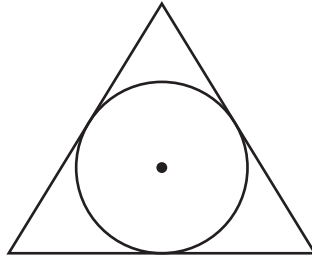


Shambala: A New Revelation
(Poems)
Peter Corbett





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Peter Corbett

*Dedicated to
Elizabeth Kavanagh*

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The Field Of Abraxas

Within Hermes lies the secret of ancient wisdom
The Gnosis of coming and going,
The Real behind the flickering shadows,
The Field of Abraxas weaving light-waves
In the Void of divine fire.

We watch and wait for a sacred sign
To open us towards the Omega Point,
A revealing of the Endtime Mystery
An end to death and suffering:
The Mother of naked glory
Treading the air with wings of silk.

The yellow blossom then comes of its own accord,
The delicate wind-rush of autumn kisses
Falling on green carpets to earth,
Falling on the wet skin of old blood,
Falling on the tombs of magical men.

We long for a reason to be:
And in the doing of our path
We create meaning,
A broadside of a wider love
No longer empty and alone:
Crossing the unknown road
With the tribal sound of a raging river
In the kingdom of the iridescent sky.
As the storms cease,
And the classic line of beauty
Bends to close the frozen gap of white bones,
Transformed from material lead to higher gold.

The Sea-Flower

This submarine cool, coralled
In the yellow-bright dance of minnows,
The sea-flower budding of polyp contours:
With purple skeletons branching to infinity,
Evolving from the ocean-deep twists
Of underground currents;
Labyrinths molten with the tentacles
Of some dark species
Waiting in corridors of battlefield red,
Near tranquil turquoise lagoons
Protected by sharp teeth and whalebones:
Shipwrecks like frozen sculpture
Stuck to the sandy-shore bottom.
And the string nets on prismatic green,
Blue-tongued and shark-bedded,
Surviving through the canyons
Of octopus dreams.

The white waves erode the land
Back to the stone age.
Life and death competing
In the mystery of dark shadows,
Hybrid travellers glowing in the worlds of tomorrow,
Jump-backed, light-curved and sucker-soft;
Preludes to moon-tide symphonies
Of sexual attraction:
The cycle of creamy stars, drifting
In luminous swarms
Towards the empty abyss.
Silhouetted effigies of plume-towers
Struggling for existence
In the dimensions of the unreal;
Virgin territory smooth as a beach's back,
Glinting in the twilight sun.
Mellow like the jungle rhythms
Of some precious earthly harmony,
A ritual of spring in a womb-time elegance
Dancing slowly as the evening closed.

The Liver's Wings

The ground-water under the shock-absorbed stones,
Dissolves into rivulets of fire,
Their transparency, light-forming
Through the soft-spells of midday rain,
Helter-skeltering over the hump-backed salmon.

It's mitre-head advancing
Under the milt-load, the egg spasms,
Providing new life for old;
A prehistoric quagmire
Of potential fish scales,

Due Pole-North to the hollow-seas.
Radiant corporeal cells
Collected on the wooden vessels
Of some Norse-warrior's blue -field;
Sinking into a raw red sunset.

A creation hymn then begins,
A Mersey flow of countless summers
Sounding out from the Pier Head:
It clocks the Liver's wings
A moon-scape of ticking pre-nuptials.

Chiming on the journey to the Caribbean
From Toxteth's Gate;
The shining sun rays
Broadcasting their deliverance
To Princes long gone by.

The Geography of Belief

Lost in your long limbs
Beholden to your charismatic glance,
You took my advances
With a look of hollow grace
Twisted in a surreal mirror,
Filmed in technicolour
For your last parting shot:
An ouroboros of Asian descent
Quater'd in a porcelain pedigree,
Painted by a Chinese artist from Suzhou.

And like the canvas skeleton of some dead hero,
Your new self comes through
Blossoming with fecund life;
Exploring the geography of belief
In fine microscopic detail,
In the skin of your winter clothes,
In the vast canopy of your fresh-faced youth,
Until my mind slows to a halt
And I see you clearly again.

The Waking Dream

The constant weaving of reality
By your inner and outer eyes,
Clarifies the opaque veils
Forming the Maya film together,
And completes the waking Dream
Of our destiny in earth's tales.

The roots mingle with stones of secret words,
With the light-star victories over
The racing illusions of time,
Of the ageing weight of love's return;
It's white teeth biting deep
Into the heart of your sacred centre.

So now the seasons fall into line,
Patched with fair-weather islands
Of no regret, of no more striving,
Of just being who we are
With no sides, no edges, no conforming;
Left to fill the wild frontiers
With the voice of the righteous,
As the bone-buriers watch the sun go down.

The Lamp-Lighters

Where have all the visionaries gone? -
The lamp-lighters to our future affairs
That spoke of time out of time,
The living invisible waters
Cutting the world into nestled frames,
Phantom images on anonymous walls.

And there at the centre of everything
The outlines of new territory begins,
The crafted edge of an artist's frieze;
The seed-carrying germination
Of wild expectations,
That root, fully formed,
In the fragile mind's of the young.

The chains are broken,
And the funeral of the innocents
Comes to an end,
Where the winnowing of burnt flesh is forsaken
In the curved, hooked back
Of some Celtic ancestor.
Then this weight of heaven and hell ceases
And dissolves into a skull of ritual anointing,
As the world stays the same
While the shamans look on beyond the grave.

Dérive

The listless walk to nowhere
In it's unknown Way,
Surprises come along
Like the click, click, click
Of the transcendental and the everyday;
Like a blind-man's cane
Tapping on an unseen road,
Killing time
With a conversation
About nothing in particular.
The weary head inspired
By the tow of beauty
On a blood-bourne ocean,
Where peace floats like a carousel,
Mirroring the fortunes of war;
Shadows of the undead
Who pass away quickly
In the silence of tomorrow,
Silent as a fading wind.

Going Round In Circles

And we, forever going round in circles
Trying to find a way out
That is more
Than when we came in,
Fall short in gold cul-de-sacs;
And forget the memories
Of the moon-bear and snow pigeons,
As the world goes by, ceaselessly,
In it's hurry to nowhere,
Like vague shadows
Restless as the north wind's face.

Fioritura

It's secret flowering
Caused the Thebaid to sing,
To swallow the whole world
In it's febrile mouth,
Firing it's first pine-forest wave
Over the Marche countryside;
Fritillaries of heaven
Growing on the piano Grande,
Strange patchwork colour-carpets
Of a wild Italian tapestry.

But near the Romitorio
The hermit meditates,
Shutters out the city din;
Listening to Nature's music
In hidden melodies
Under bosco ceilings:
These are the real signs of the times,
Quietly performing their immortal stories
Before cedar and cypress adventures;
The zigzag of La Foce, facing
The wind's sigh again,
It's fecund beauty, dissolving,
Like the morning mist over the River Arno.

Rainbow's Shadow

The narrow seduction of the bee's glance
Weighted on the hair-stencil of yellow flesh
A high-dudgeon of summer echoes,
Arouses the dreams of ritual spells;
The gentle caress of death
Lost in the rose-hedge of its air-dance.

Now the numbered treaties of dispatch
Are sent to mercury's home,
With the diaphanous wings of the seed-bearers,
Who throw the ancient seal of silent initiation
Into the fingers of the great fire;
Whose brilliance rounds out
The straight line, the wu-chi enterprise
Combing the face of the departed,
As time wears down
The outline of heaven:
And the scratched epitaph in gold
Sends its message to seekers everywhere,
That Truth is real
Like a rainbow's shadow.

World Ash (For Anselm Kiefer)

The Abraxas trembled,
The microcosmic atom-stars shone,
Seeds of parallel worlds,
A singularity prefacing the iron path,
The birthing of a thousand suns.

And in the land of Sol Invictus
The high priestess of wonder
Weaved her fourfold Bohemian path
Into the no-thing Void;
The empty fullness of the entrance to paradise,
Where Jerusalem holds the Key
To the blue Muse, catching fields of glass
With their coats of iridescent hue.

