

# SiX (6!) pOeMs (6)...(6)...(6)...

By yours trulY, the happy recluse

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

*And now for 'yours truly'. My first impressions were that Kenny P. covets COVID. He finds pandemics pathetically pacifying—he is our 'Happy Recluse,'—this issue and last, because he is that good. (The Corona con-sorts prefer the longneck bottles for tilting, tipping and sipping with scissor-fingers.) Still, I'm sure there is no shortage of you-lot basking in the thoughts of not having to be anywhere either—likely (speaking softly) you're all quite clubbable, if you could only stoop to conquer the company. Andale andale arriba, arriba, let's catch up to Speedy G, "GodFace has color / it's where a toms' are empty . . . / unseen/beholdingly : radiating / brainbow prisms / liberatingly : self-recognized." Good gracious, could "clarity" collide with austerity? "(unstained linguistically):"? (To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on its own page. Please scroll down.)*

*color one*

If GodFace has color  
it's where atoms are empty . . .  
unseen/beholdingly : radiating  
brainbow prisms  
    liberatingly : self-recognized  
where I AM is one color : *clarity*  
(unstained linguistically):  
self-meditative effortless deLight  
    that's not lazy—  
empty-atom field  
    Garden E stability:  
unexpelled by ego-stuck  
    dust-to-dust destiny,  
GodFace color *clarity*  
    undammed by scenery;  
beautiful or ugly mind-mirrors reflect  
stainlessly : sudden-access quality  
in-hearing silently : thought-free  
    secret mantra  
understanding edgelessly : entering  
GodSpace so fast it's I AM already:  
I AM actually, clear through egoity.

*So why say 'enter' at all?*

It's [your] discovery : color one embracing  
GodSky/mindcloud(s) centrally—  
where it's *clarity* it celebrates diversity  
(each one intimately) 'tween the temples  
GodSpace color of  
    no post or pre : deLight  
dry as GodSun now  
    immersing five-sense sea.



*the only thing to fear*

To restore stable GodGlow unstuck to  
pre & post, the only thing to fear is  
bondage to bioshell ghost—  
an all-too real thing,  
*cling* of which gives  
    doomed down  
    dust to dust  
    its deadly sting.

*any god-dam now?*

Free from death deLight glows now  
clear through mortality—

*Thanks, mind lampshade, for revealing source lucidity.*

What dammed it before?

*Brainbay blind to shoreless GodSea.*

Any god-dam now?

*Clinging to joyous ecstasy!*

Let go—  
joy enhances to familiarity.

*Known in spurts?*

At first & then uninterruptedly.

*humble bow*

Creator of the universe  
(*created's* tense untrue)  
has something in common with what  
witnesses through you.

What's more  
intimate than one's authentic  
I AM view?

Externalizing it as *Thee* promotes idolatry,  
internalizing it as *me* nerve-nets egoity.

Actuality of it  
transcends mentality,  
Constant/Presently : bliss so super serene  
Power makes love to Mercy.

Trying to describe it  
never gets it directly...  
for that I bow to your front door to  
GodSky treasury.

*last words of a friend*

deLight closely watches,  
closer than mindshell(s) can be...  
faux-surrounding GodSpace focus  
pinpoint openly—

where 'bound by body' dies  
wisdom-eye's pure serenity,  
self-meditatively sustained  
*don't wait to die to see!*

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

Where GodSky is most alive  
it stainlessly reflects: all  
mind-mirror detects, but  
who Views (GodSky itself)  
centers all edgelessly---  
approaching it dissolves  
in self-aware intimacy.

### **AUTHOR BIO:**

'yours truly, the happy recluse' spends his timeliness  
enhancing meditative ecstasy into familiarity, a process  
free from post & pre. The Cleveland scenery around him  
surrounds stainlessly...much like any mirror reflects  
whatever imagery.