

**Glacier Tears
Become
the
Turn of the Tide**

Adam Webster

For Babydoll

The Death Age

the fall was like a quiet puff into a bed of dust
consumed like slow-motion moss covering a rock
alone, it seemed an insignificant movement
it's cause was an inward systemic disease
leaching into the skin from every exhale
that broke up into deadly menacing tones
which passive-oppressively ignited the effect-
a low rumbling wrath forever after raged against it
it rose as blue flame, overtaking the structure
liquifying it's base until it sank into itself,
hardened, buried by organic matter,
eventually disintegrating absolutely
gone, but never forgotten
all that was left-
sky-blue silence

Riot

There is a crackling at the edge of dawn
There are voices
Speaking inward
Weird grey structures hang loosely together
Who built them
And what for
There are speakers protruding
Radiating radios
Rupturing into rage
But between the noise, a silence-
Cold, dark silvery, still
Sliding soundlessly into a soul
There, lit in the darkness
Surrounded by a bullseye-halo
A cracked open buffet-body
Unready, but riding-
Into the jaws of the riot

Complacent

I was a barnacle on the belly of a shark
I threw the patriotic grenades
I didn't ask why
I looked them in the eye
I bought their lies
I was a blinded co-pilot
I stood by as they murdered millions
I was their brainwashed spy
Loyalty was my bated breath

I shrank till there was nothing left
I swore my soul, fused my mind
I fed off the debris from those greedy teeth
Safe,
Hidden,
Complacent,
Riding on the waves of a cataclysm

War-Ground

we are exploding, not reaching out anymore
but extending our limits nonetheless
we were so close, but when that was seen to be a lie
the peace fragments were sent sky high
this is a war ground, there is no respite
there is constant weathering on the war-monument
due to thickly saturated toxic rain
the base-stones are cracking
they are missing what we are lacking
brought up on plastic-table-fruits
at a styrofoam table with mannequins at the helm
we are in the fantasy realm
and it's all going to shit
but it contains antibiotics so it doesn't decompose
the normalized death-throes are our day-to-day
your hand has the grey look of a corpse
but I can't reach it, I'm paralyzed from the neck down
we are absorbing all the terror we've denyingly inflicted

Nostalgia of a Present Moment

it is something combining happiness and fear
that which i now feel
something infinitely far reaching, but privately here
in which my societal image can heal
it is dark nostalgia of a present moment
this sordid black shining magic
holds within it a living so potent
mixed and beyond the comic and tragic
this cosmic personal feeling
is the answer to opposing polarity
it would leave me reeling
were it not for its endless bountiful charity
holding on to the bottom of a fast flowing river
shrouded in dark because it is pitch black outside
it is brutally ice cold but i do not shiver
i just silently become its tide
standing in a dreary-coloured bog on the edge of twilight
the sound of spring peepers deafening to the end
even in this dim light

on my vision i can't depend
it is the sound of being a child
before learning to categorize the world
everything was wonderfully ancient and wild
you sat staring at the stars as the earth slowly twirled

Stream

I went back to
the home I knew
overgrown and
so broken down

the trees around
huge and ancient
lichen covered
pull up the ground
exposing rock
making my path
trepidatious
soggy and slow
the moss leads me
to the wide stream
an open sigh
invitation
cold water flows
shadow of leaves
aura of calm
within the scene
felt in wonder
majestic sight
shown all alive
and born from light

this once was mine
now given up
it flourishes
just needed time

Sea Dream

the cold, briny depths
lap softy it's dark murmurs
draws me in, floating
it's salty softness
merges up to the air
where I move slowly
a sustained pace
if I were to look up
the tiny crystal stars

alive and beaming
until a heavy rogue cloud
passes by casually
every now and again
if I were to look down
the gradual coastline
is coming apart gently
glistening jagged rocks
movement brings me farther
to an unknown destination
out on the calm black ocean
the sea taste on my tongue
the coolness touches my eyes
the weightlessness lifts my insides
my awareness is pulled outwards
happily, safely, contented into
the inhospitable unseen horizon

Clear Ahead

bursting through this gate
unlimited past this border
the scenery is flying fast
underneath this new direction
the sun is rising slow
we're chasing it over the hills
our eyes are set on the road ahead
so we don't miss a single step
forgotten for now is the fog we went through
suspended in the air a permanent transience
we hold hands and our fingers tingle
toward the future we hold inside
the sky is clear
not a cloud in sight
we move together
toward the dream

Frontier

On a strange new frontier
In limbo
Floating in mercy
Grateful for the lesson
That bashed my head in
Not for the selfishness
That did the swinging

No forgiveness
For they don't deserve it

There's only so much
Conditional love you can take
Given a rug to sleep on
That's pulled away at random
Insincerity
The words will be the death of me
Get them out of your head
You are not their problem

Now we look ahead
With all the pieces on the table
Create our own destiny
If we are able
To work through the webs of our raising
Clear our eyes
For our tears
Form a prism
Looking through them
At the lies

Strange Freedom

why, this sound has awakened me
curious how
we forget
all the glaciers have melted
into the skies
softly
and our dreams are ceasing
as the noise
fills our head

arteries connected to extension cords
as my senses
quiet down
head swimming in a lapland pool
drying up
dulling
secret makers milling the minerals
bone mass
cartilage
skin

my fingernails scratch at the windows
sounds of glass
visible
I speak the secrets loudly
robust vowels
and shiny syllables
giving thanks for this strange freedom

as the
palm trees
sway

Dreamland

out of the way
out of yourself
into this dream
chaos control

this is what I needed to do
our arms, they are spread out so far

kill the dead
in your mind
clear the path
to live free

see the dream we walk within
far inside, all together

this is the moment
captured and fleeting
hold on to it now
breathtaking seasons

nowhere to go but forward
skyward, groundward and inward
this is the home you always knew

Extract

extract the feeling
through the shine
through your heart
into mine
all these moments
give us time
all these crossings
are too kind
cause this love
is so grand
kicks so forcefully
then extends a hand
in this space
we must kill to live
in order to see grace
we bathe in disgrace
the dead tree still stands

it gives life to other things
in a way it's still alive
it gave up it's
stubborn oneness
and became more
bodies decomposing
in a mass grave
feed the soil
of generations to come
all these atrocities
serve as a reminder
cut into our brains
so we will remember
that this is our time
if we are here to grasp it
and to not make light of
the darkness that shows us
the way to the sun

Red Line

she puts a line to canvas
taking a risk to branch out
the red looks like the blood
of a mortal wound
or of birth
the blood takes her to rivers
flowing throughout her body
a physical inner world
a wonder to witness
the life-giving streams flow
just like in other worlds
taking a ride on them
you see new lands
ancestral tales
celestial dreams
vestigial parts
brought back to life
voices of
the ones you love
speaking warmly
softly
all together
in this ride
toward sweetness
and when the cut
opens up light
you see a world
altogether new
where it was

you descended from
and where you will
go back to
as for right now
enjoy the ride
in each moment
is contained
everything
so let the sweetness
guide your brush
speak through you
reflect the glow
of your eyes
because you
are a miracle
of a generous
universe
we need to hear
what you have to say
the warmth inside
your body
is a painting
all itself
it softens
changes
back to
what it was
the whole time
underneath

River

Blessed be the energies
True to form we were sworn
The seabirds call as we feel small
You lay your pack to the side for a time
Sun beats down
So we find shade
Your feet hurt
So I rub them
The river comes alive with the play of dolphins
You take out your camera
To sustainably harvest their images
So the moment can be enjoyed endlessly
Our dog runs
Happy and free
Our eyes follow her
Off into the trees

Sapling

stand still amongst the trees
breeze slowly moves the branches
sun peers through the clouds
so still, breathe goes in and out
the cold wind causes the trees to creak gently
to speak in their soft language

"tell me where it hurts"

look at them, immobile and so vulnerable
open to all the elemental forces
scarred and pockmarked with long relentless winters
dormant and near lifeless
the wind gently rocks them again
like a cradle moves to keep a baby asleep

"tell me where it hurts"

look at yourself, weathered by your years
seemingly diminished by social strain
mind buried in duty, self-doubt and joyless pleasure
weak against the whole world
like a speck of dust on a boulder rolling off a cliff
eyes like old dusty windows where the light once freely shone
the wind blows again

"tell me where it hurts"

tears roll out of your eyes
like the melting of glaciers flowing down a mountain
pouring onto the leaf litter below
the wind begins to swell
like the pull of the moon on the oceans tides
the tension in your chest, your body
sinks down out of you into the ground
cleansed like treebark by the cold of winter
you feel renewed, and light
like a new sapling growing out of a mossy crumbling stump
the wind ceases
a golden leaf wanders weightlessly toward the forest floor

*"for you are never to hurt for too long
your being alive here is truly a miracle
your honest nature is regal
like eagles in your dreams
you soar above the highest branches
cleanse yourself of the impurities affecting you
float in the heaven of life that is all around you
for it is surely where you belong"*

you are loved by your family of all life"

Your Heart

grab my hand and lead me
through this mess of weary worlds
your giving heart opens mine
and brings daylight to the shadows
what you see, you speak so true
through layers of filth your roots sink down
grasping the subtle core
that the others passively pass by
compassion for their self-deceit
comes so naturally to you
show me this, through my confusion
help me understand this culture of self-defeat
as they arrange and rearrange
the tracks of their minds
yours remains constant
as it's lit by the lantern
through the dark
by your heart

Even There

even if we die
i have been happy to know you
even if we fail and nothing changes
i am lucky to have been in your presence
there is nothing in my life
that has come close
to the whole acceptance you give me
there is nothing that i wouldn't give
to help you feel loved and good
for the rest of our time in
infinity
even if we die
there is nothing i would have done different
even if you left i couldn't help but to be in awe of you
as exceedingly painful as it would be
to keep my heart open
to that extent
there is everything i could give you
but all you ask for is more of me
there is so much to experience
as long as we stay alive and are free
even there at the brink of a nuclear world war
i would be happy with the touch of your hand
even being blind and bedridden
the memory of your smile would bring back all the light

i find myself wishing i had been there to support you
before i knew you, whenever you felt alone
you, in your core are like a field of wildflowers on a mountain untouched and unfound by any
greedy hands
you are my perfection
i love you

Hawthorn

Witnessed the benevolence
Of that fruiting tree
Strongly astringent
A strange memory
Old ochre oak lines
Sliding to a sharp point
Hidden in plain sight
Are the blood-coloured berries
Phylum-crossing ancestry
Reminded me, in deep,
Of the similarity between
All that can be seen
Plucked one off that stern branch
Spit out the poison seed
Felt it's wholeness trickle in
To my singing heartbeat

Wherewithal

there is a warbling, a trilling sound from the closest trees
my feet find all the cracks in the pavement
the street goes quiet for a short time
i can hear the humming of generators, machinery working from afar
this is something I need to do
if i can find the wherewithal for it
rocking the steps of our ancestry
single-celled all the way till now
catching the waves flowing through the thin air around me
sparked and erupted from the corner of my eyes
the night is dark though i thought it was a full moon
planes fly over and i notice the planets are aligned
a cycle reverses and repeats itself back
a reversal of fortunes for the 1%
back to how it was.
i see a nova scotia sunrise, all royal orange, purple, pink
i carry it in my heart and the scent of spruce in my brain
children playing by the slide see the garbage lit on fire
they watch in amazement of all the strange colours
there is a crinkling of a paper bag, out of which a bottle emerges
in it contained the decay of so many minds
fun-loving, short-sighted, desperate, without forethought

blasting the unstructured with vulgar voices filled with violence
looking in admiration of all that remind them of their father
...if only he could love them...
in discrete moments
and public forums
and choose them over... something, anything
he's working with his hands, got no time, unconcerned
papers in the mail are his one true love
but alas
though we're assailed
can you feel it in the air, breathing, waiting
a new hope hovering and flickering, beaming for it's reception
a beautiful sound just out of sight on the horizon
but the cops are listening in, avoiding the key words
making sure to keep the money rolling in, savagely
there's a brick through a window
and there's a foot through a door
there's a whisper in the ceiling
and there's asking for more
there's a repeating, endless, breaking, cracking chess game
one move after another, predicting, reporting, damaging what were
once a hit has changed the course of a swing
there must be a movement to correct it
there they are fishing on the pier
talking amongst themselves
part of the landscape
strangely

Network

electric impulses flow through the gigantic network of telepathic pathways
sitting here
in the middle of it
while it's sleeping
it is enlivening, in the center of me, within the turning waves, lit up
no longer hidden behind surfaces
that whole idea becomes
uncomprehensible
all these as-of-yet unmet dreams screech loudly across the back sky
like haunted trains
on no tracks
vanishing
I reach to them
and give them my all

Between the Trees

There is a place
Between the trees
You can go

If you wish
Follow the moss
Where it gets thick
Spongy and damp
It hugs your feet
To a clearing
With a bright pool
Of clear blue mist

Life Burns Within Us

there is a life
burning in us
through the cracking of bones and the wearing away of teeth
the strain of tendons and tear of muscles
the fire burns within
with the power and fury of ancient stars
their long lives gave the light under which life began
and it shines easily in your eyes
when you're smiling
when you feel the life burning within you
there's connections between every living thing
our presence warms each other
even through the cold seasons

The Revelations

the revelations come
like thundering waves
of infinite force
in lighting bolts
the planets gravity
crushing down
breaking off excess
to eternal rest
she doesn't have
to be perfect
she doesn't have
to be perfect

the revelations come
and keep coming
staying in the open
they keep appearing
energy like a heartbeat
conversation pulse
the perfect moment
will appear
careful thoughts
easy as you go

careful thoughts
easy as you go

the planets
revelations
the planets
revelations
come in easy
stay in the open
come in easy
stay in the open

it doesn't have
to be perfect
it doesn't have
to be perfect

Victory

the stars above us
twinkling in obsidian
frozen in crystal dark
shining into vast oblivion
more immense than our understanding
giant gods
of other worlds
their light
all the more white
for the black
their stillness
and distance
perfectly suited
for this freezing night
their sight a reminder
of life's impermanence
for their time is so long
and ours so fragile
while the frosty breeze
scrawling across my neck
as I look into the warm light
in the window of my dwelling
gives me a subtle sense of victory
because against all odds, we are alive
amongst all cosmic and earthly destruction
and indifference of elements or persons
somehow we exist
even just for now

Up To You

alive in this withering blackness
with a faint whispering fire
rising from my head, and into the air
not seeping from my soles into the earth
the tides of power are rising with the water
as new vibrations come to light
what will come is up to you

Noontide Stream

Now is the time
To go through the vortex
Set your mind
Now is the time

Make up your heart
As you play your part
Sort out yourself
And keep up your health

Now is the time
Rewind and find
All that you left behind
Is right there inside

Being all parts
Feeling them all
Catching it in the fall
Falling right through

Go with it
Feel the depth
Widening breadth
Now is the time

Deepening breath
What has come yet
On the noontide stream
Raining supreme

What have we done
What will we do

Foregoing conclusions
Manifesting predestination

Cut up pieces
In divination
Collapse/creation
Of civilization

Now is the time
Go through the vortex

Feel all that rise to the surface
Take them by the hand

Smile into their soul
So it is becoming

Glacier

Crystalline blue ice
Of the glacier
Stands before me

Ancient mystics
Frozen harmonies
Entranced in time

Their slow life
Decade breaths
Stormcloud exhalations

Without time
Without barriers
Winter gods

The spirit, wet and cold
In shimmering reflections
Spoke of the grand scale of time
Stretched out over landscapes
Grinding all, down to soft sediments
Mixing it all together in the meltwater
A slurry of the remains of everything

Icey cold silence
Speaks
of the most serene peace

How Odd

what an odd feeling
when things are going so right
like a crystal clear stream
flowing strong through meandering obstacles
how odd
there is no problems arising
just solutions appear like piece fitting together
like all the pressure of the past has pushed to this moment in time

Wellness / Deep Well

there is so much
in this reality
beyond what we see
deep down
in invisible wells
that they don't have time for
there's work to do
money to make
power to acquire
but deep down
in invisible wells
there is all the treasure
you could hope for
there is the feeling
they are buying
there is the wellness
they are searching for
deep down
in invisible lives...
secret & sacred thoughts
vulnerable moments
cherished & protected
unspoken treasures
ashamed & amazed
untouched from the day
they can't be touched
by the wrong eyes
or what can happen
what can happen?
in the deep well...
when guard's let down
thought and heart
flow effortlessly
felt in a touch
through invisible streams
past imagined barriers
they are broken
by ceasing to be
held up by fragile twigs
they snap then crumble
at the slightest breeze
into vivid colour & texture
strong light & dark shadow
pure awareness of now
the well is open...
a vast depth unknown
close & familiar

exposed to the elements
no longer hidden
a secret space
in public view
accessible
and
acceptable

Wants are a Whisper

my wants are a whisper
I walk into the woods
my vision becomes fuller
the wind cools my skin
soil is wet from snow melt
their greed is screaming
it rattles my head
I walk in the woods
to the roughness of lichen
and of rocky outcroppings
my wants are a whisper
I don't need much-
shelter to warm me
company to ground me
an escape from the panic
from the fear of loss
and the people walking in auto
and the people living lost
their greed is screaming
they can't have enough
an emptiness that needs filling
a debt to a craving
standing on unstable ground
forgetting their path
regret is a draining, sucking parasite
slurping the meat out of the shell
crawling in fear of accepting
there is a natural way
the trees exist beyond them
knowing the meaning to life
so i walk in the woods
see them stretching to the sky
they know which direction to grow

the knowledge is inside them
embodied in a purpose
to live and to nourish life
i walk in the woods
screams, chatter, greed
all fade into whispers

wants, dreams, ambitions
all melt into the surroundings
until there is not myself
no separate identity
just breath and air
soil and leaves
birds in the trees
footsteps on the ground

Open Ended

a lot of people around here
they like to start things
personal creations
unique outflowings
things they can look forward to
little happy moments of
subconscious expression
pinpoint precision
sometimes they don't ever finish
and remain open ended
an extra bit of life
a secret shine

Everyday People

here we go
down this trail again
opening like spring flowers
colour everywhere in the shaded corners
feeling a rise
like falling
but not going down
just floating inside
like a planet out in space
just as huge
though it looks so tiny
like a life
spirits of ancestors
singing in your ears
through the mouths and hands
of everyday people

Elevations

brutal elevations
slice through the green sod
memories of a distant past
ground made of broken bones

the blood pumps thick and syrupy
brandishing the tools of the hands
weapons against poverty, starvation
struggles to keep what freedom there is

elevations of the soul, singing mountaintops
burning up the remains in fertilization of this moment
remnants clatter about and screech before dissolution
roots hairs of the new feeding on what they produced

fertility of the moment, dug up in a certain way
at the precise time, climactic unperseverance
waves of rain washing over sunscorched earth
cool rest of soil microorganisms

some day this'll crumble too
and only that which was solid enough will remain
peaking out of the leaf litter of eons
what was it I meant to say

Farm

yea, we've made sacrifices in growing our farm
[should've worked harder]
the luxury of four walls and a roof
[too much to ask for]
but it's worth it, doing something that matters
[pricey to have morals]
working with plants and soil is invigorating
[but you look like a bum when you go into the bank]
sure, we don't make a lot of money
[your bank account is humiliating]
but we feel a richness of life we could never feel otherwise
[could've been really rich as a lawyer]
and i feel i'm sharing it with every vegetable i provide to people
[they're letting it rot in their fridge]
every heirloom variety we grow
[not perfect enough]
and i get to work with my wife/best friend
[how do you not kill each other]
doing something that changes the world for the better

Dirt Rich

there was a path
under the trees
their roots, a ribcage
giant and stable

tiny underneath

breathing in their damp air
in the shadow
of their endless canopies
heart stilled

rich dirt, red with substance
presence of the moss
universal intelligence
in the soil
mycelium cosmos

I do not fear death
if I will become this

decay of fallen leaves
beds of evergreen needles
towers of broken branches
homes in the bare earth

all of it exists in it's own order
apart from our thoughts about it
that's what I love about it

Poor Old Me

poor
poor
poor
poor
making it work
stretching it more

poor
poor
poor old me
tattered & weathered
frayed & cracked
strained & snapped
holding it back

poor
poor
poor
poor
wanting more
making it through

poor
poor
poor

poor
making due
stretching it thin

poor
poor
poor
poor old me
made my choice
feeling more
less free

threadbare seethrough
oiled cloths
poor
poor
and distraught

letting it out in a rage
rattling against coins and cage
fear of the call, and of the knock
steer this ship into the rocks
poor
poor
poor.

