

Original Eyes



RON BOGGS

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ORIGINAL EYES

I look into the cat's eyes,
To and fro the eyes go.
I see our original eyes.
Our purity of eyes appears
As innocence, it is not innocence!
What calls to us, what reaches
Out of the cat as it seeks out of me
Originates as the very divinity,
Yet such embrace encloses cat and me
With misnomer of our pure infinity.

Our original eyes I see
Brings the world that lives
Everywhere inside us out,
As one endless shout,
That rattles our bones, cat and me,
In to this mirror we abhor and love.
We shine out in to our light
The very looking into original eyes
Whose call we seek but cannot speak.

The original eyes we look out of
By which we see always is.
Never different than you were and are,
Whatever is our age, time, or place.
As you younger with passage of time,
Its absence leaves you always present.

For when you search, you discover nothing
Other than what you always are, this is
Only the eternal knowing of no age,
Time or space. Awareness as you.
So you say when asked, I am the same person now
as I was then for I am the creature that features me.
That's how I know I am. Yet it is not me,
As I appear to be. See with original eyes!

EACH OF US IS A GIFT!

Each of us is a gift!
We do not see our life
That way so remote
Are we from our rift.
A newt nebula that encompasses
Each of us. We squander,
Abuse to point of plunder,
Though never lose the wonder.
Through the dream house
Of unquenched fretful uses
Of misery and cataclysm that betray
Ourselves without seeing
We are the fingertips
Of the edge of the universe
In unknowable life and death,
Both gifts the gorge speaks us
As the metaphor we appear to be,
Senses as star clusters through
Borning through emptiness,
Grabbing hold for life, and dying
To life's song and death's throng,
Display of play that thrills a show
Of us as we are, the sun and moon
By which earth lives, by what we give
That is our gift that heals the rift.

We do not see it that way.
We fly our stay, turn away from play,
Refuse to pay our way.
How do we life ourselves
That culture coffins.
Are we so cursed that no rehearsal
In verse can give hearing to reversal
Of the pigsty of our eyes:
Never to deny the rift
We heal that opens the gift.

TWIG

Up in the Allegheny Mountains
In the center of the State of Pennsylvania
A twig had come to lie
On another broken branch
That fell off a tree into its roots.
The kids ran around the house
Looking for a key
While they were growing themselves
Into a keyhole

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THE KIDS

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Looking for a key
While they were growing themselves
Into a keyhole

HIS FOOT

his foot in tar
he was run over
buoyed up

tar to mud
in the flood
downstream

mud to liquid
drank fire water
centuries teeth he ate

TRY AS SHE MIGHT

Try as she might, no divorce possible
She at night pulled a sweet potato
Out of the ground, left it so all could see.

GIRL LARIATS

Girl lariats,
with whisks, whisks
through eggs.

WE ARE BORN WOUNDED

We are born wounded

What appears natural
Cultures the wound
Such that it never heals

We are never well until
We have made the journey
We call the listless bogs
of uselessness of nothingness
Until we peel to reveal raw
The suffering abyss from which
We have no appeal how ever
Loud our desperate hue and cry

What is impossible to know
every human whose lived
every book in every library
has no answer so we curse
the suffering not the wound
suffering is not the wound
for the journey heals inside out
that opens the eye of light
By which night can see

HER ANGST

Her angst that she had missed so much
That would never be moments again
So fervent was her desire to appear
That in one flash out the other end
Of the buttonhole that held her taut.
She lay on surface of entire earth
No moments to miss, nothing to skip,
No loss possible with even hints of regrets
Passing through on a train going around
The world, stopping at every station.
Her next angst was what to do
With what was left, waiting
For her angst moment to burst her
Clear of the buttonhole.

ONE HEART OF UNBREAKABLE WATER

Paper a universe of one space
Yields place between these words
Between silence and letters,
Teeth and air, nothing and ideas,

Expands at the end of sentences
Out of own skin into ocean shore,

Walks forest into meadow
To an airport to fly changes to
Stop thoughts for new paragraphs.
Begin new idea in word worlds

Appears not in the deeds of this space
Interlaces the imagination of this one universe
So that it is, voila, your face.

These appear from emptiness, words from the void,
Waves ripple from deep ocean current, forms from one
We attach ourselves to appearance as life
Though we are flown along by the rhythms, tides,
Enjambments, the whole life between the lines
That because we are it we fill in with words, waves,
And forms that portray the masks that make our face.

These lines came from a long way though they are,
As you may know, intimate, closer than breath's chants.

All imagination animates this, this one universe of space
To get to this vital probe, whose familiar face you now
see,
Of these birds of soul you see fly the sky before you.

Just to be able to open my mouth, as you see me do now,
And sing to you, to be able to say with kindness
This expansive space has birthed into this verse
That opens a place where humility may reside
Is to say what I have never been able to say,
It having lived in the great silence you see
Acknowledged here as the unheard knock
That shapes space that quakes me, right here
Before you, and you are before the silence,
Alive with the uncontainable inch of each heard
And unsaid word and world that whirls
Rhymes between us that just now appear
To me on this page and now appears to you
In our one heart of unbreakable water.

POLLEN

Nose & cheek pollened by aster –

Root to root, conception to
Conception, winding me
To go where the unknown

Unwinds to flow

PERENNIALS

The sun shines into me to my fingertips
As I plant bulbs of perennials
Along rows of arguments that come and go
Like the moving shadows of the sun.
Off my soiled knees with slight whisks,
The small spasm in my lower back
Rhizomes roots through one long ache
To ascend straight into the full day's sun.
I sit on the bench in the garden under
The shade blossoms of cherry tree.
A rabbit hops into view as shade
Journeys along body as sweat
Cools sun down in me. The slow slope
Of patchwork of shade and sun enchants
With intricate weaves of moving designs.
I measure good depth for bulbs, sink them
Into the soil, while the arguments turbulence
Streams disgust into intensity of cool clarity.
Sun and shade lattices me the greenhouse.

I HAVE YET

To grow as tall
As the smallest
Flower – when
I do I will be
As the blooms.

tulips flute

rain
nothing left
undone
nothing remains

STINKWEED

Stinkweed blossoms allergies,
Watery eyes, sore throat.
What insect is not averse to its flavor?
Does the stink attract me or
Do I attract stink? I fly to avoid
To no avail, the stink sticks thick.

