

POEMS 2021

One by one, nine by nine,
The floating clouds of Hell float by,
While giant crocodiles eat the frogs
And slinky ants consume their coat-tails
Just as a drooping praying-mantis
Chews his toe-nails, nine by nine.
This is what the world has come to,
Where all but some eighteen caves are drowned.

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Ah, if the lions and jaguars slither
From the forest fantasies, in hallucinations
Of dark silhouettes, confusing females;
The Moon that wanders on the forest floor,
The sons and daughters of a huge caiman
Who came here immeasurable eons ago
Bearing nubile female forms in full fertility,
Up and to the hills that border cascading rivers.

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That is why people exist here now,
Hunting monkeys, flinging for fish,

Collecting fruits from the dense jungle,
Stepping and leaping through the god-filled trees,
Running through Spirits that are their ancestors,
Until the light turns into the Sun,
And all life becomes One, writing and turning
Into dawn and sunset, pink and livid.

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Dancing across the fiery sky,
Where phantoms seduce in dangerous forms,
Where naked females writhe and turn,
With elegant stars and wild galaxies.
Wild reindeer shake their horns in anger
At the infinitesimal spaces beyond their reach
And the knife-pitch of crazy circulating gems
Point insanely at the star-lit night
Where pointlessness leads us all into craziness.

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Fantasy of love
 For such gentle beauty
 A girl so lovely;
With your gorgeous hair
Feeling so soft
 I want to bury

My face in it

Until I die

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Ah, how do I dream for so long to the Moon,
What is there between that, and where my feet stand?

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In a journey into PLACE, as the kid said:
Raucous as a crow into some strange sound
Of Miles Davis perhaps, squawking like a rat
Or cat from his trumpet-gorgeous announcements
And lamentations. Genius of modern music
And nothing else! What more expectest thou?
Wild and savage, soft and beautiful,
Dripping in sanctity, holy in joy,
Originality breaking the bricks of prisons,
Walls crumbling into sympathy. The Afro-American
Being rising like a sound-star, way above
The trivia of normality and stupidity.

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Swimming like a seal, up to the moon,

Or slimmering like dogs, through to eternity,
Making holes in the Wall, to get the hell out,
Gorgeousness sneaking upwards to the Light.
Awful dwarves advance in slight dawn,
Mad little minnows swim in demented turns,
Like wriggling sperm, through all the long night.

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Where do we be, with such grandeur
As we hear in Mozart's 39th Symphony,
Such intensity, flying upwards in deranging
The next Storm?
Is this where we are: what
Must we do?
Nothing yet; just listen.

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When a young girl decides to become a nurse or physiotherapist,
Because she knows she wants to help people in pain and suffering,
And try to help them recover or at least improve,
That is something so beautiful I cannot speak it.

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If did I walk to heaven through clouds,
In spaceless time and saturating dreams
And melancholy beauty dressed in rainbows,
It must have felt like Life in the Universe everywhere,
For the Whole Cosmos tingled in sexual joy
Until I sank into sweet sinking dream.

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For as I drift, through forests
Folorn and tough, until the Equinox
Defeats and breaks me down;
Though temporally, for as I recover
I find and see extraordinary stars:
These may be of all hallucinogenic colours,
Sweet as lovely women's lips, on
While mountain birds twirl their beautiful sounds.

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Mozart's 39th Symphony –
Was this written in his own blood
As a commentator on Radio 3
Said many years ago? I can believe it.
It screams as the notes rise or fall
In pain, but as always with Mozart's
Characteristic "enantiodromia", that is

Simultaneously Joy.

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How feels the moon on a lovely night
When a gorgeous woman touches you enough to kiss
Her arms and cheek, but not yet her lips,
When this time you really feel a love, deep
To the heart and soul. O! how difficult
To resolve an impossible dilemma it is!
Perhaps I am mad, again, but in a different way.

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Always the beautiful Light of Night
Shines upon my awakened soul,
So deeply drowned, yet ready for rising up
Again, into happiness and beauty that are real.

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“So much trouble in the world!”
So sang great Bob Marley.
Ridiculous unnecessary suffering everywhere.
Sadness often only for other nationals,
Little for the victims of their governments’ policies,

Or lack of policies, elsewhere. This must change!

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BRUCKNER (Beautiful, Powerful, Radiant)

Softly in the middle night comes the music,
Touching the very soul with its mystery,
Its invention as extraordinary as Nature itself,
Glorious in its sublimity like a golden Goddess
That earns the love and adoration of all who behold Her,
Wrapped in dreams and galleons of beauty,
Garments of silvery spirit dancing through the air,
Like galloping spirits joyfully flipping the skies,
Trying to make love to the delicious stars,

The music amazes with its massive power –
From a humble soul who played the organ in a country church;
For Bruckner it erupted from the love and power of God,
Which is probably the same thing, under different names and “theologies”.
Sometimes it is the Light bashing through the world,
Then it is such soft, indescribably beautiful, lilting gentleness,
Always changing, but always *Bruckner*,
Something utterly incredible, entirely divine, full of sympathetic love,
That is Bruckner.

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People of the World, wherefore plough ye for a useless future,
Why not think and try to change the things that flood the present,
And will even further destroy our happiness ?
Wills't thou not love, live, and secure existence?

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Sometimes it feels as if nearly everything
I have done or do is or has been wrong,
But other times I think upon my past glorious dreams
And sublime thoughts, and it seems
I have lived a charmed life.

You cannot live it all over again!
Thank god. How exhausting that would be,
But how melancholy it makes you feel
To realize that every moment you live through
Is the last one like that, and works its way
To the grand finale of everything!

And as I think of the gorgeous women I have loved
With all my mistakes and glorious opportunities;
I wonder how many of them think something similar of me.

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The Rat Massacre

In our finca, there came some rats to steal
The pigs' food, and therefore came
Sibelius, our big dog, also, and killed five rats.
It was "The Rat Massacre", said
Our friend and neighbour Arelis.

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At The Finca

Silver-winged moth, late in the Night,
Flapping around the Light,
Like most of Life, buzzing excitedly
When Dreaming-Time begins.

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Racism. It never seems to go away.
It just explodes here and there over and over again.
What for? Evolutionary characteristics?
Or an excuse for and result of Western Domination over most of the world?
Can it be overcome or does it simply metamorphosize in time and place?
All I know is its sickening.

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What is the silvery moon;
The place that Americans got to first,
Or merely the symbol, but the manifestation
Of indefinable, youthful, melancholy yearning?

When older one does not feel
Romantic in the youthful sense
So much any more; in some ways you know
There is no such thing as Perfect Love,
Except very rarely and for a short time,

But that does not mean you don't need daily love
Even more than ever.

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If the idea of reincarnation is taken literally
It is fatuous. But if on a deeper level
It means everyone, by the End of Time, becomes everyone else,
Or the descendants of everyone else;
Then what it really means is that we are all One,
As part of a mystical, pantheistic Nature,
And that is like William Blake's lovely poem:
Little fly, little fly, thy summer's play
My careless hand hath brushed away.
Are you not a man like me,

And am I not a fly like thee

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For George Floyd

Three thousand cheers and three million tears,

For Justice and the Tragedy of George Floyd!

All that was demanded in this case

Was Justice and equal rights

For All, before the Law!