They ran from the bloody scene, two rebellious lovers left over from the brethren war. They had received directions to the ritual from the wise old wizard reading from an oracle of ancient Egyptian bones. Necromancer and whore, he had been both back when Trismegistus roamed the land, back before the war. He said they’d see two forces fighting but hadn’t warned them of the rest, or mentioned anything about a test. “River-run, past Eve and Adam, round bend and bow, you’ll find some places where need sink real low, but hang on to each other and you’ll eventually come out from under.” Next came some gibberish neither understood, drugs and blood, through two minds made one, ripped asunder, two brothers, blood, muscaria . . . divine path to She the Goddess.

The old wizard knew all along the truth about Isis and her lover/brother Osiris. He stood and cheered while she searched the land looking for her lover’s flesh. “Take eat,” he cried. “Take drink,” she replied. Ahhh! Yes, She brings life forth and taketh life away like the Ouroboros fixed in eternity; She is the sow who eats her own litter; the Black One with Her tongue extended to catch the blood; approach Her with lust and She will destroy; approach Her with Love and She is the Ferry Across the Ocean of Existence. This all came later but before they ran scared.
They ran towards the light and through the automatic doors. They were in a supermarket – produce section – held in arrest by the dazzling brilliance of the miasmic carnival laid bare before. They breathed in the cold air becoming newly aware of each other’s beauty; his breath quickening with rising ardor, her nipples made rigid and sensitive by the manufactured cold and the potential of the story waiting to unfold. The man stepped forward taking up the plump, red, juicy fruit. He and his lover were affected like all other, an assault to sensual synapses, bright colors on polymorphous flesh, stretched taunt, waiting to burst forth with sweet nectar. The woman read as much in the man’s bright, feverish eyes as he sank his teeth into the fruit’s succulence; she watched the juice course down his chin, sighed with unquenchable hunger and bit into the red flesh.

They kissed and the orgasm came like Napoleon on his great white steed; lands discovered and conquered between quickened breaths; clothing torn and tossed aside; budding flesh teased with hunger and need; villages plundered, lands raped, and stores pillaged – violence contained in ecstasy – a sacrament proving that the temple is everywhere. And the temple was filled with a chorus of Tibetan Angels, sharp horns and hollow bowls, cut up and spliced like a Niblock drone. She put her head back and screamed; he thrust out his heart and moaned, a pulsing beat, crying out her name – to Kali, with Love.

The erotic smell of spent fertility, like freshly turned earth rich in humus, brings thought back to that most sacred furrow quivering in the aftermath of recent pleasure. The olfactory, gently assaulted by the feminine dew rising from the furrow’s delicate petals, creates masochistic images tempered by love and some mute sense of self-transmigration. Tantric intuition persevering in the deep recesses of our common psyche, bringing forth the Divine Comedy, a gamma ray burst made manifest in the hero’s mind. He leans forward, a willing supplicant come to worship Yoni. Shiva the Destroyer, Lord of Yoga, brought forth from his self-imposed exile by the pristine austerities of Parvati, Queen Avatar of the Divine Kali. Shiva, infused with Shakti; the Solar King reunited with the Lunar Queen – to Kali, with Love.

They came out of the comedy in a vintage Cadillac full of bullet holes with the top down and the seats torn. They were naked, their bodies covered in dry musky sweat. They held each other’s hand and stared forward with determination spawned by the bliss of discovery. It had been some time since the cold wind of infinity had coursed unchecked across the exposed landscape, raising awareness, exposing the mystery. They felt like conquerors who had in turn been conquered, their souls laid bare; fear and desire negated by the beautiful journey which began with the ritual, a call to adventure – to Kali, with Love.

Ponder this: All things fall prey to the passage of time . . . all things but Love – to Crista, with Love.

(http://www.lotussculpture.com/parvati1.html)
The Contemplative

Ponder this . . .

Life is just a Stream,
Thought, in Mind Divine,
It moves beyond Perception
Where time, collapsed, remains unknown.

Newly born Stars, Planets spinning,
Naught but New Ideas unfolding;
Plants and Animals, All of human consciousness,
Just a thread within the Stream.

Inspiration comes, a Shock stirring the Nebulae,
Awakening potential, the birth of emergent form.

Cause becoming Effect, Effect becoming Cause,
a convoluted return to what has always been –
Infinity, boundless and eternal.

Scientific or Mystic, the approach matters not,
the conclusion, Universal, transcends Duality,
a Singularity giving birth to Thought Divine.

Relative stillness, demarcation unknown,
the result an Experience where
Time, collapsed, becomes Time Present.