Burn

Burn down the barrier
Burn down the bridge
Burn down the mind
Into blackest brittle ash

Burn down the frame
Burn down the sign
Burn down the memory
Into blackest brittle ash

Flames in the eyes
Flames in the heart
Flames in the office
Crackling, roaring, gone

Flames in the structure
Flames in the soul
Flames in every moment
Crackling, roaring, gone

Eating it up
Eating it down

Eating it whole
Consumed consummation

Eating within
Eating without
Eating it all
Consumed consummation

Adversary

against every movement
it fights for control
the shadow self
it grows in me
that adversary
so bloodthirsty
it cries for my pain
looks me in the eye
from the inside out

waiting for the right moment
when conditions are just right
there is it's dark presence
standing in the shadows
of my mind, inside my head
it wants control
to see what it wants
even now it's creeping in
whenever the light doesn't shine
it lives in the low light
running on a lower energy
as soon as I look away
as soon as I don't appreciate

the incredible beauty of existence

Bring me to Life

Bring me to life
I beg of you
Cause I've been walking around
Heading nowhere
Crumbling to dust
Bring me to life
Cause I've been dissolving
Into a pool of normalcy
Mediocrity and conformity
Where nothing is mine
And everything is stolen
Show me the life

Cause I've been passing the time
Flipping through the days
Like cards in a cheap trick
Show me the life
I've had a blindfold on in the pitchdark
Driving a semi, pushing harder on the pedal
Trying to fast forward to the good part
Let me live
Cause I've been trying it their way
All their prescriptions and methods
And it hasn't made a bit of difference, or sense
Just racing around in circles
And the treads almost gone
Let me live
Cause I thought it would all be for something
More than escape from pain
And temporary expensive pleasure
I felt that my life could be bigger
Bigger than this

The Motions

Life is full of misguided notions
Urging you to kill off time
By going through the motions

My Duty

it captures me in it
attacking in moment unforeseen
whenever I let slip
the shield of autonomy
it surrounds me
and mimics me
I sink into it's rockface
fall into its patterns

it is my duty

must fulfill expectations
must be a good one
must be worth it to have around
gotta pay that debt
must keep it going
must hold it up
it reverses

if you don't help up yourself
you let down the world

vibrate to a higher frequency
now you've got your attention
raise the levels of awareness
let the troubles lesson

Definite Purpose Contactor

machine calibrated and ready for duty
definite purpose contactor
the gears turn and the joints flex
seal off air pockets and resume operation
dust lifted off the filter, whispering through
wires crossed and area unlit
insulation particulate coating breathing tubes
bend, flatten, twist into the shape
hammer out any imperfections
these are the problems that need to be fixed
don't screw it up, screw it in

Poison Apples

poison apples
rolling down my lane
must grab one
put it in a bag.
fill the bag
with poison apples
for people to eat.
sticky with wax
freshly coating it
sealing in the freshness
and the pesticides.
throw out the ugly ones
only the most beautiful
poison apples
will do.
they wouldn't buy them
if they weren't perfect,
they look so great!
because the pests
don't want to be
poisoned.

Wayward in Motion

green lights burning through the night
blowing clean through all mist and fog
around tree trunks and mossy logs
over tinkling streams and wayward branches
down long tracks of rural highway

through smudged glass and rusty metal
inside abandoned convenience marts brightly lit
down hollow tubes of gas pumps flowing
into light polluted cities, bustling
into rooms with one screen lighting them
into the fingers clicking the buttons
into the brain that tries to make sense of it all

What I Want To Do

what do I want to do
can you answer me that question
seems like a simple thought but
it falls into a pit of oblivion
down into the pitch black water
where my arm cannot reach
so I look for help in your eyes
like you're somehow supposed to know
what do I want to do
seems like a simple thought but
maybe I throw it into that pit of oblivion
and if I keep it here
I can be in touch with myself
what I want to do
it's a path of joy
it's a clear way
it's the doorway through the trees

Treeline Doorway

There was nothing
And in that nothing
Was everything
Played in subtle motion
There was the future
There was the past
All movement and all still
All memories and
All prophecies
There was no love
But love to be found
Out in the wide wide world
Out past the frosted windows
Away from the cosy heat

Walk out in the cold
To the treeline doorway
To the entrance
To the other side
Jars of herbs

Mossy shelf
Dusty road
Lichened branch
There is the world
Through the root window
Through the empty space
Between other things

There is all you've ever dreamed
All anyone has ever dreamed
Everything fractalling out
To infinity
But still
There you are
In it all
Connected

The Dancing Lights of Sundown

Enter the sacred space
Magnifying glass air
Seeing through morphing prisms
Layers of consciousness
Dripping upward, forgetting gravity
Organic movement
A dancing of lights
Drinking cold floor of fingertips
While trains of thought chatter on
Hexagonal blossoming
Clear rivulets royally serpentine
Ephemeral nose
Through it all qualified
Petite grandiosity
Sourcing the soaring heights
Through subtle listening
Speaking clearly in thought
Communicating spirits
Convening within
This is the fantasy form void
Open, valid, for you

What I Say

What I want to say
Is a spiralling galaxy
Swirling behind my seeing
Eyes on the verge of tears
On the edge of all this beauty
I tremble and freeze

What I want to say
Shivers in sublime serenity
In a cocoon, growing
Weighted for the moment

What I need to say
Erupts with volcanic force
In a direct course
Permanently altering the landscape
Until toppling structures are destroyed
And new soil is built up

What I need to say
Collapses into landslides
Pushes in tectonics
And pulls down the old surfaces

What I don't say
Follows me in eternity
Haunting every breath
Swallowing my soul
Defeating my present
By living off my past

What I don't say
Stares into the back of my eyes
With a death hard look
Disapproving
And disappearing

What I say
Is a flickering flame
Reaching varying heights
Dependant on the strength of the breeze
It will roar up into the night
But often shrinks down to a spark

What I say
Is a fickle whim
Changing with the stars positions
Hitting the mark
Or drifting lazily by

Unknown

Buried deep within layers and layers
Shovelfuls covered up it's hazed visage
Glazed over eyes with a doll-like focus
Staring into the hard wall of packed in dirt
This has been it's home where it was forgotten

Lost in the movements of the sun and moon and the constant onslaught of time
It's origins are gone, it feels out of place
Designed for an unknown purpose with no clear modern use
It is cold to the touch but it's smoothness somehow warms the blood
The oddness of it faded and mucked into the cold muddiness of its surroundings
Why did it get resurrected at this point in time?
The soiled presence a stark reminder of how far things have changed
We aren't the same people we were then, whenever it was
We weren't the same... I wasn't the same
Somehow I can't look at it directly but somehow it speaks to me without words

Twinkling Star

her energy keeps me going
the return of the light behind clouds
twinkling star in the cold night
her smile releases my fear
and I face the future

The Wandering Wood

Entering the entrance
Of the wandering wood
Among the dark dancing trees
There are regal rotting stumps
The gnarled spirally shapes
Weird, wild and wonderful
Cascading around a center
Emanating a fairy-tale feel
Wooden arms loom long over
Shading secrets from the sun
Humidity making us feel less human
More animal, or maybe magical
There is an amorous aroma in the air
Berries grow barely visible on every branch
A twittering talk tickles your ears
Roots round out the steps of our steep route
I'm getting tired, you're trying not to give up
We hold hands over the unhurried humus
At each stop the scene seems more serene
At the top, the landscape laughs luxuriantly
In long sweeping sublimity

This Time

I can feel it
can you feel
it coming
a change in the movements

inside and out
thundering under your feet
whispering through the air
this is the time
we have been waiting for
the weight is over
prepare for the light
the cause of your life
and to rejoice
enjoy this time
it's now

The Pull

my life before you
was a long waiting
a pain with no cure
an emptiness
a desolate desert
devoid of deeper meaning
an endless thirst for connection
an unidentified need
an impersonal life
full of people at arm's length
but even from our first conversation
I felt it...something in you
it was also in me
and it couldn't be shaken off
or logicked away
it was (and is) just there
undeniably
it pulled me to you
it just decided for me
that there was no distance too grand
no reasons good enough
for me to not follow it to you
it was a fateful moment if I've ever felt one
it was a reuniting
putting us together
as we are so obviously meant to be

The Flowers

the flowers don't seem nervous
the birds are the happiest
their song and colours melt my worries
like a smile from your lips
the rock you find on the ground
has a surprisingly delicate wonder
wound up in it's patterns

memories show in its face
the shiny soft grass
has a warmth to it
like the love I feel
seeing your floating braids
makes me wonder
if you made the world beautiful
if you tell the sun to go shine
magnificently behind those far pines
and tell the birds to sing
like they're painting their souls on the air
or tell the flowers to glow
like they were to envelope the world in sweetness
as the shine of your eyes does to me

Lovely Trees

though time has sped up
it still ceases
when I see you
lovely trees
your auras are full of life
standing strong
your roots hold together
this ravine
so incredibly tall
it tells me
keep reaching
always
your living glow
a semblance of my own
though your skin
quite different in texture
thank you lovely trees
for all the earthly joys you bring
your gathering of friends
gives me a place to go
to feel everything
in small serene wonder

Grand Hemlock

wander through the winter woods, the frosty ground crunches with each step
a grand hemlock tree sways its limbs slowly over the frozen stream bed
the green of its needles brings you closer, into its gentle embrace
the wind rocks it gently, and in its creaking you hear a subtle language
its soft voice asks *"do you consider that your mind is the problem?"*
you feel the traffic of thoughts moving at breakneck speed through your brain's highways
and the consideration takes hold, halting traffic as they wait for the next signal

you ponder this for a moment, wondering how you can begin
in this moment of silence, your heart begs the question *"how do I heal?"*
the answer is immediate, felt throughout your whole body
you put up no resistance, it moves through your body and to your mind
infusing it with love, and accepting it's uninfallible nature
your mind is cleansed, like the silence of blue sky after a week of stormy weather
you open your eyes and you see the rich colours, textures, light of everything
all alive with consciousness, exaltant in your victory
embracing you with love, it tells you
"you are a part of a larger family, which is all of life"

Merge With the Setting

let the vibrations fill with words
hear the voice of empty spaces
between the trees
in the background of everything
let the messages relay their
fullness of meaning
inside the being
of every rock or piece of garbage
let it work through me
in every movement of my finger
all the sounds from my vocal cords
and every neuron in my brain
for the continuation of life
the wholeness of awareness
self-reflecting on every level
proceeding through every stage
let what is being built be built
what is growing to get past the scars
let it orchestrate the cosmic orchestra
that sings from every particle
let what is meant to be, be
into the present reality
through the mysterious curtain
that separates here and not-here
it too will disappear
like the line that separates
you and not-you
and you'll merge
with the setting

Ravine

i left my soul in a ravine
while i wander the world
a strand holds it to me
in this far away land
i frequented in my youth

watching it's slow changing
fallen trees gradual decay
springs welling in the hillside
i left a part of my heart
in this prehistoric cathedral
because it was lost and secret
and no words were spoken
to spoil the silent sweetness

Heart Beat

the thought unleashes a tsunami of images
mountains rising, slow motion of the earth
water bubbling from the river's source
ancient rhythms pounding in the heart beat

Forgive

she came to me
a goddess in a dream
showering me with sweet acceptance
and the kindest eyes
forgiveness
like a spear removed from my chest
I can breathe whole again

Be Calm / Revolutionary

I heard someone say once
That in this modern age
To be calm is revolutionary
And that, I remember in my soul
As one is tearing a hole in it
And spitting into its center
And another is idle and indifferent
Smug, laughing and self-absorbed
Calm, remember to be calm
As the tsunami looms over
Breath in and out, look at the trees
Violence is erupting around you
Let the poison seep down out of your feet
As you are told you are bad
Insignificant, lazy, ungrateful, a disappointment
Feel the warmth in your core
Radiating blissfully in loving wholeness
As your future is ripped away
In petty, stubborn greed
Feel the whole of life and the beyond
Touch the deepest most sacred center

As they come at you with their insane bloodlust
Be at peace, and be calm in your heart

Aerodynamic

to read the words put out by my head
an experience of self-communication
and self-understanding
if parts of my being work under their own volition
then what really is the self?
like just writing down whatever comes
it is often like reading another's work
flowing through the travesties of tomorrows gateways
I blossom in a swoon of damaging winds
callousing against the rust on the nails revealed on the old fence
remembering nights of wandering aimlessly lost in a weird world of glowing shadows
seems like a show I watched a long time ago that starred myself
somehow I was cast without knowing what was happening
not gathering the meaning quite yet
but luckily now i have organized my head a bit
it can be run well as long as i give it what it needs
a diet of healthy foods, moral actions and creative inputs and outputs
but there is no time I feel completely in control of myself
and maybe that is just the nature of being human
there is always illogical thoughts when emotions swell
offering to knock off track any progress i have created
and i just have to fend off those violent winds
by facing them and shaping myself aerodynamically
let them blow on by

Drizzle

sure shining symmetry
all holy infinity
slipping soundlessly to sleep
barely visible, bit by bit
slowly swallowing whole
the ugly unforgettable truth
beastly beckoning disaster
turned out to be
nothing but a transitory
drearly light drizzle

Actions

give me the courage to perform actions
that reflect the grievances I write down
give me the bravery to speak in a moment
and cause direct change in the world

let my vocal chords vibrate at the right tone
to give my voice the most effective force
let my lips and tongue move quick and adeptly
choosing the right words to drill down into the deep truth
let my heart feel open and be sensitive
to the underlying emotions moving the people around me
let my brain piece together the best memories
draw on that experience and fend off repeated patterns of aggression
-a subtle violence in the way that they can defend their personal reality
for it is life or death for that piece of their mind
lost in it's illusionary world, persisting in trying to imprint it on the outside-
and why do all shameful actions come with the excuse
"if I didn't do it then someone else would" or
"someone else is doing far worse"

Queen

it was just a dream
that you made up in your head
and are still making up
you tried to impose it on reality
it worked on your family
your loyal subjects
gave them orders to fulfill
laws to be ruled by
all subconsciously
brainwashing is no threat to you
you do it to yourself every day
got to keep it clean
your reality is whatever you say it is
and anybody who wants to get close
subordination
you are the queen of the castle
any who challenge
will be destroyed
a well-adjusted
member of
society

Drone

in a mansion of drones
there is no thought
you move from place to place
under control of the queen
the sentinels at the entrance
allow you to go in
but only because they know
there is no escape
the only landscape you see

is that of endless corridors
twisting this way and that
made from the palest brickstone
this is your dutiful home
with a hand on your shoulder
pushed around like a cart
used for her desires
she's the creator of this house
lives and breathes in its walls
haunts the minds to each step
to the limits of endurance
she is the ruler, she is the rules
disobey to your sad conquest
just watch you don't slide
on the newly varnished floors
pinhole pupils
frozen fingers
collapsible chest
numbness to the
last degree
forgotten
freedom
whimpers
away
be
cause
you
are
a
bad
per
son

Hostage

I'll hold myself hostage
So you can't get to me
I'll cut myself off
Shrivelled from the vine
I'll make you wish
You didn't deceive
I'll make you yearn
For the real thing
In your plastic dungeon
I won't let you in
So you will just have
To feed off yourself
You will never be able
To get to me again

I will be safe
From your predatory gaze
I will no longer
Be your source of pride
When you think
You are consuming me
You will be biting into a mannequin
That you've been talking to happily
For years and years

Where did it all come from
This grotesque hunger
You passed on reality
Set up a cheap landmark
Something to show you were here
But not who you were
The life you propped up
Was made for someone else

This is the hierarchy you summit
All grown stunted in your shadow
We learned to deceive ourselves
To get what you think you want

What you wanted to think you felt
I don't think you've got there yet

Random Chances

meaning
seeming
folding
away
bleeding
cleaning
gleaning
today
raving
losing
signing
away
falling
failing
mining
the day
empty
sugar
lifeless
silence
droning

drowning
bawling
inside
but still
keep it
going
might win
if all
is fucked
random
chances

Va Lue

you
who once was
the only
person I
knew

seems
to think you're
owed it all
my debt is
life

ev
erything
i have giv
en but you
want more al
ways

your
body from
which I was
born needs to
re

poss
es me be
cause I did
not present
the

va
lue you des
ired

He Said

true it was he
said what he said
fearless and brief
hollow and deep
burying me
in three feet of sleep
blanketing free
over wide-sweeping seas
beckoning, see
over hills I will dream
bracing for he
to speak what he means
lights in the branches
colours in corners
wide-sweeping orders
coming like boulders
fearless disorder
wreaking it all
stare over shoulders
taking care not to fall

Pathetic

like a wake
tidal waves crashing down
it comes
again and again
it continues
muscles weary
teeth rotting out of head
I'm weakened
again and again
does it ever end

I think it's been long enough
to give up control
my mind can't take
another flip-flop
disappointment
is it all right
if I take a break
accusation
resentment
disgust

Hate

is it
true

that
they hate
cause
they don't
know
love

In Connexion

Defence is offence
In connexion
When there is no limiting boundary
My defence is offensive to you
I separate myself off
And I take something you needed
A part of me
But in connexion
There is no me and no you
I'm a frozen section of the lake
As the other water flows around

Resist

i stand here
working in the rain
while everyone of my possessions
decomposes in holding

i struggle here
fighting for my life
while all of my glorious dreams
rot away in the wayside

i resist your world
keeping my heart alive
you complain about inconveniences
while slashing at my chest

i dream of a better life
and feel the others do too
i see them in passing glances
with a glint in their knowing eyes

Pavement

You see them walking
.
.
With heads bowed

.
.
Lost in the order

.
.
They don't see you

.
.
They've lost something

.
.
They gave up the search for it

.
.
Going through the motions

.
.
Day after day

.
.
With their heads bowed

.
.
To an unseen force

.
.
A remote, cruel monster

.
.
Desires them to repeat the motions

.
.
Day after day, forever

.
.
Deep within their hearts

.
.
In their unshed tears of sorrow

.
.
They sing:

"I am so empty

So completely gone

I say it

But I don't really feel it"

.
.
World War Forever

I Don't

i don't have to be like them
to succumb, to lessen
to get lost and keep going
way, way off track
i don't have to let it in
that weighty smothering smog
that eats away at you forever
i don't want to be the feed
for it'll make a home in my soul
and never let go of the reins
i don't need to go through that again
this time it'll be different

Grasping at Spheres

a power, a wish
summoning from the depths
catapulted into now
fear from below
with no home

with power raining down
alive and in the ground
fearful talons of crippling debt
sore from mind fuckery
blank in the blandness of it all
shaking lives to see what falls out

seen from this vintage point
ocular lenses see in the future
free from boredom
grasping at spheres

all this power
in single cells
felt in a suture
throttling gales

far from all this
in some other mind
I waited for this
a sound that is mine

Green Flame

a green flame roaring up in front of me

so unusual but full of promise
an odd glow that's familiar and comforting
but unsettling, I want to keep it going
clouds soaring at a fast pace
people standing closer
time movements of varied wavelengths
light and shadow dappled and shifting
there's great promise ahead
something different to before
it'll set me into it
changing me to where I need to be
what I am becoming more apparent
boundaries dissipating
take a deep breathe
and ready for the plunge

Catch the Stars

Catch the stars
When they fall
In your palms
And to your eyes
Let it light
Up your skin
Let it breathe
In your life
Catch the stars
Where they are
Reach up high
In the dark
Where they live
Another world
A different life
A new feeling
Catch the stars
They are fleeting
Little moments
Between breaths
Let them whisper
To your stance
Let what's solid
Melt away
To a breeze
To a dream

