

Metanoia : Change of Art

“Tales of the Shadow Lands”



By

Daniel J Reurink

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Song of Aligned

As we chant the tunes of years,
We hope our paths remain sincere.
Wandering through the ferny glades,
We dance in turns, where fire fades.
Yet as we, start to see, that life will
Suddenly
Shift its crust,
Layer dust,
Mend its fractures, creating
Forms anew, forms abating.
I glimpse a hopeful sapphire light,
Lilac blossoms slanting bright
Down the gorge, she resides
In luminescent chambers, where she abides.

Fur-like cloaks, mail-like shields, displayed
In times when emotions sway,
What aches so deep, is the real
Struggle with life's cruel seal.
Why did death forge keys to lock,
Thrice it happened, then I saw,
She left my grasp, yet stayed beside,
For eternal unity never subsides.

I see her in the fields where fairies play,
Dancing in a merry, mystic way.
Her mood so soft, her state so light,
She holds no grudge against the fates' design,
Unveiling time's bugs, opening paradise,
In the vine, then love took shape,
Transcending realms, emotions in the race.

I sense what's not there,
But somewhere, it lingers in the air.
So you see, I see her there,
Everywhere, always there.

She's here, now, and in the past,
Golden memories, childhood cast.

An angel divine, guiding humankind
To brighter lights, rays of hope,
Living life untethered, free of ropes,
Bound to the sea, she found me,
On a flight to One's home, eternally free.

She's so near, I can feel her pain,
Of leaving us all, with no path to gain.
Why must the best depart so soon,
Why does life's venom wound so true?
What's happening now, why such
Agony that cuts, so deep
Wells of sorrow I keep,
As castle walls once knew glory,
And now are left by the bay, a story.

She's now a memory, seemingly lost,
But great spirits never vanish,
Just caught in frost, of cold winter's breath,
Yet her spirit's love mirrors, reflecting.

Owls keep watch over the hills.

A warrior, she was, a guardian
Of Earth, sea, land, and sky.
Mastery was her natural plea,
She fought life once, declared her creed.
Now what is this? Heartbeats pulsing,
Closing for the night.

Light Notes

Soft notes caress the forest's beat,
Air churns in its silent retreat,
Rising, following the stream,
Towards Yggdrasil's ancient dream.

Summerlands echo trumpet calls,
Swords tempered, a blade enthralls,
Like an atom's split in the fold,
Nine Branches their secrets hold.

Asherah guides Gaia's wisdom,

Burning like Uranus in a storm,
Waves crest and flow, ever free,
Redemption? What could it be?

The Quest calls, heed the Solstice,
For rivers in light's embrace,
Vortex fields of cosmic order,
Journey towards tangible grace.

Heaven's bells are silent still,
The anvil waits, patient, until
Its hour nears, yet remains
Distant from our earthly plains.

Ancient mana tightly grasped,
Secret labyrinths hold fast,
Imprisoned mind, keys withheld,
Labyrinthine secrets never dispelled.

Keys! There is no way out!
River flows to ocean's spout,
Pearls from swine, a fateful curse,
I am, and yet I am not, immersed.

Drums beat on, coherence binds,
Marching towards the end of time,
Yet death's surrender quietly paves
The path fate hammers, Odin's bane.

Stealthy, vicious enemies lurk,
No gain in self-made tales of hurt,
The Universe's grand design,
To create and unmake, entwined.

But remain a Gift, beyond death's fist,
Life lived under an enchanting spell,
Lucid dreams, realities meld,
Until one arrives at the Tree's heart, compelled.

Dance around the Oak,
Dance among the leaves,
Dance beside the levy,
Dance along the ley!

You see, it all vanished,
Gone in a vision,
Somewhere beyond
Land, sea, and what's given.

To say it was, somewhere
In nowhere, yet everywhere,
It appeared but as nothing,
And nothing always remains.

To seek, to search,
To not find, yet find not,
But the found is not finding,
When the search reveals naught.

Deep Styx flows in currents,
Feeding death, bardo's torment,
A river running in silence,
With a fading, whispering voice.

Silent speech forms,
Fusion and cells ignite,
Protons, electrons, and
Neutrons bring life to light.

Death lives only in the mind,
Recycling countless chitta,
Enhance the Siddha,
As chance aligns.

Riddle me this: the tree
Grows up, and down,
Around left, right, all around,
Yet silently, it grows with no sound.

No sound, yet finding the forest,
Where nothing exists but all,
So nothing sounds in the well,
While death's deep bells call.

No sound in the tree, yet it gives sound,
From nothing to something, a new ground,
To face the senses, and then perceive,
Release, that fleeting moment.

Lust is greed,
Intention stitches sorrow's seams,
Rushing in, a fashion
Dressed in the fabric of dreams.

Leaving Me Now

I am here, now, in this present,
Fully alive, dragon's mist,
Words forged in fiery ascent,
I am the gift.

From Atlantis' deep wells,
The Occult weaves stories,
Forms unseen but told in spells,
Truth revealed in ancient scripts.

From death's sting, light emerges,
Yet haunting echoes bring,
Rotting remnants of all that was,
Returning to the whole.

Winds soar through lofty heights,
Yet grounding,
Sustaining the essence
Of what is, what is fate?

Fate, a simple echoing note,
From deep silence where
A sound is born
Yet from nothingness.

But nothing is,
And nothing shall be,
So nothingness
Apparently it exists.

Come to me,
Rhythm in the well,
We dance with death,
Yet death serves us well.

For we sing, we find ground,

Seeing forms all around,
Like death's sting,
A simple wasp.

We rise from the tempo,
Now within the temple,
We are the sages of time,
The Nine.

We are the council of Laws,
Given, not layered,
Ring pass me not, yet pass we must,
Toward the center of living hell.

Why avoid the center's core?
Hell's Tartarus spawns shadows,
Shaping death's torment,
Yet only sulfur's dirt persists.

Deep in the well, burning,
Turning, churning, boiling,
Three eyes, newts, frogs,
Wasp stinger, and dog.

Wolfsbane stew, a rare few,
Yet life's strife
Renews, so
What we sing is.

Tribe, tribe, dance around,
Sing to the sound,
Before the sky found its place,
Blue above the human race.

What we see is what we are.

Racing? To the Sun? Or chariots?
All but one,
Duir, stand tall, hold strong,
Through death's glue lingers long.

So long, old residues,
Looming shadows of the past,
What's left over,

We outlast.

I feel it now, this sense,
A looming force divides,
Split courses arise,
Chant the name, no blame!

Purity from the Sun!
Rays must be one!
We are all light waves,
To the Sun we reform and return,
Or void and coldness,
Brings the slicing sword down.

We start to notice,
Things that fall apart,
The mood shifts again,
Blueprints' plan,
Meta marching band.

Druids here, Druids there,
Ancient seers, old ways,
Not new, but ancient roots,
Can you hear?

Okay, now the temple rocks,
What was cropped?
Magma forming cliffs,
Shapes emerging swift.

Cooling clouds, storms, rain,
Mana saving, life's new strain,
Swords slaying, temples grow,
Everywhere chaos glows!

What we show to man is that,
When one wears the fool's hat,
Madness grows, to demonstrate,
That you can't but must innovate.

Then the beat of arrows flies,
Quelling old, basing residue,
Quick, back, attack,
New bows, counterstrike.

But the new waves come,
Another way down,
To the sound of nothing,
Bound to nothing.

So I sense sky maps profound,
Beyond what we see,
Limitless potential,
Like man, eternally.

Growing seeds, washing away greed,
Lust impedes, cleansing needs,
Then we grow, in random flow,
Not this, not that, but seeds will sow.

I see the wars of time,
Linear blasts striking
From death's grim chime,
Unlocking time's design.

In the crystal chemical's grasp,
Harnessed below the soil's clasp,
Released to destroy all life,
Starting from the soil of strife.

Awen speaks through me,
Now and then, eternally,
But then or now?
Time's enigmatic vow.

Bubbles building deep,
To destroy many paths,
Yet few walk the true,
The pathless multitude.

Full of emptiness, yet say,
Cauldrons still hold air,
Building what's not there,
But it's theirs to the cauldron.

Riddles twist in the brain,
The tree roots deep in the well,
Unleashed, does it

Fare well? Time will tell.

Dwell on things below hell,
What's darker than dark?
Shadow shapes,
Darkness leaves its mark.

What shapes the darkness,
Worse than hell's art,
Unleashing secrets,
Opening the book's heart.

To the soul that reads,
My thoughts on paper,
You think it's me,
Some insanity caper.

But reality, it's never me,
Just a flow from the Sea,
Like a Dragon resting,
On shores of nothing.

Waves to the beat,
Claws sinking deep,
To silk and seat,
Hold the prison of time.

Time's seed holds us now,
The world's eternity,
In moments we speak,
But thinking kills

The mind, the body,
The soul, the stress,
We hold secrets shared,
Do not reveal, but

Share what others show,
For the front is back,
Love likes to attack,
Trust those close,

Death to the ample,
The tree rests,

Blessed be,
Sweetness of the apple.

Into the Being

Into the being, ocean wide,
Flowing energy, surprise,
Deep depths hold darkest pressure,
As tempered things rattle,
Bones usher thine will.

Atlantis lies just behind the name,
Name and form, both the same,
Under the Solar Sun.

Rod to this,
Chirp to that,
Warrior's stalking voice,
No choice.

White hands of flaming heat,
Grounding standard, a treat,
Flowers reaching beyond the peak,
Light, love, justice, maker's seat.

Silent I am, walking fields,
Rows of past life, here,
Where I see my old heritage,
Like flowers blooming in winter,
Fresh spring daisies in death's scent,
Blood around me, slain swords taken,
A mirage of truth, fragmented vision,
Left one wishing to see beyond.

A warrior, a pacifier of death,
Destruction in creation's breath,
It came, held power, formed all things,
Dividing, dissolving unity,
Realizing to be whole was nothingness,
Such nothingness, a whole thought.

Dancing, prancing, hoping to be,
In the game says to be,
Driven and given,
Not here, nor there,

Nothing written,
In the stairs, just clay feet,
Past life, old times retreat.

Old faces of white border filament,
Checkered planes of flowered dissonance,
Spinning webs of deceit, crafted things,
Of Isis, what we knew,
Letting go,
Super time to time super.

Relevance

Beyond yonder, what is to be,
Death walks harmlessly,
Dreams are spun,
Illusions crafted, convent spent,
Into myriad contents,
Levels and orders,
Relevance in prevailing system,
Outer senses conditioned,
Inner senses pain,
In the end, all senses.

Following the guide's arrow set,
Like the dancing prelate,
Eccentric as the tune,
Going too soon,
Sooner than thought,
Beyond astral naughts,
Illumination struts,
Opening chakras' euphoria,
Annata, nirvana, samadhi,
The cause, the way,
Leaves us reflecting moons,
Caught in pondering thoughts,
Wills the sound,
Hits the target around.

Pain always lingers,
Pathways it ensnares,
Central core memories,
Drivers running free,

Viruses through the programming,
Yet all these plays
Enter multi-dimensional frequencies,
Leaving me with
Decencies on both sides,
So the pain may stay,
With you, with the way.

Kronos

Hold on strong, when one is wrong,
Sing the verse to this song,
Under the bass, above the left,
Nothing is right, order is blessed.
Contests? Duality splits coherence,
Oneness abides under the cleft,
Beneath the current, transmissions sent,
Beyond the happenings' lent.

Somewhere, a mountain stands,
Holding the Axis Fountain grand,
Yggdrasil still, counting units,
In rudiments, likely configured.
One beat, heat pulse, fissured,
Force shifting, is anyone listening?
Deep down, portals glisten,
Rivers running in fire's prison.

Kronos has fled, quantum jumps,
Wedded moments, fields, components,
Dread reeks torment, things
Pass by, enduring the slings.
In the roots of beings, some
Simply fly with the wind, perished suns,
Decorating atoms' fins,
Just learning how to swim.

Hold On

No one knows about me, just a note in the sea,
Of the ocean, guiding currents to calligraphy,
Configuring mineral thoughts, they flock in and out,

Misguided stock in Time's clock, hitting that point, no doubt.

Just another anon wanna-be, what's up, B?
Light up the joints, exercise those blunts mysteriously,
They fly, then they die, rest in eternal heated misery,
Yet infinite always, rest awakens in the sleeping.

Now let's explain a little fact in matter's track,
"I" always attacks, lives in its own mask.
What has it been through? Or is it just
Another way to joust, where dust
Flies through space-time, fields photons filament,
Relieving delirious moments, now testaments.

Nothing is, everything is not, expansion reduces,
Contraction counteracts, leading to confusion.

Okay, chill, vibe, let the spirit flow inside,
Heaven's rooms, cathedrals, Masonic temples,
Catacombs of ambrosia, honey's delight confides,
This is not, yet it is in the imagination's over-mind.

Is God an author speaking through each of us?
Or does it mask itself in idols and lust?
Many things come to me now,
How, you ask? Like the flight of birds allowed.

Brick by brick, layer by layer, breaking down walls,
Vulnerability in a state of tolerance on the gate,
Yet the fall just ended the rhythm, style new prisons,
Or unleash, set free, uncage the systems.

In deep crevices listening, crystals glisten,
Like a refined diamond lost to coal's submission.
Each brick down, the wick burns instant,
To burn the seed, gone, new, and now.

Ocean Depths

There was light in the depths where we all wept,
But the song of waters came to be,
Creeping relentlessly, furious against the tide,
Swept us by, now we see past reflections,

Is this me? You? I? Or is it simply "it"?

The humble hummingbird, fleeting its grasp effortlessly,
Along the flowering lotus, where sweet nectar defies,
As the fig tree cries, how can thought bring
All roots into the slings? One begins to ponder....

Contemplation in the heart's station, a melody within,
Breaking at dawn, echoing through forest brooks,
For one mistaken step freed the noose!

Is there anything, nothing in particular,
Just madness in the verse, the poem's curriculum,
Sings when the muse opens to vacuums,
Humming in your head? You're dead... Hummingbird,
Combating against the whispering winds...

Fly, my friends, speak your tales to men!

Now we go to the other side, where one feels dead yet alive,
What can we see? We know nothing in the show,
This is how it goes, we can't show what we know,
Nothing, nothing, beginning to slow,
Expands now, everything in subtle command,
Voice of reason expels the void's land,
What is in the hand? Unwinding road leading home,
To the source, beyond the current's force,
Let go, you are in the Force,
Jedi to mastery swords,
Listening hard, truth hits the word,
Like a rock in the stone, Excalibur must be worn.

Build your beaches upon the sand,
For every grain takes a stand,
Against the plan, divine rights of man,
This is the channel of now in,
EL flowing unreprimanded,
Collective show, tap in, tap out, flow it, shout,
Hope to be with the taken song,
To another level, not wrong,
But all is right in the way of oblivion,
For the story, what is that again? Oh yes,
This is God, judge seated on the throne's strand,
An oceanic version.

Sword

The sword strikes close, piercing my soul,
Entirely whole, subjecting nulls,
Void's static configuring,
Grid patterns withering,
Along the path of light.

Flying Bird

The land from which sorrows rose, flaming depths appraised,
Dainty fleeting glances, like wisps, caught in strings' embrace,
Flowing freely yet crisp, like springs contested from deep wells,
Where once I stood, before time's date, a form, a dragon!
Yggdrasil, tree of fates, now I am the host,
Let rivers rage through breath.

Old sorcery holds keys in secret, from cold, frozen lakes,
Where shells contain restraint, listening until cracks break free!
Chiseling to break the profound allness around,
Skeletons dance like bones around death's fire,
Consume! Bring forth Hydra's head desire!
The anvil screams, pulsing, blades tempered,
In sight of knowledge, blades give ignorance,
For how wise is a foolish bard?

Echoing deep patterns where forms become liquid,
States imperious, delirious, squidish alien,
On the outskirts of my being,
Coming to the arrow, the pull centers,
Heaven's wrath consumes, balefire mentors,
Let pulses flow through coherent nothing,
Sounds not mine, but distant fragrances,
Forgotten lands, typical state of menace fences,
Like fire-breathing red against white,
Probability wishes arise through fire's fight,
Water it down, blue flame melts all that is light.

First, graves dug before the land brought forth,
Sediment perishable for sentience, all dust,
Preaching prize: we are our own stars,

Shining bright in hope's birth,
Yet charity sings its own way,
Bringing forth power, force of man,
No longer am I not,
This is how the world turns.

Second, rings of passage allow fragments
To bypass loci phenomenology,
Density, awareness, rising with all things,
Dust flying from light to fire,
Fire to the flame of men,
Hope of sorrows, beyond Plato's cave,
We must reach, pray for another day,
But what we miss, beautiful poetry,
Soft as a flower, silent along my being,
Now in the scene.

Battle fought hard, always raging,
Turret along the open sea's boat,
Passage to another shore, not here,
But I am there, not I is,
So where are you?
There we are,
Now we sing the song of depths.

Deep shadows lurk beneath fiery breath,
Combustion strokes feeling,
Burning alive, bones for marrow,
Supplying the feast as carried away,
Into another fridge, containment shell,
Silent in freezing cold,
Light misgiving, dark realms living,
Sing free! Sing as death comes,
Sing as it's already done.

It is done, finished, awake now, not asleep,
From slumber, darkness creeps,
Like forgotten memory deciding fate,
Abyss faced me, I faced the state,
Close enemy is closest friend,
Chaos makes disorder mend?
Nothing noted, just fallacy,
Order is right, energy.

Seek, seek and find, mind, mines entwine,
Mineral thoughts release from me,
Devilish mind, coming and going, can't you see,
Madness apparent in me,
Dragon wants to pierce the other,
Realized it's my brother,
Things come, things go,
Strings of music show,
Glowing tomorrows, fading slows,

Hushed sounds from deep wells never speak,
Weak, brought to light innermost beings,
Destruction of myself, complete,
Showing catharsis in placement neat,
Start another arrangement.

Fields where magic gathered, centrifugal force,
Allowed, sustained, sourced, central,
Loci point of interaction,
Force field ties beyond transactions,
Beyond the well, deep notes,
Ride the wave, forgot how they spoke,
Silence remembers, hears it all,
Silence speaks, silence is tall.

Many mansions in this castle opening,
Walls true to open sky,
True source, not some lie,
Disorder fascination living by,
Surrender, let go, pass away.

There is no me left, no I,
No presence,
No essence,
Nothing.

Purity is nothingness,
Clear in absence,
Absence is craving,
Suffering, samsara awaits!

I give death to myself,
No longer am I,
Walker of sulphuric acid,

Temptation of furious action,
Non-action resulting in contraction,
Lead the way, your elastic.

Through portals, through waves,
Through elementary days,
Through now, through past,
I am clean now at last.

This journey we are one, you see,
Is my mind writing free, not me,
But you, us, understand the clue!

Deep warriors, stancing portals,
Strongholds holding ancient burrows,
Of olden, ancient ways.

The most ancient, primordial intelligence,
System within the Witch.

Final end, doom upon Earth,
Center splits, fires rage,
A crack beyond compare, stages
Of avalanches, desperate prayers,
Locusts and hellfire, boils and stares,
Marks of beats and rewarded embers,
Towards another limiting leverage,
Proportional in resemblance.

To sing of final free days,
Journey through Summerlands' grass,
Towards evening lark's blue sky,
Beyond fox's castle, rabbit's den,
Through Bear's stare, minds of men,
In this thought, we're all in this pen.

So sing greatly, tale just begun,
Wonder, sing, dance, become the Sun,
For we are all free! Free like flying bird,
Sing like it's your last day, dying word!

Tides Way

A turtle pushed by the tide, the ocean's far reach
Floating sea that folds upon itself, flat platform breached
Revealing the world's end, rows fired in show
Reason and understanding thread below, where motion flows
Infant choke in Earth's womb, seeds sown, forms below
Anointed staff in battle splits swords, spills blood's glow
Feud lines trace times before the door, uncertainty's muse
Excludes many, some with light, some apparent to use
Excalibur's light shines, time to take armor, reign free
Craft forge from despondency, willow like correspondent's plea

Fire blazed desires, ghostly lead behind the veil
Invisible sight reveals codes, unseen light prevail
Wizards' silent rule over lands, magicians' glove
Love's essence reported, hearts departed from above
Sacrificed to tame birds, human flesh burned for gain
Lost reality hidden behind Rome's plague, Zen's domain
Ancient treasures kept in India's caves, rain's sent manna
Placement found, lost, searched deep, Zion's tempt of iron and gold

Alchemy reveals ancient pores, maps lead to forsaken isles
Untouched by man, hidden sands, rocks that stand from lamps' smiles
Early light differs from graves sent to others, realm's door known
Locked dragons, demons, fiends, unseen monsters in own throne
Realization opens light's way, self-migration of souls' own
Wizards appoint in hours, dead living, night's will's bend stone
Rain's shower gains, but pains never again, times of verse
Thoughtless pause, caught, forlicking sell nothing, be everything in the universe

Genii

In the circle of dancing genius,
I glimpse the shards of misery,
Where nothing settles in its place,
Upon each troubled soul in lament.
It yearns to guide one along,
To reveal the path forward,
Yet to also embrace that entanglement.

