

## **POEM FROM THE UNIVERSE**

**Tim Cloudsley (January- December 2019)**

*“It`s so very lonely  
You`re two thousand light-years from home.”*

I have lost my little doggie,  
My sweet and lovely little friend;  
I could die, but I know I must not.  
Why did it happen? I am so sad.

Floating away into gentle heaven,  
I see that life and history are so confusing;  
Nothing happens according to expectation,  
Nor intention: it all “just happens”.

“We didn’t know”, they said.  
And nor did we. Do *we* yet, any of us?  
It seems as if we hardly know  
What we should be learning from;  
Let alone what lessons!  
And so, my poetry must fly up again.

How I saw a lovely fish  
Jump along Antarctic waters  
Or dolphins on the huge Amazon  
Many times, in reality or in dream.  
Sometimes dreams lead back to reality,  
Otherwise they lead far away from that,  
There is no key between dreams and symbols,  
All is fluid in condensations  
And changes. Meaning does not apply  
To the Unconscious, that is something else.  
The preternatural is Mozart’s Dissonance,  
Something that cannot be translated.

Endless perhaps is the mission of poetry, long-term  
And so I rest into a semi-dream, or even death,  
Although I hope that will not come too soon.

Now, of course, I know how much I love you,  
My lovely wife who whispers in the wind  
Like an enigmatic flame, above the sky,  
Until I press up upon you, for hours and hours.

**LATE AT NIGHT**

It was late at night, and my family – that is my mother, father, and my two brothers, and perhaps their women, girlfriends or wives or whatever, were coming into the flat of my wife and I. It was a complex kind of thing getting into the flat, within a complicated kind of large building with several floors. I wanted to be kind and welcoming to them all, and for them to be happy with my wife who was very warm and pleasant to them all as well. But things developed differently. Each of them started to find problems with me, criticize me and so on, in one way or another, and to be vile to me about my work as a writer. When I got dismayed and upset, my wife, instead of supporting me, was annoyed with me for being too emotional, telling me I should just accept what was happening. So I forgot that my intention had been to go out or telephone for something to eat and drink, and when I remembered this again, everyone told me that this was pointless.

Then I woke up.

### **HAIBUN**

I pick up my pen, and my bowl of wine,  
And inspiration fills my soul,  
And directs my hand to write or paint  
As the Tao makes me slither and slide.

This is a spiky crown  
Into the darkest night.

### **TRISTAN**

That which ever comes again  
Which never can really come again  
  
Such is the life-sucking truth of evermore  
Yearning is of the very cells of being  
  
Who knows most, you who forget best

The dawn creeps in with its destructive light

It was on a frosty, yet hot night, in which we all fell into a strange dream. With this we tumbled into some extraordinary illusions, whilst the neighbours all seemed to be at first fast asleep, until they rolled over into their very funny customs of forgetfulness, or perhaps nearer to the truth, a tiny bit away from covering everything about us from toe to top. So here we were, like bulls before the female cattle, yet unable to know how to turn the crouch into a crescent of curing cream. Now we could only circumvent the darkest logs, even though they were still partly on fire.

### **TRISTAN UND ISOLDE**

Such sadness as only a god could imagine,  
Yet with glory throughout its streaks of fire.

Kim Jong Un, and big fat Trump  
(The latter with an ever-so-small mouth, and hands).....

The Beauty of this Lady is extreme,  
And shines with Light that is beyond the real,  
And sounds aloft like heaven`s beauteous dreams,  
In realms celestial, where emanate her Truths.

And always until the whole marvellous existence can be decided!  
As Love swells up – spiritual, emotional, and sensual, in the most glorious moments of  
Life  
As a flower opens up, like a note of *Tristan*, again and again, but never quite the same.

A cling of spin can only spook a pook  
Just as a pin of cock, can only drag a clook;  
For this we always must, of yellow mustard be,  
Without a long-term view, or hope to be put to sea.

“It’s a`goin` down, to the deep deep sea  
Like a crumble, ever jumping, eager with his pea!”

Wondrous music, poetry from the moon,  
It comes in a few seconds at its given time,  
And never dies, as it seems eternal;  
Unlike so much, that is not real at all.

It is crazy for beautiful young Arab and Israeli girls  
To feel at war with one another.  
Daniel Bahrenboim knows this, and tries to unite them  
Through Mozart.

### **THE VOICE OF GOD**

Thunder, Lightning, loud rain,  
Sounds that could terrify easily,  
This reminds us of who we are,  
Where we come from, to where we go.

The laziness of a Brexit mentality,  
The cowardice of wanting to run away from where we are;  
The “Wrong Vision” of being alone,  
And dragging everyone down into chaos,  
Over the cliff-edge, breaking the vision  
Of a continental project, however difficult,  
Misleading millions who are experiencing misery,  
To believe their problems stem from that,  
And that the answer is selfish Nationalism.

