



**Chaos
and the Sun
a book of poems**

David Cammegh

Chaos and the Sun

a book of poems

Chaos and the Sun

A book of poems

David Cammegh



SEVEN STAR BOOKS

Copyright © David Cammegh 2010

Published by Seven Star Books,
Unit 29, Old Surrenden Manor,
Bethersden,
Kent TN26 3DL
England
www.sevenstarbooks.com

The right of David Cammegh to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted in accordance with sections 77 and 78 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988. All rights reserved worldwide.

No part of this book may be reproduced or distributed, transcribed, translated into any spoken or computer language or transmitted in any form whatsoever without prior written consent of David Cammegh – contact: info@sevenstarbooks.com.

Cover painting *The Sun* by David Cammegh

About the author

David Cammegh has practiced as an astrologer for many years. He is qualified in horary astrology with The Craftsman Diploma, and worked for many years as a spirit medium.

He enjoys long walks, fine food, good drink
and anything that makes him laugh;
especially in the company of family and friends.

He is the author of *The Astrology of God*
Introducing God to the Modern World.

Contents

Love and Me	2
To the Girl	3
A Night of Love	4
Galactic Timing	6
Another Evening Out	8
The Remains of the Family	9
The Tower	10
The Family of Fate	12
A Moral Tale	13
By the River Bank	14
New Woman	15
A Quest in Autumn	16
A Walk in the Woods	17
I Wish I Was a Rabbit	19
Hilary	20
Sitting by a Coffee as the River Flows by	21
Raw Love	22
The Sword	23
Happy	24
Little Bag of Tricks	25
One Last Afternoon	28
The Christmas Tree	31
The Angel and the Boy	33
The Sunday Village	34
The Cowboy's Story	36
A Boy as He Sleeps	39
The Swallow's First Date	40
Try a New Way of Living	41
Ideal Love	42
Heaven's Time	43
A Tale From The Past	44
Don's Party	45
Helen the Spirit	46
Conversations with a Cow	47

The Village Wedding	48
The Village Fete	50
The Roman Wall	52
Revelation	53
Candyfloss and the River	55
Brisk Happy Love	56
The Idiot and the Wise Man	57
The Old Man and the Tree	59
The Whirlwind of Being	60
Hickory Dickory Spock	62
A Little Bird Told Me	63
Spring Meeting	66
Little Jack Horner	67
The Tornado Of	68
By a Stream	69
Success	70
Stillness and Desire	71
Earth, Wind, Fire and Water	72
Empty Hands	73
Mary and Sam	74
The Flock of Birds	75
Modern British Girl	76
Live Your Life	77
Love in the Solar System	78
Fatherly Love for a Daughter	79
Chaos and the Sun	80
Eternally Me	82
Patience	85
A Meeting with Death	87
A Breaking Heart	89
The Returning King	90
The Only Sun	92
The Meeting	94
Michael	95
Removing the Veil	96

A Talk with Fear	97
It's all Here, Right Here, Right Now	99
In Memory of Mark	100
The Great Big Clock	103
Chatting to the Turtle	106
Because You Can Ask	109
Where Can We <i>Possibly</i> Go?	110
Focus Now	111
An English Country Autumn Saturday	112
Get Out of Your Bed	113
Talking to Clams	115
Tommy's Ceiling	116
The Old Oak Tree and the Acorn	118
The Messenger	120
The Happy Man	121
Deeply Rooted	123
Laughing Angels	124
A Charming Moment	125
Sport Isn't Always the Answer	126
A Visitor from Nowhere	127
Baa Baa Baby	129
Madam Sorrow	130
Man of the World	131
Follow the Sun	133
The Elizabethan Spirit Visit	135
The Cure for Parental Pain	137
A Lightness of Touch	138
Empty Love Fills All	139
The Vacuum of Love	140
Quetzalcoatl Returns	141
The Aspiring Dictator and the Sun	142
The Tadpole	144
Unrequited Love	145
A Song for the Old	146

LOVE AND ME

Love does not entwine
My heart to thine;
Instead it helps me see,
And feel breezily free.

I said to Love,
'How do you do?'
And she said,
'By living,
By living through you.'

Then to Love I cried,
'Will you walk forever by my side?'
In answer she smiled, and said unto me,
'Does not the river always flow
Deep down into the sea?'

I asked dear Love,
'Will you always love me?
And is your love
An ever-growing seed?'
She touched my lips to silence and spoke quietly,
'Yes, it is that my dear, it is that indeed.'

TO THE GIRL

Cocaine's a drug like caffeine,
And alcohol's in her blood,
From the last angry scene;
She asks God for Noah's flood
To cleanse her painful life
Of late nights and white lines,
Vodka and the mugger's knife:
She's determined to shine.

Blessed with wisdom and love,
From her gentle mum and dad,
To whom she waves heaven above,
And starts the longest trip she ever had;
And her two sisters are smiling,
With pride as they are looking,
Her long red nails she is filing,
But she's not doing the cooking.

Her brightness is now glowing,
From behind her lashes curling;
No longer any more agonizing
Days of lawless plate hurling,
As she steps onto life's stage,
Inspiring everyone she meets;
Without knowing it she's a sage,
With life's understanding, she's replete.

A NIGHT OF LOVE

Your beauty is blessed
By Venus's spell,
Enchanting, briefly wielded,
Magically unfulfilling,
Totally enrapturing;
Full lips, curves and lips,
And petal-like flesh;
The flush of your cheeks;
Eyes deeply looking;
Eyes burning bright,
Like Tiger's soft fur,
Dangerously bite
Deep into my veins,
Setting me alight.

A frenzy of mystery
In a web of delight;
Round buttocks of silk,
Sensitive warm breasts,
And soft deep valleys,
Or slowly inhaled breath;
Ecstatic hands clawing
The downy soft hairs,
The droplets of sweat;
The melting of cares
Into misty hidden perfume,
Darkly embracing the room.

All this beguiles me,
And a million more yet,
Irresistible to Time,
As the black night's horses'

Hooves are thudding in line,
Too fast to dawn stables,
As love slips to the past,
From Ancient Egyptians
To the regal Roman shores,
To the great lovers of today,
And the end of the world,
Like the river's red moon
Captures sleepy young moths.

But the sharply cut shadow
Of the sun's cruel role
Shatters enchantment
With textures of gold,
So that your answer,
Deep Beauty,
Is impossible to hold.

GALACTIC TIMING

The mighty black rock
Is different at night;
It's the universal clock
And the timing is right.

Thus deep space speaks
The plans in God's mind;
As information is leaked:
The next step for mankind.

Wise men can easily see
Through star-gathering eyes
That soon we'll be free
From Earth's plume of lies.

No longer the scientist, alas,
With his scalpel-like thoughts,
Because it's time for his last,
Logic alone comes to naught.

Imprisoned by equations;
But it's been necessary
To be so very wrong,
Thinking everything's energy.

Soon we shall know
How to step out of here,
Like shedding our clothes;
Experience the crystal clear.

So let's be prepared
For our great new reward;

Millions of years shared,
And now we're all called.

We'll be moving through space,
Without a rocket in sight,
Travelling at great pace,
Coming back if we like.

It's the best of all times;
It's everything you see;
It's the universal prime;
The real meaning of free.

Welcome our new friends,
Our blazing new selves;
There're messages to send,
New ideas to delve.

And soon that mighty rock
Will be an antique indeed;
We'll have no need of a clock,
Travelling through time at speed.

So let's sit back and wait;
Look out for the signs;
It won't be too late,
Because this is our time.

ANOTHER EVENING OUT

Smoking her tears away
In a large glass of wine,
She's out on the town to play,
And tells her friends she's fine.

But work's a designer bore,
And she wishes she had kids;
Not the great career chores,
Making stock market bids.

Her yoga body is fitting
Into the email box of life,
And her fruit salad is sitting
In the food magazine she buys.

'Where's the hope?' She inquired
Of the wayward clairvoyant's eyes,
'I can only think of the buyer
And the fat on my thighs.'

So she goes home in a cab
And lies down in her bath;
It's all fighting the flab,
And having bitter sweet laughs.

Sleep, though, is an easy thing,
Because of the pills;
But hope for a wedding ring
Is round about nil.

THE REMAINS OF THE FAMILY

She drinks at her life,
With its gallons of strife,
Measured in the bars,
Where she fills big jars
Of white wine and cigarettes
And tickets of bets,
Neither lost nor won,
Because the horses can't run
When it has rained too much,
And she's way out of luck,
For at the end of the day,
As football managers say,
She goes home to her fridge,
Where there's no food for the kids,
Who are staying with their dad,
The man who went mad,
So said the beguilers of law,
Who shut the court doors and swore
That the family that was
Has become no more.

THE TOWER

I built a stone tower around me,
And I believed in its walls;
They reached up to the sky,
But now around me they fall.

I tried my best to hold it together,
Went to the doctor to fix my face
To make me look much younger,
Bend the rules of the human race.

I grasped my oil paintings
Of ideas and visions I had,
But I never had good ratings:
Everyone said they were bad.

There was far too much to grip,
As my life fell around me,
And down the cliff it slipped
Into a black bubbling sea.

If I tried to hold on much longer
I would have tumbled there too;
But letting go made me stronger,
And now I have nothing to do.