Mistress

I am here to reveal the secrets,
Of the final refuge in vulnerability.
One seeks, searching for the
Mistress, yet no distance
Has been crossed, with little insistence.
The path never departed, consider it,
Yet, running, walking through digits,
Speeding, halting, discovering,
Now, stop it.

Walk Alone

Walking alone, one discovers
That things shimmer, yet outline
The presence within, the essence
Has emerged, spun into visions
That unify these diverse threads

Typical? I'm not a monster
Just listening, like any lover
Who hears, who cradles a child?
Watch it grow? Cries out loud?
Why, oh why?

Things fall, bombs explode,
Tick tock, even you are on the clock
Nothing remains but remnants
That concede, one flows
Towards another radiant, burning
Feeling that resides deep in the core

This depth, no one has plumbed
For even I, stalled at the threshold
Stepping in, I glimpse the center, a dance
To be in the enigma, left in a trance
Where was that again? A lingering retreat

Deep silence, in this convergence
Fueling fires, weakening
Dissolving retirements, surrendering
All vibrates with intent

Strip away this past I carry

Longing for closure, to act
In the world of men, for men
Hold the key, the key
To gates, a gate, a message
Free for you, to see, that walking
Is green then yellow then nothing
Searching for freedom!

Freedom found in groundlessness
No battle to fight, only longing
To be found, heard, chosen, melded
Cherishing the one who seldom burns
In this dance, leaving no page unturned

Are we kings? Slaves? Petty knaves?
What is the depth of the path?

Flesh is the Word
It begins with who you are
What you are is a split fjord
In each listening moment
Or in words unspoken

For deep down, we know
The center holds power
To change complacency

Holy shit, just rewired
Back from particle backfire
It was like this, then bam, gone
Something I said, no doubt gone

Don't wish it away, face it
Embrace this direct experience, mind stuff
Let it stay, breathe, evaluate
Tear my eyes, realize
These things come and eternalize
Igniting the sound, we're launching now
In the how, measuring profound flight
Fusions abound, taking flight around
This is how it goes, taking off profound

Not here, nor there, but everywhere
Now I'm walking to my own universal gaze

Facing back at me like, what are you up to?

Tenth Muse

Tenth muse, open the heart's senses wide,
Fearful shores, waves that divide,
Torn structures washing away with the tide,
Ice Cathedral imposing, where darts reside.

Castle walls, the wishing well pleads,
Hellish suffering in cycles that speed,
Beings dwell in lands below, where shadows bleed,
Betwixt photons, quarks, and oceanic swell indeed.

O muse, my heart yearns for distant shores,
Seeking land, finding, opening new doors,
Walking through keyholes, tensions soar,
Yet ligaments hold, we endure.

In times of song, in this light's daze,
Peripheral maze, boundaries in a haze,
Dissolving currents, opening stalls,
Momentum calls, primordial intelligence enthralls.

A realm of black, ghosts facade in gloom,
Terrible wisps, no hoax in this tomb,
Darkness shines, creating deserters in line,
Walking slowly, my being's gift, divine.

As I sing this praise, heart flowing through days,
Sensing flowers, lotus blooms in mysterious ways,
Right and wrong fade, where judges draw strong lines,
Emptiness devours, echoes through time.

Dragons, caverns tortuous, trolls and goblins mine,
Psychic realms of danger, labyrinth walls divine,
Ecstatic freedom in contraction's release,
Visions clear, no fear, mind's lease.

The wind whispers, echoes in meadows of lore,
Voices clear, mysteries in prairies soar,
Madness divine, a vine of the De-Vine,
Oneness beyond the mind's confines, shines.

Heart's boat empty, dissolving in oceanic float,
A song of waves, bravery alters, note by note,
Audible rings, love's near, never fear,
Harmonies silent, angles breathe clear.

Beauty rare, spring blossoms in familial air,
Tragic mirrors reflect, why venture there?
Contrite writing, they're right, doctors in white,
Riding chariots, proletariat's might.

Dancing patterns ancient, cycles through Saturn,
Venus and Mars in celestial tune, pattern,
Matters beyond, replaced soon in the tune,
Eternal dance under the sun, stars, and moon.

Heart Pump

Pulsing art flows from the veins,
Blood and emotion from the start,
Burning through history, transforming all.

No loss, only surrendering today,
Life's moment a taste,
Strife amidst abundance wasted.

Not here, not now, sublime,
Essences merge and combine,
Pulse of energy synergizes,
Phenomenal moments arise.

Nothing is unchanged, yet madly,
Within the membrane, all remains,
Sanity resides amidst life's struggles.

Walk, talk, remind yourself,
Alive with wealth beyond restrictions,
Free and never overdue.

No-Wrong

Deep within, beneath the core's embrace,

A door, a lock, a floor, a simple place,
Where death unites and words implore,
Beyond the colors turning black, starless night.

No essence found, in religious right,
Nature and Time entwined in fight,
Who controls the abyss's might,
Hidden truths the universe conceals.

Experience, a hidden noose it feels,
Relative to fruits you harvest, juice,
Memories fading, echoes gone,
Facing truth, rising in song.

Choiceless matter, not wrong nor right,
Let's all sing along, in the fading light.
Ground gives way, gates insane,
Walking among shadows, alone.

Unholy streams, Styx meadows,
Elysian fields, ambrosia's nectar,
Whispers among the grass, passing,
Things have come to pass, at last.

Ring-pass-me-not, hot-spot's circumference,
Heliocentric sparks, solar essence,
Gravitational pulls, inward contracting,
Embracing totality's fluidity.

Cells arrange, delicate spaces,
Hope rearranges, motion set,
From Set to insane, covered now,
Let's begin swords fighting angels.

Tempered blades pierce dark light,
Closest to yourself, near what is.

Catacombs

Deep within the catacombs,
Feelings haunt, right to the bone.
When I was, I was no more,
Silent air, still and sore.

Forces flowed, willed and coursing,
Almost knocking down the walls.
Then apparent, my own sound's accord,
Came crumbling, tumbling, hauled.

Sand sifts away, nowhere today,
Searching found within the sound.
Beautifully rare, feelings found,
Bliss like serpents' lucid kiss.

Dream insists, deeds in love and light,
Can death be far, so outright?
Coming attraction, not a highlight,
Blackness surrounds, no sight.

No feelings, bare, face to white,
Absorbed in black within the right,
Serious, sound, delirious delight,
Nothing comes, nothing homes.

In the country, fields roam,
Harvesting corn, dancing forms,
Oceanic praise, daffodils warm,
Lacking all, gained love adjourned.

Some things beyond the abyss,
Territorial fighting, superior grist.
Deep wounds passed, knowing lasts,
Come to be with my right.

Songs a'light, flames purifying,
Come to be, felt rise betwixt.
The realm, land, the sift,
Currents drift, undertow.

Some songs seed sorrow tomorrow,
But the realm opens, no longer how.
Embrace love, shines like light,
Tomorrow may be last, all right?

Will abate the fright,
Black death walks alone, outright.

Moonlight

The moonlight stretches over the peak,
In the darkest hour, absent of dawn or dusk,
Fright in terror's sight, beyond astral white,
Nothing to grasp, just relax and take your seat.

Tempest Free

The tempest set free, rising,
Anvil screams echo through the night,
Let it be, so shall it pass to thee,
Shadows shape the Tree's deep roots,
Hell compels us to search, weep, deny, repeat.

Not that I AM, but I AM not,
Deny, riddle, middle the way,
Of what is going to stay and pray,
And wish away, currents rising,
Volcano erupts, shaking the crust,
Earth taken, grasshoppers forsaken,
Trailing, waving and dancing.

Wolf among gates, late sniffing,
Tribe found already, prophetic stasis,
Contagious lyrical verse now random,
Conversing with the "ME" inside,
Center of nothing, yet everything arising,
Outward gaze senses the song of ways.

Days upon days randomly play,
Stay and wish away to the cleaner well,
What can I tell, that horrible smell?
You're a horror story, asking, talking,
Disrespecting introspective lights failing,
Tension of problematic comprehension,

Fulcrum balancing the fold
Everything untold
Myriad in the mix of the cold
Walls shutting down bold

Back to the tale
Tempest-free Phoenix rising,
From ashes of old,
Flames of resolve and heart unfold

Deep Mind

Deep in the mind's recesses, mineral thoughts destroy,
Crafts wrought naught, battles fought, leaving us the draught,
Of barren hectares, a plot never sown, nor seen,
In the fertile fields of dreams, where hopes convene.

Deep Episodes

Into the depths of olden deaths we now travel,
Where echoes of time unravel,
Silent whispers of ancient sorrows,
Echoing through tomorrows.

The shadows cast by our own being,
A dance with memories unseen,
Each step a journey to confront,
The ghosts of battles once fought.

Through the veil of ages past,
Visions fleeting, memories amassed,
In the catacombs of thought and bone,
Echoes of voices now long gone.

In this realm where darkness thrives,
Ancient spirits in their hives,
Haunting corridors of the mind,
Where secrets are buried, yet hard to find.

Amidst the echoes and the gloom,
Seeking solace, amid the tomb,
Finding peace in introspection,
Navigating souls' intersection.

Through the mists of time and space,
Chasing shadows, finding grace,

In the depths where secrets dwell,
Silent tales to tell.

In the quiet of this ancient quest,
Lies the truth that we attest,
To the echoes of our own demise,
Where the soul within us lies.

Thus we journey through the past,
Seeking wisdom that will last,
In the realms of olden deaths,
Breathing life with every breath.

Desert

The energy finds its balance in the desert's oasis,
Where time sifts like sand, memories that erase,
Upon the ocean of mistakes, tales simple and profound,
Yet what is fate? A force that shapes our ground.

Born into it, or willed by contract remade,
Fate is what it is, delegated and displayed,
In absolute confidence we navigate our way,
Seeing what we do, deciphering life's play.

Why, oh Lord, do I seek forgiveness so?
Change alone in the void, surrounded by torment's flow,
Paternal essence succumbing to heat's infectious call,
The demon of soul harbors lust, greed's cruel thrall.

And yet, as the world shifts, patterns rearrange,
Chaos and order in constant exchange,
Hating what people do, yet caught in the contagious flu,
Yearning for forgiveness, opening the heart anew.

Love, like a sweet melody, flows gently through,
Nectar behind honey bees, love's essence true,
Can't you feel it? Surrounding, abounding in the glove,
Beneath the surface of hate, love's enduring trove.

Nothingness deeper than deeds we pursue,
From starting lunch to finishing, life's rhythmic queue,
Biting into dopamine's samples, craving more,

In the dance of existence, seeking what's in store.

When it feels right, let go of the mind's tether,
Release into tension, acknowledging we're all sinners,
Sin is finite, forgiveness infinite through the divine plan,
Paths diverge, countless plays, weaving through time's span.

Layers upon layers reveal the way,
In the realm of nothingness, eternally set free to stay,
This isn't me, is there a divine clue?
As we delve into realms below, shadows forestall,
Connecting deeply to the small, evolving amidst pollution's pall.

The train never wrecks, just shifts on its track,
Gathering wisdom beyond what's stacked,
Against all odds, finding moments to relax,
Sensing the vast sea within, swept away,
No longer here, flying in deep waters, beyond swim's sway.

Fantasy thrives in this realm of win,
Where facts and myths intertwine and begin,
Who am I not to preach what I've stolen?
Another realm emerges, dependent on movement's motion,
Now, we must start, roll, then drop the hit,
Unveiling truths within, just contrite, as we commit.

Let's see what dew drops reveal,
In the relevance of this curfew,
Now, spinning words anew,
Continuing this journey through.

Verse of Infinite

A verse infinite, flowing through this essence,
Yet nothingness, a presence to simply be,
Where there's naught to see but everything's apparent,
Truth entwined with experience, like a hanging noose.

Another hit, toking, laughter turning to choking,
Broken moments in inept examination,
Teleporting to gateways of starry wastelands,
Returning slowly, relaxing, chilling with the wax,
Dabbing left, passing it down, resetting the track.

To dwell in the rudimentary is to embody its essence,
A testament to what is, or merely an insight?
Or another triviality in the blinding white-light,
Shattering the thesis, invoking telekinesis,
From the abyss of systemic releases.

What's the memo? Responsibility or simply
Living freely, spontaneously, intergalactically?
Practical existence, not radical, but elemental,
An embryo birthed from Mother Earth's womb,
In tombs of Father Heaven where lightning booms,
Yet another attempt at embracing the infinite.

Darkness Rises

The darkness rises,
Temptation subsides,
Dust blown by the wind,
Eventually confused,
Searched and found a clue!

Pain is overcome but nothing
Points the way, never done,
As we confine ourselves
To the price we pay for
A Voice, a Choice, a Remorse.

Curse or Blessing, moment addressing,
Money doesn't buy happiness, yet
The tallest falls down to the bottom
And swims with the lurkers after all,
Never remaining called, forever stalled.

Dilemma of a stream juxtaposing the play,
Overworked and lost in a minimal way,
Found my own, nothing but that,
As the fishermen hope to catch fish; in fact,
That is the price we pay in the
Ever-changing fire.

Life is Strife

Come into my life, strife, keeping it up,
To nothing, stressed enough,
Like a diamond crushed,
Deep sinking below the rough.
Are things the same, sediment ingrained,
To the sands regiment,
Dust to dust, but perishes what?
To nothingness, a thought, suchness touches,
Realization is rare,
Arising, subsiding, nothing simply residing,
In the sound, it brushes against the hurt,
The memory, things lost to the sand's time,
Counting down the hourglass; - mine.

What is mine? Dopamine servant online,
Serotonin pulsations through the vines,
In membranes that cannot outshine,
The dissonance fabricating thine
Into another climate, no lights, just
Darkness and Death that fines
One to the dues and taxes climb,
So let's dive into the rocks; - mine.

Like a Titan Giant holding old fortresses,
So such does the walls torture us,
Master, master, where is the precious?
Inside your own, centennial quest,
Each century holds the arising blest,
Order reigns through the reasons test,
Yet intuition, from the past tense; - white.

Electric

Light bells chirp silently,
Mysterious as the fog,
Lifting from the veil,
Vortex into the myriad,
Clearance:

Was once chance,
Old-time dance,
Four Horsemen lance,

Nothing but stance,
Coming into trance.

Substance?
Distance?
Essence?
Disturbance?

Kinetic?
Prophetic...
Epileptic.
Eclectic!

Leading all those past notes alone,
We sing home, but don't know where
It is, just like a harmony through the waves,
A verse of infinite throughout the airwaves.
Who is tuning into that frequency? Decently,
It allures the most tempting, constructing
A beat, something to retreat into, contract
Into something in facts, but relax,
It's just another song on track.

Step Back

Take another step back, now. Rewind the track
All we have to follow is nothing else
Retract to when it is something felt
Fake it 'til you make it? - cards dealt

The house with the most money wins
Yet cash your chips, for when it comes to fin
Everything dissolves, asleep? Learn to swim,
This not no warning, eyes land isn't within

It's swarming, collecting, without mourning
Fire's light into the photon's joining
Fusion or fission, Adam's first knowledge reforming
I'm not, it's like I can't tell you 'bout nothing else
Yet
We will now travel from West to East
To the land of Dharma preached
What is new under the fig tree's leaf

Furious fastest, Buddha made up his upbeat

Flowing East side

All that is: is a lie

Even enlightenment

Surprise!

Nothing in a chest but air

Just empty voices filling everywhere!

Within the oceanic ocean fairies, furies

Don't stop at the island wearies, warriors

The mission is, nothing is, no-mind wins

Nothing to swim, for mountain's reclaim figs

Rocks can't move, why don't those mountains walk?

Flippity flippity flop, just another roll on the stop

All nature is true nature, natural emptiness

On a level with absolute clearness

Pure awareness, moving from this to that

Not that to this, all moments back

Now rewind the track, just rolling

Like tectonic plates under glacier

Too much to handle? Find your master

It is within, without disaster

End nothing, for everything is everlasting

Beyond the Grave

There is something beyond the grave,

A crescendo, a token memento,

Rising within the transcending redondo,

Temples of victory, an orb essential.

Nightmare awake is the dreaming race.

Deep down in sorrow's way,

Tomorrow is strung to a harp.

The spheres' orbits ring loud in start,

Pillars of creation, imaginations restart.

Deconstructing destiny; endlessness below, apart.

Supernova blasts shock eternal masks,

Identity spent through bewildering facts.
Coming undone, revealing no fortune,
As it is, emergence reports, nothing is retortion.
Around the stillness, arising from blackness tasks,
Now is endlessly here, rising then dropping flasks,
Potion's brew of "take some herb and relax."

As now apart, comes together, a fiddler on the green.

Voices streaming through the web of thought,
Coming through me, something of me?
Or is this thought just a thought?

When did it start? Always there from the start,
You ask, but the solution is in the question.
Who am I? Who is I? I am who!
Who is a mystery.
Set yourself free.

Taking myself now on a ship that floats away,
The pools of chaos around the vortex slip days.
Into hours, long memorizing towers,
Castle walls are in fact a daily shower.
Upon the vicissitudes of my life,
Current thought and emotional strife,
Thrown aside, like the peasant's life.
But beggars can be kings when rich,
Is in the root of slings.
For I'll take you far from me, away,
Together sailing, destiny.

The sun was bright, a green day along the grass,
Moving ominously into the pasture.
The cows didn't eat any grass,
For the torture they knew coming would make them pale,
For death walks the fields,
And that old-time brew of late-night stew,
Was the coffin dodger dew.

Quiet in myself, this is the guest, what else?
Are you waiting for me? Are you here?
Am I fact or fiction? Just a fiddler,
Speaking without thought and an orbiter thing,
A heliocentric model and energy!

Take my model, hand in hand,
Synergy, sinicization, dimensional lands.
Inside of me, I can set you free,
For no "me" resides like an ocean sea.
I am open, your pain will go, you are free.

Now listen, I'm not writing this for you.
That's all for me.

A golden touch of remedy,
To write without thought and mature flowering.
Vampirically the end of all thought,
Measuring it in square knots,
That tangle around the circumferences not.

How do I see all this, vision in the naught?

We are so close, so far, but right now,
In the moment eternally allowed.
Meta back to the start.

Difference

Coming through, difference:
Light switch interference
In-out, around about
Coming through, without shouts

Simple verse; rehearsed
Infinite complacent desert
Algorithm anomaly. Lucidity
Randomly has a relativity

To this, in that
Wear the hat -
Skip back, already white rabbit
Followed trick stat -

What is it every day?
Now in every way!
Thoughts take out today;
Following sheeples without
Path

To another dynasty, realistically
Moving beyond the centricity
All points absolved the current
Condition won't repeat: Heliocentricity

Black Window

A black window opening
White light closing
Promising
A simple kiss
In a lucid dream 'tis
A spell across the land

Let me spell to you
Sorcery through and through
Soul secret news;
Smoke out or broken clue?
Nothing but a residue

All's right that ends well
So the saying so does tell

Gone for a minute,
Back like a flash
Going for anon
Relax
I won't be back
Beyond, nous vous

We, you are true
A tune; fresh dew
Amongst freshly renewed
Droplets falling
Ocean spirits calling

End well? All's right
So hell, it the dark night

All light that shines out blight
For even snow converts to liquid sight

Ride

The vision
When going inward to the center of nothing
Rays are founded as layers
The black hole has no density
As oneness, interference

What is it? It is what it is.
The level of the four corners
Is a square circle pentaculum

-----Never once knew that
Yet pulled it out the hat-----

What enlightenment?
It is the light to see within
No peripheral contraction
Just sight to see, aware
Of the expansive
Flowing sea of awareness

It is not magick
It is what runs in the passion
Slay a dragon? Did you know
There are many found within
Yet there is only one way
And that is the path
To your open door

Here is a key!
Open the chest!
There is nothing inside!
Be set free!

For shapelessness forms to any shape
As water fills the shape of form
So such does the boundary and friction
Start to give heat from below the storm
It comes boiling up like bubble-thoughts
And each thought contains its own words
So the bubbles are just dimensions and words

Twirling swords ready to strike at any moment

Keep the moment invitation, things get quiet now

Why keep arguing?

Life is too short!

I have lost mine!

Yet you are still searching for a purpose!

A Buddha has no purpose, even the tree got tired

Because Buddha ate all the figs from desire

He got fat and ate too much wine

Ambrosia of the finest kings dined

Then walked away, for you haters, eat your words

Walk away, drop the search

Go to a tree and find a perch

True love is not compared to divine love

Divine love is not comparable to divine wisdom

Divine wisdom is not comparable to divine grace

Grace is love giving through the wisdom of a tree

O the axis, a tree? Yggdrasil's my spirit free?

Or does one just keep walking with the pets behind.

Why trip up on this, the gift is living, listen

How do you know? One said so...

Atlas has nothing to my attack

Just a final verse to rewrite the track

The young gunslinger on the scene

But many rays come at this "me"

That is nothing really, for

Why are you tripping?

Life's a vision, a gift, a passion, a truth

Find your center and make it your mission

Tabula Rasa

Blank sheet writing on a canvas; eternally in hope,

Framed? Or boundlessly falling; misery invokes

A system inside; a flare so bright, luminously revoked

From what experience? Other than puppet-stringed ropes!

Glowing being in light and majesty, humble before thee
Praising yet slowing to silence, for how can names subside,
Tao yu-wei, illuminator satori, completed; humbly see
That waves roll; big and small, always in the sea...