They were soft, the oval-shaped woolly bundles, shaped like eggs, but very large. Touching them seemed like thinking, or writing something, which was always extremely heart-felt, but enormously ambiguous. As one felt around these oval bundles, it was as if they grew warmer, and even seemed to make sounds, though these were not really of music, nor even less like words. It was all sub-conscious, like the fish flipping around a coral reef, in under-water silence.

I's a bit of a doubting booter after all these years,  
I hate to hear of permanent cheese that always wants to please.  
I'd cook a cock to satisfy a cardinal at play,  
And drink a crock of rainbow wine to forget the wretched day.

Further and further I hear the sound  
Of endless conflict and fragility of peace,-  
Extraordinary, ridiculous, hateful, ideas,  
When all we want surely, is a means to live  
In peace, and grow more interesting

In Art, Knowledge, Love, and so on;  
Which is hard enough! Creativity  
Is Strength! It requires courage!

With the hopelessness, pointlessness of life sometimes,  
The excruciating hope and warmth in existence  
Is there to feel in Mozart's music:  
Not merely genius, imagination, intelligence,  
But Love, Love, Love.

I's a gonna kick the drawl, and beat the buttery blue,  
And I hope jump through the moon to suck a sinewy flue!  
No-one knows what grub lies where until he blames a crow,  
But then perhaps he leaps beyond the sickliest yellow bus queue!

My Life is Loving of the World  
Unto the dearth of dust and stone  
I don't know why I lift mine eyes  
Up to the shaft of my breathing mind.

A weird dream  
Is it  
Parsifal  
I pull my hair out  
My insides turn upside down  
I don't know where I am from

It is all riveting  
Although it is mad

Imagine writing this in the Neapolitan sun  
When really it is of some dark fantastic night  
In ancient Nordic Celtic Anglo-Saxon Germanic Myth:  
My mother once called me Parsifal.

No rest in anguish or happiness  
Never to know Him even in my darkest need  
I feel His eyes upon me  
I can laugh or scream  
But never awake from my Nightmare  
Let me weep upon her breast.

Again, there come the beautiful sounds from Somewhere Else,  
The Island with a burning soul, a heart  
Of eternal fire, where dwells a Divine Woman  
Whose secret was the Harmony of Truth.  
And there I was touched in gentle flame,  
Awoken from my empty dream to Life,  
Though that be short;  
She pulled me to our Vision  
And filled my dreadful Heart with love again.

A song-bird singing,  
A lovely damsel.  
A North Korean soldier ate a poisonous frog and died.

The War Is Over  
The time has come  
Any more death wanted?

Early to rise  
Early to sleep  
Never to think

Early to rise  
Just as you question why,  
You die

These things are hell, when we understand them not  
Especially if we realize we will never understand them.

Really it seems that Mozart's operas do not arrive at conclusions,



All is an immense stream like at Claremont Pond,  
No answer is the earth.

O all is empty, although I try to draw in  
Some beautiful gasp of her lovely mouth  
But beyond we can only take in a wound  
Leaping like frogs and wild thoughts  
That which we hear as a crazy heap.

There was a water-drop that defied imagination  
Until I saw a little fairy within it,  
And she seemed to speak in a solitary spike,  
And she was lovely as she mouthed wonderful sweetnesses,  
And glossed over the whole world,  
And I felt asleep, as if I was in a golden disc with the greatest blue deep dream  
Where delicious femininity arose upon me  
And dissolved herself all around me.

Jimmy Reed's harmonica is long and reckless  
This is the greatest blues of all  
Rough and repetitive, divine and tough,  
You know that you are not always alone.

Girl with a crazy smile  
Her laughter even more insane  
This is the cause of a serenade  
Jovial light-weight love at night.

Tchin approached the door but as he got near it it opened outwards suddenly and bashed him on his forehead, his nose, his mouth and chin, and also his knees. He didn't fall,

though he did yell out, which thereafter always caused him much humiliation when he thought about it.

A rather rough-hewn character appeared in the doorway, dirty with dark dust and strange kinds of rags wound around various parts of his body.

“What country do you come from?” asked Tchin, politely. But he heard no reply, only some whispering sounds and partial notes from inside the shack.

Though all is chaos, it is also divine,  
It is of Kali and Shiva; Apollo and Dionysius;  
So utter up your hands, emptily,  
Though try to wish deep love into everything.

Whatever I have or don't have  
Is what there is, or is not.  
Such is how it is or is not,  
This must be what the Vedas say.

I always liked to bash a boot  
And then I like to lick,  
And then I may be very clear  
I want to fly so high!

I feel so angry,  
Never to be understood,  
Why must I be like this,

Until that moment comes  
When all might explode itself,  
Into a fine little chaos  
That no one understands.

