

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.