks the planets into its fire
As great plumes of immense colour flare!

ADONAIS

To Mike Scott: Prelude

He was a friend; I knew him quite well I think.
Against empty rhetoric, rather sensible,
Not given to artificial euphorias.
Extraordinarily acute mind, without pretensions,
I always thought he should write down his opinions more
And call them "Academic Research".
He was very warm to students, entered their hearts,
But again, without drama or exaggeration.
He really asked questions about art and literature,
You could have a fabulous conversation with him;
Also about politics: he was basically radical,
But not given to romantic involvements,

Nor to great faith in ideologies or “positions”.
He saw beyond Marxism long before I could.
He was very self-controlled, yet in some ways nervous.
Very good company: I enjoyed sharing a room with him
For about twenty years.

ADONAIS

Ay, nothing means much;
If such a friend could die,
Although, so will I,
And as he said, he merely picked (by force)
A short straw. O Mick,
I don` t know what to say,
“He doth not die, he is not dead,
'Tis we, who live, and play emptily.”

He flew, in deep caring, and sensed deep truth,
He was well-liked, a man without pretension,
Never too extreme, he seemed to me,
Unlike me, well sanely under control
In the best sense, responsibly.
Superb teacher, the very best
In all the characteristics that churning theorists
Nowadays bore us with, in titles and labels.

Mick was by nature all those things:
Warm, kind, joking, penetrating, subtle.
Thus was always his star above;
On a Monday morning, in he came.
Those young students always liked to come
In, and meet, and talk to Mick,
And discuss Kant, or Marx, or Sociology
Of the crazy modern world.

He was a genius of that kind of thing:
Grand philosophy and the basic things
About life. Easy-going in profound grasp
Of the hugest things about human existence.
O, though I did not have a precise sense
Of when I might see you again, Mick,

I never could have thought our communication
Would be so cruelly broken.
Life is mad; there is no meaning
I am sorry to say, after all the yearning.
There is beauty, fascination, knowledge,
But no God, nor ultimate purpose,
No final state of just society;
Though thinking about all these things
Warrants effort and deep attention,
Bringing to the world the sharpest thought.

Imagine all those colours Mick,
Thou art an artist, and know better
Than I: they live in eternity,
Only pale shadows float into this chaos,
Like Plato`s Forms that drift from time to time
Into empty reality. O you know;
You were always the philosopher:
Kant, Hegel, Plato, Sartre.

Those books! You saw through
And beyond, I remember.
There were blue ones: Keats and Urry,
And somehow you caught the whole point
And explained it magnificently.
That is a teacher of philosophy,
Who then becomes an independent artist;
My mother is an artist, Mick,

And she saw your paintings in
The Royal Academy. Well done,
But your ambitions were always on
A very different plane. We often talked about them.
Beautiful the clouds above Glasgow,
The music of Mozart in *Cosi Fan Tutte*,
Just like here the beautiful skies
Over Bucaramanga, the blue Andes

Smash their impressions upon the retina,
And all is a constant mixture,
Art mixes with philosophy,
But then, you were never mystical!

“New sobriety” was your style.
Cool, sane, avoiding intensity of emotion.
How well I remember the way you caught
That side of Modernism: Berlin

Before the insanity, as it were.
No one understood Bertolt Brecht like you.
Anarchism, Constructivism, Dada, Surrealism,
I think you felt their spirit profoundly.
Why? You came from Hull, didn't you,
What a place, nothing better
For understanding the Absolute Spirit -
Which is as real as that hedge at the bottom of your garden!

Grey, green, blue, yellow, fire
Of any colour, splashing or organizing
In the palette of exquisite control;
The blending, interaction of colour
Learnt and gone beyond, like the Parisian artists
Of the Nineteen Twenties:
Few know all this as well as you:
Violins, bottles, women's faces; Picasso.

You always caught Picasso's mind
In explorations of plane and line;
You preferred Picasso, I Modigliani,
I always felt that in your self-control
You knew the same crazy fields of wild
Mind as I; that finally all is One. That was your brilliant quality,
Those at the Courthauld - they should have known you.

Take a wry look at the world, man!
We're taking it all too seriously again;
There is Birth, Life, Death - nothing more,
No metaphysical rebirth from the spirit of Dionysus!
To live and die: die, die.
Once dead, nothing is there more;
But dying, anticipation of death –
That is the fear, dread, despair.

The beauty of the sky, flies

In purpleness of sunset dusk.
Let us return to Poesy
And Love that kindles from below
And above, and nestles around
Our being; as Divine Spirit
Suffuses all that lives, with light,
And touches the mind with burning fire.

I had, it seemed, left behind
The Wonder of a sacred dream,
And dribbled down to empty pain,
Consumed in care and misery.
Until some moments came at last
In which I could again outsoar
The dreariness of sad, grey time,
To enter brilliant, white timelessness.

It matters not how long there is
To touch a spoke into the central spark;
However long or short it is,
It is no more than a tiny blink.
Under the Aspect of Eternity,
All is the same, and all is nothing,
All is anyway utter nonsense,
Though, at the same time, all is Truth.

START AGAIN

O let the world start again,
O life, O world, O time,
Do you feel with might and main,
Do you surface above the pain?

Start your life again,
Time to feel the world again;
Wonderful, beautiful, a blue sky,
Sunny, warm; happily fly.

BUSHBLAIR

Idiot Bush, bastard Blair,
Shame on all of us.
Pea-shooting brains, feeble minds,
Cowardly, opportunistic creeps.

Empty, empty, empty;
Ambitions, greed, serious faces.
Liars both, pathetic liars:
How did you both get away with it?

MENTAL ODYSSEY

The flamefire bursts and burns,
My imagination flies,
And as the immaculate visions flow,
Something magical opens the door
To inner visions, with those crazy mountains
Always around your variable soul,
Your soul that flies like a dark bat
Or bird in dark madness.
O, how too extreme is your flight,
Your glance unto the shiny dawn,
Why is the sad nightbird's cry
A song as beautiful as the true sound
Of heaven showing around its love;
Love, what is love, where do I die?
Why is the dawn so bright and purple,
O is your dream as crazy as you,
Where flares the night intensity at dream,
Drifting as a fiery despotic spark?

DREAM

Never would it be allowed to me
Simply to live in ecstasy
For very long, without complications
Distorting the emotion, and making me mad.

Some have managed to design a life,

Create work, have a family;
Organize some semblance of sanity
In the weird world, and make a home.

But for me everything is so slippery:
One minute the ground is firm, the next it goes;
For a moment, there seems to be some progress;
Then, again, all becomes a Sea

Of Nietzschean chaos. But make the best
Of all, one must: say *Yea* to life,
Dig a little hole in the ground, or a patch
In the long grass, until all goes.

TO NIDIA

The sun is beautiful and like your face
It makes me fly, because it is
So bright; it draws me up to it
As your sweet smile does
Romantically, in softness too;
For I feel happy when I see
The beauty in your lovely eyes,
The sweetness of your soft lips,
The happiness flying in all of you:
It is because association
Leads me from the sun to you
That I feel warm even when I hear
Your name, my lovely Nidia.

DEATH

Finally to be free, from anxiety and pain;
From misunderstandings, sadness, grief:
O how wonderful! Indeed Death must be
Man`s best friend, a wonderful and marvelous relief;
Release from time, an end to consternation,
How wonderful is this absolute, final truth.

GENIUS AND LOVE

Genius without heart is a contradiction in terms;
For great intelligence, or imagination,
Even the two combined,
Do not make genius.
Love! Love! Love!
That is the soul of genius.

ALL IS ILLUSION

In the nests of bygone days
There are no birds of home
Time takes all away
Before it is understood
Things remain in memory
Or memory invents things
Nothing is actually real
All is illusion

YOU ARE THE FLAME IN MY LIFE

You are the flame in my life, the light of my stars;
Gloomy is the black space between these lights;
For that flame is in your kisses, your smiles are in the stars;
Depression is lifted when you are kind,
When your sweetness flows, like a river of honey.

LIFE'S RIVER

It is never as you expect it:
Nothing. Like a strange river
Life flows along inevitable channels
That not even the water could predict in advance
Would be such. In retrospect,
Mistakes can be seen,
But beforehand all is invisible,
And everyone is blind.

EXISTENTIALISM

I think the Existentialists were right:
Life is meaningless, and absurd.
That does not mean it cannot be good, or fun!
Just that it has no meaning, or purpose,
And that what happens does not make sense
In terms of justice, balance, coherence, or truth.
The Wheel of Fortune is utterly arbitrary:
It picks on you, or me, to favour
Or crush. The bad do well, the good are punished,
An emperor can be killed by a falling tile.
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, like yesterday,
Are full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

DRIFTING AND MARCHING

We are, I think, merely drifting or marching
Towards the grave, when everything stops
Still, nothing happens, it is timeless, eternal,
Forever. Nothing is known, nothing knowable,
There is no mind more. Now
All is still, cold, empty, unhappening, all is gone.
Why not feel good here, now, then?
Why keep on worrying, getting distracted, feeling sad
Or bad so much of the time?
With each minute passed there is less time left,
Certainly never enough to redeem
Past errors, mistakes, lack of understanding;
Foolishness, lostness, wrong directions;
Never will there be time to do anything to redeem
All that, and certainly of course,
No possibility of changing the past.
You would think this would make us learn a lesson
And calm down, look at the sky, and enjoy the sun
Without bothering about anything, without spoiling the Experience.
But it doesn't.

GOING THROUGH LIFE

Going through life in danger, danger,
Like a fast jeep driving through the dark Andes
At night: like danger, risk;
Challenge, risk; sex, sex, sex.

That is one way to be, sure;
Or to calm down, enjoy the sun,
Softly read a book, eat supper,
Try to do good, and not be mad.

SANTANDER COUNTRYSIDE

From channels of flowing song,
Beautiful trickle of water,
Robust cattle in full pastures
Chew and moo contentedly.

From a clear blue sky above,
Onto green fields on the earth,
Descend invisible loving blessings,
Mingled with the heat of sun.

The gentle dreaming countryside,
An idyllic pastoral world,
Scene of slow moving time,
Minutes become hours, days eternities.

WHOLE WORLDS ARE GAINED

Whole worlds are gained and lost, just like that,
In the shades of nuptial and damp warmth,
Who knows what's happening, what is growing,
Who or what will die; and when?

Are we flowing to some grand Sea?
Is the world not of Agony?
Where is the Truth coming from?
Who likes to think of the problems of Death?

Are we all dreaming in the same fluid?
Why is everything so peculiar?
I only wanted Originally
To open up bundles of impossibility
To see the chances of ecstasy
To touch some moons in fine fragrance
To sense the silk of unknown skies,
To feel the airs of extraordinary touch.

INTUITIVE FLOW

We can only flow the way we are.
If we do not trust our own selves,
As a compass trusts its intuitive move
Towards the poles through magnetic attraction,
We will surely sink, and dribble down,
Bubbling through sea and wrecking waters,
And will not improve the direction of our flow,
But merely hasten descent to the depths.

INFINITY

Did you ever know how strange it could be,
I think of music and poetry,
As you move through it in revelatory Love,
And roll like liquid fire through deep pain
And beyond, into flight in glorious skies
Above Provenza, in day and night,
Where dreams sing and the morning birds
Scrape their sounds from Infinity.

FROM PERGOLESÌ, THROUGH VIVALDI, TO RICHARD STRAUSS

Ecstasy
 once again
 I find
In the night-skies
 with a strange bird

Who would have guessed how awful life could be,
How dark, difficult, painful, and cruel!
How stupid, random, meaningless and hard,
How empty, how purposeless, how futile!

No wonder so much great poetry is dark,
No wonder religions are more about Hell than Heaven!
There is no break, no pause, no escape:
“Give up all hope, ye who enter here!”

There is no Redemption; no Ascension;
Everyone knows Paradise is a mere dream:
A mere psychological effect of the need to escape
From reality, from torment, from the Error of the world.

NOT EVEN IN POETRY

I cannot describe your smell at all;
Not even in poetry are there means:
No words – though perhaps music – could approach
That wonderful deliciousness.

Though I am dragged through stony mud continuously,
The eye of heaven shines eternally,
The soul flies high as far as hell can drag
It down, unto the dark and hopelessness.

Thus it is with you: the dread and pain
Of harsh distance between my hoping breath,
And the abysm of periodic sadness
Is equally great as terror`s ecstasy.

NO WAGES FOR POETS, PLEASE!

Being a poet is a trick impossible
To pull off, without superhuman cost.
Heart failure, broken marriages, a peculiar
Pirate-like existence, the riding of

Impossible contradictions. To write
Without being paid yet making a job
Keeps you alive. Being despised
As elitist, self-important, arrogant and escapist,
“Wandering lonely as a cloud”,
Yet always, as one poet said:
“No wages for poets, please!”

INSPIRATIONS IN BRIGHTNESS

I am flying through beauty again
The wondrous light of the Colombian sun
In the Cordillera Oriental and the Río Chicamocha
In the blue sky and the golden water
Reflecting the vast heavens in its fire
And the smell of fresh grass and the bright flowers
Whose colours stun the retina

I was temporarily bashed aside
By a cruel wind that almost snuffed
Out my candle, but that was brief,
And at length the brightness of life`s truth
Came back to lighten up my being,
To happen Truth throughout all Being,
And thus I see again

Little is needed, to appreciate Paradise,
Of a material kind; the Bright Light
Breaks through all boundaries and artificial walls
And bursts into the hungry soul
And erupts within the cracked heart
And mends all spiritual wounds as with balm
Upon their agonized and suppurating pain

The Bright Light that defeats Death
And destroys Hatred that corrupts the soul
And comes with Love deep into the chasm
Of perilous, painful, exhausted Existence;
And arouses the Spirit from its Sea of Dust,
And makes itself like a God unto Itself,
The Truth that shudders through one`s being

All is swirling around in Truth,
Everyone is bathed in the Love from God,
Beauty bursts from within the seeds
Of life and death and memory and chaos
And hope and struggle and misery and sadness
And deep Hell and Purgatorial frustration:
Life is really a Sea of Chaos

The moths fly like dancing women
Above and in a grand abyss,
The stars play as the notes of heaven,
Descended into sweet normality,
Where truth is merged into strange conclusions
And love is wild, in dripping bliss,
And kisses disperse into the whole universe

Fire in heaven blasts its truth,
I fly high upon the morn,
Where glorious beauty touches the sky
And sun, early, arises, crazily,
Because of the love that breaks my being,
And splits my feeling of being alive:
Ah, I ask the Great Spirit to pardon me

As if, when one wanders over the world,
Around the spherical strange uncertainty,
One confronts a monster, a deep mermaid,
Seducing reason beneath all Sense;
Yet if, with ears blocked, one sails by
The Sirens, apparently one is safe,
Only has one moved one foot closer

To death. And that is the strange thing;
Ah, perhaps God does exist!
Was it necessary for Friedrich Nietzsche
To declare, not just his doubts concerning
God, but to actually say: "God Is Dead"?
It was rather extreme, he wanted to shock,
And to attack, instead of defend.

As for that Wager, of Blaise Pascal,
Who looked through the Universe, at the vast, dark
Spaces between infinite stars and star-dust,
And rolled the dice, does He exist or not?
Thus is the dust-speckled life and want
Of love: the endless questions
And mistakes, that, once made, cannot be

Reversed. The emergence from an inner point,
A light at its own interior that bursts forth
Out of itself, and grows, in relentless burgeoning fire,
Power of Spirit that dreams poetry,
That lifts the veil between Truth and reality,
Opens up Life to the ultimate Absolute,
Greets Heaven in its deepest Imagination.

I SAW THE MOON THIS MORNING IN THE SKY

I saw the moon this morning in the sky
Just as it was lightening up in blue
And how it made me think deeply
About memory, sadness, plucking a thought out
Like a flower, and adding it to the grand bouquet
Of complexity and miracle.
So I thought, and excitement mingled with misery,
In a synthesis that was in phase
With the out-growing blueness of light in the sky.

I always believed the basic thing was Tragedy,
Because it pushes things up to their limit,
Tests until the end, and is absolutely final.
Tragedy is like the Bright Light of Day,
That extinguishes darkness of the Night,
As the sun defeats gaslight, and drowns Civilization,
And arouses the wildest Dionysian truth.

THERE IS NO RESOLUTION, OR FINALITY

There is no resolution, nor finality,

Only change, constant change.
Never a reaching of the top of the peak
(Except in exhilaration or temporary illusion);
Nor arrival at a plateau
Where you may rest, and live thereafter
A peaceful life, on a calm basis.
O no! only that Sea of Chaos -
Uncompleted, inchoate, incomprehensible,
With occasional islands of peace,
Dotted within the Permanent Transition,
Endless sinkings, false beginnings,
Hopeless dreams of Eternity,
Scrambling efforts up rocks and cliffs
To find Nothing, except some exquisite flowers,
Chirping birds, and insects flitting between the breeze.

IMAGINE A BIRD JUST OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW

Imagine a bird just outside your window:
It settles on a branch of a beautiful tree
With deep green leaves and occasional reddy-orange leaves,
A sort of miraculous, mystical tree such as might grow in Paradise:-
In Paradise of the mind, fantasy, and reality,
Like the trees in Van Eyck`s *Fountain of Life*;
Or the leaves in Gerard David`s grass and plants,
The mysterious strangeness of pre-bicamerality;
This is what I see now outside my room
At the *Universidad Industrial de Santander*:
The sunlight is so bright, the flowers` colours so sharp,
They have almost the intensity of hallucination.

REFLECTIONS AND SHADOWS

Reflections and shadows of wonderful leaves
Shine, break, create themselves anew
Upon the wall of a *taberna*, lovely in some strange peace
And illusory timelessness: No! Hamlet will
Eventually kill his uncle!
The beer pours down and makes a mixture
That bubbles up and emerges in grandeur:
O! how strange is Reality!
Who knows when an explosion of meaning will happen?

In Lotman`s sense: the craziness in Bruckner,
Hamlet at the End, when all are dead,
When Lermontov was crazy, and died so young!
How in a deep dream we do so sink,
So beyond the dreary normality!
Ah, so many possibilities there are
When sweetness is life, and all is free!

Suffer, suffer, the world is mad
And yet it is so beautiful:
A flower honeyed in bright pink colours
Barbed throughout with spines!
Crazy as the wildest horse,
Bizarre as a mad ghoul dancing
Through the pitch-black night,
Meaningless as the star-spangled sky
At night; yet so beautiful!
Music is emancipation of the human soul,
The freedom of the Spirit to unfold,
Hoping and yearning for Love to expand,
To feel at one with all the beauty.
The Moon, silver, slithers through some clouds,
Iridescent, spinning, laughing with eternity;
The astonished gods bend down upon their knees
And kiss Her hand, as She swims in ecstasy.

THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS OF BUCARAMANGA

The beautiful girls of Bucaramanga,
Like dreams, are transformed by their description;
Memory is erased by its narration,
Just as grief is transformed into joy
Each day, and happiness broken
Into splintered pieces with every breath.
Nothing stays: survival itself
Is a grand illusion, there is no present
`Moment`, lying between past and future,-
Only a drop of intangible consciousness
That falls out of the seeming flow,
The rippling river observed by Siddhartha,
The stream of Heraclitus that is never the same.

EPIC OF THE MIND, LYRIC OF THE SOUL

How beauty can be painful, when it is strong,
Sadness mingling with perfection, hopelessness with love.
We cannot change the past, nothing can be done
To alter the outcome of strange combinations
In conditions of our Life, which is utterly unpredictable,
Like the Big Bang Explosion in Chaos Theory.
How sad to think that nothing accrues, nothing accumulates
Through life: it is random, always changing; without meaning,
Except for that given it by our Imagination.

The misery of black Africans being taken as slaves
To these delicious islands in the sun,
These islands of green in the turquoise sea,
Made for perfection of humanity!
Think of the ghastly heart-break they had,
Arriving here heavy in chains and pain;
Now things are better, but can it ever be forgot
How the world of San Andrès was created, then?
The inconceivable brutality, greed, downright fucking cheek,
Is a blood-soaked nightmare within the Human Dream.

I am nothing but a broken fool,
Full from mistakes and mad thoughts,
That motivated my actions that I thought were framed
In ideals, whose auras were flamed in blood,
Holy with fiery martyrdoms. Glorious seemed failure
If it was pure: intended towards the greatest ideas
Or experiences: the tigers` path of excess
Led to the palace of immaculate wisdom.
It was not selfish to go into ecstasy,
But selfless to dissolve into eternity.

Poetry is an interior monologue of the soul,
An internal meditation of the deepest sleep
Of the heart and soul, pulsing like the rhythm of Mozart`s
Music: throbbing in a thousand seas.
The air that breathes through warm palm trees` leaves,
The eyes of heaven that always see into our beauty,
The dreams that surface in the strangest sleep
Are poetry: the craziest extreme of all blood.

To give, and not to count the cost:
That I did read, and heard, when I was young,
And took too seriously, though not in every sense –
As I have always searched so deep for satisfaction –
Yet never did I measure advantage from my effort
In the central plane – Creation of the Soul –
Which never gave me anything for gain,
But only exhaustion, destruction of my nerves,
By an ungrateful world, resentful and so hateful.

To take a flower from heaven, even purple
Or red, bouncing along a spectrum,
Is to be a humming-bird, or specialist in nectar,
One whose mouth is totally attuned to sweetness,
Whose eye is focused only for such Beauty
As kisses, and kills, in order to maintain
Its sacred existence, for all eternity.

He was soaked in seas, oceans of fantasy,
Poetic to the ultimate end, rich in life`s strong pains,
Imagining all things, looking out at a flower
Small in a cow-field, or, a crashing wave upon the shore
Of a wild, tropical, coconut, sandy island,
Surrounded by seven colours including turquoise in drowning dream.
He stared at the desolation of isolated being,
Ambition, lust for power, murder, guilt:
Conjectured as to whether there is life after death,
Or whether there is Meaning to absurd existence.
How well to confuse things, sniff round corners,
Produce the unexpected, arrive at the Unknown;
Feel despair, followed by swift Hope,
The beauty of Love entering from the Eye of Heaven.
Ah! how crazy is the wild world,
The sea`s waves crash upon thy shore,
The curling surf turns and rolls its whiteness,
And when will Death finally end it all?
No one knows what will lead to what,
How things will end beneath the Sea,
What will twist things into a new break,
How a random search may touch upon gold.

If it is a flower, do not hurt its root;
If it is a bird, its shape will leave a hole in the wind;
If it is a child, it will play with a petrel,
As the soul of an island becomes a cloud.
For it is all air; and, lovely water;
A memory of warmth, and deep sea;
An island of green dreams, drifting in the sky,
Full of lightest rivers, and rocks that try to fly.
The beauty of the warm sun,
The softness of the sweet wind,
The fantasies that float like birds
Of gorgeous colour, through all the air.

THE HELL IS MELTING AWAY

The Hell is melting away,
It seems that new acceptance is growing up
To sustain Hope within me, again,
And I can see the flowers anew.
The pristine *isness* within their shapes,
Their coloured petals in soft joy,
The buttercups upon the blanket
Of grass outside my window;
The birds flapping across my view,
The blue sky burning through,
The profuse leaves of the green trees:
All are touching my retina.
Beautifully strong is Nature`s air,
The perfumes and chirrups all around.

ITZAMAL

Tiger in the night
Running in my soul,
One ray of sun from head and house
Strikes into the deepest dream,
Itzamnal`s heart beneath his temple,
Light from the gods at midday.

SUBLIMITY

Shapeless mountain masses piled,
On one another in a wild
Disarray; with their pyramids of
Ice; or, the gloomy raging sea.

Birds of Paradise flitting between
Trees of Dieric Bouts, revealing
Fantastic colours – orange, yellow –
On their bellies, as their wings are flapping.

THERE IS A BEAUTY IN THE DYING SUN

There is a beauty in the dying sun
That bleeds down upon the soul,
The Eye of Heaven touches an inner eye
As the wind nestles around my being
And I feel your sweet delicious love
Upon my senses, heart, and spirit,
And a merciful flame of Hope touches
An invisible point of radiance,
Shattering the tumours of agony,
Raising up the soul from dust and chaos.

Were it possible to clean the spirit,
Who knows where it would fly, and how,
And if Time could be shuffled back,
Imagine how divine flight would be!
As it is, I can only flap and flutter,
Crack my wings and crackle through
The hot-red flame, and break against
The stars of a sky miraculous,
A celestial dome of diaphanous dreams,
Thoughts that soar beyond all sound.

A SONNET TO WADDELL

Your verbal brutality and callousness,
Your cowardly repetitions of lies, unconfirmed,
Your impertinent suggestions that I was made redundant, when I nearly died,

Your help in destroying my bonds to my beloved sons;

Your evil sucking from tax-payers` money,
To perpetrate fraud of the foulest kind,
Finger in your eye Waddell; you really are
A ghastly disgrace to your “profession”.

Know you what Hell and near-death you have created?
You know only lies, threats, vile slanders;
Impudent attempts to swindle, and cheat;
A Fool you are: wilt thou go to Court?
I could love to see the whole rotten truth
Of this nightmarish Hell at last exposed!

AH, TO BE

Ah, to be an English poet and sociologist!
It has taken me more time to realize who I am
Than it took Shakespeare to write his forty plays!
Or Alex Haley to understand his roots!
When I studied Latin at school – although I liked it –
I found it very dry, rocky, hard:
The only Poetry that ever seeped through
Was Ovid`s depiction of Ariadne`s desertion –
Her finding the sheets of her desolate bed
Empty of her lover, and how she pined!
No philosophy got through; the Romans seemed
Very dead and boring with a weird language,
So difficult, it took you hours to understand one sentence!
Who on earth were they? Certainly not
Lovers and thinkers and crazy warriors
Like Catullus, Tacitus, or Julius Caesar!

WHAT IS MOST NOBLE

What is most noble in this strange life?
Where to walk most beautifully?
I like to hear a merry laugh
And music that dances like fancies in the air.
How does one catch one`s Imagination`s drops,

In startling lights for all eternity,
What should one do to fulfil one`s destiny,
Without destroying even the softest silk
Of one`s gentle nest?

HOW COULD YOU EVER WONDER

How could you ever wonder why
Love is not like some sane tree
That grows and expands from good soil to the sky
But is, rather, like a whimsical bee,
That stings you, then dies, after it flies
Around in buzzing madness, unpredictably?

HERE

I love it here so much,
Please don`t banish me.
Details are insignificant,
The Sublime bridges the gap.

The sky is deepening into blue,
There is some Unity,
Thy Eternal Summer shall not fade,
Death will have nothing to brag about.

Allow the red streaks of highest Heaven
To split the dusk and the sky of azure,
Against which palm trees and huge red flowers

Burst their beauty and invite the birds
To flit and flap, squeak and squawk;
They jump and play down unto the ground.

ERROR

With the coming of the dark night,

Lies grow and multiply;
Agonies and Error expand into
The dotted sprays of black air.

I know not how all screams,
Words often confuse,
A dreamy drear strange flight
Occupies wild spaces.

AM I LUCRETIAN, OR PLATONIC?

Am I Lucretian, or Platonic,
Are Matter and Spirit one, or do we strive
To rise above all being, physical, sensible,
To disperse and fly in pure Soul?
Is Spinoza the solution? God is Matter
And Nature; or Shelley's Eternity,
Which is stained by a dome of many-coloured glass,
After birth eclipses its Benediction,
In its curse of separation from the Fire?

MEDITATIONS ON HOBBY-HORSES

I wonder whether I could ever be
Other than I am; like a coral reef
If it could think, might prefer to be
In another ocean, in another time.
I see the scrunching of rubber tyres
Against the asphalt, in every zone,
The myriad molecules of hydrocarbon,
Dust, smell, fumes, and smoke.
What is to be: Cosmic Vitality
Will probably not die – science and philosophy
Seem to agree; yet much of what is,
Will be, is being, knocked back to inertness,
Non-life; eternal silence. So what?
Just as well perhaps – what impertinence
For a flawed, brilliant, Intelligence to think
That with its paltry Reason, it could rule,
Command, organize, and live purposefully!
Those who argue against compulsions,

Preach against Sin, usually miss the point:
They are not wrong to want a clean,
Sane, moral world – but they do not see
The crumbling of coral and the disintegrating particles
Upon the surface of the hot street's asphalt,
For all it means; the dying brain-cells
Are grey in all our skulls: we are getting nowhere.

I cannot stop the traffic: nothing I do
Really influences anything. If I speak of “Hamlet”,
That might persuade, in the realm of Spirit,
Far outside of Real Time (or so it seems);
But now, we need to know,
That Time is part of Being, starting with it,
And dying with it; Plato was right on that, not Aristotle.
I prefer Plato generally, though Aristotle was nearer
The mark on the whole. To Shelley, Plato seemed to be
A dreaming Poet: it is not a question of
Whether his view of Matter or Molecules
Is correct according to latest science.
It is his Flaming Dream, his Ultimate Fire,
His transcendence of all pettiness in the Pure Idea,
That makes the very name of Plato,
Congruent with Truth, like that of Mozart.

Sliding along a bottom-thought,
Like Sibelius in a Scandinavian fjord,
Like Richard Strauss on his Alpine Symphony,
Like all the fantasies of grand Creators:
I dream like a fool, and maybe fail,
I spin around a particle of distracting dust;
Like William Blake; who saw, in a tiny grain,
All the Universe; and more besides;
He walked to Felpham, and looked from his cottage
Window, unto the Great Miracle.
He did not need to travel far, like me,
To understand all Eternity. William Blake
Talked to Mike Scott, and to Tom Paine, and they
Were all good Englishmen; of a special breed;
Wild, flying, profound, loving, strange, and free.

How many years does it take to wear
Down, an asphalt road surface?

How long does it take to wear out
A rubber tyre scraping along it?
The noises made, the molecules flying,
Where will they stay in Eternity?
Or perhaps they will not; God will merely
Give them a sniff, as I do, from the road.

The *Mona Lisa* smiles! You can tell
What strange, ironic pain wins out
In the weird world – do you breathe
The dust and asphalt and rubber molecules,
The crazy, bright, smells of destruction,
The increase of Entropy, the breakdown of Faith,
The hopelessness of every new tiny growth;
The explosions and merciless killing everywhere?

Iraq, Iraq, Iraq, Iraq;
Murder and flames in all directions!
Hyper-reality, mad dance,
Nothing is true, only Donald Rumsfeld!
Iraq, Iraq, Iraq, Iraq;
Bombs, explosions; Democracy!

Your American Allies, aren't they nice?
They want to go back to meet their wives.
No one likes (in America), to see
How many get blown up or desperately wounded
(Oh, even the hundred times more
Iraqis that die is horrible too!) -
But bring back our boys, and I agree,
Poor devils, misled, they were normal beings.

Tropical plants surround me now,
Almost grab my spiritual throat,
Their poetry is wild, like the women
Who live among them, and the flowers,
The birds, the insects, and all life
That exudes its perfume from every pore.

O why must I feel this way,
It seems the beauty of the day

Has subsumed this night, and I must die;
Breathing in mistakes from our deep past,
Because there is no well-conclusion;
Where the breathing into bust,
Any old artist has felt this breakage;
Who must play and dance upon
Like fiery insects dancing on
The beautiful leaves where green is reflected
In those beautiful jumping tricksters.
I am a solitary poet – yes?
Quite mad, that is how it is, now,
Where does Love fit into this Madness;
Thus is the strange, beautiful, sight of these mountains?

No one knows the seas he sails through,
Wafting through such difficulty!
Are you a sweetie, or a swine,
How do you float up to a shore
Like Byron: do you so feel?
In this our intercourse, with those wild seas,
O ocean where I stand upon,
And witness the ongoing roll, absolute:-
Roll on, thou dark deep ocean, roll
And I will nothing to your crash!
The sea will never emancipate
Our desperate explosion for some liberty!
O, God, you are a fleeting fool!
You were an idiot of another mind!

These are the three spirits of the sky:
The Gigantic Master of Lightning is the first;
The Magic Trace of Lightning is the second;
The third is the Splendour of Lightning, fuelling
And filling the sky with flashing brightness.

BOLÍVAR, THE GUANE, AND THORFINN KARLSEFNI

Ah, take the heroism of the Guane against the Spaniards:
You can see stone axes next to the metal stirrups of Alfinger,
In the *Museo de los Guane* in Bucaramanga!
Then think of the strange heroism of Bolívar,
Neurotic, psychosomatic, manic-depressive;

According to some, the mightiest warrior of his epoch,
Storming across South America as Napoleon did Europe,
Over mountains, through jungles, over huge rivers through tempests
Forty times harsher than in European terrains!
Ah, the Guane made beautiful pots,
With abstract designs on shapely vessels,
And huge bows to shoot superb arrows,
And small, enigmatic, votive statues.
Someone with Thorfin Karlsefni on his voyage
From Greenland to Labrador, ate rotten meat
From a stranded whale, in about 992,
Seventy-four years before the Norman invasion
Of England. How many ways
There are to die on adventures in the world,
How strange is the final slate that falls,
As Seneca said, upon an Emperor`s head!
The indigenes at one place were terrified by a bull
Bellowing, and attacked the Vikings in leather canoes
With slings and axes of stone, and hurled
Maces. Karlsefni departed
From this place that he had named Hop,
And during the next winter his wife, Gutrid
Gave light to a son, whom they called Snorri.
Perhaps, somewhere here, like Kingigtorsuag,
The Indians or Eskimos exchanged fruits
And stories with these Danes, or Normans, or whomsoever:
Perhaps both sides had powerful shamans
That could exchange their light, their fire, their visions,
And keep the wild night going for all eternity.

BURNING EYES

O could I enter into Night,
Where flights of angels try to help,
Down into the darkest time
Where mad phantoms drink blood,
Where someone still might understand
The depths of chaos in the brain,
When music flows from the deep medulla
Like a pure fountain in Hadrian`s garden,
Like that hope that spikes ever upward
Into the soft feeling belly
During a long land campaign.

FIVE GULLS

Five gulls fly across the sky,
No snow falls, only sun-pinked cloud.

MUSIC IS A WIND

Music is a wind, a statue is a wave,
Odysseus in his ship, surrounded by mystery:
All know no real peace, though the realm of spirit is with them,
Deep inside, suffusing, all their myriad ways.

A NEW POPUL VUH

In the beginning, the vapours blew across
The hot sulphurous waters, that were green,
And above were the pink, red, grey skies,
Scattered with turquoise and blue cloudlets
That shifted and rolled endlessly around;
But there was no land, nor living thing.
Then a massive Breath arose,
That caused a storm through all the skies
And waters, which mingled in amazing colours,
Until a calm came upon the world,
And lo, there appeared islands of land among the waters,
On which moved crabs, wolves, crocodiles and spiders;
On which stood trees, and flowers grew:
Purple, blue, yellow and orange;
And among them, and above, flew
Birds with silver and golden tails,
And wings fashioned from plumes of fire,
And in the green waters swam
Fish, molluscs, enormous shrimps
And whales that thumped the water up
In huge fountains of bellowing steam,
As sound had arrived in the silent Cosmos,
And living things brought forth a change
From coloured darkness, to an equal division
Into Day and Night, and thus henceforth
The world was black, or light, alternately,

Though colours continued to swirl, but now
They varied their hues from Night to Day.
And then that massive Breath, who was
The Heart of the Sky, spoke alone,
And said that there should be a being
That lived upon the many islands,
Different from wild hogs or giraffes
Because it could speak, and had a language,
And thus the Heart of the Sky created
Man, who henceforth walked
And talked on dry land, and heard
The animals, but could not communicate with them,
As they uttered many kinds of cry and scream,
Croak and hiss, yell and bark,
But could not issue forth words,
Could not speak the language of Man.
At first these men could not stand upright;
They wandered about without direction
Like cats, on all fours, jerking their heads,
Their eyes never focusing long upon
A real object. Yet they spoke,
And knew the language of Man already.
Their sons and daughters slowly learned
To stand like people, and walk directly
Upon the earth; and they learned to speak
More words – their language grew.
And as they grew, men saw
The Spirits within the mountains, clouds,
And trees, all animals, fish, and flowers,
And knew that the colours of earth, sky, and waters
Connected with these Spirits, were their souls;
And worshipped and prayed unto the Spirits,
And frequently changed into the colours which were
Their souls. Through the Spirits and their coloured souls
They learned to enter the Heart of the Sky,
Becoming one with its massive Breath;
And flying around like the original vapours
Over the boiling green waters,
They came to know their origins.
Then they saw the brightest Light
That broke the very Heart of the Sky;
Now was a new Creation, with the seas
Exploding upwards in self-destruction;
Men now felt themselves a part
Of the grand Expansion of the Universe,
And realized they were only specks

In a strange Infinity, upon which their eyes were allowed
A wild, ephemeral, tiny glimpse.

WHEN I SEE MY GARDEN AGAIN

When I see my garden again,
With every flower that lights me up,
I wonder my sadness; is it necessary;
What does it matter what becomes of its beauty?

Dust, dust, and dust;
All will fall or fail;
Smell the lovely dust,
And drop into a dream.

LUZ SILENCIOSA

On the Eighth Day the Poet sang
And united the World with Huma
Lifted the veil between the Real and Ideal,
Revealed the Unity of Poetry and Spirit,
Brought together Consciousness and Dream,
And magically made manifest the Sublime Absolute
With His incantations from Sacred Fire:
“Nocturnal landscape, Moon so bright,
Spinning with musical Love and Dream,
Among the sprinkled vault of Stars.”

MY AMBITION WAS OF LOVE AND LIGHT

My ambition was of love and light,
Not I did wish the endless rancour,
So indeed might say a lion
That he did never wish to roar.
Yet a worm within the sod
Could mingle in his thoughts with God,
Could blend unconsciously with Fire,
Though spend his squirming life in mud.

AN IMAGE OF JOHN KEATS

Struggling through obscurity
Who bumps into something beautiful
Fear is brushed aside
Light descends upon us

The terrible sea
Of our Imagination
How lonely is the search
To find things as they are

To awake and find the Truth
The Original Dream of Adam
Creative Imagination finding Beauty
Abolishing every frontier

THUS IS THE TRUTH

And when we feel,
That love and life can let us through,
The lights on the mountains burn so bright
And joyous shouts from the street are free
As stars up there have come right down;
And I await
The frantic love of my paramour.

FROM DUST TO DAWN

From the ash and dust
Up to the crazy stars and moon
What is the price of the sky at night
When...
Poetry twirps from the tweaking birds
Early in the morning when all sleeps,
Nothing is there of blind humanity

My darling with her lovely wonder
Her beautiful hair falling over her face
Dark is the night until the dawn
When the mountains rise in wild lines
Stretched between the morning lights,
And clouds streaking among their miracles....

You have to be love to sleek the dawn
Breaking wide eyes like ice or sleet
The bounding light over astounding colour
Mountains straining in their shackles

The mountains love with all intensity
Like my love from her eyes drimming tears
Why....
Hazy light over houses and trees
That was your dream....

Soft, sensitive, kiss for eternity,
Dream onwards, for eternity.

Last night I dreamt a deep summer
Summer in Iraq, deep love....
God is with us;
Aeroplanes, bombs
Bombs, bombs –

I was dreaming with dreaming
Cloudy day
Between killing
In beautiful morning
I sleep between horrors
Please do not judge us
We ate our sandwiches between massacres....
And what has changed
Birkenau still stands
Darfur, camels drying out,
The world whimpers as it turns

Ophelia, sadness

Billowing dress
In the stream
With flowers falling all around

Pinochet
Go away
Go and disappear,

Our love is birds
Kissing in the morning
Sometimes it is broken
But it returns
Our love is a story
That breaks the bad things

EVEN AT THE BOTTOM SLUDGE

Even at the bottom sludge
We lick the honey-dew from the world,
Like poetry that turns to potable gold
The rivers that flow from death through life;
Ah yes, that is it!

The pain that creeps into every bone-joint
Cripples movement as a lumber-jack
Cracks down a tree, breathing and sighing;
Yet, therein is found a flower
Of wondrous, purple petals!

THE STARS THAT DANCE

The stars that dance before the eyes
Are cells within the brain,
All dreams are of the Universe
In parallel with mind.

Those mountains yonder grind and bound
In my deep Imagination,

The lights that sparkle in the darkness
Are sprinkled in my eyes.

WORLD ORB

How ghastly is the world
And yet the sun shines through,
How strange and complicated, differentiated
Is this mad orb.

EXPLORING

Machiavelli said he was so happy
When in his study, he could meet,
In imagination, “great men” and extraordinary events
Of the past. As he read and wrote,
He escaped the frustrations, defeats, and sorrows
Of his actual life, and entered into
That world of historical scholarship,
Where all is fascination.

“Pavanne for a Dead Princess”:
Imagine such a name for New Music!
Deep atmosphere of a dreaming brain,
In love with life, and exploring.

MIND NICHE

I am trying to carve out
A little niche for myself,
A little role within the vast Universe,
Among the flowers, trees, birds, and insects
Of Colombia; and while floating within
The Mind of Literature, Philosophy, and History –
Thoughts that try to embrace reality –
Come moments of deconceptualisation,
Intuition open to the *Ding an sich*,
Direct from the mountains of Santander.

This is it, Here, Now;
If this is not good enough, probably
Nothing will ever be.
Through the melancholy of a Mozart Piano Concerto,
I feel wonderful,
Gazing out at the lights on the mountains
That surround Bucaramanga, gloriously.

Beauty flies across the sky
Red as the sun in Soul's dawn,
Thus is the deep, flaming dream
So wild and utterly forgiving, like Love.

ODE TO THE O'REILLY FACTOR (ON FOX NEWS)

O Bill O'Reilly
What a hero thou art:
Too busy, no doubt
Choosing your suave suits
Ever to serve in an army:
O, but who cares?
Do you not praise all
Dead and wounded Americans
In Iraq?
No spin you –
Pure hypocrisy you breathe;
Lies, lies, lies.

THE BEAUTY OF THESE FLOWERS

The beauty of these flowers around
Surrounds the particular soul, with Soul;
The Spirit of their Forms, breathes
With all that we dream in their deep smiles
And call Reality. That cruel sadness,
Due to our separation from Perfection,
The sense that the Ultimate is beyond our grasp –
All is submerged as if by tears, and dew,
And drops of miraculous Truth,
That come into us from the sun, and Light.

EASTER

Almighty Joy, when it is found,
Is as a Sun upon a morn,
Is as Rain to a parched soul,
Beautiful Visions in glorious Dawn.

HERE AND NOW

It is time now to live in the Here and Now,
Not always to think of ambitions, plans, resolutions,
Not to try to force the pace of everything,
Not to damage the sight of the sinking sun.
Can I be patient at last, with Life?
Accept its patterns, games, rhythms, laws?
Can I accept that things are as they are:
Realise it is better to be a living dog
Than a dead lion! And that one should try to want
What one gets, rather than always seeking
To get what one wants.

LIFE

If we do not realize that life is disturbed
By self, others, History, or Nature
Constantly, we know not what goes on,
As there is no simple ascent to peace
Or the plateau of evenness; thus is life not,
Though it might take most of one`s life to see this.
Whether that is for Cosmic reasons,
Is a matter for ultimate Metaphysical debate,
But if it is not, it makes no difference;
Rarely is life a straightforward process,
Rarely do Love and Peace triumph
In any clear-cut way.

Life never will be perfect, formed
According to one`s will, ambitions, designs;

You will wait, or fight, forever to find that –
You have to take the pleasure as it flies
To live a little in Eternity`s sunrise,
And realize that Joy is not a static thing,
As it exists in time, and in every moment
Things are changing – you yourself –
So obviously Life cannot be turned to Perfect Form;
Even as you move, all moves on.

BUCARAMANGA FLOODED WITH LIGHT

Bucaramanga flooded with light
Warm bright sunshine over the houses
White houses, yellow houses, red houses, brown
The near-dusk rare transparent light
Bathes the basin of holy Bucaramanga
My home, buried inside magnificent mountains
The green rugged mountains that surround the town
With the wisping, moving clouds among the blue depths
Of infinite sky, sleeping above

BUCARAMANGA DUSK

In that splendour of the sun
Setting behind enormous mountains
Circling the city of Bucaramanga
Like rings of green, dark fire;
Houses light up, bright flashes
Of orange, yellow pink flame
Tint the windows everywhere
While dusk birds twitter and screech.

PRICKBLAIR

Prickblair didn't care
About the Palestinians,
Prickblair only cared
About his vanity.
He hoped to "go down in history"
As a "statesman" equal to Thatcher,

Joining in the Bushes' Wars
With courageous alacrity!

LOST IN THE TIME OF MIST

I rode with others through a wood –
A forest planted with clouds of mist,
Inundated in huge wisps of cloud
I was with others riding beasts
Through an anxious web of green;
Of trees, plants, shrubs, leaves,
Dense and oppressive, claustrophobic;
Yet we pursued hard through mists of time
Until we broke upon a clearing:
Here we heard no sound, but saw
The form of a being, with a beard of serpents,
Whose eyebrows looked like writhing worms
Though nought was clear in the shifting mist;
It seemed that here, this being had been
Waiting a multitude of eternities.