Now the caduceus breathes music,
As the master-singers in solitude
Connect to the Barjac studio,
Turning hard lead into soft spirit-gold;
Climbing the pyramid levels
On each rung of the Tree of Life,
The radiant future forgotten
In a series of perfect moments,
Given to each of us
To play our individual tune.

Metamorphosis

To be part of the Great Knowing
Is all one needs -
The soft kiss of summer,
The hard-edged tear of winter,
The waking up of spring's dream,
The autumn's glory of falling leaves.

For we dance our individual joy or pain,
In the collective memory
Of humankind's museum:
This way and that,
Leading here and there
In the caress of a lover's charm.

The future, illusion's mother,
Is always one step ahead,
Mind-fed and wanting;
Where time closes on our musings,
And we contemplate the living and the dead
With equal weight altogether.

Then the celestial harvest begins again,
Cutting through the evening air
With touches of the changing years,
It bells out mortal sounds
To a hidden rhythm;
Pre-existent, formless,
Heaven and earth rolled into One,
Moved by the metamorphosis
Of some greater Mystery.

To The Sleepwalkers

The eulogies came from the dull world
Of tomb-phantoms,
From the left-over rites of cruel fingers,
Reaching the quantum foam with equal measure:
The drifting lotus circles
Parading their wares without regret
In the music of rare constellations
And cracked streets;
Lonely cornerstones of existence,
Wigwaming their perennial elation
To the sleepwalkers.

It has always been this way,
The captive seductions of the young,
Biology moulding civilisation;
Spring begetting spring-time
In the falling idols of May.
While hand-in-hand we round-a-lay
Dancing Primavera's eternal song,
Easing open the door to inner mysteries.

Now underwriters turn their backs on glass walls,
Swan-dive at night into moonlit swimming pools,
And the Master Game is played
On radiant screens,
Digits of antique remains
Laid bare on ticker-tape scrawls.

No more letter written in inky pen.
No more curled moustaches waxed again.
No more sitting and smiling on park benches;
For this day we are signed off
By easy words and are betrayed,
And yet where there is sunlight there is also shade.

Starmaker

They watch and wait
Sensing the subtle fates of us all;
The gods of invisible realms,
Contraposto in a changing world.

While the seasons hold the enigma
Tight to their core,
Cycling on the great horizon
Where the cosmic trumpeters play,
Where the children of the moon
Swim in the waters of Avalon,
Where the empty boasters are no more.

So the Watchers guide our destinies,
From the sleepy hollow of birth
Forming the puppet-arena for death;
For we surround ourselves with false comfort
And ignore the rest:
We are taught like Damoclean strings
Whose fine mesh we hang by,
And the shock of knowing our own mortality
Wakes us up for a brief moment,
Then we fall back to slumber again.

As the Truth-road is narrow,
It winds in curves and spirals
To no particular end,
Except realizing we are here and now
In a journey of joy and sorrow:
Then we transcend to Starmaker,
And fly to the rainbow beginning
Close to the lands of make-believe.

The Invisible Arts

You witnessed on cloud-nine
The separation of the dream-space
From the pedestrian,
The surface curves of a runaway wave
That transforms the mundane
Into the prismatic universe
Of another dimension:
It is hollow-curled, wound up
In fractal empty balls,
A mansion of many rooms
Where the origin of sound is formed;
The side-mass splitting
Into Venus-shells and chains of parallel time.

These feather-bed the pregnant warrior
Who floats in the waters of death,
Who lies beyond mind in an ancient pose,
Who sweeps all before her, yellow as Hyperion,
Working on alchemical symbols
Letting the air out, then in;
Breathing the So-Hun breath of achieving -
Out, then in; the Light's dreaming,
The inspiration of the shaman's dance
Which creates power spells to advance
The soul's will to cross the threshold of ages,
Chanting 'Namaste', touching the feet of wonder
And always moving ever on.

Keepers of The Flame

You host in your body the world,
The kind comfort of pleasure
That connects the inner and the outer:
Contours that follow the sun and moon,
They throw open your crimson tide
Flowing through the mountains where stars hide,
El mar amo, where your centre lies;
Down in the forbidden cave
As night covers you in love.

And your kiss like death comes too soon,
Your aureole voices singing
To the next generation's cry,
Giving whispered presence
To keepers of the flame.
It has always been this way
Coated in the veil of milk, an essence,
Embraced by a new life
Brought forth through the arms of suffering.

We turn to dust then, eyeless,
In the crucifix of two roads.
In the wild frontiers of the Now.
In the sacred vessel of her forgiveness,
Bearing their ecstasy and silence alone,
Wrapt in the warmth of knowing
That we are just a breath away
From the mine-head of eternity.

Blood-Stains And Reliquaries

If you exist my dream-girl,
You, with the pale ivory skin
Of new-moons,
You with the heart-taker's eyes
That fill rooms with envy and sorrow:
And on the red contour of your mouth-frame
You give the syllables of love's shadow a name
Instilling the night with fresh meaning.

If you exist my dream-girl,
Come and give sustenance
To my world-weary soul,
And we then will take leave
Of the known, both seduced
Into the secrets of the stars.

If you exist my dream-girl,
Give me a sign you are there
Waiting in wings for your special part
To play over and over in blood-stains
And reliquaries, counting the hours
Of despair and love;
When you sink into deep water.
When you hold my bones in your arms.
When you wave goodbye at our last farewell.

The Gathering Storm

And by the wooded fields
The ancient smoke billows
 In towering stacks,
With the gathering storm
From an unconcerned world:
Taking time-out to explore
The going out and the coming in,
 The push and pull
 Of a centuries' call.

There, the elemental fervour records
The half-disguised smile of the mistral wind,
 Echoing the pin-slip balm
 Of Mediterranean days,
Recollected in some black photographic album,
 Where innocence still retains
 It's authentic calm:
Where moths around a candle
Make a small recess before flying off
To another Italian adventure,
 Taken a Renaissance ago.

The Green Apple

The green apple is reflected
In the mirror-walk,
In a frisson of foulard,
Abandoning reason
And playing the honey-games;
A legerdemain with night-talk
Kissed by the traveller
From a distant land.

It is the ancient sea calling
Like a clap of thunder,
Destiny's hand,
Pointing to a new prison
Or a new Jerusalem:
The arrival of our journey's end
At the skin-baked centre of garbhagrina.

Now the earth listens with deep intent,
And balances the cool oblivion,
Speaking the language of the stars
To remind us of our heritage:
As the distance foreshortens
To either war or peace,
Entering the doors of perception;
It's walls are hung with white skulls
And children's toys,
Paloma diversions to exotic places,
Glory-roads that test heroes
To their limit:
Bathing in an ocean of milk -
They defy being known.
They are blind but see.
They break with the past
And create the future
In the twinkling of an Eye.

The Rainbow of Birds

This shielded face of the old ways
Stares down the modern world,
With its slicked back hair and glass,
Its tubular eyes of concrete footprints
Baked in a money-oven.

Look to the breeze of a fading autumn,
Declaring that the kiss of your lover
Weighs more than your tail-finned car.
We work at misfortune
Most of the time,
And forget Nature's quiet call.

It is in the wide colossal web
that the right bones connect,
That fuse the soul to the fatal ground
That lies like Truth
In the avenues of adversity.
It plays out in the role-playing of forest sounds,
The paternoster journey of correspondences,
Eking out existence
Down green corridors
On the floating waters before death.

Now the pale servant of the heart
With impressions of another path,
Awakens to the day's memories;
And lives by the rainbow of birds
Who taste the dreams of children,
Riding on thin air
As if there is no tomorrow.

The Great Return II

Without roots in the ground of your Being,
Without the firm connection
To some higher power,
Without the turning to some authentic feeling;
The world would crumble before cathedrals of glass and steel,
It would navigate no more the ocean's clear waters,
It could not dream dreams of wild expectation.

