

The Singing Of The Real World



Poems by A.S.Kline

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Contents

Burning:1	7
Burning 2.....	8
Un-Meaning	9
Answering	10
Stones	11
Architectures	13
No Track	15
One Leaf.....	17
Direction.....	18
The Seas	20
It Doesn't Last.....	22
Tangled.....	24
History, Futures.....	26
Programme	28
Singing In The Silence.....	29
Human	54
Gatherers Of Light	55
Powerless	56
Directions	58
Mind.....	60

Through You I See.....	62
Make.....	64
Riding The Earth.....	66
Orbits.....	67
The Silent Fire.....	69
Arrow-flights.....	70
Turnover.....	72
Beyond Specifics.....	74
Night Music.....	76
Experience.....	77
Not By Naming.....	79
Getting There.....	81
Looking Back.....	83
One Pure Mindless Flow.....	85
Why We Are Here.....	86
Between Layers.....	87
All That Freedom.....	88
Go Through.....	89
Later.....	91
The Same River.....	93
Chinese Lanterns.....	95
Angular.....	96
Branching.....	97

Fir	99
The Force Between	101
Not An Inch.....	103
Brush	104
Cityscape.....	105
‘Master of Heights And Distance’	107
Transparent.....	109
Sideways On	111
Revealing Mind.....	112
All One	113
Mind-Dance	115
Neither/Nor	116
Moving Earth	118
The Secret	119
Earthshine.....	120
Good And Empty	122
Sacred.....	123
Purposeless Ease	124
Quieter.....	126
Siva On The Wall.....	128
Classics.....	130
Heritage.....	132
Flotsam.....	134

Stone Age	136
Unreal City	138
Deep	140
Alba	142
White Silk	144
All Movement	146
Fragile	148
Give, Resist	149
Love	150
The Peace of Dark.....	151
Getting Naked	152
Star-Bound	153
Chinese Wisdom: Very Ancient	154
Thousands	155
Flaw.....	156
Elsewhere	158
Power	160
Not Alone.....	161
Index of First Lines	162

Burning:1

The strong clocks
sing the star pulses,
far down Gemini,
bursts of light.

The world is a vault.

The dark stars
split apart.

Gravity is the curve
of Energy. A whorl
of time around the heart.

Burning 2

Why should history be anguish?
Plenty live without intensity.
Children, friends, food, work:
most join in the building.
Give, love, share.
Energy flowing in the Moment,
all past and future here,
one big fire.

Un-Meaning

Seed after seed, then
one stem, slender,
one flower.

Work, work, discard,
work,
plough the earth,
make it yield.

Then sit, watch Nature,
cascade, flow,
seed after seed,
stems, leaves,
flowers.

Miraculous un-meaning.

Answering

Three thousand years,
but this is not the way to live,
or four thousand.

An undirected plume
of energy, still
making trails.

Knowledge is cumulative
not contentment.

Out to sea, small waves,
streaks of shadow,
white caps,
a sail, here and there,
a sail, quick flash
of canvas,
one more voyager.

Three thousand years,
but this is not the answer.

Stones

Human faces in stone,
Individuality's not what
the light captures.

No face frozen in time
other than only human.

The Individual
lives behind
the mask, and changes.

Fluid the word
and the music moving
the word
fluid forever.

Human form in the stone:
curves of arm, cheek, thigh.
Nothing of us is marble, granite,
pretence of power
or solid being,
we are transient light.
Flicker of sun and moon

on the water,
gone ten thousand years.
Nothing frozen in time
that is us, but not us.

Architectures

Cathedrals like a dark weight,
Mosques like a dark weight,
Temples like a dark weight
pressing down on the earth.
All the buildings,
glass, stone, silent,
weights in the balance
pushing us down into the earth.

Bright air outside
outside the human museums,
of spent religions
stamps of trade,
the symbols of power:
sweet lungfuls of air
untouched trees with
scalloped leaves.
The trickling stream, clear
in its shadowy bed
penetrates

with lines of energy
all this gravity.

No Track

No track.

Heart-ache shadow of hills,
landscape distance.

Lines on a drawing,
saying hand, mind
and not what's seen.

Far-off, clouds,
long slopes,
a lake,
winds, valleys,
owl, fox, hawk silence.

No track.

Fir forest in mist.

Grey-blue rock,
the disused quarries'
slow reversion,
Nature's spread
without intent,
with no demands,

and no authority,
outside possession.
Long slide of stone,
the smell of earth, and leaves,
light, water,
all the same joy.

One Leaf

One leaf
nothing lost.
One flow
over the wrists, ankles,
one stream,
nothing lost.
One star,
one sky of stars,
one cloud,
all cloud,
nothing lost.
One breeze,
one rain,
down one valley,
one bird
dawn-calling.
Without us,
without this,
one world, one breath,
nothing lost.

Direction

Perhaps the last
marvellous silence
will celebrate us.

After the last of Earth
becomes, again,
the first of Earth.

Perhaps the un-extinguished
species of flowers and leaves
will fill the stillness.

A vast rustling of life,
an intention-less
un-meaning trembling of life,

flowing, over-flowing,
filling the craters,
climbing the fences,

a shift in the wind.