So I stand with the mocking wind
As it hurls ice into my eyes;
My thick hair has thinned;
Now I know every man dies.

So I'll sit still and wait;
No more building for me;

I see it's never too late
To let the sun shine for free.

THE FAMILY OF FATE

The boy moans his pain
As his father watches on;
They say he's insane,
But he can't even run.

And the mother sees her hopes
Sitting caged by her side;
Too responsible for dope,
She has nowhere to hide.

Life's anvil is unforgiving,
And we are shaped by and by:
Our choices in living
Can make it easy to die.

A MORAL TALE

I have been taught to fight,
To stand up for what's right;
Then there was a man who said,
'Go deep into the head
To find the sense inside,
Where it's all in the mind'.

So I changed my ways
And sought a flurry of days
On the snowy hills of God,
Where I found a blue lightning rod;
And, in a blazing moment of sight,
I saw that what's wrong
Could quite easily be right.

BY THE RIVER BANK

As she unwraps her life,
Watching the passing skies,
Offering the picnic pies,
Smiling at the May flies,
On the river bank she sighs,
'What in the future lies?'

Visions of the endless sun,
Cooled by the breathing moon;
For old age has come,
As youth goes too soon,
Then Death and his broom
Sweeps her out of the room.

NEW WOMAN

You're so strapped
In your lovely new car
That you're trapped,
Like a wasp in hot tar,
With your children,
Running to and fro,
Like beheaded hens,
With blood in the snow.

The passions that lay in your bed
Are now long gone and lost;
They are words just said,
Dusted down in the frost.

Where are your polished dreams
That fluttered past you so fast,
In strawberries and cream,
Where wedding vows last?

A tears-stricken face,
Like a haunted window pane,
With rain rolling down in a race:
A one way trip to that cold, muddy lane.

But the deeds are now done,
And you're not free to run;
So sit quietly in the sun,
And think what you have done.

A QUEST IN AUTUMN

The trees with the fluttering leaves,
Mighty with silent ease,
Against the loneliest fly,
Left in a golden peach to die.

Then with the day gone and night begun,
The stormy sky answers none;
A lonely man with questions to ask
Falls silently upon his difficult task.

But the windy air, with tongues of rain,
Is never enough to remove the pain,
So try he must to battle on,
Sighing deeply with confusion.

Stuck in the woods beneath the bough,
His heart the questions does not allow,
But slowly the torment will come to an end,
And the morning sun peace will lend.

With spirit emboldened by the strife,
Enriched he advances into life,
Leaving behind the lonely fly,
Trapped in its golden peach to die.

A WALK IN THE WOODS

Walking through the woods,
There's a gale in my ear,
Cold air's blasting through my hair,
And my mind's full of those slim moments,
With that girl and her soft face:
There's a still picture in my heart,
A split second in my life
That affects so many days,
And leaves me in a haze,
When she gave me a trace
Of love, and her eyes told it with grace,
As the sun sprays through the twigs on the trees,
And the ice over the puddles breaks beneath my feet.

Then there's a man and his gun,
And my love falls with a twist,
As a bird dies in full flight;
The wind blows my hands into a fist,
And a rabbit is killed as it runs,
Before being picked up in a dog's bite.

And the mirror in my mind
Is on the wall,
Reflecting what I don't like, don't like at all,
As the sleet begins to fall
From wrestling clouds in a squall.

There's a great muddy hill
With chalky stones and green;
It's so steep it invigorates, or kills;
And in a bush to my left
A bird takes off, terrified of its death.

But I just go on,
Now excited about the sun
That opens the clouds
Over the woods above;
I'm smiling now,
For she's definitely gone.

I WISH I WAS A RABBIT

I wish I was a rabbit!
Yes I do!
Yes I do!
I wish I was a rabbit!
Yes! Yes! I do!

I could peddle my way
Through burrows and holes
On my red tricycle,
So that I could hear other rabbits say
That they don't want to be moles,
Who are so round,
With big fat hands,
While never making a sound
As they go walking,
Walking slowly underground.

HILARY

Hilary said she was the tallest man in the world,
Yet she was a man
With the wrong-sized hands
And delicious cake,
Wrapped up in a bag,
With lots of pastry flakes,
And a fluttering mind of lost birds
As they went to and fro.

Thus she slept soundly beneath a short tree,
With much confusion over her sexual identity

SITTING BY A COFFEE AS THE RIVER FLOWS BY

A newspaper and a coffee;
The scented sun pours down
As the scarlet flowers weave
And wave beneath the breeze around;
And my mind has tripped me again -
A plan has gone awry;
In the past they would cry
But now they can see
That I'm not really altogether,
Altogether me:
I'm a twist of a mood,
A flutter of a whim,
A reaction to tasty food,
Or a soft impression on red skin,
Or the river flowing by,
As it reflects the changing sky;
So I'll write this on paper,
And I'll see you goodbye later;
Meanwhile I'll read this a newspaper,
With its well-written stories
About shooting star wonders and celebrity glory.

RAW LOVE

Have you found that teacher,
Who can break your heart,
And rip your life, your ideas,
Rip them apart?

Have you found that person,
Who takes you outside reason
To Love beyond the seasons?

Care chooses you,
You do not choose care;
For caring love hurts:
It isn't meant to be fair.

The invalid child dies,
And pours tears into
His father's sad eyes;
Such pain always denies
All that is false,
All that is lies;
For the tortured child can teach,
Well beyond reach,
Well beyond the skies,
Raw Love,
Raw Love that never dies.

THE SWORD

From the shapeless earth,
With heat and hard work,
Hard hammer blows,
And acid sweat in the eyes,
Is fashioned the knight's sword,
Which everyone knows,
Links Man to the skies,
And to the gods on high.

HAPPY

Happy are they,
Who are sad and lost,
Who sit at home,
Facing the dark alone,
Accepting the cost.

Happy are those,
Who can take ,
Who can give,
Who can die,
Who can live.

Happy is the man,
Who is happy,
When he is happy,
And happy,
When he is sad.

Unhappy are they,
Who sit in the sun,
Who kick back,
And have fun,
But think they have won.

Happy are they,
Who know Heaven
Is The Way,
Nirvana is today,
That everything gives way,
Be it good or bad,
Happy or sad.

LITTLE BAG OF TRICKS

Let me show you
My little bag of tricks:
I have Astrology skills,
And I can bend hard oak sticks
By twisting matter,
With my infinite mind,
And I can look ahead,
While looking behind.

I can climb great mountains,
With a hop, skip and a jump,
And I can see through walls,
Like there's nothing at all,
And I can hover in the sky,
Wearing my purple magic tie,
And I can add up anything,
And then multiply,
All this and more,
In the flicker of an eye.

And I can dance with ghosts,
Yes, yes, this too,
All this I can boast
All this I can do.

And I can cure wasps of disease,
And people, when they say, 'please';
I have a time machine as well,
That takes me back so far,
To before they had bells.

And I can be like a god,
With a stomach like steel,

And my face all perfect,
Perfect and yet real.

I can turn a woman into a man,
A man into a woman,
While I converse with animals,
Doing swallow dives and handstands,
Before controlling my breath,
Until there's no air left.

I can cast spells too:
They make the old look new;
Then I can hunt barracuda
In a submarine-like shoe;
Yes, there's nothing at all -
Nothing I can't do.

But I would rather be a beggar,
Happily lost,
On the muddy streets of woe,
Unable to improve,
Not caring to know
Any more of life's tricks,
Not any more: 'I reap as I sow',
Because then I would truly see
What is beyond you, my friend,
And what is beyond me.

For is it not so,
That I could then go,
Through my happy life,
Fulfilled and pure,
Honest and sure?
No questions,
No answers,

No teachers,
And no masters.

ONE LAST AFTERNOON

The man is old,
And he sits alone;
Many years have enriched
His full old soul -
Fashioned it well,
Into the finest heavenly gold;
On his head is a hat,
Broad brimmed and white,
And he lightly touches the handle
Of an old cricket bat.

Shadows are scattered by the sun,
And he sits in the shade,
While the air effortlessly slips,
Slips gently into his lungs;
Visions of youth,
Memories perfectly arrayed,
Like silver medallions,
And china tea cups,
In the glass-covered cupboard
His father had made.

He need not move,
For all is now done,
His grandchild's hair is smooth,
But she's not there for long.

And the tree,
Which he sees,
Over there in the breeze,
Is full and replete,
As its blooming white blossom

Skilfully charms, kisses then embraces
A merry crowd of bees.

The sun turns through the sky,
Like the moon does too,
Effortless life flows,
From the movement of the stars,
To the squawks of the crows;
A smile ghosts his lips,
For a pretty young girl
Throws two lemon pips,
Then plays with her curls.

Yes a smile without,
And a smile within,
There's no more doubt,
There's no more sin.

Peace at last?
No! Not peace!
As the gentle breeze
Now caresses the grass,
So the daisies dance,
And another moment
Has swiftly passed.

No! Not peace!
For there is nothing now to do,
And to be peaceful is an effort,
But the sky is still,
And the sky is still blue,
And yet so very, very old,
Whilst so infinitely new,
As birds scatter within
Its welcoming orb,

Which cradles the clouds,
So light and so slow,
So lazily puffy,
So happily bored.

A voice calls now;
Somewhere down below:
'Grandpa has died!
Look here! Look now!'

