



A
CONSPIRACY
OF
THE
SPIRIT...

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THESE POEMS WERE WRITTEN JULY 06 – JULY 07.

THESE POEMS ARE NEITHER NAMED NOR DATED.

THESE POEMS STAND ALONE.

THESE POEMS SPEAK FROM THE SPIRIT.

1

The days have been filled with a silence that is different,
both caged yet free...surrounded by music, smoky smells,
with days of wine and bird sounds hovering...

I am thirsty for your nearness;
I drink battered time in sips.

Moving on like a troubadour to visit places of past retreat,
little room for nostalgia, the way ahead beckoning me
forward like a concubine.

Can you visit me?
My location a mystery illness here amidst the conifers
that blanket the sun and give canopy shade.

Is this the thirst of being found? A longing to be found
that hides amid the creases of all that must be done.

... is this to be done...?

2

To lie like a fool in a pool of lazy deceptions...
with uncertainties that laze like doormats treaded underfoot;
they only wait for a dull mind to adopt them as lonely children.

Be as light as light, and whispery as the wind.

There is nothing that cannot be removed, yet traces remain.

'Take what you want' says God - 'But pay for it'.

I am trying to reach for the Pleiades, footed in concrete.

Battered in matter and heaviness.

No fear, I will go on.

3

Here for life lessons, to learn from the encounters that cross me.
Like a map from a bygone time, pre-planned moments come
to test, tangle, and tighten; to bring weaknesses or bring joy.

Is misery the reserve of miserable sods, or insufferability
the sanctity of cantankerous cods?

*...yet the spirit works through every blip of the hormonal nodes,
frosting or clearing the glass of our vision...*

Hear me now, as I write these words and look out
from my window onto the wet sunlit street below...

Who are you to fragment and re-construct, Beautiful One?

Is it right that it should rain today?

4

The light glides phosphorescent across the skin,
touching in its moments those cloistered memories within,
remembrances carried, remembrances sheltered,

remaining like gold in the mine.

I have myths dancing through me
as caricatures of some forgotten script,
as endless actors in a play that never ceases.

What time does another day begin?

Endless light caresses like a lover in her beauty skin.

I want to crash like pearl-divers into the depths
of some hidden retreat that keeps its secret like forbidden spice:

I hear silence like a shower now.

It rains on this road of determined feet...

I will not, I will not, I will not retreat...

5

Those tempting moments of apathy that deceive and
lurk like gaping holes, like soldier wounds...

there is strength in pressing against
the spaces of uncertainty, in honouring
and accepting the passages that bridge more
momentous occasions...

every step is a statement, every breath a victory,

every affirmation an intention towards unity.

6

Arms that wrap around in tentacles of embrace,
as flesh crushed, skin ripped, pressure pursed
against flesh, and more flesh...

...body sinks into bodies in a moment of respite.

The body as a reprieve for the aches that canker and curse;
flesh to bolster against the bane of mighty human winds:

come into a peaceful place of tenderness...

did I mention the body?

Tis a bed for weary bones and head,
never a replacement for Spirit.

*Both may lie like heaven's lovers in loyal embrace.
There is no shame in loving if the loving is fair –
make no demands. Press for no forced engagements,
encounters ... slip into spaces where the air is clear.*

No time for mockery now:
touch of bodies, ease of heart,
soft spirits lie and murmur sweet.

7

Inexpressible. So why the words?

Can the ineffable be contained?

As my own journeys pile upon each footprint,
traces of places passed through with filaments clinging,

I am building a doppelganger of myself –

I will donate it to the world.

Take this other me and fill it with all the false personalities.

You'll never suckle the milk of the true spirit-foetus,

not yet anyway:

for now I'm working in my laboratory

like a modern day Fulcanelli:

I am building a doppelganger of myself –

I will donate it to the world ... Eventually!

8

Not missing you, I don't miss you.

Missing is a shawl that drapes and hangs like chain mail.

So I see you as 'missing' in the spaces I don't miss,
fostered remnants of air trapped between stitches.

I love everything about us all, and dismiss
what needn't be or claims to be, or that which lingers.
I don't suppose we linger, not like pilgrims waiting on
for the golden miracle to dispel their aging doubts.

We are not disabled, unless we forget ourselves.

Unless we miss ourselves.

9

I came down these roads dreaming like a king,
twisting through the avenues as if they were a game,
many books filled the way, ran like wine over my lips;
the days were an apprenticeship to some kind of glorious renewal -
I wanted the glory of finishing the path like all the heroes of myth.

I didn't know of Perseus at the time yet like Perseus I was:
Glorified goat-climbing, capricornious up the mountainside.

Some things have not changed ... still some kingly dreams...

Hoping to be less vainglorious in the endeavours to reach.

To push through the veils that cling
like beeswax upon the skin.
To begin, to begin always, yet moving beyond,
Like winged flesh in renewal.