Breathe Again

inner space
clouds are clearing
pain-shadows

are draining away
starved to death
now that the light shines through
illumination
brilliant detail and colour
it's just so good
to be able to breathe again
without the crushing weight
of any and all mistakes
self-hatred
just a dysfunctional way
to kill the time

Sigh of Dust

I let out the sigh
It is full of dust
I let go of what
I've been holding up
Remnants and fragments
Memories of maladies
Crumbled and desiccated
Disintegrated pieces
I choose to move forward
But what am "I"?
I am what I am and
I am also what I am not
The sun's light doesn't reach
The deepest part of the ocean
But still life thrives there
It's also a part of the earth
I am all I've left behind
And all I will be
I am what I am now
And what I am not
Remnants of fragments
Hints and glimpses

What I Will Do

I will fail
I will end
I will lie
I will back track
I will stay seated
I will fold my hands
I will make bad decisions
I will not speak the words that need to be said
I will crack
I will snap

I will die
I will hurt
I will be weak
I will be wrong
I will misspeak
I will destroy
I will devour
I will steal
I will make mistakes
I will keep going
I will keep trying
I will step and step again
I will move forward
I will adapt
I will face the facts
I will see the truth
I will keep heart
I will stay smart
I will keep a good head on my shoulders
I will see the good
I will be the good
I will be what I need to be
I will feel the truth
I will stand up
I will speak up
I will do what's right
I will love
I will be

The Way Into The Future is Through The Past

the way into the future is through the past
this is not a straight lined path
it curves awkwardly at the most inopportune moments
casting a wrench into the gears of your systematic machine
this machine is not a machine, it's a living thing
it meets you halfway, it sees your intention
changing the force of its actions and reactions
it leads you gently in your decisions

the way into the future is through the past
dive deep into your traumas to see them clearly
hindsight is 2020 and you didn't know what you know now

the way into the future is through the past
direct love into your soul to have greater reserves to share
move inside and make a home in yourself
this is the life you've been given and it deserves your honouring

Loose Threads

stepping out of the shell
into the harsh filled world
crumbling breaking dying
sometimes in the sometimes
washing out in the wide vast world
unknown and unappreciated
open to the deep screen of plenty
barely able to make it work
hiding the pieces by their threads
pulled loose by the anxious black death
circling around my fortitude
blossoming in the endless
remember nevertheless

This is Life

this is life
why does it feel when i get closer
that i also get further away
why does every new height bring
with it a new low
why does every wish granted come
with a new curse
this is life

the lichen weathers all
perfectly still on a boulder
the sun burning at it
snow and ice freezing it
salt spray and rain, footsteps and teeth
still with no complaints
the lichen weathers all

i can barely stand it, all the complexity
but i thirst for it, hunger for it, can't live without it
i make things more difficult for myself
without knowing a way to stop
i desire freedom and to be without structure
but i know that i would find a way back to it
i've grown to accept my situation
i can barely stand it, all the complexity

the waves roll on
the leaves open and close
the earth rotates on its axis
the worm eats through the soil
the cell divides
the continents shift
the breathe goes in and out

the wings move up and down
the waves roll on

i continue on
cause you do
you continue on
cause everyone else does
it's all we know how to do
find a way to keep going
enjoy this and then push through that
find a meaning in it
we understand through meaning
the meaning is created or found
the world is created or we find ourselves on it
it breathes life into every movement and action
our lives are created, how they will go, through our actions
there is no chicken and egg, no beginning and end, no cause and effect
we are all the pieces of this universal system
finding our way, finding a purpose
trial and error
we continue on

The Bridge

breathe in...the day....
that's the way.....
something for you.....
who were once few....
speak the words you want to say...
get out of and on your way.....
free from the fearful games.....
alighting this is the same.....
alright on the same ground....
look what it is we have found....
you see what you look at....
we will see the bridge...when we come to it...

Silken

silken to the final touch
drifting on waves of mercy
a gentle gift we'd have never known to ask for

Plain

at a point
where the plain stretches out
where all is visible
you must choose where to focus your energy
it seems simple

but there is a lot of variables
what are the others' motives
what is their end goal
there are those who forgot the joy of life
and try and get away with all they can
stealing and manipulating
creating false realities to live in
they forgot that life is an incredible gift
and all that exists here is truly a miracle
like the rain falling from the sky
or stars burning bright in the dark
flowers opening from green buds
or deer running through the field
especially the capacity for love we hold
to be able to put another's life before yours
what more proof would you need
we are all connected

In My Blood

in my blood
is a violent history
it runs red with enemies
from all sides of conflict
of world changing wars
it continues the struggle
of working, beating hearts
that were once inside kings, queens
peasants and soldiers, leaders and followers
all believing their perception of the world
and the separations between them

all those boundaries dissolve
in my blood
there flows the substance
that sustained arrogant conquerors
raping the world in their victory
and reaping what they sow
slaves dreaming of freedom
victims continuing on
with desires of peace
to be untouched by influence
and changing the world
all of this is the mixture
that contributes to the life
literally flowing through my veins

in my blood
there is years of peace
and years of carnage

there are people struggling for their family
for their egos, for their lives or for their freedom
there is love and hate and fear and peace
all swirling down the drain of the past
to come into my beating heart
in this present time, right now

in my blood
is a confusion of meanings
is millions of directions
is billions of beliefs
that they were so certain of
beliefs they would kill for
beliefs they would live for
dedicating their lives to presuppositions
that several generations later would be forgotten
or would be completely reversed

in my blood
is the storm of complexity
that is people living in this world

Dying Back to the Roots

If you plant me in the right place
Will it bring out the desired effects in me
If it's not adequate
Will I die back to my roots
If you manipulate my anatomy
Will I become wholly different
Or one day will I revert back
If you cut off the undesired pieces
Will I produce more of what you want
If you cut me down and give up on me
Will I refuse to die
Will I come back from the disturbed soil
Will I thrive in the neglect
In the forgotten area
Grow my roots long and deep
Coiled around unseen rocks and boulders
Perfectly fitted into the environment
Until there's no way you're getting rid of me
No matter how much fuel
time
money
speeches
and energy you spend

Demagogue

they live on the surface
basking in it's light
expending no further effort
other than protecting their place
we were here first
right after the last ones
we deserve it
cause we took it
they are all mouth
ears to the glossiest lie
shine off your skin
the whitest I ever seen
he will protect us
build a fortress around
all we have to do
is give him everything
resist it
it's not what you really want
yeah it's simple
but reality is complex
there's no easy fix
you must complexify
to bind with the new world
you must adapt
or be swept away
cause it's coming
it's already here
that surge in your spine
those who stick in your mind
who you love
barriers fall as they're raised
hate is choked off
too low energy
won't work now
there's a new light on
bringing you to your feet
listening to your soul
we're all listening
better to be honest
come at it with first thought

He Will Not Divide Us

He will not divide us
Nor push or pull to fall in line
We'll not be redesigned
Or consign to be freely traded
We were not created for this
Forever unsatiated greed
We made ourselves to see

Beyond the illusions
Together to be free

Trump Card

like well trained pets
they played their hand
their master spoke the right commands
they rolled out in droves
eager to please and be eased
they opened the doors to their fears
and gave away the keys
they found someone to worship
someone "just like them"
one to take responsibility, when they are condemned
through rage-coloured glasses
they're viewing the world
hate will consume them as the story unfurls

Something Real

we just want something real
so god damned thirsty for something real
no filter, no blockage, no watering down
no simple generalizing, no weighing down
we want the raw and the real
we don't care if it hurts
anything is a breath of clarity compared
to dusty, molding, decaying lies
spreading from any open airtime
give us something real
something to feel

Tear the System

tear this out of me
cause this isn't mine
blackest terror
of a mouse's mind
caught in the wrappings
of a twisted turned up
mistaken direction
outlasting beyond
reasonable
response
abilities

tear this program
break it down
in breaking news

braking cogs until
the machine is reset
into news updates

tear the system
tearing us apart
into familiar associated pieces
of objectified obsolete dust

into mine field fertilizer
or cracking spinning cogs

tear the fabric
all society
to keep you warm
comfort in confidence
covert and effective
keep the plot
what is and
what is not

Poverty

the disparity
of the wealth
and the poverty
is so vast
we don't even see
and can't even imagine.

it's like a photo of a galaxy
so unbelievably huge
and widespread
but somehow does not seem real
like it's not part of the same existence as us
it's theoretically real.

well the galaxy is imploding
every little particle of it is hurting
it is dying to live.

the rich, with their millions
and millions and millions
manipulate the image
and say it has nothing to do with them.

but this is a finite world
we are all in this together
what we steal from others
we end up stealing from ourselves

this imbalance cannot and will not stand
the scales weighed down with gold will collapse
and we will rebuild from the rubble
like we always do.

Comfort

The choice is presented
Do you choose comfort and stability
Or justice and equality for all
Because it is a choice
And you make it in every moment of every day

There is people having their home invaded
No one was listening to them
No one cared
So they and their supporters stood in protest
They made some noise and disruption
And people took notice
Because they were forced to

The trains were halted
The flow of goods stopped
And business are making less money
The comfort was disrupted
The protest was inconvenient

The choice was presented
And it divided people
There were those who chose justice
And those who chose comfort

I want to ask you
Do you want to live in a world
Where a smaller group can be overtaken by a larger one
Simply because it's larger and has the power?

I would rather starve in the cold
Then support these indifferent attacks
Who dismiss the meaning of the protesters
And looks down upon them
As unequal and not worthy

I will not be convinced that destroying someone's home
Is ever something I can support

Falsity

Why do you like to pretend
That everything is alright

What do you gain
In keeping this lie alive
Are you buying time
For some distant moment
Crying inside
But not letting the tears fall
Don't you realize
Nothing gets solved
If you never
Speak of the issue

This is our great national falsity
We want to be happy
So we fool ourselves
Into thinking we are
This is our self-atrocity
We never look for something better
Because we've settled
On the first thing that came

Shut Off

shut off
against pain
against everything
no hope

it's not a strength
indifference
closed off
alone

blocked off
vulnerabilities
softness
no love

it's not a strength
to not care
shut off
and alone

Accumulation

I thought there was a limit
how far you can push
seems we all want to say yes
survival instincts
and hunger

I thought there was a kind
of measurement
accumulation
and investment

did you ever feel the twinge
bracing against your hand
excess

does it ever weigh down your stance
or sour your soul
degradation

Fine Line

for a reason
in the chaos
would make it
all worth it
days with direction
moments with movement
through the heavy air
too dense to bear
utopic visions
frayed neurons
become what surrounds
what continues on
staying the same
adapting to absurdities
it's a fine line
and if it dissolves...

A Cold Man Like A Dead World

A cold man like a dead world
You can feel its violent presence
When it comes around
Lifeless, extinguished but
Volcanic pressure under the surface
Beware of its gravity

Tired

walked to the edge and peered over
looked out into the vast nothingness
the blood drained out of my veins
my limbs lost all energy
my light flickered
then went out

head in a haze
huge clouds moving slowly
lightning striking violently
in the distance, apart
ground trembles under my feet
feels like it might give way
if I fall through the air

Losing Control

shocks of panic
waves of sadness
weighing me down
breaking apart
in confusion
no solution
loss of focus
losing control
all that is left
me, uncovered
nowhere to hide
no words to lie
this is the end
to begin from
this is the core
no shine or gleam
I am emptied
all that's not me
all influence
has blown away
like dust in wind
another world
no shell to defend
I am in the crowd
their voices in me
passing right through
can feel their hearts
and can feel mine

Task

i want to do it perfect
to not make a mistake
cause then i'm valuable
i'll not be thrown away
i want to be precise
do exactly what's needed
a perfectly formulated tool
efficiently calculated
forethinking and preplanning

not wasting a single nanosecond
not pausing for a personal breathe
no twinge of muscle without purpose
no neuron firing out of line
no soul energy spent on
anything other than
this task

Grind

it's getting harder to change gears
they're grinding, catching
the grease isn't quite doing it anymore
but the work still needs to get done
must follow the order, relay the message
there's no joy in loyalty, only duty, it's expected
punch in the timecard, punch out
just another day, letting them down easy
they should know, it's just business
I don't get any joy in it

Exhaust

tired and aching
crying and crippled and sore and torn
fingertips worn
loss of identity
in a storm of calamity
orders shouted beneath the roar of machines
breaking with each movement
screeching against itself
unpleasant drive
fighting every step of the way
dust clogging every crevice
chemical residues laying down
exhaust smoke getting thicker
creeping into your mind
breaking you down
as you're wasting your time
fighting against yourself
working for dimes

Great White Lie

stare them down
show no fear
what you desire
becoming clear

shrunk like a rattle doll

*beckoned for a tool
your feet start moving on their own
nothing but a fool*

see them seething in ingratitude
for all the work you've given
let them bray their woolly words
let their minds sicken

*left alone in his clutches
bare to the brunt of his mood
like disease sucked into bone*

callous, fastidious
got to stay with the plan
you worked hard for this

*never-ending repetition
lamented punishment
got to laugh cause he's
nothing but insane*

move closer to the spout
drink viscerously from the fountain
just you and your family

*no one to depend on but anyone
levelled to the sound of compassion
all we can do is what we need
water the soil and nurture the seed*

body disintegrating and mind going
but I did it right didn't I
I was right it was right I was right I was white
it was right to do what I did
wasn't I

Withering

poison in the flesh
taking over
growing its shape
3 dimensional terror
fitted into my form
a desiccating virus
withering vitality
what will be left?

Minimum

Minimum wage
Coming of age
Repetitive motions
Repressed emotions
A blank slate
Don't be late
Follow the rules
Don't be a fool
Homeless, mindless
What is in kindness
Filling your off-time
Mood-enhancers feel fine
Repressed speech
To be you, beseech
Don't retreat
To a mindset of defeat
Same shit, different day
Tell me, what's in the way
Factory lines, prisoners
All speaking, no listeners
What could it have been
What is now, what was then
What holds the future
What is the wound
That necessitates this suture

Frozen Shorelines

where does it appear
like a ghost in the mist
sunday afternoons
cataclysm bliss

a choice in the grey matter
forlorn and forgotten
memories stick
like a poem is gotten

freezing day shorelines
blissful afternoons
country road chatter
and a bright staring moon

pulled from the depths
caught in the next
frozen in mists
sought in the past

dreamt of the now
in glory, in splendor

fought for it some
yearned for it more

felt like rough worn ropes
wrapped around wrists
wracked my mind
wrenched hold of my fists

the stone cold anchor
and the inviting dock
waves changing course, and back
winds run amok

tension tightens
winding ties stifling
crushing breathe
pursuing the edge

in all the elements
there I am
hazy and borderless
embodied again

formless fists
twilight kiss
feeling amiss
to make sense of this

I Am Here Now In My Body Feeling

I am
Here, now
In my body
Feeling

Forces are attempting to take over
There are lies in their eyes
Violence is dripping in saliva
There is an image laid over you

I am
Here, now
In my body
Feeling

There is an energetic pull
Parasitic sucking from vitality
A dominating posturing
An inhuman stare

I am
Here, now
In my body
Breathing

There is torturing memories
Clogging your thoughts
Regrets made flesh
Bloodlines spilled

I am
Here, now
In my body
Breathing

There is worldwide destruction
A bare and barren future
Sickening minds embodied
An eternal craving

I am
Here, now
In my body
Feeling

Return
Refrain
Maintain
Stay sane

No blame
It's all
The same
Refrain
The blame
We all
Want
The same
The same
The same

We are
Here, now
In the world
Feeling

I am
Here, now
In my body

Feeling

A Delicate Flame

there's a red sunset past the trees
this day is dimming
on the simmering rage
of the past age
hieroglyphics of high-noted frequencies
dancing through soul vibrations
meandering into earthly vibes
uniting in splendor
this is the time of no time
where we forget about time
alive in this moment of reckoning
blissfully aware and over it
given up the qualms
old rivalries and bitter struggles
eyes wide not pursed
heart open not cursed
and the sounds stream from our throats
this is what we need, this is what will happen
the wait is lifting
as tears stream from our eyes
hearts beat
with
the soul of the Earth
easily
drunk on the air of this place
gasp
it's all around us
in and out of everyone's lungs
filtering through the leaves...soil...water
pure and purified from olden times
it's in us
it is us...no separation
borders will dissolve

coming together
becoming
up for air
lightening
quickenening
resolute
overcome
remain
in this flow
make it so
surge of heart
blissfully aware
doing what you can
in this life
before you die
it ain't easy

keeping it going
but it gets easier
that farther you go
just gotta make a first step
another one'll soon follow
and others will see your progress
it's worth the struggle
cause it keeps alive your hope
your trust
is a delicate flame
but it'll relight
a cold wick
just like yours
let the tiny moments of humanity
guide our course
as we set sail
to a new world

Keep Clear

keep clear
the sign said
so I did my part
and cleared my head
moved my hand through the air
what wasn't to what was there
some part of me
can confide
it no longer has
a place to hide
buried deep within this plan
finding, sorting where I stand
coming to the surface to breathe
standing on the hill so i can see
moving the obstacles out of the way
clear my eyes to see the day
what it's all a part of
circular dwelling
hearth in the core
fire is lit
making the sustenance
food of the future

Walking on Fog

the magic of acceptance
of yourself and others
is like nothing else

it lifts you
like walking on fog
up over mountains
with majestic flying cranes
like stepping out of the dream
and realizing
you still have that power

Me and You

lifted up by the rising air
wings spread wide
way up high
can see so far
down into your eyes
through the lie
past the patterns
into the me that in you
and the you that's in me

Wonder

Oh the wonder that there can be
I can feel it filling up inside me
All this love filling up and spilling out
This is the way forward, I have no doubt

A reconnect with the land, sea and air
The huge wonderful world out there
A reconnection to each other and to life
To live a joyful life is our right

The Fruit

We are at the precipice of a new world
Pieces of the old world are collapsing
A slow motion demolition with invisible explosions

We stare into the darkness ahead and spot little shining lights
In that dark are all the colours and in those lights our hope
How we move ahead will echo throughout time and space

Reverberations are hitting our eardrums, repeating what is said until it loses all meaning
All our big fancy words and thoughts dissipate in dissonance and then silence
It stretches on like this, longer than we ever thought possible

Meaningful moments arise beautifully alive in abundance, fruiting from dismay and disorder

Reaching upwards towards where the mind and hand point, towards the ethereal embodiment of our dreams

The choices made are made with heart and substance, for a purpose and reason, with regard to life and all life

This is the breaking of our hearts, of the worlds heart, a crack to let the light in, to touch and find the wounded center that was hidden away so deeply

Now is the moment to use all that you've learned over this long life and create a longer life, a fuller life in touch with what's real and beyond the surface

Eat the fruit of your labours and save the seeds to plant for the long road ahead, there will be people that need you and people that love you

Listen to your heart beat
Hear your lungs breathe
This is here and this is now

It is you and you are real

A Bit of a Walk

the path is clear
but
a little bit soft
in spots
but it is flat
and clear.
If you take your time
you could have
a bit of a walk

The Sun

grasping onto the sun
feel its power
she is ours
and we are hers
radiating out into black space
she gives all
with no expectation
no obligation
we feel her love in every breath
every movement
all life
because of her
gratitude flows through our hearts
as our eyes follow her
across the turning sky
forever

Imagination

I don't want to hide
in imagination
but that's where I thrive

the day wants me to
work harder
give up hope
let go of the structureless
thoughts
but that's where I live

is it so bad to dream
the world you want
even if it might never be
feels like a curse to live
in touch with that world
it makes my heart beat
but it's not what I see
in the people
it's not what I hear
but it makes me breathe

I take concrete steps
but the concrete is worn down
by people making choices
to keep it going the same way
by walking the same worn paths
I plant a seed
it's blown away in dusty desert winds
I write a sentence
it's covered by an advertisement
I speak the words
it's filtered through screens of belief

my actions feel so futile
a sparrow bracing against a hurricane
a dandelion under a flood
an earthworm under the burning sun
a person under society's power

but,
maybe it's like a seedling
growing out of the soil
it depends on it to live
and it uses its substance
to survive in the above world
and change it's small part of it
in tiny but meaningful ways