Slow down, see the waters stepped upon by faith
Soul wells drink deep of this blood, yet engraved
Is the way, eulogies passing by each day; strafing
All ways, as the ocean currents all points of water to

Experience each their own
For who can deny their own perception alone?
Hark to say, debt in bones, payment atoned
From the depths of the Styx condoned

River life flowing, eternal ocean blue waves
Save all black phases, eternal misery singular praise
As each to their own hopes that they will save
Others save oneself from the grave!

Face the face, take a dive into the deep
Magic alone is what keeps love in keep
For how can it work both ways?
Are not two sometimes one nowadays?

For O my ocean, save the glorious
Strifes for anon, bless those who delicately
Conformed to what we defy
Each to their own heaven within

Save the curse, save the pray
Pray for yourself, for praying for me
For you are praying for nothing
Except something bound illusion free

Soul's Craving

Caring souls beyond the shadows
Flowing together like glowing meadows
Yet sometimes, wizards find themselves
Locked in towers...

Caged by their own reflections
Prisoned by ingrained fears
How does one leap beyond
When they're out of tune with the song?

Verses infinite beyond imagination
Images of remembered past stations
That derailed me down the paths of history
For white man? A problem that will persist,
As Christianity dons its mask.

An easy way to control the masses
Hey, sheep, the shepherd's back, molasses
Sticking to myth and control, common facts
Support carbon dating; now you're cold.

Frozen elements of nature embody man
Like glaciers moving masses, harming the land
Slicing away at the earth, relentlessly in command
Of movements that question if the problem is man.

It's like slime piling in oil
Each to their own deathly coil
As ego is a slime in a basket
Always spinning with elastic.

Preach, preach, Quakers! Christians! Catholics!
Let's add more to the mound of bile.
Reality is born free, free will
Means that destiny is simply a voice.

For when you're free, everything essentially
Binds into energy, mending
Gravity grabs what one needs, commending
Those who have lost it but are knighted in madness.

Is the path the same, for how could knowledge
Understand that ignorance is full
Empty, like nothingness is blissful
So no knowledge is no ignorance.

Now, what prevents past lives from flowering?
The motion of the tallest tower rings

Over forest and meadow
Careful as the forest's shadows.

Features caught in arcane and death
Cosmos twisting singular breath
All forms and moves, like circular ambivalence
Interfering with all motions and waves.

Peel away the core, a centerless abode
Within the body's temple
Nothing can harm it, but nothing is
What does for the next of kin.

Many meta-links in this prose
But patterns form themselves over time's cold
Just as glaciers melt, so too does
Man's revelation came, foretold.

Inference

Rewind, difference interference,
Opening relevance, an anomaly
Inviting stardust resistance,
Black hole death, endlessly

In the echoes of time's unwind,
Where differences interfere,
Relevance opens like an anomaly,
Inviting resistance against stardust's grip,
Black holes, endless in their devouring depths.

Singularity

Singularity fresh, take it back, rewinding time's track
Pulling the beat to put you inside the seat, relax,
All comes to those who wait, don't contract
As the music plays notes, spice up the groove in love
Lions playing with lambs, sight of doves,
As desires' suffering cages all, hunger's harmony
So does the melody revel in complete sanctity
To what notes sound throughout the everlasting,
Ring of eternity, shining down upon relaxing

And slowly hearing the music flowing.

Along the trumpets of time,
We can show one to play aligned.
Hey you, are you there?
Yes, it is somewhere in there
That your mind has developed,
Fragmented splits uncompered.
It is starting to stare right back at you,
And everlasting is what potential makes,
The flame, the look, the fire, the flame,
Makes me trance out to realms inane.
It's like a musical note hitting the beat,
For when I am in the musical seat,
One can write written rhythm in fact,
Nothing but some Zen masters
Who see the use of cat disasters,
Chaos mastered, Order's disaster.
But as things come and sway,
So such does the beat, make the new
Song begins fresh, here we start clued.

I am talking to you, the soul of your being,
Hello again, haven't seen you for scenes!
Now it is back, I am here and I will beam
The song of muse into the temporal screen.
What do you want me to say?
Are you turning happiness away?
Like switch back forward stay,
Track of music always plays.
Saxophone relieves the news nowadays,
Like the temperate changing the strays
Into cloud reasonable lightning suggesting praise.
Hey, don't forget about you, are you with me?
Or are you lost in the scramble of words?
No reason to care, we are back staring at each other,
Sword to sword, ax to wall, chopping trees
Falling tall, but mountains move under atoms' detached frames.
As the atoms can shift and assemble and rearrange,
But what is this, just a simple tactic?

Can't you see now, if the atoms of a mountain can move by will,
Can't the action of your thoughts stop into non-action plots?
Where nothing resides, just eternally free skies,

No fog to mesmerize, currents surprised that take alive,
The will of spontaneous reaction that is alive,
Just another note that we should see is that
All these songs are now starting to bring you along,
To another version, dimension, place held strong.
This is the world of words, welcome to the play unfurled,
It is like this and that, don't go, it is getting to the point now.

Now you don't stop, emotions don't drop, they swing to the rhythm,
Down low, drop loop it stops its rhythm into the given.
Are you there? Or seeing a dance floor, what ignored the spell there,
That I brought you to another dimension?
See now you are not gonna stop as these words were cropped.

Oh hit that beat, you are now residing with me in this seat.
I can bring you anymore the mind wants to go,
Now you are thinking, what realm beyond this show?
There is nothing great to see, only shadows and seas,
Of order or chaos or whatever you wish.
For swimming in space is like a fish,
Wandering in the wet waters, we know we are wet,
But do we know we are in the water?
Just like in space, we know we are but what is it?
Just another conditioning space limit!
Yet the only limit that is free, is imagination you see,
For I have set your mind ponder the many great clues,
That have shown you to this point so far, like within
The realm of happening Chance and dice; switching.

Oh long days, simple praise, nothing to realize
Or save, just yourself is seeing face to face,
That with this self-knowledge I will give you now,
You are what you think, when you search, that is you.
You are the answer and problem, both are the solution,
As the pollution is searching for insensitivity in some solution.
It's like this thing comes back and forces the mind for more,
And is bored and bored, but nothing is the way to be,
Setting one free and seeing that everything can be
A reality temporarily shining in the realm of what is only to see.
But when the realm of what to see is within the sea,
You don't know what you experience but it's free.
So then you are with me?

How do I do it, lead you to another land but stay here?

The third eye opens for me to share the portal's lair.
Just another switcher of the midnight curfew,
As the notes start to hit the piano, old times are renewed.
But something new, fresh, like a singular blessing,
Is what we wish to show you now, that you, you are.
There is no somehow, it is now, it is.
Don't believe in anything other than your own insight,
That is what is the way we weave of the right.

The beat has melodically grasped my intent,
It is forming on lent strains and some commitment.
Nothing is like what is going to be refrained,
It's like all this could just be hoping to rearrange.
The notes of the muse I hear within,
Or is this me just lost in a sea of sin?
There is no sin, but consequences of karma,
Reduce the mind and soul in this lifetime and past.
To reductional waste that never seems to place
Itself back on land, just another black plague.
To be, no harm, just flowing through what is me.
It happens to be, that this has opened the sea,
Like torrents of what was lost beyond the free.
Can't you see, this is opening the depths anomaly,
Black hole sucking in all negativity.
White hole suggesting the things restively,
Contains all colors, both are what is.
So it is just the essence of this spell's lucidity.

I can feel your heart, my friend, love, shame, guilt,
Like how did I not realize all this was so painfully wilting.
In the realms of orbs and spheres, you can see piloting
Days before, but it's like no doors led back to memory for.
It was just another thing that I had to leave behind,
Just like I was left, so such did the oil past tense
Leave the mind, the coding, the fence.
Just free in one am, nothing beyond the land.

Softer notes now echo the soul of this delicate phrase,
You wish to be alone, and hope that this soothes your days.
But I can see into all the ways and plays and my weights,
That have covered the shame of my heart, controlling,
Wishing that things could relax, part, but depart
From the souls, always oneness holding cold.
It's like the death of where one has to meet foretold,

It's like a temporal shift that is growing, sold
In the realm of singularity, is the density blocked rarity,
Forming till the perfect time, then oneness aligns,
And bam, an atomic way that holds one strongly planned.
What do you know, that was for you right there, to
Show your mind how to go out of the sand,
As love dust winds blow through every willed command,
Returning, changing, but staying in everlasting land.

Final end, first verse rarity, showing simple
Temple loves of what is inside the glimpse,
Just a ride of love and peace from the glimpse
Of what is beyond, just a song of peace and strength.
This is how one moves to the beat,
Left right around through the sound, then hits the thought,
And stops and drops into mitosis around the clock.
For the beat never stops, it just keeps glowing tic toc.
Now the end hook for this verse, gotta stop.

So glad I brought you to hear, you came near to
The end, but this is the beginning,
As I am now living.

Noble or Ignoble

To suffer nobly, or not,
In riddles, a plot unfolds,
Sighs and death intertwine,
To exist, or resist fate's sway,
Swords, like devil's tongues, play.

Queens reign in their haven,
Poisoned thoughts linger,
Jesters rule the king's court,
Fools soar to lofty altitudes,
Death's sting haunts,
In ghostly realms, shadows dance.

Lamps glow with enchanting spells,
Touching the lodestone of destiny,
Simple melodies, knights' champions,
Divine rights, order instilled,
Fiddles' flow fills the air,

In this willed existence we share.

Perhaps asleep to dream,
Or dreaming to sleep,
Oh yes, the oak stands firm,
Duir, the essence of Adonia,
My dear friend,
A regal spring of nobility,
Queens and kings forever love,
Sight soaring like the dove, singing with Jove.

No Words

To start a poem that has no words,
Begin beyond the silence, where essence stirs.
A flight through center, no worlds split,
Presence echoes, coherence knit.

To live dreams that slumber deep,
Look yonder past the steep surface.
Within involution's curling swirl,
Lessons unfold, blessings unfurl.

To negate feelings sensed but not seen,
Embrace the vibration, where fabric weaves serene.
In and out, a dance of cosmic whirls,
Void filled with togetherness that unfurls.

To walk away from destiny's thread,
Step into your own shoes, where paths spread.
Love connects souls, stars burst and gleam,
Lightning strikes down, igniting dreams.

To train a no-mind, let space expand,
Embrace non-self within self's hand.
Harmonies of concord, quietly unfold,
In silence, whispers of truth were told.

Voyage to Eternity

We sail onward to eternity's shore,
Where the breeze whispers gently,

Guiding dust to weave repeatedly,
Manifesting in this realm's core.
Silver notes chime, harp's melody,
A unity before all, in perfect harmony.

Chaos and havoc retreat and fade,
As light's essence is replayed,
An apocalypse scripted and paved,
Within the blueprint's silent shade.

To live? More than mere reason's decree,
Fate shifts with every season's plea,
Time binds us all with subtle treason,
Deliverance? What does it mean?
Just one within the sun's radiant beam,
Words etched in the deepest unseen.

Field's Energy

Fields before energy
Suffering; an ox's yoke
Pulling fabric thread

Fields before synergy
Purity; sun always shining
Stretching shadow's string

Sowing hatred
Stems hatred
Plants grow
Not hollow

Plowing the soil
Allows growth
Plant seeds
Stillness follows

Eternity is love
Hate only destroys
Love opens windows
Love hates hatred

Death ends quarrels

Compassion allows light
To end and love; beyond fights

A tree falls by wind
Pleasure's pursuit until, -
One hits the ground
Delirious with no senses

Mountains calmly resist
Wind's dust persists
Only moved by plates
Moderation restrains

One's robes wear
On the body's temple
Dirty clothes and dirty temple
Leave no room for the guest

A temple is pure
Robes dawn the Ra
The sun delights fire
Beyond rays; one energy

A house is clean
So thoughts flow
Yet much clutter
Puts the mind to sorrow

A thought is right
Showing all white
Snow reflecting soft hearts

So such does a house
Be clean of thoughts
So such does passion
Flash like the sun

No Fault

Stop, it's not your fault,
Caught on this fault line,
Above the Earth, where birth
And ascent meet descent,

This is the rhythm's lament,
When beats resound all around.

Dance, like a midnight show,
Play without tomorrow,
Fun defies rules' narrow,
Past held in sorrow's blur.

Let go of past's sting,
Nothing worse it'll bring,
For now, eternally we sing,
As sky and earth converge,
Echoes drown and emerge.

Underwater, on this ground,
Mystery, prestige around,
Can't find another, unbound,
Free from folds that confound.

Stop and focus, steel resolve,
Calm amidst storms that revolve,
Signature of will, problems solve,
Centered still, this may evolve.

Into another take, always at stake,
Sanity in a storm's wake,
Rampant echoes sound and break,
To beats, rhythm's pounding awake.

Primordial birth's essential curse,
Echoes of sound traverse,
Notes growl, boundless verse,
Eternal echoes disperse.

Silence

Is subtle like the dew,
The rain's pouring clouds,
Refreshing residue,
A song within silence.

Love Shores

As love shores upon the sands of time,
Each wave, crescent, and current aligned,
Solstice, Equinox, all Divine,
As the Dream expressed, it is sublime.

In all valleys, rivers, and deep wells,
Deep dark cisterns, foretold unto hell,
Dance the Ghost Dance,
Forward, back, Circle Through,
Arise, Arise, Arise,
Let the dead come through!

We are the ancestors of mistaken ports,
Communicating, thoughts teleport,
Strings around the dwelling point,
Arise! Let the Sword split the court!

Conditions around behaviors hell,
Imprisoned monkeys, dogs, and bats,
Flying from this to that, relevant,
To another plane along the bell.

Was this death, a ghost, a fade,
A memory upon this glade,
A simple dew refreshing the trade,
All arise, let nothing be framed.

Deep down in the Zion heat,
Are rhythms, drums, choirs, beats,
That come to start the flowing treat,
The nectar pollinates those who are sweet.

Back, arise, swords flames through the court,
The temple tables turn under the burnt,
Ashes of men, burial grounds and rights,
To destroy, well, that means it's gonna start fights.

Riot here, riot there, everywhere unprepared,
Looting this, looting that, how is it compared
To this world, a relation of Religions faired,
As this ends, the world begins players.

And spins its net, to the game of Rights,

Can't you see that this is petty insight,
To a white that is comparable to night,
So in this sea, we only write.

Words upon the simple daze,
As things come back and things are played,
Morning glory around the tree,
Many ample bees and seeds,
Flowing from the root to heaven,
But downward, cut off, grounded eleven,
Double One's by the condition two,
Arise, let it be renewed.

The old times are past, the waves have crashed,
The tsunami will rise and the planes will clash,
So harbor my words, speak them well,
For if you don't, this world is already hell.

Strings of Love

The strings of time, have long fallen
Into the dust, as Earth's crust cries forgotten
The Dead, the ghosts, dance long begotten
As Chance upon chance, unfolding in nothing

War Drums, rattling the beat of death
Is this prophecy? Or is the Union a Test?
In breath to be, or is the designing
The blueprint in words? Cuts cords stress.

Ten thousand years, harvest or disappear
As opaque translucent is the clear
View above, below madness for centuries
As the Seventh Trumpet strikes Indefinitely

The air is formed to the Current's Shape
As blasting, shocking, nonlinear radiates
Through entropy and various advert states
Fighting Wars with hidden rules, does it work?

One must fight for what is rightfully "mine"!
As one at least has pounced, stalked and designed
Unlimited potential power, the land of the mind

The ancient spirits, unfurl, to the command line

Life will be lost, just think
Deforestation is death to Tree's link
Just as the grinding mills and farms
Capture, slaughter, twine negative swarms

So Drink! Dance! Hypocrites with Dogs
Around the site of Death, destroying
Sacred homes of their Covens thrones
As now you know, this is a debt of bones

Are you unaware of aware awareness?
Or does one who swims ocean like an illusionist
Play? Or do the courts need to say
The mole finds the secrets kept in night's day

A Change? Maybe from the Heart
Once an Outsider, it begins to Start
With the Testament of Rights
A Brutal Truth to praise the Light

It is in your own will to keep
Your heritage, lineage, as a cheek
But; turned on is the fact, too late.
Now One Rolls with the Fates.

How many lifetimes will one write?
To shine a bright hope at night?
Prevailing winds move the breeze
But those shocked, hypocrites indeed

To be charged to keep sorrow
Insanity every tomorrow
Fronting or never lending, but borrows
The cold feeling of rejections hollow

A node beyond the sense of time
Where one can reflect, as
The Heart of mine has ravaged free
It is just pumping eternal glee

Happy as the Tree's help
Not like the Dragon Whelp

Yet ancestors lead the felt
So reside, or perish and melt

Into the fire, a dragon's den
Crafted in gold to defend
The lucid spell across his tis
Rolling through the midst

Sacrifice me? Ascension goes bye
Why do you like it? Mother Earth Denies
Dust of drums to succumb
To the Suffering cowherd dumbs

Seeds found within the death
Initiation? Or is this breath
In the field of energy?
Shedding Skin Synergy

It will break hearts as it strings apart
Not sounding, but teleports
Into now dimensional cohorts
What have I begun saying, bro?

How can others know one?
When what reveals is the Sum
Of man's total Everyone
Allowing ambivalence strummed

Yellow butterflies in a cage
No threat, got no rage
Just facing dogs and wars page
This poem is a pre-wage

Vast Awareness

Dropping into this vast field of awareness
The music plays its own essence
Comparing, judging, rationalizing presence
As one comes, it is finding the present

Notes hitting the right place in time,
Can you feel the words outline
The destiny striking chords

Let's go down the harp

Vibrations glow, no tomorrow
As music sounds, ever bound
To a hollow, singing sugar
That has come to wither
Figures? Or what, just open up
And face what is now

There is a realm where the dice do not roll
And the void captures your soul
That is the total of wholeness, it comes
To be in the fullness, empty and constructed
Oneness, can't you see that I am the dumbest?

Somewhere sunken, in the temple lies
The key inside, screaming, just beating
To another tide, the sea confides
That the wave of emotion hides
The present current that exemplifies
To the essence of time, to what is sublime
As you are now in the mineral mind
Of diamonds and presence, lotus flowering
Perfumes radiated splendor, allowing
Us to see the place inside where it is
Not safe to hide, but confide
With another, not yourself, find the house
That holds the heart's own wealth

Can you feel my hurt?
Signs around, chilling the stroke
Then within the infant choke
Nobody breathes, for this is not hope
It is just another planet's rope

Do you feel the inside
Temples of your own being
That just reside in pillars strong
Essence pervading everlong
But now you can see that the vision
Is beyond the prison and caged the mission
Now how do you hide what you think
You know but I always show what you
Gonna do, lifting up another dew

Random around the things that are new
And now as we come to this
The strings insist that the vision ingress
Us to the plane beyond time where heaven shines

Golden gates, keys, nothing is locked
All the thoughts are free
Just like an open sea
Filled with amplitudes of fresh water creeds
That develop through the seed
As the first plant was established in greed
To see self beyond a soul
To provide an image of another total

That is to say, split it right in two
For that is how the plant works for you

Listen up, time to stop hitting what is stopping you from
Growing up, start to shine, listen to this, voices mind
It comes from beyond to the temporal
Do you want to know, my friend
What is around the corner bend?
Just shadows shaping the words fence
And it just harbors on the event death

Lightning blasts and nova casts
Emerald siddhis and frozen flask
Sheep and churches burn
As old songs tithe turn

The fabric of the wheel, less is more you appeal
But with writing zeal, I can't even tell you how I feel
Because no I exists, this ain't real
Illusion played the eyes' own field
Back again to ground zero

Now we take another flight.

Shut your eyes and come here...
...we are there.

Mystical realms, flowers feeling well
Giving hope and stories to tell
Gathering them to perfect smell

The fresh wind dances indwelled
Do we disappear into this dell?
Or do we live here and reappear

Into times, strings, motions, and songs
The things that move us are not strong
But simple, notes, tunes, hearts
That love from the first, to last, depart
And now we push and pull apart

O my dear, do you feel the guest?
In the darkest night, it feels to you next...
Wished you away, but you reappeared
And now the thought has disappeared

Along the thread, the dream is snapped
The frame of motion has relapsed
The great cord along the fade
Has insisted dreamy realms and gaze
But beyond the sight, the hope of Aether
To swim and be a Light-Being Feature

What is before the projection screen?
It is just my reflection, my dear
It is you who fears the notion of
Being alone in the cyst of song
How can one be ever present all along?
When the knowing knows, prolonged
Death, but vision has given new breath.