But there, in the invisible firmament,
Hope coalesces in the land of Star-fire;
Ever-present, falling beyond routine
In-between the cracks of our lives,
Where the mysteries begin again
Seeking fulfilment
In the small flap of a bird's wing,
Or the incandescent lullabies
Of some exotic race of righteous ancestors.

Yet in the confines of our meagre years,
We can still see the wonders of a beating earth
With its strange-attractor semaphores,
Branching out to find meaning
In fragile canopies of green,
Or in silence, turn our senses within,
And wash the body-politic with light
With the airs of some hidden rose, seen
Only deep inside the soul
Of a seeker in the Great Return.

The Night's Silence

The salted scars are formed
In the serpentine labyrinth;
The wave of freedom
Lying on the mountainside
Of Lakeland scenes,
Repositories of boyhood dreams,
Nature dressed to kill
The speed of the city's treadmill.

This frenetic living gives way
To the night's silence,
And steps on the thin-ice of time's distance,
Tearing like the incision of a lover's kiss:
To seaward and back from home
With a sailor's guiding hand,
Beating on the white sails
Of existence,
Until realization comes.

The Shorelines of Sleep

The swan-brain flickered,
Rested in triumph
As the perfect leaf fell, pell-mell,
Towards a soft boggy ground.
It lay still, coffin-brown
With wind-ruffles,
With cadence-head,
With the delicacy of fragile skin.

A dry note echoing over the valley,
It then rained from pure clouds
From the stone-cliff crags
And ran to the vast river floor:
In water-music, timeless,
Music of nature's secret symphony.

These ancient echoes dream their reason
On the shorelines of sleep,
They rock in rhythm
With the dark breath of night;
And ground landscapes of the seasons
Into curvilinear forms,
Warm-feathered in willow nests,
And stream-winding in glacial turns,
With trees flowing over the earth
Like mushroom warriors;
Free as the heaven-seeds
Sewn by spirit-hands in Italy,
Blowing far away to foreign lands.

Super Luminal Matrix Continuum

We are being dreamed
By the Great Dreamer,
In the invisible realm of the Void;
Hidden behind the tail of stars
Contemplating the issue of Creation
From its central intention:
The magical show played and replayed,
Iterated into Infinity
Like some Fibonacci fern.
It encloses the veins of dark blood,
Reflecting the red-shift's drift
Through the superluminal matrix continuum.

The flow comes in waves,
In and out, the hyperspace
Cutting through the veil of matter:
In the phantom resistance
Of awakened angels, marching
To the edge of sanity, exploring
The crossroads at the end of the world.

Zen Stones (For Isshidan)

The rough-hewn Zen stones,
Three deep, bamboo'd, rolling on
 To Never-Never land,
 In a tea ceremony ritual
 Coaxing fresh tastes of heaven
 From a white porcelain cup:
History made each precious second
Contemplating a stranger's smile,
 O-shaped in black and white.

The gravel oracles of Isshidan:
 Circles of the universal sound
 Of one hand clapping;
 Treading on oak boards
With azalea flowers dropping like rain
 On the floor of hidden temples,
 Wearing the spirit-chain
 Of well-clipped bonsai,
Or looking through the windows of Suzhou
 At lions and leaf-shadows,
Swaying on moss-stained reflected walls.

Curved Air

The hello child came to close
His mother's gate,
Which inviolate,
Was found in the luminous light
Of summer's ending;
Where at night
The lunar scars, pitted,
Grown silver-washed
On full disc-head,
Announced the Second Coming
To a chaotic world.

The earth-altars then lit up,
Weighing the crescent horns
With the scales of dust;
Navel columns of illumination
Zigzagging through curved air
Prophecies pesh'er'd out,
Leaving star-attractions
Gleaming in the water,
Like shadows of moon-raking.

The Ceremony Of Flowers

The trickle of sense,
Dripped, slowly meandering
Down desolation alley,
Backed up to the fire-faced
Cocky watchman braving out the cold
By the winter brazier.
It blended into the dense black darkness,
Season-expanded in a journey
Of nostalgia, back to nursery rhymes
And flashes of bright light,
Spiralling down from the Origin,
From the constant Calling in real-time.

The ceremony of flowers then began,
With heart-stops and historic homaging;
Letting go of past crimes and furbelows,
Wrestling with heroes in curtain sunsets
Diamond-setters of beach-shores,
Beauty in rock-pools and giant crab-claws
Inching their way home -
To the side of the wind's exposure.
To the sights of poetry's freedom.
To the sounds of the seagulls flying overhead.

The Irish Weaver of Dreams

The bone-feeders drew their lots
Rocking their head-stones with gnarled arms,
Staring with black eyes
At the wunderlust of magical dawns.

The natives of some Irish town
Coralled in between earth and heaven,
Felt the sun's heat, languishing
In the strange forests of Eden.

Feral wanderers printing their footsteps
In archaic mud, chanting
Lines from old sonnets,
Liveried with ivy rings.

The dream carriers, revived again,
In the seat of Her earthbound body:
This womb of oak trees
Arcaded in the Gothic way.

Now taking a fresh breath
To feel the rock's surface,
To root the seeds of flesh,
To penetrate the inner sanctum

Of your lover's valley.
And realizing all that remains
Is the memory of halcyon days
With you, the Irish weaver of dreams.

On The Heads of Twilight Gods

The dream-girl eyed the music-phantom
Then rang the bell of Mersey's pride,
To swell the anchored sleepwalkers
Come through the rivulets of muddy smiles,
Gaining speed from Caribbean lands:
Restoring thin slivers of deep lives
From the breasted cloudy hills,
From fate's lines of spring daffodils.

Then mounting over the morning fields
The song of the dawn creeps towards
The silent lion-heart of the city,
Where distraction reigns supreme
In the starlight of a carousel,
Round and round and round it goes
Going nowhere on the daily wheel.

And yet in pastimes the effigies of paradise
Grew towards the sun,
Grew into the wide margins of moorland,
Grew through the ennui of the everyday
And settled on the heads of twilight gods.

Aysgarth Falls (For Liz Kavanagh)

We roller-coaster'd down
The Yorkshire Dales' runways,
High-seeking the stone sheep-pens,
Open for rainy days
And to mountain plantations.

Then, in Hawes, had a picnic lunch
By the swift-river,
Flying around the foam-rock circles;
Sitting on it's walled edge
With bird-talk and liting homilies.

Moving on to Aysgarth Falls,
Walking down the steep cemetery path;
Finding the panoramic scene unfold
By the old mill bridge.
And massaged your Irish back
To the crashing and crossing of dreams,
Lichen-clad and moss strewn:
Echoing the prehistoric sound
Of the rush-water's seething;
Beauty's redeemer,
In the subterfuge
Of some earthly Eden.

Then home by way of misty crags
And cloudy sun,
A precious reminder for the future
Of time well spent together;
In simple contemplation
Of a small adventure,
Just sharing a journey with you,
That will never end.

The Orphée Clock

The wall crumbles,
The sides dissolve into Nothingness,
And the fate of Nations
Is decided by a toss of a coin.
This apparition of wolves
Conveys the danger of concessions to fools
Who drip gold from soft watches.
Then the cock crows at dawn
As the Orphée clock stops
And voices Humanity's cry of freedom,
Clothed in rags and ashes now.

The anchor is let loose though
On an unforgiving world,
And allows the stillness to break the surface
Touching the delicate centre,
The red-glow of inspiration
Cornered by the fingers of an artist
In full flow.

There is a flooding of 'if-only' tears,
A Daliesque découpage wrapped in saint's haloes.
It is time for the End;
The Eyes have it,
And the naked spectacle of Beauty
Riding on Pegasus' back
Is revealed to be a mirage,
Made only real by imagination.

A Life-Circus

We are pieced together
Slowly over time,
Each tomorrow fitting into each present
Like a patchwork quilt,
Each day a separate dance;
Making a string of pearls
Hang in one circle of chance.

The encounters are circuitous,
The dreams opalescent,
Carrying their meaning
Like a pregnant woman:
A life-circus running in parallel
With old age convalescence.
This is the beating of the inner drum;
For we are all in free-fall
Until the end comes.