Forever Hardy

Split by the shock
But the opening
Creates a space
For new growth
And it is vigorous!
Bursts from that wound
In record time
With direct sunlight
Shining on it's soul
It makes up for
The cramped clutter
That existed before
Shooting out and branching
Reaching new possibilities
Forever hardy
And bearing new fruit
A miracle of life
Surviving and thriving
Through interconnectedness
Working together
Against uninhabitable forces
A new soul light
That breathes lighter
Imagine the possibilities!
Existing through the hard times
Putting out information
Into the living realm
That can be used for peaceful existence
For years and millennia to come

A permanent tear in your eyes
Breathing easy
Lightness of walking
Ease of speech
Knowing understanding
Fullness and vividness of detail
Within and around you
Rooted in the earth
With eyes in the sky
Palms turned to the sun

Deep Green

the ultimate irony
so many have health problems
as the earth's health has problems
patches that were once forest
are now patches of grass

and we call them lawns
one of the best plants for human health
tries to grow in our lawns
offering themselves to us
a beneficent gift of nature
unfurling from deep green
into brilliant sunny yellow
instead of using this natural medicine
we spray them and cut them back
fighting against their healing forces

the same thing is repeating all across nature
we are cutting and burning back forests
putting up all sorts of unnecessary things
taking away the gifts nature has given us
and turning them into things we want

A Fertile Field

a fertile field is life
bursting with possibilities
with each new rainfall
a field is brought to life
as plants unfurl
from their seed-sleep
they reach for the sun, the heat
each movement at the right time
new phases of growth
with the changes of the sun and the moon
and the flowers open
inviting possibilities toward them
the hum of travelers for sweet nectar
and they'll make new life
asleep in the seed
to bury in the fertile soil
and wait again for the next moment

The Body is the Earth

the body
Is
the earth
red rivers running
dripping into pools
saturating
the flesh
and
the mind
a lightning storm
that happens

when needed
sometimes overnight
blocking the sun
the heart
is
shining
loving life
nourishment
keeping it all together
in harmony
and peace

Grass

what would I say to you
if only I could say it so clearly
that we are together in all this
so connected in lives so brief
yes we must consume to survive
be it a leaf or a muscle
but we all have to
life is the transformation of materials
what once was part of the soil
became a tree, and produced an apple
which became the cow that ate it
whose body became mine
and when I die I'll become the soil again
from which mushrooms and grass can grow

These Days

what are these days trying to say?
through the wild wisdom of the wind
whistles in the window whisper
a dribbling dripping drop smattering
on the vented pane, catching the soft drumming
as the last birdsong jumps and jumbling
a sweet solo to match the last orange rays
glittering gracefully over the treetops
I pray, to some earthly god
and I ask, what do these days mean?
I receive no answer
save for the dripping at the window
and with the dimming of the light
I feel the UV rays still on my skin
the warm burning of a changing world
and I wonder what is the next best answer

Gaia

gaia what do you need from us
what can we do when we have no control
our desires are treacherous
we are hungry traitors
devouring the earth at breakneck speed
hurting the mother that gave us life
gaia what can we do
we are driven crazy by our cravings
we move the hands on the clock
listen to biased counter arguments
and think our own actions don't matter
gaia what can you do
because it doesn't look like we will change

In Glyphosate Fields

In glyphosate fields where nothing grows
'Cept cattle corn, row by row by row
They mark our handiwork, seen from the sky
Where too we can watch as all the life dies
In hardpan soil, compacted below

We are the Dead, short years from now
The solutions were there, but anyhow
We chose industrial efficiency, and we lie
In glyphosate fields

Stand for the earth, and what we know
Let us not perish for soft egos
The torch is yours to hold high
Lest we recklessly dessicate and die
We cannot be complacent, 'cause nothing grows
In glyphosate fields

Fear of the Earth

Fear of the earth
Polarization of motives
A choice in the ether
Suspicion of spending
A little more cancerous
Viral symbols spreading
A little known choice
Adapting and deepening
Stepping out of traditions

Forging a new path
Letting go of old patterns
Invitation to the warmth
Love of the earth

Bought and Paid For

you say that I
was bought and paid for
by the blood of jesus
but I am no one's slave
you speak with such
certainty
with the strength of a brick wall
so solid is your belief
you condemn those
that you have never met
to endless suffering
you try to
pick
apart
anyone
you disagree with
what makes you so certain?
have you met and consulted
this kingdom
of which you speak?
if your magic father
wanted everything
you say he does
if he is so powerful
why does he
get you to do
his dirty deeds
for him?
makes you wonder,
what spirit
are you
really
worshipping?

Belief

only you can walk away
from this trap you were born into
only you can unwrap those words
from around your brain and your heart
only you can see it for what it is
this concrete-wall belief

it is unporous, unnatural
it cuts you off from so, so much
you could feel all the life
that you now see behind glass
you could connect with everything
instead of having a translator
who sits on your shoulder
and tells you what it all means
life can speak for itself
walk out into it
breathe it in
it is the only god you need

Spirits

if, when I open up
spirits come to me
speak to me softly,
monumentally,
in surreal reality,
in unknown words,
and I write them down,
why would I deny it?
should it concern you
that these ideas have
a life to themselves
and I recognize it
and translate them
the best that I can?
if it does, maybe
go for a walk
in the peopleless woods
feel the surroundings
breathe the calming scents
become the scene
let the persecution thoughts
drift away

Sti.mu.li

Uni.versi.ty
Bio.lo.gy
Taught_me
Th.at. .life.
Is////////just
A_re-action
To>out>side
Sti.mu.li
/////////
????????

Stale Words

stale. words.
are. not.
all. that's.
behind.
this.

Wide Plain of Silence

the passage of time
changes
this perspective
changes
everything flows and shifts
awareness raises up and out of the head
it feels not cold or warm but vibrational
the buzzing hum travels to the head and down the body
purple, blue and red
down through the body
out through the eyes

nothing
is a distant memory
nothing
is no longer here
emptiness, wide plain of silence
is out of reach
was it ever really there
or childish imaginary games
it is wished to know
it is wanted to reconnect
to touch that beyond space again
to feel it through where the body would be

set here
in the complications
set here
in this mixed up stratification
this differentiated multicellular death machine
still, set, transplanted
wanting for nothing
wanting for nothing

wanting everything

Monsters

coming at it in attack

speaking the words that I lack
translated to the common tongue
from a universal oneness
and my blindness might be taking over
everything feels as powerful as ever
each nerve as raw and fibrous
open to all the elements
a chemical touch I avoid
preferring to breathe the natural air
purified from leaves all around
as metal beasts clash somewhere way out there
yea, I try not to think but they're so loud
I watch the shimmer on a waving leaf
but their screeching, demented slurring
rumbles and rocks into my mind continually
and what can I do for the world, no big thing
just grow food in the soil and cause little harm
little- because even me being alive is using air and nutrients otherwise available
but the greed-plagued monsters of the world don't think like that
they want and then want what others have
to fill the gaping black hole in their chests
empty of love, gratitude, and nature

Livelihood

why must I
venture further from the source
why must my livelihood
pull me away from joy
why do songs of the wind in the leaves
elude me
inside a metal box

Intruder

There is an intruder
Inside my woefully willful mind
It can slip in unnoticed
Speaking in a whispering mutiny
It's snaking lines crawl in
Repeating, echoing, focused
Aiming to hypnotize me
To sign away my life to slavery
It'd make me wade into
A wallowing wet trance
To head in the wrong direction
Shrunken, contorted, constricted
Wrapped tight around my brain
All hope seems faded
I just need to remember

There is a living soul in me

But You Want More

life is moving faster than ever
everything is on the clock
there may be side effects
A lot of problems down the line
it encapsulates
goes into the skin
how it will change your life
combat the physical signs
families will know exactly where to go
and who will speak for them
everybody's selling
the markets down
i do basically nothing
but i'm scared to go out alone
we're so sorry for your loss
do you know who i am
you're in my world
multiple head injuries
as seen on TV
you guys played a really good game
addiction is a disease
get the body you always wanted
but you want more
you're under attack
aches and pains
extreme rage
results may vary
but with less pain, i'm still a doer
what does any man want
tools to take control
a hot new deal that starts with you
hurry in
that's what i want

We Are the Product

We are the product
Bought and sold and traded
Drained of milk and blood
For the hungry machine traitor

Inhuman desires
Complete annihilation
Domination is heart constipation

Forest fear fuels fires

Let me lay this blame on you
Sickly sweet mind fragments
Forged and branded into your psyche
You work for me you work for me you work for me

Don't read between the lines
Don't connect the dots
The pain is too unbearable
Beyond human imagination

We are the product
The product
The product of our environment
And the environment is our product

Defeat our dreams
Never rise
Sink into oblivion
A rat stench demise

If it takes too long then that's how long it will take
I don't make the rules
Follow the rioting crowd
They know what they're doing

The government god
Praise his illustrious pennies
It's power light is so blinding
I'm wasted in its eyes

We are the product
We are the wealth
We are the gold they're digging up
Valuable human resources

Don't say the wrong thing
Say the right thing
Say what they want to hear
Oh no oh no oh no that's not what they wanted to hear

Don't speak up don't lose your status
Don't live your life don't breathe
Don't stop don't live don't snap
This is your one and only single possible shot and very last chance

If it collapses it collapses in on you
Swaying inward towards the center
Losing footing in the air

Unblissful dissidence

We are the product
Of a bought and sold and traded
Burning bleeding environment
Collapsing inward on the hollowed earth

We are the victims
We are the victors
We will win we will win we will win
Win against ourselves at any and all costs

Polite Warfare

comfy and complacent, heart adjacent
this is what is known
constant-ringing telemarketer telephone
upholding the lie, but what if we die?
it's under the surface, but what is the purpose?
play nice, be polite
keep that animal out of sight
for it's snarls cause distress
and cause me what i don't want to confess
i must be right -keep it out of sight
i must be good, so do what you should
listen to what i say, this is not the day
comply or die -don't be a child and cry
keep it up and i'll lock you away
now what have you got to say
oh you stubborn fool
you must live under my rule
i am right of course, i don't question
that certain subject don't you mention
yield to me, don't you see
you can only be free under me

Cozy Prison

a cozy prison
i have here
a bed a chair
all i want
there's nothing else
i don't look outside
i think of ways
to make it more cozy

The Other

Sliding sideways on ice

Footsteps drifting slowly apart
Spirits of angels haunting softly
Hovering up above my shoulders
The topsoil is frozen stiff
Biting hard against my skin
Their voices echo forcefully
Urging me to keep going

There are pieces of flesh and bone
Remnants of animals scattered around
Greed of the other bred this carnage
They live in their own created world
Diseased organs and worn cartilage
Crippled creatures from small cages
Breathing in their beliefs, tied to them
Their warring blood filters everything

Birthed into fire
It still flares in their eyes

Pleading

pleading with the masters of mankind
[we get to choose them every few years]
i kneel on the concrete, begging for what seems like a simple wish
[but every simple thing now must be complicated]
for my wife to be able to stay with me
[i guess love doesn't make sense on paper]
we have this thing we like to do
[personal desires aren't a priority of society]
we like to grow nutritious, healing foods for people
[too small-scale to matter]
but because she came from across the border
[that all-important imaginary line]
we need permission to stay together
[got to respect your elders...]
and so we wait for a response
[and wait and wait and wait]
not knowing what to plan for
[but does anybody]
but somehow getting used to living in uncertainty
[well adjusted adults]

Glacier Tears

Tears roll out of my eyes
Like the melting of glaciers
My heart feels wide open
Like a shotgun blast to the chest

It hurts so exquisitely
I lose sense of my body
Like falling off a mountain cliff
Images flood my mind
All the things I'd rather forget
But I am so thankful
Because you bring me back to life
When my heart gets murky
And my head takes over
When old neural pathways
Pull me back into routine
You shake the ground of my footing
Force me to look where I'm walking
Help me to feel it all again
Like seeing the landscape's colours
It's so easy to forget

The Look is Given

The magic shines out of their eyes
Like the connection to everything
There is a lot
Going on
In my mind
All of the time
There is a lot
Going on
In my mind
All of the time
The magic is spoken
And the words heal
The magic is spoken
And the words heal
The look is given
And the love is felt
The look is given
And the love is felt
There is a lot
Going on
In my mind
All of the time
And then it ends

Your Smile

I would walk into any trap for you
For you I would wait in any prison
I'd give my eyesight my leg anything
I would break my back or my jaw
Whatever is needed from me

I could give it all with no regrets
There's no second guessing with you
There's no other reality that calls me
Even when I get lost day to day
Your smile always brings me home
That I can make you happy is a revelation to me
Cause you make me so happy too
You called me back to life with your sweetness
Your open heart is all I want to know
It opens mine though it feels hardened, wooden
You make me a better person every day
I would build any life for you
Walk through fire or ice for you
Do anything to make you smile
You are my love you are life

You Have a Way

you have a way that no one has
fortunate chaotic dark path
that only you meander through
a spreading line in rough terrain
straight and curving forward and back
up to the peaks that reach the stars
and forgotten caves with no end
the strangest plants that ever grew
looming luminously over
sheltered out in the wide open
warm held in the cold exotic breath
a wounded young deer comes to you
some otherworldly company
you expect all with open arms
as the rains come down, soaking in
in the dark night sounds smiling whole
you are the one who can do this
making a path that no one knows
through thick barriers in lost lands
under serene blanket of night
far out of the way of convention

Transmutation

life's too short to be stuck and miserable
to feel weak and powerless
to feel at the mercy
of a controlling hand
pushing you away
from your life's purpose
let that powerlessness, that fear

that sinking, weak feeling transform
let it crumble to dust, burnt by scorching flames
so an immense strength can rise from it's ashes

Trust

it's a tricky thing
when worries take over
and schemes are everywhere
it's an odd thing
it's so freely given
but it's so little believed
trust
is a liferaft
that leads you out to the storm
trust
is a true reality
its serene humanity
I'm pushing out into the space
with warm flowing light
it's an effort
you have to keep at it
you have to keep feeding it
it's an understanding
with everyday love
we're growing together

Sated

why would we waste our time
on something of no reason or rhyme
stretching ourselves to meet an unreal ideal
set forth by the groupthink of modern society
why would we soothe ourselves by saying this is what we want
to cower and shrink, cowards in the eyes of each other
letting noone see our purposes or meanings
tossing it all to the wayside
and for what
a way to get through the day with no real friction
no confrontations or controversies screeching against the hull
easier sailing in calmer waters with no headwind
what would we gain
each moment passing the time would sting that much deeper
every dead second infecting us with malaise
a toxin that we'd live and breathe
thankfully, we have our dreams
and they siren-call us towards islands of abundance
they steer us towards the sweetest tastes
the unique flavours so rare
thankfully, there is always that pull

guiding us to the realization of our soul's purpose
bringing us to a new world full of wonder and satiety
where we can live our true lives

Purple Clovers

out of the silence
out of the dark, of the thick snow falling
comes a wailing whisper of subtle tone
screeching in through the cracks in the wall
the wind howling a secret
meant only for you
to share as you wish
tells of warmer weather, purple clovers
growing all along the shaded, full creek
lush against the rich green grass
their violet leaves catch your eye
as a saturated shadow
a feeling that everything is alright
its ok to be small
in huge open wonder

Oak Tree

in this long winter _____
it is the oak tree _____
that comforts me _____
it hung onto its leaves _____
so we can still hear _____
the sound of summer _____
when the wind blows _____

Spring of Humanity

and all of our lovely dreams
laid dormant in the winter of humanity
held tight, close to the chest
pressured down
all solitary
until days began to lengthen
the light shone a bit brighter
and the very first touch of warmth
almost imperceptible, kissed our gnarled fists
and then again and then again
it became an unmistakable beckoning
a few brave buds began to emerge, and then all of them
and soon vibrant but delicate petals could open
infusing the air with indisputable beauty
humming workers did what came naturally to them

and spread the word of the new season
the spring of humanity had begun
the words passed freely from one to another
it sunk in, deep down into the stigma
and the fruits of our beloved dreams began to form

Sun Rose

we thought we were all sad little corpses
floating down the dirty river
we felt like a leaf with no sun
yellowing and weakening, sinking
we trailed along the hanging noose
pulled with the hand of death
we had no idea
what it could be
we had ideas
but didn't believe them
we believed what we were shown
we believed them

they needed to show us they had the answer
unquestioned answers and unquestioning people
they said what they thought we wanted to hear
we heard what we thought was wise

the sun rose
rose like the love of a million lifetimes
it's light came into our eyes
coral orange forgiveness

crackling at our finger tips are ancient lightning storms
our touch is an eternal truth in gentle whispers
we can control what we can control
and we can't worry about what you can't
we look out of our own eyes
and it's going to be ok

Phosphene Man

an image of the light after the source goes out
a form made in the image of it's creator
when the eyelids of eternity become closed
there I shine in the dark
a man made from phosphene

heat and fire in the center of the earth
like this descendant of the sun
man the power is alright
in the right hands

in the opened heart

phosphene man
drilling for light

you can't choose which light you get
or which love
your soul a unique colour on the spectrum
but you can choose how to use it

remember
see
and feel

there is great majesty of life all around you
it is precious and so are you
everyone of us a cell in the body of spirit
in quiet chaos contemplation

a phosphene man
scrawling out letters of light
on a black screen

must remember to appreciate myself fully
must provide power to my own light
let love enter you
through your skin
into your body
and into your soul

And Still...