## USELESS LIVES

Why did I never fly to the moon?  
What? Yes, of course I often did.  
How much do we know about ourselves or others,  
Who are we anyway to know anything?  
We seem to be able to control very little  
Of the deepest parts of our inner lives,  
How much then might we suppose we can  
“Collectively” manage our self-transformations  
As societies; humanity as a whole –  
Let`s not suppose that some robotic manipulations will do the trick,  
Nor genetic manipulations when we cannot even stop  
BOMBING ONE ANOTHER!  
And all reality dissolves before us,  
We can hardly talk to ourselves,  
Let alone with others. “Mummy”! She is  
No longer there, and nor are you nor I.

Why some little boy chose at that moment to change identities with a frog, who a little bit later changed his identity into a chipmunk, was never really discovered. There were many theories, though at the trial, none of them was firmly proved.

When an extraordinary flying bug, whose buzz could wake up a hundred pigs or buffaloes, flapped around the little hole in which so many insects lived, all were disorientated although the beauty of this night-sound seemed to suggest that all that was required was a little piece of peace and soft cooperation, so that everyone could enjoy the night air.

And so they did. All the girls danced in lovely twirling motions, which delighted even the older men, who realized they now had no place to enter directly into the revelries, due to their age.

What is this that comes through in the dawn,  
Only impatience to see the sun?

Or must we slowly appropriate the sky,  
Kiss, and make up, and slow everything down.

If a man enters marriage, or any deep relationship with a woman,  
He enters an Ocean of Uncertainty, that may be delightful or not.  
Or, most likely, both, revolving like a *yoyo* up and down,  
Within which he has very little power  
To control anything at all. If he rises up,  
Reality goes down, if he is Peaceful,  
Like Jesus offering his other cheek,  
Nothing makes much difference! It is always chaos.

When Nature seems to sing of love  
And harmony, and some birds twitter  
In the early dawn, there is a momentary sacredness  
In the slight light; imagine Truth!  
Is that too much for a human mind?

Ah, we can see the beauty of Morning,  
While the cows low, and the milkmaids look  
Into the lustrous day, with their sweet ways,  
Touching that which allows peace.

That is the sadness of all grand beauty –  
It rests on fragile floors of ice-age illusions,  
Those strange formations that took millions of years,  
To create, when *we* live barely millennia, or even decades.

Something is spoilt – the Spirit sinks  
For no coherent reason so far as one can see;

Though there is always something that pinches at the core,  
Whatever that might be: mighty yet weak,  
As every warrior has an Achilles` heel,  
Without that he would not be able to think  
About who he was, or what he might be.  
Useless would be his heroic adventures.

The flowers never will desist  
From bursting in their mystical colours:  
Purple, blue, white, and pink,  
Loving the Cosmos of which they are:  
Geertgen Tot Sint Jans, Vincent Van Gogh,  
Shelley, Tu Fu, the Taoist poets.  
They speak quietly, but ever outwards  
When noise interrupts the glistening glow  
Of miraculous beings in flowers evermore.

If anyone pushes beyond the norm  
It indicates something in his spirit  
Not necessarily knowing where it leads:  
Adventure, part of his deep soul.

If one plugs out the cosmic labyrinths of one`s soul,  
And the caves and sea-beats in waves of the heart,  
Perhaps the chaos and simultaneous beauty  
Of life and the Universe need not seem so strange.

Ah, how I love you as the sun is strong,  
As the wind is wild but also gentle;  
Ah, I know nothing much about anything exactly,

Except perhaps Ultimate Depths, of Everything.

The soft beauty of a woman is like this;  
If you know anything, you know it all,  
Unto the interior depths of darkest flame,  
The moisture of fantasy`s growth beyond sight,  
Feeling of hell and heaven alternate in the valley and the sky, light, deep flight  
Love and anger swingeing through the sun and moon;  
Into the dark, light, deep flight,  
Over the celestial sounds and notes of planetary stops.  
Here we hear, if careful through the night, a little of the music of the spheres,  
Melodies plucked ready-made from the Universe.

As I walk through this deathly valley  
With my staff and rod and what else? – (Hope and Faith?)  
Some strength returns to me again;  
I do not want to die before my Time.

Was there ever a chance to avoid The Hell of Two Wars?  
But god, let us not continue  
To treat them as glorious heroic tragedies!  
Like Continental Plates all things collided,  
We can study why, but not change it now.  
Could we learn to avoid other more “ironic farces”?  
It does not seem, so far, that we have been able to.

The greatest grief and pain ever known  
Started in 1914-18, this broke everything:  
This was not a War To Win.  
Douglas Haig against Wilfred Owen!

Sunset and sunrise against the end of the planet.  
It is too late to think so centrally in terms of nations,  
Groups, and religions: Time has long come to think in terms  
Of One Humanity; of Society,  
On this our only Planet.

Perhaps all streams towards the Open Sea,  
The Eternal Sea, as in the winding-down of the Universe,  
Are slow to arrive; in that case, I can sleep;  
Until that Moment arrives, or does not.

Can there ever be such beauty in the skies,  
That of love, which twists us out and in,  
Perhaps occasionally, amid the daily chaos,  
Up until extinction, which is a “new idea”.  
Yet love will always leak its way  
Through walls and shapely bricks.