Death and Re-birth, the slightest shift,
Awakens a New Paradigm. And yet,
Ancient and Perennial, It’s spoken of
often and Available to All.

Pure Heart, Pure Love . . .

Ponder . . .

The Silence of the Puppy

I have a puppy . . . inbred;
he stands facing the corner and howls
at his own misery.

I find myself envisioning the innards
of his fucked up mind . . .
A visage of Hell, Abomination:
a miasmic carnival of Cosmic Vomit.

Disgust, revulsion,
revelation, endearment . . .
Society, a self-organizing beast,
failed to meet his expectations . . .
so he howls.

I am stuck in the belly of the one same Beast,
And the Buddhas are all laughing at me;
so I howl with him . . .

Together we explore the swirling madness:
a descent, a decline, a great shout;
Sudden Joy amidst the rubble of puke.

Emptiness . . . contains the seed of no – thing
which gives rise to every – thing.
In other words, Consciousness permeates
where Angels fear to tread . . .
And the Buddhas are all laughing at me.

They know
where I’m at and
where I’ve yet to go.

Life is an evolving mirror
developed so the self
can better know the Self,
And the Buddhas are all laughing . . .

So many Mountains to climb;
so many Rivers to cross;
so many obstacles between the passages . . .
of Misery.

And so we howl at the swirling entropy
filled with the laughter of the Buddhas.

A journey against the flow of time
to the Heart of the Beast
and the Beast is bleeding to Death
Because it refuses to Change.

I’m stuck in the belly of the one same Beast . . .
and the Buddhas?
The Buddhas are still laughing at me
but the puppy no longer howls.
Ekajata

“I wish I could describe the feeling of being at sea; the anguish, frustration, and fear, the beauty that accompanies threatening spectacles, the spiritual communion with creatures in whose domain I sail. There is a magnificent intensity in life that comes when we are not in control but are only reacting, living, surviving. I am not a religious man per se. My own cosmology is convoluted and not in line with any particular church or philosophy. But for me, to go to sea is to glimpse the face of God. At sea I am reminded of my insignificance — of all men’s insignificance. It is a wonderful feeling to be so humbled.”

— Steve Callahan
We were separated at birth, the torrent, Alluvion, came sudden like and the massacred ego, awash in the tempest hue, had no harbor against time.

The images after, constructed from Native spirits untethered in the cold inferno of an endless winter, emerged from the Wheel of Medicine. They were Spiritual, ephemeral, requisite . . .

I had . . .
I had so much to say, but the separation was overwhelming; I could only scream and yelp in Beard pulling gibberish born of the anguish . . . the anguish of separation prior to New Dawn.

“Come back to me . . . come back to me,” I cried, “and I will beat music inspired by the Love and the Fury into your wintery pelt. And we will make the love sounds, forlorn but elemental. And we will cherish the blue depth and ride the current together until death, dying, dead. And we will persevere into the New Dawn.”

But the torrential wind beat down and caste my plea into the deafening abyss of icebound passage and I was
stark,
naked,
alone . . .

Love was ripped from me
and I died an infinite
Death, transpired in bleak
ugliness, arisen in
Spiritual famine,
the youth sacrificed
to scarred flesh
Warriors . . .

And I became a man accustomed,
the ten-thousand horrors, the ten-thousand ecstasies,
the ten-thousand, ten-thousand,
meaningless fodder but for
the ancient hymns,
Dauphin elegies.
And the truth became realized,
Eternal Reward,
A mantra of praise, beseeching:

“Have mercy on me,
a castaway drifting;
have mercy on me,
an initiate to the Wandering;
have mercy on me,
an intrepid traveler;
have mercy on me . . . “

And mercy was granted
in a blissful suffering
of color, sound, and fury;
a suffering reminiscent of
life before but fully engaged;
rapture without capture, free, but
suffering still . . .

And the cold Destroyer
beat down upon me,
fleeting moments substantial
in sheer volume.
I laughed, I cried, and
I screamed, “Come on . . .
come on with your furious
display.”
The violent lust
of rapture flowed in
rivers of blood,
dark,
gaseous,
full . . .

But for a moment suspended,
my flesh torn and bleeding,
did I remember the riot of
Passion.
And the Passion was Love . . .