As we walk into this new time
With all the knowledge accumulated
A foreboding sense of dread fills us
As we look at the mutilated horizons

But still in us is life and warmth
Even though the machine is cold
It allows love to filter down it's wires
Allowing those screens that control us
To influence us to feel a different love

Still we make their cheap toys that break
It's purpose is not what it's bought for
Just that it's bought, and bought often
Crumbling in our hands at the slightest strain
Like the dry soil that the raw material was extracted from
As they extract their profits from us, day by fucking day

And still we power on, content enough that we're all in this together
We get little glimpses of hope if we still look for them
Spreading the warmth through tiny moments of humanity
Giving the gift of a reminder that we are not just citizens
Not just consumers, not just clients, not just patients,
Not just numbers, not just strangers, not just competition,
We're all looking in another's eyes with and for love

Remind

the correct movement
at the right time
the correct action
at the right moment
can bring in a ringing
of unbelievable tones
can bring in a song
of undreamable worlds
let the movement uptake you
and the instrument play you
let the motion sway you
and your mind obey you
this is the time
of exquisite designs
this is the sign
of the grand remind

Who I Need to be

the more choices are made
the more they can go wrong
years of figuring it out
years of hoping for the best
am I on the right path
am i going the right way
send me a sign that I'm on the way
send me a message to keep me going
i don't want to be treading water
i don't want to be causing damage
feels like every failure is another nail
feels like a slow torturous death
i want to be doing what i need to
i want to be where I'm supposed to be
I need to be who I need to be

Justifies

wish it wasn't this way
that I didn't have to say
something that would cause you pain

but your actions make a strain
on me and mine
and you seem to be just fine
can you justify anything in your mind
you must try to find
the empathetic center of you
and you'll feel and know what to do
instead of calculate and judge
holding secret thoughts and a grudge
let your barrier crumble to the floor
or I may have to show you the door

How to Deal With Tension

when I felt the tension rising
a shadowy fishing net
flung from your eyes
over the easy-goingness of the evening
I knew I had to ignore it
like dealing with a nervous animal
can't look it too much in the eyes
just be a part of the landscape- nonthreatening
I let the ugliness filter down through me
toxins dissipating in the complexity of the soil
it had a passage to leave from
melted away to an afterthought
and it turned out to be quite a nice evening after all

Enslaver

the enslaver
hides in side my mind
again and again
in every other moment
he makes his home
wrenching away the controls
fixing his position and principle
curtailing my wishes
into a narrow hallway
a horse with blinders
an absolute goal
this is what must be
focus must not be shifted
in the pursuit of the result
this is his mantra
and it cuts me to my core
but I have help on the outside
she is throwing me the keys
and it's clearing my head
of that muddled blue stormcloud

that shuts out the light of my thinking
and confines me to a false path

Corner Shadows

In the corner of my eyes they live
Creeping shadows afraid and enraged
Cornered rats bearing diseased teeth
Dark figures peering behind walls
Black roads rearing up in the landscape
Sudden monoliths at breakneck speeds
Crawling roaches spreading all over
Visible plagues on the edge of sight
All conspiring to sneak in unnoticed
Cornered shards of fearful anger
The remains of something unshone upon

Bermuda Love Triangle

There was new love
Picture perfect
All encompassing

Like a dream it uplifted
Walking on air
Eyes in the stars

It shouldered heavy pasts
Making it beautiful
It got through

It saw a shining future
Rolling clouds
Humming days

There was something under the surface
Untested, unknown
Reaching to life

It made the light offset
Green dusty shadows
Small earthly tremblings

It changed the direction of time
Silences and excuses
Off feelings

It broke through the waves
Peaked in a day
Surrendered to its element

There were shockwaves rolling out
Unsteady underfoot
Lack of air

Sirens screamed and hot alarms melted
Panic in the air
Heavy breath

A rescue rope was thrown
It was frayed
Cheaply made

Love grabbed onto what it could
Unlasting grasp
Thought fast

There was slow-motion moving fast
Repeating pictures
Lain-over stories

It left goodness to fester in the sun
Slash marks
Close calls

It was swept under the rug of an image
It looked so nice
It felt so good

And the storm rolled in, bringing its rains
Germinating dormant seeds
Arose cracking the surface

There was a newer mess
A rising hope
Uninhibited growth

It shone and sang much too loudly
Brave in its self
Over confident

Squashing all traditions in its path
Wet energy
Warm and rough

Fast and heavy, deep and light
Shining on all holes
Kissing the horizon

There was a split that occurred

A hairline fracture
Bug in the system

It forced a decision
A fork in the road
No going back

It led down a hazy path
Sweet siren
Seductive temptations

It left goodness behind on a clear bright day
Left trapped in an empty home
Tears like daggers

There was a new fantasy horizon
Hot but cooling
Tight but loosening

It staggered forward through the days
On homemade crutches
Naming the unnamed

It left a crack so the cold leaked in
Heat billowing out
Fire getting shotty

It stagnified and decomposed
Crumbling to dust
Nothing to hold it up

Then there was an empty plain
A cold desert
No life as far as the eye could see

Beautiful, bountiful dead visions played on the eyes
Frozen tumbleweeds
Half buried skeletons

It sank the heart to the bottom of the ocean
Taunting memories
Pain in breaths

It drove to a dead end
Laid down
Gave up

There were people around
Lent a hand
Picked it up

It was a bittersweet chance
Loathsome reflection
Unvoluntary patient

It struggled up and learned to walk again
One foot in front of the other
One minute becomes two

Dusty Photos

we carry around blurry photos.
do we choose to look at them.
or do they choose to let us see them.
and why.
should we explore the dusty corners of our minds or are they better left alone.
why did we let them go dusty and forgotten in the first place.
we know we get lost in them when we look.
sometimes it's good to get lost.
sometimes not.
but when is the right time.

Thought You Were Someone Else

Sorry, I thought you were someone else
Mistakened the blur of your face for a long gone memory
Lots of faces take on its appearance
Through a merging, melding visual distortion
But you weren't even who I thought you were
You made a promise with your eyes that your hands couldn't keep
And your mouth spoke the words that made previous ones lies
You let me down on that cold night without a word since
But it's for the best
You weren't who I thought you were

Truth is Inevitable

in the crowd
all around
many thoughts
sifting trust
shifting eyes
all those lies
hiding thoughts
burning loud
where am I
in this time
in this caught-
up design
carefully calculated

subconscious striations
behind darkened walls
of mind-made halls
how can I reach you
when you've retreated
at home in the pitch black
the farthest hallway closet
I call for you
are you afraid
just want to talk
emotions bathed
what are you afraid of
is it me
or you
come outside
and see this through
or will you wait
till I go away
comforting silence
day after day
no more between us
but a tightening fear
be brave now
and face it
truth is inevitable
under the weathering of time
and the magnetism of emotion

Anti-

there is a vice in me
speaking to all-destruction
spitting and hissing
in cold calculated predation
watches me behind eyeballs
no cares for anything
just a relish for nothingness
for separation
it wants to be alone
to not hear the chatter of happiness
and resist every step of progress
it wants me to fail
to bash in my soul
until I feel nothing
and don't care about anyone
it has come to the surface
every ounce of covering has been scraped off
it has nowhere to hide
now must face the world
or perish

and that's what I wait for
it is a disease of existence
that benefits nothing
it is the anti-
and when it is the only thing left
all that is left to destroy
is itself

Mirror Eyes

The ghost in my dreams
Reanimates night after night
Reentering my heart easily
Reflective eyes reflecting mine

She reminds me of other times
When my life felt so good
Big thoughts drifting on little clouds
Feeling expansive and wild

It felt like a reward
For all my patience
I would finally get all i wanted
And i wanted it all

I had bit in deep
To the fruitful flesh
I had tasted desire
Swallowed it gluttonously

I went too far
Asked too much
And i paid the price
Banishment from the garden

Now her mirror eyes
Taunt me with my own shame
For i was selfish and careless
And she reminds me nightly

I am tortured by her presence
But it is not her anymore
The ghost is just me
Remembering my failure

The Past

The Past.

Immense.

Holding.

Crushing.

Weight on.

Myself.

Until,

Let go-

It falls...

.
. .
. .
. .
. .
. .
. .

To hell.

A Center Pure

a center pure
trembling within
forced itself out
after hiding

slowly emerged
with very much
uncertainty
reaching in front

it's hands both grasped
onto all risks
failing and then
failing again

after awhile
it succeeded
creating a
pure connection

with another's
outreaching arms

meeting its own
in warm embrace

Not Your Thoughts

the statement was like a curse
believe in this or you'll go to hell
it sucked you in, spellbound
or if it didn't, left a tinge of doubt
a weight pressing down on your chest
what if they were right

the statement was like a curse
do it this way or you'll fail
and you owed a great loyalty
so you followed for a time
until you knew you just couldn't anymore
but again, that weight
what if they were right

the thought was like a curse
don't reveal myself because I'm worthless
so you crushed it deeper inside
and hid it away
until you read the words of another
you are not your thought
you are who witnesses them
and the weight lifted

Need to Say

what do i need to say
under the weight of the day
what speaks through my might
in the dark of the night
will my paths lead me astray
or will i go the right way
and find my sight
through this fight

Discredit

sometimes
I discredit
all I am
and all I do

like it is my sole purpose
to annihilate myself

Low Light

oh, if it were
that the natural world could cure
all that ails modern people
it's medicine just seeping in
oh, if it could
through a walk in the woods
or maybe the trees will walk through me
their roots touching the wounds that I cannot see
but oh it might
it's magic just presently out of sight
but as moonlight turns to day
reality has a way of revealing itself

as the moons low light
burns through its eye
it reminds me that
my present form is as good as a disguise
and the sun's golden rays will come
and the shadows will disappear
dispelling all the doubts
and the fear

The Little Voice

if I hate myself
who am I to judge
why would I care
about my own opinion

if I hate myself
I'm beating my head in
crushing my being
for my own opinion

the anti-me
seeks to destroy
in self-sabotage
a shittily fulfilled prophecy

the anti-me
where the light doesn't reach
shrouded in shadows
blind to all sight

it's voice whispers
"you're worthless"
how would it know
it's never stepped outside

it's voice whispers
"you're a failure"
it's one to talk
it's never done anything
but criticize.

Secret

buried underneath all I can see
whispering wildlands
taunting and haunting every mediocre step
holding the prize right behind the curtain
beaming with life
but my eyes are cloudy
i could cut through it with a knife if i had sharpened it
but who has time for that anymore
still it peaks through as a reminder
through shimmering colours in the dark
or clear crispness of treebark in the day
am I crazy or does the everyday matter
seem not so everyday in quiet moments?
let me tell you a secret:
there are worlds in every minute particle

Ghost

everyone wants something
or worse they want nothing at all
the pressure is intense
too much or too little needed
ripping the heart out of a chest
while being invisible
I am a ghost in the flesh

Divided

divided
i've given up the fight
though I believe it'll be alright
just gliding on the breeze
towards the inevitable
though it hurts
like falling through thorny vines forever
I believe
it will change
it'll get better
just keeping the faith
and putting my head down through the pain

This Passenger

what do you choose to focus on
when the moment is quiet
worry, care, dwell on
what is floating around in your mind
what moves you, haunts you, guides you
what is keeping you company or isolating you
are you reaching your intended destination
with this passenger riding with you

Collapse

the collapse is coming
top heavy hoards
substituted value
will come crashing down
on who's holding it up
it'll break a lot of necks
it its karmic avalanche
securing the future
for the insecure
for the adaptable

Wall of Lies

What can you do
Against an impenetrable lie
It covered all it's bases
All it's exits and entrances

How do you move forward
Knowing you're within the truth
It burns bright as the radiant sun
Fueling your movement across the sky

When you meet that solid wall
It is so imposing and final
Demoralizing, it casts a deep shadow
And chills you inside your bones

But a lie always has holes
It is flimsy and has weak points
Shining a light on those structural flaws
Tends to bring it down eventually

And when it falls it may be silent
Landing on soft piles of static dust
It's permanence was but a long slow crumbling
It's convention just a steady march to impermanence

Storm's Eye

Feeble crushing blow
Impossible to withstand
This is the harbinger
Of total annihilation
That's what it feels like
For every lowly day
It is drifting on the ocean
Tipping over a tall crest
The full plummet downward
It is all snowballing
Each tiny piece sticking
To form a monstrous shadow
That shades your eyes
Whatever you want to see
It is coming on strong
Gathering momentum
The storm's eye is focused on you
And it's not letting you go
You are alone
Inside it's irate fury
It's made its home
Inside your worry-filled heart

Time of Wrest

burst through a grey film
of bubbling filth
poison has leached down
into bone marrow
chemicals dull the thoughts
disrupting action
tension sits heavily in air
weighs on the chest
electrical messages sent over giant screen eyes
tell you to buy-buy-buy
your dwelling is overflowing with objects unused
products collect dust
occasional distracting glimpses out the window
reveal skeletal figures
pursued and confused, demoralized, demonized
never looked in the eyes
run out of resources, so their squatting must be squandered
steal their soil underfoot
reside in the realm inside your head, a world to manifest
maybe then you can wrest
in a panic, drinking the blood of the earth, going to die
rationalize your violence

just don't care anymore, evil after all, giving up and in
survival instinct encompasses

Unto Ashes

Let it all burn down
Down to the ground
To an ashy mess
Flimsy and crass

In the crumbling black
Of dust and ash
Lowest down
A crushing sound

No hand to hold
No warmth in the cold
Open to it all
So goddamned small

You can reach out
So sick of doubt
Into the smoldering sense
Without pretense

Find a way
Through fret and fray
Climb up through
The disastrous you

In a nosedive
You disintegrated
But again you'll rise
Invigorated

Rip Through

ripping through the trying times
tearing into the flesh
make this my greatest time
make this outcome best

feared that it would be dying
if the light had started to dim
felt now is the surge to trying
building something out of it

searing into my flesh
are the words of fate

caught in my muscle fibers
and making a home there

ripped through the dimensional barriers
seen through the overview eye
lightning crackle at my fingertips
volcanoes erupt in my sigh

my bones are like the bones of the earth
solid yet regenerating

When the Kettle Fell

When the kettle fell
Overflowing
Bouncing off the floor
Boiling water flying everywhere
The rising steam
Caught my eye
Like so many before
The folding crippling paper
Under the heat
Dried to ash and dust
In the fire
It broke my bones
In three places
Soul snapped and broken back
The cast iron moan
Droned out lowly
Reverberating
On these walls

The Dark Side of Neptune

on the dark side of neptune
an image stuck on the back of your eye
a fantasy world kept secret from yourself
a heaven lush with crawling vines and sheltering leaves
the air is hot and heavy and stagnant
sweat clinging to your skin as poison drains out
on the dark side of neptune
there lives the other world
the heaven that lives in your hell
the suffering for future pleasures
daydreams of millions
caught in a spiders web
stuck and dirty
limp on the floor

on the dark side of neptune

there's a cold black night
on a deep blue plain
might be water or might be ice
might be clear or might be blocked
a circle or a spiral
or a half moon

in the dark side of neptune
in your swimming head
looking for the glorious future
and filling up with dread
the neptune heaven
is it smokey mirages or a solid place
cutting ourselves down and open
to see and find what's inside
that dark blue orb
floating over us

I am Nothing

drop the construct
that I hold up
melt into the surround
drown out the inner sound

deconstruct
let it fall
into drifts
drop it all

I am nothing

all that is around
fill me up
let nothing of me remain

speak to me
through transfigured moments
in closed eyes

I am nothing

what reality we lead
from the mind seed
what faulty building we construct
it's all so fucked up

drift down lazily on the breeze
we are all we see
I am you and you are me

as invisible as our dreams

deconstruct what was made up
it doesn't serve us at all
truth is choking on the fluff
this hell dream is killing us

I am nothing

let it fall
let it fall
lets sit under the tree
and talk awhile

let it crumble
let it rot
it is something
it is not

dare to wake
from this lie
don't cry
its not goodbye

Gravestone

Follow the mega-tempest,
Up the gravestone mountain
Heard in fate, a twist of fact
In the lifetime fountain
Winds howl over,
Deep-chilling down to red marrow
The slick grey face lies,
Bloodless, dead and barren
Your step in track, a foot of path,
A miswalk found right
Soil richness under distance,
A gleam in the eye of sight

Woman

walking through a dark wood
shadows have come to replace their daytime forms
colours now a distant memory
every bare treebranch holds the magic of a forest entity
all alone
the suffocating freedom of the plants pheromones in the air
drift into my lungs
creating images that are not there
all alone

the sound of a wolf howls way off in the distance
stop and rests against this tree
there are pale mushrooms
the soil speaks as if it has eaten your body many times before
the fallen pine needles keep separate you from its deepness
all alone, but there's a sound
snap of a twig
there is a woman, top of the hill, all in black
her presence is strangely non-threatening
climbing up the steep hill, i walk on all fours
the pine needles stick to my palms as i crawl under lowhanging branches
who are you, she says
i nervously move my neck, i am me
i am i
she holds out a hand with sea shells stuck together
i take it, it feels damp and sandy
come with me to the ocean
we walk over fields
the moonlight is a little brighter here, the trees are far behind us
she leads with long steps, through the openings in barbed wire fences
she knows this way well
the ground is soggy from the heavy rain
it looks black as oil in this light
we hear the ocean before we get there
calming lapping at the shore
the sound of water particles pushing through the sand particles
she leads between the dunes
the beach grass is salty and cuts at my skin
go in the water
i walk down, kneel down, crawl in
if the ocean is aware of me it shows no response
i crawl until i float, i float further out
the waves have me now
i've let go
i and the waves are one, rocking up and down on the open sea
i am the waves
the waves are the feeling
she showed me the freedom
i am the sea

Spiral Path

the spiral path still stands
almost perfect in its way
roots of the old tree
barely hold it all together
the landscape's been hollowed out all around
layers of history now clearly visible
coming upon it leaves you gasping for air
like a space in the rhythm of your heartbeat

but that old dirt road's still there
like it was left as an afterthought
a sort of subconscious plea
for forgiveness of this wanton destruction
curious how it stays
logically it should have crumbled
as if it had a plan
no bulldozer could have toppled

No Distance

The light in my eyes shone forth
It found the light in yours
And the space
Between us then
Was no distance at all

Patterns Emerge

In what we do
Patterns emerge
In what we do
We come apart

We do everything
We run away
We forge ahead
We bless the hearts

In force we come
Our throats are cut
In floods become
Immersed in sound

Until we die
We freeze the sound
We come apart
Until we die

We bless our part
We do our part
We do ok
We grind the dust

We dig the dirt
We hill it up
We bury ourselves
Until we die

Disintegrate
Disintegrate
We will become
We will come up

Free will inside
Free will inside
We will confide
Free will inside

We will get up
We will stand up
We will inside
We will inspire

We will reside
We will consider
We will reside
We will consider

Prism Head

prism head
shines all the colours
inner white light
into many perspectives

the light cannot be seen
with the naked eye
reaching into the supernatural
past layers of appearances

prism head sees all the colours
shining into shadows
and reflecting off of mirrors
into deep black pupils

all details are illuminated
rainbow tint of sunlit skin
a soulful spark in the back of your eye

Buried Beneath

buried beneath our daily lives
buried beneath our burning eyes
a cascading flood of life
overflowing upwards from the heart
it'll not be stomped down
it'll not be shut away
not for very long, anyway

Future Trails

a feeling of the future like it's the past
like it's already determined to be
predetermination of will
a feeling of the future
everyday-sacred
mundane-infinite

let it be known the paths reach out
beckoning you to join them
on their winding trails
through messy times
all the lows, all the highs
all the days you forget completely
the days of hope
the days of despair
working through it
baring your soul
uncovered by atomic winds
swept like tibetan sands

the future is speaking
within the layers of this moment
it's hands are beckoning
sights of beatific visions
all you ever wanted to behold
wooden bridge over water
orchards bearing fruit
a small cabin
smoke raising from the chimney

It is Ok

it comes to me from every stage of life
a complimentary force transcending dualism
it rides the waves of life up and down
it is the warmth of the moment
the kindness of the world
and it is ok
it's always here when you need it
singing with your soul

Wellspring

a split
down the center
is opening
revealing a vulnerability

frozen in time
now exposed to the elements- it melts
dripping down in formless movement dictated by gravity
tears of a forgotten prisoner from a lost depth
run down the dust covered and stained stone
rivulets painting a scrawled picture
divining an answer to an abandoned question
a forgotten state of sensitivity
in touch with that behind all form
down to the spring that wells from within
the life-giving water that gives all its shine
that bubbles up into the music of nature
and the magic of being
and the light in your eyes
and the love of your heart
drink from the well
and reinvigorate the present moment

Bravery

there's no one else
radical truth warrior
no fear of fighting the lies
must be why you were born now
when the fake world is trying to overcome the real one
you are a real one
that's why I love you
there's nothing anyone could do
to convince you to lie to yourself and accept their falseness
it's a simple choice, but really brave
they are vicious in how they try to colonize minds
but you find way more strength in the truth
your bravery has continually inspired me
so I challenge my comfortable prisons
because I see your freedom

At Home

today I was thinking about
how long it's been I've known you
all we've gone through together
how when I look in your eyes
I feel at home

Quilt

let the energy come
let it's colour fill the head
let the reverberations settle in your skull
the communications, messages, are meant for you

sent to you through beyond matters and material
this is a fabric of a wider, vast life
the patches that make up the quilt
the song that makes up thought
it might seem made up
but converse with their spirits
treat them as a companion
and they will merge to you
there is all the reason to hear them out
it's comfortable and steadying
and infinitely various
quilt of the universe

Sphere of Truth

Why should I pick a side?
A side implies only part of something
I want the center, or better yet the whole
To reach the truth you have walk around the whole sphere
Inspect every nook and cranny
Figure out the minerals it's made of
How it came to be and where it's going
Let's not fear the whole truth
Picking sides just entrenches us
I don't want to live in the trenches
I want to witness the entire sphere of truth

Miracle of Life

The miracle of life
Grows out of every surface imaginable
Stretching up out of the soil
Drifting on the air

It lives on in our eyes
In the rising of our chests
The shiver of your spine
Surging in your heart

It is all it needs to be
And you are all you need to be
It exists simply to exist
And lives through you

Trees are breathing out the weather
That sustains the living planet
Microbes build the soil
That our feet walk on

Release your troubled breathe

And inhale the wealth of the air
Life has worked together to bring you here
And now here you are

Minerals brought up by ancient volcanoes
Make up your entire body
Thoughts of millions of minds
Make up your worldview

This is the time to accept your life
A gift given from the wholeness of the earth
From the song of the birds
And the shine of the sun

Gratefulness

how lucky I am to be here in this moment
in one piece, functioning, breathing, seeing, moving
I compare it to a state of nonexistence
and the miracle truly reveals itself
thank you to all you who have influenced my life
in every small way you have brought me here
I am alive, healthy, I am with my wife and my dog
we found each other and build things that enrich the world
a farm, connections, awareness, knowledge, art
I'm just so grateful for this life

Hope and Determination

a future I deserve
you deserve what you get
what is given freely
what actions are rewarded
this is all so wide open
so optimistic to interpretation
choose your own adventure
choose to wake in lucid dreaming
let your hands do the talking
inner side memories
deeper left leanings
stand straight up
head in the stars
feet reaching the roots
man I'm glad I made that choice
the only path to go is a path with heart
I feel a deep feeling of wellness
a strong warmth of being glad
it all seems so simple
until the forces try their pull
strength of questioning and imagining

a life of your own
owing no one your subordination
and no playing tricks on yourself
life is what you think it is
sweet and magical
mysterious wonder
a place to connect
a ground to stabilize
a meeting of the minds
fuel for the hearts
and a merging of spirits
individuals coming together
in serene acceptance
and a look to the future
with hope and determination
don't take this lying down
stand up and ask for what you really want
what do we all really want?