Like words in a daydream moment,
They pass loudly through his mind,
But he received them with love,
For love's great river
Joins him to all,
And anything you can find.

It has been a long life,
With sadness and happiness replete;
But now its beginning
Entwines with its end,
Like two long lost lovers,
Or two dear old friends;
And now his wife stands
Right there before him;
She died many years ago,
But now she jokes,
About nights full of snoring,
And when he had hit his head
On the tall ship's mast...
It's so good to be together,
Together at last.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

A child awakes
In an icy-windowed house,
Amidst the spiralling curtain
Of determined snowflakes -
His name is Klaus,
And one thing's for certain:
It's white outside -
A place where only
White, puffy snowmen hide.

A normal day glides
Through the sleepy tides
Of Klaus' deep, undulating mind,
When something speaks,
And speaks gently from behind.

'It's Christmas morning,
Young Christmas Klaus,
Yes, it's Christmas - wake up!
Yes, Christmas is out!'

Little Klaus turns excitedly,
He rolls around and sees
A giant talking Christmas tree,
With lights like galaxies,
Spiralling beyond the clock,
Yes, dear reader,
Way, way beyond,
Very close to that place we all know,
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

The tree gathers up the boy,
And puts him way up high above,
Way up on top of the tree,
Next to twenty turtle doves,
Who sing fast Christmas songs,
Songs for everyone to sing along.

'It's your time, young boy,'
Says the big happy tree,
'It's your time to get new toys,
And it's your time to be,
To be the big star high up on top,
On top of the great heights of me -
A green and happy fellow,
The Great Big Christmas Tree!'

THE ANGEL AND THE BOY

'Dear Angel,'
Said the boy,
'Where have you been?
So long, so very long,
So long unseen?'

'Dear Boy,'
Said the Angel,
'Listen to me:
Your time is so short;
Mine an eternity;
A second for me
Is a millennium for you,
But we do our best -
To make constant contact,
We try to get through.

Now please take great cheer,
For we see more than you;
Your hours of darkness
Will vanish soon - they'll vanish into the blue,
And happiness will stay,
So hear me now,
Hear me when I say,
That the whole of Creation -
It's done in a day.'

THE SUNDAY VILLAGE

Mary Barn Door,
She was a big old bird,
She farted with such force,
That she destroyed stone walls.

Slappy Slapper Sally,
She was as hard as a rock,
She could punch like a man,
And slept in a clock.

Kinky Fat Ian,
He was a spiral of a man,
Twisted like a watch spring,
As he rolled around in a pram.

Nicky Filth Nurfol,
He was evil and round,
And had black leather gloves,
When he stood his devilish ground.

Captain Long Features,
He was always fine,
When emboldened with wine,
Then suddenly he died, before coming alive.

Sick Slim Nick,
He knew how to lie,
So everyone believed him
When he said he could fly.

And thus the happy village,
Of many people you know,

Lived gloriously together,
Like in a magical, mystical, fun-fair show.

THE COWBOY'S STORY

Normal Norman Selwin Fig,
He was a fast-draw cowboy,
Who rode not a horse,
But a wild, dashing, golden-haired pig,
Whose silver trotters took him,
Swiftly through throngs
Of desert-living crowds,
Wearing flowing robes very long,
As they shouted aloud:

'Stop that vile Selwin!
Stop him right now!
He's a bloody great cheat!
And he lives under a cow!'

And so they threw blazing spears,
Blazing with fire,
Sharp like church spires,
Tarred up with fear,
Past Normal's gilded ears.

But Normal was normal,
And unafraid of bees,
So he turned a sharp corner,
With dexterity and ease.

Then he galloped to France,
Where lovely French girls live,
And he entered a palace of dance,
Whereupon in the dark,
He was struck very hard

By a newly blue-painted,
Napoleonic cavalry lance.

This magnificent lance,
Was sent like a bolt of lightning,
From the delicate young hand
Of a lissom ballerina,
Who was so very afraid
Of her savage new love,
Who rode so very swiftly,
So very swiftly, into the room;
At the moment when
She was riding the chandelier heights,
In a silvery adorned helium balloon.

Then Ugly Woman Alice,
Who drank rudely from a flask,
Was filled drunk with jealous malice,
And so she started to fart.

This farting were fine,
If executed peacefully alone,
In a forest of German pines,
Or in an English wood of silent trees,
But is disgusting, you'll find,
In France, where new lovers,
Are sitting and eating pillow-sized steak pies,
While trying so very hard,
So very hard to be kind.

'Love conquers all',
That's what the marble seated gods say,
For they have nothing else to do,
Nothing all day.

So Normal was married,
In a stable in France,
Near a stone Chateau,
Where they started to dance.

And flowers fell through puffy clouds,
From the vaults of heaven;
And ducks singing - there were eleven,
As grey geese waved their beaks,
While carts-horses tried to speak,
And squirrels ate acorns,
On prairie-sized lawns,
As foxes played their fiddles,
Somewhere in a blue-striped tent;
Somewhere in the middle;
Then the sky opened wide,
Allowing golden moon-lit cherubs
To wave their fat feet and cry:
'Well done you newlyweds!
Now off you go!
Off to love!
Off to your bed!'

A BOY AS HE SLEEPS

A wonderful story poured,
Through those long clay pipes,
Playing smoky tunes,
Wispy, magical,
Leaping white lights,
Through sleepy childhood rooms,
Beneath benches of the past,
As medieval dancers,
Spoke under greenwood trees,
With rivers flowing,
Whispering with bees,
As soldiers marched,
To their wooden fort,
Embraced by imagination,
Infinite and taut,
Reaching far to plastic fenced farms,
Where pink pigs are placed,
Close to ducks and cows,
And where tank crew raced,
From the cannons to the bows
Of Bismarck and other ships,
As a swastica'd Zeppelin chases
Those legions of Arabs,
Who ride their horses,
Across the Foreign Legion's lands,
Of books on dogs
And magic spells,
Plasticine and wood,
And Christmas ding dong bells.

THE SWALLOW'S FIRST DATE

Top Heavy Shelley,
Who had a soft flat belly,
Combed her shining hair;
She was without a thought,
And she was without a care.

And not far -
Not far from there -
Sat Snoring Giles,
The Knowledgeable Hare,
In his flowery hat,
Gazing through his wise old eyes,
Which were big and round,
Like country pub pies.

Beyond the lead window pane -
Not far down,
Along the shadowed lane,
A swift swallow,
Diving now,
Small, excited, suited,
On his first date,
His speed unabated,
Just missing a cow!

TRY A NEW WAY OF LIVING

As I bathed in a poem,
The seat of my mind,
Sunk now below the dappled horizon;
And with my multicoloured robe,
And wafting hands,
That undulated like waves,
From near distant lands,
Where gentle seahorses speak,
Fruitful verses,
Lost in Rainbow Waves,
Where only pliable ease,
Lives in the full-blooded souls
Of the Funny Men,
Wearing colourful hats,
And living in many-coloured trees,
As they laughed about Truth,
And my life, in sooth,
And yours too,
As they sung aloud and ahead:
It's so new!
It's so new!
Be here instead!

IDEAL LOVE

There I was,
Sitting beneath a cushion,
Touched by the velvet
Ballerina of love
As she danced,
Like waves in the sand,
Blissful, gently adorned,
With kisses from lips,
So soft so round.

And thus long words trickled,
Through my mindless soul,
As I bequeathed myself,
To the singularity of a bowl.

...The words of wizards
And the soaring heights,
The tear-less flights
Of Heavenly nights,
And those dazzling sweet lights,
Of peaceful softness,
Beneath my cushion of love,
Which is, we now know,
The white breast of a dove...

HEAVEN'S TIME

The Ghost of Death
Whispered hushed tones,
Along the long tunnel,
Of his tiny granite horn.

His cool words were caught,
Light on a breeze,
And flew from a hot crumpet,
Heavy down on its knees,
Emblazoned with love,
And seductive blonde cheese.

And Mr. Tom Barry
Smiled from within,
For his soul was now without,
As he gently gave in,
And so the Vortex of Peace
Took him gently by the hand,
As he flew swiftly above
On a small golden fleece.

A TALE FROM THE PAST

Donny The Wig,
With his gloves of yellow leather,
Sat down with his pigs,
And discussed the new weather.

And Henry the Eighth,
With his hat and his bow,
And the blood of a knave,
Who had ruined the show,
Before damaging his toe,
On a long wooden board,
The maker of which,
Was killed with a sword.

DON'S PARTY

Don had nice hair,
And a tank,
And he drove it through,
The walls of a bank,
And took a case of cash,
Which he put towards,
A great big bash,
With trumpets,
And sounds,
And several fox hounds,
A lion, a polar bear,
And lots of blonde hair,
A firework and some sums,
A baby on the drums,
And giraffes and men,
Riding massive red hens.
And do you know what?
They laughed,
And laughed,
And laughed.

HELEN THE SPIRIT

Helen was a spirit,
Who could disappear,
After eating a small, yellow pill,
In less than a minute.

In fact,
The only thing
She couldn't do,
Was walk through walls,
When wearing her big iron shoe.

CONVERSATIONS WITH A COW

One day I was talking to a cow,
Who had lips like a woman,
And knew exactly how,
To make colourful cakes,
With eggs and honey,
And tiny strawberry pellets.