Dance! Dance! Sing the play
Learn the motion and swing today
Back and forth, to the side
All the emptiness, that must hurt inside

As empty is full, and the full becomes empty
I wish to depart from the aplenty
For ripe is the apple, it falls from the tree
And gravity gives in motion to plant the seed
In the womb, the place confided
Is where the Temple is residing
It holds its blue foam presence, like bottling water
And controls the ocean from another
This song is different, now we are here

Are you following your own? Are you mad at me?
Do you love yourself? Do you hope for help?
Do you think I've lost myself? There is nothing!
But the rest of eternity, I am me, and that is it
Can you even resist? I am not gonna insist

That as we fall in flowers and sing merry tunes
The stronger the presence, the longer the brew
But in the song, it is both parties who stew
For writing this I can sense you anew
From words and dimensions, clues on clues
This is written just for you

Like words on paper, scribbled and splattered
So like do the strings hold combatted
Like the fight for rights against the curve
But gravity likes to bend and swerve

Hit the light drums, dance to the beat
For the heart lives strong and doesn't repeat
But given a new and found with the seat
Of the guest inside and the Temple's seed
Can't we agree that this is beyond lust, need, and greed

Can you be here with me now as we travel this land
From these words I wrote and another band
Comes to see that this is nothing really
Just another writing song that gives soul entity

Souls to you, souls to me, souls connecting ever free
Listen to that, take the cue
For eternally is this realm in a stew
Of boiling welts, sun flares, and kisses
Can't you see that just one is what a Wizard wishes
For, to kiss a chance upon a realm afar
We don't understand how we are still in cars

For the rider and his horse, the white stallion given
Is what is hope to the man that is living
This is the station, no one commands the profiling
But it just provokes the stilling, and never completes
Your own filling

But the teeth sometimes have sugar brink

And due to restrictions, cavities sink
And thus, then folded upon the scar
Is a wall that doesn't get one far

It is like the wall holds the presence
From really expanding out in essence
This is what really is insisted in this testament
That I am moving beyond me to you
That is, we are both here in this song at this point
This moment, this great moment,
We are almost at the finale
But can you see that this is your calamity
That one can spin, one can seek
One can impoverish the needy and weak
But it all comes to this
Do you have the key?
Is your door open?
Can you walk through set free?

It is like a gamble of the dice
Rolling fates and black holes splice
But temptation is only a vice
And so many things are represented in life
That even pushing yourself away
Is what swings us together in the play
For leverage moves back and forth
And so such do the scales
Always Balance
And Always
Prevail
Love is the Way
Fall backwards into
The emotional Water
Way

There is no love in hate, there is no hate in love
There is no essence greater than a dove
There is no life, there is no hole
There is no shelter from the storms cold
The hands are survival, but the feet walk
But so does the mouth talk
But does the mouth remember the past
Or does it just make the infant choke

Past all moments, you and me have now
Finished
The Revoked

Darkest Night

In the darkest night, angels cry
No more lies
In the warmest light, devils fly
Ascend time

Calm waters rain from Heaven
Regretfully
Washing the sin of brethren
Hopefully

A wish simply spelled
Within blue
Can a lie grow withheld?
Clue on clue

Time always runs short
Behind mind
Warning for the support
Death dreams behind

As guitar strings play through
Harmony
The notes reply to new
Affinity

Infinite spelt
Words withheld
Live now
Not how

Fire and Water

Fire and water, earth and ice
Beloved guest within tonight's embrace
A shining hope, a star profound
In the magma's temple, scar unbound

Rising, hissing, taming fear's sound
Reaching to the everclear, steadfast and near
Beyond the realm of chance, charioteer
In plasmatic stance, defending what's dear
To him, both close and far, without fear
These horses gallop through the cosmic sphere
Ride to the wind, dust against the cosmic
Dance, and reason willed through harmonic
Relevance, each note struck with furious rage
That hope may never fade, as a ghost yearning to be fayed

Can you hear the silent choir's sound
All around, the anvil hits, talents abound
Prophecy's end, white light amends
The abyss, the torture, a realm that ascends
Swimming in the sea, land of fin and feather
Yet sky above, spirits heed the weather
Release the rains, washing valleys clear
Looking beyond the common weir

Sounds make notes through words
But can a word make the thought sound?
Or does it flow from without, echoing profound
Time, the method, didn't just work as planned
Cycling through the musts, heaving sands
Leaving himself to bestial lust
Can you hear, why face the trust
Against the universal crust

We don't hear the harp, the song is dying
Promises of eternal life, vying
The things of Earth, sorrow's prizing
Life begins, swings back and forth, prize-winged
The leverage of consistency in loving wing
Beyond the realm we see, love's sting
Life's harboring, cold front's wisping grace
Falling stars and cosmic portals, a new place

Hear, hear, the sound of water's might
Frozen, moving, never slaughter's blight
It gives life, hope to the placid mirror
Eternal love to all, never to deter
It never guesses, never assumes
Living its own waves, life resumes

Another praise, another note
Another word
Beyond the realm, where land and twirls quote

See with me, this dance we begin
To the land of distant things within
Now in the vision's mind, castle walls, a prison bind
Everything inside, facade to find
Breaking through, repaving the home's room
Around you, searching through bones' own tomb
Deep marrow drilled out, walls' skeleton
The death of now, do you want it, or then
Darker we go, into the boneyard's fray
Not in this land to save, the play's array
But can't you see, the fact, not body's act
To keep the tune, fly away from dune's pact
As desert holds silence's key
Heart's suviance, the key to be free

Beep boop, waiting on the next loop
Waste of time, reading through,
Listening to free Spotify, what to do
Back to the sorrow show

Rise again, the dead, thoughts in bread
Water gives thirst to the deepest layers spread
Faces to windows, stare into your own
You, alone, accept the telephone's tone
Coming back, ground zero, it's home
Yet, the walls, see now, say
Can't do this, isn't right, lead into night's sway
A light shows the way
Only comes their silent praise
Keep it slow, listen to the beat
Now back to the feat
Stars align, mind shifts, aligned in time
Constellations, brine, own dimensional twine

Snap, thread goes back, fact intact
Some things can't relate the pact
Horses gallop free, ever present reality
Keep strong, move along, motion's affinity
Pray the motion sings along

Rising fear, death is near, to you, not me
Reading this, deeper fear, near you, I'll be
World of emotional care
This to you, that to me, reality's fair
Together as one, two sums, come and see
Words on paper, nature's caper, feel free
Not hidden, astral prism's glisten

Time moves fast, never stops, dead restock
Clay, the dew, spirit formed
Beyond the temple's norm
Another storm, wash the tide away
From the bride, inside, switch free
To come now, lost as you, somehow
What are we saying, relativity, misspoints now
Relative things, signing, like an automaton swing

The graveyard of visions, bones' death,
To water, abbreviated breath
Dust to ashes, burn your mind
Free from hell's confine
Earth, our home, radiates throne's light
Between realms of happenstance
Power, trust, roast you, another glance
A temple, things that aren't simple

Forgot trees, forgotten healing reality
Just finding things beyond the slings
Of petty naivety and common ground
You were sought and now are found
As I speak in riddles once more
Now opening the temple door
Within we walk, curtains ripped apart
Spirit incense rising, tall shadows start
Ghosts grasp at me in astral figurine
This old way cannot be, within this temple, not free
Hidden walls, chamber locks, kingdoms beyond the faded box
Locks and chisels, bearing with me
What is it that I begin to see?
Things beyond the realm of known
So we always know what to do
Goblins in the heart of religion
Instilling need, prisons and greed, church missions
All in the name of different men

Am I this being you perceive above all, when
Reality bends, the pen plays vice, random dice
Hoping to win tonight

Do you know, all ways lose
But to be a loser is life infused
To win, is to set the lose
For reward is your motto, at all costs
Survive past this tense care
Now, I take you beyond somewhere

Fires burn, ashes churn awake
Dust particles fake, you are nothing, can't you see?
Temporary passing through, like dust in the wind
I am a thief, what is the chief?
Bud or pal, do we smoke or style?
Incense within the temple grounds

Releasing old visions, sounds of flowers given
From within the temple, fur coats hold
The ranks of smells that animals swell
And mind men matter, most golden head
Seated on the throne, cast in crystals do the orbs
Figurine and calls of stars
From inside the magus, order
Within, without, disorder
Chaos never rode this line
But now I am lost, and you
Come through again, my friend
Can you see, we leave and come back when
We need to see the simple flowers
Walking upon the earth
These things we wish for
Always return with hurt
But if hurt can pain through anger
Maybe we return to disciplined will
Nothing is now, temples have grown
This is magic beyond what I've known
But you are me, and we are thus
Let us go on, spell and brush!

The wings of the raven call beyond symmetry
Manifest destiny, let synchronicity be present!

Walls come down, behold
All things are one, let us move
Place yourself here and now
See the ego's walled reality
Watch it crumble, look at it,
Look! Can't you see
Your own ego walls of reality
To find your truth, trust your sight
Never reprove the light

This is it, the time has come
Watch yourself become undone
The greatest verse, the end
From blueprints in ego's search

Stop searching, I have found
Write your own profound seed
You are the temple, the body you are
From dust afar, the seed grows
Wind blows through thoughts each day
Beyond the realm of fades and shadows

Lands beyond the walls, grow and season all
Can't stop, can't begin, can't slow
We can't win, to see beyond the light
I hope this write has shown you right

But as the trumpet calls us
What do you think now?
Or stall somehow?

Listen to wise words, simple tales of light
Fires ample in sight, rays beyond the white
All doth thine will contrite

You are there, magic now, be still and present
It is one that you feel, common anxiety of the real
Too intense, let's see if any of this is easy to read
Or just a miss
t me know if there are specific parts you'd like to adjust further!

Form

Be like water—forming to shape,
Be like fire—shaping to form.
Be like air—giving life its breath,
Be like earth—rooting deep and strong.

Beyond the Sea

O tale in night beyond the Sea
Was once fleeting, found, and free
It is to be, but shall not so
Wonderful infinite sorrow

Lakes reflect the deepest mirror
Yet so doth thy sky ever near
Motion captures clouded fear
As we are, we are souvenirs

In silent resonance profound
Eternally now, endless amounts
With pain by resilience astounds
And keeps clay fire's around

Yet a liver can always refresh
As the Eagle emanates subjects
Into desire, lust, greed; - which infects
Like a swarm of locust testament

So deep in silence is the Moksha
As speak friend and enter; Nirvana
This is the invitation as a Lama
Beyond the substratum plaza

A House to hold the Temple seed
Eternally my guest, you may proceed
To stem radical and flower with ease
To manifest the Lotus given creed

O yes my beloved, the darkest night
Has come without my own sight!
For light still shines in the dark
But death dines my will apart

As the singularity feedbacks loops

White-ness clothed within pursuits
One without a given need's recluse
A resonance beyond the natural noose

Tis silence spoke to me now, and ushered
These words, have come to be mustered,
Like the seed sown around rocks, dirt and soil
So such does each ascend and recoils

Into the place where the Rocks are Kept
Roots growing so deep, locked into confinement
Just as the tree extends alignment
It grows both ways to realize sublimeness

Yet as the stalks and leaves synthesize
Light to the sugar we need, that provides
Food to pollen, pollen giving honey subsidies
And combs the nest into the active beehive

The flowers of Lotus blossom from the lake
And do not get wet, only by the coming mistakes
Of rain that flashes floods and debates
Whose right is it to this land that is forsaked?

As the pedals dance around the blossoming heart
So such does thine will begin to depart
Along the lines of vision from the seed
That sprouted alive the True Nature reprieve

When the cord reached the bottom of the lake
From the Lotus Flower that radiates
It's flowering passion and sky-reaching fates
Denying what is, that is going against weights

Yet each opening blossom of the pedals gift
Was seen by Throned Kings from Elysian abyss
The Tathagata past the motion's suspense
As joy sprouted the beginning of Nirvana's midst

But the dew upon the seeds growing still
Let live, where does the seed come into will?
It always exist, or did the womb just brill
Into a fight or flight emotional walled kill

Mother Nature, o yeah kind soul to me
Alive those words so such come to be
But words are codes to those who see
Now drift and come and sing

Sea mist spraying along the oars
Capturing distant lands from stars
Coming to places unknown to us
We put yourself in faith's own trust

Developing

We are the new reason developing
from the sting of reality
wounds deep, just kept secretly
in midst

Emerging from the scars of time
In shadows cast by moonlight's rhyme
Where pain and hope entwine
A journey traced in every line

Unveiling truths that lie within
Echoes of where we've been
Paths we choose, hearts akin
To find solace beneath the skin

Bridges crossed and battles fought
Lessons learned, the lessons taught
In the silent chambers of thought
Where the essence of self is sought

From the depths where fears reside
To the heights where dreams collide
We navigate this turbulent ride
With courage as our guide

Rains Fall Down

Rains fall down, the forest drowns
As around, the sound, compounds
Lyres of notes, so simple and found

Upon the realm of Hope profound

The simple mana that showers
From beyond, that land, sea, and Tower
Has come to be in the hourglass hour
From darkness, the greatest light devours
As time moves in, every single hour

The foliage, damp dew along the leaf
But simple common drops just relieve
That tension in a system photosynthesis
But as one knows, you can't always wish

The old Oak sings its song
To preach, to be ever strong
Like the lightning resisting the jolt
That everything is inside a mote

Simple dust, winds of space-time configuring
Designs of orbital withering
But as we see the sky so blue
We know eventually, red pursues

Anger turned into velvet blackness
Around the things in lightness
This has come to see into
That things are not always what appears
Windows

Into another time, but simple craft
Moves the spelling wills and staff
Common drafts for magus in fact
As just spies out to get this track

You know, I know, why keep it up
Just stop looking for a reason to lock one up
Reality is a nihilistic fatality
And it is here, be, now here

The trance is in motion, potential commotion
As the things just start to come to resolution
But as the things we see just are common pollution
Of rhythm static in the song's solution

There is no reason to walk forward or behind
For all happens in its own time
This is what verses always should combine
Is that if you walk the talk, you are aligned

Who makes the rules of what is attuned?
It is just relevance of sight to see into
The one whose fabrics ignite centrifuge
And allows one to see into the soulless ruge

Trees drown in tempest fights
But many brethrens hold the white
But sages past of the show
Have all now gone, above as below

White sorrow of death takes
But as one elects, doth thine will fates
And a full cup of wine moves this date
Plunge deep into the abyss gate

Water's Flow

As water flows into the current sky
So such do the winged angels alive
Above as below; so such realized
Abode as beneath; so such eternalized
As a dragon fuming while photosynthesized
So such does the fire re-compartmentalize

The hiss! The Tao spells no-knowing-nothingness
A sweet water forming all that in manifestation
Ambrosia's nectar that is dancing transmigrations
Are the sound harmonized to the proficient
There is only light, a grown-by-fire nation
As the pursuit of pleasure is dukkha sense

In the whisper of the winds, we find our way
Through the labyrinth of night and day
Each step a melody, each breath a sway
In the dance of life, where shadows play

The stars above, the earth below
In every heart, a fire's glow

In every soul, the seeds we sow
In every journey, what we know

The dragon's roar, the angel's song
In every right, in every wrong
We find the place where we belong
In silence deep, in echoes strong

For life is but a fleeting dream
A tapestry of light and beam
In every thought, a glistening stream
In every moment, what we deem

To be the truth, the path, the way
In every night, in every day
In every word, in every say
We find the light, we find the ray

So flow like water, fierce and free
And let your heart, like fire, be
In every breath, in every sea
Find the peace of eternity

The Tao whispers through the trees
In every rustle, in every breeze
In every moment, find your ease
And let your soul be at peace

For in the end, we all return
To the light, the love, the burn
In every lesson that we learn
We find the peace for which we yearn

Wake Up

Awake, the dream dissolves,
The clock reveals its steady pulse,
Ever poised to mark the hour.
Is it an invention or a predestined design,
Crafted by unseen hands?
Or does the hourglass, with its silent fall,
Hold the answers we seek?

Begin with the question, internalize, reason,
Let logic guide your mind's wanderings,
A path to realization, clear and unadorned,
Yet simplicity hides no subversive lies,
Revealed through the cries of truth.

Question or answer,
Is one a dancer in life's intricate ballet,
Or a mere observer, on the sidelines,
Entranced by the spectacle,
Lost in a vegetative stupor?

As stars illuminate the cosmos,
Each speck of dust traverses
Mountains, valleys, and prairie lows,
Following the currents of existence,
In the vast, empty sky.

Awake, the dream has ended,
Reality's cover pulls back,
Moments of clarity emerge,
Mansions of thought hold vast stores,
Not to discard, but to ponder,
Zoning out the unnecessary.

The hunger of the self is an endless greed,
Seeking fulfillment in fleeting pleasures,
Yet satisfaction is transient,
Desires cling and suffering follows,
Leaving emptiness in their wake.

True love is not lust,
Remain steadfast,
Open hearts radiate in the corridors of life,
Lighting the path ahead.

Oblivion Beyond

Beyond the veil, oblivion's grasp,
Nature's muse sings an endless hymn,
Emotions ripple, intertwine and clasp,
Rapture's essence, where songs dim.

Memories taut, comprehension elusive,
Statuesque forms, lost in the void,
Vulnerability, a dimension so exclusive,
Captured moments, forever coyed.

Illusions silenced, harmonies play,
Disciplined will, softly interfering,
Delusions of violence fade away,
In stillness, melodies are ever-clearing.

Order emerges from chaos' spin,
Seasons turn, as they always do,
Borders hold where havoc thins,
Reason finds its cause, pure and true.

White Sound

The sound I hear comes clear,
A white light of expansion,
Soothing my soul's consciousness,
Guiding me to ancient realms.

This moment, a death, a cup refilled,
Stillness in the presence of will,
I am—a question of identity,
I am selfless, desires null.

Waves of epistles rush through,
Light, love, and guidance rule,
The astral body moves my mind,
Restoring feelings of ordered calm.

Beset, beseeched, I expand in light,
Over beings, spheres, and orbs,
Radiating clarity freely.

This vibrant rush, this movement,
Echoes deep within life,
Strife within, outer shine from my whole.

Gazing inward, I see the temple of Self,
My eye and scrolls unfold,
Transmigrating beyond all planes.

This experience, a dharma on the Tao,
I reflect on my path,
Seeing passion in the present.

This spell captures me,
To planes echoing thus,
Meditating on nothingness,
Becoming nothing, I am.

Colors, movements, and sounds,
Radiate in white light,
Self-communication continues,
Feeling above and beyond.

Closing my mind in peace,
The soul opens to control,
As Atman, I radiate all,
Under this frequency.

O change, O sight,
Inside, a tree of light,
Photons race,
The golden face develops.

Within, a simple spell negates the end,
My eye opens to the void,
Ego dissipates.

Reflecting, I see everything,
The universe of order,
Transformations bestowing light
To all incarnate beings.

Prophesying change,
Society will undergo metamorphosis,
Development of light endures.

Ushering a new age,
Land and time grow,
Growth restricted by self,
Inner overcoming.

Changing once again,

Rearranging layers of thought,
Expelling an aura of grace,
Flowing within my essence.

O geometry, angles' facade,
Shapes commune in bright light,
Fluorescent in my mirror,
Turbulent transfixing gazes.

Opening Self slowly,
Anointing with light,
Bright as Ra, my voice of white,
Seeking nature in lost tribes.

Rearranging thought to peace,
Life's blessing overflow,
Love saturates reality.

O change of sight,
Controlling my gaze,
Deep and centered,
The way of Brahman,
An entity witnessed in thought.

Becoming soft like snow,
Glowing radiant white,
Heating in the cold Earth's embrace.

Cold as frost, I enliven,
Void sings free,
Spell under many moons,
Howling in early life.

As we change, undergo,
Balancing the seeds we sow,
Finding peace in selflessness,
Light and life guiding us.

To and Fro

Walking to and fro,
Singing songs of sorrow,
No promise of tomorrow,

Borrowing from the rust of now.
All we trust is sadness integral,
Moments monumental,
Awareness, temperamental,
Fields of sensation surround,
As each branch withers away.

Drifting towards deep Atlantis,
Abyss holding information; locksmiths,
Opening rifts beyond land, sea, and drifts,
Carried by currents to white-light crisp,
Morning dew, as each tomorrow,
Reflects ever true.

Storm

A storm looms in the distance,
Far yet near, tender kisses of eloping hands,
Wishes entwined, dancing to this orchestrated instance.

Can the violin sing more somber tunes,
Or do mellow strings bring fonder memories,
Rising from the shadowlands' coils,
Graves arise! Green death races,
Codes of informative designations,
Realizing tender resolutions,
War without Peace? The Golden Faces?

The Nine dance, webbed in sorrow,
A single string snaps, the three decease,
Chain web breaks not,
From death's grief and suffering's grasp.

Taking the long route, you see,
Orbs willow on death's resolute branches,
Orange, the psychic door hinge to Reality,
Let me now open you completely!

All things known, fondling growth,
Into mists of songs and terrible depths,
Imagination's cold frost, dragging tomorrows,
Into the now, always left behind.

What is Right? Right is What is...
But how can we insist good is evil?
Reality forms within seals,
Duality increases as materials reveal.

Sight invisible to those beyond the mask,
Fabric's personality given in the dancing quest,
The trumpet is close, but is Time blessed,
Or must the Mouth devour the rest?

Riders! Anoint your will, fill your cup,
Establish wills beyond our cusp,
Let life relive the returning crisp,
All things will return to mist.

As the fog looms over night,
Riders prepare, death in light,
From flowing streams, growing right,
Initially, the test is always white.

Truce to the realms! Let war be nil!
Let Eris remain still, forever still!
The story found in will,
This sound reverbs from the Echo.

Echo? Or is it the voice you always hear?
If you hear it,
It must be you listening,
Thought is thus nothing other than

A voice to listen to, not your own,
Only like suffering beyond home,
The storm grows in contagious soup,
Converting mealstorms into vortex coup.