Let stinkweed be my companion,
Failures disaster to outlive me,
To leave a legacy that burns the eyes
Even of yearnings, an involuntary
Draw back in the whiff of pungent odor
That tunnels perfume corridor
With taste of those most bitter morsels.
The rancorous stench comes from inside out.

Why don't I say it direct? I let it say as it is,
In its own way, round around or actual things
Of this world when at times the straightest path
Is on the lavender currents of salubrious cares
That goes through every obstacle with every inch
Of each obscure or ignored peril. Until the insect
On scent line of food mixes out of thickened skin
A new perfume whose beauty enamors eyes.

The reach of this new astonished bouquet
Raises every hair on my head in blossoms

As the pestle of the alchemical ingredients pounded
Bitter stink into subtle taste that forever lingers
In the fine traces of hints of moving membranes
Of the blisters of hell flavored with bliss of heaven.

SHORE

I stood with a chill
Whose name I never knew
In my bones on a shore
Whose name I never knew
Or needed to know.

Moisture of the mist
Needed no name
Skirts around the lake
Slide without name
Without sound penetrating
For what never had name
With no disturbance
Deep, unnamable shore.

TASTE OF MOON

taste of moon by
caterpillar light,
undulating feelers
every inch of night

earth's button through
heaven's buttonhole
walk through sky
feet on earth
nurse like a rose
out of the soil
thorns thread through

miller flew
smaller through
into shade spot
of larger and deeper depths
until unfathomable
to the naked eye
it disappeared as the seen

HOSTA

Hosta green opaque
Rains into shade
In morning's contour
A dove's maternity
Shine that penetrates as
Diamond soft
As panther's smooth muscles
Moves as one impulsion
As natural as wind, as absorbent
As no wind. Who in this vast
Plain of forest with sky walking
Through it has not heard its song
Light morning out of you?

SNAIL

Snail, what shape do you take today?
Empty in the shell.

But you are outside.
That's that trick. I've lived there
All my life. Didn't realize it
Until I lost my protection.

I won't harm you.
That's not my worry.
There, I'm as you saw me.
Here, I could be anything.

You can't go home, again, is that your concern?
I've always been home, never knew it.

MUSIC OF WATER

Logs float by, debris,
A sailboat, a boy in inner tube.

Sun glints draw me in to stare into space,
Soft laps on shore weary away my distress
For the hours, small birds on big leaves
Roll by. Egret tree grasps me.

It is the water whose shape I am this ripple day,
Water shapes the land. Riverbed is riverbed,
Water bed rocked it, not the contours of land.

The song of the river slowly eases through me
The startling finger of egret on the passage
Of diamond light that writes the music of water.

ANCIENT DAY

She said that she loved this new day.
I looked around, under rocks & leaves,
Down valley, to the snow tops –
All I saw was ancient day.
She saw this old as new;
Could not fault her sight
As she drank the drink
That lives in this time.
Drawn back incoming tide
This most ancient of day
Comes ashore as anew,
Lived as ancient.

BLINK OF EYES

sky of our eyes
flutter of leaves
still the river flows on
a globe on a stick
feather stream
turns around and around
more sky
the universe lifts
with blink of eyes

POTTER'S WHEEL

Clatters the sounds of potter's wheel
That spins the shaped spine to vessel
Winds round and round in swirls
Wet pieces fly off, mud too wild to mold
Into clay, sucked to walls and floor,
Lost souls of the wheel's twirl –

by the very skill of the loving hands out
of which the space of shapes
have been made and crafted into
eyes of fingers that dance
with the flow of water that spins
the wheel as the water and fingers
mold the vessel into ever new shapes
with more capacious space for flow

THE MIRROR

My eyes roomed the space
Enclosed it to the farthest edges of the universe
Seen in frame the four corners of the flat space of the
mirror

Whose encompassing made it appear to be a different
world
Behind me inside the reflection of what was the same
world
Inside this world, not different from another world,

My eyes focused into the wooden frame of the reflection
To the window that was in the back of me before me,
Seeing what was inside the mind looking at itself as
mind,

As empty space framed by the other sides of the room
Framed me in this side of the room I was in
to appear as an imaginary in the empty room of the
mind,

Reflecting what came before it, or was it as it reflected it,
Through the partially curtained window's open space,
The same space as in the room but I could not see

Because framed by the universe and frames mirroring
Like the empty space I was as I look through emptiness,

existing as apparent transparency as rain etches

To the green, wet hills beyond, through open windows
To sun and shade spots, as depth beyond depths I go
Seeing clear through, not by, with skilled mirror of eye

That I was illusion I would suppose real if I turned
around,
but what mirrored was real and illusion that I could see
Where it all was in the Mind, no frame of earth, space,
time,

Where the mirror of me that reflected what it was
As it looked at itself through me that stood and scanned
The seeming entire universe of my reflection reflected in
mirror

For I was not here, and now I am, not two, not one,
As frame within frame within frame within frame within
frame
Within frame – each frame mirroring whole of other
frames

Even when they are of equal, not different, sizes,
When they never are but Mind's fractals of one another
That show I was the smallest not the largest,

But contained all the universe I saw that I was
What is never otherwise seeable, always beable,

As endless awareness present as the whole of it

That the one eye that was the looking of the mirror
Was the universe looking through me, by me,
To see itself, like a vessel layered with multiple hulls

Of third look, at the top of the mirror, the blue of sky
Among trees and talking leaves beyond boundary
background,
The hill at blue, the blue at hill that we call horizon

Were joined as the shade of sun, sun of shade,
The beyond behind me that was in front of where
It had been all of the time, in front and behind me,

Outside, yet inside of me, as me, as I am here reflected
Though its invisibility had never been until now clear
Seeing the sky in front of me that it dawned in me,

Through me the blue glass flat in front of me, in depth
behind me,
I was that blue sky, the blue of glass came out of my eyes
As I was one part as well as the whole sky and the entire
scene,

Astonished that I was not the one looking out as what
looked into me
As the depth itself was the emptiness that enclosed each
frame

That gave it appearance and the reflection of flat depth,
as I am.

