

Autumnal Vision

The old ones whisper of rejuvenation -
the bundled harmony of growth
kept beneath the surface of detachment
where questioning spirits fade.

Who is the phantom
orchestrating the season's journey
chanting the sacred lullaby of the wayward oak?
Who brings the notion of longing
to the streets of our evening memories?

Perhaps what we covet is what young lovers seek -
to journey amongst the stillness and the shadows of desire
whilst scaling the crests of ecstasy.
To believe the kingdom of nirvana will rattle at our door
and lie with us beneath the sheets of cultural structure.

We are the starved creators of our dreams
where a child awaits this moment of slumber
to be summoned from the echoes of the natural world
and build mirrors from the depths of our visions
that grow vicariously through the whispers of the old ones.

Ophidian

Born into the throne of my own power -
a gentle seed of prophetic bellowing
which I willfully deflected,
forgetting the medicine in a dancing tag.
The balance of heart in each beat
paints me a golden nest to append my awareness
until I join raveling in the skin of a serpent
that pulls me deeper into earth,
each breath a divine substitute for the wild cosmos
captivating the interface of my being.
It slips me within
lovingly consuming me with a lust for immaculate death.
And in the gut of kundalini, I could not dissolve.
Pulsing in sacred indigestion
until it purges blazing liquid of illumination
spilling my essence out in a radiant molten pulp
of which I burst forward
free to shape this exalted form.

Puddle of an Ocean

How well have I known these trembling petals
flowing in the wave of summer's mist.
I've unwrapped these transparent blankets of abnegation
and introduced new shades of the spectrum
that humble my crisp curiosity
into a wild breeze and a howling moon.
Winds of change speak independently
of the cycles of the earth
and the cryptic bounty kept beneath my veins
that cascades into mysterious streams and ancient roots.
Is the assemblage of my presence a compromise,
fit between fear and an insatiable lust?
As I fabricate purpose from the motives of slurred visions wild illusions,
I disguise my sacred journey in the fabric of mortal skeletons
Surrendering as a disciple of this native ocean
Stripped bare of my inhibitions
by the seed of gentle knowing
eternally calling itself into being.

When Time Calls

A distant ring and a magnetic perception
mirror the intense vibrations of my heart.
The secret possessor of a distant land
of which I once graduated
calls to spill the mystery of time
with a fervent wrath that wages war with the past.
Yet perhaps this was a prerequisite age of evolution,
an obstacle of necessity,
but it's this steady cage of time that defines us
and mangles our seemingly fictional virtue.
Thus I headed east
on a pilgrimage towards the flowing waters of sincerity
where the hands of a young river transforms the absorbed traveler
into an echo of the absolute.
While warping intricate delusions of polarity into harmony
and faintly whispering transcendent vows of eternity,
it renders us callow and pure,
freshly blossomed from the breath of life
carrying the essence of understanding
and the eloquent wisdom to bask under the sun,
countering the call with sheer bliss of mortal existence.

The Bodhi Tree

A naked being and an oblivious wanderer
shapes universes and skyscrapers
that are bound to my flesh like careful alchemy
like the thought that greets familiar touch
with a grip that connects antipodes and captures the night.
But this grass conveys a sense of fear and uncertainty
that defends wrathful desire with keen thought and incredible insight.
It is our dark condition that applies structure
as we build an artificial earth on a repressed foundation
and develop flowers into political armies
that strain the value of modernized education.
But in this sweltering juncture of social order,
It is the unwarrantable love of the isolated that creates shade
and our sweet synthesis that serves this perfect balance.
Perhaps it was our own psychedelic pull that coached this enmity
manifesting our tender enchantment
from an eternal field of polarity
of which we're compelled to adore.
And yet, as I ache for the cold and benighted,
the Bodhi habitually spreads freedom to our human condition
in an irresistible worship of the chaos that completes us.