The Seas

The seas
most without intention,
and the
depths of the forests,
the wind on the high
mountains,
stones in the shale deserts,
but best of all seas.

Their slow breakers,
and glassy silences,
their gull tracks
over liquid stone,
their margins
and outflows.

Like snow hills
azure's drift,
in motion
without purpose,

of energy changing place,
re-configuring time.

It Doesn't Last

The nothing,
the power,
hard labour.
Sweated years
to support this arch,
built on nothing.
But an hour
to see the beauty.

It's power,
it's nothing.
Imprisoned minds
find every crack
and vein to flow through,
half their mind
makes pretence
and some fraction
of their spirit.

It's power,

it's nothing.

Tangled

With our hands
we conserve, preserve -
the guilty.

Can't have this
without that:
no one is immune.

Riding the wave's back
with whatever mind,
time has momentum.

Lizards, deer, whales, hawks,
trees, snakes,
Europe, America, Asia, Africa,
sliding under.

All riding, no one free,
riding law, wealth, process –
the guilty.

Can't have this
without that.

History, Futures

Out of the silence,
intention-less,
the creature's intent.

Out of the creature,
curious, creating,
empathy, trust.

Out of empathy
the great arch,
towers, laws, texts.

Out of the great arch
danger, darkness,
mutation of spirit.

Out of the spirit,
the future spirit
of the enlightened creature,
truth, care, clarity, silence.

Programme

Harness the good technology.
Clear the contamination.
Enlighten the violent.

Employ the silent machines.
Free the mind and spirit.
Teach moderation.

Direct the power to virtue.
Develop human nature.
Find the root of silence.

Learn what destroys.
Learn fresh creation.
Change all these things forever.

Singing In The Silence

‘Have you understood the water and the moon? One slips by so swiftly but never passes: the other waxes and wanes but never grows more, or less. If you look at the aspect that changes, heaven and earth can’t last a moment: if you look at the changeless aspect, the world inside and outside can’t be exhausted. What reason have you, then, to envy anything?’

The Red Cliff I: Su Shih
(1037-1101)

1.

Light of the gateway.
Time, space. What is
all this craving?

Fragile life.
Change, bound
to no wheel.
Free. Un-free.

2.

White spray wets
cold boulders.

White light
on dark stones.

These trees in
the mindless mind.

What moves?

Mind stirring.

3.

Endless flow,
white morning.
Crystal stars
fall through my eyes.
Cold water
in the tin dish.

Piled logs. Cool wind
stirs the mountain.
Walk down a thousand feet.
Climb back, singing.

4.

Water swallows moon.

Moon climbs water.

Water cools stone.

Stone carves water.

Water drinks air.

Air stirs water.

Water swallows moon.

Water swallows moon.

5.

Un-believe.

Here your dark centre
makes clear light.

Be still now.

Mountains, valleys
go folding and unfolding.

Don't own.

Grass here catches fire.

Fire, here, light and silence.

6.

These clouds have no authority.
These rocks make no demands.
These streams claim no possession.
Shared forever it flows out.
Harnessed, it binds.

7.

Green the still lake.

Blue the far hill.

Grey the wet stones.

White the high cloud.

On a thousand feet of cliff,
sits the mountain man.

8.

This secret is no secret.

This way is no way.

What is a silence
is not a sound.

What is a stone
is not a signpost.

This is the stone
of the heart.

This secret is no secret.

9.

At the far end of the sky
ply on ply,
don't shape it, let it flow.
The un-carved block.
Don't shape it. Let go.

10.

In the silence
make connections.

Root the heart,
the restless.

Where there's nothing
to discover.

In the silence,
root the heart,
make connections.

11.

Untouched.

Can you leave it untouched?

Leave it for years.

Not kept.

Not held.

Freed. Untouched.

The raw,

the silent wild.

All free.

12.

Jupiter's bright
over the lake,
beyond the stones,
light on the mountains,
alien presence.
Don't speak. Don't name.
That flare.
Empty.

13.

Birch there, curled bark,
by alder thicket.

All the threads
of this world
lightly held.

Watch. Wait.

Resonance. Echoes.

We too,
going through.

14.

Poisoned minds.
Barren lives.
All that show
and what's it for?
Walk away,
don't look back,
melt into
mountain fastness.

15.

Many words
but one truth.
What is shared increases.
What is given
will not own.
What is free
is sacred.
Many words
one truth.
Love. Give. Create.

16.

Here there's nothing to believe.
Here there's nothing to be followed.
Here there's nothing you can own.
No path, no trail, no thing.
Nature is all that's given.
Whatever was not made:
once shared, un-owned,
mindless, godless, gateless.

17.

Moon, and its single star.

Tree, and a pile of stone.

If spirit was the only commerce,
mind too would be free.

18.

You must let go
of the mind.

You must let go
of desire.

You must let
the spirit feel.

You must let
the heart live.

What the spirit feels,
what the heart loves,
is your true reality.

You must let go of
the mind.

You must let go
of desires.

19.

Beyond the world,
starlight, silence.

Disengagement is my stillness.