A Fragrance Elusive: Reality Undone

I hold fast to the idea that the only reality worth speaking of is that subjective reality constructed within the confines of one’s own mind. Furthermore, it would appear this construct originates simultaneously with the symbolic language used in reference with this construct. Patterns may very well be the Democritin “atoms” of existence but these patterns seem to demand language for development into concepts and, finally, into reality belief systems. My query, then, is thus: If reality rests on a foundation
of symbolic language, why, then, do I meet with profound failure on every occasion I attempt to formulate the essence of the fragrance emanating from the heart of a freshly opened lotus blossom in symbolic language? The fragrance exists as a construct in my mind, a construct developed with symbolic language, yet defies poetic description. I like to think I’m not wholly inadequate as a poet but this quest has eluded me for a number of years. I try to reassure myself by occasionally confronting less difficult subject matter but the lotus . . . the lotus is always there, teasing, tempting, and eluding, inspiring doubt as to the relevance of words . . .

The train of thought,
less nourishing
than
no thought,
smolders;
wood impregnated
with damp rot
burning
like
uncured peat,
a drunken
meandering path
of
foolish inquisition.
The bones cast
to
discover a time
when the Prince
cried
suckling on the
succulent breast
Mother Mind before death became the unknown. Obstacles in the Path cherished by regarded warriors on the quest to discover Omni-sensate Pan unbound, unleashed, a validation for pain, discomfort, renewal.
Purification beats the dream in which fractally consistent tessellated topographies, inherently curved,
roughly circular, and filled with crystalline sugar gum drops; floating tectonic plates on a substrate of liquid Psychedelia. Colloidal . . . Suspended . . . A mind devouring mind in search of nourishment; marrow scavenged from the cannibalistic tribe of placated stupidity. An obstacle to the Evolution of Higher States,
Being requires becoming.
Before one may cry,
“\textit{I am alive!}”
one must deny the I in a sublime death dance;
a dying ejaculation of liquid emergence into the root of sexual psychedelia.
Mother Mind, the lover incorporated in images, a priori, noumenal, the noetic foundation of Psychologica Mathematica.
Sexual reproduction of thought . . . Structure?
Lovemaking denied, celibate and redirected, an energetic transformation of fundamentals;
holy, incommunicable,
cherished moments beyond
Time.
“\textbf{I am alive!}”
Death dance,
Destroyer,
a corpse contained
and maintained
in organic
juxtaposition
perhaps resembling
a construct
of
thought decomposing . . .
Half time beats in
double time staccato,
noise –
bleeding ears,
the screech of
mental mechanisms
on the chessboard
of
war . . .
An invertebrate coward
conforming to conformity,
a slow, smoldering, death;
Godspeed You!
Black Emperor . . . [*]
“I am alive!”
Moonbeams of madness at the edge;
a bound Universe bound by . . ?
Inert homogeneity defers motion to a realm impossible to conceive;
entropy relegated to a finite lattice of chamber orchestrated noise constructed from emotion – raw;
freedom denied in the temporal inherent in the eternal;
Mental quasars bursting beyond
constraints
formulated and optimized
by fraudulent
Emperors . . .
Godspeed You!
Black Emperor. [1]
“They can never
lock me up
again,”
Rocky cried,
“I am alive!”
To speak is to
digress, a small
death confronted with
illusion, grandeur,
life,
a self-generating mind space
curvature.
The prophetic fulfillment
of theoretical
Inclusion demands
Proportional,
Integrative,
Derivatory measures
corrective regarding totality;
the Self consumed
by a proportion
integral to the derived exclusion,
a resultant variable
distorted by
mass hysteria –
magician genocide.
Equated differentially,
the iterative, hence continuous,
frequency:
Frq(Seq,
relegating controlled sequential
output:
Frq(Out,
dictates a vibratory setpoint
of curvature;
a hallucination rendered
concrete in pre-thought
mind space
by the ingestion of complex data
structure,
a link to mechanistic
mind
curved and distorted by
feedback,
system wide instability
also known as
Art, or . . .
Poetry.
A determined conquest of
mental efficiencies developed
and understood
by
defined variables manipulated,
structured text, basic,
mathematical logic process,
all computational
child-like ruminations prior
to symbol formulation, a
playground encapsulated
in mind:
“. . . here we go around the prickly pear, the prickly pear . . .” [2]
For years unsuccessful
the fragrance
a lotus
captured symbolically
defies imprisonment but yet
conceptualized in curved
mind space
by smell, regarded as color,
contrast, brightness,
fuzzy, indiscriminate,
static;
a visual noise in
a memory both
Alpha and Omega:
How is this so?
Food for thought is poison,
a political force field,
popular system dynamics
based on
subjective judgment:
like; don’t like.
Association is a manifestation
of Love;
a determination made in
an instantaneous,
intuitive, magic spell
cast by clowns of
a serious yet
humorous
mind space.
A slow growth
curvature,
differentially equated
defies the illogical
process
of poetic deduction
described herein
as
variable set manipulation;
curved trees of
discriminatory meanderings,
an alphabet soup scrambled
from brain flesh
wringing serpents electrical
followed by thunderclap
symphonies
of
gestaltist dream drama;
a hard fought war
conducted while the
body/self
rests, wearied by
continual reorganization –
a remembrance to forget.
Who has time to
define,
in such a rigid manner,
the variables necessary
philosophically
accurately
deprived of spontaneity
love yearning for
a straight path in
curved
space
mind so developed as to be
formless in form?
It
All
Finally
Disappears;
fragmentary clusters of homogeneity held fast by robust logic
dissolve when confronted.
The flow impossible,
pulsating in organic simulations,
making the intake of breath an ineffective mockery;
a dream of death self-fulfilling;
music propagated spherically
by angering the gods.