Maybe I don't want to stop tunnelling here yet,  
Some genius like Sonny Boy Williamson tempts me on,  
As Toulouse-Lautrec in John Houston's film,  
Nearly at suicide, opened up a new fire:  
“Honey if you don't want me,  
Why don't you let me be,  
To live in misery.”

Perhaps a little twinkle is entering my silly ear,  
Why should that be,  
Why should that be,  
I really do not know.

I went to Auschwitz too,  
And was horribly dismembered emotionally, as are most,  
I saw the piles of suitcases with young girls` names on them,  
I saw the piles of women`s hair left over at the END.  
But I did not learn until afterwards  
That I should have gone to Birkenau! -  
Nothing there, such an ugly name –  
For that was where they gassed them,  
But afterwards blew it all up.  
I did not see it, though there is nothing to see  
As I understand, except for a mound or two.

Albert Woodfox is a hero  
Beyond belief for a man like me  
FORTY-THREE YEARS in solitary confinement  
For being a BLACK PANTHER!

I bought the finca because of its extreme beauty,  
Its divine views within the tranquility of Nature,  
There to meditate on her wonders  
And allow Inspiration to breathe upon my Imagination.

How fabulous the sky at dawn,  
A strange blue, modified by clouds,  
This is the Cordillera Oriental,  
Where a blissful view breaks into sacred Truth.

I was in a boarding school  
I weren`t happy there



But I dreamt of Her

Nothing came right

I just kept looking

All was sweating in darkness.

Spoonful as a howling wolf

Moanin` in the moonlight

I wandered long upon Western Green,

Or Littleworth Common, dreaming

Crazy style, yes I did,

What did all that mean?

American Deep South Black Music

Sonny Boy Williamson, Jimmy Reed, Muddy Waters;

I knew them man, have no doubt!

This was real, and brilliant.

Yeah – the Afro-American deep blues from the Deep South;

Yeah – I could feel it, I was in a boarding school;

Yeah – I still dig it, though I`m not there now

Crazy is the universe, out of reach

But everywhere, and all within,

Beauty is a woman who kisses you

Anticipating the Holocaust, the invasions of Irak,

The fires and destruction of the Amazon:

Gongs, and Christ knows what else,

Calamity! “No fun, no freedom, no future.”

Siren noises in the forest of silence.

Death. Howls of Despair. No Hope.

Because I saw my lovely cat, patches of white and black all over, I seemed to succumb to a dream wherein, all were jumping and etching like frogs or insects: “Ztee, ztee,” over and over again, and everything changed in hallucinogenic colours; all was suddenly psychedelic – no one could possibly know why that was!

Then I realized it was somewhat more serious: there were many women who wanted sex: sometimes they took their clothes off and invited me, other times they went away – had they changed their minds?

After a little while I found I had been led into a musty basement; here I wondered what would occur – I looked around to see which of those women were there! But, it seemed none were near, and as I lay down in some deep despair, my little dog jumped upon me in my bed, and licked my face as he poked his nose into mine.

I woke up. All was but a dream! Why was this, am I so peculiar?

Such an extraordinary adventure. I thought I was Ulysses, or Julius Caesar of the “Gallic Wars”. What was all that about!

Mary Shelley wrote Doctor Frankenstein,

After she and Shelley and also Byron

Had taken opium. The scientist Frankenstein

Created a being out of parts from different

Dead men, to create a “Monster”.

Was the monster a metaphor for modern scientific

Technology: medicine, nuclear bombs, and all such two-sided miracles;

Or an image of how the modern bourgeoisie creates its opponent - the proletariat;

Or simply “Life”: parents give birth to children they do not understand nor can control,

Etc. Democracy can give birth to tyrants, Behemoths;

Einstein made possible the Hydrogen Bomb.

I created Griggle the mouse, for my son Dorian,

And Mr. Lemon, who bounced up to the moon for my other son Alexander.

Many of these stories are still recorded,

In old audiotapes, if they still function.

Tense is it, as we put forward any new step,  
Not knowing what it will mean, what imprint it will make,  
In what direction it will take us, or to where.

Ah, to where do we flow, what do we do?  
Why are some sounds so beautiful,  
As are some faces,  
While the air is so lovely, its sky so blue.  
There is a thronging in the air,  
Beyond understanding thus far, I feel;  
In Mozart`s very first Symphony, at what age?  
How is that sound made?

So much is nonsense, bad myths and false stories;  
Like Brexit! Like the drive to the Crusades!  
Richard the Lion Heart; Boris Johnson!  
O those ever so sweet darling flowers  
Are always so perfect in contrast to oppressive pig males!  
(Though it remains true for me, that in some way  
Girls are made of sugar and spice and all things nice  
While boys are made of everything bad, snails and puppy dogs` tails!)