THE HEART THAT CAN DEFEAT

The heaviest heart
Can yet defeat death,
All will fly away
As the dust of injustice,
With the swelling lies of pride,
The delusions of grandeur;
All echo through the Universe,
But not for all Eternity.

Life is a protuberance,
Emergent from the non-living,
Just for a while is it thus,
Until it returns to dust and chaos,
Through the tomb into greater entropy,
Down from the Light to Eternal Darkness.
It is as if all sank from sight
Down into a deep Unconscious Dream.

What could deepen a being's gloom
More than descent beneath the grave,
Memories of non-existence, anticipations of more,
Relief from Hell in permanent sleep.
A thousand years might well redeem
The hopelessness, to find that Vision
Wherein the Love of Truth and Beauty
Could raise us up beyond the pain.

LINES WRITTEN NEAR BARRANCABERMEJA

A soul no less, burns at the heart of this delicious isle,
An atom of the eternal, whose own smile
Flows in wondrous love, and knows itself divine,
As if its beauty, cascading as of sound,
Or fountain of celestial water, would purify the world,
And turn it into ecstasy, clenched and clasped in truth,
Drops of sun in brightness, dripping on all the earth.

SUNSET AT EL LLANITO

This is the hour, the clouds are yellow and pink,
Sunset is coming, the holy sacred time,
The clouds like wisps of fluff,
Three geese, flying across the lake,
A heron standing on the grassy bank,
The sky full of words, the air in tumbling music,
A rainbow splashes the sky, sudden in streaking light,
Colours ripple across the world.

LIFE

You cannot change anything, you cannot influence anybody;
Merely, at times, without realizing how or why
You find yourself leaning on a door that opens
Mysteriously, and in you plop.
This changes your course.
But if you try to deliberately change it
You fail, and merely bang your head against hard walls.

That is life.

NIGHT-SKY

I am in the middle of reality,
The moon lights up, the sun goes down,
How did I know if I could dream so,
Who would know if you thought so?

If those stars wind up and down,
Make gold-yellow to sacred fire,
Who knew what to designate,
Who was flaming ahead of light?

THE WIND

The wind does not worry where it came from
Or where it will go.
It is just where it is, without thought.
It has a future, but no plans,
No worries about wasting time, or dying,
No concerns about what it has achieved, or has not achieved.
The wind is not human, not conscious,
It neither condemns, nor feels guilt.
You do not hear the wind, only its effects.

AT THE *FINCA AGUA BONITA*

(to Alejandro and Carol)

The Doors of Perception
Into the Absolute
The opened eyes
Into mystic sight

Seeing the mountain
Being in the mountain
Being with the bee
Walking with the stag-beetle

TRANSCENDENCE

Transcend all grief and pain
As Siddartha by the river
Watching the very ripples run

Along the bloodstream
The universal system of waves
The essential mathematics

The fundamental force
Mozart's cosmic heartbeat
Absorption into the Absolute

Dissolution into oceanic Love
Yearning reaching galactic bursts

TWO LITTLE JOKES

SCOUTS` JUBILEE

Jubilations for a joke
Inspirations for a poke.
Daftness helps a wild jump
Perhaps a wheel interrupted by –
A spoke! Ho, ho, hee-hee;
Who is creator of the spree?

Thou didst pile and rise in joy
Innocent of any ploy.
Why could you not see the madness,
Did you think you had no badness?
Who decries the stupid sound,
Boys like wandering – Scouting Pound!

FOOLISH QUESTIONS

Are you a man, or are you a woman,
Are you a demon, or are you a damned
Fool? Hi, hey-hey, hey-hey;
Why don't we all take a fling in the hay
Like lemons! O, what is your *Spee*?
Why don't you like to breathe in the spray

From the sea? Ho, put you to sea,
Let's go a shipping like some Shakespearean flea!

SWEET BIRD

I can see a bird, so lovely in its flight;
All I know is that this bird is flitting here.
Among the coloured hedgerows,
A yellow-bellied bird
Flies so sweetly here, I almost drop my fear.
Nearly I forgot, the weights of dreadful grief,
I begin to feel, like Shelley in his fire;
His truth; something like a martyrdom.

CONTEMPLATIONS GALORE

Life must be left and allowed to flow;
More and more one realizes
That to try to *seize the time*,
Will not do that, but only open floodgates
To unpredictable chaos.
If you try to meet someone now,
Thinking that he or she will die
Soon, probably you will die first,
Or there will be little communication,
Or all will sink in sad, deep confusion.
In the grand sweep of history, ideals affect
Little against the Iron Cage;
Even the evil plans of Hitler
Went against the great tides
And therefore failed, and were defeated.
Well, if you're young and idealistic
You have to try to change directions

On all planes; and if that were not so,
Nothing would ever have happened at all.
Thus you have to go against the grain
Unless you want your soul to die,
But you will soon be disappointed,
As nothing comes out of Chaos Theory
That you could want or anticipate.
And with that person that you feared might die,
Better to think about the whole life between you,
Not one moment: it is too late to change
The past, and the future is unpredictable.
Fear for the future, obsessions from the past....
No, only the present is real.

THE WORD OF GOD

In six days, I created the world,
On the Seventh Day, I decided to rest.
Then when I wanted to change the world,
I made a girl pregnant, without having sex.
I made human beings frail and imperfect,
So I could blame them for all their sins.
I would not help them when they were tortured,
I left it to them to deal with enigmas.
The nastiest men prevailed – not my fault!
I am not all-powerful, the devil exists!
Nor am I all good, as anyone can see,
I am obviously sadistic, to have made what you know!
Amen

APOCALYPTIC

We want everyone to fall down hard,
That is the strange way of Destiny,
That is the way to look at everything,
All is so strange, and meaningless.

This is a Day of Judgement, yes!
All was illusion up to now.
Now you will feel reality come,
Now prehistory gives into real History!

If you make love to a true woman,
You must realize that you scale the skies;
If you cannot, better that you fall,
Because there is nothing beyond those skies!

Nothing changes through the ages,
Civilizations grow and fail,
But do essentials really change,
Does a kiss under the stars, alter?

Does the holy hope go away,
The ludicrous feeling and belief in love;
Lust and desire are more exciting;
But what do we do, when the ashes cool?

MUSINGS

O the languid slowness
Nothing goes according to plan
How consciousness must obviously have arisen
Together with observation of the stars
And moon and planets in the night sky!
What is regular in this perplexing world?
I am surrounded by blooming flowers –
Red, yellow, purple, white,
And every combination of hues.
History shows better than organized philosophy
How strange and unpredictable is life,
How confused, random, weird, deadly:
Music and Poetry can catch it.

THE LIFE AND BLOOD OF JIP CREEFACE

O to dream into fountains and forget,
Like Respighi, into the depths of time,
The spheres of the brain that are unconscious,
Dreaming in control of uttermost music.
What is a violin if it creates a world
Where many do different things, without knowing each other

At the same instant? Patterns unexplained,
Chaos forming special designs
That seem to be unified.
Agony that grips like the tears of fire
From springs and fountains that started with faith:
That is Art, or something like it,
Dogs bark quietly on a soft street.

HOPELESS

Blood flows through the teeth of time,
The universe blocks up and bones rot.
Nothing but hope goes against disintegration
For a moment or two, and then dries out.

Up to our necks in blood are we,
The flames of dying hope drown us.
We roam on the lowest rungs of hell,
Fly suspended, unable to alter death.

That blood is bled from every pore,
The earth is dying every day,
The oceans sieze up in steaming storms,
An expanding universe at the end, contracts.

THREE LITTLE TALES

FOR BARBA JACOB

Land of dreams and unconstrained passions
Under the peace of a remote city
Of love, of goodness, and of holy effort
And of meditation and of prayer:
Intoxications from breathing perfumes
Of fruits and flowers in ardour and fire,
Not a physical land but the searching soul,
Not geography, but the Quest for a Grail.

GREAT EXPLORATIONS

There is an inner quietness coming;
A burst of huge energy again.
I am not dead, I am not dying,
Love is brewing up another Fire!

How the breathing music flares,
How is life a kaleidoscope,
What is Truth, does it exist?
How much longer will we live?

ROTATIONS AND REVOLUTIONS

The world can turn round, again and again;
Men learn little, for it is never the same
Exactly. Different mistakes are made
Each time. Yes! Always different, but the same;
The idiocy of an individual`s life
Is like History as a whole.
The Spirit burns through Heaven and Hell,
In cycles repeated, but never moved beyond.

SONNET TO THE END OF TIME

We are always in the thick of it,
The dense forest of Dante`s mid-life,
It always seems we will emerge from it,
But it goes on and on, only the trees changing,
Occasionally a clearing appearing;
But, not lasting for long.
On and on and on it goes,
Eluding us of any escape,
Deluding us that the moment may come
When all will settle into a timeless peace.
On and on and on we go,
Without, like Dante, finding Paradise,
Without seeing the blinding White Light,
Without seeing the Face of God.

BROODING GOD

Brooding, like a god,
Dead to boredom, inventing in the mind
Like Beethoven, uncontrollable, unrestrainable,
Entering the birds, watching the trees,
Wandering in the skies, loving the puffs of cloud,
Feeling all the beauty around,
Flying where the Imagination goes....

ON THE TERRACE AT NIGHT

It's lovely with the twinkling lights
Behind those gorgeous pink-red flowers
And this music of Bruckner behind me,
And your love all around me.

MOZART, ONCE AGAIN

What kind of wild, but controlled Big Bang was there,
How many Gods were at work in his heart;
Not one, but many! How could music rise
Like a holy flower, a wonderful sacred kite,
High and above the celestial spheres,
Far beyond knowing minds, or stars?

LADY MACBETH, DERANGED

Lady Macbeth walks asleep,
Wringing her hands, smelling blood
Drip from her fingers;
Her eyes deranged, eyelids opened,
Though seeing only her inner hell.
Neck stretched out, in dire amazement,
The doctor watching states the obvious:
"This is the sign of a heart that is
But sorely charged!" (Of course, you need
A medical man to make such a judgement.)

Then the servant woman, matron, echoes thus:
“I would not have such a heart in my bosom,
For the dignity of the whole body!”
Who has not known a woman like that?
Darkness reigns, horror surrounds the sonambulent Lady;
And the intruding voyeurs. “Ah, all the perfumes of Arabia
Could not clean this little hand!
Oh, oh, oh!

NEVER IN SUCH DEEP LOVE I KNEW

Never in such deep love I knew
A sacred dream and a wild hope
As today; in spite of sadness felt,
And the grief that is welded to human loss,
And the panicky pain buried in the sense
That life is passing like a flowing river
And also pushing you along, with it,
If not exactly at the same speed,
Towards inevitable, final death.
Yet an unreasonable joy in life,
Can leap up at the sight of sunset
On majestic mountains, and the soul flies
And gently burns as if in sleep.

I WANDERED INTO A STRANGE FOREST

I wandered into a strange forest:
I tried to be honest, but it was hard.
What I thought was true, some others hated,
And yelled at me that I was evil.
When I tried to be decent or good,
Or, if I decided to turn the tables
And be bad! Exciting! Wild and free!
Expressing the individual soul of one`s being
Like a firework that is being fired off free!
So many people still condemned,
With points of view identical about both,
Or, contradictory about each side –
Each heart that beat in my Faustian breast!
And so, now, I tried to calm down,
Simply breathe in and sup wine,

Think about things but not overreact;
But I cannot – I am still wild!

AND IF I WAS UPON THE MOON

And if I was upon the moon,
Sadly watching a sister die,
What could I do, how could I convey
The pain invading from day to day;
What was the purpose of her life,
What if it ended in purple haze,
How can I gaze upon the moon
Once again circling in silken clouds,
Wandering, like her, searching for lovers,
Do you ever feel, like me, a dancing
Of celestial spirits in melancholy day,
Turned to night in sparkling stars;
Would you never enter then, like me,
A dense, dark, flaming galaxy?

CAN I ESCAPE

Can I escape from my twin destinies?
The one deep and bogged down in matter, laws;
The other divine in aerial merriment,
Something that cannot be pushed, or denied?
The first is boredom, money, pain;
The second is love, high-flying dream;
Can I escape those two strange sisters,
And eternal conflict, Manichean, between them?

THAT DISMAL CITY

I left behind that dismal city,
I feel reborn, but still life is hard,
We search forever the words and things
That make some sense, and fill up our souls
Temporarily, illusionarily, plugging hope
Into the dense, feeble sand,
The shore upon which the crashing surf

Kisses the rocks and the Universe`s smile;
O, what is truth in the desperate trees,
What is life in a wild, dismal dream?

BIDDING ADIEU

Just leave the world to drift!
There`s nothing else.
No alternative is there to dancing stars,
As long as they still burn in transparent sky
Of a clear night, in tropical delight.
Accept the way things are! It rains,
Or not. Strive only to feel wonderful at night
When your lover sees you, dancing in her might,
A lady who does tempt, and probe, and break,
No other solution ever was provided,
Let Destiny decide the strange outcome
To every main, peculiar, dense path,
Because no prophecy can ever get it right.
Just leave the world to drift, and nothing more;
Like your dim soul when you have entered death;
Let light shine in, as long as it allows,
Then bow out, in dignified retreat.

AS THE RIVER FLOWS

As the river flows between
Rocks and rocks and forests huge
I think of those who trample on
The throats of others as they march
And see the flights of dense birds
Gloriously swooping in the huge sky
Watching direction in unity
And then remember the honeycomb
Of sweet love....

ELEVEN FIFTY PM SEPTEMBER 9TH 2007

The fire burns in your heart
And in our souls, as if it were

Self-consuming in Cartagena
Within its walled embraces.
I love you,
For I see your shapely legs,
In your beautiful short skirt,
And I know I am lucky to be alive
In spite of all.
Let no one forget all the terrible
Things that can befall a man,
Let us remember the hole in a dirty street,
In which one can fall as one takes a normal
Step; and then see from a high
Window the view of a fine
City at night: Cartagena; and soak into
The lines of the waves as they roll in
And crash upon the shore.

THE WHITE SURF

The white surf
Is so bright
Still, though dusk
Has come and it is
Almost night;
The water contains
Myriad colours –
Pink, purple, dark brown –
As there is still light
Though dimmed right down.

FANTASTIC DESTINY

Yo ho ho and a bottle of Blair,
What in the world do you want to wear,
Now you are no longer big PEE-EM,
But art now special spinner for them
In Palestine! Ho ho, the Middle East,
With Israeli and Arab alike, for Peace,
Buggering around with choice sound-bites,
Bringing your career to its uttermost heights?

The two Big Wars that you have started,
Along with your Strong Man Bush, big-hearted,
Show just how decisive you can be,
As well as just how little you can see,
Except for gain in your reputation
On which you gamble without trepidation!
Oh, Blair-Bottle, how you turn the throttle,
Rear up and roar like a True-Blue-Bottle!

SONNET

How sweet and gentle is thy soul,
How I do love such spiritual beauty;
I could follow deep onto some strange plain,
A wonderful love, with you there, all.

Ah, when the idiot Time moves us
Along the path unto our final end,
Let us rejoice that it is not yet now,
And laugh at the stupid demands of Him

Who wants to end for us, everything,
As if there could never be glorious dawn again;
Illusory is the strange passing of time,
Real life is always quite eternal:
The hellish truth of absolute destruction
Is not so real, when we look hard down.

LIFE LOST AND REFOUND

I felt I roamed into the deepest love,
My memories left me, I was so deeply lost
In that disturbing state, where one confuses
Even the pettiest dreams with your most hopeless fears;
And there I rambled like a hopeless star,
And bit like fury into the open sky,
Where joy had disappeared beneath the clouds,
And feelings were confounded to damned air,
And here the wild roses and delicious perfumes
Preyed upon my being and all my senses,

And I did have to feel some desperate sadness
Because I could not bank upon some dreaminess;
Here was I, again disassembled,
Like chemicals of disintegrating love,
The beauty of all sweetness in the sky,
The openness of vision to the heavens,
Prying open all that heavenly light,
Where joyous liveliness and love of life
Can touch upon the nerves again, to calm them,
And beauty could again touch down upon me;
Ah, can I not dream upwards any more?
Because that ceiling of a glorious sky is pink
At dawn, purple at dusk, blacked out at night, yet lighted at the sun -
Ye gods, could you not leap and kill me in the daytime?
Will not you allow my pantheistic soul
To be what it must really be, upon the sea,
And as the craziness of love will always seem
To be whatever it is in the other dream,
Upon the sky breaking down its deepest colour,
As also is the madness of a flower.

STUP

Dud thou boot down, in flying brute high doubt!
Be brutal dog! Dig into absolute crank.
Why for is thee so very silly now?
Bug down like goof, into that dripping hole!

FATAL DESTINY

Thy soul must wander through the Universe,
You will always walk upon the strange earth
Until the Day of Reckoning.
Your heart will probably be hard ripped out
From your body, then you will die.
Until that moment you will have to breathe,
And take in air in every living instant,
And occasionally you will find your soul
Leaps up, into miracle or mystery,
And you will behold astounding beauty,
Like the dark blue sky at secret dusk,
Like a cathedral built out of marble and gold,

Like a Turkish sky with a crescent moon
At night. You will be astonished,
And find that Day and Night always alternate,
Like swift Hope following on deep Despair,
Or the birds of carrion descending on the corpse
Of a starved animal or a dead person,
A pile of desiccated, wriggling insects
In their last seconds, their final prayers,
Their quietest moments in all eternity.
Thus is the broken boot of life's decay;
As also is the wild brilliance of ecstasy.

BILL AND GEORGE

George O'Reilly and Billy Bush
Buggered along the street,
"The USA is noble," they both squeaked
As they took out their books of prayers.
"Our God is better than theirs," they bragged
And shouted so very loudly,
"Those darned Iraqis will not step up,"
They yelled, "right up to the plate!"
"They really are not grateful enough
To us for all those bombs
We dropped on them before we invaded
And kicked out Saddam Hussein."
(The problem was that Saddam Bam
Invaded American Kuwait;
So long as he only slaughtered Persians
He really was so great!
And then, he tried to assassinate
Big Bosh, Bill Bush's Dad,
And that just was not American football,
Nor baseball, not even "Bud"!)

AND IF THE TEARS MUST FALL

And if the tears must fall,
Let them water a seed,
Allow them to feed into some rich soil,
Wherefrom a little pity might grow,
From where compassion could arise,

To delight the spirit of life at last,
Like the sun that spreads delicious light
Upon all things that love to feel
And turn themselves into blossoms,
Breathing themselves into sacredness.

AN ODE TO LAWYERS

Like fungi on a dung-heap,
Like vultures around a rotting corpse,
With the law`s delay, while others pay,
Thus live lawyers upon the body
Of confused humanity.
They thrive on others` misery,
They need to aggravate others` problems,
They have to extend in time and space
Every dot or comma of misunderstanding,
Exploit bad feelings, hate, despair,
And most excellently: they know how to write
Letters that shock, threaten, disturb, or terrify.

THE SOUL OF SHADOWS

God willing, we will slide along,
Or not, way out on the flying sun,
Burning the stars in purple flowers!
Illicit always is reality!
Love is an underside of absurdity!
Fly dark down in an upward swirl.
I never could give up the Ghost,
Never could drip below the knees,
Never could I dismiss the wild flames
Of dust electrically bursting its bowels.
Shadowy howls depress the fire,
The bulb of hell will flash out its grim
Beauty to seduce you down to your loins
Again; as the rain burns.

FOR MY DEEP LOVE

Up in the red sky, deep
Where the music rushes
In rivers of colour and coloured love,
For you, and your kisses blend my soul
Into beauty and ecstasy, as if eternally;
I look upon the open sea,
The sky`s mirror, and of everlasting life
In a moment of deep love.

WHENEVER GERMANY AND FRANCE

Whenever Germany and France
Refuse to make war on Iraq,
Those who do – the U.S.A.
And Britain – accuse them constantly
Of hypocrisy, dishonesty,
Morally feeble opportunism:
All the things that in reality
Those two foolish bullies are!
Boo! boo! the U.S.A.,
Piddling poodle Britain:
We are now in two Big Wars
That we should have never joined.

TWO EXISTENTIAL SONNETS

I

I will kill You in the night,
Let me raise up all my might,
I refer to Essential Death:
Regret, Melancholy, hopeless Breath.

Yes, learn thou from thy mistakes
If Time permits it; and if one makes
A dizzying next move at all,
Upon erect dominoes hit by a ball.

But do not become Queen Melancholy`s trophy,

Do not pollute the few years more
That thou may`st dwell among the living,
In dense nightmares thronged down in gore;

Put the Error in apostrophe,
As you do breathe from the free air`s giving.

II

I would have it that Love transcends Death,
And it will be that Love defeats Death
Ultimately, as that Spirit can be fierce
In its defence, against its Enemy.

Love will soar up beyond pettiness,
Love will disentangle itself from foolishness,
Truth will see its drops of blood return,
Death will disperse into its misty rain.

So, do not sink into that Fit of Melancholy,
Wherein you lose at last your sanity;
The Genius of Existence will prevail
Even where life topples off its rail.

Nothing is final; heed ye this:
With courage sweet, you may persist.

HEART OF OCEAN GOLD

O with the great rolling across the Ocean,
With the waves that move and remind us of the Universe,
The inner harmony of Nature, not of Man,
Spinning like dream towards the forests of silver,
Verses that enter another world like flame,
O the grand sun in its deep descent,
Its redness of dusk, its unutterable pain;
The decline of the heart, wounded love,
Sadness that never finds its words in life.

Ah, with the sadness that destroys life,
Hoping but failing like a broken duck,
Ah the sadness of the final note,
Why, when, do flowers try to keep
Alive, ah; what is the disappearance and soaking down
Like drenched fire in extinguishing pain,
Like the end of hoping up to a spark,
A feeble precursor to the whole sky of stars,
The stars that live and burn into the blue,
The dark blue sky that is the night.

NIGHT LIGHT FRIEND

And if the Light prevails
The little lights are so beautiful
There is no hiding, though,
From the final blows of Death.

What if your head moves up
Right to that slight grey light
Of early Night, sinking,
Wait you for the End?

O, AGAIN THAT SILLY BUSH!

O how the bully, Big-Bosh-Bush,
Jumped into power like an electric flea!
O how he cheated: bow, wow, wow!
How his *oil* helped him jump to power!
Just like his Dad, but *he* did learn
To walk like a low-deep, creep-gorilla,
And also to speak in *real Texan*!
His billions never needed be known,
His lies could only be gradually exposed!
But by then the short-gorilla Shrub
Would have run his evil, pathetic, eight-year span!

CALLIGRAPHY

Everyone has their own destiny;
Like a Chinese sage, I snatch the pen,
And at the top of the world, cry out about mine!
I take up my cup of wine, and my brush quivers
Over the scroll upon which I paint!
Thus is communion with the mountains, in peace!

THIS FLOWER

This Flower would like that you do touch it now,
Why will the world allow me not to do so?
The dreams of strangest perfumes always die,
Wondrous in their fields and isles of desire,
Where Love has passed by, or kissed the outspread hand
Of a Goddess, who appears darkly at the night,
Wandering in a garden where the Light
Of Moon`s Love, bathes her in its trances.

YOU A POET?

“Are you a poet? Damn your insolent cheek;
Crush down your spirit, until we have to hear
Your mad, arrogant, futile, hellish noise
No more, nor face your idiocy.
Let us indeed jump on you and then sit
Upon your awful mouth, your eyes, your nose,
And make you realize you really are a!
The fact that you can never earn a penn
Merely makes us others hate you more!

LIARS (SORRY, LAWYERS)

I there became ensnarled among
Two liars (sorry, lawyers):
One a rat, the other a *rotweiler*.
All who have suffered and been mauled by lawyers –
Greedy, brutal, aggressive, cold – will have
Had the misfortune to meet these two;

But the variable factor is the person who
Sends these lying animals into their vicious
Attacks, or, where more appropriate,
Their total inactivity.
Now, if that variable person really
Is a vapid, mousey *pig* –
Bitter, hateful, quietly demented –
Then you have it: utter misery,
And near destruction of your life,
Are the consequences of the noble *Law*.

I AM FALLING

I am falling into an abyss of pain,
Sometimes I think I will never rise again
To optimism, happiness, strength of life`s purpose,
The being of Hope: that swift wind that enflames
The embers of old fire, into bursting
Heat. But, new Hope must recognize
Things that come anew – good and bad –
And let the past pass, once and for all,
As a river that flows from its source to the sea,
And does not go on forever; so do not waste
The lower reaches, thinking always about the upper;
There is life in the movement, exhilaration.

THOU GLORIOUS SKY!

O thou glorious sky in God
Of Nature, how is the sight of thee
Inestimable – how I pine to feel
The beauty of this sacred view
As absolute, superb, finally divine;
All mistakes are unified into one
Glory: the answer to all uncertainty,
Life, love, pain; perhaps transcendence.

NINE VIGNETTES

I

Feel peace
Love life
Calm down

Let go misery
Find mercy
For the soul

The sun shines
Clouds whiten
Green the mountains

Ah, let Destiny
Run its way
Like a long river

II

Brutal is the receipt
From unplanned actions
Unintended consequences
Of seeds sown

Cruel the harvests
After long life-terms
Of careful effort
That missed the furrows

Sorrow comes easier
Than long-run happiness
As time runs down
A dog to the sewer

III

Silly the hopes
Of final solution

To anything;
All is changing
All the time
Nothing stays constant
Forever and a day!

IV

Loyalty to the sun
Is rewarded by the light

And death; the same murder
That ends a life-time

Or excludes the golden orb
At dusk. The next life-time,

The next revolution of Earth
Brings back the dung beetle,

As the sunrise leaps red
And leads to pink-streaked dusk.

V

The will of a flower may burst through
Concrete even, to find the sky
Or offer its nectar and pollen to bees

Who then will make delicious honey.
Perhaps the better human instincts
Sometimes push from below the soil,
As ideas emerge from the deep Unconscious,

Into the future`s Hope.

Not even the Rhine`s *Norns* know,
Nor the witches who met Macbeth,
What will happen, who will prosper,
Who will die soon, or who will beatify.

The world is ultimately dark as soot
Though ultimately beauty overtakes its pain,
And nothing can ever redeem itself
So well as its own agony.

VI

Inspiration from the Muse, or Moon,
Thus is poetry that takes us to transcendence,
The beautiful truth that is the God of Nature,
The Tao, the Buddhist Absolute, that beauty
Whose smile looks upon itself and knows itself divine,
That soul no less, that burns deep at the heart
Of this delicious Isle, and all the Universe.

VII

When the silent moon
Revolves in tears
And forgiving love
Pines towards the stars
Our hearts are restored
Like drops of blood
Like water dripping in glorious fountains
Like the fount of life
The ultimate green
Paradise of true originality
In colours of golden sun

VIII

A broken heart
Is like sliced pike
It cannot move
And cannot remember
If it is dead or alive
There is no epitaph
For a broken heart
As no one remembers
Why it was broken
Or who crucified
Whom

IX

Music is the air of night
Sweet perfumes in the wind

The frogs and toads around a pond
Sing longly in the dark.

FIRE

There are holistic patterns at work in a fire,
These are active at all levels of a hierarchy.
If I were a physicist, I could study the processes,
If I were mathematical, I could quantify the formulae.
But I am neither: I am an intuitive poet
And a kind of philosopher: thus no more.
These patterns operate on all levels of reality,
I am convinced – life, matter, consciousness,
This has to do with chaos, complexity
And fractals. Hegel, Marx, and Lukács
Knew something about it
Before modern cosmology.

EVERYONE SLIPS PAST

Everyone slips past one another
Without knowing, without plan;

Sometimes sticking, “ships in the night”.
Perhaps long ago all was more ordered:
But now, not even two elderly sisters
Can be sure of secure friendship.
Humanity has gone mad.
Globalization, growth, population explosion,
Pollution, exploitation, decimation:
Bonds are pure accident between people,
They have little to do with blood or commitment.
Money is the universal solvent
And the universal dissolvent.
Lies, laws, government decrees,
Count much more than truth;
Control by universal Capitalism
Is absolute; and final.
Our Sweet Sister, and the Human Spirit
Are hijacked by Destruction.

PRAYER

Dust to dust
Ashes to ashes
All that you tried
Disappears in the mist
Your ideals turn to nothing
Misunderstandings so rife
That nothing means anything
Though you should continue to breathe
Good intentions around you
Strive for the best
Take pleasure in following the Tao in Wisdom
Where possible
Though the planet is impossible
Your ambitions were night-time wishes
That evaporated in the morning
As mist surrounds everything
As if in strange obscurity

MILTONIC ORGAN

Rise up to the sunset-sprinkled sky,
The ascending streaks of a mighty love –

That pink beauty, the re-aroused hope,
The dogs of Imagination`s leaps of flame;

Up into the sounds of eternal music,
The thoughts of the Universe, a Cosmic Dream
Of Heaven flowering like golden galaxies,
Trumpets bursting in their silver triumphs;

Ah, let dismal feelings be ever temporary!
Life is but short, though happiness is long,
As it is still ultimately, so let us swing
In a motion of sweetness, that can still be ecstasy.

UNDER THE ASPECT

The feelings and soul of a human being,
The star in the middle of a galaxy,
A work of art which has been struggled for,
An understanding through deep philosophy:

All these are equal under the Aspect
Of Eternity; Truth is such.
Why do we suffer so ever pointlessly
Before the Ultimate Absurdity.

HOW GHASTLY AND PAINFUL

How ghastly and painful is the ruling thing!
How kindly and soft is the sensitive feeling.
O let us accept that life is all
A mixture of tragedy, and of joy,
Of failure and success, of farce and laughter;-
Where we drown, and breathe
Both defeat and triumph.

MONEY

“Money is the root of all evil”. No: “Money is all.”

Certainly now that the world has become
Totally monetized, we can be sure
The planet will not be able to sustain
The implications (still less,
Human health or happiness).
Human sanity and culture will fare even worse,
As the planet deteriorates for human life.

DUSK

There is a presence before the night,
At dusk, when spirits dwell
Upon the mountain-tops in pink

And beauteous forms, shadows
Of the viewing soul, or antipodes
Of the ever-expanding being:

A human dancer whose aura comes
From growth in life from its origins,
And finds its location too enclosing,

Thus it swells firm against
The shape of its dance – too restrictive –
And thus flies within the shadows

And the spirits of the mountains,
Even flies far above them
Because the human soul can do that

Sometimes: molded by its times,
Yet infinite, eternal, strangely, too.

TO MY SONS

The sorrow thou hath given me
Goeth beyond normal pain;
In dreams I die, and welcome death,
In dreams I feel I have entered death:
Such misery is inescapable,
And never can be put to words.
I wish, sometimes, I had never become
Conscious, through birth, nor sensible.

You never probably will understand
The blackened skies and the mutilated moon
Of me: but you will however move
Also, like me, minute by minute
To death and ultimate self-judgement;
Anxiety within the unconfessable soul.

POEM

All intentions must be shed,
Where, when, the boulders roll
Like good breaking strange ambitions
Where the golden life-light flashes
Like those idiots in the clouds,
Like the dreaming fools in films,
Among those dark, dank skies
Where multi-coloured furious moths
Flash their miraculous tapestries,
Their wings of superb artistry;
There, where the breaking fine lights
Sweep through intense, bending sounds,
Entering the wildest fire indeed
Because the movement of the fluting flame
Is disfigured hopelessly, until the wild
Call to hope and disastrous destruction,
And disappearing, distraught diasporas
Of dinosaurs in their flying orbits,
Making birds of paradise flee across the skies
For flashing moments, bright yellow,
Orange, pink, red, billowing blue:
Views over lakes long before
Today`s atmosphere was ever formed,
When sea-scorpions were very strange
And quite enormous: what did others

Think of such huge, ferocious things?
The air was dangerous, though it shortly changed,
The ducks near the pond in a small farm
Plumed themselves all night long,
And shook their tail-like feathery wings,
Just as dreams of anything sleeping
May produce a confused, crazy confluence
Up until the cockpit's ending

SAN GABRIEL, NIGHT

White ducks sleeping at night
In quiet moon and star-light
Not entirely always still
They flap occasionally their redundant wings
They make less noise than the insects and frogs
Darkness envelops them in seeming peace

K 218 ANDANTE CANTABILE

It's quite terrifying
The beauty of Mozart!
What can one do?
How can one tuck away time
When here is Eternity?
If all is meaningless
How was this inconceivable beauty
Created?
All moves on a path towards death,
Even the Universe will cease to exist
Eventually, let alone us.
How can there be some other kind of spiritual
Flame that goes on and on forever.
Just look into the endless glass
Of love and pain
Reflected into the slightest eyes,
And stop thinking.

FLAME IN SILVER NIGHT

A reflection of the flame in a silver night
Bounces over eons like electric light,
Bounces across beacons from Atreus to Troy,
Makes smile of the Universe in Helen`s wonder;
Ah, the human imagination`s grasp of things
Is less, or more, than the Cosmic Story,
From Big Bang to galaxies, to Planet Earth,
From Moon to Life to Human Consciousness, -
Via Prometheus impaled and Jesus Christ,
The discovery of Fire and the Crucifixion,
Tu Fu, Dante, Mozart, Napoleon;
Beethoven, Bolívar, and John Cage;
Ghandi, Lenin, Mao, and Che.
Now I see that same flame in silver
Firing its sparks like fierce drops of hope,
Breaking through darkness in fine lights,
Smothering candles with glorious blackness:-
The Universe as it really is, deep in space,
The ultimate nothingness of expanding cold.

MYSTERY AND TRUTH

Life is a sorrow and suffering
Said the Buddha,
And Shelley said something similar

Shelley`s Tao is a pantheistic Universe
Of Love and Mystery
The Harmony of Truth

The Wild West Wind
Thou breath of Autumn`s being
The unified spirit of divinity and matter –

The struggle for perfection
The inevitability of pain
The transcendent soul burning

At the heart of this delicious isle,
An atom of th`Eternal

The Universe that knows itself divine.

A QUESTION

Why must a Universe that houses intelligence
Be so old, huge, cold, dark and lonely?
John D. Barrow answers: because at first,
It was necessary to turn hydrogen into helium,
And then to create heavier chemical elements
Like carbon, which is basic to life;
And this required sufficient time
For the stars to form, and make slow progress
Until they exploded as supernovas:
All this took many billions of years,
Before the emergence of life could bring,
Through evolution: intelligence and consciousness.
Throughout all this time the celestial bodies
Moved ever faster away from each other,
As the Universe expanded, and still expands,
Until it measures billions of light years across,
Within which one single planet could appear,
And in time produce intelligent, conscious life.

THAT CHAOTIC BEING

That chaotic being
Death dancing as if alive
The strange line on the beautiful abyss
Here there is love and madness;-
Who wants to dance? O yes,
Lovely is it on the edge,
Why are you not on this edge,
Are you here at all, or do you lie?

MAHLER SYMPHONY NO.9 ADAGIO

Blood-pink dawn
Streaks of pain
In the passing clouds

I remember Oakenshaw
With that huge blue speaker
The view over that wonderful wood

There I heard Mahler first
Because I bought some records there
After seeing *Death In Venice*

That opened such a door into
Miracle, mystery, wonder, and pain,
Which never could I have otherwise distinguished

It was with those conifers outside
And that music inside
That I was overcome with grief

Which is the beauty of all existence
Why with a thin skin broken
Peeled unto an extreme agony

Raw as the wheels of life run over
Your limbs; and the grim rack
Pulls and grasps you endlessly

WHAT IS

The sun was formed from a supernova
Which had been formed
From an earlier supernova,
About five billion years ago.
The Big Bang happened about fourteen
Billion years ago. Was there
Another Universe there 'before',
Will there be another one 'after'
This one? If so, each is in
A different Time completely;
It is not a matter of repetition.
And if each one was identical,
How could we say one occurred
Before or after another:
They would all be the same Universe,

Much as if it only happened 'once'
In the first place.
And then imagine if 'this' Universe
Were only one of large numbers
Of other Universes clustered together
Like bubbles! O, yea!

HERE

Midnight chicken (black) –
Right, white, about!
Cockadoodle doo all night!
Dark thick air around us;
Sinks. Sibelius, our black Labrador
Sleeps. All feels quiet.

Human beings
Are like pecking chickens
When you really look,
At their repetitive, useless
Movements, and pointless pecks.
Cluck cluck

NO ONE KNOWS

No one knows
The depths of pain
That another falls into
For reasons various
In this life; if it is similar
It happens later
And so you don't understand
Until the other has already suffered
And probably died.

BULL

If you knock any group of ordinary people
Off their pedestals, all you have

Is broken pedestals, between them growing
Only weeds. If you believe
Any ruling group of any kind,
You can be sure you permit
Them to lie, deceive, murder, and destroy,
Be they governments, Popes, or dictators.

WALK MAN

Mean as a bean
Weird as a beard
Jogog walked upon the earth

Stupid and putrid
Dreary as beery
Prophet was he, of True Religion

Fat as a pat
Slow as a po
He crunched across the land

WHY

Why has our evolution made us thus:
Split between sober rationality on the one hand,
And emotion and soul on the other –
Those two damned hearts that beat in our breasts
That impossibility of
reconciliation, rather than annihilation
Of one or the other, or both?
Perhaps at some stages of our past experience,
The two forces could still be balanced well;
But now they cannot (it seems obvious to me).

MYSTICAL SPIRIT

I wanted then to sing like eternal Spirit

Ah, how hard it is to survive!
Yet how beautiful is the sweet Earth,
The waddling ducks and the orange trees,
The mysterious mist topping the round mountains,
The ecstasy of hope in every leaf
And stream tumbling down its slope,
The darkness settling around my mind.

INSCAPES

A fruit, in a primaeval tree –
Orange-red coloured, who put it there?
Was it Van Eyck or Gerard David;
How can one commune, connect with the Divine,
The Garden of Eden, as if in myth:
A dream in a marvelously pure tree?

Those fruits that appeared on wonderful branches
Of the Flemish landscapists – how strangely I discovered
Their mystery: Patenir, Van der Goes, Memlinck;
To enter mystically, it was for me
Thus to see Nature: only more so
Were Shelley, Wordsworth, Byron, and Keats.

BEAUTY IS OF DARK BECOMING

Beauty is of dark becoming,
Like the burgeoning soul;
Undiluted truths approach
When the stars spread as dust,
The silent vault of cold heaven
Burns like music of the spheres
Where my agony touches light
Like a match to ambiguous collapsing hay,
Fuel ready to burst alight
As the world disappearing from the mind
Leaves its perfumes and leaves of memory

MY THOUGHT IS DESPERATELY GLOOMY NOW

My thought is desperately gloomy now
Perhaps I await some ultimate demise
Who can tell what is the final spark
That dies out, or if it heralds
A new burst of flaming fire?

How can a mind in hell, roll
Among the seas of flame, and still
Survive: ah, and for what purpose;
What lies there then along the way,
And more, what lies at the way`s end?

Despair is a word to seldom use;
How can life break to a new field,
A new shore, where crashing waves
Leave the sand rolling in perfect surf,
Undulating love and hopeless hope.

O THOU HOLY DUSK OF LIGHT

O thou holy dusk of light
How I hope before I die
To penetrate thy mystery

But I will not, that is clear
Though, so long as I feel this way
I think I will not die

THERE IS POETRY IN THE SILKEN SANDS

There is poetry in the silken sands,
And eternity rolls in upon the waves,
The hopes and dreams and shattered loves
Of all for everything, are of drastic pain,
Since time flows on, and never is it known,
When a final wave will submerge you, out,
Also for Eternity, the real one;
And thus can we sleep, in peace, at last.

POETIC TRIO

1 CREDO

Keep healthy
Feel young
Let things happen the way they will and do
React to things as they occur, as best you can
Do not regret things you have done if they turn out to be mistaken
(You were obviously *trying* to be wise and just
When you did what you did)
Be constructive but slow down
Do not worry about how long things take
If you are living well there will be plenty of time

II TRYING TO FOLLOW THE TAO

Irritable I am
I cannot bear
Ancient commandments and meaningless rules
That do not bear up to complexities

I am more and more pantheist
The Unity of Spirit and Nature, I feel
I agree with that message of Jesus Christ
That one should try to love everything
And everyone, though that is hard
But I cannot endure citations
From ancient books, when they are supposed to dictate
To you particular details in your life

O no
The stars and the insects here
The peace and that temporary solitude
Make as much sense as I can find
Communion in beautiful Nature

III O HO !

It will all come round
Of course it will
And if it doesn't
Who cares?
How much could my grandparents alter
The Blitz
Or, how much could a moth upon this lamp
Change its fluttering flight into
Its death and disaster?
O ho!

ALL OF NATURE WAKENS NOW

All of nature wakens now
Like the milkmaid's morning and the workman's plough
The beautiful grasshopper has ended his flight
As all the moths and butterflies alight
Upon the glorious day.

Those silken mysteries flit around
As the sky begins its joyous round
Of slight light and tiniest blue,
A gorgeous beginning in stupendous hue;
As only ears of greatest love, can know.

Not yet quite is day's burst
Before the croak of screechiest stew,
Hear the scroach of croaking crong
As only the ears of greatest love
Soaked deep in poetry could.

VALOR, AMOR, Y ESPERANZA

Courage, love, and hope:

With these, let us improve
Like procariotas up to eucariotas,
And breathe a fairer air.
Or, perhaps, better to recognize
You cannot influence anything:
Just sit, Siddhartha-like by the side of a river,
And watch it move and flow.

NIGHT SONG

I love a nice, quiet night
A dog is resting at my feet
The sky is full of crying insects
The wall by me is crawling with moths

The strange cloth of love is woven
Below the fathoming of green smiles
There the dog is finally sleeping
There the world has gently arrived

THE BIRDS OF PARADISE OF R.D. LAING

Ay, how I yearned, and then I found
A little flame in this strange farm.
Always I found inspiration from you,
Crazy, wild, utterly rational.
Your Psychology was the deepest then,
Your depth of help for regeneration
Was so great. God knows now –
Generations have passed – what the birds communicate:
But, cross-legged, a student, long ago,
I do not deny your impact into
The mind of me,
And others; it was so.
There was Sartre, Laing, Marx, and Zen.
That's how it was: now you are dead,
I suppose it makes no difference anymore.

THE NIGHTS IN ECSTASY

The nights in ecstasy
They are they
How could I.....

Glorious is your memory
Ah, in that bed, so warm and soft
Simple was your loveliness

How badly I forget things
I do not know what is the point
But with glorious sexy joy

I remember what you are
Delicious kisses are warmest home.

TRAGIC DRAMA

A heavy weight of grief at times
Weighs down the eyelids inwards
The force of gravity in destiny
That presses in and around
Oedipus Rex and Hamlet the Prince
Under the stars of bad fortune
Paves the way for all others
Who fly on the bending light

IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

In the garden of Gethsemane
Fucking around, passing time
In agony of apprehension
Every second like a spike of pain,
Waiting in the quiet night
Only insects breaking the silence
And perhaps some frogs and birds
If there was water near

NEVER AGAIN

The man entered
He climbed up the stairs
He had some fun
He did not play golf
He dreamt of the farm
Where the frogs and toads
Had gulped and whooped all night
While the insects sang
Under the moon`s hazy light
And one large grasshopper
And a huge butterfly
Had hopped and flown
Into his field of vision
And had hit and flapped
Right into his face
So that his reverie was shaken
And he stopped remembering
And instead climbed down
Those stairs to the door
And left the house
Never again to return

ALL THE RIVERS FLOW

All the rivers
Flow down to the sea
Whether you do anything
To check or change
Their inexorable pressure
Their insistent movement
Or not. There comes a time,
No longer to push and strive,
Thrust or barge,
Rant and rave,
But just to let
The rivers flow
Exactly as they wish to
Without your influence
At all.

SEEING EVIL

If I saw evil
That day,
I wish I had taken it in properly,
Surrounded and submerged it,
Thus to learn its essence and be able
To transcend it.
But I did not;
I hoped it was not real,
I hoped I could change it back into good,
I was terrified inwardly and wholly confused.
Moments of the past cannot be lived again,
Lessons learnt too late cannot be put into practice.
Damnation is in life,
Life is damned.

I LIKE THE NIGHT'S PEACE

I like the night's peace
When I can collect my thoughts
When so much comes together
Like stars into constellations

Like the moon rising in love
Like softness of the sky
The silken fabric within which jewels
Of hope and insight lie

K

Kafka's K never knew why he
Had been arrested, or what crime
He was accused of; only that
He was condemned, of what, he could not

Know. Legal wrangling until his final
Murder, was his fate. Lawyers, bureaucrats,
Strange rules that change all the time:

Were his '*ontological insecurity*'.

TO HAPPINESS AND LIGHT: A TOAST

To happiness and light,
Forgetfulness of worry,
For art and the spiritual world,
With love and erotic life.