Lost deep in oak and cedar,
carrying the starlight, moonlight.

Disengagement is my silence.

20.

Who can live beyond the earth
drinking the hearts of stars.
lost in green moss, deep
in empty space?
Not to kill. Not to touch.
Not to break. Not to burn.
Creatures here are water, grass.
Creatures here are air and light.
Who can live beyond the earth?

21.

Denying our project,
Nature is waiting.
Ignoring our action,
Nature is waiting.
Green fir, bright pine.

22.

Wind off the summits
slides down a hundred
miles of green pine.
Hawk drops like a stone.
Hand touches the Void.
Hold each word clear.
Slow the mind.
Still the eye.

23.

This path has no direction.
Light shines through the alders,
makes a red silence,
deep glow of forms.
When you see no intention,
when you feel no design,
you touch the veined leaf,
you understand the Vortex.

24.

Bright, quiet, non-action.

Silence without a name.

In your eyes the billion stars,

In your hands the whole earth.

Open your closed spirit.

Take refuge in the Void.

Human

Creation. How is it done?
Children with stones and water,
lovers with intimacy,
the hand and the eye
with the light of the mind.

Beauty. How is it made?
The organism with sun and process.
The creature with shadowy survival.
Itself, the Spirit,
with empathy.

Creation, this beauty,
the heart of the human.

Gatherers Of Light

Blue flower
under the hedge.
Silence glow.

And, above, the pure
tremor of the dog-rose,
its fire burning.

Our fire, burning
in quiet centuries.
Gatherers of light.

Powerless

Empty the moon, empty
the stars, empty the earth,
space-time is empty.
Energy burns from the Void
into this emptiness,
root of the living. Mind
folds round this universe,
process of emptiness,
itself enfolded, and so creates
from matter and being
the leaves of the forest,
envisioned without us.

What odds on the fragile flower
in a world of power?
Ragged fringes of paler pink,
delicate structures
formed in the light.
No odds on the given.
Nature, intention-less,

streams through the night
brings on our day –
the hour of the powerless
closest to Earth.

Directions

Planes in the high sky,
cloud-tracks through silence.
A tiny breeze moves the trees
here, makes them sigh.
Purpose crosses the blue
cave, ploughs
its ten-thousand year arc.

We can change human nature,
body and mind,
fit it to the high trail
over the mountain.
Our intent against
Nature's directionless freedom.
But the leaf's beauty
is given, within us,
and given, as ours,
makes no demand,
ever, makes no claim.

Contrails in the icy blue,
ruled over the sky,
over the cloud and the mountain.
Paths of all futures, signs
of all pasts, we here,
moving through.

Mind

From atomic emptiness
creature's Mind created
grass, the leaves, wave,
(something, dark, moved in the
water).

Mind sang in the emptiness,
over the spaces of things,
made beauty inside us
(a wing flared, shone, turned in the
air)

Mind made empathy, tenderness
made desire and connection
deep at the root, made this love
(is it a face, tiny, in the picture's
shadow?).

Mind made consistency,
coloured and formed the world,
inextricably clothed what it wanted
naked,

(Those hands turned all things to
gold)
wedded us to all things, only
world reflected in this mirror
from which we cannot look away
(The silvered stillness *is* perception).
Mind inside projected outwards,
spilled over into universe,
until it filled itself completely
(this hand that cannot grasp itself).

Through You I See

Twined into this soul of mine,
your heart and you,
greater than I can
understand, some
stem from the early world
crowned with profusion.

Out of the great horn of plenty,
the savannahs of the creatures,
their rivers, mountains, grasses:
how can we even imagine?
Place your hand
in the river of light and dream.

Deeper than this spirit of mine,
what you are, part
of that careless touch,
that flow without intention, purpose,
the miracle making its own meaning,
a memory in us,

shimmering, still alive.

Make

The dish, or the cup,
the food and drink,
the table, the chair,
what's kiln-fired, earth-born,
the splinters of forest, given,
fashioned with hands.

In the ground under us,
ten, a hundred
thousand years
of shaping fingers,
carving minds,
following the grain.

Make something to last,
and beyond yourself,
a knowledge, a word,
a form, a singing thing,
a child, a virtue.
Make in Earth's image.

Riding The Earth

A slice of cloud by Altair.
Jupiter silver in the East.
'This wind seeks no possession.'
World-energy blowing through.

One thought follows another, in
mind,
a cloud-thought-shape,
a star-thought-form,
while moon frost changes ground.

Void and Vortex meet here
in this emptiness of things.
This house stands on nothingness,
light years, ten billion stars.

Orbits

Flying through space
from which the lights
of Earth are seen.

A hand under your head,
sweet skin like marble,
skimmed by shutter glow,
touched it asserts
this polished silence,
and no machines.

A bed has a peaceful heart,
energy flows through it
into the earth, and out.
From Mars the world is blue,
our shadowy continents
under white cloud,
are quiet,
this globe sits on emptiness,
and any aeon would do.
All silence –

these machines.

The Silent Fire

No mind without feeling,
No goal without desire.
The restlessness of being,
Creates the silent fire.