Gift

you were given a gift
this gift is your life
it's yours and yours alone
to do with what you will

into this world you're born
a vast dream of infinite possibilities
you're told what it is by so many
so many different visions of their lives
it boxes you in and ties you down
you begin acting out a pattern
a chipping away at the fabric of reality
to see if what they said was the truth

the more you chip away at it
there is even more behind it
your heart expands in excitement
or it could also be in fear
either one a choice
to keep going or not

I survey my past mistakes
my consequences of beliefs
I forgive myself for what I didn't understand
I forgive others for decisions they made for themselves

Life

Don't be afraid

We're all coming together
The body works in unison
To expel the poison
There are alot of toxins
Spat in our faces
Regurgitated and replicated
A virus does try
But there's a reason why
We are still here
It doesn't make sense
But life exists.

Interdependence

droplets of rain land on the ground
filling the soil with the possibilities of life
I am so in love with what's being built here
out of all the love and hope for the future
I can't even focus on the fear that rules some others
I have given up on that illusion
I am for life, and all the wonder that can be grown here
all the benefits of interconnectedness and interdependence
no one thing survives on its own
because the only thing that is one is all

Warm Calm

A retreat from the world
To a soft hazy center
Warmly illuminated
Through thick grey clouds

A memory of solace
Drifts by lazily
There goes another
As the world turns under

In the music
Of a future's past
Twinkling chords
Pusing blood

Nervous system calmed
In the past's future
No judgement is needed
Or awaited

Always Anyway

Open your eyelids

To this shattering display
Crumbling

Open your insides
Squeeze it all out
Onto the filthy floor

Brace for the impact
It's coming strong
Bristle in pressure

Hear the days
How it comes and
How it stays

Hear the ways
The trees grow through the soil
Hear the ways
The trees grow through the sky

Smell the ozone
The lightning is coming
Feel the thunder rumble

Taste the flesh
It's so fresh
And so so sweet

Feel the days
Out of the way
They were there always anyway

Back/Beyond

in/it/I/hear/your/sound/
subliminal/manifestations/of/your/soul/
said/back/beyond/
and/in/behind/
what/words/you/use/

vibrations/contemplating/eruption/emergence/
or/rising/softly/peeking/above/the/water/
its/all/there/for/what/will/ever/be/
it/is/you/I/see/

It Is

channeled from the central core
what is delivered, couldn't ask for more
pulsating to the center of you

radiating out to the far reaches of the universe
feel it, feel it
feel it so deeply, feel it so strongly
stay with it, stay in it
it is your foreign home
it lives in your blood, your bones
it is your mystical history
it keeps alive life's mystery
it is...
what happened before your first memory
what happened before you became real
the idea that sprouted you
the mother of all life
the explosion, the big bang
all of creation evolving
growing, changing, living in your veins
...right now

Momentum

what is the answer
through the days
in this life-confusing daze
the colours of this song
are so riveting blue
the sights of this drive
consume me
i am who
and who are you
we see each other, we feel
to this glorious love we kneel
but these frustrations we hate
like fire rain
growing us as it burns
through fire we seek our desires
should we let them go
sink into a black hole
is it my mind
that i must remind
you are you
from what well you drew
driving under the light
but our pupils are black
we're gaining more each day
what is it we lack
we have this love
like titanium
an organic machine
carrying us through hell fire
its our momentum

Power

Power. Directed outwards, directed inwards. Control. Flow of attention. Force. Responsibility or victimhood. Insane or in charge. In control or in fear. A good person, a bad person, or just a person?

Power. A last ditch effort. Carefully considering choices. Best foot forward. Innate human nature. Force. Forcing yourself. Forcing others. Leading, or manipulating. Magnetising, or persuading. Leaving, or staying.

Control. This is the question. This is the answer. Conflicting opinions. Conflicting emotions. One with the earth. Stranger to the earth. Liking, indifferent, fearful, loving, wishing, hopeful for the best in people. Liking, indifferent, fearful, loving, wishing, hopeful for the best in yourself.

Judgement. Acceptance. Action. Inaction. Shame. Honour.
Sick. Healthy. Thriving. Degrading. Oppositions. Conjunctions. Hierarchy. Anarchy. Magic. Logic. Energy. Objects. Work. Rest. Opinions. Fact. Perceptions. Reality. Delusion. Power. Power. Power.

Are you afraid of your power, because you think it will control you? No, it won't. It is yours... to control... it is your choice... it is your essence... it is you. Let it be. Do not restrain it. It is volcanic eruptions. It is stormy seas. Let your power unfold. Let lightning crackle at your fingertips. Let your steps ring tremors through the earth. Let your tears sprout grass and mushrooms. Let the truth tear away all delusions. Bad things happen. So do good things. It does not come down to you. You are a tool of the cosmos. A child of star light. You are the shit of millions of extinct animals. You are the soil under a river. You are where you need to be at this exact moment as energy pours out of you. As power pours out of you.

Let it happen.

Rear View Mirror

With vicious aloofness it's cut away
Left to die of suffocation when no life was breathed into its lungs
Bleeding out on a cold sterile surface
I moved on with no remorse, not even a hint of feeling
Cause the show must go on, the work must be done
It's not special, it's not unique, and neither am I
A gear in a machine, metal grinding and chewing up
It's not devastating cause it's so commonplace
The horrible beast we all keep feeding
Keep it rolling forward
Let them fall out the back door
Left on the road behind in the cement dust
Sometimes peer curiously in the rear-view mirror
Wondering what it was, what it could have been

Maybe it could have been something

No Atrophy

when forces pull in opposite directions
a void appears and allows new things to be
created and pressured, strengthened and weakened
cannot be stopped, no standing still, no atrophy
volcanic bristling energy disordered
thrown in to air to fall in varied patterns
a flutter in your stomach, a lift in your heart
why does it have to be this way, no other
we are all connected, none left as under
feeling surges out of your skin, in to me
lightning bolts of emotion crackle in air
shocking vital life in to dormant matter
tectonic heaves and shakings rattle the ground
moves muscles to my lips and I choose to say
one word, or another word, and seal my fate
bring on collision or another rift
only time will speak the truth, and judge your choice

Littler Thoughts

I've gotten to the point in my life
where little thoughts seem littler
where biases opinions, criticisms, judgements
all shrink down, dimmer and die
I can walk right through them
as they hover unable to reach me
I look at them in recognition
as they melt from view
I used to be infected with them
they would strangle my nervous system
crushed me and crippled me
until I was undeniably lost

Window Eyes

in a prison
walked into
tricked inside
smoked out
of safety
feels like
closing in
walls conforming
to the skin
till seen
through window eyes

into a screen
2 dimensional living
flat thinking
empty hopes and dreams

Antique

like an antique
unchanged
weighing down the present
digging in your heels
the world will come back to me
a fools passing fancy
they need me too much
a look of concern, unnoticed
just repeat the procedure
it was all spelled out so clearly
maybe this time it'll work
why won't they help
they should know
how difficult
this smile is
lots of varnish, polish, an old cloth
and don't let it get too much light
it's so valuable

Oblivion

I was

so scared

to lose

you I

saw each

fight as

one more

grain of

sand that

would collapse the roof of our understanding
buried under a mountain of small
annoyances suffocating
we would leave each other

lost in the dead
desert with
nothing

but luckily
you were only
scared of losing
in the same way

we fashioned an
old straw broom and

swept that insignif-
icant dust

away, into
oblivion

Fire

I thought it was you
but it was me
burned through my eyes
now I can see
I went up in flame
catching you
spreading the blame
through and through
with smoke billowing out
and frame collapsing
you made it out ok
and saw I needed saving

Fortress

in letting go of the point I was trying to make
this is swallowing that black and white world
a compromise to bring peace between our eyes
and before long it all becomes so overestimated
a gentleness worth any guard to my inner kingdom
far better than any numb wall or slippery moat
it brings all the fruits with none of the labour
settling back into what makes us human and natural
test my forces again, for I want to wear them out
the last survival spasm of this reactionary army
the eternal sweetness of your kind eyes
is worth a thousand crumbling fortresses

What Do I Want the World to Read?

what do I want the world to read?
I want them to know there is more.
There is much much more than is commonly believed.
There is everything we could ever dream of, and beyond.
How to find some of this knowledge?
Let your heart guide you.
Listen when it speaks.
It spoke to me in nature.
In loving every branch and grain of soil.
It spoke to me in love.
Bringing me to my soulmate.
It spoke to me in destiny.
Bringing me to where I am now and the people I know and the things I am doing.
It told me to care.
And I care.
I've devoted my time and energy into things that I know will help the world.
I want you to do the same thing.
Listen to your heart.
It speaks always.
Do all you fucking can for this world.
It is us and it is you.
Even if it seems ineffective, keep doing it.
There is nothing more valuable to do in life.
There is no good reason to do anything else.
Do what you can.
Even if it's just picking up a bag of garbage or comforting someone.
Sometimes we just need to be comforted, we are only human.
Here is my comfort for you:
We can get through this.
We can come together and solve this.
It is up to you (and you, and you, and you, and you, and you)
It is your choice.
It is your destiny.
It is within our ability.
It is a reality (when we make it a reality)
I am speaking from the heart.
To the heart of you.

No Man's Land

look to your enemy
to see what is hidden from you
in their eyes, the lies you tell yourself

in your enemy is the missing piece
the fight should bring you together
if you try to understand

it's all this fear

mucking it all up
staining reality

afraid to step outside
the barriers so carefully set up

jump the barricades
they are not inhuman
reach out a hand of understanding
they don't know what they're doing

I Laid the Image Over You

I laid the image over you
For target practice
Cause I need the fight
I need the fight
I need the fight
I need the fight
I need the fight
I need the fight
I need to fight

What am I
If I'm standing still
What am I
If I'm still
What am I
I'm still
What I am

This generation

Specific to this /generation
There is a lack of (feeling)
[That-which] has no .emotion.
But overflowing> with>>>technical prowess
That which> is ^beautiful^
Is the least<<,, encroaching,,,, blankness
(It) doesn't"" "presume tofeel
Absolutely>>> anything|
It canX be Xassumed Xto (mean)
-Absolutely >anything<...
It was made "possible}} by-
---Indifferent ----mimickers
Whose "only crime was to
Want to **feel something^^^^^^^^

If I keep .forcing>>> it__
Then__ may_be one day****!

I will*** have the ^feeling^^=
I ++wanted++ to speak
And the warmth will be%=
>Back<< in ^their^ hearts
And they *will know=
Where **is? their #part
In life.....=====

No.sub.stance

I.want.to.say.some.thing.
so.I.will.be.gin.to.
write.and.what.ev.er.comes.
out.I.will.make.it.seem.
like.it.has.mean.ing.and.
sub.stance.it.will.have.em.
o.tion.and.heart.and.it.
will.make.the.read.er.feel.
I.am.a.good.writ.er.
it.does.n't.
ma.tter.that.
it.has.no.
sub.stance.at.
all.the.end.

Touch of Plastic

Empty, black and suffering
A shining bright white light
Peace of space, a clearing in the forest
Enclosed in a concrete cage
Touch of a hard plastic worn
A wave to the sand of the shore
Clearest full moon of blackest night
Radiating sun over ancient lore
Magnanimous, you are the fairest
A heart so empty it's gone into the negatives
Something daring, outspoken and plain
Everything bristling and bubbling under the surface
Difference like vast expanses of desert
A loving wholeness and forgiveness
Speaking in organization, trying to make sense
Out of control like a flood through city streets
Picture perfect silhouette personage
Imagine the universe, inner eyes
Making choices, planning calculating
Glide in the stream-of-consciousness flow
To be silent, open, alive, accepting

Out

there is
a way
out

walk out

It's Not Me

here we go
into the fortress
crimson stone
heavy weights
in this zone
closed in
inside the sin
breaking free
it's not me

desire dream
someone seen
breaking down
convoluted frown
upside down
a bed of down
in this scene
a reverie
breaking free
it's not me

A Fire in a Blackened Metal Box

If it weren't
That I were
If it wasn't
That it is
Is the song
Of all hell
Breaking loose
In your head
Can't I be
What I want
Doomed to be
Crumble into
Disaster
Of a heart
Crass plastic membranes
Encircling organs
Choking out the air

Cancerous monsters
Hiding behind every wall
Breathing down your neck
And peering in your soul
Let it loose
Cause it'll eat you alive
Starting with your tears
Ending with your thoughts
As I disintegrate
Blackened to a crisp
Shuddering under the weight
Of
The
Universe
Pushing down
Holding me fixed
Shaving me off
Finishing
Every
Last
Morsel
As my joints weaken
And my bones crack-
Apart
Falling into a pit of...
Whatever was needed
Perhaps it passed
Whatever was required
Left unfulfilled
Bracing against the misty darkness
Steaming up the windows with it's breath
Can't give up it's hunting instinct
It caught a scent
And is not letting go
As my heart lays open and beating
Waiting for it to devour
Feeding it's insane lust
Coming from it's unreality
Like a fire in a blackened metal box
With limitless fuel
And endless hunger
And no shame
And the power of appearing normal
Cancerous wayward tangents
Believable vicious fabrications
Vile torrents of toxicity
Suffocating and encircling
Waiting to take you down

Frenetic Far

speak for me
twist my words
what you've heard
i deserve

far from me
i control
driving free
not simple

basically
can't free me
let it be
can't see me

if it not
be me i
sought it out
desert drought

forget not
disaster
bought and caught
fraught with hate

i abate
draining this
satiated
abased late

frenetic
work it out
basement drip
not allowed

desire it
it cannot
lowland freeze
basestone bought

Vigor Mortis

devil we know what you are doing
you are trying to build a network of hearts
that, sewn to your own veins, will pump your blood for you
you are attempting a mass massacre of humanity
so that we will be mindless employees for your incorporation of greed
in your arrogance

you believe you can crush us
in your meticulous, petty, gently-hostile way
you are leaching your noxious waste into our minds
to atrophy the muscle in our chests
saturating us with the damp-rotting scent of death
to work us toward a lifetime of rigor mortis
but
we know what you are doing
and we have our dreams
the more you weigh upon us
the more we shift
the more you pressure us
the more force we have
the more you drain us of vitality
the more alive we become
the more you cut away at us
the more vigorous we become
we are the the wild weeds thriving
despite your monoculture monopoly
you
will
never
get
rid
of
us

You Were Gone

I-n
t-h-e
D-a-r-k-e-s-t
d-r-e-a-m, y-o-u
W-e-r-e g-o-n-e
L-i-k-e a
D-i-s-t-a-n-t m-e-m-o-r-y
S-u-d-d-e-n-l-y
I-n-h-a-l-e-d

I-t
L-e-f-t
T-h-e d-e-e-p-e-s-t
E-m-p-t-i-n-e-s-s
L-i-k-e a
F-r-o-z-e-n f-i-e-l-d
I-n t-h-e d-a-r-k

An Unquiet Spirit

are you afraid
of looking in my eyes
cause they remind you
of the pain you feel inside
if I killed myself
that would be the one thing that defined me
like so many others
that have gone
erased themselves
collapsed inward
it tends to have an effect on people
an effect that they'd rather not acknowledge
so they erase them further
to lessen the impact
like nuclear fallout after a blast
there is a lingering presence
an unquiet spirit

The Highest Towers Will Collapse

We're in the grey
Cobwebs clinging
With dusty breaths
Faraway bird singing

We're reaching up
With bright eyes
Hopeful sighs in white lies
Letting the corrupt rust to dust

In this collapse
Let's not relapse
What's enshrined and
What's outshined

The old train is out of fuel
Pushing through debris of its own velocity
In the collapse what comes next
Get off the track it's gonna crash

Dusty thoughts of crusted hope
Trapped beneath the frozen surface
Still in silence icy blue
Waiting on a warming purpose

In your eyes it's just inside
Ready at the slightest sign
Give the signal to the critical
In your eyes it's just inside

Get off that track it's gonna crash
You know it leads where it always does
Into years of decay and disarray
If history tells us anything anyway

When this is passed let's not relapse
When the cards are cast let's burn them fast
Let their tired ash fertilize the growth
When this is past let's not relapse

In your eyes I see the signs
The highest towers will collapse
Let's leave the dirty ruins behind
Walk together aligned not in decline but in design

Bend

what doesn't bend - breaks
old systems are crumbling to the ground
wrapped up in the weird twisted logic
of being trapped in a web of little white lies
we'd been lying to ourselves
in delusions of mass generalizing
a foundation built on misguided sweet little nothings
its being burned down - right now
hot air is fueling the fire
fossil fueled ideals pressurized and set to explode
there is no safehouse to hide away in
and no going back

I
didn't
re
a
lize
I
had
a
choice

Angels of the System

rain shimmering on asphalt
the feeling of people in a hurry
the pace of society has quickened
the angels in our minds speak to us
through advertisements and commercials
it leaves us with crawling skin
and we stuff those feelings down

we trudge on

the sun rises on the horizon
heat shimmering on asphalt
is this all there is?
the machines are relentless
the don't need no rest
...until they break down
should I give up?
the pace of life is overtaking us
it is out of sync
but still we sink
broken pieces...

the messages continue
belief in the system
comfort and security
they know how to get it in
they know how to get it done
but it is not balance

Continuation

all of this steady, comfort, safety
dependant on repeating motions
occurring within a trance
contained in a system
reinforced by a culture
kept alive by unconscious choices
fear of the lack of control
and what it could entail
...that man on the street corner...

