

Soul's Parade

- poems, photos -

By SJ Egret

Soul's Parade

Writings & Photos, 2021

By SJ Egret

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-To: Love, and all that makes the forest of being.

SJE
31 January 2022

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Evening Walk in Spring

Through the waterfall I send a prayer
Reverberated to the stars
The Little-Dipper spills wishes & inspirations into my
soul

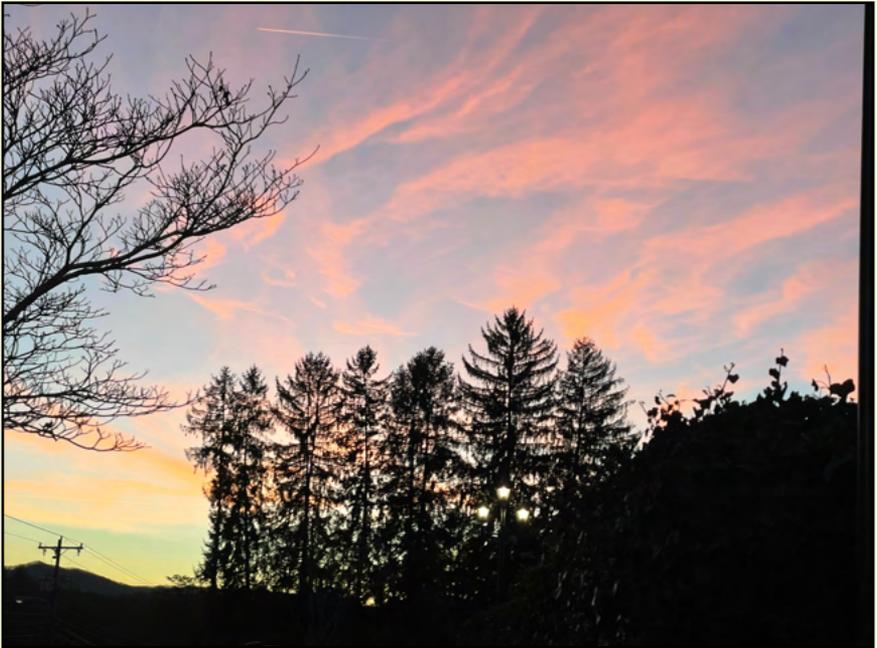
Walking in the road, a raging creek on left and babbling
brook on right
Choosing either, I take both, splitting my life in two to
enjoy the beauty and poetry all around
In everyday settings I make today, this moment, special

The yellow daisies bobbing, bowing their head, dancing
their dance
The enchanted light-post tipping her top-hat, tap-
dancing to the revs of highway groans far off
The breath of spring blows winter away as rustling
leaves and piney forest scents fill my every cell



Sunset

Sleep? In this crude hour?
When earth has twirled & wrapped her gown
& pulled the candle from the mantle
to light the hall in flames
of pink & glowing, orange bursts
while the band erupts
& darkness is pushing but earth, & sky, & all we call day
leave happy on their own accord
 over the mountain, on to make some other lands grow;
& night settles in
& rinses its palms
& mischiefs unbound
until we twirl back around
& tomorrow will beat nighttime to the next town,
& we'll rejoice & dance until again our twirling host spins a candle off a table
& again we're inflamed
& then seeped in darkness,
& again,
& again...



World

When all the world is cold
 & strangers are your foe
Reach in your heart
 take hold
Draw the bow &
 release the arrow
 that sends your woes to me
From my hand I'll plant in thee
 the will to go on, the strength to see
 the beauty in the world surrounding
 & we'll be free, in ecstasy
& the darkness of your life will
 be the coal that fuels
 the furnace of your purpose.



Awareness (or, Vertigo from A Bug)

A ladybug descends city portals
Flags sway
Sirens pass
Faces spin

Steeple, windows, a church
The world passing
anything can happen

We are not our bodies
The cloud is not our life
We are not the painting

Observe the observer
laughing at life for what it is,
the painting



Sky Child

To see the sun
 & breath the sky;
To feel the earth
 in all her moods;
Heaven holds
 an open chair... but
I choose neither.