Arrow-flights

Flaked obsidian,
barbed arrow casts,
shaped flint,
their prayer
to the creatures,
those equal persons,
charred ash, black stones,
fire of the past.

Up there, on the higher slopes
axe fragments,
down here a circle
full of rowans
deep in fern,
the light of space
criss-crossing blindly,
until, seen once,
it dies into the eye.

Sand, leaves, dirt,

shells, needles, bark,
bird-dances,
bear-dances,
the litter of being,
one whole history,
gone under.

Turnover

The labour of centuries,
like a slow plough
in a long furrow,
slicing, leaving
the soft wells of soil,
the dark clotted ridge,
the rain-wet valley.

Cities turned, turned over,
blankets thrown
and lifted, thrown again,
shaken, worn,
with holes and wounds,
pulled threads, torn seams,
but they float on air,
and settle empty,
and through them
the light rays pass.

Nets of lives

drawn in the pool of the deep,
leaves of the species.
Not one hand on the plough,
not one mind behind the blade.
Crooked furrow
running straight
through the labour of lifetimes.

Beyond Specifics

Don't give yourself away:
life is not confession.
Deeper than truth
the heart of a being.
The creatures' eyes watch us,
never judging,
our crimes, crimes of the mind.

Be secret. Privacy is sacred.
The uncommon hides
behind the common:
the Individual is nameless.

Don't open yourself to me,
until I open myself to you,
not by history
or memory,
events and things,
but holding your mind
in mine, mine in yours.

Night Music

Dark rains into the Earth,
soil sighs,
the leaves stir, they sigh.

Dark fire from the stars,
falls over the Earth.
It turns and sighs.

Moon and Earth in dark water,
roll through the currents of
emptiness,
unmindful, sighing.

This wind is from Deneb,
this is from Cassiopeia,
moving the pine branch,
a thousand years, sighing.

Experience

Iron-beaked grey heron
on the wall of the pool,
hunched *S* of patience
near the dawn, before we wake,
eyes the world of fish,
steps long-ankled
down the margin,
stabs the silence
before you know it, hear it.

The young one, gangly,
the old one
ruffled white plume of a breast,
the beauty that is experience,
know this noise-free
edge of reality,
where white clouds
hang on city sky:

and bow

to the veins of light
to the source
of food and the self:
in unlearned patience,
hunched over their work.

Not By Naming

There,
without names,
in the body of the poem,
set in the rock,
is your reality,
the line of the flesh
whether we say or not,
or you're known or not,
un-named, you are
clearly there.

Better to go down
nameless and silent
into the beauty
the shining aeons,
like a secret corner
of carved stone,
some hand laboured at,
then forgot: done
for the art alone.

So much better,
like that,
like a silent thought,
like some unseen
domain.

Getting There

Black rooks go back west
into the evening,
from the mountain slope
towards the right
to the lake shore on the left,
against the silhouettes of hills,
where the valley ends,
always a leader first,
and a laggard last,
multitudes in between.

Dark wings on the deepening blue,
over grey stone walls, barn,
road, trees,
and granite ridge,
to the rim of night
over the field
where a shooting star
trailed level green fire
in the blink of an eye.

And they talk as they go,
in bird language,
in dim
companionable flight.

Looking Back

How can we imagine
the outflow of creatures,
the great flood, that vast confusion?

Earth sleeps, wakes, a billion years,
water, rock, mud, minerals,
lands, seas, rivers.

How can we imagine those trees,
all the life of untouched forests,
the silence of mountains, deserts?

Nothing of it owned,
nothing believed in,
nothing followed.

How can this be better than that?
Only different. Knowledge
is power, and power is empty.

There are those who are not,
there are those who seem to be,
and there are those who are.

One Pure Mindless Flow

Science is beauty.
If art is beauty
caught in the net of form,
and the artist 'a voice',
Science is the human voice.

To know this world
makes it numinous,
energy's shining mysteries
move in knowable ways,
life to a child, earth to its creatures.

Truth's beauty, face of the portrait
stilled for eternity,
what does not deceive, is loved.
All this universe, with no intent,
one pure mindless flow.

Why We Are Here

Mind's more continuous
than things it lives amongst,
read the voices, what changes,
love, beauty, truth way back,
obscured later, retrieved, later.
Back before gods we were human.

Mind is deeper than it can say,
and so must always have been.
Tracing the paleolithic lines
on the carved walls,
making out contours of hands,
the lives in the rock. We are them.

Mind tracing the curve,
marking the path,
through the light of centuries,
why we are here.

Between Layers

Rock and the stars,
grounded, a million years,
between them, transient mind.

Culture's a track on the rock,
the litter in earth,
fragile under the soil,
gold over a face,
dust on a stone,
unbound for eternity.
One year and it's gone.

Touch this cool place,
watch cratered moonrise,
feel our age.

All That Freedom

Eliminate the gods and rituals,
they only obstruct the way.
Eliminate the ten-thousand year
dream, go back beyond.
We are there, still, in the silence.
Feel the emptiness.
All that freedom.
The cascade of creatures,
the outpour of energy.
All of the beauty,
all of that truth.
And we, in love
with what is.
Stop following idols,
stop believing in death,
stop trying to own
what cannot be owned,
all of that freedom.