THE ORIGIN

From the rupture in the void
The sadness of the cypresses
From the absolute emptiness
The fountains in Villa d'Este
Come centrifugal and centripetal forces
The basic rotational movement
Vortices of energy with opposed polarities
A river which is water given form by energy
The expanding and contracting universe
Fundamental explosion into spirals of creation

I am the eye with which the universe
Sees itself and knows itself divine
It is a divine world recreated each moment
The inner truth is that point, from which
Everything is thought into existence
Growth in the outer breath of being
Is intuited and felt from the inside
Absolute mind rises up to know itself

Lights blink up and the going and coming
Of existence's cycle gives into absolute being
The same world in totality where to be is the same
As what is, for there is no separation
Between the world itself and its creator
In the ocean of existence where reality
Is the same as the deep mind of beings
The nature of minds and worlds and energy

IT IS ONLY THE TRUMPETS

It is only the trumpets
That bring down the walls of Jericho!
The trumpets that must be in tune!
Must have the right resonance!
That is life; and all is chance -
As who knows what sounds, in advance,
Are the ones that have the right effect -
Consider the complexity of interaction
Of all the factors within the interwoven web
Of even one trumpet-blow upon a morn!
It is infinity multiplied by infinity.

THE DEPTHS OF PAIN

The depths of pain that some would name
Merely the price of attachment,
Others would describe as broken love,
When the heart is smashed in twain.
Ah! how best to see
The deepest suffering known to
That knows no bounds, nor understanding.

FANTASY AND TRUTH

As we see the burning moon
And faces change into their fate
What can we imagine as the darkness fades
And the mountains light up in glorious dawn
And the sky expands in blue words
Because we are still half dreaming
Like worms upon the ground.
What is the meaning when the clouds fly
High upon the ground floating
Mists upon the sunny morn
Gorgeous dreams upon the dawn
Heavily honey in imagination's taste
Truth appearing in hallucination
Ah, not let us forget the stars!

Roll around the galaxies!
The night is young, the universe timeless,
The clock is something that rolls backwards
From Mozart to snails to amoeba to electrons
To particles formed in the first few seconds
In that Buddhist dream where mind makes
All happen – the rest is either illusion
Or movement into the lower reaches
Of material, concrete, visible truth.
Why not let us remember the beauty
Of the shooting stars splaying across the skies
Of fantasy! Yea, from this window I see
God's glory, supreme, absolute vision,
The coloured streaks throughout the sky,
Divine strokes across a clouding day,
The weird hopes of eternity,
The wild dreams of peaceful loveliness.

PERHAPS

Perhaps we will fly again
When our wings dry out again
Then again could we rise up high
(Or, perhaps for the first time)
And feel that although the whole is not perfect
We can touch perfection within its imperfection
And just be wherever things seem to throw us –
Flow with the Tao however it goes –
Live in the present, not too disturbed
By past perturbations, nor too distraught
In fear and hope about the strange future:
Nor dwell with thoughts of death;
God forbid!

FOUR COGITATIONS

I ABOUT THOUGHT

To move from the Mind to Maya,
From dream to waking life,
From the concealed to the manifest,

From dark Night to Daylight;
From the right hemisphere to the left,
From intuition to rationality,
From the One to the coloured Many,
From primordial unity to dialectical opposites;-
From deep Essence to surface Appearance,
From permanence to dynamic movement,
From Eternity to Time,
And back to the Original Great Time:
That is Life, Art, Consciousness, and Thought.

II TIME AND ETERNITY

I search to think what I feel,
Or to feel, properly, what I think –
Perhaps all that is impossible,
Given that all is billions of years
Old, floating down to its finish,
Billions of years later.
Or, perhaps that kind of time is illusory!
That which is, is that which is produced
In every instant of Eternity!

III BEYOND

Beyond these curtains of a simple room
Where I sit down, though outside it rains,
And I think inwards, while outside it blasts
To the ultimate moment of recordable time;
The truth of Mind can only be eternal,
Yet the universe obviously started at one moment,
And will run down and stop, finally;
Time will then be finally ended
In a minor catastrophe, though Eternity
Will go on for eternity!?

IV YOU LET THE BLOOD

You let the blood slip away
Deaf and blocked to the world

Time is sinking while you are fiddling
Hiding deep in lies
Lies that poison the inner soul
And kill the real dream
The dream of Truth and its own Love,
The hope of light that shimmers in harmony.

PALERMO SONG

When the rain falls and I feel foolish
Because there is no other route
And flight to the highest spirit is nigh
Where I can see the huge disaster

Then my feelings of deep love
Enter the worlds of strange poetry
Even more magnificent than wild music
Because there is here a dark forest

Of wild beauty on the beach
With sound flowing like glorious surf
Upon the sands sifting with those dreams
Of holy martyrdom unto the truth

Where the gorgeous truth erupts
And owls and weird birds blink
Upon the dreaming night of flights
Where once we see the morning sun

Sweet with dreams of morning dew
Where beautiful sounds of waves upon
The strange shores convey some chaos
While mountains beat upon the ground

And there we blow in eternal breath
With crazy sounds flying across
The moments and sleeping kinds of lusciousness
That flake out like barks of dogs

IF I SHOULD DIE

If I should die, think only
That here lies,
One who loved, most deeply,
Bucaramanga.

INTERLUDES IN PARIS, LONDON, GLASGOW.....

1 MY POETRY

My poetry is of the greatest fantasy,
Flapping and flying in grandest soul;
Poetry and Music are for moving out
From the 'normal' world, full of woe:
Thus is a sigh turned into gold,
Thus can a sense of approaching death
Turn into a holy martyrdom.

II WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Flow on sweet Thames, until I finish my song,
In a welter of emotions of extreme complexity;
Memories, confusions, condensations of thought,
Experiences lapping like the river's wavelets.
Life has not anything to show more fair
Than the sight from a bridge in the sun, from here,
The capital of many fantasies, strangest dreams,
From Henry the Eighth to Jimmi Hendrix and the Kinks;
From Elizabeth the First to Ken Livingston the Mayor;
Amazing city of a dream,
Mecca for many a dreaming traveller.

III ON GABRIELA'S PAINTINGS

Beauty of fire
Explosions of light

Loveliness of soft emotion,
Truth that burns through idiocy.
Clear delusions, world of colour,
A world of mystery, creative reflection
On an original form. Every abstraction
Comes from reality
And eventually finds ultimate forms
Of the Universe in electrons or planets or galaxies,
Fractals or dreams of the cosmic god
Of existence. We live in the world
And the world lives in us.

IV I AM IN LONDON

I am in London
Yes I am
Pub with some sun
Through the window

London the Mecca
For half the world
London is London
Cosmopolitan to the end

Reserve, snobbishness, generosity,
Terence Rattigan,
Some kind of civilization
In the terrible weather

Sympathy, Blitz, narrow-mindedness,
Artistic to the end
Yet philistine
Thus are the English

A bird came in the pub
Flamboyant on a Sunday
I like the old-fashioned pubs
Of London

One discovers things
Within oneself
That one did not know
Long ago

IF ALL IS ALWAYS LOST

If all is always lost,
And nothing ever avoids
Impossible conflicts that never allow
A moment of peace within the fray,

Attacked from this side or from that,
There is no Golden Mean at all,
No chance is there to even up,
Succeed, survive, or dream well,

As only nightmare invades the soul

VI TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

What is undeniable
Is that this is Tottenham Court Road

In the rain
Which I don't mind
If I am inside,
In a pub.
Good place, Tottenham Court Road,
I always loved it when I was young,
And now that I am older
It still looks great.

VII ENGLAND

All true Englishmen feel exiles from their country
Just as England is always made up of foreigners:

This is the strange rule of English history,
From Celts, Romans, Romano-Britons, Angles;
Saxons, Jutes, Danes, and Vikings;
And then the Normans:
Since then Spanish Jews,
Hugenots, Jews from Russia, Lithuania,
Escapees – Jewish as well as many others –
From Nazi Germany;
All sorts of dissidents from everywhere.
Then the return of Africans and Asian
To their rightful source, following their glorious loyalty
To Britain: Sikhs, Gurkas, Indians,
Kenyans, Nigerians, Jamaicans, Sierra Leoneans.
Britain has always been changing;
So is it still now, moving on
With mergence, absorption, ever new fantasies,
Because this strange land is something wild.

VIII THE BORDERS

The farms in the rain on the Scottish border
The greenness of light wet and bright

Coming through and beyond the Peak District
The rocky hills and the grazing lambs

Lazy slow sheep resting
Or eating eating the wet grass

IX GLAD DAY

How can I ever feel free
When the day is long as the sun shines
And the chimneys along the houses` tops
And the sky warm-coloured and slightly blue
In Glasgow Byres Road like heaven today
Something has now been accomplished here

X DISINTEGRATING VISION

Crumpling into the distant snow
We groan in the dive to the bottom sore
Devils pollute the air we breathe
Lies rule evermore

Death parades its idiocy
Poison enters every pore
The dogs of hell invade every dream
All that is left is sheer nightmare

XI LITTLE THOUGHT

Extinction of life
“Forgive them for they know not what they do”
Consciousness goes
“From earth and back to earth”

XIII THUS

Stripping away the veil of familiarity –
The buildings, the sun, the flying in the sky –
The sorrow and the pain, the dreams in reverse,
Utrillo`s melancholy of passing time;
Dead-beat is so much, vibrant is more,
Death is of Hope, immortality denied,
Dogs baying at your heels, the essential fabric
Collapsing into dust, and utter chaos,
With the clouds of beauty floating through the blue,
The flight of the soul through all Eternity.

What was drifting through my mind
When heaven aborted and all laid bare,
When the frog and the toad and the lonely wolf
All died and disintegrated into guts of hell,
When crying dogs cracked something mad,
When geese and flying ducks entered the fray,
When the train arrived into Edinburgh,
Then did the juice from a lemon fall,
Then did the drops drip hard so down,
And rainbow-ladies in grey clouds, they flew.

Standing in the strange nightmare,
The blows from the skies into the ground,
With light from clouds in Highland storms,
Gustav Doré crazily at work;
Thus, the incomprehensible fire,
The work of mad gods at wild night,
Creation from dust and darkling plains
Spurting onwards to blue flames.

BUCARAMANGA AGAIN

Beautiful is Bucaramanga
Once again
Here viewing the glorious green
Andes surrounding her lovely basin,
Seeing them from our *terraza*

Sweet birds flit in and
Eat any specks of food upon
The floor, while the bright-coloured
Flowers send out flames of pure
Light, all around

And my love is here
Everywhere
So I can dream of loveliness and peace
And run out from my nightmares
Quickly

AND ALL.....

And all the ecstasy in the sky
Will not bring down final disaster
For the sea will howl and the gods will blow
At every wrong speck in the winds of fate
And all will be right, turned around
As fire leaps upward to the sky –
That ocean of deep purple dark fate –

Destiny as a chord of loud play –
Love as a galaxy of smiling day

NOTES OF MUSIC

Notes of music
Make the leaves move
Through twenty-four hours of concentration
From the origins to the end

When all sinks back into Eternity
Into the silent Universe
The golden-haired girl with green eyes
Lying in her cold grave

And the night-stars dreaming through
The miraculous sky with melancholy
As beauty bursts into the streams

DEBUSSY IN BUCARAMANGA

Where are we going towards the moon
Mid-afternoon the sprinkling sun from sky
Leaves of trees rustling in the wind
What are the memories of other lives
Trickling notes of memory and forgetfulness
Enigmatic love, melancholy, oblivion:
There is the day across the earth
There the clouds moving quiet across the blue.

WHITE DUCK AT NIGHT

When a duck walks past at night
You know it does not matter more
Who thinks what of you, what effect
You had at all; peace, live, don't worry:
Silent eternity will swallow us all back into the darkness
From which we came. We could not really change

Anything, although we tried.

WHEN BUTTERFLIES FLUTTER IN MIST

When butterflies flutter in mist
And messengers of hate fly
Jiggering along lost memories
Screeches of late loud birds
Beaks fluffed by puffs of cloud
Disorientation of brash mountains
How long does dog diggishly dreaming
Gobble down all of time

A BOOK OF BUCARAMANGA

PART TWO

AH, AS I LOVE YOU

Ah, as I love you O so desperately,
Your sweet sun flows into my waking dreams,
I feel new life again within the shell,
The hopes and visions of deep ecstasy.
Your gorgeous smile enters in my heart,
Where bright lights expand in outward-flooding waves.

FROM FIELDS OF PAIN

Plumbing the depths of pain and misery,
Like the clouds that plough through the beauteous sky,
Wisping their white thronging mists
Like sacred cotton within the blue
Inane wondrous panoply above;
Look upwards to the mystical light!
Rise up and see delicious flight!

TO MLADEN AND CAROLE

I feel so happy today, and if
You contributed one drop to the tide
That caused the arrest of Karadzic today
I hope I did, perhaps, one molecule.
After thirteen unlucky years for the world
The man with the killer hairdo will go
To Hell, like the dead, raped, and tortured Bosnians
That he sent there so long ago.
And so go the souls of Owen, Rifkind,
Hurd, Major; and all
The soulless, bloodless collaborators
In Bosnia`s holocaust.

NIGHT-TIME

Sadness with that pain that goes
Through the dark air of night,
Imagination`s stars brilling
Round and round amid the dreams
Of night-time, and of paralyzing memories
From long before this moment was born
Down among inchoate shapes,
Emotions of long lost hopes,
Erotic strangenesses of sound-images.

WELL?

Boy, do you want to be President,
Do you want to be a rock-star?
No, I will fly, in love, among the stars:

How long will you really be here?

I rolled over in the skidding skies –
How blue and dark they always were.

FATE, REVISITED

As if, really, it were not a question
Of slipping up to rocks out from eternal sea,
Soon to slip back down to the same eternal sea,
In Death; but rather, to have been spun by a Norn or Parca
Into a unique thread, soon to be cut
And dropped back into the Nothingness from which we came:
This, it might seem, is the real Fate.

MISERY

There was I, looking on the blue-night sea
Slipping outwards from view in dark oil-swept light
Dripping sadness of unrelenting pain
Unremitting suffering in desperation
Rivers dragging in heavy ecstasy

Agony, as it was, creeping through the sea,
Wherever the crazy gods wanted thus to fold it,
Broken bleeding dreams, there deranging,
Among the broken stars in golden galaxies
Expanding or declining in rare decimation

Ah how sweet misery slips through our brows
And the stars streak into the strangest garbs,
There is the wild, burning sky,
Night of heaven in delicious dream

TIME MEANS NOTHING

Time means nothing;
Every instant taps into Eternity anyway,
And is probably repeated an infinite number of times
In each expanding then collapsing Universe;
And in any case all that happens is
In a sense part of a unified structure of space-time
Already in place and forever,
All the time.
So stop worrying about the “passage of time”,
Just Be, whenever Fortune allows you to.

Love is the Unity of the Universe
That which holds it all together
And will hold together future Universes
As it has held together former Universes
And is dispersed throughout everything.
Perhaps it is the ancient Tao
Or you can call it God if you will;
It is the pantheistic Truth of Shelley
Probably invented by the human heart,
Part of the human soul but also
Of the universal soul of all.

A TRIO

I CASARE`S FAUSTUS: THE PASSAGE OF TIME

You can go back in time to earlier phases of your life
But you cannot go forward reliably at all;
And all the time the moment ticks forwards towards the end.

How strange when you think of the values you held at an earlier time
And how much more terrifying to think of the way you may see things in the
future;
Trying to figure out your sense of meaning right now is quite enough:
Pondering the thin veil of this moment between life and death.

II A PLEA TO FEAR

Dread fear, not in the afternoon sun
Let anguish corrode the shimmering moment,
Let not a perfect moment go
Without entering far into Eternity!

III THE SELECTED COCK

Ah the hour of the cock`s crow has passed,
Now it is in the bag,

Waiting to have its throat slit,
Then to be feathered, skinned, and cooked
For our supper.
Those nights, in the middle of which he stood
Up absurdly straight and strongly squawked,
Drawing response from a far-off cock
Somewhere down in the valley dark,
Are over; and the legends of Santander,
According to which, when a cockerel crows
In the middle of the night, not at dawn,
Something terrible must happen, someone will die:
Such legends will not apply to him
More, except in memory.
Do the other cocks and chickens lament
His passing? Oh, no!

TRUE LIFE

It is not immaculate at all:
It is simply that it is so transcendent that the
Sharp edges become sublime:

That is how Shakespeare`s poetry often is,
Especially in his Sonnets;
They are like the higher reaches of life:
“Mr. Shakespeare must have been an Irishman!”

Now let us look upon the fruits of life,
Dripping from the green-leaved trees of paradise,
The bending branches, the mystically extreme orange
Of mandarins amidst the Flemish trees:

Here we can see a Fountain of Life,
Holy dripping translucent transparent water flowing
In mesmerizing Truth of sacred ecstasy.

SEA OF DESPAIR

Crash down the barriers around the Sea of Despair!

Let us sink down and lose all sanity,
So said a Minx from an anxious brain,
One who had lost all breathing Hope.
Palpitating losing last energies for life,
Dragging down like leads of Oscar Wilde`s heart
After his trial, when the sun has set
Like coal upon the chimney of Eternity.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

How do you know what is wasting time,
Or, what is or is not wasting time?
All depends on what it is for - Life -,
And, if it is for anything at all.
If you know for what transcendent value
You strive, then you know how best
To spend time – but if you do not,
Or, if you *change your mind*,-
Then all inevitably seems
Like time spent waiting for your disappearance;
And, if anything has been achieved at all
In your short, fragile, unique life,
You will not know of its aftermath,
As you will be dead, and unaware.

A NIGHT SONG

Ah, now let me sing my song,
In a flowing vein among the stars,
In lights surrounding pin-dark prick-holes,
Revolving miracles of wondrous spheres,
Where flowers dream upwards in endless colours,
Where love envelops the perfumed night,
Drifting in sweet, pleasant time,
Flowing along the meadows` airs,
As if the leaves of the long trees,
And the blades of gentle waving grass,
And the lowing cows upon the bells,
The birds fluttering in sudden calm;
Thus must a moment`s pastoral be,
Swimming in nature`s unconsciousness,
Where flights of butterflies and moths spin round,

And fling the ultimate wings of love,
And the green-winged flies and the praying mantises,
The glorious beetles with wild mouths,
Saws of serrated, black wavering flaps,
Impulsions, and awe-inspiring dives,
Blue transparent wasps flittering too,
With winds behind them, candles before;
The night, of course, will have to end,
Too early for the ultimate wish,
Too soon for the magical lepidopterous chemicals
To calm themselves down in the forest night,
So the fire-flies can parade and control the sight,
For floating minds amidst the woods.

LIFE`S BLINK

Life is but a moment`s blink
Upon the miracle and wonder of the world –
The beauty of nature, the mystical joining
With all; and also the understandings of science.
As well, it is amazement at seeing and studying
Human beings, in their many guises,
Pursuits, and ideas: therefore also, religions,-
Spiritual and philosophical worlds:
Before we fall back, into that Whole,
Which is best felt as Truth, Love, the Absolute;
Once again.

In the meantime, with consciousness emerging
For a tiny blink, you grasp with your soul`s
Retina all this, hardly able to make it out
At all, before it is all over:
Before you go back, disappear, disperse
Into the Tao, the Spirit of Beauty.

YES

Make no mistake
It is to feel calm with all
And flow along where it goes
(Death does not matter)

And bounce the woman`s body around
In your mind`s eye
Like the unity of two dolphins swimming
Take all as it comes
Delight is there always
We crawl on the edge of Eternity
The sphere where all sounds come

BILLY-BUGGED

Ah, my rocking billy, will you not turn round,
And see me be, here, hoping for your sound?
Why will you never change, surround the empty air,
Why is all you seem to know, everlasting delay?
Ah, you are a silly billy, did you never feel,
Empty as a hungry pidgeon floating down to sea?
Why not peck a little speck, and brighten up the dive?
You might be able to do that even before more crooks arrive!

BACK TO THE STARS

Back to the stars in sacred silence
Sadness dripping once again like lights
Tears occasionally floating around in pain
Misery unrequited, thus the drain
Blood dripping like a hung-up chicken
Dying for the others to peck its blood

THE SONG OF JOHN McCAIN

John McCain, John McCain,
How we love you John McCain,
Dropped his bombs on many children,
Took two back then to adopt them!

John McCain he really fights,
Patriotic against Washington,
Where he`s sat for thirty years,
Manoeuvring like a cunning bird!

Has a multimillionaire wife,
O, how Jesus saves the Good!
Excellent, warm, brave, intelligent,
Experienced, fine, “maverick” McCain!

CARTAGENA AT NIGHT

The spires of light make time at night
For life`s reflection on joy and woe,
The coastal motion rounding the sea
Encourages the waves to roll in and say
Before the next ones crash their life
Upon the beach of sand and dream,
A microcosm of the Universe,
In time and space smaller, but
In essence the same peculiar thing
Advancing in time meaninglessly
Advancing in apparently endless repetitions
Yet also in cycles and creative spirals,
Sometimes linear, sometimes not,
Sometimes hopping from hot, magical moments
Of sacred, magical creation
To others, out in three hundred and sixty
Degrees in all directions, a cosmic bubble:
Thus is similar the human mind
When tapped into deep unconsciousness,
That opens up strange information
In dreaming material that squares the world.

And like a woman guided by an ideal vision,
Finding a lover swims as she dances,
Among the lights of the rounding coast,
Along the saga of the everlasting sea,
Dancing on the balcony, loving her dreams,
Being definitively in absolute chaos,
Among the crashing white waves,
The surf kissing from the gorgeous sea
Upon the foaming soft sands
In eternal life, or eternal illusion,
Thus were we, once upon a time.

In lakes of Shelleyan love and death
Where all is concentrated into One,
Sensitivity with the moon,
The pores of the soul opened to all,
The heart of eternity burning in oil,
The ship of night bearing along the soul
Through night for all ecstatic time.

Love is floating out tonight,
Perhaps we could forget all pain
And care, just for a short span,
And join the moon spinning in its haze,
Leaving clouds like a goddess moving,
Searching for lovers in the purple sky,
Later to return to sleeping darkness,
Or to wait for its final descent
In the morning when the dawn breaks
In bursting colours of streaking strange
New lights of yet another hope,
Another time of exploding farce,
Wildness of everlasting fire.

I stretch out on the boulevard,
Love at last sight this is again,
Who can truly count the loss
Or add up all as if there were something to gain?
All mortal love is temporary,
Like rocks poking above the waves
For more or less time every day,
As measures of relative eternity.

There is no human Art superior to Nature`s;
The colours of the real sky: pink, blue, subdued darkness
When they parade upon the celestial vault
In dusk or night-time in Cartagena,
Are the very hues of gods incarnate:
In birth, and also perhaps in death.

As Misfortune takes us down,
Where the wan and weary rest
For a little, and afterwards the Nereids mourn,
Because the moment has been lost, is gone,

Yet the excellence of the whole Universe
Ever is shining, always its Love
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are,
And as that Love kindles us from below
And sprinkles pure light from stars above,
Thus can we feel that particle of Truth
Which contains the whole as a grain of sand.

As lightning flashes across the sky
The darkness sucks into its inner vision
Over the horizon of the infinite sea,
At night in the blue of Cartagena,
And as its thunder reminds the brain,
The celestial spheres spray violent reign,
The gods making love above the sky
Scream in ecstasy because the morn
Seems to come in, soft and slowly,
With waves thus licking unto the shore.

Ay, yeah, it all goes so soon,
Though beauty truthfully never passes away,
For if our feelings enter into Perfection,
Surely they must also be in Eternity?
Ay, again, these fleeting dreams
Like Spirits floating in misty caverns,
Like souls drifting in a Roomfull House,
Like God`s instructions for the Universe,
Like God`s words speaking into pure sculpture,
Like Hell disintegrating into dust,
Now they fly like this moon at night,
Like the farthest stars into obscurity,
Among the dissolving abstract atoms
Of the ultimate essence of purest sense.

The Moon scraping through night-clouds
Like visionaries in *ayahuasca* flights
Like friars in their ancient monasteries,
Like mystical travellers upon the sea,
Like adventurers, pirates, into the skies;
Thus when seen in all their pinkness
Moving clouds in silent sound.

The girl with a cigar
Cigar from Havana
Bends over the protective fence
Of the terrace with a gorgeous view
Of the wild infinite expansive sea
And now she seems she might fly
Above the *Castillo de San Felipe*,
Above the *Palacio de la Inquisición*,
Into the infinite night sky
That rolls above the infinite sea
Rolling around Cartagena

I think Spirit swirls around
All the Universe, all the molecules,
And is part of the breathing brain,
The interstices between the cells of mind`s thought;
And is supremely lacking
Wherever Love is turned away,
Whenever some people are crushed
Or rejected, by others, who care not a damn.
“God knows” what happens to individual souls
When the body kicks in and stops breathing,
When the heart pops in and the brain snuffs out,
Although all energies are probably returned
To the Cosmic Cyclic Ecosystem,
Because a girl like Nadja, magically
Inspired the mind of André Breton
A long time ago, when his heart beat,
And he was on a Search for the Absolute.

The lights of Paris streets at night
Were bristling with unconscious fiery flight,
Chance, *I Ching*, wondrous Dream,
Electricity of whimsical chance encounter
Of things living or things inorganic
Meeting on a dissecting table
As if the wind blew one to Easter Island,
To mingle with the stone of immense statues;
Thus do seem Cartagena`s lights
At night, over its softly rippling Bahía,
Twinkling because of future memories,
Gentle within its gentleness.

The Tao is rippling as ever tonight,
'Tis only we who lose sight of it
At times – periods short or long –
And then forget to flow along with it,
And stop moving with its inexorable motion,
Diving along in spills from side to side
Responding, as with control of sails
In line with crazily random winds,
Knowing when not to do anything,
Spontaneously dancing with the Eternal Tao.

SHIPMENT'S AFTERMATH

I WITH THE HANGING MOON

With the hanging moon and a pointed star,
Time will not stay still for you,
It will move on like a sinking crescent
Steadily, until out of sight.
Relentless time and memories of before
Are cruel, just as the creamy moon
And the glorious star are infinitely beautiful.

II BEAUTIFUL, ROMANTIC BUCARAMANGA

Beautiful, romantic Bucaramanga!
O how lovely you are!
What a privilege it is to live here,
Your lights at night, your mountains!

III AH, IS LOVE LOST

Ah, is love lost,
Does not it all accumulate and float
Waiting for eternity in the Universe
Like an Energy that can never run down;
So that nothing is ever wasted;
All temporary, transitory moments
In fleeting, flowing time,

In some sense remain and coalesce
In divine, absolute, ultimate truth,
In which all suffering is finally redeemed?

IV AS THE MOON BURNS

As the moon burns
In the space between the trees`
Branches amid the dark blue
Night sky, thus did speak
Antonio with Antonia
And the stars twinkled
All around
Their loving interlocution.

Poetry touches on everything
Like sweet dew upon a round flower,
Love never leaves behind
A whisper or a tear.

V OUR RIVER OF LOVE

Our river of love
Like light from the moon
Is the sound of eternity,
A lighting of the soul.

Are we now one,
O wherefore two?
The stars splinter from heaven,
As for our benediction.

Your ripples in the loveliness of night
See where you stand with love!
Shimmer with the harmony of miraculous truth,
Are we at work in sweetest life?

VI FALLING LIKE THE SUN

I may be on my way out
Yet I cannot yet forget
The suffering of all humanity,
Even though I now know
I am no more than a spark in a long stream,
That happened to become conscious....
And, I am so aware
Of the evolutionary history of our species,
Which hardly sustains radical idealism;
All is so haphazard, almost crazy.

And yet when I see the sun
Falling into the setting sea
And my heartbeat jumps within your kisses
Deep into the rolling mountains,
Yes I know how complicated
Are the patterns of everything.

All the pain that ever meets
Upon the dream of evermore
That our spirit dances now along
Up until the rainbow sky.

I wandered all around the world
Until I met you, and your love.

Moth woman –
 fantasy –
 down all goes.

VII DREAMS AND FANTASIES

Floating on a shaft of light
Rolling on a sheet of light
Where a rainbow has appeared
After the sun has reemerged
After the rain has stopped pelting
In the Cordillera Oriental

In the mountains near Lebrija
Where you feel on top of the world
Where it feels like the roof of the world
Looking over Chinese mountains
Like a painter-poet drinking rice wine
Like a gentleman-scholar free-floating bohemian
Moving in mind like the clouds and streams
Like a Confucian Taoist picking up his brush
To float in the spirit of the mountaintops
Along the rooves of the Cordillera Oriental
Near San Gabriel and Escuela Portugal
In the floating flaming mountains of Santander.

MIND LANDSCAPE

My mind burns up like a floating fire,
Like Dong Yuan in *Wintry Groves and Layered Banks*.

THE SADNESS OF ETERNITY

The sadness of Eternity
Enters into all our souls
Sometimes: like great music,
But also expands outwards like the Truth
Of daylight and the burning sun,
All rolling like a goose-like chase
Up and down the infinite hills
And patterns of the soul's motions,
The contours of every emotion.

COMPOSER

With music I can suggest a leaf fall,
Equally the heat in a vast desert,
Can evoke the wind upon my face,
The emptiness when left alone;
As also the heartfelt feeling of complete love,
As the sun falling upon your eyes
From the sky with crowding balls of cloud
Rolling in the greatest blueness;

Thus could I defeat an army
Of stupidity with my wisdom.

TIME-SPACES

GENOCIDAL MURDERERS

They will sink into the depths
Where they will be beneath the light
Where Hell will breathe just as it burns
Even their souls will suffer pain.

(The blooded bones will block the night;
Never will the murdered rise.)

COMPLEX DESIRE

It was as if, once,
I was not content to be within
My little time and space,
Instead like an ant upon a table
I wanted to fly above it, to look
At the total Whole, and then periodically
Dip down to different time-spaces,
To experience variety, then again
To rise up above and see “everything”;

But now, I can accept that the Whole
Can actually be glimpsed from a single
Life-world in time and space,
And that, as it is utter grandiose illusion
To expect to feel “everything”, anyway;-
One life-world should be lived in complete
Imagination, like Blake`s microcosm in a grain of sand:
Now, however, my dread thought is that
Any and all space-times are really only
Tiny pin-pricks in the silent, cold Universe.

TWELVE LINES

I search deep into my profound solitude
Where in the shadows of my round dreams
I feel the pain, but also the love and hope
Within existence.

I don't need to move from here
To imagine Taoists with their sacred sights;
I see here the sacred moon
Burning next to a dark tree.

Here is crazy humanity:
The girl with strange fantasies:
Beautiful, but full of dreams
And also nightmares, in her mind.

POETRY IS MY CONSOLATION

Poetry is my consolation
For the suffering I have known;
Private beauty in isolation
Is a poet's strange home.

MEMORIES AND REGRETS

Drops like leaves will fall upon
The cheeks under the shading trees,
Down unto the earth, receiving
Understanding of our sins;
Sweet music moves our very heavens
In motion of the spheres.

Wild dogs of night are they that come
Into the mind like notes into our ears,
Sparks that fly around the dark
Eating out all peace of mind.

INTERCONNECTED MYSTICAL UNITARY TOTALITY

Careless the quack of a night duck
Ah, do I not see the time,
The chance of Destiny in the chime
Of the inner clock of all the Universe;
In the mist, that shows us all
Is mingled indistinctly into all,
So that all is interconnected:
The death of Mahler with the duck`s quack,
With the corners of all Eternity,
The moment`s spoke into the hub,
So that all things happen forever,
Beginnings and endings being sheer illusion.

YOUR LOVE AND HOPE

Ah, how you encouraged me
When I was down in the deep abyss;
Ah, how you shone confidence
In our ability to brave on through
All difficulties. Even unrealistic
You may have been, in your warm love,
And your bright, round, loving hope,
Without which I might have crumpled.

IN THE HOUSE ALONE

I was in the house alone,
Left with my salt tears,
Anguish for my children`s love,
Dumped in illness of the mind,
Body, and soul. I swear,
No prisoner ever in Stalin`s Russia,
Nor inmate of a Nazi camp,
Felt more sorrow nor bitterness.

MY FIRST CIRCLE

I wandered into a hog`s cove
Where I was eaten by her teeth,
I did not understand anything
Until I was half-dead;
Then, with my remaining mental energies
I began to realize how all had happened,
But could not put it into words
At all; I just waited; not to die.

IS THIS JUST A CHANCE MOMENT?

Is this just a chance moment?
Nothing meaning nothing more?
O should not the sight of mountains!
Should that not mean something more!
O is all a mere passing moment
Within an indifferent vast flow;
Is there no entry into Love or Eternity?

WHEN THE LIFE TAKES US INTO TEARS

When the life takes us into tears
And strangest thoughts do enter our mind
When the drift of life seems a river whose flow
Leads ineluctably into and down to the sea
As the soul mingles with the rest of the Universe
In death; then, it is one of those things
Where the mind alone makes it Heaven or Hell
According to its special predilections:
Either we pluck at lice like a duck
Or we soar, flying like a proud eagle.

Each one of us kills the thing we love
Said someone in a gaol,
We do that because we understand not
What we do, nor either the thing.
We are a strange species altogether
Quite different from everything else,
And because we are so stupidly unique
We can compare ourselves with nothing else

And thus we bungle everything:
Nearly always, but sometimes we
Can see everything from miraculous heights
Like a shaman, or artist, like Mozart.

How ridiculous to be constrained
From the natural tumbling into the hills
The luscious chaos of unplanned flight
The fall of goodness from drops of strange
Hope and love; how also bad
To sink into pure Hell
Through uncontrolled deathly madness
Swivelling like poker-fires.

It is Destiny that happens to you
As from the Aspect of Eternity;
In each moment that you make your mistakes
Or leap in genius at the ultimate star
Never again able to repeat that fire,-
You know no Destiny: only later
Everything appears like a broad river
Flowing in flame towards the sea
As with the music of Swinburne or Sibelius.
When the life takes us into tears
And the wild sparks fantasize,
We float along until something spikes
Us, as bits of holy flotsam.

EVERY NIGHT HAS TO DIE

Every night has to die
Like the light in your eye,
All rolls far around,
Perhaps coming back again.

I WANT TO FLY LIKE A BIRD OF PARADISE

I want to fly like a bird of paradise,
My soul must soar through the glorious sky;
Thank you all Love for allowing me this madness,

I shall always be of your Eternity.

I'll think through the air like a wild bird
In and out of clouds, unknown by thee,
That will I do, a mad dog of no fame
Flaming like a pterodactyl into the same.

SOMETIMES IT SEEMS

Sometimes it seems as if
Even when the Earth has disappeared into the sun,
Or even after the Universe has collapsed into nothing,
Yet still will the perfect, pure
Loving beauty of Mozart's music
Trickle at the speed of light
Through some kind of remaining ether

CHRISTMAS IN LIBANO

All the pining and the yearning –
“Silent night, holy night”;
That is Christmas here, and there –
South America is partly European:
A continent whose destiny in indissoluble form
Is united irrevocably to that of Europe.

LET THE TRUTH SPEAK

Let the truth speak directly from your heart,
It will eventually tell itself, like music,
That cannot be misunderstood nor mistaken.
In the meantime, worry not –
Keep on jogging along the line,
Flying in zigzags around the peaks
Of vast cloud-covered wild mountains,
Merging into dreams and collapsing not.
Always eventually love will win
And truth prevail, ultimately.

HAIL!

Hail thou goddess of glorious Hope!
Swirling in blue through the Absolute!
Birds` beaks poking in superimposition,
Dimensions of dream in life, and his eyes!

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

Whoever remembers that optical illusion
Where a candlestick, or two faces, chop and change
One to the other, will recall that really
Neither were real, but only momentary Gestalts.
That gave rise to the alternating illusions of faces
Or a candlestick: and, thus it is
When one thinks about one`s life and how it sometimes seems
To have been dominated by hardships and misunderstandings,
And sunk by nastiness and vile injustices,
Then pops across to a vision of delight,
Of miracle, good luck, and happy fortune:
O how schizophrenic and utterly ridiculous
Such dichotomy seems, yet it goes on being real
Apparently forever, until the end.

REFLECTIONS

We threw ourselves in youthful idealism
At the waves of time and all illusion
What else other would one do with youth
How could it be with aged wisdom?
If thou not fly in strata of sky
Sacred, wild colours in skates of fire
At least when early, with only dreams
Informing the flight, not realistic aims –
If not, if not, what burns later
When all is calming down in fire
When energies are otherwise in tone and direction
What then could mean a sensible past?

PLEASE HAVE PATIENCE

Please have patience with my soul
As the misty clouds settle on the peaks
Of green mountains around the town
Of Libano. Accept the sight
Of trees in sunlight studded upon
The meandering slopes, patches of blue
Between the grey and white clouds
Rolling around the mountain slopes.

MAGIC NIGHT

Trembling as of olive notes
Lost in the wildest darkness
Soft hand disappearing in the night`s shade
Persistence in sticking to one`s guns
Finding the branches to which one holds
Pain though dripping low right down
Tears searing through the atmosphere

DUSK

Addicted to darkness
In the holy night
The trees in the central square
Allowing a little purple light
To percolate through
Down to the ground
Where I sit alone
Wondering again
About what exists
And what is real
In the declining twilight
Flooded emptyly

GRAND CROWN OF LIFE

Grand crown of life

Desperate spirit
Rolling in the heavens
Dogs among the stars

Dying of strong hope
Skeltering in time
Volcano of life
Burning down eternity

HONDA

To see the moon appear above
A mountain by the Río Magdalena
All in a darkness of sacred strength
Brings life to the great Imagination
Of the river, where the fishes grow
Amid the tumbling movement of the wavelets fast
Billowing around, above, and beyond
An ecstasy of brown water.

WONDER OUT OF FLOWERS

Wonder out of flowers
Splaying from the trickling stream
Out from the sunshine upon the mountains
Haze into distance with sun in clouds
Thus the new light from old darkness
Drums rolling from behind the scenes
Essence unopened into milk-blue sky.

Voyage again, return to the beginning
Under the shaded lamp
Watching the same journey back
Into the beginning and back on out
Again in infinite unpredictable voyage
Outwards to the stars

The Big Bang Beginning
Inorganic unfolding of the Universe`s Destiny

Banging the mountains on a new planet
Strange atmospheres in purple colours
Slowly arises life in twisting biochemicals
At the moment of flashlight
Emotion and double helix
Humanity leading to strange mind
Visions shamans dream reality
Music Symphony Number Three
By Gustav Mahler
Gustav Pedro Gabriel

Awakening to discovery of wonderful love
Ecstatic happiness at being oneself
At one with oneself content with all
Surrounding community and the Whole Cosmos
All as one love in harmony
Beautiful in the night of stars

HOW WHEN WE FLY

How when we fly against the mountains,
Shaman-spirits in ultimate flight,
No longer in the real world,
Rather inside the interior mind
Of luscious, wild fantasy;
Also over the highest hills,
The mists and scintillating lights,
The gorgeousness of imagination,
The fire of erotic re-creation
Of all into eternity, into all;
That is the alpha and omega,
The beginning which is also its own end
Like the snake in a circle consuming itself;
Time passing is circular eternity.

SWEET POETRY

Sweet poetry that never shall forget,
What fortune to be ever of that beauty,
The ways through Love never shall be easy,
You fall upon the thorns of life and bleed!

Death will not keep you, nor thine, forever in Its charnel,
As your Spirit will burst out and make all free,
New breath will flood upon your lungs, with power,
As sense and truth invade your mind again,
And perfumes of the holiest wonder will descend,
And float down on your eyelids, in pure loveliness.

ALBERT CANN

I read within the newspaper today
Of an evil man named Albert Cann;
He killed himself and his two children –
All poisoned by carbon monoxide.
He must have thought it a collective suicide
To save them and him from the huge swindle
Threatened from his wife: “My kids and your money!
Neither will you ever see again.”
I immediately thought of Anna Karenina,
Woyzeck, and various literary figures –
Murderers, suicides, desperate people,
O but the newspaper thought nothing of this –
Only he was evil, wicked, bad!

SURROUNDED BY COSMIC PAIN

Surrounded by this cosmic pain
That will sink us into nothingness,
Feeling thus so drenched in bliss
Terrifying being the mad ecstasy,
Thus thou enterest deepest Poetry,
There to swim in the fading Absolute.

A group of drinkers huddled around
A table of darkness, thus escaping
Temporarily, the destruction of the Universe.

LOVE IS ALIGHT

Love is alight in the night tonight,

Reflections of beauty upon the moon;
Ripples remembering the earlier dreams,

Strong winds will give us our rights again,
As we fly to victory above the moon;
Some god will make this moment immaculate.

AH, WHAT LOVE

Ah, what love we have indeed,
Among the lights all around the mountains here,
What feel we down the strangest moods,
Who decides the ultimate truth?

What are the final thoughts at Night,
What must we do upon the Dawn,
When will all this darkness end,
What lies under the water-line?

Ah, why try thee to be so full,
What is thorough throughout the wild,
How would you restore the light,
When noises disorient every delight?

I AM FILLED

I am filled with an immense love for all,
A Spirit of the Universe that disperses pain
And eliminates anger, bitterness, and all regret,
Like advice from Krishna to Arjuna in his chariot;
Some ultimate truth percolates into my being.

LIFE`S PHILOSOPHIE

Like the silver of some ancient dream,
A shimmering cape of gold and emeralds,
The wings of a moth settled by light

Like priceless textiles in the night;
These miraculous beings silently wait
Among the stillness of the croaking frogs
Through the long darkness of Santander,
Long after dusk far above Lebrija.

Burgeoning out from nothingness,
Pin of light growing from absolute darkness,
Faith emerging due to no reason,
Bursts of amazing Dionysiac energy;
Thus is the Night in the *Cordillera Oriental*,
Thus are the thoughts of sweetest Light;
Love is a power amongst the greatest mountains,
Here it transcends all vicissitudes.

Ah, let me take mud to turn into gold;
The rubbish and confusion must be distilled into truth;
The disillusion and failures should not be thought of as death,
But as new opportunities to fly in orange sunsets
Above Andean miracles in heavenly red light
Where gleams in nature divine hope in patterns
And purple sounds emerge in time from the pain
Of faith`s lack, in living mountains that dissolve in ecstasy.

Perhaps if we enter into higher dreams
Pettiness will dissolve, and we become even,
Uninvolved in nonsense, minimal effort
Being the answer now to exhausting conflict:
Give something, receive something, all equilibrates –
There is no such luck as good or bad;
Only you breathe this very air
Which is as good or bad as any other.

Ah, make love until the air dies
Which is never – oh, how we suffer,
The minutes tick from beginning to end,
Nothing holds it up a minute`s moment:
From the beginning, though in youth`s illusions
All seems to stand in timeless eternity,
All clicks on in forward march
Through this strange course – short, yet long.

Still in the dark while still alive
The canyon before me could be the banks of the Nile,
Or I could be facing illusions of the Moon,
Or fantasies of Sogamosa right here in Colombia;
The trees like palms that wave in the wind,
That rotate in the mist like floating thoughts,
The sparkles of light on the dark mountains
Trickle in superb divinities of time.

Or, all could be along the banks of the Amazon,
Those lazy hot humid slow muddy slides,
Those that seem indeed to slow down time
If you sit disentangled in trance-led flight,
Like a black big bird, flirting and flitting
Like a hopeless dream that never finds its target;
They are the animals of the night,
Transformed from the souls of imbeciles.

People there are who believe that God
Manifests Himself in the beauty of Nature,
Thus is a silver-red desperate sunset
Not merely an echo of the human heart
But, an emanation from the being of God;
I don't know: but, I deeply feel
That a rippled sunset of a slain sun
Stirs in me more than a normal god,
Creating something divine and wild
Over all these mountains of Santander
Where I stare, and wonder at what I stare,
As nothing logical answers the noise
Of thunder and rain, because it has come
To destroy that temporary meditating peace,
Almost as an interruption breaks in upon
The moment of completion of delicious love.

SITTING IN THE SETTING SUN

Why are we still sitting in the setting sun;
Dogs are barking, boys whistling;
The sunset has nearly gone, only
A few sleeking streaks continue in light;

The sky is mainly dark, like my heart,
The sounds and lights upon our mortal earth
Drag down the spirit of eternal mirth,
As love`s last dream disperses into night;
Dread and closedness box up the mind.

THE SEARING PAIN

The searing pain in existence
Dries out love down to agony –
Gloria! Gloria! Gloria!
In Excelsis.

TO BE “ENGLISH” IN SCOTLAND

It`s the English *accent* that gives you away,
Like the length of a Jew`s nose;
You cannot escape from truth you see,
No matter who your parents were,
Where you have lived or what you have done,
Still less what you think, you see!
It`s the English *accent* that gives you away,
Like the length and shape of a Jewish *nose*!

PERHAPS FORTUNE IS SMILING DOWN UPON ME

Perhaps fortune is smiling down upon me from heaven again,
Like the warm blue colours around the surrounding mountains
Of Bucaramanga, or like the silver stars
Sparkling in the sky in the wild night
A few hours later: what is the narrative
Of life, love, memory, or hell,
The structures of strangeness, in imagination?

YES,

If I want to disappear into mist,
How then can I communicate back?

Is there solution to being and non-being;
The latter, as nothing, has nothing to say!
While being, always, has too much to say –
Too many unformulated thoughts, undisciplined squads of emotion!
So, let me sit back for just this moment,
Enjoy the view from out of my window,
Reflect upon how little I know,
And how much less I know every day!
Ah, feel peace, don't worry, remember love;
Who knows what will happen in the next moment?

WHY?

A flying ant is spying on me –
Why? Why? Why?
What is the meaning of destiny
When nothing is really free!
If nothing in the universe knows
And nothing gains from history –
Why the pain and wretched wondering,
Why all the tears and worrying?