Then she told me it was so funny,
Because her best friend was a ferret,
Much smaller than her ear,
But she said and declaimed: 'Never fear!'
'Come closer,' said I,
'Come closer! Come near!'

THE VILLAGE WEDDING

When Normal Tom looked through
The end of his jam jar,
From a great big distance,
Indeed very far,
He could count quite a few,
Little yellow hats,
Dancing around the ribbons of a pole.

But on tip-toes
You see,
There in that tree,
Nigel the Hose
Was as hidden as could be;
And an angry knave he is
With wispy hair all a fizz,
And with wild eyes like camel,
He had weapons of death,
Wrapped in his flannel.

But Deadshot Mary,
With her javelin of yew,
May have looked like a fairy,
But that javelin she threw;
And six hundred yards it flew,
Through a swarm of violent bees,
Before hitting Nigel the Hose,
With considerable ease.

And so down, down, he fell
Down, down, to the chimes
Of the village church bells;
And so Normal and Deadshot
Were married very quickly

And, I must say,
Married very well.

THE VILLAGE FETE

Happy Tom,
Who had a wheelbarrow at hand,
Stood with some bread,
And a duck in his hand.

He spoke aloud,
Addressing the merry crowd,
That he was ever so proud,
To put sweets on the ground.

And Mary Giles,
Who was all shape and big smiles,
Stepped from a balloon,
That had flown for miles,
And miles.

And in the distance was a bear,
Who had lost all of his hair,
So he wore a woman's coat,
That he found floating in a moat.

And Old Death with his scythe,
Said he had always been alive,
So he sat down with a drink,
And settled down to think.

Then everyone clapped,
Including Hilary Fat,
Who was as thin,
As a tiny golden biro,
A needle, or a pin.

But Captain Hate,
Whose house was made of slate,
Could sing like a lark,
When it was very, very dark.

And there peeping now,
Was Bernard in the loft,
He could dance like a spider,
But looked just like a moth.

THE ROMAN WALL

Standing between the midday sun,
And the damp lifeless pond,
White stone,
Against blue sky,
Is the Great Roman Wall,
Just twenty feet high,
But a million miles long.

Between what is good,
And what is bad,
What is dead,
And what alive,
With glowing corona about his head,
And fierce peace in his eyes,
Stands Archangel Michael,
Dismissing all lies.

At the gates of Heaven, they say,
He will wait,
Tireless and ready,
Until Judgement Day.

Not a shadow will pass,
Or a sullen word,
He will move very fast,
Cut them down with his sword.

So when you speak to him, know;
That your heart is on show,
Not a shadow will withstand,
The mighty touch of his hand.

REVELATION

The mystical man of night, so old
As he sits crumpled on the wall,
And his wandering words unfold,
Revealing false fortunes and mysteries to all.

As they sit at his feet,
They're blinded by the sounds,
Not so far up the concrete street,
Where the wild women spin around,
And around, and around.

And the misled child,
With eyes green like sin,
Stands pointing to where
The Perfect Priest once smiled,
Before being stopped
By Medusa's beguiling grin.

Now, those people,
So lost after the night,
In the mists of dawn,
Look about themselves afraid,
For there's nowhere to go,
Their minds addled with dope,
And glossy merchandise of 'hope'.

Then turning this way dizzily,
As they worship the skull of a fawn,
They behold there standing,
On the brow of a hill,
A fine young man,
Tall as Eternity,
Smiling peacefully,

But bearing arms,
As he draws his Celestial Bow.

His dazzling arrows float down,
Like golden leaves
Onto a well-trodden road,
Striking deeply, and happily,
Into the heart of the mind,
With a breezy,
Swift, enlightening sound.

And now with powerful, soft steps,
The young man strides.
He lifts the Sun up high
In the palm of his hand,
As the planets, the Galaxies,
Revolve about him just where he stands,
And the shadows are dismissed;
And all that is false washes away with the tide.

And there, like an opening rose,
Heavenly Spring spreads,
Across what has become
The grateful,
Peaceful,
And fearless land.

CANDYFLOSS AND THE RIVER

Derek had a wig on his head;
It stayed;
Even in the wind,
Until Noddy The Seapurse
Floated past in a boat,
Eating candyfloss in the wind;
And then from a bush someone spoke:
'You! Derek! With your bald head and wig,
You, my friend, are a very nice bloke!'

BRISK, HAPPY LOVE

Her body golden,
Smooth and bright,
Shimmering silky
With every move
In the candle light,
Dancing, writhing,
Liquid moves,
Like soft seas,
With pulses of night;
She smiled Moonbeams,
Her eyes alive,
Sparkling,
Embers in the fire,
Her soul alight;
And kissing his lips,
He slows down and sits,
And like he's fifteen again,
He becomes most well equipped.

THE IDIOT AND THE WISE MAN

From high up a tree,
The young lad said:
'Wise Sage, you know Heaven,
Don't you indeed?'

'Oh! Yes! I do,' the Wise Sage said;
'Then,' the boy went on:
'Why do you have
A cushion,
Fine wine,
A bar of chocolate,
And some excellent bread?'

'Why should I not?'
The Wise Sage said,
And he reached swiftly up,
To break an oak stick,
Across the boy's pale head.

Smarting with his bruise,
The boy was confused,
And, almost mumbling, he said:
'In a serious book I have read,
That to be holy,
You must abjure the world,
And holy men have said,
Leave all behind,
And adopt the cool demeanour,
Of the long, cold dead.'

The Wise Sage then said:
'Idiot twit,
Tell me,

Which fragmented spirit,
Taught you nonsense so silly?
Now, listen to me,
And I will tell you this:
When you are right enough,
You will know what to do,
You will be happy and free,
And you will know there is
Plenty in this life,
Plenty in it indeed,
And when the time is right
This glorious plenty,
Is all for you;
You will take it,
You will enjoy it,
You will love it,
You will do it;
But, and this is important,
It will not do you!

THE OLD MAN AND THE TREE

He looks down at the soil of a tree,
And deeper down where the roots reach out;
And the high leaves reflect
That Autumn is about,
As the year changes its hue;
And the old man, whose death is close,
And whose life was nothing new,
Listens to the invisible roll of time
With its kaleidoscope of life
Its whirlwind and its eye,
And his enigmatic smile;
But no mystery you can see
Can veil any Truth from him;
No devilish urge, no falsity, no sin,
As he relaxes into being
Soulless, soulful, empty, full and free.

THE WHIRLWIND OF BEING

There I was, diving deep,
Moving around,
Swimming low,
Between rocky gaps,
In my deep,
Sound-proof Soul Sub-marine.

My next living things
Were bursting from black nether depths:
Silver bubbles,
Expanding in their dancing flight
To the mirrored surface,
Where, flying high,
In my golden airship
I see what the bubbles bring,
Their white spray,
Moulding life out of clay,
Giving me more things to do,
More things to say.

And thus I bring them to you -
From my light-ship,
Which drops into space
From a unified and shining
Galactic dimension race;
Delivering messages you need
To get you up to pace,
Getting you up to speed.

Words of Love and Life,
New sentences, new paragraphs, new visions;
As I am the Whirlwind of Being,

Descending swiftly, like a long-beaked bird
Of rivers, flashing fish and wise furious seas,
Bringing the lost deep depths,
The bursting spray,
The golden sky:
The brand new day.

HICKORY DICKORY SPOCK

Hickory Dickory Spock,
The rat swam across the dock,
The cat came down,
The world spun round,
Hickory Dickory Spock.

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME

Where the iridescence of Heaven
Touches the breezy grass,
On the highest hill,
As the sun takes flight,
Like God's right eye,
Casting His cheery Light,
There stood His New Messenger,
Wearing translucent robes,
Revealing the Heart of Peace,
The Golden Fleece...
Flowing linen,
Like rivers of snow.

And then they came:
A million, or two, or three,
Gliding, swooping,
Landing in blossoming apple trees,
Chattering excitedly.

'My little birds,' said He,
'Tell everyone,
Tell them what you now see.'

His voice was like laughter,
From The Heavenly Father,
The Core of Life,
Peaceful, empty,
Devoid of strife,
Full of All,
Yes impossibly small.

'You, my little birds,
Must pass on my Word,
Like a lightning sword
That cuts a living mark,
Slicing the dark,
Until what is impossible to see
Raises you up and delivers:
Delight, Total Love, Eternity.'

The birds chattered,
With delighted beaks,
And fluttering feathers,
Swirling a dancing breeze,
Amongst the pink apple trees;
'For all that is not,
Will fall to its knees,
Beneath lightness, happiness,
And considerable ease,
Ah, yes my friends!
The vigour of Peace!'

Thus God's New Messenger spoke,
With a light cough,
A clearing of His throat.

'Go now, little birds!
Go now with my Heart!
Spread My Word,
Make sad people smile;
Make the lonely laugh;
Make the dying see Life:
Put cheer into their hearts;
Give inspiration to the lost;
Unshackle innocent hands;
Put new spirit

Into those distant, desolate lands;
Open the eyes of their souls;
Help them see The Whole,
From close, from afar,
Put Light in the dark,
Grant those who hear my Words,
Grant them my complete Heart;
Deliver crystal insight
From your ecstatic beaks;
Oh, little birds!
You deliverers of Light!