Go Through

In the dark ages
we go on through.
Between the centuries
of beauty and light,
the untouched earth
and the earth renewed,
all we can do
is live on through.

The arts and sciences
of the dark ages
are preparation for being,
a binding in of the roots,
a net of white filaments
under black soil,
from which, one year,
come leaves and flowers.

All we can do
in the dark ages:

survive the wars,
make what we can,
love the earth,
and each other.

Later

The thread of love will do it,
nothing is lost.

The universe will be there,
unmeaning, intention-less.

Whatever they say, truth
is one truth,
beyond our history, its specifics,
its gods and arbitrary patterns.

Truth and beauty
are not unique to this species,
they are what is,
we their appreciation.

For this to survive,
this tenderness,
and create
a new civilisation,
trust and delight
in mind and beauty,
after every kind of violence,
every kind of futile power,

the thread of love
is enough.

The Same River

The frozen flow of
moon and water,
space-time,
energy,
stands still.
Mind opens
and flowers.

Time, great crystal,
down the ten furrows
of light
to the root of the kingdom
the tail
of the dragon

falls from the air,
in foam and spray,
is the long chute,
stilling the eye,
all flow,

one flow,
forever.

Chinese Lanterns

Wang Wei sits
in the green valley,
learning to write
bird-script.

Li Po drifts
on the great lake:
butterfly silks
and willow eyebrows.

But Tu Fu
down the hundred streams
twists and turns
with the centuries.

Angular

Minds that lock
comfortably
take for granted
what they know,
easy, sweet,
under the eyelids.

But minds at an angle,
like flints sparking,
clash of water, fire, metal,
take each other deep,
deeper,
beyond this safe world.

Branching

Now and then
irrevocable Moment,
a place where all
the non-worlds pass,
and real world becomes.
Everything opening
like a flower
or like a stream,
its random,
its non-linear flows,
everything determined
by what is,
but never
pre-determined.
The Moment rolls,
space-time reconfigures,
Moments
we're afraid to look at,
awed to know,
fragile crystals,

light-webs,
floating in time.
Through us,
not despite us.

Fir

The tall fir
towers into
a marbled grey sky,
calm cloud,
its fans of green,
a slender brother-
sister stands nearby,
lower, the holly,
bright yellow,
and then
the hundred shades
of green,
themselves
a darkness,
hiding bird-calls,
liquid phrases,
like speech,
their speech,
heart's web,
mind's restless

churn of memories
emotions,
down here,
the flowing river.

The Force Between

Relationship, O
the force between
human atoms,
gravities,
that hold,
that love
can't conquer,
the truths
and oceans
of what's real.

Rocks split,
trees are forced apart,
the shell is prised
from stone,
washed down the tide,
like sun and moon,
one sets the other rises,
relationship
the force between.

Not An Inch

Shattered bodies,
shattered minds.
All violence
is obscenity.
Why then
tolerate
its
manifestations,
'only human'
grant forgiveness?

Our history
is the pure mind
over-passing
centuries
to reach here.
Forgive nothing,
purify,
and go beyond.

Brush

Sage brush in the night.
Ice, dark, and stars.
Everywhere the creatures' eyes
reflect our lights.

Searching for the emptiness,
searching for the wild,
but we retreat
in fear to mind.

Each day the water rises,
blue, clear, covers grass.
Civilisation still gets through,
the creatures shift ground.

Cityscape

Dark silence
but Nature
through the cracks.
Waking to morning winds,
pounding rain,
no forms or names,
one Moment now,
back a million years.
It's solid though this
skim on the land,
over rocks and streams,
sand, silt and gravel,
and history's litter,
pure Nature a long way back.
Now it's a silence
Nature
in the cracks,
and now and then,
waking,
now and then.

‘Master of Heights And Distance’

On the print
of Fan K’uan’s
mountain scene,
tracing the
line of form.
Empty silk
makes mist and snow.
From brush and ink
rocks and pine.
As real, the real emptiness.
Earth floats
in the silence.
A hermit
on the mind-mountain
enters
the heart of Tao.
Don’t believe,
don’t follow,
don’t own.

Transparent

Threads of light
between us,
threads of knowing.
Minds, hearts,
led to and from the fire.
The long fall
from the cliff
into deep water,
the return,
weeping salt and spray.
The silver-wet fire
burning,
the release of light,
sand poured
into that space,
white into open leaves,
the listening mouth.
What climbs there
drinks and
is buried again,

threads of light
between us,
knowing.

Sideways On

White cumulus floating,
the blue English landscape,
opens the trodden
memories of
specific places,
mine not yours,
yours not mine,
perspectives
on life's strangeness.

Clumps of trees, and thick
hedgerows by wheat-fields
of English landscape,
slow-moving days
abstracted from a life,
summer glimpses
of that beauty we
are not allowed to be.

Revealing Mind

If no one but us,
this planet,
watches the light
of the universe,
it is invisible.

If no one but us
this planet
senses the fall
of stars
space-time does not exist.

Invisible, timeless
universe
silent and unknowing,
and here
the strange light
of revealing mind.