Consciousness,
more complex when
rendered beyond superficial
claims of awareness, becomes
a riot of sky serpents
writhing in thunderous
orgy electric
synaptically interwoven
sex magic mutant crossover,
a foliage disturbed in a
slow, sometimes frozen,
sun capture display of
brilliance –
unbound, unleashed,
Promethean.

Free form associates
yielding naught for
thought but
child rhyme captives,
straw men,
metaphorically inept,
rendering truth
confined to
Mind is a prison for captives of warring agents, secretive, destructive, bastions lasting despite continuous assault and the bloody waters reign reminding of sacrifice in inner lands magnificent.

From the inscripted genetic process emerges realized complexities in behavioral stasis, basin, hollow, magnetic permeance; a societal refusal requires violent upheaval, spontaneous bifurcation, a search for optimal entropic deliverance,
a toppling of
tyrannical instruments,
Arab or otherwise.
To all my relations,
the time is now
and always;
Marleyesque anthems
in a thin haze,
smoked
internal voices,
"... get up, stand up, don’t give up the fight ..." [3]
Rainbow man
burning in the desert sand
constructed reality
freedom, inclined artistic
manifestations
truthfully enacted temporal
love for
new change variants:
"... get up, stand up, stand up for the right ..." [2]
Magic!
What is needed
known demarcation
in the end an
illusion which
disappears in confusion
clarified by inclusion in
logically inconsistent
thoughts
lumped together like
so
much
shit.
Eventually it all
disappears as irrelevant
dust
in functions of
curvature scale.
A comedic enactment,
Judas death,
structured as conspiracy,
hollow man, magic king
the same, the same.
Mind destroyed by
Mind;
Formless in
Form;
An apocalypse now and
always:
Frq_Out . . .
And so it ends;
the train of thought.

1. (http://cstrecords.com/gybe/)
2. (http://aduni.org/~heather/oecs/honors/Default.htm)
   (http://www/english.illinois.edu/maps/poets/a_f/eliot/hollow.htm)
3. (http://www.answerbag.com/q_view/547783)
   (http://wiki.answers.com/Q/What_is_the_message_of_the_song_get_up_stand_up_by_Bob_Marley)

The Truth?

I’ve walked in the Shadow of Suicide,
thinking back on Misspent Youth,
Crystalized thought stabbing Life,
Killing the Psyche.

Deserted stillness comes like Death
While trying to find the last Kernel;
Happiness, Slippery as the worm
Avoiding the Hook,
Evades the search, killing memories
Whose only purpose tricking one more Day,
Like a Whore to some unseen Pimp.
Monumental Madness disguised in

The Full, Blood-red Moon rocks the Tide
In a violent Trance, a beaten Roar.
**Woman**, Dance on my Corpse,
Help me ride the Threshold of

Time; in need of a Partner,
Lapsed moments condense into
Future Promises, maintaining the Shadow;
The Sickness cured by Dreams of

Self-mutilation, I hang from Two Hooks,
Pierced flesh a prelude to my Own
Private Peace; an Offering
To the **Woman**, Dancing on My Corpse.

I walk in the Shadow of **Ancestors**, 
An outlaw aberration dedicated to
A Creative Mythology, My own Jihad.
A restless Native looking for Art in the

Land of Change; A neophyte tamed by 
the course of War; Contempt for Life,
Cradled in Reverence for Death; redemption
Refused and Discarded, a spoiled, petulant

Philosophy rendered mute by carved Flesh
Hanging. Living sculpture in the form of Man
Suspended; Blood red dripping into the Mouth
Of the **Woman** riding the Moon.

I Love the **Woman** as She dances,
A celebration in honor of a Warrior’s
Death, and still I walk,
A meandering Journey in the timeless Shadow.

I escape the Tempest, turning Within,
Sitting in Silence, Doing nothing;
Seasons pass anew. The Shadow?
The Shadow takes care of Itself.

It’s something to ponder.