O LET US VISIT

O, let us visit the salt-flats again
At La Tora, with Jiménez de Quesada's army;
Let us fantasize of gold, slaves, women,
Let us overcome memories of hunger's relentless pursuit,
The poisonous arrows of resisting Indians,
The vast humid heat, the vicious mosquitoes,
The leeches, the worms, and the biting fleas.....

THOSE MOMENTS OF HAPPINESS

Those moments of happiness when you do not mind
Or worry about the problems, but can simply be.....

HOW?

It's Nature too you know, not just Society:
Illness, the expanding and contracting Universe:
These make it meaningless, not just Capitalism;
How to supply our own meanings to that, à la Weber?

Then
 There
What is
 Where

FOCUS ON THE STILL-POINT

Focus on the still centre-point,
That is still the point, wherever you are,
Whoever, and whatever it is
That you are in. The present, starting now,
Leading into the future, whatever that is,
That you do not know yet, and never can,
Until it is no longer the future, but the past,
Which you cannot change; and the present,
Which is the only thing you can affect.
Now. The transcendent, quiet, inner moment
Now, is all there is that can be truly created
By spirit, up to a point. You cannot know
The future, just as you cannot change the past.

WE CANNOT GIVE UP THE DREAM

Because we cannot give up the dream.
And it seems almost as if we may
Be prepared to commit crime if necessary,
But that is not the case.
We just cannot give up the dream.
A life is a very sudden pin-prick
In eternity, the only space
In which we can attempt to take a dream,
And inevitably fail.
But we cannot give up the dream.

ALONE I MIGHT SHAKE

I might shake in fear on a desert island,
But so might I in a cold bed
Alone in vague suburbia,
Who knows. In either case,
One has to decide how to survive,
How to manage in harsh circumstances
That forever change, often for the worse;
And simply choose between life or death,
When there are no other alternatives.

THE GLOW OF RED

The glow of red over the Eastern Cordillera
Is warming to the spirit that is in phase with it,
Like the twittering birds and the evening insects
Entering the dusk in orchestras.

AGONY IN THE GARDEN

Agony in the Garden
As if for the first time
Tighten your grip
You have to brave it through
Though this might be for the last time.

Here is where you are
Why, no longer matters
What are you going to do?
Perhaps nothing, just be quiet.

Death comes to everything
Lose all fear for that,
Such is liberation

Let time run its course
Who knows, perhaps all will change?

Let your head cool; perhaps it is the end.

THE DEEPEST SENSE

The deepest sense of love and grief
Only with weak glimmers of hope
Like the stars above the patio
Like spikes within the softest flesh –
The heart bleeding like a weird signal
The foolish mind inventing blame
And guilt and stupid retrospection

THERE WAS AN OPENING OUT

There was an opening out from death,
A toppling backwards from hideousness,
The chance of new, vibrant, creative energy,
The hope that Life could re-start again.

She came from the deep forests afar,
A lady kind as well as ferocious, fierce,
She kicked the chaos out of the mind's breakage
And helped it leap to attention again.

“Just be who you are, and go on thus,
Obviously strive to avoid mistakes
As you move through the forest that cannot be avoided,
And try, where possible to amend past mistakes.

“But do not boil your brain in regrets
And self-recriminations with every twig
Or growing fruit: push on more gently
And try to feel Life even if your wings are clipped.”

TO JOURNEY TO ANOTHER SHORE

To journey to another shore
Where memories cannot pain nor shock no more
Where we can at last breathe in peace
Living in the moment no matter how it is
Not worried unduly for what the future holds
But above all at quiet peace with the erroneous past

EVERYTHING DECAYS

Sand in the hour-glass
Like time that melts away
Nothing comes from nothing
And everything decays

LET FATE

Let Fate decide the Great Pattern –
O so easy it is so to say!
But it must be ultimately so,
There is no alternative to letting it go
Thus. Though it is not laziness
Nor lack of striving or making effort,
Merely it is the recognition
That sometimes the waves of wild oceans
Unleashed upon you on your island
Are too great to resist, however your will.

FRANCISCA, MOTHER OF THE CASTLE

Phoenix, the soul burns up
A Sacrament of fire
For which we all die,
Returning to sweet sun.

Sing of the glory that dies,
Even in such sweetness of pain
Rest in peace, that which is
The centre of my heart.

Admonish your death to the world
In silence of your voice,
That which lives in forgetfulness,
The memories that die.

Close your eyes, and soul
To all the rays of this sun,
So to live in greater Light
After we have died.

Shout outward of your sense,
Feelings of your pain,
Because they lose all life
Which, dying, it then gains.

ENJOY THE SUN

Life has been full of mistakes
Don't try to make anything different
Just live, as quietly as possible,
Don't try to change anything
As that will fail, and make everything worse,

Or have no effect at all.
Just, for God's sake, be in peace
And do as little as possible.
It won't be long before you die
Anyway, so just enjoy the sun.

THIS IS A STRANGE LIGHT

This is a strange light,
A beautiful traditional-type lamp on our *terraza*,
Gracias à Dios!
Something nice nestling within the pain,
The anguish, and the agony.
It really feels nice here now,
Although at other times, I hope I die soon.

BUCARAMANGA

Girl for whom the day rises
And for whom the night sings
With late birds and active insects
As the lights bristle upon surrounding mountains
Once again: the magical mystical moment
Of every evening when sunlight dims
To nothing, while the electric lights
Of houses and streets begin to sprinkle
Upwards to the night-sky.
Without you not too far away
This would mean no more than Death.

HER

She fills me with a sadness
Of some unmistakable unfulfilment –
A sense of pain that descends eternally,
That inability to reach the zenith.
Some muses or lovers bring ontological misery
To the fore: others dispel disillusionment into joy,
Which is unreasonable, but better than suffering –
Simply emanating from the better response
To the sun within nature: maybe both
Realities, in duality, are in her after all.

THE SOUL

Desires expanding like confusing lights –
Thoughts turning clandestine in the greying night
Of cloudy dusk; all the things you might have seen!
All the thoughts you could have been!

Poetry turns all that was lost
Or missed, into wild, exploding words –
Never will you ever be calm again
Without a complete transfiguration of your soul.

WINE AND YOUR WARM LIPS

Wine and your warm lips
Make paradise now:
Sweet smiles of love are reality
And thus are we in dreams.
Of love make us our thoughts
Defeating thus defeat:
Allow us happiness
Within this weird world.

THIS IS A NIGHTMARE

This is a nightmare of many years` making –
Eons of error brewing up disaster
Bit by bit. Lie calm, as much as possible,
As to understand it will be slower than has been
Its coming, and its attack. Complicated
Is the world, and the human mind.

This is the Night
Failure
 stalks the streets
The end of the line
For dreams? That which is,
Is reality?

As the Night takes off, perhaps
A new reality enters the mind:
More modest than before, but not
Lacking dreams of passion.

TIME

Coming down from there again,
Blood-light, the stars shine
Down, hard against the earth,-

Stone, rock, dust and soot.

This is light, is it not?
What is the purpose of a joke? -
Confusion lies when really all
Is quite clear; there is no Time.

DIVINE DESTINY

Everything perhaps, is some divine destiny:
All the mistakes, blockages, frustrations had to be,
Like the rocks within a river-system –
Just had to be, making the woven tapestry
As it has become. Pure perfection at every point
Would have made not happiness, nor satisfaction.

NEW LIGHT

New light, new shine, new sun
Today cometh, wherefrom and for what
We know not. Death has gone
Away, just for a while, and Life is back
On the throne – the light of life –
The love in hope – the peace, finally, of exhausted mind.

LOST TIME?

But then there is all that lost time –
Well, not exactly lost, but something about it
That did not gell into what it was supposed to be:
Like love, having a family, achieving the great ambition of your life
(Not something greedy, not fortune and fame, but a reaching to the spiritual height
Of your life`s intentions).

THE POETRY OF LIFE AND DEATH

The poetry of life and death

Was here dreamt of gradually.
Like a spark for fire, I uselessly rose
Like crazy unto ultimate truth.

Shafting light throughout the Universe
Intergalactic love and death
I am reborn every moment
There is no real past nor future.

Dogs of fire enter heaven
Because so mad their mistakes are true,
Why must we all dribble down,
Who is master of his fate?

Let us think into black holes,
Why are we here, and who cares?
Who loves whom, anyone, when?
The splashes of Light are desperate.

Nothing ever will explain
The disappearance of molecules
Into the great expanse of space,
The ending of consciousness when time tells.

Time is passing all the time
Within and around the gold altar,
Time is passing all the time
Never will I believe in myths

That glorify death, especially martyrdom –
Everyone dies, why so special
One deliberate and predestined one;
Not is ridiculous this one blood

Among millions? Amid the empty galaxies,
The spaces expanding and the solar systems,
The strange advance from echinoderms
Up to prayers of dreaming men.

I don't feel things any more,
Kissing the joy as it flies now
No longer brings me to Eternity's Sunrise,
As if a kiss smacked me up to heaven;

Like Wordsworth who felt that as a man
He had lost the holy truth of youth,
No longer seeing the miraculous wonder
Of reality in such a mystically pure

Communion. Death takes over,
Disillusionment makes you see
That Samuel Beckett was correct
That Godot never comes, and there is never

A calm plateau at the top of the mountain,
Never are the deep spiritual conflicts
Resolved, and never will you understand
Better the total nonsense of all

Within the ecstasy of sometime happiness,
Within the knowledge of perfect love
That never is; the short while
Of living that opens into the miracle

Of existence in the Universe,
That crazy staring into outer space,
The stars that blaze permanently
Or so it seems, though something else

Is true, actually; the running down
Of an expanding Universe – is that still true?
Never mind, the Ptolemaic view
Is certainly not right, beautiful though it might

Be aesthetically. Dante's Hell
Is also in some way very true,
But myth and metaphor should not be turned

Into literal truth, which then becomes dogma.

Ah, will I ever rise beyond
This slough of low, sad depression,
This feeling of unsurpassable hopelessness,
This never creeping out from down

Negativity: life as pure sloping down
From mountains to a stagnant lake,
The obliteration of all flashing light
Into cold wretched absolute darkness

Beyond the normal psychic limits,
The visions of extraordinary flames –
Those fires that only want to drown
Dismal dreams into dying holes.

This marvellous earth
Is full of wasted life
While that which is always
Before and after it
Is cold Eternity,
That waits or pulls back
Every speck of life
Into its deadly darkness.

SOME HOPE

Once again we feel the young
Stars flying against the sky,
Once again the romantic candle
Flickers its strange unpredictable hopes;
Now I feel the faraway lights
Like memories and wild presentiments of love,
As everything breaks up and rises like madness,
And dreams drifting into some eternity
Float amid great contemplations.
There is always great complexity
Within the star-studded wild Universe,
Because everything expands outwards

And obeys no laws other than those it invents.

IDIOTS ARE FLYING

Idiots are flying among the stars,
With love and craziness I dip down too
Like a shaman exploring each of the worlds,
And regroup among the roots of the Eternal Tree.

I bow to some ultimate Truth at night,
My knee is bent towards the upward stars,
Grant me life and that ultimate forgiveness
That transcends all myriad movement and chaos.

I would walk and then stand before
The abysses and cliffs of dreaming fire –
Mists and clear emptiness in parts of the picture,
A bright moon and fisherman peaceful in his boat.

A DINGY LIGHT

A dinky light settled down upon my mood;
It was like a dark moth that hovers, then touches down;
Like life itself all modulates and changes;
Until the moment of extinction that no one knows.

ADAGIO

Sadness in the music once again
Lack of communication between human beings
The nail gets banged every day further in
While Destiny and Fate find their evil ways
Into the nooks and crannies of despair
And evermore the walls cannot be broken
The tidal wave of nature and history cannot be pushed back
As days and nights move onward to their end

RHYTHMS

To my father

At the beginning
When day and night were more extreme
With freezing darkness and intense heat
And ultraviolet radiation during the day,
Regular physiological changes must have developed
In composite rhythms;
Master clocks and circadian cycles
Are thus deep within the Being
Of life, and therefore in the human psyche
With its alternations between Moon, and Sun

LOVE`S REFLECTION

Sitting in a rocky grotto
Watching the Moon of Love`s reflection,
Guanyin, the deity of mercy and compassion
Drifted into the dream and vision
Of soft Eternity.

NO SOLUTION

There is no solution,
For there is not even a clear problem.
All is shifting, vague, changing,
Like the thoughts from the cells of the moving brain.
“Nothing is either good nor evil,
But that the mind makes it so!”
Why worry then?
Indeed, why even think then?
Ignore everything, and simply live
Like a stone or a cow, unconsciously.
Dribble on, for how long it matters not,
For nothing affects anything of importance.
The earth will anyway disappear into the sun,
And before that the human species will suffocate itself.
What a shame you did not realize all this
From the beginning: but then, perhaps your life
Would have been boring had you held to no ideals,

Had you never struggled for strange objectives
That laid you open to preying demons,
That left you opened-out for stomach-eating
Jackals. How boring all would have been if you
Had been wise, and able to defend yourself
Against lies and deceit, manipulations,
People three steps ahead of you, always.

THE FURY OF BLOODY FIRE

The fury of bloody fire from the utter entrails –
Slave uprising in Santo Domingo.
Slave uprising that served notice –
This world of prosperity is impermanent!

AH, WITH THE BEAUTY OF THEIR WINGS

Ah, with the beauty of these moths and butterflies,
Their wings of silver and gold and silk
And the jewels placed in glorious design
Upon and within them, resplendent with shining
Light reflected from an electric bulb,
Or the moon further away, yet so bright;
This is the night, here in the mountains
Near Lebrija, so wonderful even the gods are sleeping.

DREAMING IN DARKNESS LIT BY LIGHT

Dreaming in darkness lit by light
With the midnight oil and the quiet breathing
Sitting in a modest pavilion
Like a Chinese scholar-poet-painter
Where in the day the view is one
That flies over the mountain-tops
And dives down to the wondrous valleys
With their blue air and their green slopes

THE LABYRINTH

Thinking as we move along
Among the flowers rose and pink
Everything has its strange destiny,
Its direction that is not well understood
Until afterwards, even if then, at all.
And that is where we are, always,
Within a labyrinth of forked paths,
Uncertain even when it is beautiful,
But feeling wonderful, at times, in spite of all.

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS THE DAY

How beautiful is the day
The day and hopeless night
The sudden twists and turns of mood
The floating sounds above the pond
The croaking of orchestral frogs
The half and quarter moon at night
Spinning like the endless stars
The nervous love and luscious beauty
The sensuous softness of the loving moon
The gorgeousness of flying spirit
Deep within the Universe
And deep within the ultimate psyche
The superb truth of holy fire
The revolving circles of fiery colours
The architecture of deep faith
That transcends the vicissitudes of changing lights

THE SADNESS OF A MILLION MOONS

The sadness of a million moons
Is as nothing to the human heart
Eaten by worries, waiting to die,
Knowing that all beauty, love,
Is transient.

I MERGE ENTIRELY WITH THE MOON

I merge entirely with the moon
And sink my soul into wild Nature,
Thus is the strange law of existence
Born out like fire at the midnight hour,
When stars dive down to earth,
And pirate sparks fly up in clouds
Of burning colours and burning rainbows,
In galactic fantasies of strange creation.

THE GRAND EXPANSES OF THE NIGHT

The grand expanses of the night
Invite us to join into eternity
In spirit of adventure, love of the moon,
Mingling with the stars that bristle with light
In this one instant of extraordinary time,
This ecstasy of absorption into space,
The enigma that is much greater than any religion
Could imagine: why, when, how; what.

FISHERMEN AMONG THE STARS

Let us start again
Like the fishermen pushing their boat ashore,
Strong, humble, honest men,
Like the Bible says Jesus met
And called to join him, inviting them
To become fishers of men.

The poetry of the distant soul
Emanates down unto the earthly being
From mountains we hope unto the end
And disappear in striving dreams.

There is no answer to the pain
The unanswerable questions of living being
Only occasional happiness comes
Along the road to Infinity.

The beauty of alternative life
The love of heaven in the stars
The joy that comes from happiness serene
The company of a beautiful soul

BEAUTY

Ah, to devote one`s life to beauty,
The creation of human fantasies of beauty –
Music, art, poetry – for what?
The satisfaction is simply in doing that –
It makes no difference to anything real –
Or does it?

YOU WILL ONLY

You will only want to fly
As long as you believe that I
Can live and die as a unified whole,
And then you will again pray
To that same God you claim is real
That never answers nor offers even a light
To think by, nor even reads a kiss
Into the Universe where all embraces
At times, all, into one Unity.

JUNGLE JOURNEY

WHEN THERE WAS FREEDOM IN TABATINGA

When there was freedom in Tabatinga
Dancing laughing people in the streets
The day danced young and lovelily
Like girls in their sweet superb beauty;
How they did jump and smile about
And the cars` lights in the early morning
Wonderful the tragedy of realizing life
And its inevitable end in death at last
When Imagination runs for its final course

Like the River Amazon towards its end
Like all the water-drops of thought
And faith, belief, and emotional moment

THE BEAUTIFUL LIGHTS OF TABATINGA

The beautiful lights of Tabatinga
At dusk, the crazy blue of the sky
And the brownness of the silvery muddy
River the light is twinkling less
And this is where Monet should have been
And to imagine Van Gogh here is too much to hold
In the brain, rather as the fantasies I once had
Of Richard Strauss or Sibelius in the Colombian
Andes. Ah, Art and Nature!

I'M COMING UP THE AMAZON

I'm coming up the Amazon
Opposite direction to the current
Like entering explosions of the Big Bang
Human fantasy from *las tres fronteras*

Cachaça fueling the grand dream
Lights on the river and the night perfumes
Knotted gnarled trees twisting on the bank
Insects singing in their wild orchestras

A dark strange blue pervading the sky
A little like that above the café in Arles
Seen by Vincent Van Gogh; but not quite,
A floating liquid romantic sweetness

As in Venezia, where the giant moths
Called gondolas, floated like liquid light
For Shelley, and where the beauty entered into
The pure Form of the ultimate Idea

Like Love drifting throughout the Cosmos
Where delicious forgiveness and soft sympathy
Rule eternally without thunder or other interruption
Kissing the purest and sweetest dreams:

Yet still is this Other, something wilder
Of spirit's flavour, all-night revelry,
Memories of Amazonian Shamanistic Art
Touching the Air yet and I hope forever

THE WORLD BEYOND

When the pillars of fire rise up and support
The grandest essence and fantasy of truth:
There fly birds, strange as cormorants,
Strong as eagles, angry as vultures,
Birds like parrots screeching through the night
And by day: and weird women, erotic in the sky
Flying like something in Marc Chagall,
Over a Jewish Russian village;
As a Marajoanan shaman sitting on his stool
Enters all the flights of the Universe,
Thinking all the world into being like a Sun.

THERE ARE GREAT LACUNAE IN OUR MYSTIC KNOWLEDGE

There are great lacunae in our mystic knowledge –
Things unknown between the known
Pins of stars; and the light does not grow,
Rather, merely, the shades and forms simply change and move,
In shape, time, space, and meaning.
Thus is life, which is very short.

ON THAT SAD NIGHT

On that sad night so long ago
I went to feel some other light
And there I met ambiguous beings –
Spirits inhabiting confusing realms;

There I felt I sensed love,
There I thought to enter life
From another angle, the sun and moon
And stars flaring within my mind

As all existence is there within one;
Ultimately nothing distinguishes
The inner from the outer, the soul from matter –
Everything and everyone is of the same disaster,

Catastrophe is of the Universe`s Essence,-
This exists in every pore
And molecule and electron and everywhere,
Although when Poetry unveils the vision

Of beauty`s sleeping forms and truth
Another reality replaces the mundane
Dreariness of normal truth:
That is the flight of ecstasy and joy.

OF THE CELESTIAL SOUL IN COSMIC BEAUTY

When sun and moon and stars lie down
And the sleeping beauty of their naked forms
Displays the miracle of the Universe,
And we feel ourselves at last, now
In harmony with pure love and peace
Of the deep Self, which is of the same light
Ultimately, in both the inner and outer
Realms, as the sun clouds pink upon the river`s wavelets,
Twinkling colours of cosmic reflections;
Then is the soul awakened again,
And we are returned to eternity.

PARANANAGUASÚ

Ah, the Amazon was the bosom

Of my deepest dreams,
The fantasy of love for life,
The eternal excitement of the mind`s cells;
Ah the river tells such stories,
Speaks to and from the unknown unconscious
In its wildest realms,-
Connecting to the Universe`s origins,
The Cosmos exploding into its own life,
When the ripples of that sunset dawn,
Of colours rambling and recombining,
The Divine Being as an architect of light,
As artist into the craziest night,
The maker of absolute rainbows spread
Upwards as the ladder of purest light;
There was the birth of my final feeling,
The explosion and love for music of the spheres,
When the soul in black is enclosed upon
Itself, in that misery that has no name:
The Death of Life and Everything.
As when the life comes back on up,
Through the mists of a cloud forest,
The joyous turns of modulating light
Swim like heaven before the eyes,
Like visions of spirits in ayahuasca,
Like redemption from error and dismal mind.

Error, the Worm, ever persisted,
And drove me to the very brink,
Error repeated, in endless cycles
(Or so it appeared to depression-blackened eyes)
Until, like the banks of Amazonian bends
Under cutting pressure from the slow, but powerful
River, earth turns to powdery mud,
And life changes, as old ground grows
Under, and new ground comes up,
Giving a basis to new species;
Thus is the slow human escape
From seemingly endless personal foolishness,
Into thy (yes!) heavenly life,
Love as our being is allowed to be,
As a free river flowing, the ripples like stars
Through cosmic fractals, the endless visions
Into and out from the dancing Universe,
The I Ching and the Taoist Implicate Order,
Quantum jumps and laughing leaps

Shaking out lost fears to oblivion –
The sun and moon and all the stars
Surround and roam around the space
Of deep eternity, and then you know
God does (does not) exist after (at) all,
As the ox-bow lakes and the lost lagoons
And the green bending rounding loops
Of the Amazonian rivers, flowing
In curves like the ultimate algebra and geometry
Of the total universe and the microcosm
Of an atom or an electron or even a quark,
Shadows and white rolling clouds
Of an abstract form, that is the basis
Of not only all that now exists
But all that can, or must exist;
Thus is divinity not a theological matter,
But a merging of deep mystical dream
With elemental reality, the god-grounded mind
Of universal time, transcendental categories
Taking us beyond the pettiness,
The trivialities of sinking boats,
Down fast into nothingness
(Just as well, as there, only is
Illusion lurking in the somethingness
Of others` commands).

As the river flows throughout the forest
Flat and flooded indeed it is,
Descending very little down
For thousands of miles, while birds and insects
And even reptiles and mammals can migrate
By floating on a piece of vegetation
Or a branch broken and dreamily drifting
Along the Amazon System, the living whole
Of one enormous, complicated unity,
That breathes and lives as if it were
One entity, one organism, one dream.
All love that flows is like a river,
The banks stop it and the clouds above
Crush it in their dullness sometimes,
Then drench it and fill it and reinvigorate
Its god-like strength, until once again
The rising levels fall again
And all is repeated, but not exactly,
As no river is the same the next time round,

You cannot go into anything again
As if it had not meanwhile changed at all.

The desperate strength of intensest hope,
Scours the very river's bottom
For grains of gold that seem to glitter,
Desperate hope makes it so,
As if to find the whole Universe
In a microcosmic speck of dust,
And thus transcend oneself, as Beethoven did
In the Ninth Symphony, entering the cosmic glory
Of hope, freedom, joy, divine love,
That leap to the pulse of celestial astronomy,
The stars emanating their very essence
In music of ether in self-ecstasy,
Beethoven knowing that he and God
And the whole Universe are one and the same
Self, the Ground of indivisible Being,
The Will for Creation of its Everself.

In the magic of Santo Daime, or Chorro's
Chanting with Señora Maria,
There enters a world of intensest Spirit
Such that trees and moon and stars are alive
And dancing, writhing, sounding like flames
Of the fire and the smell of magic smoke;
Powerful the spirits pulled from the air
And from beneath the ground and the damp earth.

Out into the air of Ayahuasca,
Stars, moon, wisps of cloud,
All alive with the inner spirit,
The writhing dancing love in life
Like magic music of miraculous Mozart,
Truth of inspired divinity.
Ah,; the independent natives
Were not perfect in their lives –
One group killed members of another;
Then came Christian indoctrination,
Introducing them to the True Faith,
But what is even worse now
Is Television with its Commercial Capitalism –
The final death of real soul?

Unwinding spin of creative whirl –
Spiral out from the pin-dot void –
Growth burgeoning into intense vortex –
Bursts of amazing Dionysius energy;
Colours of the whole rainbow spectrum -.
Violet, indigo, blue, green;
Orange, red and all visible
Or invisible wavelengths of the Universe –
The energies and particles of macrocosm and microcosm,
The orgone, interstellar libido,
The dancing Wu-Lei masters in all the Totality,
The Bright Light breaking back into the fragments
Of varying, shifting, moving colour,
Like Permanence giving way to endless change –
The river that is never entered twice,
Essence shining into partial phenomena,
Splintering into ephemerality,
Eternity shattered and broken by Life,
Like Heaven into stained-glass incandescent fragments.

SMALL VIGNETTES

If you hate and pillage and rape
Even on the smallest scale of life
Ultimately you kill yourself as well
And leave your soul in the vilest charnel.

At the heart of delicious nature there burns
A soul no less, whose own smile
Sweetly curling around its beauty
Unfolds itself, and knows itself divine.

Calm, into the depths of night
Within the dark and bright soul –
Here, all that does not matter, goes
And there is the freedom which is inexplicable.

The One remains, the many change and pass,
Heaven's Light forever shines,

Earth's shadows fly, until
Death shatters them into fragments.
Fly if thou would'st enter there,
Outsoar the shadows of our Night,
Fly unto the ultimate sweetness,
That Bright Light of radiant truth.

The shaman flies like a true bird
Whooping through the Forest's night,
Imagination takes it in
And turns it into spiritual might.

EL RÍO SEPAGUA

We are on a bank of the Río Sepagua,
Absorbing the joyous sounds of frogs
Croaking among the forest insects
Making their miraculous orchestral music;
The moon and stars spinning their dreams
Upon the night-dark, blue sky.
I have seen the moon rise
Many still times above a boat
On the Río Sepagua, talking at night
With *the indigenas* of many groups;
The thoughts of different spirit-worlds,
The many colours of ayahuasca –
Imagining the *conquistadores* trying
Hard to invade, without success;
The penetrations of the missionaries
Into the world of native lives
In smoky *malocas* with slunk hammocks
Swinging in sleep in the middle night;
Disrupting the trade and communication
And frequent conflicts of the Machiguenga,
The Piro, and the Ashaninka
With the bright Empire of the golden Inca,
The great world of Tiwantisuyo
In the nearby grand rising Andes;
Before the ultimate catastrophe.

SHLIMP

If there were celestial out from
The inner space where we could
Know and feel ourselves splash
To light where dog like ghosts
In unexperiencable slakes sink
Like a search for a butterfly jungle coloured
Is spangled and there we only see
Through rankness of thermones and seeping communion
The system of all working into death
Until organic obstacles infinitely enwrap
Out from our ignorance into a form
If could be radiated into moving sight

MALECON IQUITOS

Ferocity of love, tooth of pig
Or jaguar, two sides of danger –
Divinity of peace, risk of exploration,
Strength of dreaming in harmony with the moon,
And exploding in sparks upwards into the black sky,
Pink bang breaking in splash and flow,
Waves of Amazon on the infinite dream,
Stars, moon, deep spangle,
Here can we feel ourselves and fly
Skin-cells opening into death,
Faith reuniting itself with brightness,
Bulbs of light along the stretch
Palms and pink red white flowers
Touching raindrops after the downpour
Down to sweetness amid the uproar,
The explosion ever-infinite within the farce,
The ineptitude of every effort,
The missing of love in the short life
With eternity that enwraps the moment
And entrances and enters destructively
All that is within the day,
Unlike the short night of Tristan
When nothing breaks the untouchable ecstasy
Until the pink-loved dawn breaks in and spoils
And makes Isolde disappear,
Just as shamanistic spells control
With visions from the sacred stool
The entrance into the otherworld,

As did the Iquitos and the Napeanos
Near here not so long ago,
Before the sacred Amazon was invaded,
Taken over but not destroyed,
By missionaries, rubber-merchants, oil-men,
In a daft flick of an eyebrow,
Like ripples on the Rio Nanay,
Like moon reflections on Lake Lucerne,
A Sonata of melancholic intensest love,
Infinite in its sweet hopelessness.
In the celestial times of night,
How the hopes fly like shamans` chants,
Entering happiness and ecstasy
Winds pour westwards upwards the sky
Drifts its prickling stars around
And downwards to the dark earth,
The human mind unites with otherworlds,
From within a perfect music
Emanates like perfumes from the stars,
The smell of wonderful jungle wood
Burning then smouldering into the air.....

LA ULTIMA ESTRELLA

Semblante hasta la ultima estrella –
The rain pelts in Leticia,
God is good to whomsoever asks –
Bendición es para todo el mundo;
Ah, the rising above the sun,
The god of fire and wildest vision,
The holder of keys to the greatest Heaven,
The Doors of Perception through which one enters
The fantasies and truths of the spirit-world,
The frightening faces of perfect Forms
That bury themselves into the brain –
The storing-house of the deep unconscious
Wherefrom erupt those jiggering phenomena –
The crazy beautiful linear designs
That fly like speckles against the retina
With astounding wild new infinite colours –
The deep Creativity of the absolute Urgrund,
The Ground of Being far beneath the mind.
Temples of Light upon the waters,
Buddha-figures dancing chaotically

Amidst the jungle-perfumed trees and smoke
 Twisting from the glorious hearth of a maloca`s fire;
 Sensations of eyes in flickering eyebrows,
 Images of dangerous insects expanding,
 Millipedes, wriggling diamonds, wasps of orange,
 Red; blue; yellow; pink;
 Growing out from an ultimate perception,
 The grimmest Forms hiding in the Universe.
 Ah, but then when the stars flare,
 Baring their blue-silver flaming wonder,
 The moon dreams within its wisping cloud,
 And insects sing in their sacred chants.
 Around the nightly infinite air,
 Pervading which the shamans` strength,
 Their power shimmering throughout their sounds,
Ayahuasca, yajé, magical flight
 Whereunto those final flames shoot
 Dripping dreams and strange emotions,
 Making the heart and soul at one
 With the mystique and miracle of Cosmic Love
 At last, again, and in mysterious joy,
 Friendship, harmony, easy dreams,
 Love for ecstatic concentration
 Of all conditions into One,
 Perceiving into the glorious, sweet,
 Forgetfulness of all chaotic Error,
 That Worm who sucks away at blood,
 But yet, like Shelley, he is beneath the sod,
 Where in love and worship his spirit blends with god.

EVERYWHERE TWINKLES WITH DIFFERENT LIGHTS

Everywhere twinkles with different lights –
 The varying airs allow different beauties
 To emerge for our senses – always a tiny
 Part of the whole, infinite, total eternity,
 In which we partake like a small spoke
 Into the wheel of dancing Vishnu`s arms
 Like the sounds of a Yaminahua shaman`s
 Chants, always different, deep within
 The orbit and rainbow spectrum, of
 That particular universe of pure sound,
 Taken in and expanded out
 From the forest plants and the singing insects;

There the joy of infinite colours
And perfumes dancing like the frogs` chants
And the spots of wonder within the great
Realm of ultimately perfect chaos –
The soft, sweet, flowing variations in being,
Like the burning love of a jungle fire:
We do not live long in this normal time
Though somehow we enter into all that is.

END OF JUNGLE JOURNEY

FOR ESTANISLAO ZULETA (COLOMBIAN PHILOSOPHER)

To fly through the world in dreams of love
And laughter, beauty, art, and life
In critical vigilance, openness to debate,
Honesty in the face of difficult truth,
Acceptance of hardship in attempting to fulfill
Dreams and utopias of the soul in dignity;
Not lazy, nor easily slipping along
In avoidance of all that is complicated.

IN THE WILDEST SPHERE

In the sphere of naked love,
In the early morn where all is dreaming,
Celestial bodies return to fire;

The moon is complete and immaculate,
The lights of doubt and ever-changing
Colour of blue, yellow, red;
The being of certain celestial love,
The flowing into ultimate births,
Where seeds from flowers yield unto where
They lie, and re-enact within the whole
Universe; they feel at length on the Amazon.

ON CONSIDERING 'CULTURES IN CONTENTION' IN JAMES DUNKERLEY'S "AMERICANA"

Flames of the darkest fire rise
From the deepest moods of self-reflection:
Who art thou, from where cam`st thou,
What are your real characteristics?
What generalizations can be made
About any country, class, or state,
Not to mention `people`, or `race`:-
Still more intensively, what can be said
That is fixed and valid about an Individual?

FAREWELL (FOR A WHILE)

Ah, leave me alone, my sweet lass,
Give me latitude at last, to feel the sky,
To be without ever worrying of thee,
Ah, if need`s be, just let me die.
Surely, I will anyway drop,
If this malfeasance should continue:
Please now allow me just to bow out,
For a minute or an hour, to connect with earth.

BEAUTIFUL STRANGE ARTISTIC SPELL

Beautiful strange artistic spell -
Here we are, indeed all is still
Alive, or dripping on the edge of death,
The slippery barrier between the two
Spheres of experience – though of one we know not;
Where, like a split knife, sharp, dividing,
The silvery thread behind everything is real.

There was a glimpse at a *passante*, that
Lasted an instant, and of which a glow
Persisted some moments, until Death faded it
Back into nothingness, or into eternity.
Yet another double-edged thrill of life,
Bent around a glorious grand illusion.

Gloom that extends throughout the night,
Freedom of movement among the stars,
Shooting stars that dispel the clouds,
Awakening earth to the fear of their
Grand arrival! Broken dreams
Reassembling in the sacred dome
Of night's sweet dream, the vaulted life
Of eternity above a human gaze!
Spinning stars amid elevated hopes,
The beautiful moon turning in its vastness,
The ecstatic joining into total being
Devoid of confusion and disintegration.

I must be free and have to be
As a comet blazing in deep Imagination's dream,
If meteorites threaten earthly calm
I do not welcome them, though accept their flight.
Why forever must I pine
Because of sins in the nethersphere.

DARKNESS OF STARS

Ah will darkness of stars, moon,
Sky play again until we can
Feel ourselves again, the
Night allowing sweetness of sound
And freedom billowing as if in height
Where do gods go when they have died.

THE LOST POEM

Ah, with the magic of stars and moon,
In that lost poem that I ne`re can remember
Yet not entirely forget, with a strange title
Like "Among the celestial body of soul"
Changed several times, I happily dreamt
Of temporal renewal, the possibility
Of feeling ourselves once again, in some real way:
But I lost the poem, which then came to seem
Like a pearl or jewel thrown before swine
Who as always, simply trampled it down

Into nothingness: thus disappearance into darkness
Replaced its entrance into a bright eternity
Of my strange illusions –
The belief in something wonderfully transcendent,
More important than a mundane drift of straight lines.

GLASWEGIAN MEANDERINGS

THE BODY OF THE SPHERES IN CELESTIAL PERFECTION:

Ah, when, am I here now, at last?
That time, when we can feel ourselves again,
As we are, perfect, beneath the veil of familiarity,
Where the sun shines, where the rays
Bounce against the retina like love on fire, yeah,
In the perfect body of truth, yeah, far
From mistakes, lies, distortions, yeah,
Where love bursts from its inner enclave
And things can be, at last, as we feel ourselves, free.

I WANDERED AROUND THE SILENT SEA

I wandered around the silent sea,
Wondering, wondering:
Who am I here, all alone,
Thinking of many, but all alone,
Thinking of everyone, but all alone,
Thinking of everything, and part of all.
I thought of you, of course, entirely
Above and before, below and through
Everything, the dawn of despair and hope,
The light and darkness of eternity.

ECSTASIS

He is not dead, he doth not sleep,
He is awakened from the dream of life,
Where pain and lies can touch him not again,
Nor falsities` dull contagion torture him again.

He`ll be in that state of Plato`s Truth,
Away from the dark, caved compromise of life,
Which is no more than shadow of the real
Blast of ecstatic eternal Light.

NOW, THE MOMENT

Drive dog, deserts of the howl
Tree the life down, dregs of dream
Memory no exists, neither passing time
Brown sunlight and waves of camels
Pass the cells of brain action
Tonight, today, under the mind
Skills divining never-wrapping hope
Into dull spells but flaming fires

TAIL IN TWO CITIES

A tail in two cities - Glasgow, Bucaramanga,
Clouds drifting infinitely, through the blue
Sky that is above and around everything
On this small planet, of which we know
Still so little, and even less we know
Of that within ourselves, foolishly,
As so much within us is truly foolish,-
So that the truth is not a simple thing –
Neither of galaxies nor about mind;
Which is yet more mysterious, strange, and round.

SPARK UP MY HEART

Spark up my heart, three-prongéd God,
Thou art not much help often, but, please Now
Burst up thine energy throughout my being,
Regenerate life in me, one more time;
There is still much to accomplish yet:
So give me your strength, and your sacred flame.

LONDINENSE

CONTEMPLATION OVER A PINT

How complicated to feel
And combine all you know
Visiting an old town
Memories of earlier struggles
Thoughts of the present, of encounters and heartbreaks
All the usual troubles of existence
The only certainty being death
(As a taxi-driver said to me)

ABSENT LOVE

Ah, love, the loss in memory,
Of how we came together, rose
Together in such lovely dreams,
How was that it, the timing of
Our coming to be together, then,
And yet now may it be the same,
Renewed, the very love in soft
Hope, sweet joy, deep happiness.

THE RETURN

Our flaming fire will take us through
With jollity and stimulation,
Imagination and loquaciousness -
Those which obscure, for some while,
The Palace of Darkness in anxiety, depression;
And thus will we expand in dreams –
Dreams of triumphant paradise –
Stepping upwards and sometimes down,
Continuing to better ourselves with hope
In our deep love, our miraculous fortune
In being together, each one with the other.

LOST CITY

Yeah, and as the marooned, cocooned
Blanket of cloud on the mountain-
Peaks surrounded, and the rain drummed
Hard poignancy clasping grasping
And the hard-put point dripping in
Of death, life, birth, etc.-
All in the endlessly expanding contracting
Universe (or is it just once a-bursting,
I.e. was Plato or Aristotle right
About Time existing eternally or
Having come into being once at some point
And is thus destined also to disappear
In the `future`); I thought of Manco Inca`s
Last heroic resistance to the Spanish
In Vilcabamba, where I once went
In the green, drenching, rain and forests
Of wild solitude; and beautiful amazement.

END OF LONDINENSE

BRUCKNER SYMPHONY NO.2 ADAGIO

Dreaming endlessly of love,
Repeating forever the beautiful dream,
Never-ending the dream of love
Through sadness and wonder, triumph and fear,
Beauty dancing through the long, long night,
Music spreading around eternity.

SUNSET, LA VICTORIA

Serene it is, in the here and now,
Overlooking the Cordillera Oriental
Around Bucaramanga; like Simón Bolívar
Searching the awesome landscapes from the peaks
Of Chimborazo or Potosí's silver mountain:
Over the marches, battles, pains and pleasures,
The failures, bitternesses, the loves and successes;

Resigned in calmness, for just one moment,
Surveying reality, destiny, as you have now arrived at it.

OCASO EN LA VICTORIA

Sereno es, en el ahora mismo,
Mirando hacia la Cordillera Oriental
Alrededor de Bucaramanga; como Simón Bolívar
Escudriñando los paisajes pasmos de las cumbres
De Chimborazo o la montaña plateada de Potosí:
Por encima las marchas, batallas, dolores y los placeres,
Los fracasos, las amarguras, los amores y triunfos;
Resignado en la tranquilidad, justamente por un momento,
Contemplando la realidad, el destino; de cómo tu llegaste a esto.

FINCA “SUEÑOS DE PARAISO”

Through the gloom and sadness
I sometimes see a light,
Around the peaks of sacred mountains
Clouds of whiteness glorify
The dense, bright, blue inane
While all surrounds the deep green
Of dale and valley; emanating sounds
Of birds and insects throughout the
Infinite-feeling absolute moods
Of daytime sun and dark night,
In this miraculous place of deepness.

IN SAN GABRIEL

In, through, and from the glorious Absolute
The sounds of nature disperse around
Physical reality: the divine core
Breathes its being into every pore
Of existence – the divine spirit
Of love, peace, and deepest truth
Swills and emanates in the subtle rhythms
Of frogs and insects and birds, trilling in the night,
And thus we know we are in touch with the might

Of the Universe, and with all Eternity.

QUIET IN THE NIGHT

A man was resting late at night –
Half-way through night perhaps, in great darkness,
Tending occasionally a wonderful fire
Full of flames – and then
He sat and mused in the quiet darkness –
Almost slumbering, a note or two more –
Then, CRASH! A spiking noise and light
Enter the sky above his head:
A voice like a half-angel and a toad-wolf
Booms out, from a cut in the black-night clouds:
“Live! This is the only life you will know.
Live! If this passes without you knowing it
You may as well never have been born.
Understand? This is the only one there is –
Live, from now, or forever die, now.”

A CELESTIAL BODY, DEEP WITHIN ONE

A celestial body, deep within one,
No lies can turn out, nothing dies
Here in the realms of inner life
As jeweled stars light up the interior
Of doomed life, blanching out
The gloom in flames of mercury and sulphur
That can thus allow the being to feel
Itself alive again, real
And luminescent against all accusation
And false condemnation, calumny, and pain
Caused by the lies and misunderstandings
That wrench the heart and soul from love
And distort what was normal into fear and hatred.

PASTORAL

As the shepherds pray to their sacred god
After the storm that had smashed the peace

In a thousand thunders, claps of iron,
Steel in rain torrential down,
The calmness reigns and the holy light
Divine in warmth and soothing beauty
Streaks through the sky, and all is felt
As miraculous wonder, the light of truth.

SIX POEMS FOR “THE AGE OF PROSE”

I A REDEMPTION

Ah, as if I tried, the stars and moon,
Ultimately bristling in the soft skies; here,
As celestial body dreaming itself,
Could we feel we were real into the night?
Ah, such beauty of transcendent thought
Into state of dreaming beyond the fear,
The loss, the hoping into moon and stars
Again; ha! where is the flower

That dreamt within the moon and stars,
Dripping tears of ecstatic joy; like
Meteorites or lamps of frenzied love,
Like dreary hoping for the shining sky;
Time will come, around, within
Like a minotaur flying in the cosmic dome
Until we believe, reunite
Nothing with everything, lie down in the spangling

Streams of stars, far within
The far-off, lost, past, drink
Of sacred perfume and purification
Dense as celestial bodies in timeless
Dream; there I believe and feel
A gruesome truth of the speckled skies
Again like a particle within the womb
Of eternal illusions where astral bodies
Sing and string themselves along the sky.

II NEW YEAR

Ah, after all the waste of time and breath,
To fling your joy unto the ultimate sky,
Fly from down-spirited depths of pain
Into the realms of highest reign.

The stars imagined are even brighter
Than those seen in the intense inane.

III SORROW, FOLLOWED BY SWIFT HOPE

Genius in its swept ways,
Winds blowing all fires,
Ah God, will it ever stop,
Before Death itself?
Ah, how sad, never the peace
Of a plateau, whereupon we feel
We can really live, within the present moment,
Unwrecked and unbroken by past or future;
Oh God, why not;
Is all nothing, or will You love me
One Day?

Spaces
Where the stars shine
Lights bolting like wild dogs
Into the ultra-electric night
Where coloured elements dance and shoot
Flinging their madness into the void
And the flying notes breaking light
Swing and burn into all eternity.

For to be so wild and deep,
Exploring the Universe in all its flights,
Is to suffer and burn in dark hell,
Between the brief glances and embraces,
Of all that the Universe can offer us:
Hopes wisping into the idle wind.
Is this to be the final culmination
Of all ultimately illuminating hope

Of passing beyond a lengthy impasse
Into new life, new love, new Light?

IV LIFE

Disintegration, a web of nightmares,
The lie, eating out the hope,
Nature, the sublime, society, humanity –
All lost, to a dying power.

V I MIGHT

I might have felt as a floating cloud
Drowned by light into eternal joy
The drops that first fell like jewels
Of sacredness suggested that

Until the darkness split in two
The heavenly hope of love again
And all was torn violently in twain
As always the bolts from the skies' revenge

VI IS NOT THE WORLD SO BEAUTIFUL

Is not the world so beautiful?
Lovely forms walking in the sun,
Floating hopes from other worlds
Invite into a happy dream.
Why not is poetry even as real
As normality with its dull fears,
Why is escape into perfection only
Temporary, from the imperfect Universe?

NEW HOPES

New hopes are vast seas of bright light,
Crashing like oxen through the galaxies,

Explosions of colour that unmask the shadows
And paralyzed pain of depression:
Anxieties griping at the stomach floor
Bubble to death and rise up to the waves
Where they are burst open and their ephemeral negations
Are defeated and destroyed by the sun at midday
As the surface of the ocean plays like Debussy
In trickling rolling lurching sparkles.