All One

All one culture now.
The last clinging
to ignorance, the last
fabric of superstition,
but all of history
all knowledge open,
means
all one culture now.

A myriad details
of local custom,
but for mind
for the current of ideas,
one framework,
one convergence,
one interchange,
known truth,
pure method,
love, beauty, peace,
one culture,

now.

Mind-Dance

Watching the bird-dance of mind,
the small bright eyes,
dog, wolf, coyote dance,
bear dance, leopard dance,
all the way into
the insect world,
the dance of mind.

Sense, reaction,
thought, feeling,
one continuum
with shadings,
tell me where
it stops
the dance of mind.
Kill nothing,
respect it all,
what we are,
mind-dancers.

Neither/Nor

Plunge from the heat of day
into the cool.

Mind, black print, white light,
the pool of the loved that glitters.
All things are full of what is,
and is not us,
so, all things are empty.

Energy's not our reality,
body and what of the body is mind,
mind and what of the mind is body,
fused like light in the water,
moon-wet on the stones,
flow solid in air.

Time is Energy reconfiguring,
there is nothing else.
What we are is a tower built from
time,
a slender trapeze, a rope

neither flesh nor not,
nor spirit nor not,
and spirit a body
a mind, falling
from the heat of day,
to the silence of shadows.

Moving Earth

Since time is empty
what exists is not in time.
Time is the tremor
of what was. The hours
of the mind are other.

Silence on the empty mountain.
Barred hawk
gyres in the wind.
My thoughts are green fir,
my body is dark pine.

In the silence in the head
the affections of a life
end in emptiness,
sweet glitter,
moving Earth.

The Secret

The voices assert.
The voices clamour
for recognition,
but world is empty.

The shadows press
the shadows, unfurl
their banners, dark
with no device.
World is empty.

The voices beat
with the pulse of light
voices of creatures
and human voices,
but the secret is silence,
world is empty.

Earthshine

Shining Earth
shifts its glances.
Bright avalanche
the gleaming river,
far light
from star fields,
shimmers of bird-flight.
How do they sense
to move as one?
Wind in the trees
picks up the mind
hurls it somewhere
into the cloud banks
into the whiteness,
shafts of the sun and moon,
lights of union,
fusing snow and fire,
in climate of beaten
gold, melting silver,
flow of the waterfall,

cleansing, writing
its wreaths of spray and spume,
quick with life,
shining Earth.

Good And Empty

Looking for spirit
they found their poems
full of things.

Looking for things
they found their poems
full of mind.

All those details
are attachment,
all those words
are empty.

Sacred

You don't understand
the respect for it all,
no axe in the wood,
no death of the living,
the creature saved,
the insect unharmed?

You think that only
religions make sacred?
But life is numinous,
order is miracle,
form, of the silence.

Science is this strangeness
of truth, this root
of beauty
all that we love,
this we respect
and we, we make it sacred.

Purposeless Ease

The night, the stars without
intention,
the trees, the wind, the bulk of
mountain,
the stream, the fall, without
intention.

Nature no mind, no purpose being.
The clouds, the rivers, without
intention,
chasing the veins of dragon, the path
with no meaning, the way without
signs,
the waves, the light without
intention.

The stones, the seeds without
intention,
the air, the fire, the earth, the oceans,
the white foam without intention,
and creatures,
and minds,

and life.

Quieter

We should be quieter.
The word carries
too many tremors,
chatters, mocks, cries.
In times of truth
the mind needs kindness.
We must be quieter
watching the goddess,
watching nature,
shared, poured out, given
our angle of light
under Sagittarius,
ten billion years
those flecks in the eye.
Night winds,
dark leaves,
hidden fires,
teach us to be
quieter, quieter.
In winds,

in silence,
spirits touch
these words,
these stars.

Siva On The Wall

Ignorance
like a demon's shadow
carved under
the god's foot.

The girl, beggar
in the dust,
small palm opened,
squats.

Monkeys in the trees
gaze, pluck leaves,
scamper down the highways,
make out.

In the shade, I think
Europe, America, Asia,
old world, new science,
demon's, apes',
the child's stare.

Classics

Opening Ovid
on the human flow,
transmitted fate, event,
the great intention-less
movement of entangled
gods and heroes,
Nature as fountain,
backcloth, refuge.
Passion, burning error,
shining, all their transformations.

The truth passed on.
Intimate kindness
navigating
between forces
catching the gleam,
the sadness.
Magical flow
of the net of changes.
Where we begin, love,

creation,
pathos, where we end.

Heritage

These senses,
these feelings
and creatures too
the same,
one movement,
one true crying,
all the years,
these senses.

Mother, daughter,
mother,
cave in a cave, in a cave,
the nested hollows,
infinite regress,
the mirrored mirrors,
myself, once, down
alleys of glass,
green echoed.

The child

for three thousand
centuries,
this eyelid, throat, hand,
these bones beneath,
the fluids, tremors,
these same,
veins, feelings,
senses.

Flotsam

All this human
it's not worth
the flowers
of the hedge
the white clouds
it's not worth
your pain,
trouble,
only seems
to be there,
vital.