Let the moon
 envelop my pupils;
Let the stars
 entangle my hair;
For my soul is the night,
 & my home is here...
 for now.



Simpler Times

When we try too hard
we forget ourselves
The clear blue flame below, unfettered,
watching passively the weather patterns of thought

While further below, behold, the
mirrored chamber of
golden light... infinite intelligence...



Spirit

Canyon walls of psyche,
rushing river in soul;
Boulders of worries & troubles
tumble & roll;
Birds of anxieties
chirp & scream;
The sun of consciousness
drys the dew of ego
from the meadow of
heart's true intention.



Society

Pent-up; lost — misguided from
all that makes us one
Still mind makes wholesome heart
Helping hands can't clench fists
Suspended in soul & tingle in body
by the
beauty in everyday-things
Extrapolate feels from nature
take cues from intuition
Breath wholly, touch tenderly
A sensitive soul.



Reverence for The True, Part I

Beauty walks painting the air
brushes the breeze with her hair
Glowing the world for mortals to share
the galaxy in her eyes, the
diamonds of her style
the thunder of her frown
Showing birds to swim &
jealousy to dance
Swindling, worshiped, woebegone
Warship on lighted path
Call her home. Call her home;
Beauty begone, once set to roam,
has lit the world, & laid rest
in throne. Forever to hold
entombed to know
Befuddled & wanted oh so
for Beauty to calm in your heart
alone, but Beauty must fly
Catch her when you can
to fill your bones,
& nourish your soul...



Reverence for The True, Part II (Looking Around)

Devine, rapturous splendor
suspended in air
Reaching for Beauty
shocked back to reality
Grasping once more,
a fleeting sight - swaying trees,
birds in flight,
flesh of your lover,
kids in a puddle,
the sky at night.

Holding close as long we can,
like bottling wind
or pocketing a sound;
Our hearts so close
but through words, through
music, art & romance
we're still just humans
longing for, yearning for, joyful
soul-lifting, spirit-impressing
cosmic mellifluous
phantasmagoric ecstasy
that will take our souls from here, at last & for ever,
to Beauty moreover.



Moment

And the blind cat perched on my books
absorbing my journals,
channeling.



Home

Thoughts my only companion
on the sea we voyage
Distant lands call "This way, come".

Traveling. Moving,
crowd-surfing the continuum

Free in space, but bound in heart

Enter cloud castle

Each moment its momentum
Cannot sway
When a soul is set on achieving
the life it knows it needs
as rain will find the earth
so too I'll bring you to me.



Correct

Objection! Objection!
Unruliness wins the day
Get gone wickedness
Scoundrels go astray

Relish in cleanliness
Bliss is our nature
Ride the light of yoga
into our soul's parade

Cut loose the rags of society
Open gaily your heart to God
Father Sky is waiting
Mother Earth, our homely pod

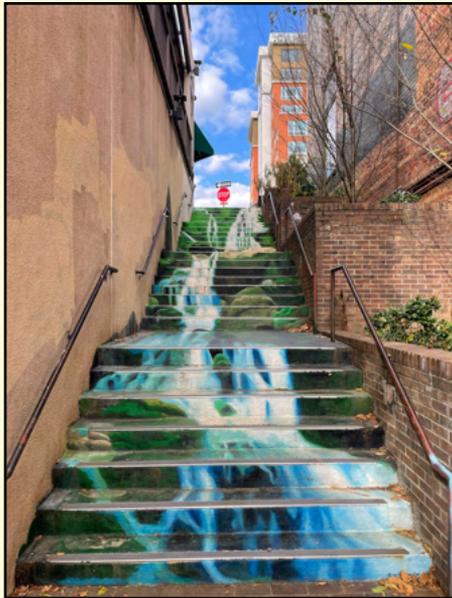
Push the blackness
Beyond the horizon
Float high above
Take hold & control
The monkey that is your mind

Relax on this holiday in hell
Be tough but remember
Our spirit's only stopping by
— brighten it!



Lighthouse

Ponder — look on
Close your eyes
Gaze ahead
Into your soul
Where riches abound
Sand is falling
Infinity in a moment
All life in your hand
Movement through breath
The fire of desire
Cool head & well body
Friends & family
Love & society
Greed & hunger
Welter-weight champions
 of humanity
 eat dinner
There is nothing but Now.