And in three days' time,
In all parts of the world,
Many people relaxed with a smile;
And when questioned about this
They said with charitable ease,
'A little bird has told me
About today's New Love,
And Eternal Peace;
That the ignorance we have had
And all that is bad
Will fall down low,
Fall down on its knees.'

SPRING MEETING

The crossroads crossed
A bleak, flat landscape;
Distant sea air,
And police incident tape.

This all passed me by,
'Til I found you in the hills,
So close to the colourful sky;
There were daffodils;
And we kissed;
Red lips,
Soft hips,
Blue eyes;
A walk in the shade,
Cheese and wine by a cave,
Where our little music box played;
And we slept in each other's arms,
'Til the end of the day.

LITTLE JACK HORNER

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a great big pie;
So he put in his head,
And pulled out a bed,
Which was five and twenty feet high.

THE TORNADO OF

God is linear,
And circular,
Still and active,
Like a tornado,
Swirling energy,
Happiness in the centre,
Light at the top,
Earth at the bottom.

BY A STREAM

Stand by a stream,
Feel its flow;
Merge with its flow;
Be its movement,
Soft, easy, transparent, gentle:
No effort,
No strife;
And then the wind,
It too goes with the flow;
Meanwhile, the earth allows
Things cyclically to grow.

SUCCESS

Did I tell you about the soldier,
Who put faith in God,
And succeeded?
Succeed?
Did he win the battle?
Did he die?

Success is neither
Winning nor losing;
Success is to accept,
With open heart,
What is to come:
To accept All,
And this is all;
This allows for inspired living.

And thus for our soldier:
No, he did not die;
Yes, he was terrified,
Until Acceptance came,
Then Victory followed,
But alas, Misery was denied.

STILLNESS AND DESIRE

Stillness needs desire,
But do and desire
With doing *and* stillness.

EARTH, WIND, FIRE AND WATER

The flames are guided by the winds,
The winds are guided by the earth,
The earth is moved by the seas,
The sea mists are guided by the winds;
This is like your mind:
Contradictory impulses,
Contradictory desires,
Contradictory needs;
Allow them to do their will,
Like Nature allows Natural Life to be,
And you will always have the Right Way.

EMPTY HANDS

Babies want their mothers,
Children want their toys,
Adolescents want their lovers,
Adults want their joys;
But nothing draws an insightful man
From his empty hands,
For in there is The Creation,
Every Universe and every land.

MARY AND SAM

Mary Cleeple of the small dusty house,
With its grey net curtains,
Lived a quiet life,
Bent double to its burden,
Which she wore like a hat she loved.

Sausage Faced Sam
Always did what he could,
Fishing in the sea for clams;
But when his wife and family died,
He never understood;
So his heart broke in half,
And he spent ten years in the dark.

THE FLOCK OF BIRDS

Take a look at the flock of birds:
They swoop together,
Group together;
They don't try;
A billion coloured feathers,
Seven hundred thousand eyes,
Making flowing patterns and forms,
In the purple, dusky sky;
A weightless birdsong,
Over country lawns;
This is the Flow of Things,
So naturally the bird sings;
Doing without doing;
Living without living;
Holding without holding;
Loving without loving.

MODERN BRITISH GIRL

What shall I do next?
Shall I have a baby?
Or shall I send a text?
I've never had a father,
And it's hard to know what's best.

LIVE YOUR LIFE!

Life's worth living,
So give it a chance!
There's rockin' and rollin',
Kissin', holdin' and strollin',
High kicks,
Going to the flicks;
And taking weekend trips to France.

Remember you die!
Yes, but remember you *live*!
There's so much to get up for,
So much to give!

Old Khayyam knew how,
With simplicity itself,
A fine wine,
A bowl of olives;
Forget Old Father Time,
And sit yourself down,
Under the shade of a bough,
With a good book of rhyme:
It's so easy when you know how!
What do you mean you're old!
It isn't over, you know!
It's not until the fat lady sings,
And she's really, really fat;
It's just one of those things!
Get it?
Got it?
Good!
Live your life!
That should now be understood.

LOVE IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM

The Sun loves the world,
And all the planets too,
Just like I love... Yes, I love...
Ah! My love for you!...
It cannot die,
As it softly lies,
So very alive,
So very, very still;
For only the planets move,
As Life changes me,
And Life changes you,
And so my love... until...
Yes, until *forever*,
Forever for you.

FATHERLY LOVE FOR A DAUGHTER

The love of a father
For his daughter
Is like the Love of God
For the earth and the water,
And the sky and the clouds;
For it cannot be spoken aloud,
It is just softly on the breeze,
Lightly touching only the highest leaves;
It can never hold,
And may appear cold,
It is seldom told,
But is never sold.

CHAOS AND THE SUN

Before the frosts came the rain,
Now icy white across the plains;
The man held onto his life,
As frozen water sealed his pain.

But the Sun could no longer deny
That there was more than stillness,
More than being frozen like a stone
In the midstream of life,
Without happiness,
And all alone;
So he cast his hot rays,
With blazing, melting days.

Then fear gripped the man's heart,
For the ice rocks melted
And so tore him apart,
For the waves of madness,
Denied all barriers and walls,
Until there was nothing,
Nothing at all.

Then Chaos beckoned,
With a changeable finger,
Crooked like a fishhook;
But the man now only looked;
He did not linger his gaze,
No, not on Chaos,
And her cryptic maze.

Slowly, slowly,
The waters subsided,

And Chaos - she turned,
Bitter and spurned,
But she managed a smile,
For her child -
He had passed his test;
Oh, no! No!
He would not be beguiled,
He had found Eternal Life
In her Eternal womb,
Of hollow Nothing
And emptiness.

ETERNALLY ME

'Enter this place,'
Said the old man,
Who had a mysterious, familiar face;
'Enter this place,
And look yourself in the face.'

And so I entered,
And was spun through a night
To the sun,
The sunny school days,
When the teacher said,
'No! That's not right!'
As he hit me on the head.

And I watched myself,
I was eight then, I think,
Or was it ten?
It was when I tried not to laugh,
With my old school friend, Fred.

Then the old man said,
'How do you feel about you?
How do you feel?
To see yourself at school,
With your old friend, Fred?'

I looked at young me,
And, in a secret moment, I saw
A doubt cross my young brow;
Perhaps I was wondering how,
How I would get to the age,
The age I am now.

'Don't worry,'
I smiled and said,
'Don't worry young lad;
I am watching over you;
I have done, and will do,
All that you do and have done;
So there is nothing,
Nothing that I don't understand;
For your whole life is held,
Held in my open hands.'

And so I turned to the old man,
And I see his eyes
Are my eyes;
And he says,
'It will be fine,
For I am you,
In many years time.'

And then God looked in,
Introduced by a sunshine smile;
And He said,
'Yes, I am you,
At the very end,
And the beginning;
And so, now you know Love,
For you have seen into *your* eyes,
Where there is no weeping,
Nor woeful cries -
Just eternal, still power,
That glistening, all loving,
All living tower;
It stands, and stands, and stands,

Not touchable, not even by my angels,
And their bright, gentle hands,
As it lives through all,
Through all your worldly lands.'

And then, spinning through Time,
I returned to now,
And the old man who was me,
Said, as he stood in the sun,
'We'll meet again,
When your separate life is done,
When it's time for you to be,
Eternally me.'

PATIENCE

There was nowhere to look,
Nowhere to hide,
Nothing to see,
Nothing to read,
Neither poem, nor book;
Only things to hear:
The distant eagle cries,
And those of hunting birds,
That slowly circled the skies,
With all-seeing eyes;
Oh! Yes! The taunts of his guard,
And of jealous, spiteful men,
As they played their cards,
Or bartered with hens,
Between derisive, cackling laughs,
Again and again and again.

Anger came to him,
And Frustration too;
They were dressed in black,
With red leather hats,
As they breathed their furnace
Of chaos and malice;
But the King knew his mind,
As he sipped from his Chalice,
That was filled with the Divine.

Then Doubt came through
A tiny hole in the wall;
And with hissing grey lips,
She quietly said:
'You're doing *nothing!*

Nothing at all!

It's not right for a King!
For the world and Mankind will tumble,
Will tumble and fall!

He could hear her poisoned words,
And saw their sour hooks,
Flashing in the dark;
But nothing she said
Could be taken to heart,
For he kept his back straight,
And emptied his head.

But, the time was now right;
And a warrior in fine armour
Removed the cruel guard,
Then opened the door;
Thus the King's enemies were defeated;
He would be tormented no more.

A MEETING WITH DEATH

Death had for a long time
Been following me around
Through the bazaars
Of an ancient Persian town;
So, I stopped in my tracks,
And stood firmly my ground;
I looked into his empty eyes,
But he turned his back,
And I said, 'Turn around!'

He was wearing a black cloak,
And when he cunningly spoke,
I could not bear
That empty, enigmatic sound,
Whose secret powers
Were like doped up smoke,
That started to spin me,
Around, and around, and around.

I was losing my nerve,
I tried to hold firm;
'Ha! Look at you!'
Mocked he;
'I am your Fate!
And it's not too late
For you to get down!
Down on your knees!'

