

Who

Who is he?
At this very moment,
who or what wanted knowledge:
Who is he?

Obviously his matter;
his electrons, his atoms, the molecules.

But still, were his thoughts his?
At this instant, are they of his will?

Can he cleanse for but a moment
to be able to grasp the infinite in which his being dwells?
The genes, the chemicals, the education.
The determinism and the quantum within him.
The multiple dimensions. The arrow of time.
To be enlightened so as to know.
Who is he?

When he loved was it his love?
When he laughed, was it his laughter?
And the sadness and the tears?

Those eyes staring back at him from the mirror,
are they free? Will they ever know:
Who is he?

Oh, retched ignorance.
To life in prison.
To think what may be not my thinking.
Who is he?

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Silence

Though silence with his gestures of beyond
gave him room, made him laugh, told him of the rainbow,

Still there were times

he sought refuge in shores
whos waves he could hear, whos wind he could feel on his face
whos soil he could smell.

Times in which he would kindly ask his companion to leave
Just for some brief moments
so that he could know of islands in the flood.

Though silence lifted him above the
digitization of reality with words,
of feeling with definitions,
there were times of longing
for creations other than his own.

Though it enlightened love
to its purest form of independence,
still he would seek those shores
with anticipation.

Pain

Is Love Love -
when it ceases to be
as swiftly as it does?

Can what we assume to be love

be that we assume -
when it can be replaced,
not to be contemplated even on occasion?
Even when a smell is familiar, or a song which was once your song.
To be told of-
not even by a hidden wrinkle on ones face,
or a grey shade in ones eyes,
or perhaps a thin, almost negligible,
change in ones smile?

Not the pain of the ego loosing elevation.
Nor the pain of silence and loneliness.
It is only the pain
of not being able to care
for that who is part of your flesh.
Part of your path, part of your laughter.
Only that pain which will be there through the years,
not to be driven away by other loves equally strong,
or by the sickness called winning,
nor simply,
by the endless endeavour of ones inner self to survive.

It is only that pain,
which tells the story of a Love that was true.
Only that pain will tell you of how fortunate you are.
Of the ability you posses. Of how far you can reach.
It will spell your true name.

Whether it be Love or its empty shell.

Just

Just as he was
as she was
as that corridor
or was it.

Same as the sun was
her shadow was
seemingly awkward
their smile was
or was it.

Redundant are
mesmerizing is the
or was it,

Their hands almost
or did they.

Hey.

Hey,

There used to be a coast
clean and sunny to boast
but then money appeared
and love was concealed
and what remains is only
to hope...

Indeed it was claimed
that greed should be blamed
and not the soul of the land of the free
but as far as I can see
and perhaps you'll agree
that he who wants to really be
must listen to the waves of his sea.

Fear

Surrounded.
Sitting there
he was surrounded.

Should he surrender?

Age, passion.

Presents from his lovers.

Time.

Search, search.
He must continue the search, haunted,
even if find he will not.

Beauty.

Earth

It was more
than feelings of longing
for a familiar fragrant or shape
or tradition.

Strangely exceeding the beats of belonging -
the place of home generates
in ones heart.

Even deeper than love
one has for that context
in which he is not one of many.

Nor was it the marvel at the creation,
in its mesmerising exhibition of
Beauty or God or Science.

He thought of the things
that might conspire
to make this arbitrary
floating piece of galactic rock
touch his soul as any other
constitute of living could not.

What was it in the wind -
driving through the valleys,
or the sounds the leaves play,
or the texture of the blossom,
or the taste of water, or the exquisite
design of the cycles of life?

It was more than a mere gratitude
for enabling him to be.

With every touch
of those little grains,
it was the door to infinity.
To that which includes all.
That, which is beyond the
ability of our logic or our
understanding of love.

Truth.

Beyond

Soul.

Soul, he said, was beyond.

Outside.

For if calculus could
comprehend soul...

well, then science
could also be able to tell
of the darkness
that follows within him.

Love.

Love, he said, was beyond.

Outside the ego, the trade,
the show.

For if it was not so,
he would surely die.

God.

God, he said, was beyond.

Outside.

For if god is not,
how could he ever hope to be.

Time.

Time, he said, was beyond.

Outside.

For if he could grasp it
he would fill with emptiness.

The tree

Not a forest
but just one tree.

Such a universe of its own.

So complete.

Teachers of wisdom and beauty
and faith.

I once tried to imagine
the world without trees
and I surrendered at once

to their magic.

One tree is all you need to know.

Love letter to a woman from the mountains

(who said: I am sure it is because the flowers open,
that the sun comes out each morning)

It is like
a stream
engulfing
shouting love.

It is
no doubt
like the moon
under siege
by your heart.

Rather strong
that woman's
fingers held
so tight.

Imagine,
it is
no doubt.

Words for a sister

It seemed as if her eyes
planets of blue
melting into your soul
wanted knowledge no more.

Perhaps truth
no longer one, struck
possibly love
appeared in shame
even goodness.

Passion and fear
oh, how she tried to free herself.

The bars of our making
and us are one
she knew.

Those planets of blue
mesmerizing
your well prepared speech
defenceless.

The concept of promise
to keep even though
all which gave birth
have gone.

The stream softly forgives.
Eternity cannot find it in her heart
to prosecute he who is given but a moment.
What differs man from beauty?
Her thundering blue knows
no forgiveness,
only addictive pain.

He shouts
believe
endure the mayhem
make life
laugh, hope
enjoy the path
for you enlighten it.

She loves him
but hears him not.

Hilarious

Hilarious,
thought the old man,
contemplating defeat.

That one of us
is enough
to fly to the moon
to make or break empires
to think the amazing

but,
still,
in the face of ourselves,
we dissolve like dust.

Realizing,
that he has been beaten
just so that he
would know.

Forgiving himself,
for being weak
so as to follow not what he
would like to follow.

Finally old.
Finally at peace.

Blackness.

Oh, blackness. Yes. I feel it too.
Trying to engulf me. Hence my bizarre
path in the sky. Trying to find a way.
For I know there is light that blackness
cannot overcome. For there is love. For there
is hope. For there are dreams. For there is a
touch. For there are things that are beyond
atoms. Beyond time. Beyond fear. Beyond the trade.
Hence my bizarre path in the sky. Trying to find a way.