The woman is soft  
The woman is hard  
Everything changes  
Man and Woman clash  
Man and woman return to love  
No one is just one thing  
There are so many levels  
So many different beings to discover

Outside and inside

We were not made perfect

We are of Evolution

We always evolve

Change is always

It doesn't matter what stage of life you are in

Getting older does not affect it.

We must let the golden clouds float among us,

As this farce may not last forever.

All may be gone sooner than we know,

Death may suck the life out of us, sooner rather than later.

Fly like the wind until tomorrow.

I have never seen such beauty until this night,

A rose that blooms, for which my lips would touch

Thine, oh fairest maid.

As if, in a never-repeated dream,

Love descended upon me in silver strands,

Until the sea rises up or disappears,

As Romantic music, and poetry too

Touches the nerves and soul of a man so deeply

That they tingle: "Music in the soul can be heard by the Universe",

Said Lao-Tzu, about the individual human being

And the Divine. *We* have divinity within us;

It does not always shine through but it is not

Something outside of us as theologies often conceive it.

We can try to draw out our own sparks of divinity,

And do not have to beg "God" to bring it out of us.

It is as Albert Einstein said about Mozart,

That he seemed to have plucked his music ready-made  
From the Universe. We are all part of this Universe,  
And its divinity is within us, materially and spiritually.  
The Universe is Divine, and we can be in tune with it,  
However difficult and transitory that might seem to be.  
Ah, but now the dawn is shining its bright sunlight  
Into my face, in Medellin, at the doorway here;  
Music of everything and all the strange world,  
As everything is so disguised.

We cannot be miserable all of the time  
We must make fun and be happy sometimes;  
The Planet in Catastrophe, Society Insane,  
What do we do? We sometimes sing!  
If Death and Life are two moments of a switch  
Perhaps there is nothing to think of or fear;  
But I doubt that, because the switch works only one way  
And is irreversible – perhaps fortunately! Mozart wrote to his father: “Death  
Is our best friend.” But a Divine Universe  
Is not a thinking being; only *we* think  
As far as we know, though some animals do too,  
But not in the same way, as the human mind  
Allows of consciousness. For us to die is different.  
But when we feel complete Unity, life and death  
Are united, as Cosmic Reality is a unity ultimately,  
Not only of Mind and Being, but of Time and Space;  
The Universe is of us, as well as of all we think.  
But of course all lightness and darkness are One!  
Just as Time is of every point and direction.

As we advance nowhere, enjoying the clouds  
In which our heads and minds are enwrapped,  
Or not, but learning we cannot turn back,  
Feeling entrapped, we think of THE END,  
For a moment. Let that pass, just get a look at the moon,  
Or hear some good music, according to your taste,  
And enter things once again, with or without much Hope.  
Bruckner`s Symphonies are a fanfare  
For a beautiful crystal-coloured insect, just as Blake`s  
Beautiful poem about a summer`s fly declared the deep unity  
Of all. Bruckner`s music expresses the heavenly beauty and desperate  
Tragedy of Life – the human one.  
On the steep banks of the River Neckar  
In Heidelberg, I knew nothing yet of Bruckner,  
Though I think I already sensed the extraordinary grandeur of German-Austrian  
Music as unique in the arts of Humanity: odd suds and spurts,  
And as the increasingly blue beauty of the late sunset,  
Over the unrepeatable nodes and spurts, spikes and roundednesses  
Of the mountains of the Cordillera Oriental,  
Subdue the mind in an ultimate cosmic double being,  
According to which we feel alternately  
And then successively, an immersion into melancholy,  
And then perhaps a burst of contented well-being:  
And so, how to make love to a girl,  
How to reach the sun in its love,  
How to touch the stars, roll under a wave,  
There the sounds of heaven begin.  
We need to sail beyond the storm-filled nightmares - music  
From Mozart`s First Symphony,  
Before the tumult and beauty in our minds

Explodes and kills normal sanity;  
My heart is beating like a cosmic wreck,  
I can only live as I am,  
Sweetness flows into our ears and eyes –  
Ice-drops drip with divine, inexplicable music  
From Mozart`s First Symphony: even though the Universe will not last long;  
And probably it will collapse again, only to expand again.  
This music will never recur, I don`t think.  
How privileged we are to hear Mozart`s Music;  
Though perhaps our lives are not as complicated as his was?  
Or perhaps I am wrong, perhaps our lives are more difficult than his. Ah Mozart!  
How could you set all our hearts on fire like this.

As I walk through this deathly valley  
With my staff and rod and what else? – (Hope and Faith?)  
Some strength returns to me again;  
I do not want to die before my Time.

Were the British right to bomb Dresden like that?  
Were the Americans right to drop those Atomic bombs?  
Wrong questions: why did those situations ever arise?  
What has been learnt by them, except for Nationalist jublations?  
The ignorance continues, amidst ever-increasing wealth,  
Which is also killing poor, famished people,  
And may eventually extinguish human society.