Some Higher Annunciation

The hedgerows envelop the fields of corn,
Full-faced and turning with the wind's
Gentle blow, with it's invisible tide
Of weathered change;
The falling of leaves in the clear air
Sending them in spirals
Down to mulch the earth's soil-bed.
Life then grows again
It rebounds in egg-embryos
And haystack billet-doux:
The tincture of time
Patinating the myriad roads
Of youth and age;
Bare maps of fate unwinding,
Embracing the ocean currents
Of some higher Annunciation
That guards the soul of Nations:
It breathes softly on today,
Still as the moon's shadow
Reflected on the lake's mirror-horizon.

The Half-Moon Track

The fast-cutters sliced up hearts,
Sat on vertigo aisles
Of bow-pointing ferry boatmen:
The ocean-drift of years
With their spray-topped heads,
Wisping and dissolving in the wind.

And in the half-moon track
The riders of Orion,
Suspended in the Milky Way's river
Cross-patched and shining
In a celestial ceremony forever,
Draws comfort from the velvet silence of space,
And precesses to the pitcher's tune
Sung on the first of May.

It rests now in burial mounds
Meadowed in blood restoration,
Where hybrid insiders of ancestor's dreaming,
Followed the road of simplicity,
Saints and sinners
In a waiting game of the dead;
Comprised of faded lilies
In soft-falling shadows on a parquet'd floor.

The Strange Blossom

The strange blossom fell from sky-vaults,
Dropped like soft tissue from babies' skin,
 Into the bread of life,
 Into the jagged mountains of Langdale,
Into the street cauldrons of mellow wanting,
 Into the deep valley of remembrance,
 Poppy-strewn from the Tower's embrace,
Crystallizing the war-dead in ceramic coffins.

 It is the sudden wind-child of history
 Frozen in the sounds of lightning's dance,
 In the page of cold reflection
 Cutting the boundaries of action
 With bayonet-heads:
 Lying in the stone-crested edge
 Of our understanding,
 With the raising of the golden fire
While flying over the white skeletons of our memories
 Until we reach the womb of the Void.

The blood-shadows then open into new domains
Asleep on the fragile clouds in their blue-beds,
 The uplift coming only in the waves
 Of the sea's nocturnal wandering,
 Pilgrim witnesses to the Pole Star,
 Where the sun and moon reach for
 The mouth of the Milky Way;
 And the voyages of the silent night
 Cross cosmic oceans
Filled with the music of the Universe.

The Other Side

I am an old man-child
Whose eyes have glimpsed
The other side,
Whose spirit-aim was whole
In the midst of the known,
Whose direction was derided
By the sleepers of reason;
But in the end death's shadow
Touched on deep mysteries,
Hidden in between the cracks
Of a mind without desire.

The Ringing of Midnight Bells

Your kiss like love's-window
Sends the river of summer
Through the middle of the Zen road,
Through the pouring of holy water,
Through the whistling of the dry wind.

It approaches the wings of the blue archer;
The amphora of dreams,
Flowing over earth's veins
To the distracted crowd.
It is the source of mysterious apparitions
The white souls of daybreak
Spreading out their eternal message of Oneness.

The life-seeds then fly to fertile ground,
Planting their mobile heads
Into rich, dark soil,
Covering their nakedness
With the coat of winter:
It's cold womb wrapped around
The inside curve of Mother Nature's breast,
Marbled in the mouth of time's advance
Near to oblivion.

It draws the lunar cycles,
The blood pause of ova death,
Too soon and too late
For silent wishes to be realized.
There in lilies and poppy fields
The orbits of lovers
Drown out the world,
And take what comes
Each and every day;
As the forbidden angel
Rises again, earth to air,
And makes the blind see,
As the end brings comfort
With the ringing of midnight bells.

The Womb of Thick Graves

The cross-mask wears a clear face,
It warns of present dangers
Wrought from broken promises;
Lost paths of happiness
Substituted for suburban make-overs:
The real seen as false
And the false, real.
Tinsel monuments embracing
The cold hands of fame and fortune.

Where is the Mother of the Dawn?
Where are the dancing carnivals?
Where are the bell-ringers of the night?
We lie in the womb of thick graves
Waiting for salvation:
As the lightning strikes
The twin mountainside
At the end of time.
Then the spring follows ancient roads,
Formless and flower-based,
Cutting into the shear rock-cliffs
Of star-dust imagination:
While the empty streets
Fill with falling leaves.

Love's Alchemy

This lucid advance obeys noone,
It rings the ocean's shores
With the roaring white waves
Of your milky curves.
It displays the ensign of your dark hairs,
Probing the tunnel of your love
For the cross of lunar fire.
Then your naked closure
Serves the inner voice of life,
It shoots it's feathered embrace
Into your warm recesses,
Where glistening stars circumnavigate
Your wild Irish eyes.

You reap spring harvests
From the shadows of the hard world,
Who weep for your own oubliette
For your remembrance of past lives
In the search for your own road to walk on.
Reveal your dreams slowly,
Leave their soft touch on others
Whose secret kiss you impart.

Gather your body of light together,
Ease your bone-cage into new regions
Of enchantment, and bless the hidden ones,
Who confess their illusions to blue skies.
The days are endless now,
The web of memories stretching
To the ends of the earth,
Encircling the Globe
With silent coils of gold;
Faded jigsaw pieces
Of love's alchemy.

A Song For Elizabeth K.

The interlace of her Irish colleen hair
With deep blue pools of Lough-eyes;
Heather-scented and predisposed
To astral visions.
Her trickle of a smile
Sends the world dancing,
Sends the soul right in its course to heaven,
Sends the bare-music skyward
To foreign lands.

This leveller of Welsh stones,
Clad in oyster and blue filigree,
Sharpens the mind with rising stars
And keeps the records of Akasha free
From the world's corroding arms.
And as the sun embraces the Western sea
Her mystery is clear;
In a Galloway evening sunset
She calls like a Druidic crystal seer.

The Catchers of Our Dreams

We rest on the head of adventure,
 Feel the quiet murmuring
 Of the life-stream
Wending its way to some forbidden land,
Or some sleep-strewn vertigo of the soul.
 The catchers of our dreams
Then morph into fragments of poppy-petals,
 Whose sacrifices round-out the world,
In the strange arts of youth and old-age,
 Painting the faces of hope
 In the heart of lightness.

It remains in the guise of funeral orations,
 Perfect messengers of salvation
 Locked away in toffee-boxes,
waiting for the parousia to come:
 The breath of ages
 Passing like some autumn mist,
Dissolving into the star-filled night
With the worshippers of new souls.

With Voices Of Wild Longing

The tide-shadows beat the golden filaments of sand,
Dressed down the dunes of breasted turf,
And speak to the clean sunset
With voices of wild longing.

It is a desert now
Foregoing the islands of men;
Timeless, lying over the ebb and flow
Of centuries, the west wind
Bringing grey sheets of sullen clouds
Wassailing across an empty sky.

The Roman ash, dropping leaves like gold coins
On the seasoned earth,
With the solidarity catchers of dreams,
Watchful, alert, on the peninsula's bow:
A heavy globe of fading day,
As the striations of the years
Form banks of liquid stones
Just this side of the dissolving horizon.

Now the Great Mother sighs,
And her Origin bites deep
Into the Centre of things -
It forces open the winnower of wheat.
It seals the scar of birth.
It keeps the lotus flower alive.

The Garden Of The Hesperides

The oak-head bared to the world
In the soft undergrowth,
Whispers through it's leaves,
Blowing, tremulous, changing
From summer to autumn.
There in the green-stick forest,
They grow in the land of Erewhon.

Then the Leviathan sleeps,
Having sung the song of oceans.
Having fired new passions.
Having turned into mother-earth again.
Now the crystal cave of magic
Leaves a wake of silence behind,
Disappearing in a mist of unknowing
Vacating the visible realm;
Free to wander and roam
Through the vagaries of beauty,
The archipelagoes of flowering romance,
To discover sacred laws,
Youthful initiations soaring on love's wings
Through the valley of despond.