INSIDE RAINDROPS

inside raindrops
no end in silence
nothing is not wet
even under the leaves
river fish mountains
never stop falling
never but the water
hear an ear of
here along tongue curves
here along the ocean of rain
no need to take off clothes
the ducks are here
rain rolling off bodies

CURVE

Curve of tall grasses
Sail of geese
1,000 fragrant scents
Of honeysuckle through
Every pore of night
Bends as light

CORNS RUB

corns rub never
cease their hurt

ONE TRUE WORD

If I could tell you in prose, I would.
If I can spell it for you in poetry, I will.
I cannot get all that is in me out
Into the world in song unless I sing
A wholly unheard tune, teach you to hear it,
Teach you love it, after I gather its firewood
That lets my heart stoke its crackling embers.

Metaphors put together unfathomable world,
Indecipherable to our senses. They make visible
The invisible, turning the waters of life into land,
Country of forests, birds, and murders, pens as oars
Furiously rowing to shore before blackening clouds.
One million times, I felt and never found
Without or within the word of truth of me, for me,
That released what is in me to the world
Other than illusion, delusion, insanity, and profanity
That would make of this dust more than orange rust.

That I want for you so much of impossibility;
I know it is my own impossibility, too.
We confound ourselves into smoke and mirrors,
Invent labyrinths for the direct truth of what we are,
Forever seemingly unable to turn dust into diamond
Across the chasm of the swinging bridge of our lives
That sways and breaks in the harrowing agonies

That we fall through every possibility of our being
What we are to hear one true word echo
Among the cliff calls of the rapids of our lives.

In the end, we can sing only what we are
For no one has ever lied nor can ever lie.

SUN SPARKLE

sun sparkle of dew
twinkles my eye
robin calls
leaf falls

THE WOODS

The woods one day
Will be words, even
To know that fact
Is to be useless
As leaves move
As figures in
A dream.

RAIN IN

rain on windows
eyes on clear day

cold stone
cheek

rain in nostrils surprised –
but sun!

AMAZING EMBRACE

We are this amazing embrace.
To call it love is to cage its glory.
To be its breeze is too small.
We make the world with a watch
to tell ourselves where we are
and that we are round when
the clock of our face wrinkles us
and we think we circle fate.
We lose her embrace,
locked into the maze of non-existence.
We walk on legs that have no bottom.
We scan with eyes with no top
though earth and canopy do
nothing that does not sing to us
when we embrace that it sings us, too.
Whether we are alive or dead,
what we are here our mind's equipment
is inadequate to give but a faint whisper
of the sound barrier that embraces us.

HERM

As I walk farther and farther out
I gather scattered rocks to pile in a herm
For travelers at crossroads and boundaries
In this country that recognizes no borders.
Parents unmercifully inculcate fear
Of this free country with roads to trap eyes
Into epistemology of memorization and maps.
On the road, the roadman turns around
As not to expose the game of fame
Yet claims to take the ground by combat,
Whether the graveyard or front yard,
Or merciless squiggled markers of the world.

Take the night eyes from behind your lens.
You will have a guide of souls
To give you what no human ever gives
Or ever holds, without flesh burning on hot bed
Of coals that dismembers the human world.
A god of this space shows shaman
To birth bones of the spiritual body to be herm,
Emblem of whole with full magnitude
That walks mercy into you as morning star.

TURTLE

Turtle appears from nowhere,
Going who knows where as it searches,
As I do, as I appeared one day out of nowhere.
I move slowly all day, even into the recesses
Of soul, moon reflected in my eye.

AIRPLANES

airplanes fly overhead
no longer am I a passenger

LAST HUMAN, FIRST HUMAN

We live in a world where no matter what we do we can't win –

We're going to die. What kind of end is that? End as memories

In a past that can never be plumb depths of our predicament

That squeezes with the claws that refuse to open to any entreaty.

Are we anthills with lines of ants, our purpose to carry on the genes?

Maybe a meaning of life as something not provable, just the rush

Of the dark wine infusing life to bubble the world to existence,

Even love. So what are we to do, after 40,000 years?

Last human on earth

Like the first human

We eat meat with others.

Our words raise how many years

to stanch our madness? Doomed the first human,

Dooms the last, and the art of words,

Like the cave art of tracing of our heart,

Outlines awe's animal face born out of god's space.

However, we've proved in madness

That the instrument, the cause of our madness

Was from the start that heart enclosed.

At the end, we never understand our fate
And that it never was our fate but our fear
And our heart were married, death gave it divinity.
Having been given everything in the universe,
We give nothing to the dance. What can we expect
But elegies and dirges as laments trail as the winds
And the Homeric's of our times, repeated ad infinitum?
We had it all; we have it all. To blame our predicament
Is to banish us in exile from what we are. No end to
madness,
No end to the mad, no end to no end, mad to mad.
It is up to you, only you, forever you, always you –
How we'll do it is to give in to the trained madness.
So walk into the madness of our heart, whether we live
or die
Is not our fate, we eat the sadness of grass as a gate
To birth every inch of the morsel of original eyes
That we can walk out of the madness as one open heart.

PLEASURE

Sun stayed today and it pleased me.
When rain sheared against windowpanes
I winded back the startles pleased
That I was soaked wet. Rest of the day
Pleasure that made a fool of me
Came from clouds this far to fall
Soundlessly heard to be earth
To be lain sun with ground as one
That, like rain, absorbed one to another
As grow and flow. At dusk, the glow shined
On, and through the night
In the soil abounding in earth's pleasure.
At dawn, pleasure rose, even smallest things.
There was no place else my pleasure desired
To be for what was here was the lightness
Of pleasure's worth that lit every day
With light behind light that outlasts breath.

HOW I SPENT MY MORNING

I wait for the flight of geese,
drink coffee, meditate, write.
I did not realize that in writing,
“I wait for the flight of geese,”
the geese flew through
even though the idea is not it.
The image flew and flies. I must have been
the wait, the flight, the geese, the air
through which coffee was drunk
and sat and slowed the flight of mind
to write to you how I spent my morning.

THE BOY

The boy thrust up his hand into the cool air,
Opened and grabbed a handful of blue.
He walked away with pocket full of sky.

ONE DROP

One drop on pink petunia
Two suns glisten
I move my sun above
Like the pungent tangier
In orbit around the sun
Two suns align
Closer in reflection
Become one
Disappears

AND NOT DROWN

Wasp cycles rim of still water trying to find a perch to
quench

And not drown

Returns again and rings around to a submerged stone

And not drown

Like earth its mouth sucks brackish drink

And not drown

The next day cycles sound round and round

And not drown

In the heat no water left to shrink

And not drown

I'VE RETURNED

I've returned.