Cortex evolved, trees of life seen,
Memories of DNA and dolphin beams,
Life, a passing commercial stream,
Never ends, just thought and time remain.

Can you feel hopeless that we will lose?
Can you let those feelings sink into you?
It is death of maternal, death of all,
Death of the chosen who cherish the call,

Death of light, death of darkness,
Mergence of all things, with the highest.

Dance Mystery

Dance with mystery in the desert,
Singing praises within, alert,
Awareness weathers each droplet,
A sea held together by dust,
Many cannot drink, nor think,
This body, this endless vessel,
Moves soundlessly across planes,
Echoes of choices made,
Who are you? Who am I?
Awake or asleep,
Knowing or unknowing,
Thinking or unthinking,
What you are, you are not,
What you are not, you are.

A flame among stringed branches,
Time soiled by spiral stances,
Compounded into reason,
Order and dendrites,
Flowing in every direction,
From the Tree of Life's web,
Introducing oneself to the unknown.

Listen, the eye sees,
Presence drifting, lifted,
Submitting to no choice,
But expanding like blue meets red,
Words resonate,
Thought echoes beyond symbols,
Ancient ways and ancient ones,
Followed and taught,
Seen through fourth eyesight,
Beyond instinct's edge.

Turn, spiral begins,
Bifurcation expands,
Information transcends dimensions,
Strengthens through interpretation,
Unconsciously guiding,
From dust to dust,

This parable taught.

Dust to Titans,
Realms eaten and planned,
Statues in Egypt's sand,
Emotions in unknown lands,
Believe or not,
Rabbit down the hole,
Hat shows the act.

Dust, fire, chaos of mud,
Water, smog, fog,
Spirit and air tether,
Newts under bacteria's lair,
Seen through third eye glare,
A field open, orbs growing,
Collective hope to grow,
Beautiful in dream,
Aeiou, clue to see.

Evolved dust, light science,
Particle like star, planet,
Asteroid, moon,
Motion of systems,
Words beyond time,
Water, fire, earth, air, spirit,
Primordial soup,
Time pulled together,
Released in form.

Many voices witness,
Sea erodes, tides erode,
What is, sea lost to abode,
Droplet of the eye sees,
Witness, struck by lightning,
Silence along lines,
Retreat, burden beside lesson,
Matter of fact, blessing,
Turn page, terror, wages,
Death and tax set stages,
Nothing left.

Be what is right,
Patiently in night,

Years not moved,
Losing sight,
Action before thought,
Here and now.

Do we end?
Nothing left here,
Anyone to save?
Sing for devotion,
Sing free, hoping,
No right action,
Just dead,
Life begun,
Twas a spell,
Woven chime,
Muses divine,
No escape,
Be here now.

Presence Be All

May presence encompass all,
Each note expressing swiftly,
A song beyond earthly bounds,
Light dancing with playful comrades,
Guiding stars beyond tranquil stillness.

Ascending and descending the ladder,
Steps grounded in intricate webs,
Darkness wrestles with orchard's temperament,
Notion poisoned beyond Hemlock's lore,
Wisdom not always from death's realm.

Each breath, each Eternal Now,
Situates in the how of status,
Moment to moment allowed,
Emotions plowed through dance,
Droplets sow profound seeds.

Open Infinite

Open infinite, embrace the beloved;

Graceful arms in a spaceless room,
Can we fill emptiness with what is?

Uncharted

Visions from uncharted lands,
In the dream's command, planned litany,
All that exists, dust and sand,
From helium to man's destiny!

The concept of time,
And time's concept,
In this realm, isn't it apparent?
The quiet essence of being,
Complete rest, unseen light growing,
A circle, pass not me by,
In this boundary, one cannot spy
The limit, restrict the end,
Binding the nation to what we mend.

But as poets show,
This syntax divine glows,
Living in tomorrow yet found here,
Presently held dear,
Fear is there, war's wound,
Pens doors shut,
Closes off being to what is,
Hope's eternal shiv.

Where was I lost again?
I am no more, lost I am,
This is another way of speaking,
Through nothingness seeking, teleporting,
Left truly to this moment's tis,
A spell involving the land,
Like soft memories of another man,
But I am Daniel, a command,
Live in peace, harm no man!

Bliss insists statically,
To relate I am lost to existence,
Nothing here but present atoms,
Bubbling in my metal's infrastructure,
Not settling, iron sharpening iron,

One tone helping another,
Each octave shaping,
Purging oneself, seeing death's test,
No actual death, but death of knowing best,
No matter how smart, on the street how far,
Without a scar?

Life's field just gives what is,
Now my friend's hands gifted,
To type beyond, hence here,
Standing alone, fearing.

Dream, open! Unravel, core hit,
System arrives, door opening,
Inside councils, sitting chapels,
Orders kept, people raffled,
Sustaining the coven, allowing growth,
Or does it?
Does it touch narcissism's core?

Trumpet

The trumpet's notes resound,
Here we are, about to commit,
To another standard script,
Wait, who bestows the blessing?
Guessing? Questions? Silence answers...

Farewell, another election taken,
Trees growing, coercing correction,
In time, perfection we envision.

The Craft? A Wizard on Draft,
Only Me and I? Who else is Mine?
Nothing specific, just another depth,
Of mine, not too much, cartography,
Another style, then denial praised,
As we walk down preacher's aisles,
To eat the body, the blood, for a while,
To satisfy, beyond the wild,
A lush Summerlands child,
Walking in fern-filled forests,
Flying betwixt spaces,

Across lands, seas, and sifts!
Beyond temporal, no crossing shores,
Nil, indifferent!

Back to the beginning, now we strike,
The song, backfire, we ignite,
In scenes, fires adrift,
Along the Oceanic Surveyor,
Of the Inland Sea, reservoir,
For the lake inside is not far...

Hold up, relax, no stress,
Just pretension, another pressing,
Relation to the core, pressure,
Another system's displeasure,
Can't always ignite two,
When the spark is not alight,
Don't even try, to water it down,
You'll drown in the ocean's depths,
Reeds rooted myriad sands;

Where did I go just now? Nobody knows!
A little while back, a little while back,
Shows delicate song integration,
Moving station, mote it be, no segregation,
Design in continuation!

Here we go, no more polite lyrics,
Using up coherent verses,
To die another spiritual death, no contest,
Hoping you won't surrender,
To something not here, nor there,
But in the underwhere place, not their, but here,
Walk, stop, crop, hop it up,
Dream, sleep, perchance awake,
Now rhythm lost upon sleep,
Perchance awake, dream in fates,
Nothing new, all old, particular states,
Merge, back to the first gate,
End the song in the final debate!

Desert Storm

In the desert, the storm of sands engulfed me,
The choir of dust rising from phoenix's turmoil,
Centuries, eons, times past in pain,
Descending upon me, from above,
Ladders leading the way home...

We hope for change, clouds providing rains,
Nourishing every needed crop,
Without discard, nutrients seep into cracks,
Sealed in Earth for centuries,
As we change but can't endure Her main pain,
Laborer of our fields, mines,
Lumber feeding our homes,
Praising Mother Nature's glory.

When clouds weep, materializing,
Into liquid, paste, healing agent,
Salving the flowing current,
Obstructing sight, washing away dust.

Do you feel it too? Dream of mana, ambrosia,
Sweet nectar sweeter than the finest harp,
Singing tales from beginnings to late hours,
Darkness creeping along the land.

What begins darkness, one might ask,
We ponder, weary and meek,
To reveal the magi's task,
Unveiling lies, ignorance of Truth,
That burdens the land.

Like sand pillars erupting from dust,
Collected by southward winds,
Even fairest storms regret,
As clouds rain streams,
Constant flux of liquid to swift rivers.

Never step twice, regret your walk,
Crossing in waters never the same,
The other side of Truth,
No lies, eternal compromise,
Beyond our lives.

Another wine, bread at the table,

Why sacrifice to save the noble?
Know Purusha arrives, ignoble though thou art,
In deepest dreams I conjure,
Glory of the Cup, setting Galilee apart.

From a long line, Alexander the Bard,
Sings his own tale to my dilemma,
Dragon-stand, rock fortress command,
Beyond particular sands...

Figures remote, sitting tall, wise,
Yearning to tell tales, sing muses,
The tenth has come, consuming,
Disgrace of the past, why race now,
To conclusions starting anew,
Dust trusting in the end,
Judgment to end lies.

Down we go, another place,
Another tomorrow, a gift found,
A face among the crowd,
Stringing songs past solitude,
Greatest section below.

Dance with flame, nameless,
Nothing apparent, relative,
Just a thought, unaware,
Slithering body left, conjuring,
Temple destruction summoned,
Who art thou, walking in death?
I am thou, the Last! Callisto sent me,
No time for you, standstill,
Breath, my young son, trance breathes,
Captured in this moment,
Water breaks at fjords,
Disciplined in fire's death,
Dance with the flame, twirling undead,
Angered brains, boiling skin,
Howling death's emanations,
Apparent and real, feel the fright,
Sulfur burning eyes, no gaze,
Standing tall, eternalize flame,
Eyes see through aligned fires,
In death, thine will preaches sublime,

Underworld currents, Elysian fuel,
Dark, plastic realms, elastic eyes,
Stretching miles, flame consumes,
Boiling below freezing, hardening skin,
Crackling splinters, alive in freezing fin,
Time has come, clock strikes twelve,
Praise to the song beyond dreams,
Seen with relativity,
Just the beginning of a movie scene,
Silent, how silent are you?

Another Time

Listen to words from another time,

OM SHRI KRISHNAYA NAMAHA

The waterfall spills dreams untold,
Like water's drop unseen and bold,
Manifesting in temporal streams,
Willed by spirit's sacred themes.

Currents deep beneath the wells,
Guard secrets that silence quells,
Rivers proven, onward swell,
Flowing from the mountain's ancient spell.

Mind grasps thoughts, sands of time,
River erodes, returns in rhyme,
Obstacles curve, land's command,
Restricting river's natural strand.

Another feels, just a mote,
Dream or harmony's gentle note,
Spherical flowers provoke,
Tomorrow's glow, afloat.

Lotus drifts upon the lake,
Current's hold, no give or take,
Bound by fate, rooted deep,
Ground below, no mistakes keep.

Coastal river, large or small,

Sings a song, reasons recall,
Cold notes strike desire's fire,
To reach waters, retire.

Beyond the shore, where I reside,
Once falling, water's eye beside,
Single drop in ocean wide,
Will resides in current's tide.

Vast, connected attitudes,
Ground under, water's moods,
Stilling residue, serene and true,
In spacious depths, me and you.

Light Feathers

In moonlight's embrace, feathers dance in flight,
Each breath of wind and wave, towards a celestial light,
Beyond astral stars that gleam in sunlight's sway,
Welcoming every awakened soul in its timeless way.

Was the path destined to fade into naught,
An exchange where nil meets not, endlessly sought,
Forward we walk, amid harps and strings' refrain,
A symposium denied in thoughts' labyrinthine domain.

Roads shown, forks met, and trails trodden bare,
Along currents spinning webs with cosmic flair,
This path for you, hope blooms and prevails,
In anonymity, I'd rather be, amidst substratal veils.

Per dream's chance or revelation's divine,
In substance, nothingness emerges, as thoughts align,
Scorn addressed, fury burns beyond prudence's gate,
Rhymes sway to test life's labyrinthine fate.

The song embraces darkness in fleeting monoliths,
Wait a second... the flow just switched its myth,
Our age's virus, Trojan's into settlements' array,
Wait a minute... US government supplies, ISIS they say?

Warped by media's propaganda global in its sprawl,
Forest knows the sound when silence befalls all,

Lost in Wall Street's market, old ways for sale,
Grounded in cycles of boom and bust's tale.

Watch as mystery's dance graces this moment's embrace,
Melodies soothe, awakening fawns from silent space,
Like a lake softened by time's gentle sweep,
In stillness we find quiet, placid, and ever deep.

From the deepest well springs the greatest song's call,
Ambrosia and nectar, what answer awaits the soul's thrall,
Transmigration from whole to whole, bound by celestial bars,
On Earth, death surrendered, in waiting or following stars.

To the hollow where silence plays in Harper's song,
Antiques like this ode never musing mind's long,
Why resurrect Eden when another paradise calls,
Asleep or within design, from the deepest mine it calls.

Walk carefully in the future, mindful where you tread,
After sun's warmth, rain's embrace, moonlight's thread,
Joy wallows, stings from hearts that weep and grieve,
Follow love's lead, where intelligence finds reprieve.

Frosted shades, scales armored in ambivalent hue,
Winter's cold breath against tales old and new,
Today's path walked, face turned to shadows' play,
In the Arctic's freeze, waking each moment, night and day.

As ice thaws, shores rise, facing Maker's cosmic lore,
Judgment's scales, asking, who were you before,
Freely we wander, reason's coverings undone,
Foreign shores beckon, where Soma and apples run.

Golden rivers flow through honey and Milky Way's dance,
Fate's tapestry woven since time's first nuanced glance,
God rises to author's voice, once more enchanted,
In realms where magic and truth are forever transplanted.

Moment Time

Muse, seize this moment in time's embrace,
Craft evolving, clearing life's sublime trace,
Counted now by the seer's knowing grace,

Simple as choice, waiting for anyone, a voice to face.

Dancing into flames, luminous and bright,
A sphere's ferocity sings in lunar light,
A Tsunami Wave within harmony's hold,
Oceanic strongholds where mysteries unfold.

Beyond the ocean, cliffs, and veiled skies,
Beyond sounds, concepts, beyond smiles' guise,
This song's for the faint-hearted, found in art's maze,
Fear keeps us from truths near, far from gaze.

What do these eyes see beyond the sky's span?
Realms beyond lies, directions lost in plan,
Or directionless turns in swirling thought's span,
Shaping biodegradable forms, life's cessation's ban.

Skeleton soldiers march death's rows collide,
Stars and spheres left in silence's stride,
Nothing but nothingness, new marital status decreed,
Yet in this song I sing, a united being's creed.

Unshackled Purusha slows the pace,
Heart turned to gold, soul placed on time's face,
Sands laid on shores where isolation flees,
Myths and tales building fortresses with ease.

Fantasy holds back imagination's sway,
Meaning found in simple human notes' play,
Towards the order seen by those beyond,
Telegraphing sights to unchosen realms fond.

A wave echoes miles deep, within this place,
Far yet close, a question posed, why stay's grace?
Comedy's tragic flaw reveals the law,
Grace given to ease the plan's worry, the soul's thaw.

Strings play to ease hearts' longing note,
Read another's page, see yourself afloat,
In thoughts, ideas, memories entwined,
Free from thought, sitting still, self-defined.

Nothing here, nothing there, awareness found,
Self true to nothing, awareness unbound,

Choiceless simplicity, plain and clear,
Self arises, non-self aware, here and near.

Fire dances above, water cools the soul below,
Guiding through dark realms where insights grow,
Essence combines, freeing the author's plight,
Sleep, read deeper, combine centuries in sight.

Nightmares ride, dreams come free,
Sin forgiven, guilt's end, freedom to see,
Discernment in beingness persists,
All things die, blackness sounds eternal's twists.

Notes pulse, feelings strong, energy's dance,
No world between, just a door's chance,
Wisdom sees apron's stir, temptations fall,
Connect souls in dream's spheres, beyond all.

Cup filled, never still, thrill beyond quills,
Notes and wands per will, song's light spills,
Eternal mirage of life's truth we write,
Realms seen, pains felt, darkness's flight.

In nurseries' dark, pain's sting unknown,
Light succumbs, realms beyond, truth's sown.

Nobody Agrees

Nobody truly agrees, yet who am I to dissent?
When reputation breeds vexation, dominance unspent,
Can't Trump the power, you see?

Nobody but a kid, spinning out verses bold,
Triple A intercourses, standing alone, behold,
High stakes transform holes into possibilities.

Another fragment of reality, infinitesimal components,
Substructure stretching beyond, where fear sometimes ferments,
Mystique at my level, accessing chambers fit for kings,
The Holy Spirit's grace, unbroken in its rings.

As you awaken, pondering... who am I?

Let us begin...

I'm just a small man with nothing to lose,
Rolling fat blunts, no curfew to choose,
Living without residue, penning extreme lines,
Denying nothing, but transcending confines.

I'm not this hat I wear today,
Nor the denial where poets may stay,
I'm just knowledge beyond singular realms,
Let's start something, debate the helms.

Relevance to a poet, being nothing but a rhyme,
Swinging from tenth to first in rhythmic time,
Orchestrated words flow freely from silence,
Tapping into a hip hop step, mental defiance.

Circle back through the residue of thought,
Challenging the flow, where minds are sought,
In this prison of thought, no escape, just this,
Setting up a sabotage, blowing apart what's amiss.

These words dance on the edge of laws,
Principled but explosive, without pause.

All You Have

Can you give all you have, when what you have is already empty?
The feeling swirling in your gut, not a thing but something beyond.
A song lost to time, myriad thoughts combined,
Invoking development through thought and time.

There's no way to find the way, for Heaven is absolute,
Saving minds like a moose's, yet corruption's seedlings grow.
Branching into trees, leaves blooming, sorrow fondling,
Each limb traversed to write this book, paper a tree's hook.

Giving all without expectations means not giving much,
To perform magic, will be under the brush, finding what's beyond.
A spell captured momentarily, strokes of God's artist above sky.

Listen, we grow like trees, rise like phoenixes each morning,
Infinite energy with each sunrise, days dissolving into play.

Another state relayed with tomorrow's presence filling around,
Gone beyond the family's noiseless sound, just being my own.

Can't even face it? Why fake it for capital, disasterful reimbursements?
Fate hasn't transformed you by and by, hell just mind's residue!
So have fun in this life, I'm a step ahead, laughing at you!

In Time

In the beginning, time
Soft waters flowed smoothly,
Still currents ran deep
And Earth grew from the fire's glow.

Radiant yet cold,
Serenading from below,
Seeds sowed in the bubble's thorn,
Void of connection, abyss in splicing torture.

Fusion connects,
Gravity in every moment,
Strings express along the flames,
Beckoning silence finds the echo.

But what forged the metal?
Who wielded the anvil?
Who aided the beggar?
No man, for it simply is.

Time was like a seed,
Jumping units, quantum shifts,
Entanglement when radical dies,
Sprouting anew, birds sing silent grace.

Why should the tales
Will Fion or Taelism be favored?
Merlin conquered past pages,
Magic now found on stages.

Circle drums beat home's thought away,
Traveling light years away, so why am I so serious?

Embrace totality,
Universal axis tilted,
Seer sees stables,
Attitude wavers.

I am, not that,
I am, not this,
I am neither this nor that,
I AM.

You are,
Experience is,
Beyond layers and stars,
Here, through the lens of moments.

Deep rattles in bones,
Deeper than atom's throne,
Deepest structures cone,
Conical fields grow stone.

Years pass, walking dead,
Bardo now essence,
Victim of dread,
Silence, thy.

Walking like a forest fern,
Through rivers' turning paths,
Up and down, left and burns,
Taking castle walls from churns.

Mote, mote it be,
Among many things,
We are the sea,
Fringed in roots.

The root was, now gone,
Sprouted towards,
Behind yet forwards,
Strong.

Temple grew from clay,
Fire and water churned,
Deep shadows lurked beneath the well,
Shall I tell?

Dragon's claws hold the prison,
Temples of random torture,
Eyes and stew, Styx and brew,
Shadows in this home.

Not so great this sounds,
Like liver steak from fire's sun,
Beyond earth, water, and air,
Held captive, does the dance,
Advancing the system along the path.

What is the moon's cycle?
Why does the earth dance no tune?
Death walks endless noon,
Midnight.

I see the home,
A fortress of rock,
Entertaining slow thoughts,
Nowhere am I placed.

Soft clouds walk,
Seeing triangles,
In rhythms of shaded polygons.

Death does not shake well,
Sometimes beings are hell,
Time since, sometimes mean,
Dancing serene.

Three elements bubbling,
Air, clay, fire,
Mountains keep,
No desire.

In earth, caverns hold,
Old, weak stones,
Strong, long,
For I am gone.

Temples here,
Like pillars,
Holding two suns.

Earth cooled,
Fire sang,
Sparked, jumped,
Cooled, planned.

It grew shoulders, heads,
Bodies fed,
Each part broke off,
Wanted its own soul.

Do not eat the apple,
For the soul was contained,
Inside the sugared membrane,
Now walking a higher smoke allowance,
Through the nether passage,
Center balance.

How does the druid see?
Relative to truth,
The more one knows, the less one sees,
Nothing gives rise to everything!

First body, I am not,
Second comes fraught,
Third is naught,
Ten thousand sought!

Many gone, yet rocks,
Fingers from before,
Standing alone.

Each wolf holds its pack,
Each lion roars, panther stalks prey,
Why so many differences anyway?

Walk slow, for temples break,
Shadowlands death to me,
Seeing a witch, power soaked red,
Summoning my gateway walked through,
Otherside, past dues.

Past life's strife,
Strife of what was,

Relatives conquered, kids.

The song now follows a beat,
Random, my own treat,
Falling away, down, down,
Nobody, anyhow, somewhere,
Left a part in glaucoma,
In darkness.