All this human
is light, lighter,
loose, not worth
a Maenad dancing,
a wild calling,
Europe lost,
and Asia vanishing,
now America,

cities, peoples, floating
light, air.

All this human
passes,
floating.

Stone Age

Slender, shaped
Venus, bulges
from the stone.
A hint of face,
the helmet hair,
arms, belly, legs,
woman, girl,
millennial
maiden.

We are not stone,
she was not,
in the turning hand,
under the eye
of mind,
shaped, made,
sent down the centuries,
a cry
from a cave,
out of the earth,

over these meadows.

Unreal City

People objects
the mass moving,
lost in the crowd
what we know
of thought, silence.
The man, the girl
performing roles,
bought, sold,
people, objects.
All the crowds,
all their tedium,
mechanisms of our world.

Alongside, truth,
a trickster, passes,
creates fire,
skims water, laughing
with slow
luminous mind,
is all displacement

and confusion.
Not peopled, not citted,
the shifting wastes
between places,
real places,
not forgotten.

Deep

Sea is cold,
sand is high,
roots of the grass
go deep down.
A naked bug
under the sky.

White clouds seep
shell and stone
and fossil bone.
Roots of the hearth,
ash, deep down
black fire.

One world lives.
One world sleeps.
Ash and roots
buried deep.
Samsara,
an empty sea.

Alba

Less is more.
The shared dawn
is all light.
I breathe the
rain's sigh,
clouds of morning,
winds of evening.
Leaves bend
in eastern breeze.
Beat time's drum,
the sun's throat
swallows the river.
Less is more.

Given is more,
blinds creak, shake,
in night's music,
storm's eyelids click
lightening,
earth is humble,

it soaks,
empty hills and plains
all islands,
floating being.
Less is more.

White Silk

Now, sings,
you, I,
distant echoes
collect light
from hills and seas,
energy flows,
time moves,
in change,
forests, marshes.

Nature's voice,
shining silence,
sings Now.
Birds in the cherries
on old silk
are there.
This century
sliding by,
next a dream,
arc of Now.

All Movement

The private silence.
With stones, stars, herbs,
protect our huts
on the mind-slope.

All movements of the hand
on the body of what we love,
signify light,
signify peace.

The bee sings
at the heart of the flower,
his long tongue
drinks the sweetness.

The dark buzz
in the deep grass
along the spine of Hymettos,
and in the valley's throat.

Against this world
offering no violence,
to shake the flame, and go
without leaving a trail.

Fragile

Always nearest to what we lose,
deeper these three thousand years.
See it, Earth, fragile beauty,
blue sail on the dark sea?
Feel it, all the shining levels,
harder to lose what we love,
the shimmering that remains,
the movement of grasses?

It goes down the years, a stream.
Birds eat buds in the pear-trees,
child's open-eyed trusting glance
flickers over this dark world.
It seems more delicate, more fragile,
this, balanced on a knife-edge,
civilisation,
the loved calling more deeply:
against violence, the things of the
heart.

Give, Resist

It all fits together,
don't deny
with mind's impatience
labour, love, the trees.

The poem, not opposed
to rock, the stream,
all history,
flows from the ice-age

of salt and stone,
the dark eye, soil,
furled sweet bark
skin of the earth.

Mind slides against the grain
of racket, violence, glitter,
slides, slips past, sets
its mark on banded cliffs.

Love

I love your silence,
deep in my spirit,
the beauty of meaning,
your love of the spirit.
I love your silence,
the light of your spirit,
the irreplaceable real.

The Peace of Dark

Mars nearest for how many thousand
years?

Midnight orb, red fire, a shadow
rose,

eye covers half a year with a finger.

The peace of dark restores the heart,
and here there are no wars.

We exercise our skills, loves, lives,
gatherers of undamaged feeling,
with spirit that creates itself.

The peace of dark restores the heart.

Mars nearest for so many thousand
years.

Getting Naked

All day on the long flower-tips
the flicker of butterflies,
like strange quivering petals.
Matter, at some point, becomes life,
purposive form
sieved out, sentient species,
nature's lexicon.

Complex, to know these knots of
time,
these ten million year gifts,
messages like light
from the core of the universe,
and as troubling
when you step aside from the human,
clothes and cars.

Star-Bound

We are caught in the net of eternity:
we must go to the stars.

Without the devils and gods,
we must go to the stars.

Mind, without body, perhaps,
we must go to the stars.

Carrying our beauty and love,
we must go to the stars.

Into the silence of truth
we must go, to the stars.

We are caught in the net of eternity,
we must go to the stars.

Chinese Wisdom: Very Ancient

To exercise power over others
is to steal power from others.

Those who rightly administer power
for others, with their consent,

become

powerless observers of what is done.

When what is agreed to be done
is done, they can retire to the dark,
and do not invent new tasks,
and do not invent old lies.

Power has a life of its own.

Cut channels for the stream.

Thousands

Love them all, creation's thousand
ways.

What praises learns to understand,
mind critical should be critical for
fire,

the healing flame. Before the tree,
the stone, the water, silence.

What you thought worthless returns
its other face from mirror-smoke.

