

Jacob's Hymns

Paella

They saw the world through clear eyes
and lived in rhythm to Nature's song,
but lost it all in an alien invasion.
There were no laser-beams,
but something far more strange and dangerous:
an Intellect forged in the fiery moulds of Religion and Reason,
that perceived savage sticks and skin
but saw no soul,
and whose achievement lay blood-stained
in conquest, conflict,
theft, rape, death and disease –
confusion detuning life's melody of meaning,
making murky once crystal pools of understanding.
Yet Narcissus sees his reflection quite clearly,
smiling back at himself,
smugly poised in shining crown,
made from sacred gold
stolen from the soulless deceased.
He cries triumphant in his new conquered kingdom,
puts a stop to the worship of water, air, fire and earth;
confidently tears God out of his living temple,
to encase Him in structures of elegant dead stone.
And blasting his staff of fire into the ground,
he splits open the Earth,
invoking the Beast,
releasing subterranean spirits
clad in strange garments,
that utter
unintelligible, other-worldly sounds,
to order

unintelligible, other-worldly actions;
vampires with an insatiable thirst,
and once they've sucked the blood of the continent dry,
they'll lay back with full bellies
and complain about mosquitoes.

An Hour's Meditation

A journey of discovery into the brightest darkest of unknowns,
the Self:

a moonlit path past preying monsters
cloaked in midnight flesh,
the task:

Mysterious *Seppuku*,
Sacred Death the Holy Sacrifice,
to an ever-gazing I eternal, empty
in the end of Time.

Upon this path that winds between
an ego's dream and a throneless kingdom
I take heed;
for the foulest beasts are allured and prowl
when the ground is still,
when no lights penetrate the Veil of Vision,
and a hard wind blows,
yet I have heart.

At once entangled in illusion,
deceived by cruel, loquacious seas,
misguiding streams of foaming sentences,
crashing waves of dense vibrations
rushing all around.

Battered is my Byblos craft,
shipwrecked by the Sirens' song,

intoxication masked
by mundane tones of common language.

Leviathan arises,
a heaving city from the ocean's deep,
of teeming streets and strange symbols hieroglyphed
inside six senses.
Slavishly I submit to form,
in order of this hellish world,
where thunderous storms of warrior-hordes
enforce totalitarian laws of chaos. Their tongues
relentless whips that lash, their chains
hot binding steel that reigns upon me from a diseased sky, falling
to infertile turf to writhe, starved serpents
on a burning earth, their sharp hook fangs
spit acidic venom that blinds, their mania
thrashes violently dark python tails
that constrict and strangle,
impatience!
I can see no light and will to scream,
a prisoner in my only home, that brittle house,
my Mind.

Now out of Doubt shines a virgin child, this ray of Faith
entwined in spirals around her sister Clarity –
their sweet placenta *Sati*:
mindfulness and memory,
remembrance of awareness
warmly curled inside *Wu-Wei*.
In this womb I am the foetus of existence,
sound unstruck,
a song in silence, here
I am an I without "I am".
Funámbulo upon this string of silky breath,

traversing cracks in empty Somethings,
dust-blown peaceful path to Nothing
and Nowhere At All, (vast)
vacuum
where illusions crumble,
vacuum
filled on emptiness,
where wide-eyed children skip and sing through labyrinths
in Babylon, her walls of words
now just shattered fragments,
splintered syllables.
Each jagged piece a foggy mirror,
reflected fraction of Condition, one
one-millionth of impermanent, enlightening
Delusion.

The tempest past.
Calm now.
Quiet joy.
Follow gentle breeze.
Universe undone, untangled,
happy
on her way back home.

Gotas

After the magnesium flash, descent
into doubt-filled perceptions,
let me take a walk outside to stretch and breathe
thick city air.

Faintly trudging between pools and puddles, kids footprints
as fossils upon Winter's ground, I
listen to the rain fall, bring sweet Green
unto this old Greydom, leaving
orbs of droplets breathing, gleaming on the apexes
of a billion drooping leaves.

Hall of mirrors,
caught reflection in a wet sphere kingdom,
universe of shining eyes, yet
this worn eye still turns away.

Branches born in myriad forms
exquisitely designed -
forgotten.

The soothing songs and softness
of the souls of trees -
ignored.

My senses sense them light electric,
as if on some subtle plane,
loving tendrils snaked toward me, whispering truths
and praising joy in one's own Nature,
gently stirring open hidden ears
to hear that sweet abstraction: syllables
lightly beaten out impromptu,
wrapped in rhythms of bark-brown haikus...

(Infants hold secrets
In Stillness all Wisdom is.
Still, Man likes to move.)