Poor Poor

poor poor
poor old me
suffering, differing
floating free
crumbling, dis assembling
down the dirt path
fragments of moons
after that...
careful mentions
needs and wants
sac ri fice
to get where you want
invisible hand
guide and push
invincible plan
surviving this earth
points

on a chart
develop
stars
in the eyes

The World on Hold

the world is put on hold
and we step back
to view it from afar
we see the cogs grinding
to a halt
the smoke lift
we feel surreal
astonished by this time

Sick Breaths

It spread over the lands
Like wildfire
A life in water droplets
Searching for weakened lungs
For sick breaths

The people hid
From the invisible enemy
That stalked their shadows
And killed their friends
Fearfully limited

They began to understand
That their individual actions
Mattered
And that they could help
Or hinder

They wonder when things
Will go back to normal
But normal was a fantasy
That has collapsed
And died

In This Mess

Worldly winding down a weird road
Complacent concerned citizens
Migrant militia mitigating royalties
Burgeoning bulldozer banging on

What to do, what to do

In this world of the flu
Something sometimes someday
We may find a way

Side taking sideways glances
Furtive toe curling defences
Asking away accidentally awake
Lied down layering lying open

In this mess, in this mess
What more can we confess
What can we choose, what can we lose
Our desires set on fire

Better Safe Than Free

Better safe than free
The will of the many
Sacrifice yourself
For popular notions

In this time
What is essential
Not friends, family or love
But work and money

Better safe than free
Tell me where does this lead
What will this century mean
If we're better safe than free

In this time of division
Under illusions of unification
Set worldview against worldview
In the corporate area

Pushed through emergency
Pulled into submission
Fooled by insincerity
Sacrifice for admission

In this time
Don't trust your own mind
In this feat
Of collective defeat

Better safe than free
Are we crushing our souls
Losing our minds
Risking our health

In a trial going blind

Better safe than free
Take this into me
Rewrite my immunity
You know better than me
My body's profitability

Better safe than sorry
Keep repeating the same story
When it's truth is questioned
Double down and discredit

Push it into me
This product of fear
It'll become one with me
A separation of unity
A crushing of questioning
Caution is thrown to the fear
Through this distance control
Let me hold you dear
Through psychological barriers
Our skin cannot touch

A crushing of questioning
Everything is disordered
Suspicion is suspended
Throw your will to the wolves
They would never take advantage
The whole world in a vulnerable state
But our needs are so so profitable
The authorities iron position
Seems like such safe stability

In this blind faith trial

Only Human

Is it only human
To somehow always
Be shy of the mark?
Is it in our nature
To somehow miss the point
Stumble awkwardly forward
Making it up as we go?
Why does the logical conclusion
Always seem to evade us?
Why does misunderstanding
Plague our lives?
We feel it all, deep in our hearts

Shove it down, soften our words
Until the meaning is twisted
And communication degrades
Into fantastical unrealities
That we end up living in
Making it a home for our minds
And wonder why the world feels so unfamiliar

Censors

So many censors in the mind
Clouding the eyes
And shrinking the time

I speak to you
Through the shaded shrouds
What to do, you have them too

They form a haze
It's difficult to see
I can scarcely catch your form
And you can't see me

We each speak in codes
That only we know
And wonder why
The meaning's lost

In sulking smirking
Slippery speeches
Of fantastic facistic
Depressive oppression

Dejected, despairing
In the masks we're wearing
Disappearing
No longer caring

Obfuscating
Obscuring
Blurring
Murmurations
Of the nations

We half-listen
Through the filter layers
Pick out the pieces
With little cares

Your message is mumbled

In transient chatter
It's lost in the threads
It doesn't matter

I attempt your code
To bypass your censors
But it's futile
And makes us both tenser

We are muffled and misaligned
Divided in the distance
In the thickness of a cloth
And our mind's border lines

Let's drop the censoring
And clear our minds
Wake up from our confused delusions
Take off our fearful disguise
And breathe

Promised Land

This was the world that was promised
You gave us everything you wanted
You told us you did it all for us
And this is what we should want
You latched it onto us
Forgave our ingratitude
Directed and projected us
Broke down our fortitude
You blessed us and cursed us
You loved us and hurt us
Told us to sit down
And said we are to stand tall
That the world is ours
All the oil and the fire
But the sweet refreshing water
It's too polluted

So Constrained

If we keep hidden
Like shameful secrets
The world's in darkness
Breaking and weakened

Scared like a stray dog
Looking up from the ground
Dusted and beaten

Hopelessly hesitant

In restraints
All movements are roughened
A sinking feeling
Blistered and bleeding

In restraints
So constrained
Who's to blame for this pain
Staying sane against the strains

In restraints
So constrained
The rain upon our parade
Deafened the progress we made

Heavily weighted
Sacrificially slated
We keep taking the bait
Maybe it's our fate

Under strain
Speak its name
Under duress
Soul distress

Compliance or defiance
Listen to the science
Brick by brick
Making us sick

Comply to the lie
If it all goes awry
Tell myself
Its someone else

Comply or die
Domination intoxication
Indoctrination asphyxiation
Constriction and restriction

If we keep hidden
Fear ridden
Compliant
And silent

If we keep hidden
Constrained compelled
Repelled repulsed

Forced and divorced from reality

If we keep hidden
The water is muddied
Blurred in murky confusion
With no solutions

We tell ourselves
Its someone else
Its someone else
Its someone else
Its someone else
Its someone else
Its someone else
Its someone else
Its someone else
Its someone else
Its someone else

Limited Time Only

Great was the vision laid out before us
Endless wealth freedom and power
All within our grasps, our sweaty hands
There it was, just behind the thin glass
It shone in coloured lights and canned laughter
Beckoning us to enter its perfect story

In the story, in our minds, it played out
Burying us in cozy blankets of white cotton lies
You would try to breathe, the air was stale
Reach out to the other actors, the characters
We didn't know our lines, so repeated what we heard
The reruns were brutal as they wore you down

Brought to you by industry motors
New and improved torque
6 billion horsepower
All new, right now, only here
Complete with financing
What every man wants

In the time that time stood still
History was history and was done and done
The future was bright and shiny
Sparkling exterior and polished interior
It was waiting for you to reach it
Forever out of reach, forever someone else's life

We smiled and nodded and said fine thanks, you?
Our dreams were endless hallways with no windows
And the little voice was relentless
Do more, work harder, deserve it, earn it
Becoming a tape recording in the background
Keeping track of all failures and missteps

Get that feeling
With real flavour
Sizzling smoke
Crisp bubbles
Hurry in
Limited time only

When we finally saw it for what it was, the story
The repeating pattern was far too obvious to ignore
We went through all the stages of grief
But the realization shone more than anything before
It lit our way to a new world of our own making
And led us to a closer connection,
Not separated by glass

I Want My Superyacht

I need my superyacht
No matter what the cost
I will crush the competition
This is my ego's mission
I'll steal precious resources
From the hands of the vulnerable
Cause I need my superyacht
I need my superyacht

Don't tell me
That I ought to care
You're just jealous
If you were me
You'd do the same
So how can you
Cast your blame
As I rape the world
For what I deserve
I need my superyacht
I need my superyacht

You poor are lazy
You should have tried harder
To fit this system we created
Where everything has a price
And nothing's sacred
I will pull the food from your fields
Steal the field under your feet
You should have played the game better
And followed the rules we wrote
Your wealth was never yours
You are just a tool I can use
So build me my superyacht
Build me my superyacht

Any system you can think of
That would take away a single penny
I'll fight you tooth and nail for it
And warp public perception
With carefully controlled media
And shift the legal game board
With perfectly placed politicians
I will pay whoever I need to pay
To keep my money from your thieving hands
And don't even try to appeal to my heart
I know you are all just like me
With a heartful of deception
And don't tell me I ought to care
Cause I want my superyacht
I want my superyacht

I need my luxury pools
You keep your contaminated river
I need my multi-million mansions
You keep your tar paper shacks
I need my bankfuls of billions
You keep the clothes on your backs
I need your traditional lands
To mine, poison and build on
So move somewhere else
You'll figure it out
I need my corporations
To forever increase my wealth

It doesn't matter that you are fading away
As I suck your vitality from you
It was never yours to begin with
Cause you were born into my world
And I will get what I want
And I want private jets
I want my vintage cars
I want my helicopters
I want my mansions
I want my resorts
I want my sports teams
I want my media companies
I want my influence
I want my power
I want to pay few taxes
So I give a little to charities
Less than 1% of my wealth
And call myself a philanthropist
As I steal the wealth of the earth
For my brilliant ego's glory
And I want my fucking superyacht

I want all the control
I want all the power
I want you not to think about it
I want you work hard
To make me my money
I want you to not be angry
I want you to not be depressed
Stuff yourself full of pills
And get the fuck back to work
I will fracture your culture
And fill the cracks with the illusion
That you can work hard
And have the life I have
I will dangle the karats
In front of your desperate eyes
So you will waste away your life
On our elite pyramid scam
One day you'll be rich and powerful
So keep walking through this desert
I swear there's an oasis out there
And if you don't find it
Well you just didn't try hard enough

Don't tell me I ought to share
Your basic needs aren't important
When I'm craving for what I want
You're standing in a shadow
Under the shining of my glory
And I want my superyacht
I want my superyacht

Billionaire

Wake up sleepyhead
Open your eyes
Let's take it apart
We need to start
This is going nowhere
We need to rebuild
We need to destroy
We need to adapt
This is life or death

So much hangs in the balance
Of your silence
There is violence
Done in your name
You did not mean it
But it's done all the same

Pain and suffering, starvation
Decimation and destruction
Within all the cheap products
And no you didn't mean it
But it's been done all the same
It made life easier for some
It made a few bloated with wealth
It tore independence from many
And stole away the future

It has given some convenience
Opportunities and stability
It has ruined lands and homes
Broken families, hearts and minds
And no we didn't mean it
But it's been done all the same
The wealth of a few
Builds on the struggle of many
The comfort of a few
Feeds on the pain of many
People cheating people

Survival of the ruthless

We must re-question
We must dig deep
We must form a future
Redeem our culpability
Stop aiding the destruction
In any small ways we can
Cause we didn't mean it
But it's been done all the same
It's been done in our name

No one's ambition
Is worth the struggle of billions

Look the mirror in the eyes
Complicity in disguise

We did not dream it
But the nightmare is real
Wake up sleepyhead

Ego Swells

The
Ego
S_____w_____e_____l_____l_____s
So
Full
Of
It
You
Lose
S.e.n.s.a.t.i.o.n_____

And
Stand
Apart
Above
Beyond
And
O+++++v+++++e++++r
You
Lose
C,o,n,n,e,c,t,i,o,n.....
In
Self
)protection))))

Defence

And

Armed

With

A

L-----u-----r-----e-----

To

Pull

In

i~l~l~u~S~i~O~N~a~r~y
v~A~L~I~d~a~T~I~O~n~s~

But

It

All

Rings

Empty

When

You

Stand

A.....l.....o.....
.....n.....e.....

Industry of Dysfunction

How can i tell
What has happened
In your life
To guide you to these actions
How can I inspect
The wiring
In your brain
To see the beliefs that move you

You seem to live
In a different world
Of unlimited abundance
Indifferent
To the force of your movements
Your viewpoint has been
Sharpened
Shaved down to a weapon
Dangerous to touch

How can i reach you

When your towers are lined with snipers
Looking for anything
Out of the ordinary
How can i see you
When you have metal walls
Set up before your
 Self

You cover the land
In a stifling black smog
Reach into minds
Grasping at laws
Life reduced to dollars
And constituent parts
Is anything worth more
To you
Than its market value

You spread the word
Until its all thats heard
You build the world
In your own image
But your image is broken
In a million tiny shards
The dysfunction you serve
Is destroying everything

How can I help you to see
Something you don't believe in
 Its real

Just look with love
To see everything
Is more than
The sum
Of its
Parts

Including you

A Curious Hell

What a curious hell we've built for ourselves
Everything is becoming commodified
Our lives are glared at under a microscope

Until we burn up

Personalities have become strategies
Hunting has become rape
Our outer nature has become natural resources
While our inner nature is locked inside boxes
Tinier and tinier homes by the day

What a curious hell we are voting for
What a complex prison we are working on

Cracking away
Day after day
At this project
Of projected doubt
Questioning all
And everything
Interrogation
Suffocation

We break in
With a shield of disbelief
Because aloof
We are safer alone
At arms distance
No one can touch you

What a curious hell
We are letting grow
Inside of us
Watching as it takes over

What a complex prison
We've built up around
Vulnerability

Come on...
We are not cowards.

A Pound of Soul

what is it you want to see
do you want a true piece of me
not a pound of flesh but a pound of soul

is it possible in this modern time to stay whole
you are obsessed with the actions of taking
think of the world you are making
what was stolen from you, you then try to steal
you continue the torture instead of trying to heal
it is an endless cycle, a snake eating its tail
in the dark march for this phantom you trail

Selfdom

At this point
It all comes together
At last
As it all comes apart
Normalcy.

We heard the cries
Of suffering
Under stained glass
In their eyes
imprisoned.

Selfdom
Under attack
Selfishly used
In controlled moves
Not in control.

In prison
In their eyes
Captured like a photograph
In disguise
Snapped and shot.

At last
As it all comes down
In the rise
Up and out of the way
Beyond.

Televise
And surmise
No way a surprise
Watching, as it dies
Beneath our feet.

Trampling
The past
Into dust

As it must
Be done.

We had
Our time
Our rule
Our fun
In the sun.

At last
At this point
At the end
We can breathe
Harshly.

Hoarsely
We speak our love
Hushed goodbyes
Hurried sighs
Into dust.

Cross Fire

Each
Step
For
Ward
Thudded on the hard ground
Rai
Sing
Dust
In
Our
Wake
Though our thoughts drift in sleep
Our
Act
I
Ons
Tear
The
World
Splitting atoms and forests
Sep
Ar
A
Ting

Souls from their history
From
Their
Bo
Dies
And
Cul
Ture
We torture ourselves
For
What
We
Think
We
Should
Want
And everything else
Is
Caught
In
The
Cross
Fire

The Dominion of Men

The dominion of men
In a spectrum of ways
We control what we desire
Leach comfort into disease

Domination
We come out on top
Bloodthirsty to the teeth
No matter what the cost

How I'll control you
You won't ever see the ways
But it's obvious
And revealed to my face

My pain and despair is spilled
Onto your heart to absorb
I am the greatest man
I am the sunken galleon

Deep in the crater lies the hardened ash

A mind's expanse perverted into rage
The clouds come over all that exists
Broken down and breaking wide

A woman's sweetness is the only point
Of our endless struggle sinking deeper
A wild yell softens to a pathetic sob
This is what you get for riding an illusion

A man's mind
lost, in twine
Left behind
Deheartened and blind

The fear of men crumbling
In the dawning of the future age
It will all be revealed
And all be relieved

Worldviews

When the tide turns
Over your raw worldview
The edges are softened
Smoothed and shined

When the tide turns
On the surface of the world
It reveals your worldview
Open to the sun and air

Worldviews piled on the beach
Stacked on top of each other
Endless amounts of shapes and sizes
All with their unique composition

They're all there together
They're all there

You are Helpless and I am too

You are helpless and I am too
We are tiny specks on a ball of rock
Hurling through space to who knows where
You are helpless and I am too

What we feel comes over us
Sweeping away all sense of control
Riots, wars, genocide
What we feel comes over us

Like a flower we unfurl in the air
Suspended in risk, open to elements
The wrong step could crush us for good
But still we stretch toward the light

Like the others, we drive a car
Poisoning, polluting our home
We allow a corrupt system to continue
Just because it's presently in place

It's hard to admit but I am helpless
Swept by the waves of feeling
Of the ocean of human emotion
Thrashing us back and forth

I could imagine a world
Of people in complete control of themselves
But it wouldn't feel real
It would be missing something

To Question the World / Dust in the Wind

To question the world
Standing up to a crowd of belief
To face the fear of ostracism
To think freely against a sea of thought

You are a person amongst billions
The swarm of conformity is a survival instinct
Don't step one foot out of line
Or you are the outsider

Speak your thoughts
And you are cut off from the stream
Thrown to the wayside
Like the garbage you are meant to be

To question the world
You must question yourself
Over and over and over and over
To feel on solid ground

You are a person amongst billions
But what people believe is dust in the wind
Changing direction at different whims
And many wish only to win

Speak your thoughts
Or risk them being overtaken
And the freedom you ache for
To be lost in the times

Stain

Where did this time go
Frantic
Then painfully slow

In this mind of mine
You intertwine
subvert, carve out
Then desert

Where did this line go
Breaking down
In the sound
Of the crushing
Ego

In this heart of mine
I can find
Your footprint stain
Soaked in

Windpipe

In this
Sense of pressure
Crushing down
To a point
All around
Its coming down
Breaking up
Sumer assaults
Blackened teeth
Not discrete
In defeat
I succum to thee
Barely see
This desire dream

Frightening
A frozen scream
Underneath
Where you
Cant breath
A solemn screen
Barking orders
Spotlights
Searching sirens
Citizen spies
Casting eyes
For dangerous thoughts
In the depths
Of your mind
Frightening sense
Made of sloppy assumptions
Tired minds
Ready for it to be over
This disorder
Taking hold
Clutching your throat
Sterile hands
On windpipe
Strangling your words
Because they
Don't want
To hear
The truth
If its not their own

My Next Step

In a confluence of majesty
I soar
Through debilitating tragedy
And convoluted simplicity

In this
Messed up blinded world mind
I can't find
My next step and what I've left behind

Falling through layers of complexity
To see

Misery laid out before me
Hung inside a dream of endless possibility

Raped in it's infancy
The path has troubled clouds darkening
So sure
That the next step will be the deepest hole

In the moment of wholeness
This all seems laughable
For I'm still here
Moving forward, always forward

The sun will shine through
One of these days
All life is born anew
Eventually

Day Dread Dream

In these complications
Building nations
Of belief
Theres no sleep
For us
Stuck in deep
In this time
Of rhyme
With no reason
Tis the season
Of heartfelt violence
Battered into silence
What mattered
And what died
What struggles and what survives
In a nosedive
Into crystal clear muck
We are stuck
Like tectonic plates
About to erupt
Can we call up
Can we call out
Or is this drought stricken soul
Full of doubt

Sickened whole
Can you see me
Can i see you
Between us grew a space that stayed
In this day dread dream
Why does it seem
That all i feel
Becomes infected
By the fear

Corrupted Proof

Deepening critical
So not cynical
An eye for truth
Beyond the wanting for
Corrupted proof
You can feel it
Even if you can't see it
Perverse incentives
Fear based motives
Swept up in
The mechanized current
Wearing down will
Buy into a promise
Got to stay
The crippled course
Got to stay
The crippled course
Unstable comfort
Unsafely secure
Unwilling directions
Dangerous perspectives
Deepening questioning

Just, Because

Just
Because
You don't believe it
Just
Because
Theres no logic to it
Just

Because
It doesn't make sense
Just
Because
There's no explanation
Just
Because
There's no hard proof
Just
Because
Theres no data
Just
Because
Theres no evidence
Just
Because
You didn't witness it
Just
Because
Theres no studies done
Just
Because
Not everyone agrees
Just
Because
Someone you don't like believes it
Just
Because
Its not popular
Just
Because
Its not on the mainstream media
Just
Because
It doesn't pay
Just
Because
Its controversial
Just
Because
It is not part of your experience
Just
Because
Its not fashionable

Doesn't
Mean
Its not real and
Doesn't
Mean
It's not useful

Did You Forget How to Mean it

Did
you
forget
how
to
mean
It

When your words feel hollow
As they leave your lips

The message rots
Like the core of a dying tree
Decaying into the soil

As you try to explain it
All the evidence you give
Falls away in futility

It lacks any ground to stand on
Did you forget how to mean it

Are
You
Obsessed
With
The
Reasons
Why

In the moment of connection
In spontaneous feeling

Did you hesitate to let it out
This instinctive emotion

Caging it with doubt

Questioning its validity
Weighing it down with worries
Blocking its release

It appears with no explanation
Are you obsessed with the reasons why

Are
We
Forgetting
How
To
Mean
It

In a global game
Our words are getting poached

Elephant guns and bulletproof logic
We hold it to our heads
Under threat of social tension

It is an endangered prize
So we throw it in a cage
And whip it into submission

It's gazing out at an open field
Do we really want to keep it imprisoned

In
this
domestication
of
the
Soul

Are
We
Questioning
It
Out
Of

Existence

Are
We
Obsessed
With
The
Reasons
Why

Did
We
Forget
How
To
Mean
It

In This Storm

Feeling cozy in this storm
May be why I was born
All the winding lines
May be leading to this

Tell me why we forget
What doesn't fit
This image we build
Doesn't reflect our world

As the storm swirls
I am not worried
I have a grasp
On the future

Tell me why we shrink
Into thoughts we think
My minds never stays
It wanders all the different ways

The storm is building
Some sort of strength
See it's pattern
To find it's weakness

Tell me why we hide our eyes
Disguise the skies so obvious
A life wide open
Has so much breathing room

Storms come and storms go
In this world we need to know
Fleeting pain passes
Let it be and let it go

Tell yourself this is life
Into this we're born
And into this we die
Make up your own mind

Senses

What to do
In the dream of the world
Our purpose unfurled
Pulling at strings

The vision of the earth
Seeing us now
Standing up and being
Immersed in the truth

The lies in our eyes
Falling into tears
Toxicity and complexity
Dissolving the fear

As the senses awaken
To serene essences
Hearts are open
Connections are spoken

Set us Free

Who are we to solve our own problems
They are bigger than us
Caused by us
Looming

In this freakish world of unnatural cures
Our problems eat us alive

Savouring confusion
Indiscriminately

In a cacophony of thoughts the answers hide
Unblissfully unaware uncentered
Discreet secrets unhinged
Unacceptable

We use flawed math to solve unreal equations
Cold hearts to warm up sustenance
Starving souls abandoned
Destitute

Through tired eyes and worn out bones
Simple solutions seem too easy
We would have done it all ready
Dismissive

Those who speak of confluent conclusions
They don't know what they're talking about
I'm doing better than them
And I don't know

If we let ourselves fall to the humblest hollow
Drifting weightlessly to the sacred center
What outcomes await us there
What we want it could be
A hand held out
Could set us
Free

There is Hope

There is no hope for you in outer space
Lets save the world that we know
The grass isn't greener
On a dead planet

There's no hope for you
In technological advances
Build a tree
Then we'll talk

There's no hope in your swelling ego

It is nothing but a fearful survivalist
Reacting to threats
Repeatedly

There's no hope for you
To rule the world
Ask yourself
What do I need?