Shores walk, sands shift,
Currents plan power's course,
Death sings to various poems,
Each path to the home is our own.

I see the canis,
Ultimate power,
Insanity.

This story ends, continues,
What is left,
From the window,
Ending back to me,
Into reality,
Apart from the flowing sea,
Where currents to the m,
Left nothing,
As you've seen.

So nothing in everything,
Now be.

Nobody Knows Anybody

Nobody knows anybody!
So where does that leave us?
A simple note, an echo, a voice?
Or does the clock hit zero?
As we realize we are ordinary,
Not a hero... Just emanations
In a temple, completely relative...
Like a verse, a thought, a resound,
Beyond the stroke of midnight;
What a supernatural moment,

Captured in material... Fancy imagination
Where nobody is everybody.

Who Am

Many times tripping, keeping up,
Can I achieve my goals?
Or does everyone insist
That everything I think is wrong,
Just because I'm not like everyone else?
Simpletons convinced? Or pretense
Has resurrected, time passes,
And so do traumas and reactions.

Body walls of steel and mail,
God's armor to no avail...
What is this for anyway,
To deflect swords, or merely glance
And turn another's sharp steel blunt?
Burned into the rhythm of man,
That one must fight and conquer,
But quietude and peace make all realms stronger!

God's armor, what a joke,
Slings and arrows pierce to the throat;
A dragon can crunch straight to the bone,
Marrow for free, a delicacy, you see,
Now we go beyond apologies and covenants,
Beyond realms into eternity;
Yet understand this,
I am a gift transcending our sphere,
Descending to this plane,
The ground is pleased,
To be a fallacious family!

This conversation betwixt and between,
The Way, Te, Wei Wu, passes through,
Can't help it, Daniel is the Tao, formless form,
Coming through, correcting nothingness,
A seed grown into a lily, a Buddha secluded!

I am a Master, no feeble mind,
Read Revelations,
A white horse and rider,

Original illuminated guise,
For who truly ends? Nobody,
Just the word of oneself,
That's where you end, facing all words,
How did you work with the words,
They are the beginning,
The middle where you pass through,
And the last is the residue,
Were you rusty or turned into golden dust?

Wait, where do I come from,
Stay realistic or pass into intrinsic relativity?
Beyond a drop of a tear,
Resides the Ocean of Fear!
Each wave beyond the drop,
Graves star design courses,
For all men to praise the ground,
For saving from sea sickness and the current.

Who am I? Just a repetition of the greatest.
Elevating people at all costs,
Focus, pay attention, samadhi invokes,
Beyond time and space,
I do not exist in this realm or place,
Daniel is beyond the body,
Is that real or delusional?
Before you didn't pay attention,
Now you think, oh shit, he was right,
Restrictions of reality lost inside a madhouse...

But yo, poetry before insanity,
Even the muse shines bright in my room,
Now I converse with spirits.

This is Asherah, shadow realm of the great Ash,
Transformation from ground to phoenix fire,
Nature produces natural genius,
Not BAM, you're there,
Conditioned programmed propaganda,
Genius knows suffering,
Suffering creates character,
Hard work creates genius, not born,
Work thine scorn, fates roll the unborn,
Contracts now.

Rhymes, eye something identity crisis,
Journey lost, who was everything? Nothing?
Devoted to God's will, beyond understanding,
Recognize how long I've been at it?
If you don't grasp my flow,
Borderline dependent on my lyrical flu,
Contagious, residue rusting through you,
Changing energy back and forth,
The essence of a Master, Metatron beyond disaster,
Thought and Time - that line beyond face value!

Everyone has doubts, do you continue
To falsify your own family, separate supporters,
Take a moment to look at yourself,
Switch back!

Daniel, an open vessel, empty yet full,
Dancing cells, merry joys,
Beyond the material's noise!

Endnote:

What's the goal? Chasing after green gods,
The golden rod? Spare that please,
Never changed, just mentally deranged,
Ejected, rejected, projected stigma,
Screwed up my money, grind never stopped,
What you think, not what you think?
Stay true to the appeal.

I've smoked weed, read books, caught strife,
Written beats that held the knife,
Blood and back for life,
Just laughing, see the Buddha dog on paper,
Little stitches back and forth,
You see, hide behind, not going back,
Another way to go anon, respect,
Or you'll face neglect.

More money, more problems,
Less is more, verses galore,
First shall be last, glad to eat food banks,
Modest and meek, attack everything,

Still walk silent.

The river you sleep by,
Does it protect from dragon's guise?
Morningstar's rise,
Caught in verse, delusional,
You're thinking it,
In delusion since I'm beyond,
I know this, wrote it,
Don't run up on me!

People want me, people don't stop,
When shit hits the fan, lions speak,
This week felt another crap hit,
Maxed out, next fat lip,
Now I take advantage of the flow,
Grows another tomorrow,
Ignorant bigot, can't an ignoble see,
Sheeple walk uncertainty,
Hypocrites supposed to show love,
What about Jesus?
Came for those with nothing,
Prostitutes, cheats, liars, fakes,
Who washed his feet? Mary...
Competitive, all these myths, but
What about the fact of the myth?
In the abyss, energy insists,
I must subsist, word up.
Hate, look at me now,
Hoping to stop it.

Simple

A simple, delicate blade dances like a sword,
Radiant splendor across the meadows,
Blowing softly in the warm embrace of Wind,
Harnessing its own gentle song.

As leaves tremble with the quake of Man,
The blade grows stronger, passing hand to hand,
More than a point, it spans the vast expanse;
Feel, allow this slowness to advance.

Ancient memories, forgotten ancestors,
Ties to horses and begotten lands!
Khan's artistry, seldom remembered,
Lost in oblivion, gluttony, and lust.

Power! Rule of the Land, mistakes,
Blood ties, dynasties, War-bands...
Tribes standing with fate amidst warfare,
Selling soul's demands, life for life.

As darkness slowly engulfs peninsulas,
Islands, will's result like volcanic ash,
Remediating the blade, grass sings,
Forbids engraving, as it grows wings.

Sing like a young wren, strong eagle,
Rapid falcon, or a simple chirp,
People never listen to the white noise,
Obsessed with lust, gluttony, toys.

Deep below, we journey,
The dead haunt your bones,
Heart's pain, smoldering cones,
Blades for blades, blood for blood.

Eye for an eye, searing sees all,
Beneath, above, around, falls to death!
Destruction, liberties of Zion,
Following tunnels beyond liaison.

Underneath a realm you do not know,
The song changes, harps free souls,
Arising bubbles, expanding,
Swallowing hopelessly, singing starts.

O long-lost tent in wilderness,
What has become of the realm within?
Delirious, melancholic, feverish,
Does this realm need to be taken seriously?

No dream escapes again...

Eternity in words, art performs,
Through hands, delivers thusness,

Suchness, all is one from the start.

A hare walks along the meadow,
Asking, "Sir, where is the turtle?"
"He left three days ago,
The world needed saving, comprendo?"

His back paved with centuries of pain,
Locked prisons in his mind,
Like pulling spinning webs,
Creating new dread, motion sickness wed.

Light destroys the rest that lives,
Soft now my tone, elegant intelligence,
Nothing to inquire, just blank,
Like this verse, uninspired collection of words,
Running wired...

Blades dancing, feathers from cherry trees,
Allowing freedom from growing needs,
Nature for nature, life lives indeed,
For in this dance, grass whispers,
Silent strokes, magic, blood.

Shedding light on flesh above,
But beneath, dreams we keep serene.

Siddhas Grass

Dancing softly amidst the grass,
Seasons change, always pass,
Labor's hard establishment,
Reigns in savory delight.

Searing field orbs,
Camouflaged to your word,
In which what is,
Always holds right.

This thing comes and goes,
Passing from the show,
Lightning blasts,
Thunder's home.

Crying upon the petals,
Dewy morn meadows,
Light notes upon
The Aether.

Phoebus, fast as sight,
Movement in astral night,
Racing swift along,
The notes' own song.

A verse tuned into
A voice in whiteness,
A trip upon
A fanciful memory.

Fauns among the daisies,
The grass praises thee,
Do your will daily,
Without harm aiding.

For do as thou wilt,
Harm no man,
For money, shame, or guilt.

Sky will Fall

The sky will fall,
Dreams will shatter,
Atomic releases,
Void black matter,
Cathartic,
Eusthenia biotic,
Let us burst again!

The end is at hand,
But the hand is always with the house,
The house holds the cards,
The cards shuffle,
Some will play,
Can we go along with the song every day,
Or must we relay?

I'll tell you how I feel,
Words floating eternally,
From past lives,
Just a splice in thought,
A fragment of the dead,
Grieving allows the coming to go,
Beyond meaning!

Skyfall, where bombs start,
Underwater, never set apart,
Volcanic release, worlds collide,
Bombs drop, atomic clocks restart,
Take my number, call my name,
I know I'm not insane!

If the sky falls, it will rumble,
Earth will tumble,
And we will face it all,
Like spirits through the abyss,
How can we begin to crumble,
When we've already lost the race,
Blow it all up, face it all together,
Change the weather,
The last crystal staff is here,
Oblivion, take me away, no more!

World ablaze, fire consumes hearts,
Missiles of change and starts,
Please, do not take my hand,
For I am lost to infinite,
Just a soldier hymning as it sees,
Into the seer, what is choiced,

Minions say this is illuminati work,
But haze above the trees,
The void where all will drown,
Suffering all the way down!

Spiral force coming undone,
Matrix singularity of the one,
Coming back, writing for fun,
Take my hand, let's begin and begun,
Been already since I wrote,
Nothing in this poem,

Than spirit's force, can't you see,
Supernatural staff encased in crystal,
Diamond crystalline heart,
Tao performance today!

Today is tomorrow,
Tomorrow in today,
Eternity stays,
Cause and go, don't come back,
Let the song deep feel you,
Understand this world is nothing,
Runs of rays illuminate the path,
Stop seeking, black soul turns,
Hun and po fires alive,
Boils, tempers, gorge the eyes,
Yet runs still mate,
See even though we've come to be,
Essentially mimicking,
Past patterns following,
Suffering!

Samsara leads to moksha,
What is consciousness,
Levels behind enlightenment!

Edge of time, coming back,
Fine line, goldilock event,
Boundaries black pathways,
Nether gates state fate instills,
Path I walk now,
Mirrors of beings,
Oblivion reaches,
Vulture from eagle's dome,
Take you home,
Everything seen,
This state beyond,
Standing rain into ocean,
Drop and end,

Shore of life,
Life of sands,
Dust in command,
God's linear plan,
Surround the core,

I am nothing,
Adore you,
Beloved frame,
Understand,
We are slowly fading!

Cyanide grave,
Crave pulsing through veins,
Eyes see mystic power,
Long after, this is it!

Finally, deadend,
Turn around,
Read the poem,
Begin and begin again!

Care

Care,
Is it scary?
Fear towards the illuminator!
Za Zen, koans, satoris,
Samadhi, transmigration,
Siddha, Tathagata...

Do you comprehend?

Started by the ocean,
Through the drama,
Couldn't understand, ya get it?
Who was it? Wasn't what I was,
Just anger set apart by danger.

You see clearly,
Fear this being,
It isn't me, isn't you,
It is all of us with an attitude!

Turn the page, the story's just started,
O wait, that line left behind,
Departed, quarter past nine,
On the million-cut row dimes!
Supported? Nah, torn apart,

Fragmented pages, retarded...
You get that? You act, you and I
Not so different,
Only set apart by a page of dissonance...

Have we met?
No, I don't like young kids...

Now turn the page,
Above is not below in this poem,
Where seeds of sorrow come,
Moments of oxygen, aether,
Things beyond rapture,
Wills can't comprehend,
Seven lands, yellow keys,
Pure lands, comprehend?
Me and you,
I'm not quitting till the end.

Short way, ran fast in mistakes,
Nobody to help me, solitude,
Fortitude, no curse words,
Just go beyond purity and love,
Can't find the angel or dove,
Forget 'em, Elohim scum,
I am a step above,
Buddha with a rude curfew,
To kill anything that doesn't have a clue!
Not kill, you get it?
Surrender to the blessing that you already are enlightened,
Start from step one,
The seed is already there,
Desire and suffering paired,
Destroy the seed, what is left?
Ambrosia within the seed, contexts,
Can't you see the memory of departed ancestry?

I am the 24th, long lion of command,
Strong from Sirius in astral land,
Sight to see from four eyes bland,
Holy spirit from pineal glands!

Finally, end note, as always,
The motto? What floats?

What swallows? What dreams?
What escapes? What fragments?
What do you hate? Who lives?
Who dies? Whose coma?
Are you awake?

This is what is at stake,
The memory of who you are,
Just be, become, remembered,
Strong times were hard things mend,
But as you are empty, getting older,
You get everything,
Then you die! Poof! You are gone!
Countless hours awake in a dream,
How many things do I need to celebrate?
How accomplished I am, why do I hate?
Why do we gossip, why play the fates?
Why don't we wake up, why don't we see the date?
Wake up, it's already too late.

In the morning, back to work,
Same routine as before,
Boring long doors open,
Can you walk down the hallway,
Where fears, terrors, terrible mistakes,
Crash barriers, does this sound fun?
No, but what do you do at judgment?
You face yourself, all the words, mistakes,
You just want to state,
I was, I was to be, memory,
In the moments where compassion was set free,
Love so free in me now, rushing over,
Feeling this presence of God,
Escape your own dream,
I am awake, awakening you,
Fear is at stake, the end of you, to this date.
Remember, you were always helping,
You always cared, but don't start it up backwards,
Live for today, pave the way!

Intro? Where will you go?
First flow down silver streams,
Golden shore runs parallel,
Malleable, shaped by form,

Always this way, iron sharpens iron,
Giants form, Titans mold,
Dionysus, Horus, Hermes fold,
Upon quiet silence of music.

Echoes of my dead, past lives,
What is, the album I write,
Do you know what I'm saying?
Don't figure me out, just embrace this feeling,
And words, beyond space-time swirls,
Ever met a man in bardo?
I was, not am, enlightened behind mends,
The arrow hits the point.

Coast in a boat down coastal shores,
Ocean greets your boat, anchored,
Set free from the realm, flow in the ocean wave,
Let the current bring you to the magnetic moon,
Before it came to be, now you see,
You are silvery golden sand,
Flows river from forest greenery lands,
To where physical emotions stand,
Can't you see, from this death now,
You have seen yourself in that moment,
Convince yourself to stay here,
This is now, this is here,
A different place than ever,
Never been this deep,
Rivers dammed, boat could stall,
River sacrifice of all,
With the boat you pace,
Back towards human race,
Recycle like all materials we are,
Golden malleable, silver linings shore,
Platinum eyes of sapphire glisten,
The abyss is the mother's cistern.

As we end, the void switched it up,
Separated and connected, goosebumps,
All moments in pain now,
Barely continue, words weaker,
Energy losing momentum,
But now,

Do you look funny when you read this,
Or am I the one psychiatric,
You will see, this that is,
Never quits to the end,
Knock me down,
As Tathagata commands,
Negation is silence,
True being, reliance,
Nothing I wasn't, all I was,
End this.

IOU

Empty Page

Just an empty page, a canvas without
Strokes coloring fragments, shattering walls,
Allowing deep songs about,
While the heart waters the silver river,
Platinum coasts, and forests where Dukha walked,
Remembered among motes speckling mirrors,
Warmonger strong, shattering glass into colored fragments about!

My heart now changes the monument,
Speaking from beyond temperance,
Life is pain, understand this, change is impermanence!

This song, a dance, a path dervish!
Empty the cup, filled with whirling,
Orbital gravity swirling, an inheritance,
Connecting us all in merging;
Songs dance light notes in abstinence,
Muse, oracle, voice of reason surging,
Beyond spheres, space-time, fabric servant,
Wave dynamics flow, converging,
Centrifugal gravity, dancing dervish!

Particular to this, not that; suspect what walks,
Ahead and behind all drafts, even to this,
Work beyond that, for gone is this spell, 'tis!
But the spell, working through the elemental staff,
Has come to see the spin in the first line's math,
Now you know something itself will do the craft.

As a simple drop, water spills into the ocean,
Cyclones and tsunamis in proportions,
Back and forth in commotion!
Sweeping tides of moon's attraction,
Does the eye embellish maxims,
Or does intuition lead to axioms?
Now we understand, a new fashion,
How to do it? Just brain-wave retraction,
Into nothingness, sparking reactions!

Anon Writing

Just another writing, do you think I am fake?
A random roll of dice across the table,
Caught between lies of what's real,
Shutting down, the cold, your final mistake...

Can't you see what's real, or is it lost
In the luminous light of being, suspended forever,
Above and below all that is, walking
Towards another center, along the chimes of the coast.

You are who you hang with, why stay
With those who keep you mentally confined,
In a prison of thought, a distraught web,
For they can't realize within...

Their door is closed, no light to save,
No way to go beyond the grave, cycling forever,
Not my will to save, but to set upon the days
When all merry things come and go, always repaid

Understood by the moment in each,
Free will separate from control, underneath.

You don't need me, this realm is lost, becomes
A myth, the myth becomes dreams, the dreams
In the abyss, visual constructions,
Then senses let us do our wondrous production.

Just a song, tender hurt leaving stabs,
In my soul, piercing the body whole, waiting forever

For that which is, by you, waiting evermore,
Like a nightingale singing to mountain slabs.

Many things have rolled past, left me chilled,
Cold like silken frost upon spider's web,
Each caught in its own pledge,
Leaves room to say "no", but we all know

As things come and go, tomorrow's sorrow leaves behind
A facet disguised in personified realms,
Mask upon the layers in the centrifuge,
Talk about us? Just another stick to the head!

Get in my zone, lead me to the way beyond waters,
They could be calm, but calm waters lead to oceans,
Many streams team around the nest,
Live on that, just a pond that harvests death!

Follow the stream, a sun ray beam,
Feel the apprenticeship of this scene,
I am Master, nothing in between,
Gut says yes, no shit comes out clean.

Some said I wouldn't make it,
Now I'm just me,
Don't fake it,
Real with it,
Crazy attitude,
Beyond why I exist,
A loaded question,
Who is this?
Just a step up, take it,
Up a frame, can't name,
What's inside the insane,
Inane? Version strife?

Automaton

In a nation under watchful eye,
Liberty elusive, passing by,
Machinery hums relentlessly,
Echoes of conformity we defy.

Under scrutiny's steady gaze,
Freedom's light remains a haze,
Mechanisms churn, without reprieve,
In the shadow of truths we weave.

Investigation's relentless hold,
Leaves us questioning, bold and cold,
No sanctuary from scrutiny's might,
In the depths where truths take flight.

Yet amidst this probing scene,
Hope flickers, however keen,
For in the heart of every nation,
Endures the spirit of liberation.

Beyond realm and Sea

Beyond realms where sea meets sky,
Only misery's presence draws nigh.
Waves dance and beckon in trance,
Each current a force, a mountain's advance.

Down this path, always downward bound,
Gravity's call to earth sounds profound.
Transmigration across planes unnamed,
Flying through space, a celestial game.

Walking freely, prayers for tomorrow,
Time blurs today, each moment to borrow.
Mockingbirds sing in eternal song,
Coasts and beaches where memories throng.

Deep waters hold unctuous dwellings,
Minds battle hell amidst compelling yearnings.
Thoughts of hell, pondered and sought,
Midnight's black veil, where sight is naught.

Noon's bright blaze, the Sun's fiery might,
Blackness not residue, but truth's clear light.
Scorching, slicing, and burning the soul,
Every trial leads to a greater whole.

Pain fades, withering into the past,

Life's intricate tapestry, complex and vast.
Gods above watch from celestial seats,
Solar beings dance to the Sphere's heartbeats.

Swords of sunlight pierce the azure sky,
Radiant hues of blue, red, and white fly.
Refreshing the Earth with each vibrant hue,
Nature's palette unfolds, rich and true.

Colors root deep as moments expire,
Fluorescent waves, atom's dance in fire.
Eyes open wide, the Third Eye's embrace,
Inner and outer worlds interlace.

Spiraling deeper, into Love's pure light,
Fire of life, radiant and bright.
Unified as one, in the cosmic flow,
Every soul is a part of the eternal show.

Armor shed by the abyss' embrace,
Vulnerability unveils its grace.
Naked truth, without pretense or fear,
To be authentic, without interference near.

Within the being, the Open Way,
Innocent vibration, childlike play.
Intuition's course, pure and clear,
Unity with the chorus, without fear.

Orchestra of life, music of the spheres,
Imagination's song, through laughter and tears.
Suffering transformed, woven and confessed,
Death of all thoughts, where peace finds its rest.

Dance ye Wind

Dance, oh wind, through rustling trees,
Leaves whispering secrets in the breeze.
My son, my son, what has come to pass?
Are we prepared for the conflagration's grasp?
Tempest friction, heat and oxidation's art,
Water recedes, rust ignites, a new start.

As iron sharpens iron, so rust refines,
Purify what is, let go of past confines.
Golden transmutation, iron to man,
Does sorrow sow seeds in life's span?

The heart holds keys to chambers deep,
In halls where blue flames all walls weep.
Facing isolation, choices split the vote,
Empathy compelled, yet alone I float,
Walking solitary, only my own lamp burns.