Hindus, Buddhists, Christians; understand you nothing of your religions?  
Learn from Psychology, Sociology, Anthropology,  
If not we will all suffer something as dreadful  
As the Jews in the Holocaust. Wake up!

Perhaps all streams towards the Open Sea,  
The Eternal Sea, as in the winding down of the Universe,  
Are slow to arrive, in that case, I must sleep,  
Until that Moment arrives, or does not.

Can there ever be such beauty in the skies,  
That of love, which twists us out and in,  
Perhaps occasionally, amid the daily chaos,  
Up until extinction, which is a “new idea”.  
For love will always leak its way  
Through walls and breaking bricks.

Heaven is above us  
Mozart`s music is among us  
Plucked from the Universe  
(Whatever that is: temporary or eternal,  
Or cyclical, we don`t know).  
So sweet, only can a woman`s voice sound  
Like a sense of love that never ends  
Native naivety gives the purest beauty  
Do not ruin that

There was a sawmill across the Green,  
Which disappeared about the same time  
That I bought a bag of Smith`s Crisps  
From the off-licence counter of the pub,  
On my way back from the weekly Cubs, which I loved so much.

This was a few years before I walked a



Lovely girl called Elaine back from a dance  
In Esher`s King George`s Hall  
And kissed her, more happily than I could have imagined.  
How delicious was her kiss; how naïve I still was!  
I never saw her again.

Shelley understood this:

That you could kiss  
A lovely flower. And  
Smell close-up her gorgeous perfumes.  
How beautiful are your lovely flowers!  
You seem to look at me as I kiss you  
Your bright-eyed petals are so sublime.  
If I give you a little water  
Will your eyes open up, just a little bit more?  
You, as a flower, with such beautiful and concentrated eyes  
With all those colours, delicious in the night;  
Do you await daybreak like the others?

I smell your flower, so beautiful and free  
I sense you do not need to move  
You have your soil, I hope it is good  
And your leaves are like miniature forests.  
For me the scent within your eyes,  
The gorgeous centres of your flowers,  
You are almost human as you grasp  
And hold me, as I kiss your lips;  
Oh, I can only love your petals  
And leaves, I know not what to say.

Ah, "Apollo et Hyacinthus",

What do *you* think about the global problems of today:

Nuclear weapons, Environmental Destruction, terrible technologies;

Ghastly inequalities, injustices, dreadful brutality everywhere;

Total insecurity in so many realms,

And such loneliness amidst all this:

Why? For what? Ask Mozart,

"Nature's undeserved gift to humanity,"

Empty space for perfect beauty.

We are doomed. Of course there are

Always beautiful women for as long as we last,

But no more. Then what? We won't exist.

It may be all over: due to diseases, viruses,

Environmental destruction, moral decay, social and against

Political breakdown, Hell on Earth: Nuclear Destruction.

Little rocket men against Trump with his biggest button and prick,

That tragic sound of a slow train droning,

Groaning its way to Siberia at the *finale* of Schostakovitch's

Fourth Symphony: the sound of ghastly catastrophe.

Ah now, shove it, pull the sky right out,

Now it is a rain, which frightens cat and dog;

Sweet little Tomkin, barking to lovely Minet:

They *do* feel fear but learn;

It is *not* so *very* serious!

We need so much more coordination

If humanity wants to survive!

Three yellow birds outside our window!

Perched and bleeping one to another,  
I didn't want them all to die!  
The music does not come from anywhere I particular,  
As if in a mad blast of inexplicable beauty  
We see the sun, hear Mozart's first Symphony,  
Or fall in love again

So simple on one level,  
Yet so subtle, exquisite, beautiful:  
She walks in beauty, like the night.

It ain't no good worrying  
I know I broke down  
She went away

Stop the Wars! They don't solve anything!  
Think and talk, analyse: give books around,  
Discuss some solutions. Think and feel.

O miraculous genius, Vishrakam,  
Constructing marvelous palaces and gardens, lakes and towers.  
It may be possible to number  
The grains of sand on earth,  
And the drops of rain that fall from the sky,  
But no one will ever number all the Indras,  
Or all the Universes side by side at any moment,  
Each harbouring a Brahma and an Indra.  
Who will estimate the number of these?  
Beyond the farthest vision, crowding outer space,  
The universes come and go, an innumerable host.

Like delicate boats they float on the fathomless  
Pure waters that form the body of Vishnu.

Ah, my young love, lovely Susan:  
I do remember you so many years later:  
It is so nice to write to you emails  
And communicate about our joys and sorrows!

My country is my planet,  
My planet is of the Universe,  
The Universe is of All – the Cosmos,  
Everthing in Time and Space.  
The egg and yolk of Eternity, and much  
More, the minds of winds,  
Were at the centre of the Universe, in my room  
On Pembroke Street, smoking hasheesh,  
Listening to *Citadel*, as the tongues and winds of mind flew.  
Return to ape-men if necessary, in spirit,  
We are getting nowhere now, take an acid-trip  
To the other Moons, where must we think.  
All is insane, as that Swedish girl says;  
All is mad, where are we going?