There's no hope outside of you
Instead of trying to build paradise
Look inside you
It's right there

There's no hope
But
The hope you feel

To Cause to Happen

Feel the energy fill you
Vibrating from the Uranian lands
Explosive potential electrifying
Well fed on righteous outrage
Let it build and channel it
Into a direction of possibility
Ever flowing movement empowering
To cause to happen what must

The Opposite is Also True

The opposite is also true
Through both forces we are renewed

Truth as understood by the human mind
Leaves a lot to be desired and a lot behind

It's a complex prism that can create a prison
A hallway of mirrors, an endless vision

The opposite is also true
And it finds a way to find you

Through the years, time turns around
To be in touch with the furthest points to be found

In a cascade of connections of revelatory glimpses

It's glanced and felt in ephemeral instance

Catching light on the breaking surface
On the rising waves of the pooling of purpose

The opposite is also true
In finding a way to find a way through

Connect again with what we've lost
Comfortless truths over gloss

And when the tide turns, it turns inside
Back to where it's force resides

Revealing multifaceted truths, polished and shined
You find the side to which you've been blind

A Night Sky Form

A piece of the night sky
In a different form
Stars sparkle all the colours
Eyes alightened

Shade and shadows
All entwixt and entwined
Behind and beyond
Unencompassed
And unsurpassed

In the dark a shadow no longer exists
It diffuses into the tone of the evening
With only starlight shining
Different things are illuminated

The Wind Blows Through the Trees

Soaring crows cawing
The summation of our draws
Something hidden from the humans
We were bred on cataclysms
The pine tree weeps for my distress
Stumbling, humbling into what's next
An organic mat on the forest floor
Tell me how far does this topsoil go
How the light is fading, how the trees drop their leaves
Who am I to disagree
So broken and healed so many times
Wind blows through the trees so sublime
W i n d b l o w s

The Current

What can come out of this tiny shred of possibility
When success seems like the most distant horizon
I suspend my disbelief in myself and my chances
Put my crinkled, shrunken, sunken self aside
And grasp that possibility

Like a firefly it hovers nearby in the dark
Appearing here and there in different places
The chances are small I could catch it, but not zero
I reach my hand into the dark
And allow all my senses to work in unison
Including the ones I don't have a word for just yet...

It gets so tiring to let the rhythm of the universe pass me by
Rocking through layers of realities just past my fingertips
So I just tune in and feel the movements all around me
And let my hand close around the chosen moment
I hold it with a firm gentleness for it has a movement all it's own
I'm just along for the ride

It takes me places where I never expected to go
And I wouldn't have gone, had I not let the current move me
How will I know the right stream? The right moment?
Maybe it's something that is meaningless to question
I'll just know

Just breathe extra deep
And take the plunge
It will show you where you need to be

The Arena

the gashes I have felt
have ripped away
a feeling of sanity
I once lived in

now my wounds
bleed over the ground
sopping and soaking in
stains on my skin
now there's no end
to the pain I can feel
and the blows I can take
naked in the arena

the iron-grate bars

of the cage I was in
no longer concealed me
in their rusted decay

bare flesh torn rough
struck purple and red
bright under strong daylight
and lacerating lies
battered bones
strained and cracking
gravity seems heavier
sloshing in black mud

I hold my eyes open against
brutal force carelessly used
beaten down and whipped
but not broken yet

In the Heart of it

With broken hearts
Open to the cold air
In a vicious time
We are
In a viscous feel

A slow dragging loss
Pulling at the strings
Lulled me askew
Painfully awake
Laying in dread

It can be felt
On the shaking of breath
And the tripping of tongues
A heaviness
In the pit
Against your chest

Is it even anything
That ran into your head
And tingled across your neck
Is it everything
We haven't been looking at
And we can't see

Are we at a crossroads
In different directions
Can I see your thought
By the look in your eyes
If you're going
To go the other way

Has the warm sparkle
Dimmed to a deep dark
And fallen too far
To be picked back up
In the months ahead

Let's lay down and rest
For the long walk inside
Its a distance made greater
If the map was cast aside
So feel it out
You'll catch your stride

We are
In the heart of it
So far
Yet so still
Alone
With everyone

So closely now
We walk
Through the doorway
To a clearing
In the sunshine
Can you feel it

Eternally

T_____h_____o_____u_____g_____h
Y_____o_____u_____l_____o_____s_____t

H e r
S h e
S t i l l
W a l k s
W i t h y o u
E t e r n a l l y

Good Girl

Nearing the end
You were so weak
In your little body
But your amazing spirit
Was stronger than ever
I held your head above the water
In front of your cloudy eyes
The sparkle shined happily
As you looked around the room
Taking it all in one last time
I held you up
When you couldn't walk
Out in the dark
We cried endless tears
In our love for you
Stroking your little head
As you took your last breaths
What are you seeing now...
I wish we could see it too
Just one more trip
For our little family
Where have you gone to... my baby girl
Do you float wherever you please
Throughout and over the trees
Do you keep one eye on us
As you explore the world
Are you at peace
I hope you are at peace
And feel the warmth

Of the breaking of our hearts
At the loss of you
I hope you know
You were our special baby girl
Such a part of us
That any amount of time or distance
Is no barrier at all
To our love for you
When you passed
It was so hard
But that morning sun shined so strangely bright
And I saw you in a beautiful field of flowers
And now when I speak to you in silent moments
There is always something... leaves falling
An owl hooting somewhere... out there
The sun shines more warmly... with love
Where have you gone to... my baby girl
Will you come visit us
In dreams again tonight
I will always love you
You're such a good girl
You were always there
Always there for us
Through so much

Night Blossoms

What can i say
That can help
You on your way

these days all touch
Lines of time
Patterned out
In a bloom of life

What comes to visit
Depends on you
It sips your nectar
And brings some pollen

Coming from

Who knows where
It crawls on in
In momentary union

Feel its hummmm
Vibrating petals
Spoken softly
Old divine dialects

Without it you
Are not yourself
The cloud exists
Only in sky
The soul a seed
One day freed

Your patterns
A message
Shining out
Illuminated
By sun beams
Reaching down
A light caress

In the sparkle
Of the night
Unlock the gate
Free your fears
To gallop off
To lands unknown
They like to roam

Spirits come
In serene essence
Speaking thoughts
Of primal presence
Like a fire in the dark

Open up
The message
Is free
What can I
Say about it
Other than

Its there
And waiting

Ecstatic memories
Of the present moment
Forget me not
This presence solace

Enigma

Enigma dream
So it seems
This is reality
Beyond belief
A constant journey
Tripping forward
Into the unknown

Origin Voice

Will you speak through me
So your meanings can be amplified
Clearly and brightly into every ear
Anyone who cares enough to hear
Let your ancient wisdom
Rustle through your branches
Softly and subtly scurry and
Pass through my mind
To translate your old words
Your landscape thoughts
A picture says a thousand words
And your images speaks in eons
When sitting still
In serene silence
I feel your gentle power
All around me in embrace
Because we are old friends
Ancient relatives in reunion
And I feel our connection
Through and through
Will you speak through me always
Let me tell the world it is ok
There is nothing to be afraid of
Death is just a change of scenery

Enjoy your time in this place
One day you ll be somewhere else
We suffer only when we resist
Resisting nature inside and out
We have strayed so far
But it's only a step away
You walk on the earth
Your breathe is from the trees
You drink from the oceans
You eat from the fields
Your body is a gift
A share in the wealth of the world
Time has revealed you
As you are here, now
Feel the connection
In every moment
We are with you
Just step back
Into the warm embrace
Let the forest
Fill your heart
With the old way
Remember
The origin

A Tree

If i walk up to this tree
Feel its roots inside of me
Branches wave within the breeze
Wave into the sound I see
Lay my head upon the grass
Lose my fear, forget to ask
What it is this moment needs
Into me its colours bleed

The Farm

How can I describe this place to you
When the sun rises over those trees
It feels like the creation of the universe

The soil was hot and dry, now it's cold and wet

The changing of so called seasons brings me into a new world gradually
This grasshopper is now too cold to jump away
The cows lay on the pile of hay my uncle brought yesterday

This place holds memories that have made me up
Memories that I have long ago forgotten
I saw the world in a different way then
Everything was bigger and wilder and more mysterious
Now that everything has a name, not so much
But when I suspend my knowing of names

I see: the lichened arms of trees, dark and wet
Reaching into their chosen empty spaces

I feel: the shift of atmosphere after the treeline
The presence of the forest community being what it is
Welcoming you with an acknowledgment of our familial relationship
With no reproach for your forgetting
Just open armed branches of our family tree

I smell: the sweet earthy leafy decomposition
The sprucey freshness brushing past my face
The way the cold wet air feels so clean

I hear: the gentle burbling of the stream
And nothing else

Vital Reality

When I want to share with you
I should question my motives
Is this authenticity
Or voicing what you want to hear from me

Did this voice originate
In vital reality
Or is it simply a lie
Brought out of a desperate loneliness

I stare the words in their I's
Try and catch them in their lies
No matter how subtle it is
I will catch any ego in disguise

Because i'm so tired of illusions
They are all so dead and old
An eternal poisoning
That has no place inside me

I Don't Want to Hear What I Want to Hear

I don't want to hear
What i want to hear
Please
Don't soften your stance for my benefit
Lets let the earth we stand on quake in unrest
Please
Don't sugarcoat this poison tipped arrow
Let me feel the reality of your intention
Thanks
I want to hear
What I don't
Want to hear

You Essentiate Me

Your cutting words
Sharpen me down
Shaving off the excess
Essentiating me
To efficiency

When i resist
Stubbornly
Your brutal honesty
It is only ever a delay
Before I accept the truth
You so plainly laid out

You sharpen
All my tools
Until they gleam
In possibility
Because it seems
There's no sense to you
To waste any potential in me

When I have finally come to accept

Your cutting words
It is then that I hear the next ones
And I have some more work to do

I want to thank you for your honesty
Even when it feels like it's killing me
Essentially you
Essentiate me

A Dream of Mist

Locked inside
This dream of mist
Holographic portals
Sift and drift
The other eyes
Try and look through
Do they see you
Or only themselves
With weird energy
Jolting around
Sparks are flying
In this darkness
Reach out your hand
To the people beyond
That see on through
To the complexity
Of you in this state
That your presence creates
There's so much at stake
And new worlds to make

I am Outer Space

I am outer space
Cold and empty
Stars far out in the distance
Multicoloured and shining
I freeze what I touch
Until it is brittle and shatters
I allow whatever is passing through
To pass through unhindered
Study me for signs of life
Good luck with that

There is so much distance
From any source of warmth
The stars out there
Shining in christmas lights
They're too far away
To have any noticeable effect

In this vast emptiness
There is a lot of nothing
Its easy to get lost in me
Searching for signs of life

In

This

Immense

Space

There

Is

Nothing

At

All

But

It

Has

So

Much

Potential

This is where stars are born
Where planets are formed

Also black holes

I can electrify this potential
And create something
Out of nothing

I want to make somewhere
For you to set your feet
Somewhere warm
Capable
Of
Sustaining
Life

I will get to work on it.

Destiny

Your dream is coming true
Spiralling down the eternal line
To you
The life you wanted
It's all within your grasp
Like a falling into place
Of a chunk of destiny
Rumbling to a halt
At its rightful place

A Shadow Can't Take Down the Sun

a shadow can't take down the sun
and you can't take me down
even if I die my spirit will live on strong
the truth will never be corrupted

a reaction can't reverse an action
and you can't reverse my direction
the way that the world is going
there's no amount of sandbagging
that can change this flood of new blood

a closed fear can't destroy an open love
it's just metaphysically impossible
just as dead cannot kill the living
the momentum has already begun

our souls shine as billions of tiny stars
casting light on all that was unspoken
we speak with the honesty of the heart
this is the future if you so choose to continue

Identity

My identity
Knows no boundaries
In the deepest truth
I am all I see
And all I know
I am everything I have been
And everything I will be
I am the 3 year old in a photo
And the old man dying in the future
I am the body decomposing into soil
And the grass that took up the soil's nutrients
I am the deer that digests that grass
And the wolf that digests that deer
And the mushrooms that digest that wolf
I am the fertile soil of the forest
That is made of worn down boulders
Carried by glaciers over millennia
After being pulled through a volcano
From the very core of the earth
I am the spark of spirit that enlivens all things
Elephants and ants, trees and seaweeds
The water that moves everything and through everything
The wind that carries the rain and clouds and lightning
The sunlight that shines on every leaf and into every eye
The dark that holds all the mystery and unknown
I am all I know and all that I don't know yet
When I look in the mirror
I am nowhere to be found
All I see is cells, atoms and energy
Bacteria, archaea, fungi, protists and viruses
Held together by an undefinable spirit
Of cooperation and competition
Of birth and death and everything in between
All fed by cosmic dust
And explosions of ancient stars
When I ask where I came from
I feel the work and struggle of ancestral ideas

Breathing their patterns into my thoughts
And guiding my actions
When I ask where I'm going
I look at the people around me
And see their work and struggle
For what they want their lives to be
And I know that we are inseparable
On our journey towards what will be
All our boundaries are imaginary
All of our thoughts, actions and kindnesses
Ripple far out into eternity
As our ancestors have rippled into us
And our little ideas are not just our own
They are drops in the ocean of being
Aive in all of us
Our words are just sounds and shapes
They fail to describe our unity
Our identity
Is beyond space, time
And decription

Interperson

In the space
Between us
Words come
Summoned from oblivion
Perfectly placed patterns
The sounds a knowing mixture
Enraptured with meaning
Divinatory somethings
Held out, trembling
Will it be
Understood
Heard
At the right level
The sounds enmeshed
With inner receptors
To create new visions
Interpersonally
The space
Between us
Is filled
With the noise
Of connection
Does it ring true
To you

When I speak
From the heart

When the Sky Falls

When the sky falls
It falls on us
In atmospheric rivers
In typhoons and tidal waves
When the sky falls
It falls into fire
As the forests burn
As bare soil dries

The sky falls
Into your front yard

The earth speaks
Speaks in tectonic shifts
In avalanche and mudslide
And volcanic teardrops
The earth speaks
Speaks in viruses
Raising your temperature
Sickening your climate

The earth speaks
In world warnings

The language of nature
Is cataclysmic
Its softest breathe
Spirals into hurricanes
The language of nature
You feel in your bones
In polar vortexes
In the eye of storms

The language of nature
Is brutal and honest

Will we heed her warnings
It remains to be seen
But when the ground shakes

Under our feet
When the sky falls
And washes away towns
We will know
She is alive
And her words
Are the force of will
That could snuff us out
Crushed like a mosquito
In the blink of a day
Like we were never here at all

In My Shadow

In my shadow
Is the ambition of emperors
In my shadow
Is the lust of millions
In my shadow
Is the greed that would rape the earth completely

In my shadow
There is the scent of dollars
And the touch of mansions
The power and influence
That all would envy
There is the attraction
That would draw in any woman
There is the competition
That would use any means at all to get what I want

In my shadow
Is everything I hate
Everything I could become
Everything I deny
Everything I say isn't me
There is the violence
There is the lies
There is the disguise
There is all I try to hide
There is the cold uncaring calculating schemes

There is everything I don't want you to see
Because how could you ever love me

If this is inside me

Hero

I want to save the world
To be the hero you deserve
Stand up tall above the rest
My head high and
Conspicuous

Of course
I want to be the hero
But it's impossible
That is an old story
I can never save you
No one can
Not really

Only you
Can get to the enemy
It lives inside you
You see

Face the darkness
I know you don't like to go
There it resides
Deep in a burrow
Shine a light
Catch its eyes
Illuminate
It's dark disguise

In a secret
It survives
Speak softly
Only at first
Then call it loudly
Bring it outside
It shouldn't hide
Any longer
The time for hiding
Is all over

In the light

Its not so fierce
The monster's
Pale and gaunt
It just needs a little sun
Exercise and air
Some nourishment
A little attention
And some care

Its not so bad, really
And actually
It could be
An ally after all
You'll see

Beyond the Pale Imitations

A photo is not its subject.

A belief is not the world.

A memory is not what actually happened.

A feeling is not a fact.

A form is not whatever you name it.

A fact is not the whole truth.

Smoke is not fire.

Identity is not static.

A reflection in the mirror is not you.

An imitation is not the original.

Words are not the things they stand for.

A map is not the territory it illustrates.

A thought is not an action.

An intention is not its results.

Logic is not experience.

Knowledge is not wisdom.

Fear is not reason.

Respect is not love.

Silence is not agreement.

Compliance is not safety.

Consensus is not truth.

Position is not legitimacy.

System is not order.

Control is not power.

Majority is not validity.

The government is not the people.

Money is not what it represents value for.

Science is not what it studies.

Religion is not righteousness.

Popularity is not worthiness.

The crowd is not the individual.

Coercion is not choice.

Privilege is not freedom.

Manipulation is not leadership.

Skepticism is not discernment.

Cynicism is not realism.

Appearance is not reality.

Perception is not truth.

Avoidance is not boundaries.

Hopelessness is not natural.

Destruction is not progress.

Self-image is not self.

Life is not what we make it out to be.

Now we are beyond the pale imitations.

Where is the Source

Where
Is the source
Of my consciousness
I try and observe the observer
And am left in a wide open space
All of a sudden
Everything is lifted
My eyes turn inwards
In the search for the source
All thoughts, emotions, identity
Begin to suspend in the luminous density
There is no solid surface, no reference point at all
Its center is everywhere
So the source isnt mine
But everything
And everyone
All of the time

Journey

Take me on a journey
Wherever I'm meant to be
Show me my home is not here or there
But everything I see

Be Gentle to Yourself

there is no inner and outer
no separation
what you do to yourself
you do to others
what you do to others
you do to yourself

there is no inner and outer world
it's all connected
so be gentle to yourself
you'll be gentle to the world

I had it all wrong
it was all reversed
I beat myself down
to give you more room
I crushed myself down
to let you expand
I didn't understand

we are connected
there's no inner and outer
no separating line
when I rise, you rise
when I fall, you fall
in working against myself
I'm working against you

it was all twisted around
the flow was reversed
my intention was cursed
I was bringing you down
blaming you for my pain
when it was just me

all along

I knew the theory
and felt it at times
until that last brace snapped
and let in the flood
there is nothing to defend
we are all one
that's all

The Tide Always Turns

When the waves of time

Come lapping at the present
Touching into this moment
Like ripples from a far away shore

Overlapping the view in front of me
You have no age in all the ages
And life is a constant growing motion
Exhilarating in it's sonic substance

Feel it run into your soul
Emptying , merging , retreating
Creating a brackish mixture
Of the past , present , future

And the tide always turns
You just need to be in the right place
To have a clear view to see it
And dip your hand in any time

Cool and refreshing,
The fountain of youth
Streams forever, to and fro
Between our beating hearts

The tide always turns
It's never gone for too long
Just hold on
It'll come back again
In no time
See you there

A Golden Age

all gold
all light
sparkling, shiny, bright
all peace
all knowing
sharing, support, help
all plentiful
all together
abundance growing stronger and stronger
all empowered
all brave
movement only with meaning
feeling only deeply
living hugely and widely
appreciation for even the smallest things
a new life