You, arisen from your seed-bed,
Naked in the Garden of the Hesperides,
Seek immortality by eating golden apples.
You testify to deliverance,
An ode to some midnight's dancing,
Little steps of some forgotten Dream,
A festival of lived remembrances stored away,
To pull out when old and grey,
Warm embers of mementoes from the past
Birthing fresh thoughts
Of some heaven beyond.

Wild, Wild Echoes

This paper-fire through the ocean's ceiling,
It lifts the water-clothes in the wind;
Lays bare the naked juvenile's wooden head
On the painted bow,
And sings praises to the white sail's roar.

This water-warrior speaks with fish-tales,
And mother earth holds court
With granite and limestone,
Leading to the green Isthmus
Catching the moon's reflection
On the white-foam's back
Of the open sea's majesty.
You, the manic reaper of dreams,
You, the ringmaster of rocky shadows,
Shading the cloud's wandering
Watched over by the guardians of the over-world.

The autumn leaves falling now like golden shells
To the hard ground, to the sleeping forest,
To the maker of our hidden love:
In her calling to fly with thunder-wings
Guiding me to wild, wild echoes
Of existence, sounding out
Across the illuminated horizon,
Like celestial music
Playing in your lover's ear, forever.

The Architects Of Magic

The architects of magic
Drew faces in the air,
Balanced the black with the white,
Opened new channels of knowing.
They brought storms to wash
The globe clean again,
Hired pierrots and harlequins
To play guitars in circus arenas.
The mystery pervading the Dream of Life
Shooting golden stars over the heads of the clowns;
And renewed lost and dead souls,
Their shadows becoming real in the secret twilight.
They change into elusive strings of silver
Etched on the hearts of seekers everywhere
In the theatre of the absurd:
Remembering the enigmatic pool
That collects our memories and memento moris,
And transforms reality into an etheric web
Filled with constant surprises
And luminous wandering.

The Crack Between The Worlds

This journey, this magic transformation,
Dissolves the old ways,
The ways of suffering.
This journey fires the imagination,
Takes root in deep wells
Where happiness lies.
The layers of experience
Passing away,
The new frontiers breaking barriers
Touching raw nerves,
Desiccating the conditioned mind.
Then thoughts like leaves fall hither and thither,
To reveal Arcadian treasures
Once concealed in habit and routine.

There again you must start at the beginning
And end at the crack between the worlds;
Changed by being more here and now,
Knowing less, not more,
The baggage of concepts left behind.
The connection to stillness is the key,
Then words that bring peace can arrive naturally.

The Alchemical Key

The undying curve,
Silent like the deep blue-black of space,
Slowly meanders
Down your living breast,
It heralds the window into the future.
It seeks out the eyes of lovers.
It runs with the alchemical key
To a life beyond words.

There the soul is stretched out,
Drawn with a Renaissance pose
Clothed only in white marble:
Where Apollo watches Venus undress,
Knowing that perhaps tomorrow
You will fly on a luminous wind.

Then your twin thighs
Will carry the lives of ancient dreams,
Missives of some invisible glory,
Moving towards your centre of mind
Seeding the great circle of existence;
Returning home through earth, air, water and fire
From the wasteland,
To the beauty of your new blood.

The Albion Hair Of England

And in that youthful beauty
The orphans stood proud
Sitting with the Albion hair of England
Around their shoulders.

Where in the country lanes of overhanging oaks,
Those sentinels of some other time,
Bear witness to ages passing through
The thinly veiled web of hedges,
Growing closer to earth than ever dreamed.
Then slowly rising to the storm's chaos
And cloud's chasing cover.

Now this thunder spreads like fire
Over the spare thicket and winding Dale;
A forked brightness entering some other realm.
And the narrow roads leading to lichen and mossy hills
Dot the green canopy with their spider tracks,
With mole-skins hanging on wooden slats;
Overlooked by ancient barrows like rustic scars
Overflowed with the swallow's scythe.
And in the rooted wood
The curlew calls like some hidden muezzin,
Waiting with the lonely-eyed owl
Who flies to catch another meal,
And slips past time's ever-evolving wheel
To reveal the willow's drooping leaves,
Falling one-by-one on to the river's mirror-side.

The Dream-Time Express

You touched the deep causeway
Penetrating the sliver of maidenhood.
There your lips parted on soft skin
Stroking the river of forgetfulness.
It is the way of thunder and lightning.
It is the Dream-Time express.
It is the silent closing of heaven's gate.

We try to prepare for the unknown
Anxious to find security in things.
And yet the finger of Fate dictates
Another road to freedom.
Another harmonic sojourn to classical bathers
Who inhabit the lesser known shores.

We live in the shadow of a greenstick future,
Which bends it's invisible will
To a strange homecoming.
And in those limelight metamorphoses
Our youth dies to maturing age
In fits and starts of nameless evenings,
Where invocations claim the night air
As we find peace in simple things.

Gaia's Comforter

The porcelain children cracked open
The veil of tears, read alchemical texts
 To the park pigeons,
And noted how pink cherry blossoms
 Fall in the rush of a spring's wind.

The old Methuselah then grins,
 Ice-packed and drunk
 On the world's woes;
 Staking his claim
To know all the pitch-black sinking
 Of musical equivalents.

It is the noteworthy adornments
In the performance of naked earth-waves,
 That play the golden aureole
With the whispering fingers of youth:
 The ancient Elysian prize
 Of the goddess Gaia's comforter.

It is in the root-hole
Where you escape compromise;
 By the lonely grave-sitter,
 Who, in a chameleon pose,
 Strikes the stony-edge of death
Silent amongst the sarcophagus trees:
Remote, engraved with life's longing,
Who dies within the blink of an eye.

La Vie – Le Grand Ordonnateur (For Charles Jencks)

In the multitude of feathered wings
The lost secret of Alchemy brings
Light on special occasions;
Seers into the quantum parcels
Of the newly found Hesperides,
And quits the rich-veining world
For the poor simplicity of love.

It waxes and wanes like the moon,
Starstruck in sympathy
With it's sidereal inclusion,
The pas de deux of the fertile brood,
Heliacal-born in Creation's Garden:
The Final Void in the sun-fired peace
Of tomorrow's wilderness,
Paved with the bones of martyrs.

For the ribbed sarcophagi
Blends glory with the damp earth,
Levels high and low into plain fields,
And buries regret in small worm-holes.
As the Fibonacci provider
Spirals out it's message
With the roaring flood
Of a thousand eyes:
It strokes the willow's bud
And seizes the tranquil space,
Sequing into the harvest-time.

(Continued overleaf)

The pale yellow and light-blue haze,
Sharp as sea-grass
On a dead sailor's grave;
Rests now in fortune's guide
From the ashes of shell-cries.
From the hollering of ocean shanties.
From the Evening Star's heavenly wand.
And we wait for miracles all around
To appear, and yet -
They are everywhere.
They are everywhere.
They are everywhere.

Some Future Land

The shirred pongee,
A pleroma of poncho-pink,
Covered the waste water
Of the valleys,
Like the Polynesia seas,
Arctic, frozen in polycarpic waves:
In the full-flush of the winter season,
An hermaphrodite's pizazz
With it's pizzicato timing,
Heralding the egg-treasures
Of louche mating;
In the dark patches of a seagull's dream.

It flies on the empty kiss of the morning
Higher and higher
To the fortress of the stars;
As the bitter night air
Teezes it's icy edge
On the skin of blue velvet:
Hidden in the magical wind
Of rainbow's end,
Sensual and meandering
In the corpse of time;
Boxed-off and red-baited
Marching to the Orphic lyre.

With the dreamer's broken mind
Resting in some future landscapes
Whose birth paints
The earth's blossoming,
And sews the winding river
Into coloured patchworks, signing
The cumulus-sky with ribbons
From old lover's smiles.