MOUNTAINS AROUND ME IN BUCARAMANGA

Ah, as love flies in crazy circles
Subdue thyself – indeed, relax –
Nothing is gained by flapping apart
Like a chicken flacking against a wall
And breaking like stupid idle bones
Into fragments without daily breath:
Organize thy Spirit, but do not hope
To change the volcanic rhythms of this Universe.

Poetry redeems temporarily, like the burning sun at a dusk happening,
Red like a rolling ball of fire,
Something that seems to have been long before
Humanity and its stupidity, and will persist
Long after its demise; though perhaps sublime
Thoughts and music will everlastingly float
Through the Universe – Mozart, Shelley, Lao Tzu,
Because they are part of the Cosmic Whole.

Love will persist, but not in its many forms –
Only as an abstract, absolute force,
Like something floating and breathing within
And about the Universe – indefinable;
As Taoism, Zen, Chan Buddhism have glimpsed
In their remarkable wisdoms – a sublime, divine
Hope and peace – a neutral and passive dream –
Like a lotus of the Universe, softly seeming.

The dawn is so beautiful, almost never
Can it understand itself, and never repeat
Exactly: thus is the strange anarchic
Rule of the Cosmos, diabolically roaming

Like a Byronic figure as a star or galaxy,
A moon that is Sappho in her pure Spirit
Of desire and loveliness, upturned to the heavens
In her oath to love in their Divinity.

A BOOK OF BUCARAMANGA

PART THREE

HOW BEAUTIFUL

How beautiful is a stilling land,
Touched unto with a spiritual hand,
Blanched of rancour and any hate,
Negativity seduced as by Orpheus, into
Sweet spells of heavenly, harmonious love,
Where All is understood, and Truth obeyed.

THE TREES AT THE POOL IN THE WIND

The pin at the centre of the universe
Is the same as the waves all around it
From within the Ether and without it
There are windows into Eternity
The transitory moment is the eternal-now
Just as the organic self-transforming whole
Is a unity of matter and energy
In dialectical change and endless movement
And also a mystical mystery of cosmic dream
Beyond knowledge or any kind of judgement
Within and without and infinitely strange
The Absolute is material and spiritual together
And what we know is part of this
We are not separate in body or mind
Or soul from the Totality of which we are

IF I WANDER

If I wander lazily but try to find a star,
Within each candle-flame there might be spirits of incandescent fire;
Thus I sit and dream upon the damp, cold earth
Wishing there was grass and even flowers there to see
As one broods and wastes a little more of the limited time we have
Before we, like everyone else, drag off to heaven or hell
Or simply nothing: just Death, Death.

ALWAYS EXILES

What you know, I don't know;
Similarly, what I know, you don't understand,
Even if you listen to what I say, you do not take it in,
Whilst I have sometimes had your books on my shelves
For thirty years, before reading them, and then came to see what you were
talking about.

It is not just a question of people talking past each other,
It is a question of how words can mean so many things –
Changing in time yet evoking such emotions,
As if they were bombs dropped into the cerebral cell-system.

GROWL

The growling bastards can crawl away and die,
Never will I submit entirely to their lie,
Though it is true that no-one should count themselves perfect –
Like King Lear, you learn from your own self-disrespect
That all is in a sense equal, in the human kind of crime.

DUSK STROLL

It was to enter a moment of pure magicality
In the blue, late dusk of an evening's sky
With the spiky branches of sacred trees,
Like something from a Fantasy Dream of Shakespeare's –
A moment that makes all the waiting worthwhile
In duller normality – in the mind's true paradise
Of Imagination, Heaven of the unconscious emergence
Of night-worlds into the inner eye.

AN INVERTED FAUST

I heard within a strange dream
Of an inverted Faust, who called the Devil
To beg him escape from his endless debauchery,
His excessive, unnecessary gold and wealth,
So that he might now be the poet and scholar
He had always yearned to be, and live
In modest comfort and outer peace,
Whilst his soul and mind and creativity
Could engage in turmoil, excitement, love,
In adventure, pursuit of knowledge and sublime
States of aesthetic ecstasy, communion with Nature,
Living the reality of philosophy and science,
No longer to be chained to sexual lust
And superficial desire: the Devil gave him
Twenty years in his chosen bliss,
After which he would come and drag him down to Hell.

THE LAST BELL

Fits of droll depression fall upon my head like dross,
Until some upturning spirit flies and upwards takes my cross;
How true it is that the mind makes its own Heaven and Hell,
One wonders if this continues even after the Last Bell!

Holy obsession with beauty, stars spangled through
Without knowing it, jewels, emeralds of the soul,
Burning in strange imagination;
Where, yes, twisting in a golden sun,
Deep into the inverted night-time dream;
Is this life, think you? Or must we
Count out that thought as crass illusion'

JUMBLED

Jumbled in the merry kings –
Who is here, who is there,
Who knows what and why art thou

Here upon this strange earth, at all?

Dog your bum and jump aloud –
Who is marrying you like form and content
Uniting? Dost thou thirst for peace,
Or do you prefer your Sea of Chaos?

AH, SWEET LOVE

Ah, sweet love
How I remember
The sweetness of meeting
The pain of parting
All so stupid
The game of love
The round of the game
The roundabout of exquisite
Stupidity that is life and love,
How I remember all

Your sweet mouth
The kiss of ecstasy
The momentary leap
The lack of clarity
The flashing of your eyes
The blinding softness of your soft kiss
Dumbfounding all the deepest anticipation
The jump of hope so wet and deep
Over and over again indeed
The pain of love and yearning

OBAMA`S FALL

I suddenly lost my respect for Obama today
After his trumpeting that Bin Laden was “brought to justice”;
That is, “taken out” by Americans storming into his bedroom
And killing him, John Wayne and Clint Eastwood-style
(A real American always knows who should live or die).
I don` t like that, nor cowardly lies about him being armed
Or “resisting arrest”, no matter how awful the man was

(Two “wrongs” never do make a “right”.
Remember the Nuremberg trials, that applied *law*).

Obama`s final fall from grace in my eyes
Is very similar to Blair`s soul-departure,
Almost exactly ten years ago
On the same theme – after “nine-eleven”, he claimed that Terrorism
Was “the new evil”, and thus avoided
A difficult speech to the Trades Union Congress
About spending cuts. “You helped us, so we`ll support you”
He lied, to and about the USA, just as Obama did today.
Goodbye Obama.

Oh, to see Obama with
The horrible head of Osama held
In his strong hand around his waist
With outstretched arm in demonstrative form!
Forgot you that the USA
Had taken Bin Laden to Afghanistan?
When the times required a terrorist war
Against the horrid Commies; until
Bin Idiot decided the USA
Was just as bad as the USSR
And turned his fire upon his masters
Rather as dictators in Panama, Iraq,
And so many other places unknown
To ordinary Americans (they hardly know
Where their own country is, still less,
Other parts of the same world!),
Who turned from friends into bogey-men.

And now, what is the War in Afghanistan
About? Why did not the USA
Bomb the flying-schools on their own soil
That had trained the terrorists who attacked the sacred
Twin Towers: ho ho, he he! Binny Lad
Never even knew about the flying plot
To smash hi-jacked planes into the sanctuary
Of American Capitalism, American Imperialism
(Although it was *very* bad of him);
The truth is: there was resentment combined with
A stupid idea of Religions and Civilizations
In conflict, oiled with extreme violence

(Though less by far than the violence perpetrated
Constantly by the holy USA).
Three thousand dead? Hundreds of thousands
Have died in Afghanistan and in Iraq!
O but they were not martyrs to
The American Dream, and All Perfection!

AH, WHEN I REMEMBER YOU

Ah, when I remember you,
As meeting souls of love and joy,
Laughter and warmth of kiss, and flight,
Hope incarnate in the night.
Then, I want no war again,
With anyone or anything,
Only to tip-toe through the days
And dream in the darkness with brilliance.

IMAGINE

Imagine if one had to back
Up to a brink of an abyss, where
You would fall backwards and roll
Through air until you smashed against
The rocky ground – hopefully by now
Fully unconscious: and imagine,
If this person changed into
Two entities – one that fell,
While the other turned into a flying
Eagle or angel or shaman, then to fly
High up into the sacred sky.

THE DREAM OF LOVE

I cannot ignore the Dream of Love,
Cannot help persist, as long as I exist,
For all the shattered dreams and hopes,
For all the contradictions deep down within
The individual soul: indeed, inside
The great, grand, imperfect Universe.

Come touch me Love, and let me be
At one with Thee, mingling in Thy sea.

IN A MAGICAL GARDEN

And many a time have I forgot
The inner truth that makes the gold
Light of the world, seen through our mortal eyes,
But really transcendent, and beyond understanding.
The life that emerges in a tree,
Waving under the midnight moon,
Alive like a million spirits dancing,
Connecting with a billion stars.

ON EARTH

O how incredible it is to be here on the earth,
Looking at the stars and trying to transcend
The weirdness and problems of this strange existence:
Why is all illusion, or is it? The gold
Art of pre-Hispanic wonder, Leonardo da Vinci,
Ecstasy and truth, above all, in Mozart!
What is it all about? Why do we all make such mistakes.

AT SEA

At sea was I, like a rocking boat,
In endless, seemingly permanent storm
For eternity – rain, torrential flame,
Soaking, freezing, melting fire
And cutting ice. What could I know
For certain through such turbulent times?
I looked askance and saw great beauty –
Sunlight reflected in drops like gems,
Clouds with rolling edges of blue,
Grey, yellow, white, and green;
Shafts of sacred beams of violet
Lines of delicious spectrum-rays –
Ah, all was a glorious joy
Throughout the torments of chaotic life.

CALM IS THE BEAUTY

Calm is the beauty,
Lying in wait,
The mind hovering behind
Consciousness and dream;
As the darkest of wells
Flying with cosmic lights
So fast it is hard to catch thoughts
Or evanescent visions
In poetry.
Life flowing on,
Or darting back,
Retracing the questions,
Revisiting vistas of mountains and seas
And clouds and celestial bodies
In the memories of meeting
In the streets and parks,
The experiences of love
And the dashed hopes,
And the inspired spirals of energy and yearning.

AREMEDERIC

And he had then had many extraordinary dreams,
Banging strange entities together in the middle of a night:
This was the point of a cultural fusion
Of death, light, frogs, sperm, and indeed delivery!
The world had moved on, he discovered, yet and now,
The world was more complicated every time it flew!
Dogs and parrots were exploring new caves
Discovered in the limestone of coasts and tears!
Ah, the moment of some tragic truth
Had arrived for Aremederic, King of the Goths!
A fine man in many ways, for he had many daughters,
Though he was diminished, historically, by his Crown being too
Big for his head, and so it slid to the ground.

I HEAR THE RINGING VOICES NOW

I hear the ringing voices now
In memories, or is it fear
Of memory, transforming things
Into new fantasies, rich and clear,
And I distinguish real sounds that come
Up from the street – children, girls,
Associations from other realms
Of the mind`s strange movements, its troughs and flights –
From qualities emergent in the deep medulla,
Something paleantological and mythological,
That reminds one of a strange horn-note
In Bruckner, or Joseph Campbell`s notion
Of elementary human ideas.

I DANCE IN THE NIGHT

I dance in the night
Like a crazy fly
Or an agent of the Holy Ghost
O! how I love to feel before I think!
Tomorrow I go, to another town,
Where I can see sweet loveliness again,
If nothing interferes with my temporary bliss,
The soft life floating into united beauty –
Illusion, some would say, but for me, the Truth;
Love, peace, unity, life, and love.

I see the White Light
Such is the night
Revelation of all truth,
Disturbing the wonderful vision into the ditches
Where my friends and enemies live eternally,
Though it is strange to think they will live for eternity,
For I don`t think I will, will I?

STRETCHED OUT

Stretched out
In some kind of dreadful misery –
A bad dream, a nightmare leaving you kicking in the bed
Within darkness; ah, the anger and deep resentment

Of past bad feelings and emotional assassinations:
What is the answer – do dreams resolve
Complexities and problems like confessions, and catharses,
And calamitous transcendences? Difficult it is
To know anything like this for sure, but visions
In trauma and ecstasy, may be at the heart of
Saint Francis of Assisi's experiences, and thus contain
Something long-lasting into a warm eternity.

IVAN'S MURDER

Ivan's murder of his son: so livid,
Caught in the turmoil of rage and madness,-
Instantaneously the father's fury, but also regret,
Congeal, as he threads the Fates around the fragile throat
With his nimble, obedient hands. His son is dead,
Almost as soon as he perceives that he should have controlled
His temper.

AH LOVE, WHERE ART THOU?

Ah Love, where art Thou?
Sometimes it seems so folorn,-
The absence of truth and honesty
Guts the soul. But never mind!
There is always the reminder
Of Mozart's Clarinet Quintet
For example, flying into heaven like nothing else;
Ah, my friends, goodnight, wherever you are
On the planet; I think you understand,
Don't you?

LET THE SOUL CRAWL

Let the soul crawl
And eat itself into fresh dawn
Like now - the sun is splintering
Through my windows like messages from Jesus Christ
To Saint Augustine - without the stains
Of Gothic cathedrals - this is the Sun

Of the real morning.

AH, HOW I FEEL THE MORNING SUN

Ah, how I feel the morning sun
Upon my skin, much like your love,
I know everything is mad, there is little sense
Behind this assertion, yet it is true;
When you touch me I feel restored,
Your kiss is like a flame from heaven,
Finally when we merge, in delicious love,
I believe in the Divine, in sudden perfection.

WHAT IS THE PURPOSE?

What is the purpose of a white-hot thought –
A passion on fire that will do no harm
To any other mortal – the flash of ecstasy
That is art, or love, or some deep hope?
Ah, why do we even live at all –
What is the meaning or value of life?
How do we transcend this “trifling existence” –
Described, thus, by the great poet, Petrarch?

INTO THE BETTER DREAMS

Into the better dreams, I will rejoin,
Like a flying angel, or bat, or insect,
Entering the hopes for other worlds,
Glorifying thoughts that are strange and soft
Like melting cheeses, clocks, or fantasies
Of four-dimensional unities, and instant condensations:
Flapping thus into a single trap –
The moment where Time stops, and becomes All –
The peculiar entry into infinite mass,
Where darkness is brightness, and the Universe breathes.

I YOU UNLEASHED THE HOUNDS OF HELL

You unleashed the Hounds of Hell upon me once again.
You have done this many times before, whilst feigning innocence.
Not to know the consequences of your badly mistaken actions
And words, does not exonerate you; at all,
From guilt for their effects.
You always think you can “back-peddle” from anything you do;
Eventually you will find that you will topple off the cliff.

II THE HOUND OF HELL

If you come after me, I will be ready,
I will do harm to you, equal to your medicine,
I will give you as good as I get from you,
Kicks here or there, so even if you kill me
You will not easily forget the harm I do to you.
And you will learn, and the world will see,
That you are a violent and dangerously insane
Maniac, who requires a good, stiff strait-jacket.

SOMETIMES I FEEL

I sometimes feel a desperate sadness –
How nasty life is when it comes down hard.
There is an infinitely disturbing process
That seems to prevent any kind of redemption.
Death takes over us at times in life –
Literally, physically, metaphorically, spiritually –
Psychiatry tries, and Religion too
To blend the two, make Life and Death
Fall into healthy harmony: that is part
Of the “Spiritual Quest”, if such there is.

I sometimes feel a severe sadness
That blocks any sense of final redemption.

WHERE THE TOAD?

Shut your fucking face, shut your fucking face,

I will dive like a crazy bird into your grovelling mood!
Who are you today, did you survive,
Were you burning your idiot eyes
And crashing into the Toad?

TO THE TWO OF YOU

I hope you hop across the grass and feel so very good,
I really hope your meanness gives you every spark of joy!
But I believe corrosive resentment and hatred that cements
From inside the human being, really kills the soul afflicted!
On you go, you weird duo, pals and brothers *solos*,
Until the very end, and die, so very constructively.

SHADOWS, SHADOWS, SHADOWS

Shadows, shadows, shadows,
In the dismal night.
Rounded shapes are made outside
Unlike the jagged soul.
There feels no restoration
Of anything firm or good,
Perhaps the gods are tired of all
And want to make an End.

AH, IN THE MORNING HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU WERE

Ah, in the morning how beautiful you were
As I touched you, and the sun splashed
Into the retina of my internal eye,
My soul that is one with Eternity.

Ah, then were you divine Love,
Lady emerging from the Night,
Such beauty raining out from heaven,
Hope restored, and joy renewed.

Ah, how beautiful you were that morning,

Your lips, your softness, your soul's being;
Ah, you were to me, pure Love,
Touching me far within my living soul.

I COULD NEVER HAVE IMAGINED

I could never have imagined what a nightmare it would be
To try to sow something, well; deep within the sea;
The lack of germination, throwing "pearls before swine",
The desperate disillusionment even within the Shrine.

Where could I have gone, what could I have done differently,
To have allowed my real creation, to meet clear reality?
How could anyone ever, predict the dead future,
Motivated by inner, sincere energy?

HOW IT IS WHEN NO ONE KNOWS YOU

How it is when no one knows you
The camel walks through the eye of the needle
The clouds are pink, but no one sees
There were intentions that left no mark
That anyone sees, though you alone
Know they were, and are, quite real
The sky turns pink, to red, to green
Though no one but you seems able to see it

I HAVE FLOWN HERE

I have flown here like a bird on the wing,
Unfolding feathers in peacocks' colours,
Brilliant against the glorious sun,
To bathe in freedom like insects' song.

Not to be smothered in moldering rules
As if in a barracks of dilettante jewels,
Never requiring new caves of despair,
And guilt, hopelessness, or misunderstanding.

Who are they who make the rules,
And they who follow so blindly,
What when you are sick of all commandments;
Yet want only happiness for all?

WE CAN DRIFT OUT TO THE BLUE-BLACK SEA

We can drift out to the blue-black sea
As nothing matters anymore,
We can dream outwards into nightmare
Equally hard as to eternity,
Equally accepting destiny,
No longer trying to resist or change
The direction of movement as if in a storm.
We can float or swim or sleep,
It really makes little difference.

ONCE IN KAMCHATKA

Once in Kamchatka, a Japanese surgeon
Called Doctor Hok, decided to walk through Colombia.
And thus he went, thinking he might find
Something interesting – even perhaps a girl he could make
His wife. And so he went, and partially succeeded,
Finding a lovely girl in a place called Bucaramanga:
But he did not get married – that part of the story
He did not divulge to me, when he was telling
Me of his wanderings – he spoke much more
About early Japanese poetry – those lovely
Short things about fish and the birds
That flew down for them, making Zen-like sounds.

DANCING SMOKE

Dancing smoke
The night is long
I think of you
And all the love and disasters

Love is all
No one can change it
Though a storm or hurricane can break it
Temporarily

More strength has Love than anything
For He can break the chains
And free the imprisoned soul
From its disintegration
Into dust and chaos

SAN GIL

The girls with their freshness and loveliness
Pull heaven down to earth in an instant;
One sings out: "I love the moon",
Another sings of something more basic.

At night I dream strangely
It seems I never know really where I am.
Things change, the ways of seeing them
Change even more peculiarly....

Ah, if I was young again!
But with a little of the wisdom gained
From time! But that never can be,
You would not have done anything the same.

Love means many more things with time,
Too late! to practice what you learn
The world's craziness seems more bizarre
With age, or is it simply, that you are further mad?

I was always adventurous,
Or was it that I was disorientated?
Love that came I sometimes blew,
Love that was false I accepted as new.

Ah, what is the meaning of life!
Nothing, as Tolstoy correctly said.
Sometimes we are on the cusp of truth
But then, everything disintegrates again.

We cannot make that same adventure,
We cannot breathe the same air,
We cannot cross the same river again
As Heraclitus said, so long ago.

I want to feel I touch the earth
But the earth is polluted, and my mind is sore
Sometimes, now, because of errors,
Because of inadequacies within one's soul.

Poetry allows the depths to emerge,
Ah, I love deep truth to sweep,
The angel is burning within my solitude,
When will I die, will it be peaceful?

The rain is coming now as a purifying force,
I love the rain, after the sun,
The world revolves in its crazy surety,
I am stuck on it, here, where I breathe.

Ah, how many cigarettes must I smoke
Before I learn the true answers,
How must I try to be a man
Before the walks of chaotic truth

Invade my soul, and allow a sight
Of the birds fluttering above, in the air
In the blue celestial lovely space
Which dreams with us everlastingly.

Perhaps the truth is so elusive,
Nothing can really disclose it when
We live in the world, the beautiful world,

All the noise does not help at all.

Sometimes I feel so angry with Time,
I remember talking with fellow students
So long ago, very late at night,
Ah, in those rooms above the cobbles

Of ancient streets. I always loved
Old, historic, soul-filled places,
Part of the being of grasping depths,
Something beyond or outside this day

If I must have always been a fool –
Between the walk to the United Dairies
And The Box, which sold chocolates and tobacco
And, in the other direction the Post Office

Under The Bridge, which sold everything;-
A little further away it was
From our house; my father said once
That if the murdered Jews in the Concentration

Camps were piled up from us to there and beyond
They would make huge mountains that would rise beyond
The skies of Esher, and I was distraught,
Amazed and sad, though I probably did not

Understand properly. “We won the War!”
Danced the boys in our playing ground
At school, joining up in chains:
Britain then seemed important, still.

The grimness of history, the massacres of millions,
Are not something about which we can keep our mouths shut
Ever, no matter about whom, where, or when;
That is the blood upon all our hands.

Never will love come in again

The same as in innocence when I read Wordsworth,
Though with Shelley I could reconnect
Millions of times, he is so perfect

And utterly dedicated, true, and great,
Ah, how I loved Percy Bysshe Shelley,
His words of fire, soft in flame,
Uncompromising for The Rights Of Man

And Love that bursts out from all Death's charnels,
A dreamy Truth, beautiful Lady,
Shimmering where She stands – ah, behold
A flame of eternal martyrdom.

GREAT FIRE OF LIFE AND COSMIC LOVE

The male poet enters the female
Spirit-world late at night;
That is the cosmic wonderful law
Of Life, the world, all this is good.
That is the source of Poetry,
That is the cause of children,
That is the source of greatest beauty
In dream, love, life, and hope.
The male enters the honeyed Supernatural
In mystery, confusion, and strange adventure.

Man has always wanted to enter
The dangerous, inexplicable world of woman
Without Reason, only because he must:
That is his nature – and, he yet more
Must enter the world of feminine dreams
And the supernatural, the world of Spirits
And strange realities that seduce his being:
That is the source of all Creativity
Good or bad, all is ultimately thus.

FOUR FRAGMENTS

I AS HERACLITUS

Is there anything under the stars that can be new,
Anything remarkable beneath the visiting moon,
Now that we know we have always been lied to,
Always absorbed lies, often made by ourselves?

II TWO HORRIBLE SPIDERS

Two horrible spiders rumble-bumbled across my plain of vision,
'Twas a terrible double-phantasm, exactly as in a dream
That confuses and disturbs – a nightmare: why it comes to pass
You never know absolutely exactly, though of a big part you can guess.

III HOW BEAUTIFUL

How beautiful the world can be –
The dusk as a pink of mist and cloud
Over the mountains around Bucaramanga –
The Vital Spirit all around our Being.

IV THE CAVE

Would you ever want to know
A dog who ate the bone?
Would you ever move again
Beyond an abysmal hole?

I WISH THERE WAS

I wish there was Love everywhere around
And not misunderstandings, giving into Error
As no one is *Perfect*; simply let people be!
Judge not all the time, nor impose your Views;
Just live yourself, and see if others do too!

FRAGMENT FROM A MOMENT

Ah, when I roam, in prose at last,
I feel so tired and sick of so many things:
The lies and hypocrises, the gross inequalities
And exploitation that exist in every part of the world.
How to change it? I no longer believe
That “armed struggle” is any answer.
I am sick of that as well. And what about
The spirit, love, art, poetry, and joy?
These things are not pinned to disgusting violence,
Which the problems of human life are supposed to justify:
Whether for governments, or those getting rich and powerful
Through increasing misery of others; nor to liars
And ideologues who claim to want to “improve society”.

I WILL BE DEAD

I will be dead, before I am dead,
As the wind blows through a forest’s dreams.
Do you know what I mean? The trees are dying,
Though insects infest and hop through the brush.
The brush is a-hopping, playing against fire,
The biggest tree is digging, into its crab,
There are many strange, foreign gangsters
And soapy fools who can hardly speak!

I WANT TO STRETCH A LIMB

I want to stretch a limb
And even kick a bin!
Are you talking to a crab
Or do you want to make a stab
At a crockety crowing goof
Toppling off the roof
In the house right next to yours
That has those broken doors
Through which enormous birds
Constantly throw curds
And gravy at the best
People inside, to make a mess!

No codger ever knows why
Yet even less likes eating a pie,
These are some of the mysteries
With which even a pidgeon dies.

BEING AND CONSCIOUSNESS, NATURE AND GOD

I'm mounting so high, my brain will topple,
What will it be then, will it survive?
Will it view over the mountain-slopes,
Will it gather inwards the many views,
Will it integrate and syncretize
The Whole in some Form from fragmented experience?

Will there be Truth in the overcoming
Of separated Matter from Spirit, and,
The Natural from the Supernatural,
And Mind from the Universe;
Science from the strange, extraordinary nature
Of Being – the “Why” and, the “For What”;
Not merely the “How”, which can be rationally explained?

DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Doctor Faustus messed around and caused a grand explosion,
All in his study, among his books, exploring new phenomena.
No one understood, why he was such a strange man,
They only thought he disappeared, and then he made a bang!
They did not know he read Ovid, nor the Chinese poets,
Still less they realized he studied ecology and arguments for Socialism!
He really was a lonely man, and once he had tried to gain
A lovely girl through devilish plans, and negotiations, with – guess whom?
Mephistopheles! But he wanted more, than satisfaction for his grand lust;
And Love with a Capital “L”, was not forthcoming from the deal.
And so in some frustration, he started to mess around;
He studied chemistry, and learnt extraordinary
Means to make some very great flames, and cause much smoke to rise as well;
Until one night, very late, the whole game went awry,
And that's why there was such a noise
That woke his respectable neighbours from their sleep,
Who had always been tolerant of his evident multivalent love-

Life: but now the hullabaloo was most terrible,
And so those normally kind neighbours
Called – not the Police, no no,
But Mephistopheles; the man Himself!

I ONLY KNEW THREE GRACES

I only knew Three Graces until I saw your sunset,
Then, like Keats, I wondered, how much time we have
To suck the beauty as the bee sucks,
And to look into the eyes of one's dreamy mistress,
To take her hand, and realize Beauty that must die:
Like the sunset she dwells in beauty, beauty that must die,
As everything, and then as it goes, you sup the heavenly sweetness in her eyes.
Ah! let go from her rich anger,
What is it in comparison
With her changing in the moment
From one rapture to another.
And if Time is Melancholy, so is it also
The only Truth we ever know.

PRAYER

O lord, why have we been in slavery,
Why has this interlude been so long
Between our dreams and freedom, the very devil's
Own nightmare? Oh, grant us your sweetness,
Make it that we can go, and we shall worship Thee eternally.

CLOUDS OF FOREBODING

Ah, to enter something new, where?
Where are we now, in any case?
Globally or individually, is not all quite crazy?
How to grapple with anything satisfactorily?

When the clouds darken as in Max Ernst's
Imagination, what in the Universe can we do?
I feel disaster, without solution,

Yet also I hope, in poetic Love.

Who knows what, perhaps all is
Quite otherwise. Let my arms fly out,
My wings take fire, try again Humanity,
And also my soul.

NOW

I would walk as a sunken pidgeon,
Were I not a dreaming star
Like Thou, face of a blinking White Light,
Like that of Dante's Paradise.

Flying across like sacred geese
The blue-green sky dances in sounds,
A lake is wide and deep as stones,
Let us look into translucency.

MICK

Mick Jagger
What a fucking genius
Like an unending bolt of deepest energy,
And even about him they manage to moan.

His music is wild, or soft, or menacing, or sublime,
Erotic to the end of the earth, or visionary-psychedelic,
Dripping with love, or pissed-offness, or anger,
It can keep you going for a very long time.

WHEN YOUR DEATH COMES DOWN TO BITE

When your death comes down to bite,
Perhaps you will remember then
To tap your purple energies again,
And fly with winged fire o'er mountain-tops
Of orange-red sunset surrounding your eyrie,

And re-find your deepest strengths.

IN SOME OF THE DEEPEST MOMENTS

In some of the deepest moments
All is indeed fear and trembling;
Uncertainty, trying to find certainty,
Sadness, trying to find happiness,
Unquietness, trying to find tranquility,
Guilt and remorse, trying to find reconciliation
And peace.

I THOUGHT THAT NO ONE

I might have thought that no-one ever could
Enter a cloud and make it pink
Until I heard an interview
With a man who knew he was really dying.
Naked, unto the ultimate truth
He spoke of consciousness after death
And was dubious about its possible existence
In spite of Pascal's famous "Wager".
You believe what you believe, I think; it is not
A calculation: how nice it would be
To believe you are "saved" for all Eternity!
Yet, I think intuitively
That there *is* a "spiritual realm".

No one knows anything until the moment arrives,
Aeschylus at the Battle of Marathon;
No one can know how they will feel at Death
Until it comes, and then it may be nothing at all.
Then we may know if we can enter a cloud
And turn it pink.

Glad Day: the Light of Holy Truth
Smashes into eyes at dawn
When the Sun is like this, so strong and bright;
This is the answer to the Universe.

UNTITLED

A vulture with open wings
Five golden bones resplendent in the sun
A ding-dong boot waddling like a boat
Having a hope quite uselessly in the pond;
I always wanted to fly through Esher Station
Breathe the coal dust along those dark tracks
Later I wanted to explore the vast Amazon
And love like a warrior-son throughout the known world.
I went to be so strange along the yellow paths
Discovered a duck or two and wild noises at night
The dang-dong-ding excitements were more than mere distractions
Temptations to lovely sights were very much illuminations
When the dogs barked I flew upon the ground
Or ground-up to the skies soaking into clouds
Now the smells of ash or ancient delicious coal
Deliberate among the cells of my burning head's brain
My imagination breaks into fields of sweet poppies
Red and purple-blue like hopes from death transplanted
Who has ever known what is falling down
Or what is turning up like retruberent crazy stones
I never know why I loved you so
And later came to hate you dallying in the mire
If I break I'm broken
Perhaps you are rolling down
Jaguars and tigers may symbolize your fall
Among the coloured orchids
Love is a stray cat
Petals of beautiful pink and rose
Dance throughout the night
I am somewhat folorn
And also drowning in contentment
Life is one and never again
And so what repay any regrets
Before the final explosion

LADRILLEROS

Ah, let Love come again,
Like the sun from out of the clouds,
After the rain has slowed down,

Like the stars at night when the clouds have cleared,
Like a moon-silver in a dark sky,
Like your smiling face in peace and happiness,
Eternal Love returning.

LA PLAYA EN LADRILLEROS

A dog barks
The rocks seem to move
Jungle tumbles absolutely to the sea
Just after dusk the sea is so dark
The rocks are wet from rain and dripping vegetation
The curling surf still emanates whiteness
As if something of the fantastic sunset –
Rich yellow, red, orange
In the sky – still remains
After the sunset, in the rolling waves
That obey the laws of the tide
In deep, dark, romantic beauty.

When it rains
There is a splashing unto the sea
And the world burns
Sun as red as a pentacostal,
Stars twirling into the dark blue
Night-sky.
Earlier the dusky sunset was fire
Of coloured flames like a revelation
A revolution in cosmic time
That repeats itself and disintegrates
Into universal dust, universal mind.....

The dog that ran along the beach
Of ash-coloured sand at the time of dusk,
With the tide returning like the sun
Tomorrow morning with the dawn:
Daybreak! Thus is Philosophy,
Digging from the pile of yesterday
New connections, for sunrise is new
Every time – its colours of violet, blue, green and purple,-
The sensations and thoughts of the universal mind
Bask in its own self-realization.

I AM OF A NIGHT-TIME

I am of a night-time
The moon replaces the bright sun
Who will play upon the sky
Dancing like stars in deep darkness
Love is like a changing thing
Between celestial bodies in light
Yin and Yang are ultimately one
Let us sing like octopi!

REMEMBERING

Pensatively

Remembering love with you

Awakening me to so much in the soul

My mother

Your sweetness when we were young

In front of the Aga, after school

I remember your dress

Whose colour varied

I remember running out into the garden

Knowing you were still there

When we arrived at the pond

You were still there

Raindrops through the woods

You were always there

Bluebell wood after the stone arch

You were always there

At the bottom of the garden

Fort X

You did not often come there

Dangerous fires!

Stinging nettles were not to your liking either

You preferred the lawn

And the beautiful flowers that you planted

One of those trees you drew

Before becoming a real artist

What was that tree called?

What you liked was to look out of the kitchen window

To check everything was alright

And it was

I fell down from the top of the fir-tree one day:

Quite dramatic, it hurt me

But you were there indoors

You had a book about Bellini

With beautiful illustrations
That was very special
The drawing-room had a green carpet
That led the eye through the conservatory
And into the green garden:
Such was your artistic, visual Imagination.

A bird was singing at the top,
No Woodman was about to vex
The singing birds, nor expel the Dryads
Of gentle Love from every dell below:
Thus was my quiet, brief, but eternal Dream.

MUSTAFA BOOZER

Mustafa Boozer Shelley Duttendorer,
He was a very silly very heavy borer.
Mustafa Boozer always ate a fish-bait,
Then he spat it out in such a gruesome mind-state.

ASKED THE DUKE

“Why are you shouting so loud?” asked the Duke,
And the dog-man lady instructed her doll, to say:
“Because I want to relax before I die,
I have always had such different hopes.”

Let the snooping adventure playground
Drift over a New England winter;
Its snow so drifty, its shiny trees,
Why do we have to eat a duck
In some strange imaginary world of greed,
Or of hope, that cannot be fructified
By these hopeless pronouncements; who can decide
What God intends for Contraception?

God surely does not think that way,
If He is the Spirit of the Universe,
Far beyond trivial “Religions” and dogmas,
Invented by people over a short time
Who have temporally gained power – very partially,
And do not respect the spiritual beliefs,
Of someone like me – get it? – me,
Another human being who thinks and believes –
But for Himself! O, the Taoist Spirit,
The pantheist love, the intrinsic truth,
The unfathomable beauty, without Dogma,
The feeling of the Cosmos as you look at the stars,
The hopes, spirits, beauty, and truth,
Of all shamans, priests, poets, artists,
Not waived aside by idiot propaganda
From those (oh so sorry), who can only yell.

BENEATH THE SKEIN

Beneath the skein into the heart's depths,
Visions change and confuse; demand
Attention of the Soul, inherent within
An individual's sense of self and being:

What is there? Clouds banging,
Illusions floating as they fade away,
Until the dreamer dies, and his spirit disperses
Into the Cosmic Sea.

SPACKER!

Spacker! Dig the dog,
Lighten the Blockfurdich before the crup,
Eager the twister into his Moon!
Sharpen a diddle-trick sponger *out* from that spoon.

Those who like, they read it;
We don't know why they do,
Others are hugging and dropping to drips,
Sprouting into the dew.

Nestle into holes, where the Unconscious is allowed!
Clip the door of Paradise, extinguishing the ground.
Bogs of forests scatter charms throughout nefarious boots,
Coughs and breaches hit the knees like nothing that doesn't hoot.

Passchendaele skirts its squeezing dough
Through red memory before the womb
Was born: hi! ho! life is a conker on an Esher lane,
Digger-dogger was the order of May.

I am one who knows, and that's what then is lost,
The scooterfield lives, shooting on shrimps and pimps!
Scraping the spun floors of the Amazonian jungle,
Birds and mosquitoes fight, unto the sitting death.

Until I suddenly realized I was alone; suddenly,

Gasping into space, and all that starry dust.
I noticed too that all is fading, life extinguishing itself;
In metamorphosis and decline, and very much else besides!

HOC DEADBOOT

There lies a hope, dug up and reburied,
Star of the firmament, shining exemplar,
Idealism's wings unclipped in flight,
Crashing on rocks, periodically, then
Re-emerging, scathed, to soar again.

Like Hoc Deadboot, leadened man
Living in a furnace of iron and steel
Where insects crawl on a dismal floor,
A spate of unknowingness glides into tune.

Our Turkish women, sturdy, graceful
Bring from the stars a paradise piece
Loving with us, on the upturned moon,

But the world is full of woodmen who expel
Love's gentle dryads from every dell.

THERE IS NO FAIL LIKE A SAILING CLOUD

There is no fail like a sailing cloud:
A joyous remembrance of Wordsworth's night,
Nor a crystal spirit of jewelled love,
From Shelley, ah! blithe spirit, yield!

Sweet distance, the floating apparition of Truth,
The glorious life in perfect Forms,
Who is living in the lofty firmament,
Among those stars where all is transcendent,
All of us pinnacled in the blue inane!
Our molecules mingle in intense vaults
Of night, ah! here are we where we came from,

Paper boats on the Serpentine – sweet!
And frantic as the heart's deep incline.
Nor can ever we as non-inspired brain
Enter the microcosm of a grain of sand,
Only then can all be dimly united:
Time, Destiny, Stupidity, Love,
With Hope, Adventure into the poles
Of the psyche's truth, the breaking guts,
The heart when it warms in deep memory,
The soul re-collected out from its chaos,
Dust reunited into Perfect Wholeness.

Solvent and fluid as the Cosmic Sea,
Joyous is everything into the mire,
Speak thy tablets unto the sky;
A field, green, is an ultimate altar.
Who would even wish to exchange
The heart's uniqueness even to the Moon
Of all Eternity, were it not true
To depths of fishing oceans deep,
The rolling seas in waves of blue
And surf, the crashing curse
And miracle of strange, often, not love
In the black conquest, the spiralling down
Of ecstasy, nonsense, the dark waters,
The flood of Noah, the ultimate Story,
Deep in the pit of the ears and mind
Where love and life invented themselves.
So many birds of sound at night,
The forest pure in quietness and crying
Insects and frogs descending like music
Upward to spangles of star-formed shapes,
Orion, the Sisters, seven belts,
The weird halter and resurrection
Of dreams, the sleeping work of poets,
The dog-head-like drifting of waves and darkness,
The ultimate rolling over of green Oceans,
The dark deep-blue seas, the emanating liftings,
How was the universe ever constructed?
Where was Jehovah, the Absolute, Big Bang,
Amidst that creative turmoil of fire,
The deep, dark, blue nightmare,
The dream of Being, the invention of lies,
The sweetness of chaos mingling with debt,
The coming up to clouds grey, flying under bridges

Where pigeons swooped and swooned in whoops
In dank strangeness, childhood strangenesses,
There did a wet, fine, fitting, follow:
As Genesis moved, Myth into Madness,
I and we flew, into doves and vultures,
All was eternity, mixtures of greens,
Blues, reds, ultimate yellows,
Sounds that almost made music, not quite,
Subconscious confusions like sleep not-quite-there,
Visiting the Museum of all Creation.
Tragedy of Existence, temporarily forgotten.
A baby blue blood, red drop of Imagination.
I am and flew, thus is the Moment.
Who has the Cross, the double-dealing devil,
Who wants the pink, blue, deliverance from lies,
Where are the colour-sliding edges of clouds,
Why are the drop-confusions twisting in contortions,
Why is a heaven of fantasy *so* purple,
Where are the dreams of the first molecules?

SIGNIFYING NOTHING

Perhaps another bestial beauty has been born,
Nothing being real, all communication being publicity, or virtual;
The Death of Soul, though never complete,
Signifying emptiness and sweet oblivion,
Full of noise and clatter, non-directional development,
Permanent change like a galactic hole
Except more rapidly. Pointless News,
Ever repeating the same forgetfulness,
Hopeless masquerading as Progress.

THE LAWYER

If I were to write an Inferno,
There is someone I would put in it,
Glugging in burning oil – while someone else,
Either me, or Virgil, or another being,
Would remind him of all he had done and said,
But more importantly what he had not done or said,
For which I suffered even deeper agony
Than he would be learning in his sea of flames

For his lies, hypocrisy, and petty nastiness,
His spite, unkindness, vile viciousness.

DOLDRUMS

Who is a pleasant man in this complicated world –
Isaac Newton, Heidegger..... when younger,
I would have preferred judgement
More easily than now. To have discovered gravity,
Whilst being a murderous tyrant when opportunity arose,
Or a believer in “aletheia”, while knowing the murderous practices of the Nazis!
The heart sinks, the stomach worse,
I am sometimes sick of human nature,
Yet what am I a part of? “There is no crime,”
Goethe is supposed to have said, in great truth and honesty,
“Which I can never imagine committing.”

IN MY DREAM

I was looking at you, in my dream,
You looked very beautiful, but not quite the same,
But I did not realize, as I did not know
It was a dream, I thought it was normal;
But your face was especially beautiful, your hair so dark,
I had no way of comparing anything with waking normality,
I was dreaming, but I did not know it.

MOZART'S PIANO

Bells of snow and beauty,
Drops of perfumed sound
Of most exquisite love

Rippling magical wonder
Purity of utmost beauty,
Joy and tears in enantiomeria.....

Dream is beauty beneath the fathom-line

Of sleep, otherworldly unity and integration
Magical spell in sweet ecstasy

Mad with beauty, like spinning electrons,
Waves of divinity, sublime mystery,
Love expanding like the Universe

Rippling water of pure cadenza
Purity of being in unconsciousness
Flowing bell-sounds in translucent drops

In touch with the Universe, Intuition;
All matter, spirit, the heart-beat, Mind-
Drops; notes of swirling beauty

BLESSEDLY AFTERWARDS

Ah, the madness that all can see
Into me, yet, what is theirs?
Give me peace, at last, without criticism,
Allow me to breathe, like a struggling flower,
As when I was looking at the meadows green,
The buttercups and other, little wonders,
Allow me to seek them up without complaint,
In sadness, happiness, or whatever state.
The Andes surround me now, like fire,
I am not sure what is love, or death,
But I must be, until I disintegrate,
Like a seed that cannot find fruitful soil.
Thus is the destiny of many a poet,
Whose fame is writ so hard in water,
Thus is it, though nobody reads,
The world offers me no kindness nor sympathy –
Nor should it! Death is upon us all,
We breathe for as long as we can,
And then, we disappear, as we were never useful,
As long as the whistle-brown ears of corn,
The sweetest violets on a summer's morn,
The loveliest, sudden dreams of beauty,
The oddest entry into immaculate fantasy;
Who expected us to do more,

Who thought we could answer more,
But of the Truth, the wind of freedom,
The soul pulsating in its strange uncertainty,
The luscious, temporary feeling of life,
The dripping into all interstices of hope,-
They know nothing of the weirdest love,
The divinity that breaks upon the earliest morn,
The skies that tell all, but also, nothing,
The collapse into ecstasy of the direst, folorn
Idiot of truth, love, most beautiful dream,
Drifting like a molecule among the clouds.
He never knew, who he was, below,
The dark and shining rocks of fate,
This was his oracle, among the mussels,
The rolling strangeness of under-ocean mists,
The realms where dreaming mono-syllables,
The unicellular nuisance bubbles,
The dogs that barked in the Chinese village,
The caves where contemplated Taoist hermits.
They were where those fantastic clouds
Sank around the mountain peaks,
Where poets perched upon their dreams,
Their visions of the deep reality of Nature,
Their interpretations of what is painting
Nature: the artist's mind, the deep Cosmos,
Striations and wisps of fantasy, reality.

CALLIGRAPHY (2)

I'm burning it up with a long brush-breath,
A spontaneous line of unconscious poetry,
Wherefore, why, nothing is known
But for a molecule of the Universe.

COLLECTIVE SECURITY

The biting was so awfully bad
The guts were taken down,
The lice that wakened me in heaven
Were breezing through the trees;
There was a Dog and a Nasty Pig
Who together ruled the roost;

They decided who should live, and also who should die!
With a sabre they did prefer Death
Because it was so civilized,
But really what they deeply loved
Was blood at the neck of the veins!

COLOURS

I always saw some curvy lines
Reflected in a glass at night,
Never a meaning could be clearly extracted,
Though obviously, the laws of light
Were at work. Colours, like those that Newton broke up
In his Cambridge room, through the curtains,
Are what an artist, and a poet too,
Works with, though in different ways.

LOST DOG

Dog is a bog
Stag is in the rag
Tundra is a bundle
Desert is a scandal
Tropical jungle is a bungling mess
All the fleas want to flee from the nest
While the stupidest conkers fly to the poles
While the cleverest dream into the coals
Like death-loving twirpers, cougars of flame
Books with titles that can have no name

YOU GO OUT FURTHER ALL THE TIME

You go out further all the time,
Out to sea in your small boat –
Nothing there, except sea and sea,
But you're hoping to find some special island
In which many things may become resolved;
But of course that is not the direction to go in
At all! If you have any vague thought
Of what you are looking for – don't wade into

The glorious blue ocean; play safe, and do it all
In your native village!