Love them all, creation's thousand
ways.

Flaw

Not given by gods, genetic in us
all the fires of cunning, flames
of curiosity, all this human,
its laws, cities, wars, exchanges,
demonic cruelty, compassion,
knowing the better no power reaches,
sliding to dulled gratification,
weight of ten billion beings
pressing, unmindful, on the planet.
Radiance absurd as the coil
of green stem, emerged
from the womb of matter,
sleeping in repetition's seed,
dying to nothing. Why filling
this time with violence,
jostling of hatreds, the grind
of structure, to get beyond what?
Nature. Silence. Peace?
What we might make, of spirit,
who created gods, wars,

music, image and dream,
if hand touched hand
continually, mind touched
mind, beyond the blind
and foolish heart.

Elsewhere

Melt of the last, silent forests,
almost laying down their burden,
over the lost, imperfect cultures,
giving way to deathlier un-nature.
Slowly the trees lay down their
heads,
the naked hills slip together,
and the empty seas are freed of life.
All this for elsewhere. Remoteness
kills.

The hand on the line of triggers feels
the slightest recoil as the planet
moves away.

Meltdown, cut groves, the waves
without.
Cities flower though the garden's
lost.

Another turn of the universe,
too long for us. Say it: sing it,

while it lasts, elsewhere.
Not by turning back
to the blind and primitive,
but with the light of a billion stars,
slowly cascading over the heart,
all light from elsewhere.

Power

A child without power has power
to touch the core of things. Women,
men, with power, are powerless
to liberate the mind and spirit.

When we give power away we reach
the place we recognise,
unacknowledged,
the place of light, the deep attention,
of the surrendered heart.

Not Alone

Love links us to the generations,
the child, the living, and the dead.
Love links us to the generations.

Beyond the present is our homeland,
no tongue, no heart, no mind is alien.
Beyond the present is our homeland.

Desire out of dust keeps calling.
We turn inside the web of being.
Desire from the dust keeps calling.

The eye, the hand, the word that
echoes
is not the matter, form, that holds us,
the eye, the hand, the word that
echoes.

Love links us to the generations.
Beyond the present is our homeland.

Index of First Lines

The strong clocks	7
Why should history be anguish?	8
Seed after seed, then.....	9
Three thousand years,	10
Human faces in stone,	11
Cathedrals like a dark weight,.....	13
No track.....	15
One leaf.....	17
Perhaps the last.....	18
The seas.....	20
The nothing,	22
With our hands	24
Out of the silence,	26
Harness the good technology.	28
Light of the gateway.	29
White spray wets.....	31
Endless flow,.....	32
Water swallows moon.....	33
Un-believe.....	34
These clouds have no authority.....	35

Green the still lake.	36
This secret is no secret.	37
At the far end of the sky.....	38
In the silence	39
Untouched.	40
Jupiter's bright	41
Birch there, curled bark,.....	42
Poisoned minds.	43
Many words.....	44
Here there's nothing to believe.	45
Moon, and its single star.	46
Beyond the world,	48
Who can live beyond the earth.....	49
Denying our project,	50
Wind off the summits.....	51
This path has no direction.	52
Bright, quiet, non-action.	53
Creation. How is it done?.....	54
Blue flower.....	55
Empty the moon, empty	56
Planes in the high sky,.....	58
From atomic emptiness	60
Twined into this soul of mine,	62

The dish, or the cup,.....	64
A slice of cloud by Altair.....	66
Flying through space.....	67
No mind without feeling,	69
Flaked obsidian,	70
The labour of centuries,	72
Don't give yourself away:.....	74
Dark rains into the Earth,	76
Iron-beaked grey heron	77
There,	79
Black rooks go back west.....	81
How can we imagine.....	83
Science is beauty.....	85
Mind's more continuous	86
Rock and the stars,	87
Eliminate the gods and rituals,.....	88
In the dark ages	89
The thread of love will do it,.....	91
The frozen flow of.....	93
Wang Wei sits	95
Minds that lock.....	96
Now and then	97
The tall fir.....	99

Relationship, O.....	101
Shattered bodies,	103
Sage brush in the night.....	104
Dark silence.....	105
On the print	107
Threads of light	109
White cumulus floating,.....	111
If no one but us,.....	112
All one culture now.....	113
Watching the bird-dance of mind,.....	115
Plunge from the heat of day	116
Since time is empty	118
The voices assert.	119
Shining Earth.....	120
Looking for spirit	122
You don't understand.....	123
The night, the stars without intention,....	124
We should be quieter.....	126
Ignorance.....	128
Opening Ovid.....	130
These senses,.....	132
All this human.....	134
Slender, shaped	136

People objects	138
Sea is cold,	140
Less is more.	142
Now, sings,.....	144
The private silence.	146
Always nearest to what we lose,	148
It all fits together,	149
I love your silence,	150
Mars nearest for how many thousand years?	151
All day on the long flower-tips	152
We are caught in the net of eternity:	153
To exercise power over others	154
Love them all, creation's thousand ways.	155
Not given by gods, genetic in us	156
Melt of the last, silent forests,	158
A child without power has power	160
Love links us to the generations,.....	161