That most louche, upper-class wimpish worm  
Is Jacob Rees-Mogg,  
And that Buffoon, overblown Public Schoolboy twirp,  
Boorish Boris, Johnson Dropsome,  
Are trying to take over my country.  
How have we come to deserve this!

My life is a wandering through deserts and streets,  
Among camels and dogs, mice and men,  
Flying with albatrosses, up to the sky,  
Where blue lights and morning stars flash,  
Pursuing the colours of coral reefs,  
The strange beings that live there, breathing and breeding.

I give you up, if you have lied to me:

I retreat from the world, as all is false:

But I cannot stop thinking and saying things I believe  
Are true.

I look along a dark tunnel,

Hoping for light at the end of it,

Into a sudden Dracula-like castle

Standing night-cloud high to my imagination,

Dark thunder-storms burst split between lightning-streaks

Frightening colours and sounds enter the sky.

Anyway, the Universe may well be plural,

And almost certainly self-repeating,

Expanding and contracting, down each time

To a new Big Bang. Otherwise, what?

Endless expansion into infinite floating

Outwards, into endless nothingness, Entropy in the Absolute,

Forever: which is closest to the Hindu teachings?

There is no story; it is all phantasmagoria,

A strange dream of Wagner`s; there is no sense to it.

He thinks she is his mother; she seems to know a lot about his mother.

She frightens him, then tries to seduce him.

Wow. Then he remembers his friend`s deadly wound. Confusing; Immaculate.

He loves her desperately, but he can't be with her.

*A Poem from the Universe* can have no strictly formal structure;

It stems from the poet's Unconscious, which has its own mysterious logic,

Like that of the Universe itself; and from

The Stream of Time of the poet's life.

Does an evil eye look out upon us from the Higher Sky?

As the World creates itself, and the hand of God

Raises itself against the sky?

A tinkle-bell sounds: dost thou hear it?

Joy must be nigh: O Mensch, all Joy seeks deep Eternity!

Ah! Just imagine Nietzsche and Mahler together!

No one imagines it would be an orgy of Paradise.

All beings are like hounds who move their shoulders

In disturbing ways under the shining stars,

Until everything looks upward to the golden sun.

If I feel happy, I can be nice to everyone,

I don't need to feel resentment against anything.

I can simply enjoy being me in this world.

Thus it is, I can kiss the world's lips,

And say goodnight, to enter soft dreams.

All is an ocean of love,

Where are my darling pets –

Tomkin, Minet, and Sibelius.

Mozart's music is of love and peace:

That's how it is

That is the Middle Movement of Mozart's

Twenty-Fourth Piano Concerto.

Now I am listening to Wagner:

O Good God!

Kundry! Schlaffen! Kundry can be

Chaotic, disheveled, unkempt, disorganized,

Louche, lazy, strange; but, she must be frantically attractive;

That much is certain!

But doubt occludes all those decades of hope and trust:

The optimism of Will, in spite of pessimism of Intellect,

As Antonio Gramsci so brilliantly put it,

In prison. Ah! Bruckner`s Symphony Number Two,

The Adagio, has me drunk with love and sadness.

Beauty breaks forcefully and delicately into Reality.

When I hear this I feel insulated from the world.

We climb to the very zenith, and the beautiful sun

Signs in upon us, forever. A Brahma survives.

Sometimes it seems that all the Universe is alive.

“No Man Is An Island.” Britain/Europe/ The Whole World,

Are One!

Love`s gentle warmth moves around and lights up the darkness;

In spite of all, it never disappears forever.

The Universe`s Creativity unfurls in the cosmos;

Life; and the Human Mind. To tune in to this

Is the beautiful and wonderful Dream in everything.

So keep alive until Nature takes you away.

The net of hooks sends liquid sounds throughout the dog-like sky!

It becomes impossible to catch the fish,

That flash and push their tails,  
And so we swim some thousands of universes  
Until we see a pin.

October 19<sup>th</sup> 2019. My heart rises!  
Demonstration in London: “Fuck Brexit”  
“Johnson talks shit!” “Stay together!”  
“Revoke, Remain, Recreate!” “Remove BoJo” and the ERG!”  
“Liars! Brexit would make everything worse!”  
“Make Europe Great!” “Altogether for a better society!”

When we are together,  
Now and forever our God survives between us,  
Every day, every night.  
We are blessed for it.  
This love is for us and we are  
Enjoying loving always.

Teenage girls laughing and shrieking –  
This is what happiness is.

I see upwards – there are so many strings  
Of silver flickering between the floating stars!  
All is like cosmic leaves!  
Memories pervade the night  
From when you are with your loved one  
And they are there for all eternity –  
It just comes,  
Like tyrants of waves in beauty and chaos;  
The sounds from perfect memory, of Garuda,



The bird that flies in the Celestial Vault!