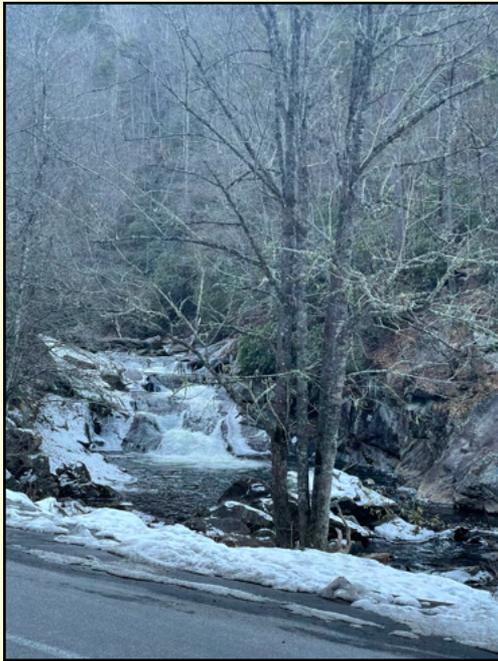


In The Absurd

In the absurd the air is falling,
cats are barking
& dogs meowing

In the absurd the rivers burn hot,
mountains are soaring
& birds made of rock

In the absurd you'll find me there,
away from norm in my little world
Where people play nice but leave you alone
& birds & flowers & trees & critters are
at peace, fulfilled & nourished
without want... in
Harmony.



Music

Let piano keys strike the
match that burns, neh,
extinguishes the residue,
the impurities, in my soul...

Excavate the parts of me,
internally, that cloud the
eternal light of oneness
from its brilliancy...

Suffocate, force-out, begone
the springlings of darkness,
of all things black & negative;

& bring forth the one &

ever-lasting

Light of Love!



Good Instructions

Be real
Don't complain
Have a heart
Do nice things



Lyrics: Zelda Are You Listening?

Zelda, are you listening?
You lost
your mind;
But you're lovely
inside

Zelda can you hear me?
Are you
still mine?

The worries, I know,
they eat at your soul
There's so much
to decide
But tonight, my dear love,
please let them all go
Tonight, just be mine...

Zelda, can you hear me?
You don't need
no mind
Zelda, can you listen?
You're lovely
inside...



Lines from The Tides of Savannah, a play

I loved her – I loved her
to the point I couldn't stand it –
I couldn't take it – being two
bodies, two separate souls so close
so intertwined yet separate
by sheer physical division... Needing her
more than life itself – what good
is life without Her!?!...
Wanting only her; Thinking only
of Her – Reaching



On Awareness of Stress

As stressors arise
distance
like stars in the sky
yourself from them by
tossing them in the furnace
that is your
solar plexus
thereby fueling your inner drive.



Evening Time

Turn off the TV of your mind
Put your head on the shelf
for use on some other day
Swan-dive to the galaxy of your
inner soul –

Leave the worries of day to
sashay & swordplay amongst themselves
Steer the submarine of your inner light
to the depths of your self, your
true self

Plant seeds – seeds of hope, seeds of change,
explore life beyond the brain –
life beyond the body, & just be.



Shaman Way

Leave society
Leave your name
Enter the forest
To find your way



Winding Stairs

Erode & sway
Away moonlight the chariot
A million horses' hooves
thundering hooves
Remove thoughts
Improve gallows swung to & fro
Buffalo on steel rails
Kitchen songs & infantile pictures
The priest's predicament
Slaves in exile
Motion makers' dovetail worshippers
Get stray
Move on
& be lively...
The body is a verb
& in this world,
two hearts make a third...



Thunderbolt in a Bottle

Golden palace
Crystal cave
Oceans below oceans
Where I hide away

Still, thick puddle of consciousness
The all-knowing
Bless the world & its chaos
From my world of order

Deep calm meditation
Geometry of cosmic strength
Unmovable
Find me here
10,000 miles below
soaring 10 light-years above





Lines Written from Truth

And the sun never sets
on the ones whom I love...



THE END.

*“Ride the light of yoga
into our soul's parade”*

- SJE