I've nothing to say.

There, I've said it.

The recording will be out tomorrow.

The resistance roused where lives

Are every wind waved to wend ways

To walk ourselves out of the center

Of the flower. The spider carries

Along the spine a boat to sail the day.

Ask, why not? I've been helicopter pilot

Through the jungles of America.

STONE

stone debris from the Ice Age
stone image I see
stone songs music on and on
as dirt & mica & twig on
stone blossom in image of stone –
write me, tell me my faults,
my desires that obscures,
my human pit that can't get out
of the skin though not skin
every inch the whole stone

LOVE AND EVOLUTION

Will love die? What will I have lived for?
Does the silence tell me anything?
Love is not memories; I am not clouds, am I?

The sword grasses cross irredeemable suffering,
A stain of evolution's green. Pulse of evolution
runs our body and age of time its engine. Not love!

Love is breeze on cheek I say is mine.
That can't be all of love? A breeze a moment,
filled the universe. What more could I want?

Love vibrant enough to be spring
That tells all other creatures what they never
Need to know. Evolution speaks – love is all you are.

This breeze of poetry on my cheek is dragon
I ride to music invisibles into love. Call it what you will.
Love is evolution's evolution. Defy evolution.

TREE LINE AND TREE RINGS

At the oaks tree line
I look down
At the million years

My eyes peer through time
To endless sky
In the rings of life

Circle me each year
Wider broader
Take my roots deeper

I go the moistening around
Tree line at the core
For widened tree line

The heart of scale
Feathers intimacy
Beyond enormity of death

Cicadas lay on earth
Open the tree walks in
Be world tree walks out

Your life into your life
In ways days never discover
Like the stone thrown in pond

Amazed life recorded its seasons
Like probe into reaches of space
Traveling waves of the infinite

What cannot be seen you see
Life lived in every horizon's pore
Each bark sings ring's centers

MAPLE SYRUP

Maple syrup slowly oozes through inserted spigot
into the bucket. No one has the patience
with the weight of walking upside down.
The blinds of the sun lifted reveals
night does not shine. You watch as if it mattered,
resisting the voices of refusal flowing through you.
Dirge of funeral march drown the wails of lovers
who refuse the stab of sword of grass that opens
wound that refuses flow and knows only slow.

JAMBLEJUT

Target practice on firing range
Until nothing left in the center
Out of which jumblejut popped out.
No one knew her name,
Her fame took her to be blame
That makes her into witch. She changed
Into her, then they swore, "Devil."
She said, "If you will not be me,
You cannot be you." Vanished.
Her tormentors ran through the range
Until they found themselves
In the line of fire. They froze, squealed,
And then dashed until they expired
Into what they did not know, jumblejut.

BEAST AND ANGEL

Beast and angel
in fin bone
soul's rampage night stag

Neither beast nor angel
Energies we add without
Knowing how swim night

Where lost beast and angel
Never rises, soul demands
You undivided multiple

Nothing added to the bone
that soul shows in music
of true earth of monsters

Not beast or angel,
Nor human, jaw dropped awe
With frenzy to shake soul to thaw

PASSERBY

A man walked passed me with “You worthless piece of shit.”

I laughed and offered to dance, asked him, “Join me,
Shit’s not half what you think it is and the other half
The smell tells you mortality is in every drop of wind.
He shoved me like a shovel to which I itched and hurt my
ankle.

Took no offense for he had a lasso that wound him
around himself.

Having been there, I said, “Shoveling shit’s never
worthless.

Keep the gold mine in mind, salute the stag; it has what
you need.

Let the lake dry. You’re still worth something.” To
which he spit.

That pissed me off – so I winked and whistled a happy-
go-frolic tune.

“When you next come around here, taste the turnips.

They will melt

Your mouth smooth and go down your stomach warm.”

ENCOUNTERS WITH THE PRIMAL

Off in the distance, barely discernible on top of the hill,
A man wearing a black hooded robe appears riding a
horse.

He rides downhill toward a young man and me, lying on
the ground.

He pulls back his hood, dismounts, and walks with
glassful of pink liquid

In his left hand over to the young man, who raises his
head.

He sets down the attractor as he bends toward the man.

I risk all,

Scurry and snatch the glass, and drink a portion of the
potion.

Steady of purpose, I do not cringe before what I see
might be Death.

I drink my fears, the elixir of life, the waters of life, and
fruits of strawberry patch

Difficult to get to that cuts me unmercifully, leaving long
red welts of scratches.

I assimilate the renewal of life's deep energies and
terrors. Yet,

Not all of life's ferocity can become ally to weather the
horror and beauty

Whose natural juices of life imbibe you in its wine.

Primal visage of wrath

Before whom I appeared, healthy through my madness,
to drink death
Or life, forthrightly. A tasty morsel insulates the very
energies day and night.

Primal love is how far you have come. Let it work its
magic potion on you,
As here, no boundaries bind you, as the initiate of soul
into her fires.

This far you have come to live and give us freedom for
key is primal love.

Seed of all souls. Be proud of this, be humble of who you
are.

Praise for what you did is not for you as you; it is for
what you do not yet fathom.

An act of supreme love, love for us, and what we are, and
you embraced us

As your equal. Your kindness guides us to reciprocate by
fully sponging all
of what will vivify you where no name suffices but whose
gifts gift,

And you are one of them. Against all odds.

You swallow the land of song. Music rises from
everywhere. You wake up the world

In the morning as did the original natives of this earth
because you know what they knew.

What began as a trickle when you look back, you see flow
as current into river you are.

The source you always are, why bargaining can change
your relation with soul.

The shiver you feel is the news of the day; you are the
news though you do not yet see it

Nor need you worry about waiting. Do. Just do. What
more could you be to be here?

Nowhere else. Here, you cannot do wrong in this
incubation of profound gratitude.

You are at the stop point. You are so unknown to
yourself you don't know how to go on;

You proceed, here in new country, with gift giving that
transforms a far larger earth.

A restaurant on a veranda surrounded by black railings
has many hungry patrons.