He became so tall,
That I had to lean back,
Then Fear forestalled
My thoughts and my words;

So I began to lose track,
And my heart began to race,
For I would be gone without trace,
Isolated and lost;
Yes, I had to find Life,
Whatever its cost.

And so I smiled within,
I opened my heart,
And I gently breathed in,
Before letting out a fart.

Death tried not to laugh,
As he put on a mask,
And said, 'Sorry, my friend,
I must now depart.'

The last time I saw him,
He was sitting in a tent;
He gave me a merry wave,
For he was listening to someone,
Who was close to the grave,
And trying to repent.

A BREAKING HEART

Let me tell you
About my Love for you,
And about my breaking heart,
Which cracks open like an egg
To reveal a golden bird,
Who nests in the mountains,
And breaths fire and words,
That burn away the pain
In that great nest of flames,
Until another egg is laid,
And my heart breaks again.

THE RETURNING KING

When The Teacher awoke,
Was it his imagination that spoke,
In heavy, deep words?
And when he looked into the eyes
Of God's Messenger Bird,
Was it true? He wondered;
Or was it simply absurd?

But then he recalled
That a choice had been made,
No, not in this time;
No, not in this world;
And so he surrendered,
And hid beneath a cloak,
For one thousand long days.

Then someone looked into his eyes,
And felt a dazzling flash
Of Eternal Divine Light;
And thus contact was made
Between Heaven and Earth:
The dispersal of shades,
The lifting of the curse.

The Teacher then said:
'Look not at me; not at my face,
Not at my body; not at my head;
For The Returning King
Is not a man, I say,
But the Truth I bring,
That is rooted in your heart,
And every living thing;

It joins you to Heaven...
Oh, yes! And lest I forget,
It can make you smile,
And it can make you laugh.'

THE ONLY SUN

Empty icy horizons stretched,
As far as the sky could see;
Mountains and trees were etched,
Against the pink dawn of minus degrees.

Then the Sun rose in the sky,
Gently warming the land;
And the grip of the cold is now denied;
Thanks to the sun,
For melting the ice,
With his gentle, powerful hands.

In the dark of another land they lost their way,
Blind to All Things,
Only night there was,
No sight of day;
But then the sun rose up in the sky,
And the grip of the dark was immediately denied;
Thanks to the sun,
For bringing the light,
Thanks to the sun,
And all his dazzling might.

And so we have the sun's heat,
And we have the sun's light,
Bringing relentless defeat,
To what is cold,
And to what is night;
But those in the cold expect the heat,
And those in the dark expect the light;
So, after being gone, and the sun returns,
Expectations are made and claims are heard;

And it is easy to forget,
That the sun's great power
Cannot be locked in a library,
Nor trapped in a tall, stone tower.

No, the sun shines on All,
Bringing different changes,
In different places,
In different times,
In different climes;
And yet it is only one sun,
Which graces our great blue skies;
From here, right now,
To Heavenly Kingdom come.

So, as the sun rises on you,
Remember the past,
As you welcome in the new;
It is not the heat,
Nor is it the light:
It is The Only Sun,
And there are things to do.

THE MEETING

I once met God -
A man of light -
Sitting all alone
On a sunbeam throne,
Whose light reached everywhere:
It was like being at home.

So very shining was he,
That I could barely see his face,
But he passed me a book,
Whose Knowledge I could trace
To the beginning of Time, and beyond,
When Creation first shook,
And Man solemnly took,
His eternal, sacred bond.

'I give you this Knowledge,'
Said he,
'It is not for you to discuss;
Just deliver it to Mankind
Without making a fuss.'

I turned to my right,
With that Knowledge in my hands,
And I saw a very narrow bridge
That would lead me back
To the green, green fields
Of Old England.

MICHAEL

I hoisted myself up,
To the levels of angels,
And that Biblical Dove:
A level before Eternity,
And dazzling, soothing Love.

And the highest angel was there,
With Michelangelo feet,
And short black hair;
Yes, my heart missed a beat
As he passed me by;
The power of this man
Was impossible to deny;
Yes, I did my very best
To catch his stern eye.

Lesser angels walked slowly at his side,
And one looked at me,
So, I suddenly felt
That I should run, that I should hide;
But he smiled and he knelt;
Then he touched my arm,
And it was then that I felt
A great power within,
A heavenly, happy calm.

REMOVING THE VEIL

After looking into strange transcendent eyes,
I saw a catalogue of my previously lived lives:
Face... skull... face... skull... face... skull,
So many husbands,
And so many wives,
But this is my last
For I must remove my disguise.

A TALK WITH FEAR

Listen to my story,
It's about a girl,
Who is so full of worry,
That she wanders this world.

Afraid she is,
Of what she might do;
Afraid she is,
Of what she won't do.

Then one day she sat
On top of a hill;
It was a cold starry night;
There was frost, there was,
There was frost and a chill.

'There will be no more walking,'
She said,
'No more empty stalking,'
She said,
'Face your fears they say,'
She said,
'Well! Fear can face me!
Let's turn it on its head!'

And so Fear sat next to her,
Swathed in black leather,
And there was heavy leaden armour,
And soft puma's fur.

'Don't treat me badly,'
He said,

And she saw a smile
That charmingly graced
His fine, handsome face.

'What have you learned?'
He asked;
And she replied,
That life can burn
And keep you confined,
Unless you stop running,
And be still,
Perform your task;
Yes, unlock the mystery
In all that you do,
And in all that you ask.

She then looked warmly into his eyes,
Which were now infinite, distant stars
That shone like beacons
In the breaking morning sky.

IT'S ALL HERE, RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW

Now that he is dead,
Let me look at him;
For the candle is dim,
A coffin for his bed;
The sight draws me in,
Like a sticky, dark vortex,
Swirling in my head.

But I turn my gaze
To the spring sun without;
Sadness is a worldly phase,
And life ever moves on,
Of that, I have no doubt.

Now I look not at anything;
Not at anything at all;
And I see everything is diminished,
Infinitely small;
And so life's pains are finished,
For in this world I stand,
Standing at peace,
In God's glorious halls.

IN MEMORY OF MARK

*Life's scorpion stung him
When he was in the womb;
Life would be hard,
As he would find out soon.*

I thought these words
When the soft, clefted hills
Breathed their breath,
Like the silent wishes
Of cold, sightless Death.

The narrow path took me,
Gently, gently, past leafless trees,
As the sun went down,
Pinkly stretching sky,
And a silent, sorrowful breeze.

*'I'm alright now,
But I couldn't go on;
I had to do it,
I didn't do wrong.'*

His words were muffled
By the heavy, thick grass,
As I walked through mud,
And my fingers froze,
But then... But then...
That dull, lifeless thud...
Ah! Now he knows,
Yes, now he knows.

I heard the waterfall in the woods,
 It would wash all this away,
 And all would be understood,
 As the tears in my eyes,
 Turn all of his pain
 Slowly, slowly, gently into mine;
 And the sorrow – yes, that deep sorrow,
 Is no longer confined,
 As it nurtures soft Nature,
 And dissolves into Time.

I think of those rocks:
 That black sea below;
 And that flutter in his chest,
 As he fell down, down,
 Finally to his rest.

*Peace at last:
 The scorpion's sting is gone,
 And life's job is done.*

I think of these words
 As I walk back home;
 And then I heard:
*'Life is never done!
 It lives on, it does,
 Goes on and on!
 Like the happy dawn chorus,
 And the golden rays
 Of the next day's Sun!
 Sadness and pain
 Are the roots of the trees:
 Alas they are ignored
 For all the charms of the flowers,
 The leaves and the bees.*

*Sadness, sorrow and pain,
They bring light to life,
Like the roots bring life
To the leaves of the tree;
So, when you are sad, my friend,
Cry if need be,
Allow that sadness -
Those cool waters of sorrow -
To flow,
To set themselves free.'*

THE GREAT BIG CLOCK

There was once a clock;
Great big it was,
So that all Creation
Was safely inside locked.

Tick tock tick tock,
Was the gentle sound
Of the great big clock;
The clock that never stopped.

Many cogs it had;
Some large and some small,
Some good,
And some bad.

There was a huge cog,
So big it was,
That the other cogs
Called it 'God'.

Tick tock tick tock,
Was the gentle sound
Of the great big clock;
The clock that never stopped.

The biggest cog,
Which they called 'God',
Was as big as the mill's water wheel,
Which was a little odd.

Slowly it turned;
And, as it turned,

All the cogs turned,
All at once, not taking turns.

There were many small cogs;
There were less medium cogs;
There were even less large cogs;
There was one huge cog.

They turned at different speeds,
Fulfilling their individual needs;
But all at one they turned,
Which was some cause for concern.

For many cogs had no idea
That they were of one clock;
And so they often fell down in tears;
For being of one clock can be a bit of a shock.

Tick tock tick tock,
Was the gentle sound
Of the great big clock;
The clock that never stopped.

One day all the cogs, big and small
Heard a great big wake-up call:
The clock was chiming,
And everything was shining.

Then all the cogs knew
The happy selfless news:
That they moved as one,
And that being one clock was really great fun.

Tick tock tick tock,
Was the gentle sound

Of the great big clock;
The clock that never stopped.

CHATTING TO THE TURTLE

The boy said:

'How can I find God's Will?

Should I swallow a pill?

Or go out and kill?

Oh, how can I find God's Will?'