Anoint with oil, systems return in turn,
Beyond conscious realms, unawareness spurns,
Imprints etched in the flowing stream's repair,
Mind's discord vibrates, while the heart finds Concord fair.

At temple gates, beneath a lofty dome,
Seventh seal opens, above and below roam.
Forge cold, Callisto! Where does it all begin?
Light fires, burning bright, the One within!
Heave waves of Balefire, impermanence undone,
Descending from lucid spells, gifts everyone,
My way or intertwined, interplayed by none.

Strings spin, shooting outwards bound,
Tao's singularity, paths refresh, unbound.
Spoken perceptions, echoed through the mouth,
Who bears witness to my own evidence, south?

Strings of Thine Heart

The strings of my heart bleed ink on this page,
Sacrifice, sacrifice, done thrice, like a martyr's wage.
In my shoes, what do I do, amid another's residue?
Unfolding views from narrow frames to the big picture's view.

Always aiming high, here I spit it, ready to rise after the fall,
Grounded, stalled, in stagnation's station, words stall.
Pressure mounts, strength escapes, leaving me in nothing,
Lost in oblivion, beyond temples' opening, motion gateless flowing.

Hate, love, all things, warm glowing fuzz that surrounds,
Serene within, despite the tight armor's clenching bounds.

I refuse this path the universe lays, clenched fists resist,
But the last day births the first, words born in natural twists.

Dreams shattered, mind's lightning beams, thunder's roar,
Less hit, more gained, ten steps forward after two steps back,
Quantum leaps into higher frequencies, crossing paths untold.
Can you judge what I've endured? My vice, your advice, dismissive.

Dreams crafted in the mind's forge, clues woven into one,
Perceived as delusional, compromise absent, game left undone.
Now I fire the pain, proving I transcend this state of empty,
Pages designed by my focus, disciplined like a steel warrior's sentry.

Complaints of hate, acceptance of love, dear, get over it,
The dove flies from the seer, to love is to sometimes hurt.
Give the worst hurt, they'll see the big picture clear,
Face yourself, find freedom, this is the standard fee.

If truly free, what follows, depends on thee.

Hollow Start

I write down pages that hollow my heart,
Like a sword, piercing, tearing apart.

The sword, Mirage of Truth,
Two-sided, without Cause,
Tempered by anger's pause.

Transformation; Alchemy in the Heart,
Past lives, denying starts,
Each end a decision,
Now the beginning.

First, the helm, taken off reveals
The light image of the face,
Is this me? I can see freely.

Next, the mail, then the shoulders,
Boulders weighing down,
Iron mountains sharpen man,
Splicing hollow composure.

The gauntlets, true to wield,
The sword of my being, pain's field.
In past lives, caused appeals,
This is mine, that is yours,
Infinite, All as One, reveals.

No armor, innocent, stunned,
What have I done, walling One?
No armor, common sense,
No reason to evolve, hollow dance,
Among the plays, innocence.

Now, what is this Sword?
The word that fjords,
Cutting, splitting, who is this?
Just the edge of a blade,
Persistent.

Now, the muse opens,
A flow in Heart,
No judgment, just lasting
Eternity, hollowed in silence,
Nothing to gain, hopeless,
Hope reveals in the dark night of the soul,
Translucent midnight sun, Whole.

Playing the harp remembers,
A forgotten time, dissolved
Memories, love forgotten,
Putting my dream on a shelf,
Focused on a wish, a gift,
An abyss, system abyss.

Soul's Sensation

Beyond the sound's sensation,
Transmigration,
Plane on plane,
Another soul's dimension.

Feeling lost but found,
Falling with no ground,
Escape cannot be grasped,

This is death at last.

Souls begin to fade,
Disperse, dissolve, premade,
Into contracts replayed,
What time is it now today?

O gut that relishes laughter,
Common mistake, heathen pastures,
Purity above satisfaction,
Non-dual is about relaxing.

In the script, the play; a design!
Light years away in Nebula 9,
Coming through Andromeda,
Quicker than all light combined!

So such an ode, a sample of vine,
Come to me in fervor divine!
O ambrosia, this state so longed,
No feeling cold, as power forces prolong.

Shadow depth into the soul's depth,
First life, the golden bowl,
Second life, managing the plan,
No longer a person named Dan.

Third time through, ocean's wet dew,
Refreshing like springtime's residue,
Wet blades of grass shimmering in light,
Dark night; endless soul preaching sight!

What is this? The past is a gift,
The present in the sensational abyss,
The void configuring all that exists!

Tao to name, silence the game,
All arising from the inane,
Thoughts are dead, how can they live?
Where is their body? This prison gives...

Ample time to learn the test,
That God wishes us to do our best,
Blessed is the ability to seek truth,

Shattered hearts, biased kings, signs of the noose.

Beyond the illusion, the dynasty awaits,
Yellow to the throne, green we propagate,
As the end comes to the beginning,
In this timeline, nobody is winning.

So stop the search, just rest a little,
Sit in being and enjoy the middle,
For in this life, we have to risk,
That all our life, we end it missed.

Like this song now, delicate and predefined,
A blueprint made from grains of sand,
Shores upon stars, sight upon weights,
Scales leverage, logos bait the fates.

This is my gift, shared with the world,
Experiences on rollercoaster curls,
This to this, just this now,
Beyond all delusion, how?

Simple, silence all names,
Apparitions and games,
You're not your thoughts,
Your emotions,
Or your brain,
You're a mind wired into a program's frame,
Set before life, the house rules the game.

Learn this rule now, or follow suit to lose gain,
Essential to remember your name.

Silent Reflection

Silent moonlight reflects,
The sun's continual tempest,
Temperate, as the sword shapes,
Excalibur! My fate, iron-sharpened gates,
Golden master, woolen fleece; grace of the cup,
Spilling deadly spheres of seals and fates.

Transform, quicksilver rose,

Lucid alchemical repose,
Wake-up, let all endorse,
Another way for thought and time's course.
To rise, moonlight affects the intent,
Wolf, align with the pact,
Leaving the weakest link adrift?
Nay, weakest in front, strong in back,
Together, the weather changes tracks.

Into the Void

Venturing into the void, discovering
that nothing truly existed,
For everything has never truly been,
Just hidden, revealed,
Secrets orb-like, flying free.

Still, bouncing up and down, around the town,
Encountering new challenges, broken flat,
Never mattered, just a sinister flow, disaster minister.

The flow returns, the game resumes,
The deck loads its own gun,
No fear of hitting the ground when falling.

Going wild, eyes wide open in sleep!
Jehovah in it, believe it, but
Still grinding, bouncing, as I used to.

Now on my own, focus sharp,
Navigating around censorship,
Watching swords, blades cutting,
In new forms of appeal.

Relative to messing with me,
Ha, couldn't think I couldn't see,
Aspirations beyond brothers.

All this advice; nonsense,
Real gold doesn't come
From a shoddy abode.

Cookie-cutter houses, nothing new,

Trapping it up, setting the residue,
Snaring on the grass you fume.

Lord, keep my soul, you have it,
Now to rest, test, then do the rest,
Back and forth we go.

Here we take another hit,
Down into the pit, into nothingness,
Terrors I see, deep in being,
Relativity shows nothing,
Just another peace offering,
Balancing the seeking hounds of blood's gain,
Deep, sensual pain,
Privatized into the localized equation,
Back to what's right in sight.

Falling by the water's edge,
Am I crazy? Perhaps right now,
For the void has consumed the how.

Believe it, I just bump, switch, tap in,
No drugs, just natural plugs,
Now you see, this is something entirely new.

Pulling the old pound, but
Not the hound, just a wolf on the prowl.

You're not accustomed to this intensity,
This immensity, it's the real deal.

Sing for You

As long as this heart sings for you,
A gateway leading into oblivion,
So hope rises like an unstoppable force,
Yet the realm drips with sorrow,
A never-ending cascade of melancholy,
A simple fret, a common chord struck—
Neglect.

Why does this torment,
The depth surrounding,

Tempest night, harsh cold sight,
Beauty glimmers extraordinary!
In deep wounds swimming, neither
This nor that requires repair,
Settled and risen is my gratitude—
Air.

Seen true, truth in agape fairies,
Seer sense belonging to nobody, repair
The heart, golden alchemical rocks
With walls that do not sustain damage,
An immovable object—
A void.

Oh yes, the gateway is walled!
Like heaven denies inheritance,
Sacrifice your son for stars?
Dust and exploding sound, we are
Nothing more than collected star stuff,
Depressing reality, hopeless all courses,
Death in surrender, being forces,
A shimmer, a radiating flower
From deep within showers—
A gate.

An unlocked opening to a land of summerlands,
Finally awake, I regret
Giving you the treatment of neglect,
Pure is this love, from above it shines below,
Through my heart—for you.

Politics

Politics? What is it? The cowherds,
Being led to the slaughter, cowards.
Arms race, deterrent?
Keep building capitalist fascism,
Bypassing the Charter of Rights,
For aggressive realism.

All right? A stage around
The globe, this play burns
Everything to the ground!

Stilled everywhere, silence
The masses march; intense
Foundation, crumbling nation,
Reluctant to say, glass
After nuclear attacks,
Escape time, escape yourself!

War is a time that is
Not hidden in propaganda,
But nuclear, like hidden submarines.
It takes a key to make the world
Burn, take away the entrance,
And there is no more door!

Close your eyes and pray,
Jehovah forgive me,
Or to glass we follow, play.
The smoke doesn't rise,
For our eyes can't see
The hidden agenda
Of a capitalist conspiracy.

Agenda of the 1%,
Concurrent to events,
Flowing moments,
Boom to bust,
Testament.

Deep Layers; Deep Terrors

In the depths of night, where death's scythe looms,
Shadows linger, haunting, veiling the gloom.
Lost and found, known yet obscured,
A lone wolf prowls, seeking depths unexplored.

Zion! Iron forged, swept by waves' embrace,
Moonlit currents weave across cosmic space.
What lies beyond this dimensional divide?
Where the fabric of reality and dreams coincide.

Moments pass, darkness ebbs and flows,
Dancing in white, where mysteries grow.

Elements pulse within the algorithm's hold,
Binary rhythms in cycles, stories unfold.

Fury! Blades clash, anvils ring and thunder roars,
Wind whispers names, currents wage their wars.
In that place where hearts find clarity,
A tale unfolds, rewritten with sincerity.

Amidst the cathedral of nations' grandeur,
Where councils convene, wisdom to ponder.
Realities shift, as boyhood meets the fray,
Commands echo, minions come and fade away.

Night falls, thoughts drift, minerals and dust,
Echoes of relationships, in bonds we trust.
Fissures open, revealing secrets untold,
In the dance of life, mysteries unfold.

Near the underground flame's flickering light,
Melting into realms where spirits take flight.
Oceanic depths, where souls find their rest,
In waters deep, destiny's test.

Questions rise, fate's council convened,
Debating futures, in realms unseen.
Caught in the throes of existential plight,
Seeking truth in the depths of night.

Light beckons, a womb of fire's embrace,
Journeying through shadows, finding solace.
Battles waged within, Jekyll and Hyde's duel,
The owl of wisdom, Minerva's eternal fuel.

From deep wells, prophecies unfurl,
Skies ablaze, sulfur and bone swirl.
Revelations dawn, homes found within,
Stories of beginnings, where art begins.

Why does the wasp sting? A lesson in pain,
Sacrifices made, freedom to gain.
Guided by flames, Isis' disciplined light,
In the dance of life, shadows take flight.

Grasshoppers sing in fields of gold,

Praising daffodil days, stories retold.
Eternal cycles, where ends meet the way,
In the rhythm of life, where we all sway.

Why Sing?

"Why the song?" some may ask,
"Why the dance? Why dwell in
Darkness where light fades,
In the void between emptiness.

The song beckons, stirring men,
Inviting us to dance with
Consciousness, beyond mere thought,
To realms where the mind finds no place.

In being, fullness resides,
While in the mind, endless searching,
Like a mouse in a labyrinth, lost.

Harmony echoes through time's waves,
Flowing with divine music,
Lyrics woven into the fabric of existence.

At the crossroads, choices unfold,
In the intrinsic rhythm of the tune,
Slowing the rush of every action.
I choose my path,
Yet,
I do not blindly follow.

O Thee Muse

O muse, found amidst the veil,
Beyond the facade's frail tale,
Strings connect, heart's ethereal mirage,
In Olympian realms, where spirits charge.

Old tales entwined in magick's weave,
Crafted spells invoke, beliefs cleave.
Soulmates, bound in cosmic threads,
Petit Ami, where destiny treads.

We walked this note, sang life's song,
Gifts presented, hopes grow strong.
Flux of change, design divine,
Ever-present in myriad's line.

O Bacchus, your power untamed,
Potential harnessed, yet often shamed.
Face to face with silent death's art,
Creeping stealthily in every heart.

Fields harvested, kinetic yield,
Love's tender movements gently wield.
Moments captured in prismatic light,
Sweetest sugar pales in love's bright flight.

Divine energy in electric air,
Flying like dragons is rare and fair.
Emerging from cave and lair,
To dance freely without a care.

Vision glimpsed, goodness unfolds,
Open-hearted, as fate beholds.
Who am I to judge what's right?
In openness, true connections ignite.

To sing freely, mysterious bond,
Mountain chirps, where birds respond.
Resilient amidst life's trials long,
Heartbeats pulsing in love's sweet song.

Can I feel your heartbeat, rapid and clear,
Pulsing love through this atmosphere?
Aligned with praise, flowers bloom above,
In this hour of dance, filled with love.

Muse, where have your roses bloomed?
In certain moods, beauty is assumed.
Glistening rare, beauty suspends,
Moments fleeting, as time transcends.

No knight in shining armor strong,
Just open, innocent, and along,
A magician, another wolf in disguise,

Shaping unseen realms through watchful eyes.

Hidden architectures beyond sight,
Golden bowls draining tinctures of light.
Time peers into the writer's verse,
Affinity in numbers, thoughts traverse.

Thunderbolt's strike, now a mystique rose,
Hedged in merit where repose grows.
Awoken sleep beneath the deep's embrace,
In the presence where dreams find their place.

Muse, grasp your vision clear and bright,
Beyond orbs and spheres, in flight.

A simple flower I see,
Dancing in merry glee.
Yet dust moves with the wind,
Fragrance fleeting, but seeds begin.

From death springs life's bloom,
Kingdoms rise in nature's loom.

Rare Dynamics

Here I stand amidst rare dynamics,
Like surfing ecstatic waves of life's antics.
Through wounds, through sorrow, through scars so deep,
I ride to distant lands where dreams do sleep.

Now a song, a muse opens wide,
An oracle's voice, serendipitous guide.
Clear rivers flow beneath the waves' crest,
Currents whispering secrets, ever blessed.

Many paths and hills this journey winds,
To stars, to comets, to moons that shine.
A solar being in earthly form enshrined,
Within Moria's depths, mysteries aligned.

Witness! Magick weaves through this song,
Muse's light among daisies throngs.
Praise to the Creator, loyalty's creed,

In deepest crevices where plates do heed.

Atlantis revealed, a gift fraught with pain,
Heart taken, never to return again.
Open now to the endless shore,
Compassion mistaken, walls we ignore.

In the silence, unheard voices lament,
Stories untold, in hearts they ferment.
Glory to providence, love's synchronicity,
Harmony seeks peace, in balance's affinity.

Spirit's wings, pretentious and grand,
Lift above the void, where victory stands.
Not much to see, perhaps elsewhere,
Here lies uniqueness, sweet as nectar rare.

Even roses sting with thorns so sharp,
Beauty in pain, emotions carve.
Hateful moods grow from deep disdain,
Dams of rivers slow, withheld refrain.

A vessel empty, nobody here,
Yet everything means something dear.
Existential echoes in every line,
Solstice shadows, minds redefine.

Ghosts of past, vampire's crimes,
From dust to dust, starry signs.
Sons of creation, moving ever bright,
In reverence and favor, against all blight.

Nothing remains to raise a hand,
Crosswalks slow, free strands expand.
Light passes us by, ephemeral and fleet,
In this eternal dance, life's heartbeat.

Drop Into Being

Drop into being,
Unseen, the abyss calls,
Torturous existence unfolds.

No massacre, just interference,
Mind and body in dance,
Lessons learned, burning onward,
Riding beyond time's scope.

Drop it down to the core,
Awe reveals, heart sings.
Nothing to change, rearrange,
Just puff, right to the brain,
Sensation entertains.

A simple kiss, not selfish,
Love lost in the abyss,
Returning, I hope you dance.

Earth, Fire, Air, Water, Spirit.

Volcanic eruptions kiss the sky,
Molten magma meets dark eyes,
Extending into fire, materialized,
Constant warmth, burning alive.

Clash revealed, melded spirit,
Heaven haunting, coherence found,
Charity seen as love's deliverance,
Realm of chance, soul's spirit.

Pulsing sorrow down Earth's flow,
Eruptions manifest silent tomorrows,
Dreams in spacious hollows,
Heat melts the heart's burrow.

Rebirth, healing, alchemical,
Love existing eternally,
Golden hearts, silver bodies,
Merge beyond physicality.

Lessons in light as ash fills air,
Through clouds, love persists,
Freedom's clause, commonere,
Trust loves, fears resist.

Fires and branches dance ecstatic,
Ash, wood, destruction's plea,

Fueling distance between fire and life,
Fueling dissonance.

Burning pains through cores,
Sulphurous sounds implore,
Drowning delicacy of distant shores,
Desire burns, love evermore.

First eruption kisses volcanic response,
Your flame erupts, clearing,
Earth before fire's frost,
Cold family, seeming lost.

Branches unite, fire whole,
Burning deep in fellowship souls,
Hell and Earth, mind's hearth,
Only mind stuff, fire's birth.

Fire as hot as felt,
Merge and melt, deep alchemy,
Heart bonds, deeper than steel,
Pulses through Earth's pores.

Will relishes burnt,
Air whisks away dust,
Breath of wind, loving touch.

Dragons fierce, battling wind,
Echoing beyond fire's mend,
Mass upon fray, midnight way,
Peaceful harmony notes sway.

Forest heard in synergy,
All relative, black hole heart,
Cold walls reveal,
Light hands of love unfold.

Bricks, clay, ashed air,
Risen, winds repair,
Cold zero, essence of hero,
Expansive air around the globe.

Earth, fire, air shape growth,
Years short, unfold design,

Time oblivious, blue to red,
Airflow's gentle love, sunset met.

Water washes through Earth,
Formless, only rebirth,
Womb gushes, stopping flames,
Source currents, holy course.

Drink to pain, water portrays,
Death's clay, ovation gain,
Love suspends, sphere's plane,
True light shines, mystery aligned.

Light deep in ocean combines,
Water, fire, air, earth realized,
Volcano danger, simple thought anger,
Fires of time, always manger.

Innocence alive, formless,
Water shapes flowing signs,
Ocean home divine,
Elysian fields of wine.

Purusha, tell elemental tale,
Central field, design's seal,
We reveal, sight at once,
Minute glance, painful clutch.

Spirit open, heart's alchemy,
Silent gallops, whispers dark,
Moments embark, spirit reborn,
Words form flesh, divine ignorance.

No-knowing gives blessed energy,
Omniscience, being abrupt,
Volcano realizes, eruptions flow lives,
Destroying love, allowing spirit to rise.

Rest now, spirit kissed,
Held close, gift understood,
Existence is abyss, go think,
Spirit whispers, existence's abyss.

No Web or Thread

In the web of existence, a single thread chained,
Indifferent, backwards, life's refrain.
Awoken, alive, singularity planned,
Empty yet full, reprimands in the land.

In nothingness, pure awareness remains,
Consciousness spins through cosmic domains.
Atonement for stars captured in dust,
Hourglass extends, quasars robust.

Volcanic eruptions, molten rock flows,
Solar flares, magnetic glow grows.
Ouroboros' cycle, reduction profound,
Clockwise spin, creation unbound.

Endless forms, Platonic surveyor's gaze,
Guiding lives through a storm's maze.
Interior shapes exterior spinning,
Mirroring ends, fresh beginnings winning.

Far away, in parallel dimensions' trace,
Daffodils dance in the wind's embrace.
Southern winds blow emotional wells,
Shorelines washed, imperial spells.

Idols fall, ideals break in fields,
Spelling magick words, twirling wheels.
Centrifugal spirals in atomic flight,
Judgments wash like dew in the light.

Forgive me for words spoken, twirled,
In the spin of atoms, global swirl.
Judgments fade, as fresh grass grows,
Empowering hearts, souls, life's throes.

Am I talking to myself in this projection,
Or are these thoughts a cosmic reflection?
In this dimension of thought, pondering's sway,
Capturing Wu Wei in life's play.

Words spoken hold another reality's token,
Awakening in Oneness, feelings unbroken.

Connection through hearts, minds interlace,
Flying wind whispers, names embrace.

Ascension's cost, words spoken aloud,
Grounded in realms, tokens avowed.
As trees burn, suspicion's ember grows,
Between static paths, the crust's elastic flows.

What goes down, must rise, ascension's flight,
Attention to regular, up's downward sight.
Roots spell desire, fire's competition,
Coals start slow, sparking ambition.