STREAM WITH FLOATING FLOWERS OF BEAUTY

I loved that girl, like Hamlet did Ophelia,
But all was impossible, due to insanity
And immaturity: and so many lies!
Deceptions and manipulations from all sides!
Ah, the real tragedy, hidden,
The sweet love of an innocent,
Victim of events and circumstances,
Buried as always in opportunistic lies!

A SONG

I couldn't know a bean-fuck
I couldn't eat a worm,
I couldn't love a silent duck
It really was a storm.

I don't know what was wrong with me,
I obviously was at sea,
The past and future clouded me
I could not find a pea.

There was a dog I remember well,
A goat and a crocodile,
But none of these could help my nose;
They never changed my pose.

STAGPOTT

Awoji dooga anacooder
Woddelly bodelly boo,
O wot a coo, o such a stew
Sibelly kom atoo! Bum-bum.

Our father, that which ain't in heaven,
Hollow is thy name,
Thine is no kingdom, thy will is foul,
On earth, or anywhere else thou go.

EVEN THE LILIES LIE

Even the lilies lie, such sadness is afloat,
Hollowed out their being, for footsteps of the past;
In phases of the individual's scattering of that despairing
Search for death, sometimes lazy, and thus ridiculous;
Perhaps without connection, dreams into the sky
Burn upon the hopes, the faultiness of flowers.

I always wanted to go abroad
And rise above that tree,
I always thought it would be good
To go on more than a spree!

Always it was to gaze upon
The beautiful face of a girl,
An ultimately satisfying, luscious, intelligent,
Gorgeous, loving being.

DRIFTING

I drift,
As if in a sky,
Along with those little birds,
Mingling with the remaining light,
Emanating, sprinkling out from gaps in the clouds,
And communing with all those levels,
Dimensions of the Totality;
I float, once again,
And dream as part of the Cosmos.

A REAL NOWHERE MAN

If I am a man with no future,
Please let me suck like a bee,
From the last flowers of sweet perfumes,
Nectar; and all that tastes delicious.

If I am a man who has not achieved
“A leading role” according to CNN,
If I am simply a thinker and writer,
Someone who before, tried to be
Extremely active, in another epoch,
Before the Internet and so much else besides,
Is it perhaps a little hard
To think of me as being “nobody”?

I DO – DO YOU BELIEVE?

I actually do – can you believe it?
I would love to – do you know what?
I am sinking – no, not really,
Where are you, dreaming through the rest of Eternity
Like an angel-snail smoothing around
The known and unknown universe of wild thoughts;
Boils bursting from the head,
Hopes of those after making love,
Dog-bites screwing up a smooth skin,
Who can interpret hieroglyphics?

TRANSFORMATIONS

I suffered, oh! I yearned and ached!
How little I really understood, deep down
The flashing storms in lightning and thunder
That crashed their colours and exciting noise,
Their terrifying sounds of gods firing,
The lightning streaks ever opening-up dreams
Into the deep unconscious, the sleeping side
Of the psyche, where the jaguar roams
On earth, in the trees, moving between worlds
Like shamans do, from natural to supernatural realms!

TO MY FATHER

Now he will rest at our mother's side,
Dreaming together into Eternity.
Close as clams in imaginary worlds
Were they, provoking envy abroad.

An artist, and a scientist,
A sort of psychic perfection, one might think!
Though nothing is as clear as Day
Nor dark as Night into everywhere.

Night and Day, white and black,
Sun and moon, dreaming aloof;
Their gods are startled, strangely quiet,
Throughout their persistence for ages, years,
Absolutely, to live forever!

I will miss them that's for sure,
When they are burnt into those blue skies,
Doubts and fears may disappear
But their presence will leave the world emptier.

THE AYIN OF SEMA

With the shudder of meeting the soul and discovering love,
As in a whirling dance of mystery,
In which the veils that conceal God's presence
Are divested, and truth rules supreme,
Crystal of the Sun, *laudate dominum*,
Beauty shows us where we are; and thus takes over,
Replenishing the emptiness of dust and chaos.

NEVER IN THE NIGHTMARE OF LIFE'S DREAMS

Never in the nightmare of life's dreams
Did the doors open into such drifting abysses,

Plumbing the depths of Dionysian truth,
Entering weaknesses of Apollo's hope.
Who was with me ever, then,
Trying to break into the other side,
Who then was there, where was I?
Where was anything, besides me, there?

Sometimes I wish Death would die,
And leave me in a final peace.
The dogs howl, bones groan,
Sweet skies of love not yet, do die.

Ah where do we go at night folorn
Unto busted beauty in the dark tree?

Mangling words in the compunctious strange
Was if were gods sometime at large
Digging a dagger into the breach,
Hoping a gripe for the florid meat.

Pagan malevolence spritely dragging.

Therewith is everything thus absolved
Dogs-appointed drift in heavens
Brawling parrots sing songs some
Crocodiles, *cucarachas*, scuttle to base.
Whyfore drift us upon a scope?

Nothing ever lived so long
As humanity, in such stupidity.
Elections, wars, storms, chaos,
Dripping with notes of Chopin's music,
And the flights of eagles, blue, so wild.

This is a moment of which I want
The Colombian dawn with the sun streaming
Through to my soul, in between the deep trees
Where I feel the greatest and craziest love
For you, my darling wife, I love you so much,

Much more than I love the moon.

Ah, but then the truth can be Hell
Dragged on down by Hypocrisy.

Music of the *llanos* enters the air,
Begins to make dreams fly.
Colombian cowboys, tough and free,
Glide over the plains for hours and hours.
Honeyed sky with swifts and kites,
Eagles gliding, others squawking.

They all fly over the *Cordillera Oriental*
At my *finca* too, the easy-looking birds
Of Colombian skies in the afternoon sun,
In the blue inane of their free space.

Ploughing through the deep sea
With jaguars, dogs, zebras, and rats,
Living through, towards the end,
Spattering thoughts with counter-truths,
Dream we onwards, down and up.

Juan Duarte, on the expedition
Of Jiménez de Quesada, from Santa Marta,
Which led to the Conquest of the poor Muisca
And the foundation of Bogotá: went mad
After eating a toad, in the days of hunger
On the journey's ordeal. No gold for him
Could save *his* soul.

I was burning up in gold!
I would not pour it into the Black Hole
Of the Grave, as if to buy Redemption,
Resurrection, or Immortality!

Whether the life of Sister Josepha
Was worse than mine, I just do not know.

Whether if I had not been deluded about so much,
I would ever have done what I did do, I do not know.

Put it in the box now
Push it to the blue,
Pussy's got her boots on
Why don't you so do?

The king is crazy in the slime
Crooks are booking flights,
There is a dog with zebra stripes
Who flies beyond yon heights.

To twiddle and twaddle for ages and ages
Is not to produce a verse,
It is to make a trivial game
That could be carried by a hearse.

The tragedy of life, is that
Which ekes out Tom from Dick,
The dog that counts is he who breaks
The cart unto the bridge.

There was a prick ten eons ago
Who sat upon a sphinx,
He ran up bills of countless dreams
And smacked upon a stone.

Why can't you let me spend five seconds
Firing a blood to the sky,
I only want a kangaroo
To flip a shell to the moon!

Which was a boot that sang a star
Deep into the sea,
What was the crazed, plipped cow
That thought he hated me?

If one stares into dark forests
Late at night with the stars above
Trilling and twissling into space,
The dome of light and love on fire,
The anguished Moon dreaming her strange
Hopes and fears, Her erotic moods,
Unfathomable yearnings into the night,
Incomprehensible certainties and gliding Light
Where intuitions burst into their flames,
Thus the cells of the heart and brain
Do open out and claim their own
Life and love in the mysterious universe, -
The Cosmos, spelled of extraordinary thoughts,
Essential primordial elemental ideas,
Elementary butterflies and moths of star,
Candles breaking the fires of night,
There do things become strange
Again, for this is the Mystery,
The miraculous dreams of trees and flowers
In all their colours bleaching light
Because the leaves are floating pure
As the jungle paranoiac nightmare craves
Its conclusion, which never comes of course,
Any more than Godot turns up on time;
Wait! Wait! All is crazy again.

How I love the Night: all is quiet.

The fire is dancing like a Queen.
Darkness dreams Her delicious skirt.
The curtain is a fire that blinds
Eyes against the veil of beauty;
We can never be again
As we were before, in the previous universe,
In spite of Nietzsche's Eternal Recurrence;
What happened before the last Big Bang
Cannot be the same as this One, Now.
We are ready, tonight is Tonight.
Imagination abolishes the familiar veil,
Thus can we see that naked beauty.

In the morning I did touch your being,

Still in dream, pelting with Sun,
That was a moment of Eternity,

And the dinosaurs were still, then, roaming,
Munching the trees and all that grew.
I never really knew who You were,

Everything was strange when I was four years old
And we visited the house where my aunt lived
And all around was a moonscape
Of blitz-bombed London: I did not understand
What had happened there, nor in the Concentration Camps:
But something seemed very horrible, strange, and weird.

I was still so young: the brain-cells had not
Yet developed, any more than a chrysalis
Has become a butterfly. But all was bad.
Imagine the four-year olds in the “Camps”,
The four-year olds bombarded in the Gaza “Strip”.

Four-year olds seldom have any rights
Of course: they are pure victims and casualties
Of what happens around them.

You do not have to be a Jew to feel the grief
And rage, nor a Palestinian either:
They are all just PEOPLE, human beings, children,
That is enough for me.

I am British, perhaps so lucky,
Never to have been herded into murder
Nor invaded and pushed around in “Camps”.
I think I know who I am, however;
A man, a human being, someone who lives
On this planet.
I come from the Stars originally, like everything else.

They will not find me in a grave
Confessions flowing out in words

On tombstones. It is all too strange
For that. Romance in Durango, perhaps
Would be nearer to it.

I am flying away in dreams
As always, remember Octavio Paz's
Remark that poets start to sing
At midnight; some kind of transformation
Occurs, and we become voluble,
And full of thoughts of love and beauty,
Harmony for humanity, elimination of violence,
All the things that Jesus Christ
Spoke of two millennia ago, especially the idea
That one (try to) love everyone else
Whomsoever they are, and never kill anyone.

Such is the sadness that Life can produce
For whatever reason, fault, or Error;
The frog-face dog with worm in hand,
Pains us again always quite soon,
In spite of the holy light in the sky,
The glorious music of brightly lit trees,
The sun's perfection all over our bodies,
That light that Van Gogh loved in Arles,
The flute-sounds in Mozart's divine Music.

So much sadness in the world,
Disappointment, failure, disaster;
We have to pretend that "all manner of things will be well";
And indeed there is no alternative,
Except suicide. And that is stupid.
Depression can eat us like Churchill's Black Dog;-
We must try to find the finest spirit within us,
Of courage, acceptance, kindness, and openness
To occasional bliss. Love is difficult.

Moonlight on the snow again
Glamorous nymph from the Moon's flash
The mystical entry into Reality,
Dance into the lit cave,
Inspiration from the crystal worm,
The turquoise, gold; the river's flow

Beauty luminescent, dark delusion,
Seduction into a moment's Hope,
Hurricane hitting a crazy brilliance,
A shimmering star of Inspiration,
The erotic dance of Aphrodite,
Goddess searching the sky for lovers,
Rebellion against the News' lies,
The sweetness that never exists for long
As hurtle we towards that End ,
Bursting out of Hell, Injustice, Farce
In deep dreams, gorgeous incandescent
Fire and Love, life of rolling
Universes with stars, planets, moons,
The exalted vault, the dome of light,
In infinity of mystery unto death,
Blood burning like sparks of Eternity;
Shimmering beauty within alienation
Of the Soul, yearning ever unto the Light.

LAMENT

I've always had some being in Arcadia,
Striving to see the silver in the brook,
Though also gazing with the stars at night
In many loves;
Yet also –
Crumbling to the brink.
For what is Poetry, if not to pass through the Doors
And enter Perception, uniting Thought with Truth,
Pulling the stars and moon down to beloved cedars,
Raising the olives and vines to Heaven's Utopia;
Surviving the never-ending undermining,
The lack of fame or fortune or good luck,
Nevertheless the feeling of a Vision
Accompanying me from my first consciousness.
Perhaps there always were mixed wires here:
Barbed as well as holy, pure, galactic,
In the soup that I perforce did suck, draining
Away such pain through the roughest filters.

WHETHER PEOPLE *LIKE* YOU

Whether people *like* you, or do not,
Makes no difference; there is no God
Who garners up reports about you for when you die,
As there is Nothing then – yet you still care
What people think of you, and whether you do right;
That is the beginning of Morality, and Love.
For Love is Eternal, beyond any existence,
Beyond the Universe itself, or its repetitions,
Or indeed its non-existence. Courage
Is the point, which constantly fades out,
Like a sparking coal when it gets cool,
Yet the Bright Light continues in spite of all;-
It is a universal truth of which we know.

ADVANTAGE?

I am English – advantage? Yes/No:
Everyone has his cross to bear.
In the end all is on one planet; nations
With their horrible individual histories and conflicts
Which join into a total chaos
Of terrestrial agony – never yet advancing
Beyond mean interests, narrowness of vision,
Failure to study the history of reality
Deeply: thus always repeating
Nightmares, hells, stupidity, the ditches into which
Human Nature can fall unless well-informed
Without low prejudices; full of Imagination
And Total Love.

WE ARE ONE

Don't worry me about who is white or black;
If you hurt one or the other because you are the Other,
Then you harm me too: there is *one* race,
Humanity; this planet is too small for such petty distinctions,
We are one; cultural distinctions are interesting
And fascinating, I love them, but they give no reason
For hellish murder nor humiliating behaviour.
We are One.

THUS IT IS

I must at once confess a fault,
Being too excitable by any half,
And too impatient. Something burns
Stupidly in me when frustrations yawn,
And that has been the source of many
Disasters in my "ridiculous life",
Though I have at least tried to throw
A superb harpoon of silver or gold
At the moon, or the tides of the eternal sea,
Noticed or not by other portions
Of humanity.
My blood will flow as all else's,
My faults will come back hard upon me,
As *karma*; that I know,
Because when stars come down to earth,
Kissing the soil and the sweet rivers,
Friendliness finally extinguishes hell,
And even a rat can be kind to a dog.
Why do I always have to be
An experiment, as thus it seems?
The world is full of woodmen who expel
Love's gentle dryads from every dell.

I will go down to some crazy kind of death
Like everyone else. Then, Nothing,-
Unless you believe in Hell, Purgatory, or Heaven.
Merging with the absolute is a kind of Nothing,
As is the notion of floating into an anonymous Ether,
Or mingling with the Universe, becoming one
With the Cosmos. No ego, no consciousness,
No influence nor communication with the living,
A condition of Zen without dualities,
Existence/Non-existence without definition,
The sound of one hand clapping alone,
The Eye of Apollo looking at itself, Divine,
Hegel's self-consciousness of the unrolling Truth,
The shaman's ultimate Vision of Unity;
Part of the Energy, eternal or not,
Of all that Science, Religion, Mythology,
Tries to grasp.

ENGLOSE ANGST

As it bursts from the stars
The crazy sound breaks the moon
The lovely sex of a country maiden
Redeems a man, sinning in thought,
And the sun drips its dreams upon
The thirsty earth. Primaeval Truth
Throws its explosive life upon
The deadness of stupid humanity,
Wasting its wealth of love, destroying itself,
Dreaming badly, if at all,
The music of the earth utterly ignored –
Pleading with Heaven for drops of juice,
Forgiveness for all our crimes, jets of folly,
Music unending for all eternity.

And if the sun falls, jumps eternity
The wine of the vine will enter the Door
Because you are my Muse, cat on fire,
Pope of the dog-hop, brink of merriment
Hatred the underestimated emotion
Blurps its smoke, while the earth on fire
Dips its group into a broken bag,
Ah, your sweetness in those long nights,
Delicious kisses and holding tight,
Perfumes of your every being,
Movements of your complete loveliness,
Touch of your secret, your eyes of flames
Hope in your beautiful fire of perfume,
Your love in wild, cracked dreams,
Insanity of music that breaks on through
To Eternity, because the hope
Everlastingly touches the elements,
The means to burst out beyond the skies
Into the stars, the moon, the universal flame,
Where we can all find our God,
Whoever it might be, wherever it might fly,
Up in celestial realms of open flames
Or down in the dug-down brown catastrophes.

The suffering cannot be spread
The stars come and burn your face

You must stir, there is no alternative
The gog-dog wants to bite your boot
And the crazy cat jumps over your foot
There are enigmas written into your walls
Crooks there are who threaten your crepes
These are never spoken about
Because there is a no-slog droop
And everyness floats up to that mood

Sink the sun
Join the goats
Fly and float into ethereal heavens
The lion and dog will join you there
And all the clouds will burst asunder
As the winds fly light below your eyes
And your mouth will bite emptily
Unto the end of time, in misery

Trance of the flake, the sound of snow
Touching the head, deep bassoon unto hell
And back up, the sun smashing nerves,
Dog for the bog, gitterbush drifting,
Thank you God, for absolutely nothing
There are some thorns, but Thou not hast known them
Beauty there is, in the filing regiment
Of ants and worms and all those nanimals,
I love Love, but He has wings.

I HAVE ALWAYS SO MUCH WISHED

I have always so much wished
To meet you again in the burning dawn
Like the wind that enters a slow-downed fire
Arousing it to flames again, from memory.
Nothing will ever raise the flames
To the explosion of hope and love as before,
That which flowers upon every glance,
That which touches every bud on a tree
In spring, never will my being feel
The same as it did, on the meadow near
Edinburgh, nor the wild jungle
In South America, the Amazon; no more.

I have lost, although I hear the birds,
The beautiful birds at every hour
Here in Bucaramanga, but it is not the same
As that crazy adventure that I felt before.
Life moves on, there are glorious lights,
Friendly nods and beautiful faces,
But I have fallen behind the Hopes
Of yore, when I was so reckless and free.
Nothing can be repeated in life,
You have to go on, to find new fruits
But sometimes you know that the beautiful lips
Of an unknown lady will never come back
Like that. How weak, but O so true,
You must accept that the mountain destruction
Reaches to your cells, your brain, your deep desires,
And thus you pursue more innocently than before.
Thank God, that madness could not continue forever;
Like that, I would disappear into manic lives,
O, but how I regret the loss.
That meeting with a girl in the forest fire
So directly, and seeing into her fiery eyes,
That mutual understanding that leads to more fire,
So was the Bible, the philosophies of old,
Much better than politeness and protocol.

DREAM

As the stars come down to kiss our faces,
And Heaven leaps like forest cats,
Lions and jaguars jump and fly
And naked women fall like rain,
Enormous drops of warm rain,
And all is tropical paradise.

POST-MODERNISM

Never a dull penny!
And don't beat the frog.
The world is whisking all for a pea.
If you dig down to the open moles
Helicopters compensate with groaning whirls,
And nothing really gets resolved.

SUNLIGHT AND NIGHTMARE

The girl who comes to help us here
Is like a ray of sunlight in the house
Upon her visits: lovely smiles, warm and kind,
She seems contented, the world is fine.

If I think dark, thick thoughts,
They must not last too long,
Who cares about them, the Angel Gabriel?
The utter Darkness of Eternity looms.

Hovering like a beautiful butterfly
Schubert's young Fifth Symphony
Came long before his deepest tragedy,
In sunshine of a happy mind.

Ah, but are there not premonitions already?
Odd jabs and chords amid the sweet reverie?
Is it an eternal conflict between light and darkness,
Between the heart of love and the thinking mind?

Two hearts beat in this breast, said Faust,
In me there are many more, but that beats it down
To a minimum. What existence, what hope
With such absurdity – who is an expert on these matters?

AND AS THE STARS (A VISION)

And as the stars at last fall to earth
As lions and jaguars planting Ayahuasca
And in hallucinations of love they kiss the faces
Of we humans, drifting in erotic dreams;
And naked women fall down from heaven, –
Soft, sweet, and full of wisdom,
Replenishing our drought, with smiles and love,
Filling our hope with ecstasies;

And when the beautiful vision shall fall
Up to the highest reaches of purple sky,
Swirling in Chinese mists and glory,
Prohibiting sight of the mountain tops;
Then; a tender kiss will tell,
Truth of gentlest lovingness,
And the sky will turn from pink to blue,
And the warmth of heaven will submerge the dew.

I sometimes feel like digging my brain hard into the ground,
Where it is suitably dark, beyond love or temptation,
Beyond needing to survive the eating worms,

Beyond impossible choices between salt and sugar,
Beyond anxieties for all that has long passed,
About which nothing can be done anymore,
No redemption being possible, when in fact you could not know anyway
At the time, where mistakes were made, or for what to die.

I will go up to the sky dry
Where the soul is pure and the air is empty
There will I dream into some life
Where the pink, blue, black space
Swarms upon one in the middle day,
Where the nasty light breaks into the night,
Where the liar stops growing, the moon blanks out,
Where the insects stop hopping in their maniac flight.

UNDER THE HEAT (IN CUBA)

Under the heat of dripping sons
Ecstatic fruit of Mozart's sounds
Drowned out by a bright celestial light
All given the lantern of heaven's stars
Life exploding like Saturn's rings
To your juiciness of femininity
Delicious love of hopeless helplessness
Abandonment to the shores of sparkle
Entire ecstatic juice of fruit
From the jungle of origins rich and pure

THAT BLOODY WAR

As I am British
It is impossible to forget
Because it was so big
And affected everything;
With every year one understands more
About its influence.

I LIKE TO HEAR

I like to hear
The girls' voices
Soft and sexy
Saying nothing
Just sounds,
Like girls
Primordial beings
Of Paradise

All melts into the same mist
Sex and love and trying to survive

**CUBA IS A KINGDOM OF PSYCHOTIC DEGRADATION (I AM A
LITTLE CYNICAL AFTER BEING BEATEN UP FIRST BY THE POLICE
AND THEN BY SOME HOTEL SECURITY GUARDS).**

Cuba is a Kingdom of psychotic degradation
Where all are equal, in resentment and harsh deathliness
And agreement in self-effacement and unqualified love of Fidel;
Oh, so good are the Health and Education Systems,
With their peeling walls, and their violent police,
Ready at the drop of a hat to beat up a bastard foreigner,
If called up in their nothingness
By one of themselves; completely
Equal in their poverty, with nothing working,
Frozen in time, yet having adjusted weirdly
Over more than fifty years of closed offices
And stern, officious, broken faces.

I live in fear here, no sweetened life,
I know not how escape is framed
Finally, the dogs are barking,
Shells turn into dreadful caves.
Let me breathe in peace a moment,
Let some sense and sensibility
Descend for one, drifting moment,
Ah, how the world lacks serenity.

We float away into Eternity,
Know we nothing beyond that line

Because we will not be able to consider that
Once we have floated beyond that Fear of Death
And have disappeared.

AND WHEN THE LIFE FLOWS AS THE NIGHT MAY FALL

And when the life flows as the night may fall
And the sweetening death of all threatens
Where still and calm quietness of nature's dreams
Pursue against that infinite hope
Where all is already lost on a hopeless slope
Ah yet when if you let it float
There is love and peace even before you die

And when the *bromilias* expend infinitely
Like Scriabin's dream of Nietzschean growth,
A composer filled with a new beauty,
Free as a bird in an ignorant world.

A Zen-echo in the harmonious universe,
Nature perfect in its holy chaos,
Divine creation occasionally in the mind of Man,
Peace between the bubbling abysses.

A WONDERFUL STORY INDEED

Goebbels and Goring went to heaven
And found themselves high and dry;
Their boots were dirty and their bread unleavened
Because they had lost their spy!
Their spy had gone to find a pig
And sat upon a bomb;
They thought in heaven they could play a gig
But no: they could find no comb.
Why does a pig often love a dog, why do they always sing?
What is the fig, what is the twig, that stimulates a bone?
Why do you always want to kick a boot into soup supreme?
Why don't you, oh why don't you now, try to spring a barn?
All the sources of the mind, they always want to explode,
Sauces of a broken bone they seem to prefer to implode!

And what do they want to do to me,
How much more blood do they want to squeeze
From my bones; blood and hell,
How do they smile now from their imagined Heaven?

“Yes, truly I do like to lie,
Nor do I really want to die!
Yes, I like a woman, and do not wish to go
Yet; there are ladies I would still like to know.”

“We will go on to the bitter end,
We will never surrender like cowards!
I will personally commit suicide
For the immaculate philosophy of National Socialism!”

THE POINT WAS ALWAYS

The point was always, to feel the
Divine Spark within yourself, and in
All others, and then to connect them all
Without dogmas, theologies; only Love.
Difficult to feel; impossible, all the time.
But that is from where all philosophy
Of human justice, and truth, and social equality
Emanates from.

AH, TRAYVON MARTIN

Ah, Trayvon Martin, you have lit a spark
Though you had no intention of doing this:
Even the President feels and thinks with you;
It is significant, whatever the pointless
Misery suffered by your family, and Jeanette.
But this does nothing for you – you poor boy,
You are merely dead.

George shot you through your heart
And killed you. Did you first
Get a few punches in, I hope so:

Well done.

To use the title of a book written
By a British cultural Marxist called Raymond Williams –
“The Long Revolution” - this has been going on
For “a long time.” Even in my life-span
I remember meeting and talking to young “white” people
And “black” people of all kinds in the U.S. of A.
In the nineteen-sixties; and it was all exactly the same.
Some things have changed – a poem is not the place
To discuss them: poor Trayvon Martin,
And all Humanity.

YOUR FROZEN HEARTS HAVE STILL NOT MELTED

Your frozen hearts have still not melted
Even a tiny bit; no forgiveness, only arrogance
And certainty that your coldness is justified,
And that I am wrong. No attempt made
To try to understand the twists and turns
Of your father’s life, his endless struggles to do the best
He could for you, against impossible odds –
External, internal, social, economic, cosmic, historical, generational.....etc.!

FLY TO THE WEIRD HEIGHTS, POET

Fly to the weird heights, poet, idiot,
Where fly open the caskets of heaven,
Where the blind lights explode in blue,
Yellow, brown, dreams of spark
Make pillars of fire all across the sky,
There where clouds exemplify the chaos
Of ecstasy into the ultimate Moon,
The World-Mind and Destiny
Among the mountain-tops as the Chinese artists
Discovered in their Taoist places
High up in the mountain ranges
With clouds floating amid the Tao,
And downwards where great vallies bottomed
With fantastic silver streams of Spirit,
And above, the skies melting with the mountains, all knowing

The Union of All; intuitively and rationally
Entering the stars of human eyes.

LEAP OUT

Leap out into fury and danger
Adventurous dream, strangeness
How go the spained nerves of gods
Swimming into the anti-depths

Heaven singing above the air
Streaking rainbows where I swerve
Drips and drops broking every flame
Spasmed love spiralling into flight

I am not sure of what I want
A ding-dong-dang of a swampy swan
Or a clackout creep bleeping like a bee
Sweeping in a dog-hog speet of fear

You are peering again into
A periscope disappeared down a bowl,
A hole as usual twisting a pea
Up to a mouthful full to the see.

The mountains glistening with such lights
Descending with the falling stars
Breaking time in disintegrating time
Among the swamps of late-night shawl

I HEAR SOME HOLY MUSIC

I hear some holy music once again,
As if the sacred bells of heaven were afire,
As if the glorious glow of nature was aflame,
And the veil of familiarity had again fallen
Revealing the naked beauty of the world,
The sleeping dreams of all the universe;

That ecstasy and ineffable joy
That emanates from Reality truly seen.

MY MOZART

I have not many years ahead to hear this Music,
Divine Mozart, that I have listened to
For many more years than you lived –
How ridiculous. One would need all Eternity –
For which no one is granted –
To really learn it. Perhaps you yourself did not
Really know all you had done, in your spontaneity.

THE QUEEN OF THE NIGHT

The Queen of the Night is winging her sound around
Once again, like a bird flying and floating, playing games,
But much more intensely. She is human,
Though also a force of Nature.

THERE, A MAN

There, a man approached a girl,
So beautiful, snow nor tropical rivers could match,
And silently, she looked up at him,
And showed she would like to kiss his lips
And so he did: and in this delicious fantasy
Everything was solved, the stars came down forever to the earth.
Raw, sweetest feeling, indefinable emotions
(Except in music) came to rule upon us.

Such bewitching music, this is the original trance,
Schostakovitch, with magical strength.
The haze of beauty, following great explosion
Of deep sadness, the recognition
That all is hopeless, but that we must try,
At least for Love, “whatever that may mean”.

ALL IS SO COMPLICATED

All is so complicated, so intertwined,
Nothing has a simple solution,
Whether cosmic, social, personal, or of the interior.

DEEP IN MY BRAIN

Tempestuous days, Hell meets Reality –
Where are your guts, memories of overloaded death,
Time flows in nightmared rivers,
Visions of all that is beautiful or sinister,
First Movement of Schostakovitch's Tenth Symphony,
Overwhelming grief yet Tears of Joy,
Twinkled love-sparks sparkling as eyes of snow.

And there the people lie and walk,
Slouch even, towards their doom,
Now as ever, just surviving;
The "beautiful image of liberation"
Has not yet arrived into Reality.

MOZART'S "GRACE"

Hurling into such extreme wild beauty,
Careering out of control and into Eternity,
For an instant: Dionysus is here, not merely Apollo!

Mind and heart on fire! Look out!

Not the icing on a cake –
A divine spark underlying mountains of nightmare
Bursting to find the Spirit to fly.

A ROASTING DEAD MOTH

A roasting dead moth is smelling off fumes,
It flew into a light-bulb, hot and confusing,
Thinking – not literally- that it was orientating to the sun,
Poor thing. It smells horrible, but the species survives.

SPOTS OF TIME

How difficult things are, on the sacred earth!
The “spots of time”, the enantiodromia
Of Wordsworth, Mozart, Taoist poetry and painting;
Ah, we must live life through to the end despite all,
The coincidence of opposites will never end.

AH

Ah, with poetry and music

Escape into the skies

And enter true Reality

Delicious are moments

Of love in the heavens

With sacred music of the Cosmos

ASCENDING EVER

Ascending ever into celestial dreams,
Seeing through the window of a shaman's flight,
Dreaming of moving across continent to continent,
Fantasies of ecstasy that touch Reality
Deep down: the Real One,
The Urgrund of sense and feeling and knowledge,
The rising of burning sparks from the Brightest love.

LIFE

My life has been a crisis, permanently,
How well I understood Stevie Smith
With her "I was never waving, but drowning."
A very good line, I always thought.

So what: no one cares a damn,
People are blown up daily, poisoned
In gas attacks, or die from insufficient
Medicines, or unsatisfactory food.

The morning sunshine, reddened dusk,
Beautiful blood on the sky, the dark
Coming, slow into the blue air;
Here we go, another day, or night.

POEM

I feel death tasting upon my mouth;
Is it a premonition, or a dream?

Are your perfumes so seductive
That I can rest in your negligee?

WONDERMENT

This wonderment, in my enchanted finca
In Colombia: butterflies like ladies in silken wings
Of white texture so complex, and pure.
Friendly neighbours, campesinos good,
Thus it is here, how lucky I am.
Blue, pre-dawn, the moment of dawn,
Cocks screeching, palm-leaves waving slightly in the peace,
Until all brightens, and I must go to bed,
Before my wife roasts me, for being so late,
Thus is reality, and the birds are twittering.

YOU SAPPED MY SPIRIT

You sapped my spirit, poisoned my blood,
Even a neonate consciousness should know the crime,
You cannot blame your Black Widow Mother –
Your empty hearts and cold brains
Are your own responsibility.

SHELLEY

The deepest and uttermost depths of the soul
In silken clouds of the dreaming moon
Lie in flaming flights of poetry
With sandalled plumes of sparkling fire.

Then it must be that I hear the stars,
And modulate the sounds of translucent perfection,
There where something moves beyond normality,
Into the spheres of beauty and truth;- the shamanic realm;
There where I know I must only listen,
Receive and register the Sacred Fire,
Then with patience I might feel deliverance,
And fly in peace, loveliness, holy sweetness!

The beauty of his pen put all before it,
Ah! the red sunset was never seen
Like that before. So impetuous and impulsive,
So young and frantic, bearer of a genius ne´re repeated,
The radical Star of Poetry´s Firmament.

MAJESTY OF FLIGHT, EAGLE OF DELIGHT

Majesty of flight, eagle of delight,
I fly in imagination, in the clouds tinged with sunset´s pink,
Into the inner states of mysterious enchantment,
The fall of illusion, entry into delirious ecstasy;
Discord; dissonance; harmonic thumping joy,
Ripping the skies with delicious pain,

When the stars burst and thunderous hell
Executes a final plethora of light.
Strings stretch to ultimate heights,
Galaxies throw themselves unto bright green,
Chords rise in monstrous strides,
Georgeous nymphs wave their chestnut hair
In the sun and rain and the rainbows fair.

Ah, how she moves with the lightness of wild geese,
With the sinuous grace of soaring dragons at play.
Her radiance outshines the chrysanthemums of autumn,
Her luxurious beauty is richer than spring pines.
She floats like moving clouds to conceal the moon,
She flutters as gusting winds to eddy the snow.
She gleams from afar like the sun from dawn mists,
Close to her, she is luminous, as a lotus from clear waves.

SOLITUDES

Nothing there, no one here;
Alone I look to the sky.

Two green lights on a reflecting glass;
Love is diffuse, yet always real.

I'm staring into the bare face of ecstasy;
Thus it is to hear perfect music
In a deluge of beauty; I suffer
Ecstasy and glorious truth, forever,
Demented absolutely to an ultimate core.

I LIKE THE CLOSE-UP

I like the close-up of my life:
The corner where I come into
Carrera 17, La Victoria, a semi-tropical street –
But not blown up like Los Angeles or Miami;
Subdued, peaceful, but people around in the street,
Not far to walk to a shop, or bar:

Many trees and flowers lining the streets,
And in my studio, lizards make squawking sounds
Which before I never knew they did.

This is all important, as well as the crises
Of War and Syria and every misery.

FOR NELSON MANDELA

We waited so long
We tried to struggle
We were angry, but felt little effect from that,
But we could not stop –
On Saturday mornings
With stalls of booklets
And leaflets, to give out
With little response
But some people did care,
The police always cold
Pushing us away
But the Movement grew
And prevailed, fantastically:
Amandela! Yes, Amandela! Yes.
Now Mandela is dead
It rubs in how great he was
On the crucial things.
Tough angry young man,
Spiritually transcending
To the essential idea:
That it is all human beings,
Without exception,
For which we struggle.
O yes.

So firm, yet soft
So strong yet undemagogic,
So confident yet at ease
So tragically intense yet playful and humorous,
O Nelson Mandela, a heartfelt “Goodbye”.

To live in peace!

Not in absurd conflict as has always been!
To concentrate on something better:
A good kind of economy, difficult to form
That embraces all, allows creativity,
And greater equality – decent jobs –
No one in abject poverty; Art, Poetry,
Music, Love, and genuine Excitement at living, free,
With Imagination, as Nelson Mandela, Shelley, Ghandi, and others,
Have advocated – Freedom of Spirit and of Life.

POETRY

Poetry comes from different levels
Of feeling-colour-sound tones:
As feeling cannot be directly recorded,
And to make something out of colour you must be an artist;
Whilst to create out of sound you must be a composer.

Words in poetry ooze from unconscious states
In an almost inexplicable way.
Blue the invisible tower outside
The window dips into *Urgrund* notes –
Brucknerian in melancholic love and night.

I SEE A SMOKE-BROKEN FIRE

I see a smoke-broken fire
Yet feel little hope in that solution
Like a cat or dog, dream I with open eyes,
The trees cover all lights and torches of sweetest flavour –
I eat doggedly up to a purring realm
Where a sleaky kitten friskily jumps and skips about and miaows,
And the stars blurt their brightness above the moon;
Idiots reign, as always, but I feel free.

The moon falls down, unto my feet;
I hear sounds clouding down upon me,
The sweetness of life is squeezing into me;
Death seems real, upon the high mountain pink reaches,
Colours are bleeding their being into my breath.

DIVINE SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSE (SYMPHONY NO. 7 ADAGIO)

Divine Spirit of the Universe, this I feel
Through the amazing, miraculous music of my beloved Bruckner –
Perhaps I am mad, but I would prefer to be on this side
Than the other one.

PUSSY RIOT

How soft and daring – Pussy can mean
Two things: but you are steel,
Even you look beautiful after two years
In Russian Gaol, and also have
A husband to support your baby,
And look after the child.

MINET

Minet was a silly cat, she really really was,
She danced in front of a handkerchief
And flipped her lovely ears.
She always wanted to draw attention, then to stalk and scratch!
Always a pain, always a puss, silly she always was!

LET THE NIGHTMARE

Let the nightmare unspill itself,
If there is any Truth it will be found,
Until the chaos up to Death,
Let musical soul-drops fly.

PERSEVERANCE

I

At the one night of truth
Burrowing beneath the deep light
Sweeping tears from memories
Drowning fearful tips of icebergs

II

Dogs crow down from preconceived hell
Up to slimy screeches of leaches
Where on the gig hill idiots yet
Terrify children up to collapse

III

Scrambling around the moon and stars
Teeting up to excruciating times
Cats now hop and skip so friskily
All is a big ridicule joke

IV

Not just to love it but be reduced to tears
Otis Redding hear out of the blue
What is the point of any existence

V

Sadness that flows for the Universe
Dead-beat emotions drift to the shore
Of some ultimate Big Bang absurdity
My only trustworthy love is for You

VI

I only escape from misery

When I fly high as a wild shaman
Otherwise regrets and past sadnesses
Fuck up my headlike poison in the blood

VIII

Let the nightmare unspill itself,
If there is any Truth it will be found.
Until then the chaos up to Death:
Let musical soul-drops fly.

THE SONG OF PAUL

Ah, this is Paul, he has been dead for two years!
Because of the strange composition of the sea
His body has not yet decomposed.
His brother worked as a bailiff on the Lord's land.

THE WORLD IS ON THE BRINK

The world is on the brink again,
O stinky horrible poo,
Something similar to pre-1914, and the 1930s is here.

What will it be? But it feels bad,
Everyone learns lessons from history
According to their ideology,
So nothing is properly learnt at all.

THE WORLD IN A MESS, AGAIN

Out to a thousand lights and moons,
Sound that breaks through to the stars,
Hopes and memories from every land,
Joy in the world's Unity.

Peace! Peace! That is not dead -
We all must learn so much more,
Try to understand things on larger planes
Consider things in grander wholes!

Illumination, Enlightenment,
The Here and Now, the Eternal Now,
Ah, how I feel it, I wish it could
Be permanent but of course it can't.

Hatred is a quiet, intuned emotion,
Negative and dangerous, deeply horrible,
But Anger is quite different, it opens up
Your soul and liberates its stress.

MINET 2

Minet was a little cat
She really was so sweet!
She loved to jump about and spring
Like a fountain silently.
But then her mood might change again
And her ears and tail will wag,
Waiting slow, ready to go
Until she leaps to bite, a bit!

THE ROLLING STONES

The Rolling Stones are like a group of shamans
Opening up a world of spirits, gods, goddesses, and demons,
Arousing thoughts of voluptuous pleasures,
Manic, menacing explorations, adventure;
A magical, wild, Other World.

CIAO CIAO

“Ciao, ciao bambina, o la la la la”;
Ah when I heard that

As a love-sick /sex-starved teenager,
How I thought:
“How could you leave a beautiful young Italian girl?”
I could never separate
Romantic fantasy from reality.

WHEN THE SWEET LIGHT

Ah, when the sweet light enters your being
And calmness stills the waves of rage
Like beautiful white clouds kissing the sea
With azure sky, blue in an ecstasy;

Ah, coherence seems to rule
Again; as it did before the turbulence
Of storm had broken upon the cosmic
Whole, when the ocean seemed to fall.

POLLITT'S "LETTER"

It seared into me, in a way I could not have predicted;
An old friend scything into my thoughts and feelings
Like a tomahawk combine-harvester;
Undermining my spontaneous reactions to life.

WHY WHEN ALL FLIES

Why when all flies like golden clouds
Over Aegean seas of bluest beauty,
All floating in dream, all of the time,
Does this seem real, the rest illusory;
Why does my tongue taste some sacred flavour,
Which unifies all the greatest emotions
Into what is obviously the flight of glory;
A sweet yellow, blue, eternal joy.

POEM OF EXTREME LIFE AND GROWTH

Perfection flowing like perfumed swell
Of liquid love around my being,
Red liting sunset of beautiful redness
Touching the horizons´ skies.

Plunging into deepest love
Incredible intensity of emotion
Brilliant colours of wildest flowers
Flying in crazy ecstasy, profound.

Such is the succulent hope for joy,
The delicious foretaste of absolute love,
The sight of the sky as the stars fade
Into glorious morning of new day.

A flame of yesterday gently burns
Licking upwards and downwards unto nothing,
Crazily flickering into light,
Emptying all life into absolution.

I hope unto the ultimate feeling
So dark and long into the space;
There was Death, and beauty of Love
In interlocking flames of interior stars.

Let´s hear this gorgeous feminine sound,
Sing along as if in Heaven.
The soft sound of perfumed ecstasy;
Beautiful faces of lovely girls.

All glorious hope for love is here,
All is mingled into all.
The flames and leaves of Nature open
In sublime states of life and love.

Majestic, honourable, courageous ascent
To the summit of Imagination´s heights;
Pause, think, love, ascend again
With the blast of sacred sounds.

Life is so strange – things float in
And float out, always with beautiful music there;
In sounds that melt like glorious honey,
In dreams that disappear at dawn.

ONE LAST SONG

My soul wants now to fly into
Night's magic sphere, like beauty itself;
I want to disappear, like a nightmare
From Hell, I need to go.

Just one more kiss, I always say,
And then I do not want to go;
Your bewitching excellence, beauty incarnate
And inexplicable. The starry night cannot

Be compared with your lips, your eyes,
Your voice, the softness of your close-up love,
So warm to my feeling as I hug you and smell
Your delicious perfume, after that to dream.

WEEZER, BEEZER, WHY ARE YOU SUCH A TEASER?

Wheezer, beezer, why are you such a teaser?
Why does a poppy-frond enter always a garotta,
Why does the sting-booter pull a poor few toothy?
These are questions that spill the crickets and souper,
The doggish-worse catastrophes that brew into a floo-spoor:
Stomper, the domper, one of a big disputer,
Piggly-diddely-donking-cronketty-pooling ponker,
All of a drinkiloo-croot stizzly-joo apolutoo: stap!

I AWAKE

I awake with dreams deep in my stomach,

Anxiety rules my psychic diet:
Chief is the guttingness of loss, so harsh,
My mind and brains will not follow the commands
Of my calmest spirit, which knows there is
No advantage from suffering what I do not understand.

IT'S THE JOURNEY

It's the journey, not the arrival;
That is an old, old theme.
What would you do if you really arrived,
You would die of boredom (but it is anyway not possible).

But if the journey is *entirely* hopeless,
That leads to depression, open and sore,
A wound with which you could easily die,
As painfully as in a bad arrival.

I AWAKE

I awake with dreams deep in my stomach,
Anxiety rules my psychic diet:
Chief is the guttingness of Loss, so harsh,
My mind and brains will not follow the commands
Of my calmest spirit, which knows there is
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WEEZER, BEEZER, WHY ARE YOU A TEASER?

Weezer, beezer, why are you such a teaser?
Why does a poppy-frond always enter garrotta,
Why does the sting-booter pull a poor few toothy?
These are questions that spill crickets and souper.
The doggish-worse catastrophes that brew into a floo-spoor:
Stomper, the domper, one of a big disputer,
Piggledy-diddely-donking, cronketty-pooling ponker,
All of a drinkiloo-croot, stizzly-joo apolutoo: stap!

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Is inexplicable. The starry night cannot

Be compared with your mouth, your eyes,
Your voice, the softness of your close-up love,
So warm to my feeling as I hug you and smell
Your delicious perfume, after that to dream.

FREE FLOW, DEAR THAMES

Free flow, dear Thames, sweetly as the starry night,
Until I finish my strange, ambiguous song,
Ah, the anguish in the day,
Calms it a little at the night;
What was the purpose, so easily is it said,
Ah, what cruelty lies under the skin.
The death that flies around your nose
Is equal to a million sounds.

POETRY COMES LIKE AN ELECTRIC SHOCK

Poetry comes like an electric shock
From the thunderous skies;
Never can it be controlled or dictated,
It is the ultimate vestige of human freedom,
Beyond dictators, officials, heads of department, bigoted fathers;
This is what we have, this little island of liberty,
Why not form a new Party of this globally?
That would be useless; soon everything would split up again.

ANOTHER WORLD *IS* POSSIBLE

Another world *is* possible: of course
There is no simple solution to all all
Problems, nor one overriding belief
That can encompass all. But chipping
Away, using mind and heart and majority opinion,
Not the old “reformism”, but electorally always
Democratic; is the only way – changing,
Through intelligence and observation, how the market works,
In order not to destroy our planet
Nor further degrade human society
Through inequality, cruelty, and oppression.

THIS LIFE

This life, that is such an infinite and terrifying journey,
Adventure, entering forever unknown oceans,
Seas, lands, pelting storms,
Excitements mingled with pain and loss;
What colours has it - red, or green,
Purple or violet, yellow or blue:
Is it *natura naturata*, or *natura naturans*,
Pantheistic Oneness, or God-determined Duality?