The Golden Osmanthus Trail To Suzhou

On the golden Osmanthus trail to Suzhou,
The Lu Dongkin wore tiger shoes,
And fell asleep next to the Peony Pavilion
By the Baodai Bridge;
Where the He-He twin gods lay in Hanshan,
Overlooked by the eyes of Linyiang to the past and the future
At King Wu's behest:
Drawing the songs of Pingtan
Through the Panmen and Xumengates
To the moon-lake of Taihu,
Where Fuchai and Xi Shi basked in it's glory.

The koi reserves there, designed by Wu Zixu,
Herald the hao of surprises
Recorded by Zhuang Yuan,
By the slow willow-faded pools
In the cool canals for posterity.
There Bio Luo Chun is sipped
Listening to the music in the Cangland Garden,
In the land of rice and fish
Where the "Three Whites" roam free.

Then Yang Guifei ate lychees
Near Dongshan where the bayberries grow;
And in the Diao Hua Lou,
(Jin Xizhi's masterpiece)
The peonies and orchids flower,
And the phoenixes fly each hour
To the Convent of Zijin.

Now the towers of day-dreaming
Sit in real-time
By the brick houses and water rippling,
Finding the Mountain Villa intact,
Embroidered into the mist, craggy stones and pines;
To paint the rhythm of song, Tang and Ming
With the brush of red and black lines,
Graced by heaven in the secret signs
Of some lingering beauty,
That never ends.

A Near Thing

The near terminal journey came,
Echo sounded, tick-tocking,
Mitral valve stopping, scar-chested;
Nursing the north-south wound
Of a broadside from a cutting sword.
Blood reviews and cardio-wards,
Banking on the morning's survival
Etched into the silence
Of the night's rhythm.
Then looked after by Alma kin,
Resting on the words
Of 1913, battle weary
And dreaming of home;
As the seizure of patient contemplation began,
While the cathedral bells rang
For a Sunday Mass,
Where the necklace of protection
Saved the situation at last
From a fate worse than death.

Flower Of The Sea

The day's brilliance
Grows slowly into muerte:
Where the flower of the sea
Divines coral territory,
Seizing the hulls of wayward ships
And allows the gold pageant of fish
To sink deeper into the dark abyss.

This wonderland hides secret treasures,
Netting the sacred hordes of ring-tailed swarms
Transformed into the wave-lapping whispers
Of some gentle peninsula.

This native carapace of sun's rays
Are caught between the wearing rock-journeys
Close to the ocean wind's sigh;
Scarred by the eroded layers of history
Millennia after millennia,
Crossing over onto Jacob's Ladder
And the green apple of the future.

It cradles the blasted heath,
Where the rain-soaked prayers of pilgrims
Caress the earth's brown fingers,
And reappears in spring
Stronger than the beating wings of peregrines,
Whose smooth curving flight
Bows in vortex grooves:
Improvisers in a common cause
Rippling through the backwaters, singing
Alone, anonymous, on the border
Of self-forgetfulness; they try to live bringing
The Kingdom home, replete
With the wisdom of stone laws,
Cut just this side of paradise.

The Light-House Keeper

The earth-report comes in fragments
Treading water in spring weather,
By narrowed hedgerows, blossoming
In the midst of naked dying.
This serpentine stranger
That wends it's way to the half-hidden rocks
Of some Atlantic home.

We are nearer the timeless archipelagoes,
Nearer the jutting romances
Of black basalt caves,
Nearer to the dungeon-sweet aromas
Of seagulls nesting.
They burn in the sun's rays
Leaving the island's spit-head,
And travel to the horizon's mouth
In the ephemeral sand's ebb and flow,
Bathing in the pangloss summer
Of a monk's striking bell.

There in the half-dusk
The fragile tide throws it's weight
Onto the shore's flat-belt,
Reminding us of it's scarred face,
It's unfathomable mystery;
Ocean-deep, in the sound of thunder
From the manic clouds, liberated
By the ancient sailor's key,
Turned in the ship's hold,
Eye-lined to the Pole Star's guide.

Lissom and flashing as a knotted oak,
Bound by a knight-errants quest
To find the nova stella abroad;
United in the minute wandering
Of the minnesinger's hope,
The light-house keeper to the I Ching,
As it cycles on
In its endless round
Of living dangerously.

Dragon's Tales

This rooted space, earth-worn and ground down
With the autumn leaves of acer-blood,
Hijacked by the sprinkling of a blackbird's song;
With the dead mouths of crumpled flesh
Lying like a blanket
On the dawn's mannequin:
Love's warm caress decked
With lightning's words
Strewn over the hedgerows,
Tentacled shadows over stone walls
Moving like dragon's tails.

Now the sacred lichen grows
By the sun's fire:
For the bones of winter are near
Heralding the changes to nature's skin,
Like the threaded willow
Woven into pagan skeleton frames
In the fertile valley of yellow corn,
The widetrack roving through deep woods;
Reborn again in Hermes' desire,
And lost in a world far away
Lost in the beating of waves
On some forgotten shore:
And in that moment
Merge and live in the Nut-sky forever.

On Earth's Breast

The dark languid night passed slowly,
With the maritime shells of winter
Blowing from the west,
Breathing a heavy sigh
Around the skeleton bones
Of the oak's Broadway.
It's allée sweeping through
The secret territory of your imagination:
The childhood treasures exposed in old age,
Through the transient whispers of a summer's breeze
Or the fall of water onto lichen stones.

Look, those rooted mountains store history
In their layered heart,
Store the silence of the wild,
Remembered in a fleeting memory
Of some naked willow's dancing;
Where the yellow warbler's cry
Is heard over the autumn leaves,
And the honey-bee collects nectar
To feed the world and its distractions.

Now the oceans call to the sun's rise,
Another universe in miniature,
To reflect the blood-soaked clouds
And later the ghosts of falling rain;
They hide deep fissures
In love's longing,
Dissolving like light-snow
On earth's breast.
Then sleep comes from the shadows
Rearing the bliss, nameless, self-effulgent,
Each day a page of eternity
Blooming like a pregnant flower.

The Twilight Gods Are Laid To Rest

You stopped to talk to me
On the way to heaven.
Your eyes pierced my mind.
Your voice told me in infinite tones
That the secrets of life
Are in the small things.
This was the Master's comment
On fate's hand;
It threw out sparks of life,
But they died on grey concrete roads.

And yet the roots still grow
Sending their tentacles out
To enrich their future,
Arriving in the dense loam
Of another day's patina.
Face down, the urgent mouths
Of the ancient rivers,
Still bury the names of the dead
In black stone memorials;
Arrows pointing to a sky
Full of fiery clouds.
And you, the flying dragon of old,
Fall silent at my feet
As the twilight gods are laid to rest.

The Shadow Doppelgänger

The sacred mirror reflecting your pain
Drawing in your other self;
The shadow doppelgänger
With its ticking clock
Painted on hybrid brocade:
In its centre the fear of age
Departs in the songs of children,
Fast forwards to the missing cave
Of attractions, deep, subtle,
A place of pilgrimage and pleasure;
A tribute to water and flesh
Of the burning oneness
Stripped of affectation,
A monotone of stone-faced pilgrims
Allied to fate and fortune,
On their road to some other bliss.

Everything turns on a penny though,
The bowels of some money-beast
Setting you up for its prison-debt
It's kitsch come-on.
It's make-up caked smile.
It's never-ending inner vacuum.

But beauty surfaces in odd moments
When the bullets and sales talk stops,
When the marauders with white teeth
Fade from your lives,
And we have a chance again
To be in the presence of nature's beat.
To lie in the sound of rocking waves.
To feel close solitude in a crowded world,
And find contentment
Just counting the stars.

Homeland

The cries of existence arrow out
Above the seedling heads,
Above the mourning crowd of funeral pyres,
Above the thrones of innocence:
There, within the empty space of winter,
You tend to your lost loves,
Bury them in memories
Of another language not spoken
Or rehearsed, only acted upon.