The turtle said:

'Everything is God's Will;

Even swallowing pills;

And going out to kill;

And climbing that hill.'

The boy said:

'But it's my will to swallow the pills;

It's my will to go out and kill;

It's my will;

Not God's will!'

The turtle said:

'Your will is God's will;

And, when you know the two are one,

You will rise like the sun;

And everything will be done.'

The boy said:

'Then I shall run wild;

I shall swallow pills;

I shall be like a child;

Because my will is God's will.'

The turtle said:

'To know God's will

Is to know all is one;
And when that is done,
You will find many ways
To have good times;
And some very good fun.'

The boy said:
'I have been running wild;
I have swallowed pills;
And I have only found
Loneliness, and the cold hard ground,
Of dungeon floors and the executioner's sound;
Is this God's punishment that I have found?'

The turtle said:
'Part of the fun
Is to know that everything is at one;
Which is to know that everything is done;
And if you do your sums,
You will find that time in prison cells
Is all part of God's will,
And yet, my boy, it may seem like hell.'

The boy said:
'Yes I am in hell in my prison cell,
But now I know that everything is done,
And that everything is one,
My hell is quickly gone...
Everything will go,
And everything will come.'

The turtle said:
'Yes, but now that you are free,
You are walking the streets,
So you have more to ask,

To complete your task.'

The boy said:

'If my will is God's will,
Then how do I not get
Lots of money and pretty girls?
Oh! And when it's raining,
I still get wet!'

The turtle said:

'I have this to say:
We are all players,
With our lines in our heads,
And we enjoy our parts,
Only when we consider the play.'

The boy said:

'Thank you for your wisdom;
For I am now an old man,
And, as I lie here dying,
I hold you in my hand;
And with unity's vision,
I see another land.'

BECAUSE YOU CAN ASK

There was a spider on the wall,
And she said to the sky:
'I am a spider, kind Sir,
Will I live, kind Sir,
Will I live when I die?'

The sky opened wide,
And, smiling, he said:
'There is nothing we can hide,
And because you can ask,
You will live when you die.'

WHERE CAN WE *POSSIBLY* GO?

Said the man to the boy:

'Where *can* we go when we die?'

Said the boy to the man:

'Where do you go when you dream?'

Said the man to the boy:

'But that's just what it seems!'

Said the boy to the man:

'If I meet you in a dream,

And asked, "Dear Sir, where are we now?"

You would tell me not to ask such silly, daft things,

You would say: "We are where we are!

Which is here, you idiot boy!"

Then you would tell me to go off somewhere,

Somewhere to play with my games and my toys;

And, so, kind Sir, there are places you know,

Places right here, but where the body cannot go.'

Said the man to the boy:

'Thank you, young man,

Now it is clear;

Now I understand.'

FOCUS NOW

Focus now on one thing,
And you are one thing;
Focus now on two things,
And you are two things;
Focus now on three things,
And you are three things;
Focus now on All Things,
And you are All Things.

AN ENGLISH COUNTRY AUTUMN SATURDAY

Under the green trees going brown,
They gather in the centre of town;
Flowers woven colourfully around;
Then there's the dancing up and down,
To musical things, making merry spiral sounds.

Lipstick on the woman,
Top hat on the man,
Things being loaded by the boys,
Who leap down from the van.

A row of old roofs;
The sound of horses' hoofs,
And cart wheels rolling,
Going round and round and round;
They wonder: 'Will the weather hold out?'

It's hard to park the car;
But colourful tents there are,
And sellers of beer and clothes,
Slices of bacon, and hot meaty rolls.

'Where's the hidden horror?'
Dare you ask.
'Where's the hidden misery that lurks behind happy sociable
masks?'
Dare you ask.

Well, you'll find them if it's your sorrowful task;
But it's far better now to enjoy what you can see,
To sit back in this fine Victorian chair,
And to enjoy the perfect cup of tea.

GET OUT OF YOUR BED

Make life last;
Start doing something well;
Show you've got class;
Commit to the task.

Take that flight,
Go bravely into the night;
Keep your guard up,
Don't sit down;
Get up with fight,
Don't hang around;
Remove that sullen frown.

Know who you are;
Know your potential,
But don't push too far,
And make sure you can laugh;
Yes, that's essential.

Put on some rock,
But don't fall and roll;
You're from good stock;
Keep a firm hold.

If you're going it alone,
Get a new love,
I don't want any excuses,
Because you're turning to stone.

Get out of your bed,
Listen to what I've said;

Life should be a blast,
And it's going too fast!

TALKING TO CLAMS

Magnetized Mark
Was a woman
In the dark.

Close Up Len
Was a distant man
In his body and in his head.

Purple Faced Mike
Loved the pretty girls,
Who rode fast motorbikes.

Bouncey Goliath Gary
Was a rolling polling man,
Like Tiny Fatty Barry.

And they all lived
In a wigwam,
Where wigs were made,
And where they talked to clams.

Until that grim Nazi Noddy,
With his wonderful wooden dolly,
Told them to try not to laugh,
And to get on with some graft.

TOMMY'S CEILING

When little Tommy
Tried to sleep,
He saw the golden feet,
Of whom he thought
Was the Angel of the Lord,
Standing there holding
A giant sparkling sword.

Then Tommy's ceiling vanished,
And a bright light appeared,
Which Tommy thought was Spanish,
Because there were men with fine beards.

But they were not from Spain;
No, no, not at all:
For everything was shining,
In a great, dazzling hall.

And their beards were not black,
Like matador hats,
But shone with many hues:
Many were red, many were orange, many were blue.

The men stood aside,
The Heavenly Hall was wide;
It rose up high
To the brightest white Light,
All living Life;
And it shone down from a throne,
Made from The Eternal Stone.

There was not a sound,
But then Tommy soon found

That everything was said
In his heart and in his head.

The Light reached for him,
And he reached for the Light;
He was glowing without and within,
With the unspeakable joy of Absolute Life.

He wanted to smile,
He wanted to laugh,
But tears of happiness fell,
And soaked into his scarf.

Then an invisible hand
Guided him back to his bed,
And from his pillow,
He gazed at the shining land,
Until a gentle voice said:
'Your ceiling will now return,
For you have clearly learned
What you will do
With your great good news.'

And all of a sudden,
They closed all their doors,
Then the blazing land vanished,
And he could see it no more.

But he knew it was there,
On the other side of the ceiling;
And so he no longer cared
For bad news or bad feeling.

THE OLD OAK TREE AND THE ACORN

The Old Oak Tree is whole,
With all its acorns involved;
So the acorns are a part
Of the tree and its bark.

And says the Old Tree:
'I am One and Complete;
Because the Whole, you see,
Yes, the Whole is me!'

Thus, on this fine autumn day,
The acorns -
The acorns, they have nothing to say,
For they are part -
They are part of the tree,
Until, that is, a gentle autumn breeze
Causes them to fall,
Into what they think is nothing,
That is, nothing at all.

Then one acorn says:
'I cannot believe -
I cannot believe -
That I have things -
Things in my head...
... And what is a tree?
Is it just a word,
Just a word I have said?'

Said the Old Tree:
'You want an answer?
Then try looking at me;

For I am you,
Can you not see?'

And thus the acorn grew
Into a fine, big tree;
And it was then that it knew
How to say with great ease:
'I am me, yes, I am me!
I am One and Complete;
Because the Whole, you see,
Yes, the Whole is me!'

And thus the acorn from nothing became
That very same
Old Oak Tree,
Who knew how to be
Very happy,
Thank you very much;
Very happy indeed.

THE MESSENGER

You ask who I am,
Well, don't you understand?
I am your man,
The Messenger, from a distant land.

Listen to what I say,
Make it fit into your day;
No, you don't have to pray,
You can do as you may.

I say 'distant land',
But don't you understand?
It's not made from soil,
Nor strife, nor effort, nor misery, nor toil.

Fulfilment approaches,
In Heavenly coaches;
It's time for you to smile,
And to go the extra mile.

THE HAPPY MAN

The scientist sat back;
And he had a funny old knack
Of being complacently involved
With what he could measure,
And what he could hold.

The materialist weighed his money,
And liked weather that was sunny;
His house was set,
Where no one would forget,
With its great high walls,
And polished halls.

The correct man of religion,
Who thought a dove was a pigeon,
Measured what was right,
And how to behave,
By locking himself tight
In a stiffly interpreted phrase
Of glorious words,
From a long distant age.

'But,' said the Happy Man,
'You cannot measure temperature
With hour-glass sand;
You cannot measure height
By what is legally right.

And don't tell me,
If you will, if you please,
That you cannot fathom Truth,
From stars and planets in the distant, dark blue.

And just because you cannot measure and hold
Shining spheres, bright lights and Spiritual Gold,
With didactic books, rulers and clocks,
Bank balances and pretty frocks,
It does not mean to say
That there is no Heaven above,
Or no Eternal Life,
And no Eternal Love.'

DEEPLY ROOTED

The past sits in the soil
Around my roots;
Past pleasures and past toil,
Continually turned into something new.

Father's father's father's father,
Distant history;
Mother's mother's mother's mother,
Weaving together my story.

Lives from years ago
Glide through me,
Like cool waters flow
From the ground to the leaves.

So, love your past,
Whatever it may be,
For your future is cast
In the mould of history.