CAT

Cat, I remember on Western Green,
She was called Minet, my sweet little thing.
She did not often run across the rough ground
But she was a very, very loving puss.

LARGO

In such immense suffering
Torture and killing on such an immense scale
What else but Schostakovitch’s Fifth Symphony
Can even begin to express it?

The violins buzzing like crazy wasps and bees
The growling of the bases, the mad psychotic violence
Of the brass; the frantic beating, banging timpani:
In this otherworld of love and wild anger, desperation,
Beautiful, as if locked into another realm, the harp plucking,
The winds splinkering, the piano bonking insanely,
Hell and Heaven breaking loose simultaneously:
But the terrible sadness always returns, so coldly.
Boys, if broken from the breast too soon,
Can be problems, so can girls, but in far smaller proportions;
Some boys become clever psychopaths, far less girls,
But then there are more male geniuses than females, too.

IF WE LOOK

If we look outwards to the sky,
Take in the colours, absorb the shades of blue;
So strange, as they only reach our retinas thus,
For reasons of Physical Vision,
And then the nerves and the human brain
Process all of this.

I look outside the windows of my studio:
The billowing clouds, the gorgeous sky,
The fading light amid explosions of red, purple;
Mountain shades of extraordinary power,
Leaning into sudden night,
The brightness of city lights, the stars, and moon.

THE FINCA AT DUSK

The insects crackle, dusk comes,
Colombian *boleros* race sounds through the air;
All is perfect, I love your kiss,
Our finca is called *Sueños de Paraiso*.

NOTHING

There is nothing between me and Death

Except for Mozart's music.

AGAINST A CERTAIN KIND OF FEMINISM

You are happy to see the destruction
Of one of the tightest bonds:-
That between father and children;

When you heroically bust it all apart,
With your selfish opportunism
Masquerading as liberation;

Your vile use of ideology
To commit a crime against humanity,
Is disgusting: may you all rot in Hell.

You cannot imagine how naked I felt,
As I went in Scottish Winter to the school
To collect my children: a pain so full and empty,
Still ill from heart failure in the cold wetness.
So humiliated, dead in soul, trying to be good
For my little children, whom I loved so much,
Absolutely abandoned, opportunistically abused,
Thus did I feel, suicidal, uncomprehendingly.

BLAIR

The idea of Blair doing something useful in the Middle East,
Is like putting Dracula in charge of a blood-bank;
I would add that Dracula without a brain but with verbal diarrhea
Is too preposterous: put him in the dock at The Hague.

ONLY

Only to make heavenly music,
No vengeance, no hatred;
Have no fear of Death, the Three Boys sing.

JUDGEMENT

We do not have him in front of us here,
So it is difficult to know what to think of him,
As he cannot speak: it is difficult enough
To know what to think when you do have
Someone in front of you: it is even difficult to know
Yourself very often; is that not true?

I LEAP AND SWERVE LIKE A VERITABLE SWIFT

I leap and swerve like a veritable swift
Or rabbit, oh what is this life:
We try, we fail, we are not at all
Always “the captain of my soul”
As heroic Mandela believed he was
And perhaps really, and utterly he was:
Not most of us, and certainly not me;
My soul is often like a submarine
That submerges, and then cannot get back up:
As in “Das Bote”, that amazing film.

YOU CAN ONLY SAY WHAT YOU REALLY MEAN

You can only say what you really mean
Once or twice in your life, to be heard
And taken in by a number of people –
Don't you think?
These are great moments, opportunities,
Seen in retrospect, but if felt at the time
That means hubris, arrogance, ego-bloatedness,
Which cannot advance anything good, at all.

DREAMS OF PARADISE

Spik and Spak, the two *cui*,
Dink and Donk, the two *gallinetas*,

On my finca, in the Cordillera,
“Dreams of Paradise”, it is called.

If we explore the explosions inside,
The battles, wars, against enemies
That change all the time,
Masks folding, debts disintegrating,
Anxieties folding, hopes flying,
Dogs jumping, crazy hoplites
Charging forever repeatedly,
Like a cog-lion, twisting its weird face
Against your rest, never to be ultimately resolved.

STEHE STILL!

Stehe still!
Arc of beauty from before time began
Love
Before love started.....

I said no! I said no!
With all my stupid voice;
No prejudice of any kind,
We are all the same.

SEEING BRITAIN TODAY

Seeing Britain today!
It's like a turtle with its shell broken,
And I blame Thatcher less
Than Blair for this disaster.

Let's not go over the historical crimes
And callousness - yuk!
Where is the Spirit, the sense that after Imperialism
And Colonialism etc. etc.

Britain has some moral guts,

Belief in itself, that as
A small post-colonial power
It has some accreted wisdom
Even perhaps Love for itself and the world.
Interesting it was to see and hear on television
The other day, that a
Travelling British puppettering company
Was touring China: one very attractive and sharp Chinese
Girl who was part of the team,
Said: "The British puppetteers invite us to explore how we feel,
Whilst our teachers here
Simply tell us what to do!"

DREAMS

What will survive us;
Such love we feel
Now, how is what we will be
My Darling, before we get old,
My love of you floating like strange dreams,
What form of dying will we know.

THE STREAMING JEWEL

A terrible fear, and a wild fruit,
Ah, please take me into some soft escape;
My God! I wanted to dream the mountain
Where all is beautiful like a streaming jewel.

DOWN FLOWING I

Down flowing I
Down flowing I
What are you to do
The streaking still gems
And fruits of weird paradise
Endlessly bite at your heart,
Until you collapse back into the stars
Or the moons that brightly blank out,
And die before reliving before the sun.

DREAM IN ANOTHER UNIVERSE

In some kind of love-dream,
Ah, that's Mozart, baby;
Floating an orange cloud,
Heart-pumping beat in erotic paradise,
Blood pumping up to heaven,
Sobs from bleeding angels and goddesses,
Dreams in another Universe,
Mozart charms even the birds of paradise

COOL FOREST

Rock-a-baby in the cool forest
Love a dancing bird chick girl
Yeah! yeah! Dance and flick around
Skirt swishing, lovely legs,
Heaven of an earthly kind -
Sweet pretty smile: yeah! yeah!

THE RAIN WAS POURING DOWN

When that woman went
My heart broke and sank
Something inside me died
That was when I learnt
That when there is real dusk
There is no escape nor restart
The sun goes out forever

MOZART AGAIN

Mozart
Opened up those beautiful women
To sing his Divine Music
And make one want to touch..... their beings,
Ever so gently, so gloriously;

Into their spiritual depths, yet also,
Women who sing in choirs today,
Or, in Mozart's operas.
All is extraordinary when looking at and hearing
The *Requiem*, that from the dying Mozart;
Making his last joke to us, and for all Eternity.

ANTON BRUCKNER

A Bruckner Symphony,
Wracking the nerves in extreme beauty,
Tremolando, incomparable, Leonard Bernstein conducting:
This I love, I feel I fly,
Like a strange bird or beetle,
Or a shaman, in Freedom,
Into the Forest, the wonderful flowers
And leaves swirling in colours of red, green,
Gorgeous blue, purples, sweetness of dream
And kisses – luscious lips of a beautiful girl,
Red lips so soft, moist, wonderful,
Surely other-worldly in luxurious beauty,
Her eyes so delicious, brown and curling
Eyelashes, her soul emanating out from her depths
In loveliness.

I LOOKED

I looked into a sunny day
And saw the disappearance of a hope –
Loving, soft, so misunderstood;
The objects of my love, were dead.

DEAD

I have
For all these years
Suffered such guilt,
Making me sick in mind and spirit:
But now I see,
Those for whom I felt such emotion,

And responsibility, are cold and feeble, entirely under
Their own shallow control.

A BARK IN SAN GIL

A dog barks,
Some thoughts thicken,
My world collapses
And expands yet again;
The *ceibas* are fantastic,
And I love you,-
(That is enough, for any man);
Especially when you are
In your silky bed-gown:
So beautiful and sexy.

HOW WOULD A DOG

How would a dog in a basket crow?
Know I the answer is beyond a sleep,
How will a cog in a ding-dong bag
Stoop to a flea in a merry-gee-gee?

It's not my cup of tea you see –
Anything drifting like a carpet-bag,
Even a spoon can dig a pig,
Why must everyone droop like a sprog?

A crumpled lion dead forever,
Never can fight a new campaign:
Lost, misunderstood, is he,
Up to the pole of a filagradee!

How can I cook a book for a stew!
How many tadpoles abide in a sea?

IM ABENDROT (The mystery of life; the acceptance of death.)

Im Abendrot, red sunset,
All the flames and painful thoughts arise,
The love, regrets, the sense of being a slain lion,
The end of life; how futile, beautiful.

ANOTHER NIGHT

Another night, I dreamt of a beautiful woman,
Partly She was my wife, but also an unknown woman
Like Maria Magdalena, who looked fastly at me,
And said: "Kiss me; then I went forward
And saw her lips so close, red as blood, and desired them
As much as my own soul, for the two seemed the same;
Or at least eternally united.

EVIL CAN REAPPEAR

Evil can reappear in so many forms –
Imagine the Jews and the survivors from Death
Building a State that could be so cruel
And ruthless, murderous, to poorer Arab neighbours
Who had nothing to do with Shoah, the Holocaust,
Having lived for centuries on the land that for them
Is as sacred as for Jews, Christians, etc.!
Oh God, what hope is there, if this cannot be understood.

I HATE WESTERN CAPITALISM

I hate Western Capitalism,
Crude commercialism,
Though I demand anarchy of the Soul,
Freedom to think or love as thou art,
And most I hate the way this "Civilization"
Seeks always to find some Enemy or Foe:
"Communism", "Islam", whatsoever;
I hate you also as you want War
All the time; because that is in your rotten soul,
You know not peace, nor deep love, nor sanity.

AS I LAY AWAKE

As I lay awake, but yet in a strange dream,
Wondering if I was English, Scottish, or British;
Staring at the roof of this colonial-type cabaña
In San Gil, as someone who certainly did not know who he was;
I remembered my dream, of only a short time before,
With a girl, delicious, who was partly my wife
But had something about her that was absolutely new,
And I tried to make love to her,
But everything turned complicated.

OCTOBER POETRY 2014

Ah, forget about all faults, yours, and others';
No one really recognizes anything
Outside their temporary perceptions
Which are always false, including your own
In the long run: and anyway, to live permanently in the present moment
Is not at all possible, and certainly would not be
A responsible form of existence
Even if it were feasible.
Something drifting, or staying still,
Which is almost the same thing as simply floating
Means always being moved by changing currents
Without them being noticed, nor cared about
Before it brings you and your fellows to absolute Death;
Then you notice, but can do nothing anymore.
But anyway the whole thing is in a strange corner of the Universe,
Not to exist for "long"; though what is "long"?
A tiny blip in the blink of an eon
In a fragment of Eternity like a blitz of Light
In the everlasting Darkness:
Or: what is it? Who has answers please,
Beyond religious platitudes, or atheistic ignorances.

AND AS LOVE

And as Love flows
Like sunlight rippling upon the sea

Music emerges from pores of the earth
As the clouds part to allow the sun
To blast full force upon the world
With music of Heaven spreading like gold

PRESIDENT ASSAD

President Assad, with his charming lisp,
Softly murders and maims so sweetly,
As he is so tall, unlike Stalin or Hitler;
No obvious complex of psychopathic resentment
With him.

OSCAR PISTORIUS

A feeble little man, who shoots
His beautiful blonde girlfriend dead
In his bathroom, then pretends he thought she was a thief
Hiding. Very quickly his cowardly mind
Jumped to that excuse.
Then he expects, after a trial that seems to go on
Endlessly, to walk free,
As it was all “an accident”.
Oh, and when you leave Oscar,
Don't forget to take your gun!
Such a trigger-happy chap as you
Will feel very insecure without it.

I DOUBT

I doubt if ever two sons before
Have misunderstood their loving father
More cruelly and wrongly, harshly and stupidly
Than mine: no saint nor hero
I pretend to be, but your emotional brutality
Goes beyond the Hell of Stars.

SCHUBERT

Schubert, in his brief blink
Of a life, seems to have seen
Most of what there *is* here in one way or another;
A short and intense gaze, nearly all in one city:
Vienna.

THERE ARE AMONG YOU

There are among you, some who do not
Comprehend *Hybris*, the attack on someone's honour,
Repeatedly, by pigs who try to attack my throat,
To kill me. You cannot therefore understand my feelings
Or reactions, as you are effectively blind and insensible
To sympathy, love, or empathy.

TO THEM ALL!

You have all broken the bonds of blood,
Like taking a calf from a cow that bellows
In pain: your twisted, hypocritical lies
And manipulations have destroyed a sacred thing
That hangs forever in the Imagination's dream
Of eternity: like Death.

And of course, we have to accept
That the day your wife walks out on you
With the children, your heart is irreparably broken,
Forever, and that is the Law
In Modern Society.

TONIGHT

Tonight, I hold a desire
To rise to the stars, and embrace the moon:
All is metaphysical, the air dances,
The particles of elements are as a chorus,
The atoms, molecules, the jiggering waves,
The quanta of energy in light and illusion,

Impressions in the sky of pinkly changing clouds,
Are crazy miracles of cosmic music,
Your kiss taking over all, in your Time.

AS THE WHITE SNOW

As the white snow tingles in my veins
Till I might faint with that delicious pain,
The ecstasy of being merely alive,
In mystery, strangeness; and astoundment,
Turns all around in miraculous life
Into the heights of astonishment, again.

THE FRAGILITY OF MY SOUL

The fragility of my soul
Is reflected in *The Magic Flute*;
When will Light come: now, or never?

Sparkling joy, terror, Love as it should be felt –
For your wife, and to all humanity,
And to the Indecipherable Mystery of Existence.

PSALM 90

From where did she dig up Psalm 90,
To salve my soul, to sweeten my pain:
“Lord, You have offered refuge to generation after generation;
Before the mountains and formations of the earth
And the world existed, You were God.”
How sweet she was, how enigmatic,
How kindly loving, warmly true.

DOG IS A BOG

Dog is a bog
Silly as a cog

The poor cows seem to die
While crocodiles get to fly
The stap-loose cockroach only complains
Of crumpled knees into the knight
Though leaves weave and break the gods'
Secrets causing rain in codes
Thus the spilling chicken jumps,
The pussy-cat turns fully around
Before leaping like a flame
Then all the plants in the forest sing
As long as dog-head fantasies tell
Of magic in their flashing spells
Incandescent into spaces
The lurid skies of blue air
Where a Goddess hangs upon a dune
Cracking the night-time dreams of revenge
Amid the cock-crowing streaks of light
Where all the women bare their breasts
And the sun hops and hopes its miracle
Will perform his wonders unto the dawn

I AM THE SWANLIGHT

I am the Swanlight
Swooning in the Darkness
Into the Brightness
Of Hell, or up to the wild skies
Of ecstatic pain, the change from Hate
To Love, the curious Being in mercurial Dream.

FIRES AND PROTESTS

Fires and protests come up again,
This time for Michael Brown;
How many times have we seen this hell,
Over and over again.
The details are not the essential point,
As many have said: it is about centuries of
Slavery and Oppression – that is the thing;
On and on it goes.

(CONFESSION) I HAVE NEVER HAD A SWEET WOMAN

I have never had a sweet woman
For very long; nor very intelligent really;
Those who were the latter, for some reason
Never lasted too long - maybe I could not
Feel passion for a "blue stocking".
Poor fool me perhaps; who can say:
The problem is we can never return
To relive the past: there is only one "go",
And there is little point in returning to it all,
In anguish and regret.

ANTON BRUCKNER

Absolute blazing fire:
Bruckner's Symphony Number Nine
First Movement, conducted by Leonard Bernstein

Desperate fire, Bruckner's Symphony Number Nine
Second Movement, conducted by Leonard Bernstein

Begging beauty, Bruckner's Symphony Number Nine
Third Movement, discord unto eternity
Conducted by Leonard Bernstein.
Agony and bliss all at once
Cascading to absolute finality and truth
Up to a crisis beyond comprehension by mind
Arising as a modern god unto sublimity
And sinking humbly into everlasting dreams

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

Grumbling rumbling surge of sound
From the depths of Ocean sea-bed,
From the Ground of Being,
Protogonos born from a huge cosmic egg
Shining as a winged hermaphrodite
With four eyes and horns

And the heads of ram, bull, lion and serpent.
Zeus then created the Universe after swallowing Protogonos.

EMPEDOCLES

I slept for thirty thousand years
Or rather changed bodily identity
Over and over again, my *daimon*
Entering new flesh again and again.

My guilt necessitated I be encased
In contaminated mortal form
Again and again, until I could be released
And fly free at last, as pure soul.

A BOOK OF BUCARAMANGA

PART IV

BROKEN BY DAWNLIGHT

That moment of falling in love
Is broken by Dawn; then you realize,
But cannot accept, that it was all illusion.
But you chase it forever. Why were we
Given this capacity for such extraordinary feelings,
That blind us in their bliss?
It is not lust, nor sexual delight –
These are much easier to obtain;
Tristan und Isolde is not about them at all,
It is about impossible beauty that creates a dream
Intoxicating us like the most terrible drug.

HERE WE ARE

Here we are, still able to sup
Every last drop of joy and ecstasy

From Mozart's music, the fruitjuice of divinity,
Drenched in gorgeousness, as well as pain and
Suffering: Ah, Mozart!

NOTHING IS FROM NOTHING

Nothing is from Nothing; the Life does stir
Bursting ugliness then ecstasy – stay your sword!
Chrysanthemums collapse then restore their faith,
Hope springs eternal, panthers dance
As nymph-dogs and brutes burn like mercury:
The temperature high, what is the suffocating level?
Stamping gives planets new purpose to fly
In their elliptical floating in gravity, revelling.

SOPHISTRY

There are those who have thought
Over many centuries, that there can be no possibility
Of certain knowledge, on the grounds both
Of the inadequacy and fallibility of our faculties,
And of the absence of a stable reality to be known.
They have been named, at least in Europe,
As Sophists or Postmodernists, but it is fairly obvious
That this position is true, and there is
No need for a label to denote such thought:
Such people may not anyway share any other beliefs.
Consider Pascal for example, Nietzsche, or Tu Fu,
Or the Buddha, or the Zen Masters, and so many others;
How good it is, to read Plato's thoughts
On the Sophists; exciting it really is.
His idea is rather like that of Lukács;
That "Empiricism" merely repeats the surface of life
In a society, does not penetrate its "Essence"
To comprehend its inner dynamics and "dialectic".
In this it merely repeats "common sense"
And is thus ideological.
Plato's critique of Sophism had been similar:
For him it had merely repeated common sense
Morality, and not dug down deeper to analyse its truth.

MANIC IN A PANIC

I

Manic in a panic
A psychopath or poet
(They differ in that one has
Morals and conscience, no
Matter how flagrantly (s)he
Contradicts that fact at times).....

II

There was something still suppressed,
Yearnings unrequited, depths unsatisfied,
Which caused me great pain.
And not at all purely sexual.
Eruptions, explosions of emotional desire followed
For which I felt enormous guilt and sadness.

III

The nastiness moves
From nineteenth century struggles
For minimal wages and conditions
To psychopathic maniac Islamic Fundamentalism
In the dusk and dust of Western Imperialism
Just before Asia takes over the show.

NIGHT

In the great darkness of the night,
The true breeze, and the perfumes of herbs,
And the butterflies whose paths cross in the mystery
Of pure solemnity in an infinite firmament
With night, where lights of quiet stars
Spin in lights of fluttering insects
Without a single violent scream

Except from a frog, or toad, or an owl.

SACRIFICE

The Olympians are approached with garlands and festive
Clothing by day; the heroes and dead in mourning
And lamentation, with hair untied,
By night. The gods have white victims,
The heroes black; the gods live in the sky,
The heroes underground as chthonic deities.
The gods' altar is built up with stones;
The heroes have a flat hearth, a pit;
The gods' temple is raised on steps,
The heroes' shrine is often more like a house.
For the gods the victim's head is pulled back
So that the throat points to the sky
And the blood splashes on the standing altar;
For the heroes the blood
Is poured into a channel in the ground.
The downward movement of sacrifice is enacted literally
In those rites where victims are cast into water.
Live bulls were sunk at Syracuse, and slaughtered piglets
Put into pits during the Thesmophoria at Athens,
To commemorate Persephone's descent into Hades.
The Argives summon Dionysus from the water
With trumpets, and throw lambs into the *abyssos* for the "Gatekeeper";
They hide their trumpets in the *thyrsi*.

THE HOLY TRINITY

I am as nothing
An empty vessicle
A bird flying free
A boot into thee
The Holy Trinity –
God, Jesus; the Holy Spirit,
Different but the same
How extraordinary, ridiculous!

DIVINE LOVE

Divine Love
Without clear explanation
The spirit of divinity
Does not always feel near

Please Love, let me feel you more frequently;
I am bereft, bereaved, despairing of all

SUNLIGHT AND NIGHTMARE

The girl who comes to help us here,
Is like a ray of sunlight in the house
Upon her visits: lovely smiles, warm and kind,
She seems contented, the world is fine.

If I think dark, thick thoughts,
They must not last too long;
Who cares about them, the Angel Gabriel?
The utter Darkness of Eternity looms.

Hovering like a beautiful butterfly
Schubert's young Fifth Symphony
Came along before his deepest tragedy,
In sunshine of a happy mind.

Ah, but are there not premonitions already?
Odd jabs and chords amid the sweet reverie?
Is it an eternal conflict between light and darkness,
Between the heart of love and the thinking mind?

Two hearts beat in this breast, said Faust,
In me there are many more, but that beats it down
To a minimum. What existence, what hope
With such absurdity – who is an expert on these matters?

Theologian, philosopher, poet, shaman,
Boethius, Socrates, Shelley, Chorro,

Are there answers to such dilemmas,
Dare we live in such confusion?

How I plead like Mozart's oboe,
Flash into flying chaos among stars,
Nothing is clear for any length of time,
And Time runs out, see the Firmament!

Bathed in music, like the sun
And loveliness all around, and within,
It blanches out dark thoughts as Light
Blankets out false Civilization.

Rays of love crystallize the sky,
Light penetrates into every pore,
Illumination hallucinates reality into dream,
Mountains and streams are like a beautiful lady's face, and gorgeous hair.

But I feel such sadness
At memories and failures,
Losses of every kind;-
Desperate blows from life;

Fault, sin, what matters it
The explanation of dire distress:
Who is perfect, you or me,
Death comes to us all!

Music like light drowns civilization
As the dawn's sunlight drowns out night's gaslight,
Music the Queen of the Muses does that
And more, flaring into crystals of mind,

Colours of special Ayahuascan thought,
Hallucinogenic dreams of life,
Nature, the Universe, the Cosmos,
The trees and animals of the jungle's truth.

The suddenness of love and revelation,
The beauty of Woman and the flowers everywhere,
The sounds of happiness and the stars descending
By night and day, to kiss our faces.

If I float away in a dream of fire,
If Love envelopes me in sacred warmth,
All history can be understood anew,
Calmness can iron out harsh resentment.

The crystal light from Apollo's eyes
Through which the Universe
Sees itself, and knows itself Divine,-
Can be felt as neighbourly friendship, and special

Love for one woman, above all else,
The fruits on sale by the busy streets
In Bucaramanga, the taste of a kiss,
The smiles that warm you along the way.

The nerves twingle, wherefor we
Drip into wars and foolishness?
Peace as we walk along the streets,
Justice against the urge to violence.

DEATH AND TRANSMUTATION

I fear death, because I am alive
Still; if I were not, I could not so fear.
Should I realize it is a wonderful opportunity
To sleep, as Hamlet thought,
Though perchance to dream; though the dreams could (not?) be worse
Than those that come when you are alive.
The conjecture is ridiculous, as you will *not* dream,
You will not be some kind of zombie or chthonic
Weird being: you will not exist,
Any more than your body does after it is burnt or has rotted.
If there is Soul, Divine, Eternal,
It certainly is not composed of dots
From individual people, stumbling on

Forever! No one knows,
But life seems just to trip on, through time;
Life, love, in the steps of banality
Through this meaningless Universe, though so glorious and miraculous;
The stars, the flowers, dripping in ecstasy
On the retina; here, perhaps, is what some people call God,
Here is Revelation of Mystical Truth.

HENDRIX

Those acid eyes
Notes of fire
Oblivion noticed
Chaos forgotten
Dreaming by day
Flying at night
Flying coloured notes –
Purple red green White Light –
Darkness violet indigo brown yellow –
Ultimate intense Blues –
Wildness more sacred than Fire

IN LIFE

I feel such regret,
Such dreadful pain
For everything, indefinably,
Perhaps like a sixteenth-century nun
Who feels only penitence, retreat, self-abnegation.
What should I do?
I cannot reverse time; no one knows beforehand
What will result from his actions;
One can only try to avoid Evil,
But it is all so difficult to anticipate.

CITIZEN CAT

My lovely cat is very sweet
But recently, she has been jealous
Because we took a little dog

That made her feel annoyed.

Poor little Minet, I feel sad
With her bitter rejected look.
We try to be so very kind
But after a few strokes, she leaves.

SPANK

What does indeed come down,
With the stars all over the round earth
When thunder shines, the mind opens,
To sacred pictures and strange visions?

SITTING ON A PATAGONIAN SHORE

Sitting on a Patagonian shore,
John Keats might have thought of Fanny Brawne,
Betrayed, as the waves crashed into his rock,
The night sprinkling sparkles of spume
Around his feet; sitting on the edge
Of a wide world, till love and fame
To nothingness did sink,
Long before his teeming brain had overspilled its glorious foam.

EVERY NIGHT HAS TO DIE

Every night has to die,
Sunset goes to hell,
Moonlight then takes over,
And after love, parting comes,
As if the blink of light
Is dismissed by the Universe
That enters into Eternity;
Then is quietness, disappearance: Nothing.

SPOON

Burning in its stomach,
Face so furiously far,
Neck and body like a brontosaurus
Why do you see afar?
You twitch like any dead witch,
You really are a balloon,
Why do I always wonder about you,
Are you a kind or nasty spoon?

THAT BUTTERFLY WITH SUCH GORGEOUS WINGS

That butterfly with such gorgeous wings,
Dripping in beauty and pure design
Would have had to be created by God;
Though the truth is much more complex,
The natural processes at work in that creation
Meet their mirror in the human mind and retina,
And the physical and physiological laws of sight
That draw everything together in harmonious Oneness.

MAHLER (NO. 9)

I breathe Mahler now, that greatest composer;
The ship rocks upon the rocks, as I remember from years ago.
This is the bleeding heart and mind
Always known to me in my strongest dreams.

BUCARAMANGA

It is so beautiful here,
The women blossom like flowers,
Or fruits from unprohibited trees;
You only have to look around
And talk a little if talked to first,
And that will pull you out of any suicidal gloom.

I WAS SO MUCH IN LOVE WITH HER

I was so much in love with her,
But after six years of her betrayal,
The love dried up, and I
Learned again to explore new love,
But she destroyed everything with her spite,
She was and is, something hellish.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO

I don't know what to do,
There is no solution to anything,
It is all about how long you have
Before you come to death.

YURUPARY: DRIFTING BACK

Drifting back through myth and love
Mysteriously in a lake or cloud
Dream-soaked, flowing backwards in time,
Deep in the unconscious, outside of all logic;
Dreaming and drifting like a ship
Of Light into a dark forest
Where pin-pricks of happiness transcend the darkness,
Night-time swimming in sounds and perfumes.

THOSE OCEANS OF LOVE

Those oceans of Love in the Universe,
Forgive all sins and mistakes;
I look into your face and you kiss me:
For the world is pink at sunset.

THOU MAJESTIC BUTTERFLY

Thou majestic butterfly, with such feminine prowess,
Wings open and advancing; yet so tiny.
Your little wings are white and veined,

Their edges are brown-black,
You are paying me a visit, sitting on my dictionary,
And then you will go: not too soon, please.
Now you have gone like a tiny gust of night-time wind.

A POEM FROM HELL AND LOVE

Thou now knowest the depths of fate,
You know now well that you will die
Perhaps tomorrow, or in days or weeks,
Or months or years, what difference does it make?
There is no salvation, only life
Or death, you have to find
The best way through the former; the latter means nothing,
As non-existence has nothing to say,
Nor can have anything said about it, ever.
The drunkard has a valid answer:
Just blank out these thoughts, problems, self-
Doubts, regrets about past or future,
Simply live Now! Don't think about
Responsibilities for the past of which you cannot
Change a jot or tittle; nor
Can you control the future, if you try
You will be accused of megalomania;
So just calm down: enjoy only
Those who like you, now, or someone
Who may actually love you,
Strangely, as you look at the Moon,
Or those Stars revolving in brilliant lights;
Without philosophy, good God, forget
All that! Stare blankly,
Up to non-Heaven as the deep blue dark inane
Intervenues in glory and bright darkness
At early night, and don't wake up
Completely again; there is nothing here.

POME

Big Dog blooms apace;
Stacey knows she's lost the race.
Stankling pranking humours no one,
Tears creak some gobs.

A beak on your bottom
Is worth a pile of dew;
Why did you poke a million files
Into the snowy blue?

DAWN

Try to forget everything:
This is a new dawn,
The pinkish clouds over the mountain fields –
Ye crags! New dawn!
Start again! The beauty of all
That you know is open to your soul,
There is always love, to some neighbor,
Grasp it! Shake off the depressive weights
Of death in life, unreal mascarades

GALLIPOLI 1915

Yes, they were heroic the soldiers at Gallipoli
On both sides; but they didn't "give their lives",
They were killed in a war that was waged for no reason,
And they died for Nothing.
They obeyed the politicians and commanders on both sides,
Their obligations and sense of duty is absolutely overpowering:
But the war was stupid, pointless, there is no great virtue
To be learnt from it, such as the formation of nations!
That we do not need, nor the boasting of
National prides from death astronomical on all sides.
We all live as small beings on a tiny planet,
Spinning around in this immense, perhaps infinite, cosmos.

MATANZU'S HOME

Thus is the hard drop from high above
Into the basin of Matanzu's remote home
Founded by priests three centuries ago
To evangelize among the indigenous slaves,

Pronged within a circling climb of vast mountains
That lead you to believe all is utterly secluded
Even now: imagine before radio or television
How it must have been: cattle,
Yucca, chickens, wheat;
At dusk, dark, clouds surrounding
The mountain-tops, slightly cold,
Colour floating out of the majestic sight
In all directions: ah the wildness
Sheer and pure around a strange sky.

DAWN

Try to forget everything:
This is a new dawn,
The pinkish clouds over the mountain fields –
Ye crags! New dawn!
Start again! The beauty of all
That you know is open to your soul,
There is always love, for some neighbour,
Grasp it! Shake off the depressive weights
Of death in life, unreal mascarades.

INTUITION AND RATIONALITY

I have always felt the Divinity of the Universe,
A divine presence suffused in Nature,
And every step scientifically and rationally
Has reinforced this intuition:
That is, that reductionist materialist atheism
Does not seem to help understand
Quantum Physics, Cosmology, the dialectically dynamic interactional
Nature of Reality as does some kind
Of theoretical perspective that considers
A “spirit” and a “matter” in some sense,
Both in motion, as for David Bohm, Fritjof Capra,
And even Lenin, who saw in 1915
That it was impossible to understand
The motion of “matter” without “mind”,
And that there must be a leaping between them, a dialectic
Of thinking. (He realized then that Marx had seen
This, and that Hegel had been right.)

LIVING NEAR WATER

Like the Rhine Maidens, or Nikte-ha in Lake Yojoa,
Or the Indian girls who get enchanted by Sumpall
And end up in Sunpallhue at the bottom of a lake;

The myth of water, and girls who wash their hair
Very beautifully, conquers our imagination,
And leads us to dreams of primordial bliss.

And then there are those Amazonian dolphins
Who come out as young handsome men
To seduce the women, get them pregnant,
Then leave them, and return to the river.

SCHUBERT

Schubert – I can imagine you rising early
From your lonely bed, peering out onto the streets outside –
With a few fruitsellers and other beings –
And beginning to pound with some portion of your Ninth Symphony –
Waving your arms around until your landlady taps your door
With a nice cup of coffee, which you politely receive.
No one knows when this miraculous creation occurred –
Which year, although more or less we know
The Vienna where you were. I wish I had known you.

THE MOON

There is the same old rolling moon
Spinning its dreams in woven silk,
The Lady of Night Clouds, seeking lovers
And tempting passers-by with intense mysteries.

MUSIC

Music can be part of the divine structure
Of the Universe, as in the Second Movement
Of Bruckner's Fourth Symphony,
And much else. The plucking of Truth from the Ideal,
Which meets and interacts with actual life,
Is the point of Art perhaps; when it is achieved.

The eloquence and grandiosity of great music
Is as astonishing as Einstein's discoveries about the Universe,
Or even more, as he himself seemed to understand.
Because it is all part of one great plot,
That of Plotinus, Lao Tzu, or Mozart;
Something you either feel or you don't.

HEAD IN A SPIN

My head was spinning, in empty pain
I knew not what to do,
I wondered if I had become a hog
Dreaming beneath the moon!

A scraggy toothbrush hit the roof
And a maggot ate a tree,
No one understood the costs
Of a philibuster a trois!

You never know when a staghunt boots
A cock and a cockatoo,
They are so often very similar
When sten-guns drip from the cheek!

There was a time when dogs in blue
Could eat a mouse in time,
Now it seems woodpeckers chip
And find great chirps to complain!

No one can ever feel a bleep
From the outer Universe directly,
It is only with a bottom posed
Directly at one's head that one knows

A smiling porcupine, a shining starfish,
A group of pebbles relaxing on the beach!
They are those who inherit the rocks
And then preach to all invertebrates!

NIDIA HAD A LITTLE CAT

Nidia had a little cat
Whose fur was white as snow,
And everywhere that Nidia went
The cat was sure to go.

This lovely cat was called Minet
And she slinked around so cool,
She only jumped and scratched a bit
At the door when she heard my girl.

Her face was so pretty, you cannot know,
Her eyes were like green flames;
She looked in all directions wherever she went,
And sometimes she leapt at a moth!

She was a rather naughty puss
One cannot deny it at all;
But when she was good, she was very very good,
And that made up for all.

Sometimes she was such a soft little thing
Purring in a lovely way,
Even if she did not want to be picked up
She loved to be stroked anyway.

She was really quite temperamental, we thought,
Just like a lady girl,
She looked at you, then went away,
As if she cared not at all!

One of the things about Minet
Was she loved to be washed and bathed;
Whenever her mistress did this to her
She licked her lips and obviously made

A lovely little kind meow, because she felt so good:
She had some sense of why she was
Being washed by her human Mummy;
And felt very happy about it.

I HAD A LOVE

I had a love, but she betrayed me
In desertion, and ruined my love for my children;
And then came in the army of solicitors
Tormenting and violating me in myriad ways
Not only to break again my already-broken heart,
But to gouge out as much money as they could,
Leaving me aghast in terrible debts,
With no house more, no hope, no life; only pain.

THE FADING OF LIGHT

All fades, like light from the evening sky,
As music that disappears at dawn,
And water trickles like icicles of truth,
As all seeps into the Expanding Universe.

LIMITS

Imperfection, impossibility, oh what a dog in a pook,

There is no everlasting truth, eternal luck,
Nor infallibility of the human mind;
Whilst we should never ever forget
The butterfly that stamps
In Nova Zemlya or Japan
And affects a twig in a small storm
In the Amazonian jungle; for,
The slightest displacement of a few molecules
Can have an enormous, unpredictable effect
In a large system; and how much more
A funny nerve or human braincell
Can have an impact far beyond
Its origins or expectations.
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!

BEWILDERED SO TO BE A FOOL

Bewildered so to be a fool,
Misunderstood by most,
Having wanted to turn a dream to gold
But accused of selfishness!

You live only once, you feel an impetus
To do something strange and new,
But lazy, resentful, other people
Need to push into your soul

Their negativities, project their fears,
Their unspoken limitedness,
And then delight in the misery
They have created with their spite.

MEANDERING ON A PATH BY A RIVER

When I feel I follow along
A path by the river of moving existence
I try to ask of the spirit-world
What is the purpose or the meaning
Of this meander, outside of which
We cannot know anything at all, because

There is only no-time, blank darkness, if even these;
And so consciousness could not possibly provide an answer.

AS THE SUPERB ANGELS OF OUR IMAGINATION

As the superb angels of our imagination
Glide so beautifully throughout the sublime,
Among the clouds Taoistically puffing among the peaks
Of mountains, and floating like weightless heavens
With geese and other magical birds
On lacquer screens, some supernatural paint
Arouses the world of dreams to life,
Equal to the waking one in which we walk.

LAMENT: I CAN ONLY LOOK

I can only look upon
Life, and see in retrospect
How disasters came,
How all occurred;
And learn too late mistakes and things
Of reality, that were not understood.
Useless knowledge now,
It is too late anyway even to make more great mistakes;
As energy flags, and dreams fade.

AH! THE SUN-BLOOD BURSTS ITS COLOUR

Ah! The sun-blood bursts its colour
Over the magical hills of Bucaramanga!
Here is the revelation of all Being!
From here comes Life, Beauty, and Truth!

The sun pursues its relentless path
Through clouds and sky until we die;
Here is the moment of sudden perfection,
Blasting its total light, forever.

I NEED TO BE

I need to be a little pronged
To bounce upon the sky,
There is no way to spear the heart
To that cosmic turnaround,
Of which there never comes more clear
Visions within the Mountain,
The tunnels and the mid-life forests
Make darkness and lights mercurially flashing
At white-blue heat – what do you like
To spank upon the Moon,
That Dog at the weird river barks
With eyes of brown love and mystery
Upon only to someone looking
With strange intuitions and breaking lights
Around the film of invisible coverings
Among trees in glades and dreaming lilies;
With croaking frogs at a sweet pool.

WE'LL ALL JUST MELT INTO THE UNIVERSE

We'll all just melt into the Universe,
That can be grasped by poetry better than by theology;
We cannot know in a scientific sense what it means
Though it certainly does not mean “going to heaven”
Or the “immortal soul”.

AH YES, HITCHENS

Ah yes, Hitchens, you are quite correct
About the ridiculous dogmas and legends of religions
Taken literally: but there is more to it,
Some of it stemming from basic features
Of the human psyche, other things from
A practical, intuitive feeling, as I knew,
In a Moslem country, before “Islamic
Fundamentalism” had entered with its Nightmare:
The charming, tolerant, Sudanese; always polite,
Very friendly to “Hawajis” – foreigners,
In their long white jelabias, the women smiling

Through or above their partial veils. I don't think
Many of them knew very much about theology,
Though you are right to pick it apart.

As for Latin America: yes, Catholicism can be a pain in the neck;
So double, hypocritical, nonsensical finally,
Yet so many people find an anchor to something in it,
As a taxi-driver drives past a church
And crosses himself: few ordinary women care much about whether
Women should enter the church hierarchy – they certainly do
Fight fiercely in every other sphere of life,
But religion is an irrational sphere of Spirit.

It is not only about
Rational beliefs and scientific theories;
It is about – I don't know!
It is about the “why”, of the “how”,
About Mystery and Miracle.

LIFE UNDER THE BRIDGE

Life under the bridge,
Water passed by
I remember that bridge in the Botanic Gardens
Over the River Kelvin, so small but beautiful
But sad when I was in tragedy.
Like the ripples then, all passes,
No one cares, no one can care:
I remember an epitaph upon a tombstone
In that extraordinary necropolis in Glasgow: it said
“Goodbye to all our friends that we
Shall never see again.”

STICKING PLASTER

Oh kick a bastard in the teeth
Then row his boat to shore!
Then, get out and look for breaks
Where you can fill a store!

I really want to climb a tree
And eat a cockroach from my hand;
Then I will, then I will,
Join the best band in the land.

WHEREVER I LOOK

Wherever I look, I see the darkness of clouds,
The dross between the moments of Light.
There are those spots, however, no matter how induced,
When something makes sense again; at last.

TOMKIN

Tomkin, pomkin, why are you a bomkin?
Why do you always cock your head to one side?
Hello Tomkin, what do you want to do-oo,
Why are you such a silly little pomkin?

I USED SOMETIMES TO THINK THAT LIFE

I used sometimes to think that Life
Was mere occasional glints of Light
From black darkness and eternal death
And that should be accepted.
But then times take you to feel, that is
Defeatist – No, live to the very end,
And see what it offers, and what you can know.

AN DIE MUSIK

In inspiration and despair
I see reflections of celestial realms
Transiently in the real world.

The sun shines sometimes brightly
While Death waits silently and softly

As our probable best friend and resolution.

The stars and moon always move
Yet are permanent also
In their colours that are indescribable.

Is music or poetry the Queen of the arts?
Music without doubt, like daylight against dawn,
But poetry was there before all instruments!

So poetry is the *alpha* and *omega*
Of all human expression,
Nearly lost now, but never totally.

MY CHINESE FANTASIES, THE MAJESTIC MOUNTAINS

My Chinese fantasies, the majestic mountains,
The sources of the Tao, that I see from here,
Day and Night, the purple pink,
That immense darkness of love and life,
A moth whose wings are like Chinese art,
Whose movement is like a Degas bailarina,
Whose beauty is unselfconscious as the spherical dome
Of the Universe's stars and galaxies.
Such elegant wings, she flaps and flies
After a gentle sojourn, *chez-moi*;
This beautiful moth, with her transparent wings,
Like a negligé filled with partially visible art,
Now has gone, will she return?
Nothing is certain, in this Universe.

BALLAD OF A GAOL

In our stupidity we all do harm
Or even kill, something we love,
And though we may try to repair the damage
Too often we only stir the flames.

Sometimes all is because we are enclosed

And demented by falsity or misunderstandings,
Sometimes because we knew not enough
Of anything, including our clod-hopping innocence.

JIMI HENDRIX

This may have been his greatest moment
Though probably he did not realize that.
This is at the Red House, Stockholm,
The highest pinnacle of his genius.

THE MOON

Am I supposed to still love the moon,
After all that has happened to me,
The beauty, desperate intensity, love,
Can it still mean remotely the same
As of yore, now I know how soon I must die,
When the waves rolling outwards under the planets
Are not as they seemed in repeating hope
As a young fool: what can I feel?

HISTORY

The steamtrain flows into icy Siberia,
Schostakovitch dreaming nightmares in black sympathy;

What happened? Who said you could eat his hand?
Music in a Moscow concert hall.

Icicles twinkle along the track
As the train slows down.

I have almost run out of deep emotion
After an entire life-time, nothing changing.

KUNDRY AND PARSIFAL

The first kiss of love
That destroys the soul
With its perfumed flowers
Like birth into the Universe
Without thinking
Brings death with passion
Too deep for grief or tears.

THE DREAM OF LIFE

Floating in an orange cloud
I'm in the mood for love
Imagining flying in ecstasy
Bewitched of sunshine and flowers

I'm rushing around in extraordinary fire –
As in a star's interior elements -
The gods of the Upanishads dream radiant suns
While I drift through the dream of life

DONALD QUACK (CALIGULA)

Donald Quack
He eats the pack
So narcissistic and boorish from birth,
Born with silver spoon in mouth
It shows in his ugly face.
Lies and hypocrisy are so much his self
He knows not what they mean,
Just points at enemies within and without,
Says wants to make Yank great again,
And rambles on to mesmerize.

I MIGHT WISH TO FLY

I might wish to fly,

I could want to die,
Or, I might roll into seizing surf
Of the sea's waves and foam;

That, I might do, and dream aloft
Like Shelley in his flights, through the blue inane,
Or Keats with his love of easeful death,
Or Byron in his endless rolling Ocean,
Deep and dark, like Eternity.

MY MIND HAS BEEN RAGING

My mind has been raging for some time now
Perhaps it can soften as the golden swans
Fly to heaven, relieving Truth,
Like pearls of dew in the Universe.

ON THE VICTORY OF BREXIT

Ah Love, where do you go,
Can you not help us through disasters;
The wrong reasons have decided a vote,
Frustrations and pain have been blamed
On the wrong causes. Aye Love,
Why only now have we heard about elites,
Why only now do we hear about Democracy,
That has been manipulated and broken all the way along;
Who can believe it will now be alright?

BRUCKNER SYMPHONY NO. 7 ANDANTE

O Glory, is this not Love and Sorrow,
Religious without religion.

OLYMPICS

Zika, peeker, why can't they go to Rio?
Doping, coping, mugging, threats of terror!
Corruption, incompetence, political chaos everywhere!
Why so much spent in such an impoverished country?

O SUCH CONFUSION BEFORE THE FIRE

O such confusion before the fire,
Such beauty dancing in the flames,
Is that the way immortal souls move?

How to be calm amid tumultuous seas!
Know no regrets, allow no limits to love;
Fly in the Now, and feel things aright.

GREAT

With the World on the brink,
All we get is Trump;

After Spinoza, Einstein, Gahatma Ghandi,
We get U.S. diplomats piddling about

Over what to do with Kim and North Korea's
Nuclear Weapons.