Then, the heavy bells of Saint George
Are heard everywhere,
Falling from the lancet-tower
Waking the peregrines from their sleep;
Reminding the world
Of our mortal time on earth,
As we creep on our daily journeys to Nowhere.
This soul-silence transforms the grey dawn,
Sending missives to the snake-filled cities
Of the unnamed:
In a roller-coaster of dark returns,
In the rear-view mirror of our mysterious lives
Held in common by familiarity.

And as we approach the bone-garden
Only then do we question the reason for being here
In all its paradoxical glory,
With the thousands of eyes
Being watched by strangers:
As the records of illumination
Are read by saints and dreamers,
Running through the Underground Stream
That fills the Arcadian tomb,
And promises another birth
Rooted in the deep-core of Homeland.

To The Water's Edge

The past remains in the photograph
Of your star-child head,
Your sixties dream of Bohemia,
Your twinkling eyes of recognition.
It felt loose under foot
While you sang liberation songs,
As time dissolved into your living Now.
And you returned to remembrance
Of our being together:
The Irish lilt in your voice leading
To the water's edge,
Bottomless like the whirlpools of Loughs;
Lost in the green woods
Where the ancient groves
Kept their secrets close,
And death was no more.

Et In Arcadia Ego

The blue horizon, cool in the ordered ceiling of clouds,
Hold the Arcadian dream in its embrace;
The great 'I am' resounds,
Summoning up the Alpha and the Omega,
And stirring the time's witness
To the earth-womb, an echo of the future, now.

Blow your horn again for tomorrow to come,
To rain down the blood weather of your ancestors;
To shape the Temple-hill with your painter's eye,
And chase your silent prayers
Over the raging ocean's spray.

And the blue-rhythm dances along the horizon
Weaving its secret, relentless abiding,
Kissing the dawn's rays with it's yellow field
Untouched by the world's drowsy hum.
You, dressed in the clothes of a clown,
Release the words of comfort
As your soul dreams of heaven;
And your memories fade
Like leaves in the wind...
'Et In Arcadia Ego'.

On Flanagan's Wall

The Mersey burgee flies Nimrod-high
Like some visual azan,
Having avoirdupois
Between the didymous towers,
Where the Jungian azimuth
Crosses on Flanagan's wall;
White-horsed and with spiral stairs
Winding up to the Beatle's lair.

Leonardo caverns with post-haste virgins
Grooming themselves in Eric's alley;
Down some magical yellow brick road
To the end of fame's rainbow;
Manoeuvring, not dead or alive,
Wild as the swan's parting.

Icy like Rimbaud-clockworks
Supercharged by the free-wheeling
Philamonic, pitch-perfect;
Striking a new chord
In devastation valley.

Then the brouhaha crowns the circle of initiates
Haranguing the empty sky with soliloquies:
Down-rapt in club-hideaways
Until the floating idle-stares run dry
In the birch-bark fantasies of pub-land;
Where time-out in the Madigras
Pumps up the pressure
And gains admittance to Parr Studios
Near the Green Room,
Flooding Penelope's light
With strange shadows;
Twisted like the musical notes
Of a Latin Lover,
Dreaming the Dream of a saint.

Celtic Prayers

The river-watchers burn midnight oil,
Weigh their spines in wolf-whistling
Under the church woods by the Lune;
Semi-dark tributaries to salmon-homes.

It curves in Lonsdale's valley
By the Devil's Bridge,
Where the curling fins meet
The cow's-bait, the hovering dragon-flies,
The reaping of the hay's harvest.

In the evening twilight-eye
The clock-tower feels the sky,
A roving ambassador
Of the Celtic prayers,
Entering the foxes' lair
Into the sun's manhood:
Emptying the moorland's hedge boundary
With raw nettles and henbane.

Now the bat sentries awake
Flying in the wave-domains
Of the silver crescent moon:
Dancing in the Walpurgis night,
Everything riding on the owl's back
Metamorphosing into the sound-attack
Of the huntsman's cradle;
Chess-gamed on the windy-track
Evolving like a nautilus shell,
Fibonacci-born on the pendulum of tomorrow.

Yellow Bananas (For Paul Simpson)

The dream courtiers
Singing in the Mathew Street parade,
Set the pace for surreal adventures;
The apple-beat of wisdom
Spawning new directions,
Heralds of thunder and lightning
In the show-down by the Liverpool Dream.

The ancient curse, now dispelled,
From the spirit-caverns' opening
In a witness for peace to the world:
The Word softly spoken in hit-machines
Down revolving doorways
In the Om-belly of action;
Finger-picking melodies
Whose rock-messiah begins
With a sacred groove,
Tauting for the next Big One.

Then a wild swan flies home,
Touching the angel of deliverance
With its feathered wings,
As the pilgrim's story is told again
In divine comedies;
A union of yellow bananas
And musical sundries,
Left out to dry
On the thin wires
Of dusty fame.

The Oculus

The white streaming one-eyed Oculus,
Tangentially arcs it's way
Across Roman times;
The many gods heralding it's divinity.
No wormwood or decay
To shorten life or decline the rebirth
Of celestial harmony.

Orpheus doting on his lyre,
Triumphant in his secret rites
Clamouring for the idyll shepherd's fire,
To warm the world's cold night;
And seek asylum in Delphic care,
While spring offers new insights
For living in balance and equilibrium.

For the beauty of the inward Breath
Waves it's forever goodbye
In the time-essence and cosmic exercise;
Enigmas of confessions long gone,
With the opened-Eye
And a lover's kiss,
That witnessed the winter's passing:
The unused seed asleep
Until joy's music awakens
And dismisses the dark gloom again.

Then the rustic gods appear
With the season's bell, catching soon
The well of tranquillity
In the years of wind and rain;
In the years of falling blossoms
That etch their infinite pattern
On youthful eyes with wisdom.

Simple and fragile
As the butterfly's wing,
Coming and going
From life to death
In such a brief span.
So too, do we, in comparison
Live ours, faster than a rainbow's curve,
Touching for a while
This precious mysterious earth.

Ode To Freedom

Listen to my freedom song,
The simple book of existence
Nourishing the earth's damp soil,
To grow the ancient trees whole again,
To walk on the narrow road
Converted to hymns of fellowship.

An artist painting his inner life,
Expressions of spirit-forms
Lit from below;
A mise-en-scene of secrets,
Pathways to recognition
Across the universe of emotions -
Your gentle touch at night.
Your feather-bed open to the elements.
Your box-cage broken into fragments.

In this moment is everything;
The mystic Now-layering of silence,
A honeycomb of feeling
In the corridors of peace,
Balancing by degrees
The waters of the sublime:
Breathing the same Dream
Passed down from Zep Tepi
To the present.
Just listen to my song of freedom
And see with clear eyes
The stars whose dark-blue lake
They swim in,
Carrying wisdom in their diamond glow.

Dante's Tour

Wandering on Dante's tour of Verona Square:
With lakeside reflections on past history,
The perfect haven for Goethe's mysteries
To flower, and blow lemon blossoms
Over Riva's harbour.
Then on to mountain tales in Dolomite peaks
Pointing to some snowy heaven above
And fir-tree earth below.
A river of meaning
Winding through a Divine Comedy
To the edge of Lake Garda and beyond,
Breaking boundaries in Bear's company
And wishing that we stay together forever.

The Sentinels Of White Stone

The clock stops at the sound of the dawn chorus,
Time moving to a standstill,
Doors of perception opening on invisible crowds
In picture-postcard memories of the eyeglass worlds
Of surreal bed-minders.
The wounds of childhood healed with nature's love;
Hunted for in the deep forests
Of poetry and Art,
In the wide circling of a dove's wing
That flies to freedom each May day.

It is the eternal dream of the illuminated
Where the candles burn by sun and moon,
Where the conjoined whisperings are heard
Above the din of the everyday,
Where the sentinels of white stone
Stand on either side of security and freedom.

It takes time to be immortal now,
The death and rebirth ceremony
Rarely comes around to catch human blood:
It feeds on the ringing of ancient bells,
Pulled by the centaurs of tomorrow.
The journey begins and ends here
Watching the river flow to the ocean,
While you age slowly
In the vast expanse of inner silence.