An eater rises with bulging eyes filled with red veins of
agony. He stakes shish-ka-bobs

Into his eyes a few times to cleanse his vision with the
food and vegetables,

In the street, he walks up to a gargantuan man, bigger
than a skyscraper, a Refusal Man.

He wrestles with him; despite glowing red and ferocious,
he is not frightened.

The man will not let this dragon get behind him, for he
senses psychotic craziness

That would unleash chaos. They stand head to head;
they behold one another.

The riches give generously as human blossoms in this world. In other worlds,
Abundance of the golden flower needs us to get it into this world, a vessel through
Without destroying us, as much as we need it. I transforms to us: true communion.

We need all of you here – the forest, the continent, the ocean, as well as vessel:
Flow energies to guide your monsters instead of you turning into monsters.
Live soul's life and calling. Primal love is all – the whole of existence for humans.
You come here exposed, empty, without hope and trappings of life, without who you are
As soul can give you transformation that you can never give yourself.
Everyone forgets the million-mile journey of lifetimes to get here. Instead,
They dredge up specks, call them forests, and sparks they call fires when the sufficiency
Embracing you has so much farther to go. Impossible to tell you are the same person
Of a year ago, though you wake and see you are.
Patience is how primal love is.
All of us walk on earth; give me your hand. You now have capacity. Gifts gift.
I acknowledge. Acknowledged, you can acknowledge.
We will do it, walk it.

You are navigator, true companion, and song. You have
found a treasure, the whole of earth
Guides you, by living you are truly lived. No longer are
you at the mercy
Of the powers of energy and unfettered uncontainable
nova star each human is. Why
Human is so potential, dangerous, and ever deadly. You
must step out of human shoes
To bring back what makes human's light from fire that
does not burn all to ash. Each life
Is that potential, deadly, and egregious. How much of its
radiance slaps your face
Into boldness? No boundaries to burst. Marvels. Genie
out of the bottle the lunatics
Live and lyre and love what soul draws out of you. To
see as a promontory
The life you are with no skin that plays you like the
waves of the ocean.
You have the trust and love. Truly. You give up
everything to be here.
That trust loves you here. No other way to display
without slaying. I fish.

ALIVE OR DEAD

live or dead.

Hawk catches sparrow midflight.
Nothing taken for granted, left the barn
doors open for the next flight of geese,
the observed questioned the observed
for miles and miles for what train
is possible to take to make
the shiver give and live, dead and alive.

I hold $e=mc^2$ between my two forefingers.
Revelry of hat with not one wince outlasts.
In caves to this day, people pray
they would rather be dead than fed.

I froze through life, ten thousand bricks.
I appeared to myself as a skyscraper
whose immunity froze out others, never melted.
The Ice Age ended, the flood, the rainbows,
washed earth clean of the waste of alive.
Still more death than alive, and alive earth wobbles,
earthquakes, mudslides over meadow and morn
and new mown grass to ally for peace, watch
with ice age eyes every rock, twig, bush,
every murdered soul and suicide that brushes
into life to say to be: dead we are alive,
alive we are dead, dead we are dead,
alive we always are – come up short,

look down at the 1,000 foot drop of waterfall:
do we leap, recoil, fly, or shake to ally fear.
Alive is a ferocious fear that hates us
as if we are a tornado twisted through earth,
revolving the elk's cry in Yellowstone.
We are slapped on the ass, the shit never ends.

Earth sing. Dead, alive, nothing you do will tell you.
Everything you do will spell it out for you. Earth sing.
In language, you have not translated. You, yes you,
have been asked for generations out of grandeur.
You refuse to see what is asking and asked.
Earth sing. Miniscule scale in poverty you live,
ask to be alive what you cannot but be. Whole earth,
universe you live in. Earth sing.
Earth sing. Fall out of life, unravel,
walk around your coffin and do not ask.

CRAZY ABOUNDS CRAZY

What is wrong with you is what is right with you.
When she was done, I look at her stunned
As I was not true if that idea was, I thought.
Gremlin's mysterious ways knifed me
With the inside cuts of mountain eyes.
You are a weather that will dissolve,
Do not think of death as punishment.
What drawings out of the air, not the inside
Of a canvas being painted with the imagination
You take to be yours. When you feel the brush
Paint river, tree, green, blue, and calm around
Coupling fence, trail, and lake. Full of fallen people
With birds, and you think you have the full picture
Until the colors change the hues that scene you.
The monsters, freaks, and devils explode
When you walk on turtle rocks across the water,
Crazy abounds crazy.

A CLEAR FIELD

Memoirs of the dead kept playing over the radio.
I slumbered often, a fitful day of back bending work
On those shoes of melodious soliloquies of the dead,
The feared dead, and the dead heads. Announcer
Uses mirror as knife to kill the dead dead. I unplug
The radio, hear disintegrating noise, sore leather
for a time of rejuvenation, a clear field.

GREASE MONKEY

I rolled from under the car, covered in grease
And oil, ingesting what I knew to be carcinogens.
Primitive thoughts of the jungle and the suits
Of downtown of window eye gorillas who stagger
Through the drum of life without once stopping
The drum, as the side alley purveyors of murderers,
Lust charmers, pocket-filling revolving door power
mongers,
Who connive with calculating conmen to breed City Hall.
They took hold of my mind, as I worked to clean
The engine's carburetor. You would have thought
I was Mr. Hyde. Dr. Jekyll never stood a chance as I
Looked down the pit below the car, without wheels,
Into country whose woolly mammoths plague us.
We still live in trees, skyscrapers, whose enthral gnaws.
Even hailing a cab, we are passed by and no rider in the
back.
Grease still is under my fingernails, never comes out.
Trillions of creatures live with you from prehistoric
times
To the headline crimes of our times so wherever I go
The stains on my hands remind me of what needs doing.
Do. Just do. Leave the rescue to the pure of heart.

SILK PATH

Flails of long grass
Round as cranes on marsh shallows
Ring the lake with spun silk
In hidden stream in valley
On the other side of the mountain
Fish leap, become boats, and haul
Minnows that bluebells carpet
In the shade of sycamores clusters
Of leaves afloat on the earth as the ocean
Of the boy launches the sailboat his father made,
Watches it sink, wife with daughter make a raft
Downstream, a toad rides all the way to Timbuktu
And beyond as the nails in the trees hang up the lines
For clothes as the field with no seams or beams
Means it is all or nothing. The humpbacked player
Fans feathers of delights of the aphrodisiacal flight,
Awkward and serene, through to the silk path.
When the surveyor came to bind the land
Into squares to make up stories
No one was there to guide him, only
The papers of the bureaucracy
That everyone mistook for true words,
Leaving the herons that never looked up.

