

Tradition

Since long ago in time out of mind
Our elders have lived and worked,
making the unknown known.
Our elders who reveal.
Those mixers of medicines
Those speakers of spells
Those helpers of heroes
Those tamers of creatures
Those stirrers of passions.
Hush now, Our elders come.

When you experience the present
The Future and Past slip away
All that is here, is now.
Nothing else could possibly remain.
When you return to duration
When nothing is no longer one
Nor even two or three.
Every single thing is given every appearance.
How can we make sense of Thee?

We can listen to
The stories given
The songs sung
The chants chanted
The victories won.

But inside of Maya there are millions of paths.
Each one twists around, turns and floats down
Ultimately returning to You!
Seek liberation if you will take it
Though realize it's already given.
The History we carve
The collective shared path.
Renunciation and prayer too.
Standing to fight the suffering seen
With powerful might which cuts clean

This too is a path through Maya.

Many mouths mingled
mangling meaning.

That moment of Heaven
at the start of creation
either Eden or in Mother's arms.
Shall be there again at the end of the End
But only if you do things right
Some say
If only you hold purse strings tight
Some say
If only we're safe from fright
Some say
If only we follow the Law
Some say
If only we all produce Art
Some say
If only you make Love in the Dark
Some say
If only by the Grace of God
Some say
If only we meditate on Naam
Some say
If only we had more free time
Some say
If only we make it all count
Some say
If only through glories and shouts
Some say
If only we remove all doubts
Some say
If only we steal, and cheat
If only our hero sweeps us off our feet.
If only samsara says sayonara
Some say, some say, some say.

All are wrong!

All near right.
That feeling is found
So We've observed
And now with age
Let Us pass on this gold.

The only place that Heaven is *seen*
Is in those who are alive.
So the living cherish and protect
The living listen to and hear
The living keep in hope and away from despair
The living serve with all your allegiance
The living you cannot forget
The living you must love
Carve out a place for the living.
Be it in books, in songs, your thoughts or your arms.

We ask with a plea...
And the sweat of our brow
Whoever does read this
For all that we told you
For all that we gave
Please tell us the answer is YES!
...are you living?
Do we live now?

Red Cabs

I

Red Cabs charge the fare.

Stepping out in the rain
I start walking old paths.
Umbrella bubbles subside loneliness
Or maybe it's the forgetting.
Your child needs a father
But a dead beat I am, though
In thought I wasn't.
You as always, were right...

Simply leaving wasn't enough

Mountains crumble and seas boil
When words stop.
Your people and mine agree
God's words created Creation.
What happens when You fall quiet,
You, who is made in His Image?

Sitting on the other side of reflection
Koi bustle near azaleas
Tree bits flutter past
Leaf, bark, & breeze.
The crows practicing
Filial Piety
Understand all things.
Pursuing tranquility
Leads to husbanding & fatherhood
So I hoped...
What happens to these
When You fall quiet?
You, who reject the image of "He".

I vibrate at the One's command
The All's primeval speech.
Now, I'm truly learning
How to let my words create.
It is the only way to keep Life going.
Although without the Back & Forth
That process revealing meaning
I often wonder what's the point?
This happens when You fall quiet.
You, whose words made me.

Earth our shared beauty
Her warm embracing arm
Gives affection to me when
Red cabs are gone.

II

You, I love. I who am He. You a she.
We were One. One is none.
How can any of the All remain?

Here I fail again to capture You.
You, who prefer One and All to He.
You, who, were Kali.

Having stomped made clear
The limits of Shiva.
You, taught to vacillate,
You, who cope through control,
You, who, are gone.
You, who, are home....

I, taught to please,
I, coping through avoidance
Remain here with none to please
And with the All-None
To avoid.
I intended to share suffering
I intended to help your load
I intended to heal Mother
I intended to care...
But hell's well paved road arrived.
And down the street You drove.

Only You can bear your last name
My place is not with You
On the road to Calvary.
Can You still forgive my theft
My submission to slavery?

Slowly the world begins anew
Love always remains here.
The brightest lights bloom
In darkness's crusted soil.
Standing in the sun
Seeds You planted in me
begin to fruit,
Nourished by Truth, ah, that lovely rain...
Continue on!
To who You are to be,
For that is the lot You pulled for me.
Do not be drowned by temporary pain.
Perhaps we meet in Red Cabs again.

Trust

Oh Alchemy of vital virtues!
Golden chained thread
woven with Love, Faith, & Courage

Connecting our words we said.

Trust, the renewable resource
for which our people cry in Bursts.
Together we drink
from the flowing fountain.
Do not think it runs dry.

Forever this prayer remains
to here you can always return.
Nowhere will these words go.
On the page I stay
day by day
Singing the praises of Trust!

with Trust we savor Love
with Trust we call upon ourselves
with Trust we grow our honor
with Trust we heal the nation.
It guides every sweet lamb home.

Oh dear thread
which binds you to me.
Please never wear out.
Please never wear out.

You life line
You hand shake
You sweet kiss
We palpate.

You, the pollen passing
from daisy to oak
on the wings of saintly
Bees.
Growing honey, plants
And me.

Trust you great guard

Forever on watch.
Against the lowliest betrayers,
Our collective disgust.

You are present everywhere
the light switch
the deep breath
in long hugs
on bug tongues.

Everyday waking up
Everything is still here
You can't take something for granted
Without first having had some Trust.

Interdependent Visions

Here is where you come to me first.
My lover who is my brother
you reside as a spectre
haunting me. But when we commune
You send many variegated visions.

He compels me to share.
As I do now. He is the mover
of my pen. So I apologize
If what he says does not
Coincide the eyes of my
True Heart.

John failed to find folly
when Paul said:
"Dearest friend I remain
Here, with you, in Rockland..."

A Brush Fire born of
a hurricane ruined
trees planted by squirrels
who know that

compound interest is
the miraculous force
which turns misplaced
nuts into great big oaks.
The oak burnt, turned
trunk into nutrition for fungus
who spit it back to the
grubs, flowers, and seeds,
feeding the oak
who's dropping the
acorn which fed
the squirrel who was
grandchild of Squirrlio
Numero Uno.
The sun shines
on Roarsach leaves
which leave their
stem. Does anyone
around here eat tree
leaves or is that
the work of Dinos
and G-raffs
on faraway lands?
Sitting here thinking
about the symbiotic real
while growing awareness
to geophysical scale.
"We are flying at Earth Magnitude.
Try to hold on,
Try to hold on
But not too tight"
Breathing in afterthoughts
of oxygen. All they want
is their precious CO₂.
We should be grateful
to grandpa Sherman
and his coterie
sitting in meditation
before Christ in the

uncommon era.

At this point in human life
as a species lets try
to be adults like all
the other life forms.

Childhood-----
is it really something special?
That phase which imprints
as eternal recurrence.

Quickly awareness shrinks
back to psychology
It's hard to maintain
visions of ecology.
Indra's net is vast
and we are caught within.