

A

World

!!!<<<<< Vibrating>>>>!!!

Off Key + 2

*By Gerald Wilson*

**WHY I LIKE IT:** Poetry Editor **HEZEKIAH** writes...

*Gerald Wilson is as mind-bending as dark matter, as warped as spacetime. If you offered him a piece of string, he'd likely come up with some theory on it. Let's take a look at 'A WORLD VIBRATING OFF KEY.' "Your allegiance, the most treacherous / animal, stops you dismantling / duality's fantasy." "Doesn't the false want / to mix with what it conceives true to help it survive? " "What are you / without thought's bottlenecked belief?" He shines a light in the blackest of holes. On to 'ANALOGY FOR AWAKENING' where the observed is disturbed by the observer across universal divides. "Clinging to avoid loneliness / we make dazzling displays of / dancing crystals, but our / wriggling ridges rubbing against / others keep us apart." And lastly, 'PSALM FOR YOU' "To sit beside the roar of busy city / traffic as though meditating in a / Zen garden" There really isn't anything quite like bouquets of nosegays and tailpipe exhaust. (Spacing is poet's own.) HS*

*Five Stars*

A WORLD VIBRATING OFF KEY + 2

Your allegiance, the most treacherous  
animal, stops you dismantling

duality's fantasy. Not excluding  
myself, I am also a fanatical

cult member. Does a duck think  
all bird's a duck? Starting to

dig gives you the juice to push with a  
purpose you'd have to be dead not

to want, but has it brought you  
closer: to right something that seems

wrong or missing? One snowflake right  
and another wrong? You dig yourself

into a hole. The earth you've shoveled  
into the air comes back down to

cover you: closer to the black hole

than ever, Take comfort with

the other miners but you end it

before you begin. Your excavation,

one unique gesture in life's unformed

forms: a kind of freedom you're

not used to. Doesn't the false want

to mix with what it conceives true

to help it survive? What are you

without thought's bottlenecked

belief? Maybe what the false sees

wrong, the truth's sweet, sweet

storm. What do you think? No

wait. Don't say a word if

you are thinking of borrowing a

self.

ANALOGY FOR AWAKENING

My made-up identity:  
having to navigate between  
being much more  
a lone ripple  
than a light on the turbulent  
surface.

Clinging to avoid loneliness  
we make dazzling displays of  
dancing crystals, but our  
wriggling ridges rubbing against  
others keep us apart.

Come moments when the air stills  
my surface, seamless glass  
when I am pure reflection  
of the sun: entirely sun and  
shard, my rational identity.

But those fractured flickers  
those hidden currents of belief  
to let in  
to see through the dark enough  
to see them dissolve.

Come, sun, always the sun  
continuously bursting  
from its infinity  
into the boundless sea of stars.

Come, red, blue, green  
see with me  
the seer  
folded into the light.

Come, sloshing waters  
hear with me  
the listener  
collapsed into the wave  
intimate with every moment.

Come,  
one more ripple of knowing  
to let go.

PSALM FOR YOU

To sit beside the roar of busy city  
traffic as though meditating in a  
Zen garden.

To sit among the fires, flies and the  
dead as though resting beside  
still waters.

To breathe in, to breathe up as though  
drawing up from a well  
deep within.

The bucket falls, your reflection  
shatters. You've done all  
you can do.

To find this unfiltered water from  
the innermost spring from which  
you can drink.

To truly taste this living water as  
though you've never tasted  
Anything like it before.

## **THE POET SPEAKS...**

*I wait in frustration for a thought to arrive: missing that that this in itself is a thought. Duh! This kind of response never works for me. I give up: missing again that this is a thought also, and entry point, a portal of sorts. Two missed entry sweet points and more to come; I stay neutral, knowing this is a balanced, truthful stance. But then again, just another thought, like any other, made of the same thought stuff. I say out loud: 'This never works for me,' just like any other sound. I am assumed in the thought, part of the mind-stream momentum referencing 'me'. I am the subject and I am aware of it. I look for 'me' which isn't in the thought. I don't disappear when the thought subsides. I am here; there before the thought arrives. I look where it feels like I am: consciousness: the pure, unfiltered looking/seeing state where all thoughts, including this one, reside.*

*Using thought to deconstruct thought: a great irony, paradox. I guess this is what the poet speaks: far too conceptual, trying to bring it into the experiential now. Judging myself, just another self-referential thought making me suffer. Thinking: the disease of the mind.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Gerald Wilson lives and writes poetry in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. He has published two books of verse. His poem honouring his late brother Bruce Wilson was published in Issue 10.