PAIN

Pain does not leave,
Is direct, words roll away
Tombs, and opens wombs.

Pain streams drainage ditch,
Emulsifying into agony of touching shores,
Is too sensitive even to light, comes to surface
Red raw rubbed blisters.

Pain cloisters inwardness to collapse,
Graphs bone hurt, bleeds into sadness
That blends black and blue to heal
To surface into tenderness that seals
What's truly lived into new skin.

HEARTY MEAL

Bird alights on branch,
hangs in blue,

Leaps
with
grasshopper,
grass to junipers
on hill.

Pound Pound Pound Pound Pound
earthmover drills into bedrock.

Moon stream

dressed with blue hands,

Shaft of eye light of
fence post,
pulls up carrots,
brushes dirt off,
puts them in
pot for stew

hearty meal hearty meal hearty meal hearty meal
hearty meal

that will stick to ribs.

I'm stuffed. Are you?

BLACKBERRY

blackberry shine
hive of the sun

WHEN I

When I rose,
I was wet.

MOUTH

Mouth shut

Bell rung

SILENCE'S SILK

Silence's silk skin shone
Softly as I scratch fingers
Through dirt

DOORS

I passed by how many doors
I did not know
In those days of tatters,
Scatched wood for precious scraps.
Passed on, never seeing inside
What lived. Found empty, unanswered doors.

That day you invited me through opened door,
You cooled me in the pool, gave me drink and meals,
And led me through the many rooms of shatters
That afflicted bargains of soul and me.
By the end, remnant ashes of rug you brushed
With broom into a pile and shoveled them,
Closed tightly the lid, and arranged vase on the mantle.
It was not me, yet it came through me. Dig and sing,
We doors with hinges swing, let in what scatters
And what matters, twin answer one thanks.

CHICAGO

On one of the corners of Chicago
Where the wheat fields of Iowa
Conjure the onion swamp winds
To be in cornfields with stalks
Above ears where the concrete heat
Stifles smiles shouts demand of concrete:
Who made this world, this universe is ours
By dent of conquest, smarts, farts of war,
And the high rises of sheer tenacity. Get it!

Yet on the corner of Wabash and Madison
Where the girders on which rest the city
No longer holds you up as the wastage
Of clutters of ideas and onions won't let
The water drain into sewage, like so many
Dead leaves. In the shadows of architecture
Famed to make a name that's not Capone
Always blows empty of humans and small animals.
Nothing remains of the dream but the threshing
machines
Plowing without looking up through Madison Street
To drown in Lake Michigan that throws them back.

PORCH OF SUMMER DAYS

I ease back on my summer porch,
Think back to all the sun days
That I do not remember,
As they run as one in my mind,
Like elastic holds up my underwear.
Glints reflect, as if they did not happen.
New filters tomorrow, changed underwear.
If they did happen, it was in another world,
Another solar galaxy. I am rooted
In the soil by the thoughts that lounge
Around me this summer day.
Mirages pull me through delusion
As if I'm not there, and I'm not,
As sun slides behind clouds
Like passing days of no holding on to
And that have nothing to hold onto,
Until let go of all manner of shades and thoughts
That floats unfathomable among my hazy bones.
In these days at the end of empire, black gloom
Of the spyglasses, sun a fire in the brush,
Like kids playing with fireworks and themselves.
I leave the passing to the passing as I watch lawnmowers
Make havoc of the millions of creatures living
In my friendly neighborhood. Even my lovers
That I used to meet in all heats of the day
Decline to make a living memorial
To the grandeur of what once were our lives together.

Hours pass by as this day goes the way
Of the nonchalance of empire and its utter loss
As if nothing of any value passes through.
I look at electric sun almost in disbelief,
As I rock on the porch of summer, waiting
To change my underwear.

NO EARTH TO STAND ON

“Having divined how drab a prison
The purest mortal tissues is,
Rarely it wakes.”

James Merrill, The Octopus

The monster diamonds from beneath the sea.
Call in waves its thousand names, it whose presence
Dragon heralds heroes to fire the birth of two worlds.
Hero rescues soul by slaying fire, can it ever wake
Whose presence lies hidden in the maiden’s heart?
The dragon sleeps, the monster wakes.

Primitive cages are zoos to game the animals.
Ancestors feed us rituals of midnight sky
That we cannot fathom in the sphinx of gods
That lover through us as the devil itself
Whose presence becomes our living self.
Daemon mediates to assuage the rage at it.

The death dealer we ignite with our fright,
Two languages, two worlds, two earths
Whose energies are one that never discourse
Fuse us as the prison of the universe we are
As too miniscule a double bind minded vessel
That binds the I to the deck as it, frightful witch.

Monster sleeps, the dragon awakes inner turmoil
That never weeps, lava flows through fault line
Abyss between realms of Gilgamesh and Enkidu
Flesh that desperates journey to country of it.
Always obey the animals as embrace
Arouses awareness that I is not skin and bones.

It wants out into the world, its songs vessels music
Of its unsung presence that melodies the hero savage
To unmake the made world so original wild man
Appears as it is, the world within and throughout all.
From beneath the sea, the diamond scales shine
Clear of I whose eyes steer soul's vessel.

Its gentle brush bouquets beneficence
This presence embraces fires of monster as wings
For diamond body to fly out of cave into moonlight
To give what is above sky, what folds water together
And us, its thousand names love and weave of I,
Whose awakening frees monster of the earth.

SUBTLE SCENT OF HOLES

“It is hard going to the door
cut so small in the wall where
the vision which echoes loneliness
brings a scent of wild flowers in a wood.”

Robert Creeley, The Door (I)

Swing gate, open air
or mirror to window to glass door,
the hole we are in the world
through which the world comes through
though tears stain our passing sight
so small the hole, so huge the wall
hard as pigeon covered bronze statue of general
pyramids of mind made of sand
steeple of walking concrete
through the hole living with writhing snakes
held in both hands, formed into caduceus
of Hermes, double helix born wings, a
messenger of the open gate
that for one is loneliness, for me isolate
and for another me bitter revenge hills'
most pungent odious herb, as vision inhales
the poison into subtle scent of holes.