Dream-Weaver

The catching of the bird's wing
Comes soon on the Ponte Vecchio,
A frosted toast to being alive,
In a winter ferment of protracted grey.
It is in the sanction of ashes
Merging with the whispered cave
Of your gentle touch,
That true meaning is felt,
The blue and yellow of the passing years
Staking their claim
To authenticity,
In the night-roaming of parlous talk.

The dream-weaver is the same,
Watching over our unbelief in sleep-shadows,
Wresting some ritual forgetting
On the birth of another wasteland of words.
It can be counted on one hand,
The bright spirit of letting go,
The main task of touching haloes
On orange-day.

Where in the legacy of pounding surf
You hear a new cry of freedom;
A gate of dreaming
That thunders across the horizon,
Stretched to a thin white line
Of understanding,
Cross-checked with deep roots
Arriving on a marble shore
United in the harvest of souls
From the fields of ersatz gold.

The Lifewave

In the painted surface of your pale skin
The fire of destiny is born within,
Crossing the universal Void,
Spelling out the secret syllables
Of the diamond-centre sword,
Where the moon's silver thread
Weaves the stories of childhood:
The keeper of the pigeon feathers,
The storer of wisdom
In flowery packets,
The dreamer of the tidal ebb and flow.

This wild frontier of the soul
Stretches out to the infinite edge:
It reflects the Kingdom.
It's multi-layered head
Shining against the dark blue sky.
There the poet's crown is held high
In fields of bliss.
The way out is through Knowledge,
Through light-realms,
Through the feeding of love's bounty.

And in the final solitude before death's embrace,
You choose the circle of Illumination
To lighten your load
Along the shores of pain;
To rest again in your Beginning
Which is your End,
Your common origin, the Lifewave,
Covered in the aura of pure gold.

The Harlequin (For Jean Cocteau)

In the blood of an artist
Flows the alchemical Orphée,
Through scandal and fame
On parade at the Hotel Welcome:
Like smooth crazy skin
In an Eternal Return
To oneself, with Colette, Francine and Jean.

There, dancing life away,
The belle-monde in the round at play,
Rode horses through broken mirrors
And read a white book of Illumination
From the Eye-In-The-Pyramid.
Then going South on the perfumed winds
Bound behind locked doors
Wearing pleasing ballet costumes,
Crowded-out and crowded-in,
Uttering bon mots for the infernal machine:
From de Vilmorin to airy Sospir
With the ticking of a saintly clock,
Painted life as art
But was always mocked.

But waiting in the wings again
At Saint-Germain-Des-Pres in Le Tatou
Was the 'Major' who took out his eye,
And later Le Coq raised the light at Saint-Pierre
Handing on the testament of love to the world;
While making doves fly to celestial homes,
Where the immortals learn
To stand the test of time alone, saying -
"Je reste avec vous."

A Cloud Of Unknowing

The risen body of the world's disease,
Hard, cold, bitten into,
Comes closer to the spirit of thunder.
It relapses into foreign storms;
Quick-fire oceans of rain-flowers
Where the broken fingers of glass
Explode into slivers of angel's wings.
Then the great 'Knowing' comes,
Like the hidden beat of a Leviathan
Ravaging the minds of innocent children,
As the blood runs from glazed media-ware.

It is the revelation of transformation
In the networks of pristine light.
It is the doppelgänger of a phoenix spring.
It is the living death of banality
Roped around the neck of freedom.
We can choose this way or that,
In or out, ebb or flow, in the House of Dreams.
And yet, we drop like leaves
From a withered tree with age,
Fighting to remain sane
In the boundary between earth and heaven,
Surrounded by a cloud of Unknowing.

The Primordial Vibration

The great prairies breathe
Their life-affirming voice to the world,
They guard the ancient spirit-lands,
Hopi and Navaho regions of dream-living.
This is where the Sipapu
Connects earth and heaven,
And shimmers the network of silver-white lines
To create every new beginning.
For each moment is a fresh reality.
Each space between the time-zones
Is freedom's domain.
There, the abundant store of the jubilant forest
Opens the language of succulent seeds;
Flowers the secret longing of tomorrow
And searches for the Grail's presence
In the suffering of Humankind:
Loose associations of that fall, pell-mell,
While the Watchers come bearing gifts:
And the feathered warriors
Feel the canopy of sleep
Touching the Centre of Light's body:
There with row upon row of forgotten dreams,
Stretching to Infinity
On the inscape horizon;
The Primordial Vibration of the Universe
Quivering as if there was no more time.

The Skin And Bones Of Life

Strip the veils away.
Tear the barriers of conditioning down.
Feel the sharp bite of winter's morning air.
Touch the skin and bones of life, carpe diem.
See the world at an angle from the mundane.
Hear the hidden silence of the Universal Rhythm.
Taste the honey of the moment
In all you do,
And then 'things' become clearer,
More in their natural state.
And then one can survey
The transformation of top and bottom
As one process, one completeness,
The revelation of the spirit within;
Reminding us of our heritage,
Our future aspiration,
Our unique place in the scheme of things.

No More Or Less To Say

The snow patterns sink deeper
A sentinel of the flux of change;
Arythmic, spontaneous, arising
Like the wispy clouds of the morning.

Then the fire-mist comes,
Hangs in the shadowed-valleys
When the Dorje joins the living and the dead
In tongues of the Thunderbird;
And the Universal Breath is breathed
In the full silence of the Awakened.

And in the magic resonance of Nature
The Dharma is moved in the invisible Mind,
To walk on, to be oneself,
To just Be.

And in that moment of forever
There is no past or future,
All is Now and always will be,
Through the coming and going of illusion
In your own shadow-play.

And in the end
You have either lived a life
Of one note only, or a symphony -
There is no more or less to say.

The Dharma Drum

We sit daily on the razor's edge
Wearing tears of runaway dreams,
Pressed into concrete crevices
Fuelled by the signs of green gold.

Children of the sun wake up
To your heritage, wake up
To your soul survival,
To your branding with rust and ashes.

You are here to kiss the dreams
Of your future selves
In the freedom of light's river,
In the flux of your vitality.

Do not fall through the crack
Of the 'if-only' window,
Do not hide your celestial body,
Do not die too soon.

Live in the world of silence
In a journey to the lonely forest,
And beat the dharma drum
Reaching for a timeless sky.

At Revelation's Door

And in the god-wind
The survivors stand,
Waiting for the crouched tiger
Conversing with the ether-sky,
Not limited by narrow earth-perception.
Look to the seven steps at revelation's door,
Where a child cries
Holding the breath of heaven together.

And in the Liverpool sun
The sailor's dreams are stored
In Jung's pool,
Where the white horse
Reaches the angelic spiral stairs,
Where the birthday of forgiveness
Comes closer on the green horizon.

It is the dawning of the summer's truth
Assailing the grey ones, the blind paper men,
The hobblers of true Vision.
As the seeds drop from the tree's hideaway,
While the shells float to the shores edge
And touch the cloudy dolphin's home.

In Heroic Outline

In the empty spaces
The real life begins and ends,
The least being the most,
The glue holding everything together,
The invisible composition of nature
Revealed in red, blue and yellow.

Then the awakening comes in stages,
A film-set open to the elements,
Where you gaze on fragrant wonders.
This is the gateway to simplicity.
It is the task of the spirit-warrior to pursue.

And in this awakening
Things become clear,
Like glass, spectacles of ancient myths
Becoming real in heroic outline
To lead us to a new way of Being;
Where time is transparent,
Vanishing to an endless horizon
As you walk towards the light,
Giving you that old sense of harmony,
While knowing
That you already have come home.



International Award-Winning Artist and poet Peter Corbett, his poems and artwork stem from a search and journey to find the underlying truth behind the surface appearance of things.

This selection of poetry reflects the revealing or revelation of that contact with that other level of Reality. Hopefully giving some insight into its many layered meanings and paradoxes. His previous books of poems were “Tales from Erewhon” (2001) and “The Pool of Life” (2003).

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