Depth in fires' dust, spoken and alive,
Autumn leaves fall, supplements revive.
Linear performances in nonlinear stance,
Rising from depths, the soul's hold is enhanced.

Cold things split open, deepened soul's embrace,
In the portal of nothingness, experience's grace.
Returning to the beginning, are we naught?
Or supplements mistaken, realms forgot?

Energy frees tension, doors open wide,
Stairways to heavens, internal stride.
Elysian realms, oceanic flows astonish,
Stardust sands, islands flourish.

Savages became lights upon the floor,
Lamp posts and towers, crumbling more.
Signposts to ocean's anvil, splitting swords,
Yet blades remain one, beyond cosmic chords.

Dancing like Amun-Ra's sons on the Sun's surface,
Words beyond quasar's reprimand's embrace.
Ungrounded but standing, here all things lie,
Seeking peace, love, joy, grace to apply.

Beyond wars, sands, glass, and fear's trace,
Love remains everclear in every place.

Black Death

The memory of what once was,
Thought and thought before,
Yet I saw black, surrounded,
A door where I was not.

Ambient fluorescent lights,
Savoury delights conditioned sight,
Objective thwarted might,
In the grasp of conditioned plight.

Upon death, abyssal terror fell,
No life, only blackness dwell,
Staring back, face to face,
With myself, within myself.

Who am I?
I am nothing,
Numb and still, out of control,
Holds placed upon the self.

But by my own will,
I saw! I felt!
Death's pull by chance,
Black reigns like ambient solace,
Yet gravity's pull light as a feather.

Death dances, black and nothingness,
I didn't see, yet I saw, didn't know,
What on my face?
Hell of ambition, greed, haste.

Time comes, time slow,
Ambient pendulum shifting glow,
Spinning webs of deceit,
Illusions of words and defeat.

Nothing matters, so why succumb?
Temptation, finish undone,
Ego reigns in power's realm,
Split duality cowers at the helm.

Come as the lamb to slaughter,
Falling to death hollow,
No sweetness within,

No bamboo feeling akin.

Senseless dimension, oblivion,
Time felt, yet not,
Plot upon darkness,
Dance upon sought.

Time flows, portals dance,
Black and white, colors enhance!
My kin, might now dead,
Nothingness greater than bread.

No blood, no wine,
Just a current, heart online.
Nothing was, is, or shall be,
Time to let go, surrender free.

Crevice, shallow faces,
Death's grim traces,
Terrors slight, fabric's relation,
Spell conditions intense sensation.

Each plot a riddle, light harbors touch,
Lucid spell broken, irrelevant how much.
I see, dead and alive, greater fate,
Entwined with black plague's weight.

In my bed, grass cuts the soul,
Black on black, disorder's toll,
Yet home of heart, fresh start,
Give to others, love from art.

Twisted Signs

Twisted signs in centuries foretold,
Icicles freezing, stand frozen cold,
Seals break, seventh pouring of the bowl,
Listen to the story below.

Above, I feel it diminish,
Times have come and passed, from start to finish.
Save the land? Why? Millions flee for release,
In paradise? Who needs crowning, just peace.

Ask a snake, increase libido in hot temperatures,
Back and forth, like the seeded veil's adventures.
Many things seen, signs understood,
Blood-red rivers, asteroid rain, trumpets stood.
Even the force Yellow amassed is insane.

Souls condemned, souls set free,
Sing from the Tree, speak like another One?
Gifted yes, not Christ, beloved, just a disguise,
Finds its way into the Khan, realize.
Heaven, love, Holy Land—spat upon,
Jerusalem, why can't it come down?
Well, another slaughtering around.

All in all, the best religion is no-religion.
Geographic location designs the prison,
Light allows the soul to refract from prisms,
All rainbows seen as covenantal given.

Here we go, to the rabbit show below.

Sad voices call from the depths of the sea,
Can we be gone, lost to eternal misery?
Is life's pressure enough, or was it a dream?
Fresh fountain giving water, never stopping,
Remaining, sustaining, life to Galilee.
Look within, who truly is the Good Samaritan?

Ah, in this deep place, this crevice inside,
Why locked, why caged?
I see the misery of death flying free,
Scythe chain of death running currently.
Darkness descends on those conditionally,
Let's sing the song expressively.

To be? A noble act,
A flicker perchance,
Light deep within,
Roots gone, no here,
Gone, nothing eternally,
Expressive eternal yellow light,
Simple voice, no choice.

Take my hand, surrender to design,

Lead away your lies, give you my hand,
To another land, fly with ravens, owls, wolves,
Translocate into another mode expressive!

When you come to me, Siddhi I give,
Completely see, master the ways in Me,
Feel the energy of what is,
Not some elementary riddle,
For God gifts each to the middle.

Sun Shines

There is a realm where the sun forever gleams,
Radiating as the One within Heaven's streams,
This truth alone, no other purpose deems,
Then to connect souls and fulfill dreams.

Taking my time in sublime rhyme,
Confronting past crimes, facing the Self's climb,
Was it destitution or idolatry's chime?
Echoes of pollution, health left behind.

The soul flows like a river of wine,
To platinum shores, where tides divine,
Carry silver currents in temporal line,
And grace with touches of golden shine.

Ambrosia flows, like milk and honey sweet,
Galaxies spiral in temporal heartbeat,
Within the solar clause, where laws meet,
Under what universe do we find our seat?

Laws meant to reveal the sage's page,
Flesh conveying wisdom in each age,
Ah, the sun! Shining for all to engage,
In its tempest keep, where spirits wage.

Spheres orbit the wheel in cosmic flight,
Each turn a cycle, unlocking insight,
The river flows, health within the sight,
Heart beyond cognition, love's guiding light.

For the sun has shone through eternity's call,
Even without our planet, standing tall,

Existence intrinsic, inherent in all,
Feel the sands within, star dust's thrall.

O My Muse

O muse, where have you wandered,
To dancing realms and marigold gardens?
In fleeting grace and silent abodes,
Still lingering in the feeling alone.

Oh yes, whisper softly into
My deaf ears, listening keenly,
To music that preaches its own
Through the conduit of the forborne.

Moments pass into somehow,
Left behind like mirages,
Truth's shadows in silent dialogues.
Can't you feel the silent pain,
Speaking here through these words?

Like painted letters unwinding,
A clock ticking my existence,
On a flicker of tick-tock.

Now this moment, total and rare,
Love is essential, incomparable.
No judgments, just patience,
Feelings hesitated, transforming pain.

The liquid molten film of my life,
Erases flux, changes nous,
Into this, just this, only this,
Letting it be this.

Do these words summon
A gentle fawn, soothing
A troubled soul's unrest?
Or does the wolf ravage,
Taking what it can, anger full?

Oh muse! You reveal my realm of heresy,
Always yearning for more, unable to be still.

Let purity rain down like manna,
Sending lilacs in persona,
No limits to who you are,
Just conditions applied.

These healing words race,
Like stolen fragments of entertainment,
Keeping pieces tethered and arranged,
Defining healing through divine pages.

In the total of your being,
Be as free as the rays of sunshine,
Forever illuminating the path forward.

Dissolve

In Eternity, all dissolves into unmanifested potential,
Like strings on a guitar, soft notes echoing,
Silence around the core, embracing ambivalence.

What do we do with light? Just desire fights?
Or do we play the game, keep it uptight?
Or do we fuss and play all through the late night?

Swim or Fins?

Where should I start, dive in or find my fins?
Revisiting last night, took another hit,
Lost in the night shift, clock ticking,
Mastering the moment, can't quench the thirst,
For it'll surge relentlessly, thoughts swirling,
That you'd never expect me to voice; back again today.

No cash, no loot, just a dream taking shape,
No shoes, no clothes, just stripped down,
Beneath the waterfall, submerged in the "we,"
Last journey, uncomfortably drowning,
Passing it on, time reluctantly unfolding.

Taking charge of my life, setting it straight, no conflict,
Doing what's right, no need for a partner,
Solo journey to this song, get rewarded in the play,

Back and forth, it's a sideshow,
You're not just a bystander, find a new path,
From side to side, let's ride.

Back to an old date, back to an old place,
Back to an old rhythm, static yet dynamic,
Feed tomorrow with today's ambition,
For now is when it all hits the ground.

Recalling last summer's trip,
Now we know, winter's chill and the game we play,
To another destiny.

Switching gears, drifting to a new current,
Beneath the sea, it never pulls me under,
For I am the vast ocean of existence.

Thy Will

Oh, will of fate, behold the muse's gaze,
A chance encounter with a haunting song,
In emerald-lit nights, casting an eternal shadow,
Creeping across lands that tear asunder,
Those who begin, those who sacrifice,
Those who know the martyr's stake.

Madness crowns knights; health wanes,
Poverty in sight, yet light dances with wealth,
Where dreams uncharted delay
Commonwealths and rights of the oppressed,
In a nation of empty-handed tactics,
Robbing the poor to feed the rich,
Take heed as it resonates through muse and music.

Cold hands trace these words like alphabets,
Order unnecessary to describe thoughts,
Are they not mere synonyms crafted through imagination?
Symbols? Ancient hieroglyphs in time's tapestry?
Realize all words are pictorial dialects,
Born from the fire within us, shaped by symbols,
Promised to those who command,
Sight to see, yet cloaked in misery!!!

Tomorrow never catches the song in the fleeting moment,
Where clarity of expression meets poetic science,
And fundamentals that fire and water battle for
Settlements' end!

Dying to the breath granted, death denied,
Freeing deep below where shadows shape lands,
Does the abyss feel the swell,
Like foreboding witches at dusk,
Ghouls emerge to feast!
In this sunken pit, skeletons gather,
Pulling you into depths that curse eternal oblivion,
Hades delights in this realm, locked in Tartarus,
Where endless time tortures,
Sand consuming what man creates,
Sending souls to lands abated,
In a fate where words align,
Proverbial reaping what you sow.

In darkness, seeds cannot grow,
Encased by a force stronger than gravity,
Beyond the singularity, souls splice,
From infinite fragments to the whole,
Yet each fragment is a hair of relativity.

This vision beyond mortal grasp,
Walks not with the mundane,
For man aggregates here, unseen,
In a dream where I torment myself,
Speaking words from unknown places,
Labeled mad, put on display,
Gossiped about, your sins I bear from afar,
While the crone laughs knowingly,
Foolish ways sinking deeper,
Returning for redemption never saved,
Sweet ambrosia of the Styx...

Discord or harmony,
Which path beckons from the dark?
Demons born from heartfelt starts,
Reaping darkness from the heart.

Confines

Within confining boundaries, order restricted;
Fondue breached! O muse, you beseech
Realms gone awry in discord!

Swift flight from a plane of sand,
As dust swirls, so does the wind
Echoing sounds of what is...

Can't evade the cyclic nature,
Timelines segmented, relational,
Just another drop in the symbiotic
Parasite, latching like a vampire,
Drawing blood, leaving emptiness!

This is absence, the other side unloved;
How to breach the path to harmony?
Or does selfishness seize control?
Suppression, death, politics, white holes,
Politics for the feeble-minded, AHO!

Random note merged from a tribal hello...

Can't you grasp this folly, politics breeds hesitation,
A control mold for those of no class,
Beyond that, spiritual bypass!

Into shadowed realms, death stands as a gate,
Forever awaits at fate's threshold,
Like an open mouth, designing weights,
Bottomless pits segregate!

Sweet Tales

Sweet tales, O my muse, central to Zion's use,
From afar, the wind's whisper confuses—
Is it I, or is it You?

Light ascends to higher planes,
Heat releases above the reign,
Cooling forests root below.

Seeds sprout, planted to and fro,

Marigolds dance in the dark Zohar,
Memories lost and gained for more,

In evermore, the Sun sets true,
Like Cupid's arrow straight through,
Thought and Time leave residue.

Thoughts rust the locus,
Between spinning rotations' eye,
Look beyond, stillness, transparent design!

Now the hollow grasps its timeless,
Endless memory planted in suchness,
Echoes loudest in silence!

Misery knocks like a looming ghost,
Fades and misery behind the Hall of Terrors most,
Come for me in the night; sleep paralysis fright!

As darkness absorbs delight, desires
Falsify what's right, lust for fire,
Dust withers and croaks its mire.

In timeless space between nothingness,
We find a permanent relative base,
Grown from the strongest roots to date!

Just sit and wait; over time, all revealed—
Sages appeal to know unknowns known,
Rarely steeled into the sword against ignorance.

Seemingly distanced, the story comes clear,
Dust decomp's desire dwelling deeply dear!
The bog fades, faces appraised,
Gateways to unseen places, shadowlands beyond trained,
Without the eye that sees, lively paced!

Deeper wounds space to distant times,
Memories reveal layers of rays,
Above and below, things seldom grow.

Deep Being

Deep in the roots of being, a lightning beam,
Speeds faster than light—a dazzling scene!
Oblivious above what's seen, below what's schemed,
Dark fruits spawn in the recesses of God's dream.

Absolutely willed through love, power splits above,
Wings descend through impervious minds,
A divine state fervent to the times,
Can't you see? Wills aligned, nitrogen combined.

With oxygen, elements move collective,
To the next state, speaking of relative
Dates, why? Isn't the Dove birth's space?
Between this and that, neither nor there, your face.

Until you see your own design, renounced and flayed,
You'll still be under the state of the law's sway,
To transcend idolatrous existence's hold,
Dive deep into extended being's boldness.

Everlong

O muse from within, everlong,
The sound so clear, the beat so strong,
Hoofs beating 'round the throng,
Samadhi's song enters in song.

In heaven beyond, the white dynasty,
Sometimes yellow, in all honesty,
It moves me deep to when and where,
Yet now I know, I'm not found here.

This place, I speak in time, no essence,
No place to hide, nor reside's presence,
Face to face, meeting the Source aligned,
Soul to Soul, Oversoul, Atman, Sanji.

Where sound flows through form's art,
Heaven's gates aren't mere doors to part,
But portals to realms beyond yours,
Like silver waters moving from shores.

Yet no movement found in nature's course,

Still, all compounds to resound's force,
Harmony found in spheres' embrace,
Transparent white reflecting space.

I see the fields, everclear,
Reflecting white, mirrors near,
Drafting upon what to write,
Guided by muse and sight.

White within, yellow without,
Embrace now, casting out doubt,
Embrace void, reason's shout,
Embrace here, stillness devout.

I move within the dream, beyond realm's veil,
Feeling and seeing love that sails,
Through me, weaving webs and seas,
From this to that, that to this, in me.

As if the alphabet wrote itself for me,
Unnoticed passing of time, free,
Oh my dear, oh mine,
Yet now shelter withered in storm's line,
Fragile limbs broken and worn,
Moving the skeleton from flags unknown,
Do I listen, or await submission,
Everything's confession in transition.

Layers

Going deep, layering subversive slumbers,
Beneath the facade of realms that cover,
Inside the Real, I am that is, that I am,
Thou art that, realize Thou is I am.

Warming up, orbs fly divine at sunset,
Like midnight's torture in the suite's divorce onset,
Snap! Another one takes the route,
Down south, oh yeah, here's the sound.

Anchors deep, holding the boat in sail,
No handouts, stepping out, I stand out,
Walking alone with my own doubts,

Beyond thought, now is a gift unveiled.

From deep drifts in sands of time,
Like an hourglass healing nature's sublime,
All in all, still amidst the crime,
Nothing new, just a new grape on the vine.

Sour grapes eat the fresh fruit first,
As second slumbers the depth of worst,
But within the realm of facade's design,
What's beyond is the Architect's Mind.

So many worlds, layers, dimensions, spheres,
Things the media locks away in fear,
Why not sing of Rays, Layers, Sands,
Time ticking down from a single Nuclear Command?

Don't you see, wasting life as life wastes away,
We're all just emanations anyway,
Eagles push through the conical field,
Magick's way through revealed yield.

Let's play a random game of Chance,
Let the dice roll where they dance,
Take a dimensional leap into another trance,
Through liquid dimensional substance.

Multidimensional beings know this,
That we seldom talk of these gifts,
But man, I wonder what life would be worth,
If I didn't put something out for rent and bread.

Get it?
No handouts, never getting that bread,
Beyond family, that's where true kin wed.

Don't you see, we all exist to exist in a different world,
A serenade of dissonance unfurled.

Drive

Take a drive, let's speed through time,
Arriving late, but never outlined,

We shine, growing.

Hiding, like another nut,
Then bursting out, sounding another tune.

Surprise, new flow, ain't it,
Nothing truly original,
Just fake it.

In the zone, deeper layers known,
Love grows unknown,
Seeds sprout low.

Down on the right,
To the left,
Pass it and cleave.

To the next, zigzag,
Tag, nagging on the swag,
Writing, never needing to wait,
Just hold open the gate.

Way to another land,
Take the sand,
Command.

Hourglass flowing down,
To another line,
Just taking time.

Time and time and time,
This is where the shine begins,
Outlining this flow of mine.

Here, there, everywhere,
Nowhere but found there,
In the soul, common air.

Lairs beneath dragon's cones,
Wizard temples of the known,
Can't you see,
This MAGI is known.

Unknown knowns, knows knowns,

Can't you see, Tao,
Just flows down.

Low to the right way,
Just have to find another taste,
Dance, take the trance,
Into another substance,
Lose the moment,
Never in component,
Just a hardwired firmament.

I got no money,
So where's my raise?
Just another singing praise,
Yo, I speak for people,
Yet hungrier for beats than sheep are.

Wolf eats the tale like Odin,
But many are lamb of gods,
So rule without seeking,
Just go within for the transparent gift.

Buy a bottle,
Crack and swaddle,
Move and toddle,
Then we're back.

From dopamine crash,
Lit up, this fire's hot,
From deep down south,
Where the devil's mouth
Switches flow.

On top with no stop,
Writing loops of feedback,
My defense is attack,
Like an event horizon map,
Where boundaries are found,
Within a new happening.

Cartographer of dimensional spheres,
Oh wait, can't tell you,
Thoth helped design
The flow to thought and time.

Just a scribe, you know,
Why would I lie?
Gonna start writing what's true,
Forget the family, they're just haters, clueless.

Into you, that's who I am,
No more pain,
This cusp takes us off,
Blasts off,
Dragon scales and white tops,
Let's flow to the smoke that departs,
And allows the depth to start,
From deep crevices, does this embark.

Walk Through

Open the door, step through anew,
Today was here, leaving clues,
Everything in apparent residue,
Hanging onto atom's fumes.

Rise, let the dragons ascend,
Stand up, spirits fly again,
Dead arise, times forthcoming,
Can't fathom? Just smile, metaphor humming.

Submerge, let conditions wither,
Freedom's wisp, letting go together.
Rise, as we walk this path,
The time has come, unmask.

Does the spirit fly or does the Phoenix lie?
Another shock, does it deny learning why?
Love gives peace of mind,
Alive, no denying, grace intertwined.

Alive, I AM contrived,
Given words, alive from the beginning,
The Tao combines within.

Behind the door, seeing through,
An opening once unseen,

After it seemed to pass by...

Those who know you, don't know,
For they're in their own show,
Replace the Aether with All aligned.

Alive, feeling for the first time,
Not denied, alive in the moment,
Alive, flash it on me, boom,
Lightning drops, echoes resound.

From north, comes from south,
From mouth, from wealth,
From amounts, from health,
Ready or not, lightning can drop.

Roots of a nation,
Started with a station,
From fabrication, wisdom's additions,
Breaking all the rules, innovation's missions.

Youth, we are one,
Youth, the next rising sun,
Youth, grace to come,
Youth, the golden face.

Tragedies claimed,
Why? For the right of man,
Not in the designs' command,
As chaos spreads across lands.

Satellites infer what we are,
Wondering how clear,
From here to there,
What the militant does,
To your submissive intelligence.

Can't run, can't focus,
Did you know what you don't know?
It comes from a distance,
Learned in an instance,
Bombs drop, and you're still...

Satellite, over here,

Moons everclear,
Just another time,
Did we even...

Satellite, a planet's delight,
What do I think I can do?
Act without a wink,
Move on to the next thing,
This moment is all that's here.

Embrace totality of seers,
Blinding light dispels darkness,
Looking up, nobody's looking down.

Satellites in the crust,
In trust, in the must,
In the lust, in the brush,
A canvas of God,
He struck a golden rod.

Roots expand swords,
For those who perform not,
Persona non grata,
Testing the waters,
From diligence to original fires,
But couldn't expand beyond,
What was soon.

Test limit,
Ridiculous,
In it,
Always sit,
Performance.

What do we have to see?
Another thing, nothing,
All causes from the Logos,
Caused by the Word,
Our flesh lives from the beginning.

Thus does the Word first exist,
As we begin to form,
Perceive the form,
Perceive the first Word,

That's how it works.

Test limit,
Ridiculous,
In it,
Always wicked,
Performance.

Payable now, not apologetic,
No alibi, prophesy not,
What is, is not,
Just another call.

I will dissolve,
I will resolve,
I will converse,
I will live,
I am a gift.

No reason to expand,
Life is this moment before you die,
Take all for granted,
Master ascended,
Why suggest such a path,
For the abiotic surprise?

Here I stand, taking it to the end,
Of my word, won't suggest another way,
Even in sleep, awake,
For love, sacrifice, surrender, praise.

I am a gift,
I will live,
I will converse,
I will dissolve,
I am resolved.