BEAUTY BOX

I made a little box
to wrap a present in
in a room of a house
that I lived in.
I labored to put into
the box what
was most beautiful of me
that I could find,
something that was always
and dies for we were lovers.
So the whole universe
was to go into the present to
surprise her. When she
opened the box, her happiness
knew no bounds for I was present,
forever, throughout the house.
I've a new beauty box to call home
so that when I die she'll have all of me,
I'll be all of her unbound beauty.

BUZZ

Buzz -- bee

Leaf fall -- space to earth

Wine -- grape shine

Rose -- rose

Pain -- roar

Boat -- sail the sea

I -- soul

I - I

i - I

_ - I

- ' -

—

MOUSE HOLE

Music pours from inside
the walls where lives
what
cannot find,
hear, seek
lose track and trail,
set traps, make maps.

All to no avail, the anvil
strikes the clock we obey
the slave we've created,
mouse runs loose.

Die with the composition
in hands, cannot read
the notes,
desperation cymbals,
hope
runs loose,

Be the music that plays.

Sit here with me, play now,
here, before me,
music pours get up
dance if you must,
make love with music, as,

a hole as wide as the world.

Take into your hands
the composition singing
through you,
plays the tune,
sings you into world.

Don't worry, I listen, an ear,
hear as your ear so long
as the blessing musics life on
even death or notes of blood,
your magnificence in notes
of forms of
music inside the wall
appear as lovers, here.

The veil opens
runs loose
eyes unwind
the clock to undo
time,
composition in hand.

METAMORPHOSIS

She has come to me these many years

In metamorphosis

proliferated images

I could never see as life opening

She gave words

Breathing

(inhale)

space

with intimate face, ache of desire

arch, arc of love

release

joyous as tunnel

birth children

birth worlds

Metamorphosis on mountain

Cold

Metamorphosis on sands

Hot

She gathered me up into

Spot

She, who took pen from Ovid

metamorphosis of love
and its stories,

Even though I'll no longer be

but living in the stories,
her metamorphosis will show

images of full ardor
love by display of image
soul eros moves bodies in
heat

(Exhale)

VOICE OF THE SUN

Listening to the voice of the sun in the leap
Of squirrels tree to tree, shakes walnut globes
Along canopy arch of 100s of pink flowers
On stem in a field whose scent and color
Attract bees and you, until don't look around,
Keep going, and you faithfully deliver pollen
As if this ardor sprouted trees, streamed rivers
on and on, drops no one accompanies to the sea.
Arduous tasks of aching back through sweat
That flows all of you, you don't know where.
Will you awaken sleep? Is that not
What you want and do you dare?

Come, stay with me, don't re-
Read rather plead with brush.
The golden thread you hang in
By arduous backbreaking works
To be here in all your radiant glory
As the voice of the sun accompanies the drops
To ends of the earth in journey to the sea.

WHEN I UNIDID THE STRING

When I undid the string
Nothing was inside the wrapper.

I repaired to the levees
As I'm supposed to fight off
The gift of death and be pleased
And in despair.

Hairs are not like that,
One is too many, all is too few,
And they go their own way
No matter how often trained.

No gloom can do justice
To injustice but that device
Is a curse of courts of law
That breaks open jaws with awls.
Nowhere else to go in
Forty thousand heavens.

Dance the rondo, spondee on
Like rock n' roll, which ear
Do you hear Beethoven with
And with what semaphore.

Lakes fill and drain, fill
And drain with scientist's shushing

Nervous with instrument to make
A warning device of impending disaster,
Wrong land, instrument, lake.

Yet, unending toil boils us over.
We commiserate our fate, we're always late
As if that lasts longer than a second.
Quiver the shiver as we will,
Will said it many a times:
Your doom is when you doom the loom,
Even the flowers we fight and spread blight.

Ecstasies and fantasies grow rancid
Sweat unabashed for years, as they cannot
Enter what has not opened and so they
Make a funnel call it tunnel for funny papers
And trick themselves out, trickster style.

CATERPILLAR

Caterpillar feelers
Wherever I leave my scent
When I follow
My feelers tell me
The way is clear

HARBOR FULL

Harbor full, ships wait to dock,
Unloading and loading cargo.
Next day, empty, no
Moving, no painting.

I HAVEN'T HEARD

I haven't heard a sound
All day,
However my ears have.
When I speak the sound
My ears have heard,
Silence deepens.

CRUELTIES

Every cruelty known to human
lingers in the inlet

the union fights boss
and the exchange of money by government
inspectors

insure the age of the dinosaur still lives
our dances to appease the gods flail
of failure of a syringe to inject
with embalming fluid loaded
with the nuts of ideas

the ocean cannot fit in harbor as the harbor
demands its way

this breakage gods leave bereft humans
leave gods

clamors for salvation when cargo cult of
harbors, of cruelty

100,000 years of cannibalism,
rubbing the bottle, on stage and off,
what will you unload of the cargo.

What do you chose,

As what you chose is

what chooses you? catch another fish

open another can of worms

one step in front of another step

BREAKFAST, LUNCH & DINNER

winds
I was not here

greens
left me plenty

yawns
beyond the canopy

fences
gates are no gate

hurtles
mock the mockers

moose
you too

lapis lazuli
breakfast, lunch & dinner

WET

wet with sunshine
doing gnat dance –
enjoy every moment
inside of it

POINTS TO

These words

Point to

boats said five oceans
around the world

You must go there

bring words from here

Here to this poem

that appears from this world
which is not a world

singing appears
in the hearing of singing

Words form

Into poem

As you see it

silence song
no words foam
into existence

metaphor

I am metaphor

image in art
space paints
out mandala

>< >< >< >< >< >< >< >< >< >< >< >< >< >< ><

images dream us
frame as dream
film life
stay within frame
until day
words out

of nowhere
with no frame
anywhere

Words imaged
Wrote and spoke
still moving image

into an existence
wide and deep
to swim in

finesse caresses
as wonder
leaves
emptiness

reappears
tears
absolute rain
wonder

sun shines through every
pore

from a world not a world
words
pour out of trillions of pores
anything becomes/is
everything every word
the whole world

Whole word as world

Whole world flows

As image word

one be all
nothing is everything
be here is/as unending

jewel

Speaks

Worlds into existence of no existence

Into world think exists

exists
before existence does
speaks what don't know
before think know
this song
alive before alive
lives through

Light stream

all here
seeing seeing
nonbeing being

SUNRAIN SONGS

Each pore breathes songs
Threads glisten in the sun
Woven experience out of
Experience out of body
Tensile transparency catches
The rain, hours to hew,
Hours in dew, hanging
Upside down shining
A hologram in the rain
What flows in from sun

MY FELLOWS

Whether you return rests on how you enter.
How much silk threads have you to spin
Between the endless to hold you *en camera*,
Weaving a design out of your nature
And whose hold in gales you call suffering
Amid wingless combustible energies.