10

Answers lie embedded all around me,
carried by the ancient voices that call, awaiting an echo;
yet like a dumb-struck babe I fall silent.
I am a chamber without resonance, echoless.

Yet I'm desperate to sing now,
dying to make a sound, even a little sound;

will anything be heard?

Of course, of course,
Nothing is left unsung.

No melody at night is alone...

11

Autumnal yellow, pale green leaves
do not ask from where the wind comes and sings,

they sway, or drip with pooled water, dangle
in crisp sun particles.

Energy does not retreat nor deny; tis no traitor,
does not turn its back,

only turns in cycles and continues.

Such leaves asking not nor querying why

yet falling when time to play their part,

Knowing fully the great embeddedness of things.

12

Is there a space for the place I need to freeze?

If I run through the motions, my emotions, hurriedly,
I run the machine, not my-Self....

Take time out

Step back...

...into carved space, curved place in time,

Against existing in scattered fragments,

I gather my speckled selves like shattered shells
on a distant shore, unity forlorn, unity loving.

13

Buried inside me, I feel you stir as a growing foetus
that kicks and gurgles, blowing through an umbilical cord
of sweat and love.

There is some great design that stands monumental,
immersed throughout our human threads,
frozen blood music like snowflakes.

Immersed throughout the cosmos like a piercing love intention.

And the great soul expands as stars breathe,
as an infinitude of shiny breaths giving life
that is endless in all directions.

And the waste that humans make hangs
like dusty corners in rooms of retreat and torture:

Outside the sun glows gloriously,
awaiting our turned faces to catch the warming glow
of gratitude and told-you- so's...

14

And when you wander into unknown places,
what fears betray you?

Walking through spaces of sadness and despair
make a soul weaker, yet is the trick of those tying
us to earthbound robes.

My friends, the secret is out, the secret is here:
It is they who fear – fear our laughter and our passing:
‘what is it you say?’ we ask, as we stroll past
their sentry guards and threshold dwellers.

Do not linger long in their armoury
or they will kit you out in
sharpest steel finery.

Leave them sneaking through bastard bog-holes,
dirty fingers for dirty nose-holes, as we stroll past
their sentry guards and threshold dwellers;

Ragged in light and gossamer dress.

15

Here for the party, here for the push,
here for the leap, here for the leaving.

Putting the players into precise position,
arranging, re-arranging the strategic battle lines.

Increasing paranoia, rising climatic fear,
they plan to infect us, inject us, poison the Piper's heart.

Yet we've been in on the game for a long time,
from the very beginnings of our serpent past.

They have the scheming, we have the subtlety,
they have slyness, we have the Heart...

16

The feeling comes of being clothed
within another person's poisoned skin.

Stepping out with them makes
me wear their mantle, their overall.

Robed 'n' dressed into a life that restrains,
I do not wish to wear such garments.

Spending too long with the shadow puppets who
ply their toxic life to my soulful play.

Come, shun the human fallout, and rejoice
in the sun of glorious hearty ruminations;

gleam in the sun of shunned garments,
seeming in the good of gunned sharments.

17

Into this wasteland I thee wed, fair lady of the inconceivable...

If there be passageways of creative intent,
let them shine like vassals of splendour.

I am in search of creation and exuberance.
I am missing the exotic, the quixotic, the downright dreamy.

Has there been nothing since my first initiation?
Has there been no orgasm since the Reichian box?

Was has happened to all the songstresses and minstrels?

Where did all the troubadours go...?

Yours - the Wanderer

P.S. I'm in Siberia now, searching for a winter coat

18

A great thing of unbecoming is to neglect the shine
Spirit throws upon our mirrored world.

Tis a dishonour to cower in the shade, a shame
To forget the azure allure of radiant soul

Burning brightly like greatest radiation rays
Bursting forth as from sun's inner core.

There is more that we can do in this world
Of creative, volatile futures;

When we sit quietly like afternoon napping cats
We should remind our souls to stir

More meaningfully and stronger still.
Like resplendent giants of all worlds.

19

Misted by the revelry of rural retreat, of quiet domains
of uninterrupted thought, sounds of winds;
a place to write, create, caress a listlessness
and feed the eternal wandering minstrel:

There is a maverick within me that eats fire
and feverishly hungers.

Unable to beat a retreat to unopened fantasies
of vistas plenty and pleurably kind;
shielded, I venture behind the veil that protects
from the harsh and unwanted.

I cannot quell the maverick within that eats fire
and devours my children.

20

When I think of you I imagine
waves washing over rocks as tentacles,
before resting in salt-rock pools
where the water-crystals cohere,
align, and lie like submerged wreaths.

There are kings and queens in this world:
yet few partake in any remembrance
worthy of your cold, clear embrace.

21

I lie like a scorpion afraid to sting,
so resigned to the shelter of rocks.

Is this the protection you desire?

Tis not done....

Holy Heart.

Tuesday, July 31, 2007