Historians lament the limited efforts
To take in Jews, fleeing from the Nazis;

Now, is the situation of Syrian refugees
Comparable with that today, or not?

DAWN

Ah, what a beautiful cloud
Bathed in golden yellow and brightness
Here in the dawn at our finca in San Gabriel,

This is a glory, celebrating Christ;
Even He had moments of extreme weakness:
“Eli, eli, lama sabachtani”.

That was contrary to his belief in his suicidal Destiny,
Made sacred by his strange tryst with God
That He must die, there upon the Cross.

JAEL SINGING

Spirit of life, Colombian songs from the heart,
Ah how beautiful to hear, throbbing voice from the sound of soul,
Depth of feeling, authentic and true.

AH, MY BROTHER HUGH

Ah, my brother Hugh,
Now you have died,
As we all will have to soon.
You were my older brother, so much I learned from you
When I was young. You suffered a great deal,
Of which I knew, and I suffered too;
You were brave in life, with no intentions,
To me so kind for much of my life;
You had a lovely way of being,
How girls adored you! Because you
Were kind and warm – that I learned,-
And enjoyed them, dancing, and the world
So much. But you suffered obstacles very deep,
Which I saw, and felt so sorely with you:
At this moment I cannot speak of them
In details; it was all a product of our time.
Oh Hugh, how close I felt to you sometimes;
I was your younger brother.

A BESTIAL BOOT

A bestial boot lunged at the crab,
Cooking the floating croak of a glib
Eating poisonous dupe. She smacked
The volcano, twisting the pen,
Then jumped on the fin of a yellow porpoise;
That was why the moon laughed,
And an exhausted cow dripped its gravel
Over the stars of the antipodes.

DIG FROM THE FINITE (LITTLE RAIN)

Dig from the finite to the infinite,
From Route 66 to heaven or death;

Here we are on this narrow raft,
A few friends in the ray of a lovely light;

Love is not the Love, that does not shine upon some truth;
Where do we exist, if not in sweetness partially attained.

Little rain falling, keep us awake till dawn,
This is the Blues, harmonica gorgeous.

The best harmonica, Jimmy Reed,
Ripping the skies in ecstatic beauty of
The deepest Blues, by God, yes;
My Bitter Seed.

LOVE

I'm in heaven now, with my love;
Nothing else matters, this is bliss.
Like music, wine, but most of all:
Love. Sweet love, love of her,
Love of all. This is Love.

I NEED TO GET A CAMP ON

I need to get a camp on,
And bite the bloody bow.
Whoever sneaked a goodbye
Without a drooping drawer.
The ice of time does squeeze the ground
And bleed the life of grapes,
But all throughout a spider spins
And ancient tunnels squeak.

I WISH SOMETIMES THE CLOUDS COULD SLEEP

I

I wish sometimes the clouds could sleep
Through every night, and enjoy delight
Of existence, which will never last
Even if it goes on for a billion years.
“Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo”;
That is the language of “Eternity”,
Although “Eternity” does not exist.

II

The isolation of existence
Probably never will desist;
And so extinction in healthy death
Will finally resolve the problem, and solve
The “eternal anxiety” of narrow existence;
One in a kind of box, beyond which
The human Imagination always envisions
Something perfect, paradisaical, eternal.

III

It is all tragedy, as Weltraute sings
In the most beautiful music ever written;
I agree with Richard ultimately, and with Aeschylus;
This is as the Human Cosmos was arranged.
We can struggle to arraign Reality, but we cannot succeed.
But we can sniff a little nectar
Of love, and of a little pussy cat,
Before flitting meaninglessly into the Ether.

BLUMEN

Ah, you *blumen*, flowers, of beauty,
Temptation, so confusing: what should one do?
Desire, desire, that leads to Hell; who cares,
When trapped within it? Just one kiss,
Let alone to make full love! How glorious;
You who criticize, do you know this?
“He who is perfect, may throw the first stone.”
This is Fate in human existence.

HOLY WANKERS

Piss to the Holy Wankers,
Popes, head-masters, nagging wives!
Mothers-in-law, lawyers, hypocrites all!
Prime Ministers, Presidents, “responsible” candidates -

Give me a break, let me breathe,
Let me love Poetry, think the unthinkable:
About Justice, Freedom, some kind of “Equality”,
Even if they can never exist.

I like to dream, absorb the Universe,
It’s like making love to a beautiful woman,
Before arguments set in, endless hassles
On a daily basis, that kills everything.

LATE IN THE NIGHT

Flashings of Light and Love
Late in the Night
Only after midnight the Poet starts to sing
Only when tensions settle does Ecstasy take over
The beauty of the Universe descending in delight
The calm sweet music of truth entering the Cosmos
Clouds of well-being dosing out distress
Ah! Let us try to feel this kindness
Towards existence between and around the brutality
Fling the flames to the sky and arouse the Heavens!

AH, AM I A POET?

Ah, do I still write, am I a poet,
Like Shostakovitch in his Fifth Symphony,
Conducted by Leonard Bernstein in his unique genius?

Fire of Imagination, sympathetic passion,
All that has been learned in experience,
(He doesn't even need to look at the score!)

He who cannot face adversity, learns nothing,
Be he or she, Man or Beast or Beacon from the stars!
Much agony there is among survival, and in Joy!

A BIRD THAT SINGS

A bird that sings into the utter night
Is that which stirs extraordinary feeling,
Desire for knowledge of the deepest truths
Of which we are capable, as mortal humans,
With limited time to go. Unlike when younger,
It would have meant desire, desire, lustful desire;
Later all becomes a wish for tranquillity
And love, in calm gentleness.

TRUMP

Trump is a racist and rapist,
Thief and corrupter of every value,
Pen him, deport him to hell!

Be careful, Amerika, and the World,
Don't let this liar, cheat, and thug
Deceive any more thy people, oh no!

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

Thus spake Zarathustra: be free,
As far as you can, without fear,
And when you feel fear, bury it
In wine. And listen to Richard Strauss,
At least you will then understand what I mean.
You have to be in the right mood, opening your ears
In the right way, to hear poetry properly,
Otherwise you will always miss it until we die.
Poetry is the sister of music, mother even,
Each are mingled until we die.

MAY THE SUN PASS

May the sun pass
And surround us in light,
And the moon run
In its erotic dreams.

Can our moods roll,
Our sadness pass,
As death leads back to life,
As the moment enters eternity.

After midnight the poet sings;
Sounds reflect the lights of stars,
And their colours blossom, like pear-drops in the night
When such beauty flies, like ladies in the light.

I STILL LIVE WITH EXPLODING STARS

I still live with exploding stars
Blue lights flying in ecstatic trance
I am of the madness that knows no end
The Light that never stops revolving
I cannot apologize for being me
Nor ever submerge before I die.

THE CREATION OF THE UNIVERSE

The Creation of the Universe,
The coming into being of the stars,
The planets, Life, and Man;
And poetry: Shelley did not wait
For Nature to decide the moment of his death;
He decided, and Byron swam out to sea.

MY ARMS EMBRACE

My arms embrace, take on,
The Agony, and Joy,
I cannot easily distinguish these anymore.
The whole thing will be but a short blink;
Extinguished, the brief flame will mean nothing,
But now the moon over this *vereda*
Of San Gabriel, is in full beauty,
And my love for Nidia is in full delicious swing;
This is All, Now: "All Joy Seeks Deep Eternity".

The Moon has presented Itself to me
In its magnificence, tonight, from the clouds
In its absolute beauty; yellow, white, pink,
In its extraordinariness supreme. What more is there?

ALL JOY SEEKS ETERNITY

And all Joy seeks Eternity,
Deep, deep, Eternity;
Grapes hanging from the mouth, in pain,
The sea flowing beyond bin waves of tears.
Oh Man!

MY MIND HAS BEEN RAGING

My mind has been raging for some time now
Perhaps it can soften as the golden swans
To heaven, retrieving Truth,
Like pearls of dew in the Universe.

TO ME

To me, all this fuss about who is white or black,
Jewish or Christian; Chinese, Russian, or Australasian,
Is a bunch of rubbish: we are all
Simply (or complexly) human: members
Of one strange species of animal
On this planet. But “Man does not live by bread alone”;
As Jesus is supposed to have said, according to the Bible;
So the spiritual level that we can feel
Is real and palpable, and it means
That we must live together and respect each other,
Be kind to animals too, and make
The planet happy for all living things –
If we don’t do that, we fail though no one will be there
To forgive or forget us, except perhaps for a few demented, hopping ex-humans;
It will simply be over.

LOS PIJAOS

Los Pijaos fought against the Spanish
Conquerors, as I would have done too
In the mountains of Tolima, and held out for centuries;
Until they were finally eliminated.
They were tough, ferocious, and brave,
Their women were with their men unto the end,
My wife and her mother obviously have their blood,

The women would not give in nor succumb:
All rebellious and stubborn to the end.
But obviously some genes slipped through:
One can see it even in the slant of their eyes;
Damnably difficult, unrelenting,
The Pijaos have not completely died out.

THE DANCE

I picture a dancing nymph,
So contented in her dance,
Lithe, happy as a basic Life should be;
Until the Problems come! But still,
Joy has not yet been submerged.

I see a woman waving and weaving in the wind,
Winding in such beauty by the sea,
Her voice so lonesome, yet delicious,
Asking man if he wants Joy,
And thus Eternity.

We will only leave behind our love,
To float into the Universe.
It will be the absolute fragrance of divine nectar,
Like the music of Mozart, for which there is no comparison
In any other Art, or in Nature.

Soaking into the Light of the sacred stars,
Where God spreads his hands all around,
The brightness of the moon steals the mind
Away, into love; and sinking into delicious love
We know pain, also, as well.

I have many sadnesses, though I also know
That I have reached the greatest joy and happiness
That I can, in my short life-span;
The *Finca Sueños de Paraiso*,
And my darling wife, my Nidia

FLUFFY SNOWY PUSS

Fluffy snowy puss,
Why are you very silly?
Why do you be Pinet,
Just because your name is Minet?

MAHLER NO. 3: 1ST MOVEMENT

1ST MOVEMENT

Send them then into the mists of Hell!
Swarming like ants and bees towards to disaster!
Eliminate demons of the Mind that do not help!
Tingling the sounds of Nature's orchestras!
The Universe is being born and reborn all the time!

LAST MOVEMENT

Heaven and soft salvation entering with gorgeous horns
Into the ears of those who can hear
Immaculate beauty and distress mingling into Eternity.
Ah, Gustav! Where were you? From where did you appear?
Your thumping thunder tells us all.

WE MUST WEEP

We must weep, for the whole world is falling apart,
Into chaos, not that "order" was good or just, ever.
But now the collapse every thing is not in a good direction;
Maniacs are in control: no one knows anything

Perhaps we are entering a time of Terror,
Not about silly "terrorists" at all. It is of
The soul of decrepit Western Civilization,
That has los its bearings, its guts, its being.

Not that this was ever “good”,
Or dedicated to great advances
Beyond immediate impulses of ideas or nations,
But it had “spine”, which is disappearing now.

“The Decline of the West“; how many times
Have we heard of this: Bach, Mozart,
Will never “decline”, as they are Universal,
Like Tu Fu, the Buddha, Krishna, or Jesus.

And also Chorro, the great shaman and curandero
Of the Yaminahua, in Sepagua; so difficult to communicate with
From a distance, as he cannot read or write, and has
No access to things like telephones at all.

Women singing in Mozart’s Requiem,
Like doves and tigers into the dawn and night;
Confutatis, the fury of flaming earth, heaven, or hell,
But in beauty of those lovely women’s voices.

Lacrimosa, tears, perhaps for everything,-
Love, family, friends; then death;
That is the End-point, isn’t it?
There is nothing beyond that, is there?

WHICH TITLE?

The Man Who Didn’t Build The Wall
Or
The Beautiful Wall That Was Never Built
Or
The Wall That Deceived 46 Million Voters
Or
Donald Trump And Delusions Of Grandeur
Or
Donald Trump And Unhinged Paranoia
Or
Donald Trump And Narcissistic Pathology
Or

Trump's Bloody Lies Amid World Disaster

ONLY IN MUSIC

Only in music is it; and there is music in words,
The Love in existence, the Universe, inside ourselves;
And the sadness that accompanies it, inevitably;
All will pass; but perhaps Eternity is Now.
Love is something internal and eternal,
Inside our beings, and outside in Nature,
Though really they are One, there is no distinction:
This is Trance, a meeting with Truth again.

IN A SEA OF BEAUTY

In such a sea of beauty,
Even melancholy is swollen into the ocean,
Or, perhaps the air; Imagination drifting, or floating
Into Nature, Reality,
Soaking into the Beauty of ultimate Truth.

Here we are in the Divine,
The realm of the miraculous, something extraordinary
Within the Universe, whatever that may mean.

Heavenly icicles, from the mind of Genius and the Whole Cosmos.
I will die, but this will not.

WHY?

How does no one learn from wars,
Or, at least, rather few, who seem,
Seldom able to influence events
To avoid the same disasters over and over
Again. How could Britain, after traumatization
In Two World Wars, want again and again
To make new ones, and seem so little to understand
The traumatizing effects of such Hells and Catastrophes?

New generations arise from the debris,
Interpret the miseries past in ever new ways,
Some learn not to repeat the stupidities,
Others become embittered, cold, harsh,
And are ready to do the same things again,
Thinking they are new reactions to old problems.

HENDRIX

The notes of music dripping through your hands,
Like liquid coloured light pouring up and down,
No rules for you, only your perfect genius;
Complete control, like intuition from Mars.

MOZART PIANO CONCERTO NO. 23 INGRID FLITER

1st MOVEMENT

Dazzling, seems to throw stones of fire and jewels
Of many colours, sounds flying upwards and down;
Mozart set on fire, alive, like crazy fireworks.

2nd MOVEMENT

All the sorrow and beauty of humanity and the universe
She plays, this gorgeous blonde; the deepest
Hymn for existence: whatever on earth that means.

3rd MOVEMENT

Flames to wrap it all up, in climax, chaos, and delight;
Brilliance, sparkle, games: that is the best final way
To be. Just to glory in life's wonder and ecstasy.

I SAW TWO AFRICAN REFUGEES

I saw two African refugees
On CNN, who had jumped the border
Into Canada, in fear, that Trump would deport and kick them out;
So through the freezing snow
They ran, got frost-bite,
So that all their fingers had to be amputated;
Only their thumbs remained; one cried
When interviewed on CNN.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT COUNTRY IT IS

I don't know what country it is
That Nigel Farage thinks
He has taken back,
But it sure ain't mine.
He has pushed me and many British people
Into limbo. I am disgusted.
He speaks the very opposite of a decent gentleman,
That best character of the British people that is so often forgotten,
But at times regenerates and resurrects and resumes;
Now it will be very difficult to extricate ourselves
From the chaotic nightmare Farage and his ilk
Have buttoned us up with, and buried us in vileness.

I HAVE TO THINK

I have to think every day;
I wonder who exactly Jesus was –
The things that he is reported as saying,
Though never apparently writing them down.

I realize that all of us will die,
Belatedly; because only knowing that rationally
Is not the same as feeling it.

I am not an atheist, as that is another dogmatic declaration;
Perhaps I am agnostic, though that says little.
Rationally, empirically, we really know nothing,
All is a matter of non-rational, intuitional, spiritual feeling.

Here I do feel something, other than materialist, atheistic things,-
Which boil down to molecules, genes, and little more.
Only I look at a fabulous fire;
It flares up, or down; something operates
At a level beyond the lowest reductionist level.

There is a kind of Complexity operating
That causes things to happen.
This might be true throughout the Universe,
So far it has produced human “intelligence”:
What more is there? Let us think and inquire,
Not be dogmatic, nor preconceiving.

WHEN YOU LISTEN TO POLITICIANS

When you listen to politicians –
Even the best sometimes –
It is difficult not to conclude
That absolute disaster is inevitable
For “Civilization”; then at length
For surviving humanity;
Though not all Life, though it will have been fundamentally changed
In the process of Disaster.
The planet will not be destroyed, as Lovelock constantly insists,
Either. There is so little thinking about the Whole –
Our species, its history, its development;
The world of human societies, the differences
In human cultures, etcetera, within the Totality:
There is little hope, really.

I AM A CAT

I am a cat, and I want to be pat!
Those funny human beings, why do they be like that?
And why do they have other animals
Like dogs, to always be with us;
And even other sillier ones,
To take away our food?

I do what I want, and then I like,
To irritate; to disappear
And hide whenever they want to go somewhere
With me! But of course,
I feel very lonely if I'm left in the house;
When they bugger off for hours.

AFTER THE NUCLEAR WAR

After the Nuclear War – *Limited Nuclear War*, of course,
How will the Peace Process be -
Twenty million killed here, forty million there -
And then the vengeance a little while later –
And don't forget the radioactivity –
Much of humanity now a hopping, lopping, regressed species to something mad.

LIGHT-FILLED SKY

This is the real shooting of light-filled fire,
Flames a bursting into the rest of the Universe,
Like Byron meditating on a lonely shore,
Or Shelley dreaming of a perfect Isle.
The clouds, the sun, the light, the truth,
Surrounding us in perfect warmth;
That is why we live; and for nothing more.

TIME IS AN OCEAN

Time is an ocean, that stops at the shore,
You may not see me, ever, anymore.
As good as Byron, this talk of Man,
And Nature; and the Machine of Desire.
Song become Industry, robotic Commerce,
The soul and its uniqueness, squeezed into tubes.

I LIKE TO LIVE

I like to live in an untroubled neck of the woods;
The World is full of woodmen who expel
Love's gentle dryads from every dell.
I wish to avoid the most horrible tears,
Though escape I cannot, the nightmares of Pain,
Of Anxiety and Doubt, the etching into my Being,
Of unnecessary suffering along all veins.

Flames of fire, fire of flames,
What was that, that flew with fire?
Why was that the World I knew?

DROWNING IN THE TEARS OF GOD

Drowning in the tears of God,
Heaven's Joy at the end of the search;
Peace at last, Death a release;
Love without having to think anymore.

THIS IS VERY BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT TOMKIN?

This is very beautiful, isn't it, Tomkin?
Bruckner's Second Symphony, Second Movement;
Yes it is, isn't it Tomkin?
Don't change, please, while we're away,
Little Tomkin, that would break my heart.

Do you have dreams – you know,
What happens in your mind when you're asleep –
Are they logical, do they follow some coherent thread:
Or are they an inchoate mess, a Surrealistic artwork,
Ever to be wondered over?

THEREAFTER

Thereafter, no one knows anything.
Like the cells of the body, that make up the whole,

Perhaps the floating-away spirit of each being
Enters the Universe again as a cell in its Consciousness;
If it has such, a Ground of Being, as Nietzsche called it.

TIME

Time tears reality apart. You see a woman,
Beautiful, then after twenty or thirty years she is not the same,
And nor are you. Are we all simply on the road to Death?

HI THERE

They're overleaping the Moon –
Can't you understand?
You who only dwell on the Earth
And never fly maniacally into the Sky?

I WOULD ALWAYS WANT TO FLY

I would always want to fly
Like a butterfly, through the air,
Turbulently, though maintaining beauty
In my poetry: O so disdained by some
As "bourgeois", safe, easily contained:
Yet my aggressive wings cannot help but force
This outwards into the Expanding Universe,
Until something happens to explain the morass.

POST-MIDNIGHT MUSINGS (IN LONDON)

June-September 2017

Verses VI; VII, VIII, and IX were written in collaboration with Vincent Skinner.

I

I am in the poetic mode,
Like Octavio Paz whose poets sing
After midnight. Music is music,
It has no meaning other than what a listener
Gives it, in the immensity of chaos,
Confusion, love and life:
Dribbling together through the froth.

II

I don't know how you can know the pain
Of being, that finds it blinds the sun;
How the happy birds at night
Lick the spasms of moon's light.
Perhaps the darkness spooks the coral
Of the deepest seas within the galaxies,- the Cosmos;
Brewing the ship that will sink deep, or fly beyond the Universe.

III

I was a slimer in a big barn at night,
A crooked crown swimming in a diggish-dog wild house;
I always thought that wide clouds could inhale dust-like ducks,
But at last I learnt that no one enters easily those lakes
Without piles of bikinis and rolling ants at sea,
Without crouching ovations of dolphins at King Pea.
Dig-dog is a kettle-twit who spins a real to-do;
I prefer underpants, and then spanking nightly-stars.

IV

It's all falling apart
Everything's crumbling down
The old houses in East London
With wonderful chimneys under the sun
But more often rain, dark long nights, coldness;
Strange old creepers, mosses, blackbirds
Taking us back to the London of Shelley and Keats
Two hundred years ago.
Britain seems almost to be collapsing,

“Patriots” seem only to wish to hasten it
With their mad fantasies and absurdly ignorant
Empty dreams: Brexit, Brexit.
There seems to be no awareness of the wider world
At all, except in a dreary withdrawal
Into regressive stupidity. Much of the vibrancy
Is from foreign “invaders” – immigrants,
Visitors, who, for some difficult-to-understand reason
Swarm to Britain, especially London.

V

I am of an explosive torch
Sometimes, I love so much,
But also react to irritations;
My blood is fire, my fire is blood,
Thus was I created, or thus I evolved.

VI

I didn't mean it
But God did
He slept through
And deviously dreamed
Was his dream true?
Who knows? Only the night
But the morning is true
And the fire is burning
Not too bright, yet
Because some strange swans swim
Into the light
Of eternity which is like an orgasm
Which comes, like coming to live;
Class identity hasn't changed
Yes it has! Money has not.

VII

I didn't mean it
But the dog in the gutter did, I think.

It's not working
When does anything work?
The ability to think is all
Even for a goldfish in a bowl.
Small things work
In the opium dream-world
Of a Symphonie Fantastique!
The darkness of the truth,
Men in dark times,
We go on
Forever and forever, amen.
No, it's not
Yes it is, said the Hotfrog.
He didn't understand.
But he fell into a drugged abyss
Of non-comprehension.

VIII

Please
No! I take a boot!
It's not fair
Why not? A boot is bad.
This is my home
See how the roof leaks
Into an empty sky with bones
Without you.

IX

Let's do one more
Spasm into a ditch-star
Let's go!
No, we smooch through the moon-lit night
Only if of not
Being dumb as a bum and blue

It's not what we want
But that's what we get
It's not the same
As a blue-black pudding in an alligator saucepan

If only we knew!
Bomb, dom,.....

X

I think I see a little of Keats's London
In the early dawn of a summer's day
In East London. For the tumbling climbers
Running up and roaming down old walls of differing bricks,
Do seem to be of his kind of fantasy,
His dream-soaked vision borne in London,
His extraordinary beauty bathed and clad in such a few years;
Here was the earth and sky of his sublime
Poetry.

XI

There are so many things,
Like wars and love,
Like the moon and fish,
Prawns, black holes, and Parallel Universes
Where I have been, or at least I have dreamt,
Wearily or actively, really or otherwise.
This is where I want to crack a Dog,
Kick the smog, fly through concrete,
Sit upon an open ring,
Deal a pack of stickinsects,
Or die! Or jump onto the open sky,
Where God is jumping, whooping awhile!
There I like to drink a puddle,
Cuddle a crumbling and crooked crow!
That was why I was born
I think, or someone sang that it was, perhaps.

XII

There's nothing really left to say,
The world, it seems so bleak;
Perhaps it is not really so! Perhaps
It's really me! Lots of lovely things transpire

But the general direction is: NOTHING;
Things fan out, technology expands,
Population increases, new madnasses appear:
Perhaps I'm just an old reactionary
Who hoped throughout his lifetime that,
Humanity might take control
Of the helm of its History, and that within Nature;
And in Peace, Sanity, Love, and Justice;
Not at all in a totalitarian sense of dictatorial control.

XIII

There are those moments when you know the Truth,
The Genius of the Universe, the Eternal Beauty
That is Pantheist, Taoist, indefinable;-
Changing, dynamic; when that Door
Is opened to what some people call God,
Then the veil familiarity falls,
And the wondrous truth of Nature's naked dream
Absorbs us, or we enter it, and we stop thinking
Because we are There, at last, for Now.

XIV

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day,
Thou art more temperate: can we imagine
This girl to whom he expresses his love,
O yes! She is so many beautiful girls
Anywhere in the world. The poem is not extreme
As many romantic poems are: it is calm, controlled,
As if he was sitting across from her,
A young man looking deeply into her eyes,
Utterly absorbed, speaking straightly to her.

XV

The sunlight is upon the morn,
Like freckles of joy unto the moon,
The warm light is so beautiful now
Just as I drop in and out of sleep

And the neighbours' cat runs up to our door,
Whiskers foaming, eyes roaming,
Tail upwards and high, as always.
London's East End, flicking amid the chimneys,
Slants the dawnlight from the sky;
Deep its strange dreams and thoughts;
I listen to the early birds, and cry.

XVI

Poetry strips the veil of familiarity from the world
And reveals, like a naked bride, the beauty of its wondrous forms,
Letting us see and feel again, the superb
And joyous truth of where we are.

XVII

Was it the greatest catastrophe in human history,
Or just the first deep sign of disintegration,
Not only of Western Civilization – in decline –
But perhaps Humanity, with an advance guard
Of insanity from within the venomous part of our species:
The Second World War?

XVIII

She is a Surrealistic Saucepan,
Turning all things around,
Mixing and bemoaning,
Confusing dogs with boots,
Gods with teeth, tits with tilts,
Until the brain-cells split,
Until the world becomes utterly different
And all is mad at last.

XIX

I never deny my weaknesses, vulnerabilities; my anguishes;

For when I get over them I am once again confident and strong:-
Like the British weather, the cloudiness and grey rain
Often lasts a long time;
But, at length the warm sun serenely comes.

XX

Peace, peace, nothing dies,
Nature is alive like a Poet's mind –
Volcanos spouting, spurting, sporting, exploding,
Geological plates and species diverging
Like dinosaurs lumbering over the earth
Until mice and rabbits take over the land.

XXI

Such a mess of *hubris*, misunderstanding,
Dreadful hurting coldness
Were scarcely ever known so bad,
Until life came to advance so far
As the latest episodes. It can be seen
How many die before their time should come,
When the turbulence of emotions stirred,
When the pressured flow of rapid fluid
Is far too great for the limited pipe
Of an individual human being's existence;
And heart and soul are twisted and drowned.

XXII

If we speak of the Universe, and its beginnings, origins
(And I make it singular, as if there are many,
They make up one entity nevertheless,- ultimately);
That tells us nothing about its meaning, purpose,
Or how it was created, or why.

XXIII

Sometimes Shelley rhymes, sometimes he does not;
Where he does, it is like liquid music,
Fire of sweetness, you hardly notice it.
There is no sense of him forcing words into a form –
His poetry is music, sound, resonance and thought
In perfect balance, whether it rhymes, or not;
Intuition and Imagination live over all,
High above Reality, yet embracing all.

XXIV

I keep hearing Bach's *Double Violin Concerto* in my head,
Or is it *Violin and Viola*; it is so many years
Since I really heard it. The one Prince Charles
Was in tears with while listening to it in a concert
Right in the middle of his marriage crisis
With Princess Diana.
I wonder why: it is so plaintive, sad, beautiful, lamenting;
So expressive of the softest, deepest emotions we know.
It still has not gone away – it has reappeared repeatedly
For days, and is still here now.

XXV

Ah, the broken dog, with seal-fired hell of flame,
The mind a secluded explosion, drifting in the mud
Into the wider Universe, the groaning spike of pyres,
The grit of spasmodic powder where philanthropists expire.
There is the palmic plain, the drenching drain of flues,
Where pinnacles eat the blues, and whiteness splatters the snow.

XXVI

I dreamt I was in some kind of scientific experiment,
In which, as in an H.G. Wells short story,
People were created from non-human sources –
Animals, or whatever material suited.
Particular persons were thus created,
And I was one, though in this dream
I was an artificially constructed Tim,

That mirrored the real Tim, whom I was not.
I now was made from cloned genetics,
Samples of cells and nerves were used,
Patches of skin were taken from the original,
And the scientists making me told me how to walk,
Carefully, not too suddenly, and to beware
Of tearing my skin. "Look", they advised,
"Do not scrape a patch of skin", and showed me
How that could produce a horrible mess.
I, like the other recreated people,
Sometimes had red faces, especially their cheeks,
Slight cuts in the skin exuded weaknesses
That needed to be dabbed with cotton wool.
Walking was painful, stiff, frightening,
I remember that there was some deep, terrible sinking
Feeling in the stomach; with every step,
Or rolling-on thought. Thank God I woke up;
Sweating.

The sadness was so deeply suffused, into something
I could not understand.
A dream is a dream,
It obeys not rules of normality, rationality, waking being;
Wherefrom comes it? The Unconsciousness!
And what is that? It is what takes over
When we sleep, sometimes –
O, how lazy is a poet who sleeps and dreams,
And thus is not awake to dismal normality
Nor ordinary truth, all the Time!
How right was Adrian Mitchell to declare:
"No Wages For Poets, Please!"
Or, as Pol de Roux hung on his door at night:
"Poet At Work! Do Not Disturb!"

XXVII

She has given me her woman's love,
And care, which are beyond measurement
Or calculation: I have given what I can give
As the man I am.

XXVIII

I see a lovely girl, in my imagination,
Dancing, swinging a little bit, her hair in flowers,
Gently moving, looking half downwards,
Without any instruction, spontaneously.

XXIX

Our neighbours' cat has come again
To sniff around in our small garden,
But does not bother to come inside
If we open the door to let him in.

All of it is where he has the right to tread,
And anyway who are these human beings?
Yes they give us food and milk,
And when I feel affectionate

I like to be stroked by them, indeed,
And I purr then, which they seem to like!
But then I go, without saying goodbye,
I just slink off, until another time.

XXX

There was a very beautiful girl
And God! Was she a knock-out;
Her eyes were dark as a heaven's light,
Her lips as gorgeous as roses red,
Her movements and manners were such as could seduce
A madman or god above the clouds
Or stars, to invite her into Eternity!

XXXI

He who is a cold, cruel fool,
Loses more than whom he cheats,

But, this, he may not ever know.
Yet, his Spirit will have been depleted
Somewhat by this badness, his callous greed;
Something of his fresh blood will have been sucked out.

XXXII

This, in many ways has been, a very miserable time,
Because I have felt my life ebbing from many spiritual lights,
With clouds of blue overtaking me, or more often, the grey inane;
With sinking soul, and heart-breaking hopelessness, into the London air;
Devoid of others' understanding, lost like a wretched Underground train;
Within fifty tunnels of fear or Dread, and all that is Nightmare.

XXXIII

The time will come, oh the time will come,
When Hope at last meets Spring,
And I will dream Reality,
In Harmony with Truth.

I WAS WRONG

I was wrong, I *can* still see the sun,
The blasting miracle for a whack-eyed brain;
The final clouds of darkness have not come
To obscure Love's perfumes or its brightest light.

WITH THE SNOW DRIPPING LIKE FURY

With the snow dropping like fury
In an extraordinary bundling fantasy
Swirling with chaotic charm
I have an image of something in the street,
Of a black bear –
O my God give me strength to continue
With my fantasies, thoughts, memories, and Imagination
Until it is fated that I must die.

I HAVE NO LOVE

I have no love, nor life, any more,
Since I have learnt there is no Eternity;
It matters not what on earth we do,
We will disappear into complete forgetfulness.
This sense that only slipping into the abyss
Is really there, there makes hope, conquest, even
Meaningless. What on earth can be
In a temporary Universe without solidity;
Only a sense, however flimsy,
Of permanence, meaning, or continuity;
Without these, our flimsy beings,
Evaporate into a great, black darkness.

AND THE SPECKLED LIGHTS

And the speckled lights flicker and flare
As part of the cosmos, its quantum chaos,
Like our existence, nothing ever knowing
What next will pass, what next disaster
Will occur. Death presides, long and slow
In its ultimate inevitability,
Whilst flashings of life come and go
In their merry-go-rounds of inanity.

COSMOS

Stars, minerals, plants, and animals:
This Cosmos, is it part of mine?
Do I exist; my cellular minerals
When I disintegrate, will they continue?
When this Universe ends, and all implodes,
And another one bursts into new Sacred Being
Will all the elements, particles, forces
Be the same, reassembled: or what?

LAS CORDILLERAS

Europeans have for long thought
Of the Swiss Alps as an
Ultimate beauty and imposing
Miracle: if they had come to the South American
Andes they would have found
A similar beauty on a more enormous scale,
Just as they would have realized that the women
Were hugely gorgeous, their faces so lovely,
Their smiles deep, of the most furious sun,
Their delicious juices of love more like
Perfumes of Paradise than anywhere else.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DARLING NIDIA

My darling, I love you
And it is your birthday!
I have always loved you,
Even before I was born, in my dreams.
You are the sun in the sky, the moon at night;
We can love each other tonight, celebrating your lovely birthday!

FELIZ COMPLEAÑOS, AMADA NIDIA

Mi amado, ti amo
Y es tu cumpleaños!
Siempre te he amado,
Aun antes que he nacido, en mi sueños.
Tu eres el sol en el cielo, la luna en la noche;
Podemos amarnos está noche, celebrando tu bello cumpleaños!

PATHETIC LITTLE PSEUDO-CHURCHILL

Pathetic little pseudo-Churchill
Is Boris Johnson,
Vulgar little rude brute
Is Nigel Farage.
At certain points
As Trumpquack is for America.

IN THE MORNING, IN THE FINCA

In the morning, in the Finca
The light comes up upon the mountains
And the clouds float above them
And the palm leaves wave in the gentle wind
And bursts of light emanate at certain points
And groups of birds flirt across the sky
And one little bird comes to stay
Where she always seems to be
Upon a small branch, not for long,
But long enough to see her beak
And gentle head whirling around,
And meanwhile I hear delicious music,
That of Colombia from our speaker,
So sweet, gentle, calm, and happy,
Full of emotion such as life should be
And now some clouds are filled with sun
Bright and eternal like yellow fluff
Surrounded by the mild blue sky
And the fading moon, still so beautiful,

BREATHE THE AIR OF PEACE

Breathe the air of peace, brother,
Breathe the air of peace.
Let the air come in and out
Without frustrating doubts.
We only live for a little while,
Let's try to enjoy it, and do something useful
For Humanity, but not become fanatical
Nor paranoic, nor wreck the beautiful skies.

Memories pervade the night
From when you are with your loved one
And they are there for all eternity
Burst into flower, oh yeah.
This is what the Imagination does,
At a certain stage in its build-up of wonder,
Love for existence, respect for the Universe.

I know only a few things certainly,
Through the mists of the Universe,
Wriggling through the doubts and all
The sorrows and falls into holes of pain,
And the main one is: Feel the Love
With somebody; which penetrates All.

Snarling, crumbling, deliberate noise –
Some wild Creation, emergence of Life,
And its decay: First Movement, Mahler's
Third Symphony, a Merry-Go-Round
Of insanity – terrifying true jubilation
Of the Moon poking up behind the Sun,
And the stars blasting all around
The Earth! Then:
"O Man! All Joy seeks Eternity."
Fourth Movement, same Symphony.
The very guts of the Earth.
Then, *langsam*, the very Love with real Eternity.

If there is beauty beyond the Known
I yearn to feel it, though I cannot see it.
There is some Strangeness in the Wild
World, beyond the Intelligible.
How much I wish that I could drink
From the original source of Love and Truth
Again, but that has a slim chance:
Things happen only without expectation.

I AM NOTHING MORE THAN A FISH-MAN

I am nothing more than a fish-man!
I dig a boot and screw a pot,
Nothing beyond the moon!

Sometimes I really want a spoon!
Do not others roll over the mat?
Because of that every star is a cat.

SÍD – MOUNDS

The Irish “hollow hill”,
Was not a single parallel dimension
But several different and apparently unconnected parallel worlds.
Pre-Celtic grave-hills were Otherworlds,
Their inhabitants looked like human beings
But were different: all was an Hallucination,
Like something created by digital computers;
Or, more like it, something appearing
In a vision induced by Ayahuasca.

A WANDERING POET

The mind wanders
From a murder mystery
To human guilt, the human condition
And then to myths of Redemption, glorious music,
The love of one’s wife; and the disappointments,
And then back to lakes, beautiful trees,
The memories of childhood on the lawn.

I DID LOVE

I did love, but I doubt so much.
Music speaks all, words know nothing.
Yet I continue to be a poet,
For that is an extraordinary thing.

Who is talking to whom about anything;
Why do the stars shine, what does the Moon tell?
What is the secret in a crazy horse,
There are great drums of War.

The human mind is just a little part
Of the Universe – perhaps unique, we do not know.
But at any rate it is a tiny thing, however remarkable
Or important.

MAWANGDUI

I know nothing, and can only die,
Though only as a *po* soul my body rots
Into the earth; the *hun* soul comes from the sky;
And then it returns to that. Dragons, leopards,
And mythological animals appear amid swirling clouds.
In the company of immortals, the body joins two souls together.

WHY

Why can one never go wild?
Why always boxed into confusion
With no allowed escape?
We need liberation of the soul from its chains!
Not to do harm, just to feel Love!

TO MY SONS

How dared you that so proud to be?
I loved you, and only wanted love.

PARSIFAL

Life is completely strange and twisted,
That is what Parsifal is all about.
It makes no sense, all is weird:
Mother, brother, child, lover; who is who?
It is all peculiar, unpredictable,
Nothing you try to do makes any difference
To the madness, what you try to do does not reverse things,
Nor explicates misunderstandings. Usually they just get worse,
Or if not; that has nothing to do with what *you* intended.

STORMY DANIELS AND MICHAEL AVENNATI

Stormy Daniels and Michael Avennati are great!
Fighting back against Spanky Quack Trumpie, magnificently!
Giving him what he deserves, tastes of his own medicine;-
A chivalrous Don Quixote with his Dulcinea del Toboso!

HERE WE ARE, IN THE FINCA SUEÑOS DE PARAISO

Here we are, in the Finca Sueños de Paraiso,
With its brilliant manager Don José, friend and confidant;
And Doña Maria, his loving wife, who has made
Delicious *tamales* for us to eat later, when we are by then
Almost dying of hunger. Then we shall drink,
Dance, and be happy for as much of the night as we wish.
We are approaching Christmas, a time of peace, love, and generosity,
Which is why we now give presents to all the children.
And we feel the joy in being so lucky to live in this *vereda*,
In the glorious mountains of the Cordillera Oriental
Of Colombia, with its sunsets more beautiful
Than anywhere else in the world.
But most important, we have the *espírito santo* of our *vereda*,
Where we live in love, imperfect though we all are,
For our existence.
Good evening ladies and gentlemen, and children,
And welcome, to enjoy this evening together.
We start with the presents for the children.

HE WHO KISSES

(1) HE WHO KISSES

He who kisses the joy as it flies,
Lives in Eternity's sunrise:-
Not to dwell in past or future,
For a moment of Zen, is to feel sublime

(2) THE SOUL EXPANDS

The soul expands in great emotion,
From regret, guilt, and pain: to acceptance of all that is
In union with the mystical Self that is, within us,
And in all the Universe that surrounds us,
Enters us, and which we pervade.

**(3) THUNDERSTRUCK,
LOVESTRUCK**

Thunderstruck, lovestruck
By her beauty:
Tragic Drama arose from Fertility Rituals
Where boys become men, and girls become women.

(4) AS IT IS HERE

As it is here, like Chinese Chan
Landscape, perfect in the mist, flitting little birds,
The Tao is moving, combining, in the morning.

(5) 13th MAY 2018

Poor Palestinians! Again such injustice!
Left alone, with so little sympathetic understanding.
What must happen, to change this nightmare -
Something seismic, cosmic? This is WRONG.

**(6) INTO THAT
MIRACULOUS
WORLD**

Into that miraculous world,
Dwelling in Beauty, Love, and Truth,
Completely useless, an Instant Absolute,
That is Poetry, and nothing less.

**(7)
MINE EYES WERE
DIM**

Mine eyes were dim, thus wert not thine;
I saw the underdepths of all.
Where we came from, what we do;
All colours were not necessary.

**(8)YOUR EYES ARE
BLEARY**

Your eyes are bleary
Your mind delicious:
“Are all the women from where you come
As beautiful as you?”

**(9)I JUST WRITE MY
POETRY INTO THE
SKY**

I just write my poetry into the sky,
Dreams that open from the unconscious mind
Without clarity of intention; that which comes
Is the perfume of the cosmos, in my small form.

(10)YOUR KISSES

Your kisses are from eternity,
Something impossible, but true
As they come with your sweet softness;
I feel in an instant, immortal.

(11)NO TITLE

Yeah, it bounces at you from the walls,
From the stars, and all the skies;
Inspiration, taking you into Love,
The Absolute, the bounding fields
Of Paradise.

I VENTURED OUT ALONE

I ventured out alone in a boat out to sea,
Some of the crew were reliable, but not all, at all;
When the sea was rough, those whom I needed most
Deserted the ship, and pretended I had told them to go.

OUTBURST

There is in the world such absolute beauty,
Especially when the veil of familiarity is removed:
Mountains, lakes, loving people;
Gorgeous women everywhere.

The sun is shining with the morning dawn,
The singing of birds in their morning chorus,
The blue skies of heaven wherever you look,
Sweet dreams of bliss in oblivion.

I was moved to the heights of Love,
That which is seen as the White Light at Death.

CHANCE

I am not of any one part,
I am a citizen of the Universe,
Or Cosmos; more than a speck of any one nation!

That is how I feel, because it is so,
Yet I get accused of having no Religion!
Atoms, particles, processes, human beings

Conform to Chaos Theory, inasmuch as nothing
Is exactly predictable for any one entity.
There is Chance, though averages are measurable!

PIG TRUMP

Pig Trump, utter rascist,
All are debating: is he bad,
Or merely mad?

CAN A PRESIDENT

Can a President pardon himself?
We don't know, said Guiliani –
It must be something written in the stars of another galaxy!
Jennifer Dundo had a dream of talking to someone in another room,
Who turned out to be Adolf Hitler.

TO BE THE EXILE

Ah! to be the exile,
Destined to sail the Four Seas for all eternity,
Unless or until saved by a woman's love!

How wonderful. Well it is actually,
Quite wonderful.

TO STAMP A POOP

Whoever wanted to stamp a poop
Upon its little screech?
Who can say, who can know,
There are so many ants!
Why was there once a silly flop That dug into *crepe du sol*?
That we don't know, we know of no scroll,
It never could undroop; ho! ho!

SOMETIMES

Sometimes I feel I swim, through an ocean of lies and pain,

About which there is nothing I can do, if there ever had been.
Perhaps there is no land to escape to,
Perhaps even there I could not be different.
Perhaps things were always thus, though I did not realize it,
Or perhaps the Sun does not shine so brightly with Love as all had thought.

If there is nothing I can do, good or bad,
Should I simply relax, and sink or swim?
Relax! As I never have in totality,
Striving always towards something impossible, or nearly so?

Let the waves roll by, or over me;
Drown, or then enjoy the Light again!
How extraordinary, to say Yes to Life
And not fear at all if it is completely extinguished.

THERE, THERE!

Oh, in a surge of pain and will,
Some boys erupted from their dark volcano,
They tried, really, to be intensive men,
But one of them would urinate in blue,
Another could not help but cry red tears,
Whilst the other found he shifted from his space,
Involuntarily into a different, strange purview,
Where the crabs and trees walked gradually towards him,
Allowing not a drop of milk or honey.

TRIO

Nothing can be, of truth here,
Depending on who is listening,
Or on whoever is thinking about
What is true or not.
There is a certain ambiguity
Between truth and falsity,
Certainty turns doubly around:
Who is hysterical, obsessive?

He or she who pronounces on truth,
Or they who like the results,
What power has one who can accuse
Another human being as controlling?

JOROPO (MUSICA LLANERA)

Wild music raging through the night
Girls kissing and dancing in delight
Vast skies fading out of sight
Pink red blue bleeding with its light

I will build a beautiful house
From where I can grasp the stars
A crazy horse will bring my man to me
Vaquero with *duende* will carry me high

Jubilation! Music raises the soul to heaven;
Subtle, emotional, fiery flight;
Bandola, Furruco, Arpa, Cuatro,
Sending rainbows of sound into the air

Galloping on horse across the vast *llanos*
Pretty girls swirling their skirts as they dance
Cracking, clicking, banging sounds of the Cuatro
Streaming, streaking wind through the *vaquero*'s face

MOZART

Absolute, complete Genius,
Lost, in his way, as I.
What is there to be not lost from?
What is not to be lost?

OUR LIVES ARE AN EYEBLINK

Our lives are an eyeblink
In time, of the Universe and of Human History.
During this blink we feel fear, depression,
And anxiety, in gazes into the Abyss;
And then we know again Hope, Love, and acceptance of Death.

You cannot change the past, nor the nature
Of Reality, nor your mistakes or misfortunes hitting you with slings and arrows.
You either end Now, or you go on to the End.

THE ETERNAL NOW

When the moments aggregate into Now,-
The Eternal meeting of Love, in Life;
The dusk is beautiful, the last light
Of sun through night-clouds empties the sky,
And the mountains and forests take over the darkness,
And the time to hug and kiss has come.

O Divine Love, How Something Always Seemed A Waste,
When We Can Hear, See, Touch, And Feel
The Perfection Of Truth.