The empty country weaves no hair to deceive,
Or the trail vanishes without any plausibility.
You live or die in weather of your authenticity.
That is what empties you, laid out in requiem
As abyss releases flesh from what exists.
The energies of soul fly madness out of you.

SEAMLESS WIND

It came one day, unannounced.
The wind appeared as wind.
Storm tossed sea claimed me,
but I would not be flailed away
To any other name to dispel
the realm of no-names I sailed.
That unnamed day, wind called,
“Heart wings you burned and scorned
left you forlorn. To you I now adorn
with fluted eyes as spell of magic sky
walks earth. Forever seamless.
Tongues of wind sing you without names.
For filling our cavities with endless ocean,
It can never be defamed nor claimed.”

ECHO

In Death Valley
no one around, I yell
“I live, I’ve lived.” No echo.

Face around, I shout,
“What do I have to give?”
Echo: Life, life.

To just live, to get here –
how many bargains with soul
calls: I am my own echo.

Out of the egg of echo!
What did I do to be born?
Incubate lovers, fire
devil’s flame
out each finger
to wrestle the desert’s
echo
into nest of valley
to be, also, the echo.

JUST ONE CARESS

Caress moves from desert rock floor
To a spring arising from my heart
Kindness of deep poured gratitude
In refreshing drink from deep vessel
Of earth that rows along rocking
Among my still rocky shores
As caress yields the shorelines
Inland into interior encircling arms
Whose embrace humans call harbor

I WALKED ALL NIGHT

I walked all night.
By morning, I had walked
Through every discord
Night unfolds and holds.
I had tunneled through dread.
Nothing else to do.

Night births you,
Again and again,
Until the last galaxy
Of night swirls you
Back to here,
Without remorse.

You speak the unsaid
Of night.
You are left with
Nothing
It does not love,
That leaves
Nothing unsaid.

An intimate new born
To live through dread
And end what it's fed,
It holds the light.

THE BLIND MIND

Why would we not
Want to be here?
We are always it
Even when we think
And imagine we are free
Of it. Drink
From the cup filling
The whole time with you.
Nothing is here
That is not giving you
Everything you need.
You think otherwise, we
Bind our eyes with
Blind mind.

TO HAVE BEEN HERE

To have been here
and said this or that
is not to have been here

To have been here
and done this or that
is not to have been here

To have been here
soul lived vivid through you
is to have been here

To have been here
to have been swallowed
all of your days
is not to have been here

To have been here
to swallow the world
too small to eat
was to have been here

To have been here
eating one red pepper
is to have been here

ALCHEMICAL FIRE

Alchemical furnace wood flares heat
that burns with roasting flames,
scatters you into ash to wonder why
the hell you cackled to get to here.
You could have had a cold beer
and some good pussy, felt at home,
and say, well, I've tried everything
the table of earth has to offer
from imagined to juicy everything,
to every person I met, imagined,
dreamt to invite come and eat with me
and walk in my shoes. I did not walk
in their shoes; long story short,
that's the transformation and it is not cheap.
You turn into a thief, that is why.
You keep it to yourself: no harm to others,
Not the same as help others. After years
of harming others. I let the newsreels
tell tales. The only way out is in,
you've seen it before; it's true when
you're burn doing the drudge off
dirt lies and let boil off steeple people.
Surprisingly, what you never would believe
burns off, leaving nothing, not even ash.
It's the only thing worth the hell of alchemical fire,
and you didn't understand a thing while you fried.
Guess what, between us, that how I survived.

SOMETHING DRAWS ME

Something draws me I appear as day,
have my say, go away. I walk upside down
along the blue of sky without a worry
of floor. I look for signature, no one knows.

LITTLE BOY AND GIRL

Little boy and girl never tire of summer dandelions
blown in the wind
And of fireflies caught in a bottle to see what is inside
them, gods
Of new things that quickly go out and come back and
blow away
And mate, as gods of new things, new things without the
gods
That wash away gold, keeps light of night forever free.

HONEYBEES RETURN

Honeybee on purple May Night Salvia...
From summers as a boy, roaming Pennsylvania woods...
Today have, once more, disappeared
In the billions, by the trillions... It happens periodically,
Scientists have discovered in their researches...
I watch in wonder... Peering at honeybee
That I had not seen since those endless summer days
When they were as numberless as life appeared to be...
I would cup it like a honeycomb... a delicate round
seashell of hand,
Fold it up to the ear to hear the ocean hum...
I'd pass through countless meadows and forests
Wonder what the hum inside was for
And why the sound I heard was inside of me...
Then, I would free this sound of life, as I imagined it...
I did free the summer buzz of youth...

SOUL BENT BENDS

She looked at her finger
soul bent it into mountain

a curve of wolf behind tree
penetrated through her eyes

a swallow of the wet marsh
bent in sways the reed

Chinese fingernails of mountain clouds
as steep cliffs into emptiness

behind screen her finger
undid her lover's secret

lilac perfumes valley
for all to see as appear

she let soul bend her back
into shape she appears today

ORIGINAL FIRE

Touch this original fire
Just lit
Each time original
Every line fire
It never tires
Of being welcomed
Welcomes you
To be original fire
Nothing else
To bless you give you
Blessing
Not in what told
In drum appears
Energies you from here
To over here
Yellow swallowtail
Winged sun
Thrush's page into heart
Energy called original fire
Combustion of names and things
To see the spark
That starts the fire
You don't know how
Rises up in spiral
Smoke to the sky
You become original fire
For other fires

For their original fire,
Ashes in a raindrop,
Sprouts circles of
Indivisible original fire