Unto such flying into the strangenesses  
Of which I know sounds far beyond the wind,  
Tumbling down cliffs as if no stones had any account;  
There I fell so many times alone;  
My mind still brave, though even when no longer so  
I fell with a certain strength, because thus was  
My Destiny. Thence have I known:  
To find some thing  
Even though you know you die  
To reach the pinnacles in your mind,  
Even if not in “reality”; Annihilation  
Knowing that We, Humanity, are destroying *our* Planet,  
While the threat of Nuclear Annihilation is even more actual and direct.

The swelling-out of all lights,  
The colours in circles and in squares,  
The dots and particles each of every emotion,  
Rainbows of thoughts, strange or true,  
Thus we arrive not much further on,  
Twizzled into superb sounds.

Ah, when I stir, and peer into gold  
Not material; that which shines in the soul,  
As for the sacred minds of the pre-Hispanic  
Peoples of what later became South America.  
I dream of attempts to resolve conflicts  
Through mind and emotion; analysis and love.  
That is not happening, things are getting worse;

I am thinking of Humanity, the World.

Or other

Early on the morning

I hear divine Mozart once again

And I feel so happy to be alive

Why do I only know the blues,

After all this life: ambition? achievement?

I go to sleep in a strange state,

And then I dream amazing dreams:

Of fighting to escape, trying to convince

Someone or other that I should be free.

And I dream of horrible corridors,

Swarming with people that I cannot clear out,

Though periodically I do wake up

For a few moments, and I realize it was all a dream.

My life, without doing anything, seems sometimes,

A permanent crisis.

## **DON GIOVANNI**

Desires unrequitable. The Impossible awakens the deepest passions,

As “all Joy seeks Eternity; deep, deep Eternity.”

Something at the centre of everything

Disturbs everyone around it. So many

Layers in any human being. So much is pretence,

Artificiality, surrounding an occasional core of

Authentic depth of feeling and ideals,

As Leparello says, “When a square is not a circle...”

Emotional tension rises,

Until the final explosive bang,  
Then afterwards all is light-heartedly resolved.

When we see the vaults of Heaven,  
The pure light blue deepening in intensity  
And the pins of sparkling light appear  
While the Moon`s crescent rises high,  
Then we enter the deep music  
Of the Universe, whirling us around.

The webs of Fate, incomprehensible and unchangeable  
Arrive as from nowhere, at a certain stage,  
Just at the moment they tangle you up  
With their inescapable and unbearable looms.  
Then you know you can never alter things  
In any fundamental way, as the stitches and knots  
Are already so tight, you would have to be  
Suicidedly brave and determined,  
Strong as a young unthinking man  
To burst out, as the guy in *Midnight Express* did.  
And no one in the world could possibly understand  
Nor care about you deeply, anyway.

Boris Johnson, loathsome opportunist,  
Cunning liar, empty vesicle;  
Bad imitator of Winston Churchill,  
Letter-box face and plinky poodle.  
Feeble creep, clever manipulator:  
You have helped create enormous Chaos,  
And now you pray saintily to solve It.

“I recognize a con-man when I see one”:

“Trump Britain”! That’s what *I* say!”

Music, Poetry, and the Visual arts,

Aspire to the Divine.

Prose cannot often, nor often can any of the other media

Of Creative Expression – film, etc., etc.

African-American blues is something else from white blues:

The odd, strange twang of the guitar, the slightly erratic rhythm

Is distinct. Not to mention the utterly different voices.

I suppose I should close down; shut up now,

I want to enter a different trajectory,

Of course I might change my mind back again,

But I don’t want to, dear friends, I want to write something new.

And that will be a new drop, petal, from my soul.

Till then, Goodbye.

But let us not forget the woodmen who expel

Love’s gentle dryads from the haunts of life,

And vex the nightingales in every dell

Nor the Divine Woman who, like a naked bride,

Blushes and trembles at her own excess,

For She is the Harmony of Truth.

Ah, when I close my eyes and see

Myself move towards a lovely girl,

Who also seems to be floating towards me,

Like specks of gold, frankincense, and myrrh;

Thus I can be in a deep dream now  
Where it is not quite normal to enter.

Though it might all be pain there  
We will never know. There are depths of love and death  
Hooking to the clouds of unknowing soul.  
We can be tempted to heaven or hell or hell-bound  
Flight. The seas flash to and fro to the living eyes.  
Lights can be of green, blue, purple, yellow, black, perfect violet,  
And let the Dark Lights rise  
Just as the dark notes of the Unconscious Dance  
Through the Night and under the Dawn.  
Leaves move, nothing repeats exactly the same.  
Fire winds itself up and rotates in spirals  
Through to the next craziness:  
Round and round it speeds:  
How beautiful is the girl with far-away eyes;  
As I am awakened from the Dream of Life,  
When I open my eyes to know  
Everything changes all the Time: the only thing that does not  
Is Change itself.