LAUGHING ANGELS

Angels have every reason to laugh,
As humour flutters in the wag of their golden wings;
For they often think that we're so completely daft,
With our dalliances,
And loves of such silly things.

A CHARMING MOMENT

Sinful Sally
Took a boy down the alley;
She smiled a smile
That you could see from miles;
And she said,
'Do not wait!
Do not tarry!
Perform very well!
And make me happy!'

SPORT ISN'T ALWAYS THE ANSWER

Nigel The Horse
Looked like a cat,
But he was good at the sports
That needed a bat;
And he had a broken heart
Because he had lost at darts.

A VISITOR FROM NOWHERE

Dark Thought
Knocked at my door,
And he said, 'Can I come in?'
I said, 'What for?'
He said, 'To test your mettle;
To see if your heart has settled.'

'Oh,' said I,
'Then come on in!
I'll give it a try;'
And so he came inside,
And then changed into many horrible shapes
To see if I would mind,
But I made him some tea,
And he sat on the settee.

'You have great faith,' he said;
'No,' said I, 'That's all in your head;
I only have Love -
That's Love, water, tea and bread.'

'Thank you,' he smiled,
'You have passed the test;
I must now go to frighten a child,
And all the rest.'

'No! Stay!' Said I;
'No! No!' He cried,
'I have played my part;
You are now free to laugh,
And I must, if you please,
Hastily depart!'

And so he returned to nothing,
And was swallowed by the dark.

BAA BAA BABY

Baa baa baby,
Have you any wool
In your little cot?
No sir, no sir,
No, I have not!

MADAM SORROW

If you don't know why you live,
Meet that sad-eyed seductive one, Sorrow;
Embrace her, yes,
But do not follow.

For that desperate shadow
Does not exist;
So if you want to enjoy tomorrow,
Stand peaceful, gently happy and firm,
Then let her go, and she will desist.

Yes, she will one day return,
But you will know her ways,
For you will now have learned
How to enjoy life's golden days.

MAN OF THE WORLD

I am the Human Race,
But I am a man now
And my colossal past
Can never be traced.

The ages passed,
Time went fast,
Nations grew,
From old to new;
And I was a man,
Or a woman,
Just like you.

You could look me in the eye,
But you would not have known
That I was you,
And nor would I.

People passed from life to death,
Eventually they took their last short breath,
And merged totally with my Single Mind,
Eternal peace,
I think you'll find:
The Golden Fleece,
No body, no time.

But I continued on my way,
Still a man,
Or a woman,
Living day by day,
Dying now,
Dying then,

Being born somehow
Time and time... and time again.

Now this is my last life here,
And so a reservoir of Mankind's tears
Will wash through my deep, deep soul,
Drowning all fears,
Yes, yours and mine,
Reaching right back
Through all our time.

And everyone's soul is part of mine,
So now that I am complete,
Now is the time,
For fulfilment and peace
For all Mankind.

And so now I know who I really am:
Human Kind -
Some call it Man;
But listen now,
Listen if you can,
My message is bold:
The Creation, you see,
Is in the palm of my hand.

FOLLOW THE SUN

Newly born,
The baby cries,
Moony eyed,
Terrified.

Parental love,
It takes away the fear,
It makes all at one,
Removing the tears,
So that from the baby,
The child may appear.

But Venus calls
The adolescent from the child:
It is time to leave,
Time to go wild,
As love of lovers
Takes over from mother,
And youthful adornments
Excite beneath the covers.

But the soul knows
That Venus must go;
And so it creates
A body that's old.

Then Venus smiles,
And she walks away;
It is, after all,
The end of the day.

However, Venus burns bright
At the beginning of the night;
And she is known by many
To be the Evening Star,
Thus seducing wonder,
From here and from afar.

But wisdom within
Knows it's a sin,
And that when her job's done
You must follow the sun.

And thus true love
Is not always above,
But brightest it shines,
And, yes, there is time,
To follow its call;
And then you will know
That you can never want more.

THE ELIZABETHAN SPIRIT VISIT

I spied the sprit
Through the portal of Heaven,
And I recognised him when he said:
'Look not to the Light
With a mournful eye;
Fear not the sadness
When loved ones die;
For vibrant is life here,
Vibrant and alive.'

Then he smiled,
Waved a gloved hand,
So natural, so like a child,
So happy in his land.

As he looked on me,
'Adieu!' Said he,
'To God I go;
And remember! Fear not!
Don't waste tomorrow
On being seduced
By leaden sorrow.'

Then he returned,
Receded into that Light,
Where exciting peace burned,
Shining in my night.

And then the portal closed,
Like camera shutters do,
And soon later I arose,

For the sun was now up,
And everything was new.

THE CURE FOR PARENTAL PAIN

The heavy care of a dad
For a daughter who is ill,
Or a son whose life
Looks nothing but bad,
Is like a barbed knife,
Immovably deep,
Cutting into sleep;
For there's nothing to be done
To change daughter or son,
And so let life do
What it does best -
Allow empty love to shine through
And it will do the rest.

A LIGHTNESS OF TOUCH

Death conquers all,
Or that's what they say;
There's nothing at all,
But to get through the day.

Dreary heavy feet,
Leaden with fear,
Drugged, thick and deep,
With a torrent of tears.

Lift yourself up,
Without trying at all;
Misery's an illusion,
It's hilariously small.

EMPTY LOVE FILLS ALL

I have been told that love
Is as full as pain;
That the claws of a dove
Strike only in the rain.

I have been told that death
Is miserable to behold;
A skull with no breath,
Shadows and cold.

But clear seeing
Is eternally freeing,
For even a tiny fountain of love
Is always more than enough.

THE VACUUM OF LOVE

What is it
That joins me to you?
Is it love,
Or is it thick, green, lumpy, horrible glue?

Or can I sit,
Happy and clear,
Without being torn to bits,
By modern love's sickly veneer?

Empty yourself
Of all that is within;
Be the vacuum of love;
Let unity begin.

QUETZALCOATL RETURNS

'Ah! There you are!'
Said the Bird Man to me;
Terrifying he is:
As tall as no less
Than sixty-three feet;
He is half man, half bird,
And a magnificent sight
When he flexes his wings
To show his great might;
And, like a sharp-nosed Venetian mask,
He has a gigantic white beak;
And he has empty eye-sockets,
That bored into me,
But it is impossible to know
How he can see.

When he set me on my task, he said:
'I know you are afraid,
But my choice has been made:
Your eyes will be mine,
So that the world may see,
One world, one sun, one God,
And you will be me.'

THE ASPIRING DICTATOR AND THE SUN

The aspiring dictator,
Who found no favour
With the good and the great,
Thought it was almost too late
To live in the Tower
Of Unfailing Power.

So he spoke to the sun,
Who said, 'Aha! It has begun!
But you have a choice;
Listen to more than *your* voice,
Be urged by more than your desires,
And your ambition's unruly, feral fires!

Accept what comes into your hands,
Be it just an apple or the finest palace in the land;
Never manipulate for a position,
Make only heartfelt, decent decisions,
And you will be where you are meant to be,
Neither burning in fire, nor drowning in the sea.'

'But sun!' Cried the man,
'You have power all over the sands,
Over the seas and over the skies;
Surely you have dabbled, deceived and lied?!

'No! No!' Said the sun with a sky-lighting smile,
'I do what I do, because I am blazing on fire;
I burn over the skies and over the land,
Because my friend, it is what I do - it is what I am;
And if it were not,
Then I would simply stop.'

The aspiring dictator knelt on the ground,
He tried, but his lips could not make a sound,
Until after a long while,
He spoke with a smile,
'Thank you,' he said,
'I had lost my head,
For manipulation, greedy power and lies
Give strength only to pain at the moment you die;
And so I shall go,
Empty handed, empty of sorrow,
For the flow of life
Will bring me tomorrow.'

THE TADPOLE

The tadpole looked up
To the watery sky;
And there it went!
A frog just flew by!

'I want to be one of them,'
The tadpole said;
'Oh! You will! You will!
And you will change your head,'
Said the coot,
With a funny little hoot.

And the day came,
For the tadpole had changed;
And so he climbed onto a stone:
A new dimension,
A new home.

He looked down at his friends,
Still tadpoles,
Still not changed,
Still down below.

So, he dived back in,
And told his friends
That they would soon be with him,
Leaping across the Fenns;
'It's a whole new universe,
And it never, ever ends!'

UNREQUITED LOVE

'Let me love you!'
Said the boy to the girl;
'Oh! Please let you not!'
Said the girl to the boy.

A SONG FOR THE OLD

As I sit, old and alone,
Wrinkles, loose skin and prominent bones;
I am invisible now;
But there's no more sorrow,
No more knitted brows,
No more pain,
No more gain;
I am completely full
Of life and love;
Yes, it's against the rules;
To be a happy old fool.

But now what is below is above;
And what is above is below;
Thus all is one,
And, frankly, I'm enjoying the show.

Prophetic, compassionate and humorous,
this remarkable collection of poems
takes poetry into the twenty first century
and beyond.

Subject matter ranging
from the mundane to the absurd,
to the eternal takes you on a journey
through all levels of life.

You simply cannot fail to be
inspired by this unique body of work.
After reading it you will
see life, love and existence in
a very different, but liberating way.