

**Absurdity: my absence is required.**

**The savage unrelenting fearful me  
Desirous and desiring, not desired  
Forever seeking what I cannot see**

**Being not what I can never be  
Knowing not what I will never know  
Greedy to reclaim the bliss of nought  
Absurdity: bliss is the death of me.**

**Though I , of course, resist my own demise,  
Yet what is seen is seen through no one's eyes;  
And what is loved *is* love, and only love,  
And not received from any god above.**

**Words here are written, no one prints them out.  
The bliss and sorrow rise, they are not mine.  
All there is, is this. It is enough.  
No one has seen this; *being* is divine.**

[Suzanne Foxton]

**WHERE THE SHOPKEEPER WOULD SAY**

**I was**

**looking for that shop**

**where the shopkeeper would say,**

**'There is nothing of value in here'**

**I found it and did**

**not leave.**

**The richness of not wanting**

**wrote these**

**poems.**

*[Kabir, Love Poems from God]*

**Jesus said:**

**I will give you what no eye has seen,  
and what no ear has heard,  
and what no hand has touched,  
and what has not arisen in the heart  
of man.**

*[Gospel of Thomas, 17]*

**Your Master told you...**

**The Way is to be,  
Without questions.**

**Now you want to know  
How do you do that?**

*[Wayne Liquorman - No Way - By  
Ram Tzu]*

How can that be described  
Which itself  
Contains all words?

How can that be captured  
Which itself  
Contains all worlds...

I throw my words  
Like bones  
To the dogs  
Of past and future

I have never written a poem  
Let me play here  
With you  
Whose silence  
Strokes my  
Wonder

*[Kavita: Love Songs of the  
Undivided]*

**I exhausted myself, looking.  
No one ever finds this by trying.**

**I melted in it and came home,  
Where every jar is full,  
But no one drinks.**

*[Lala – Naked Songs – 14<sup>th</sup> Century]*

## **ANY TIME BUT NOW**

**'Something ever more about to  
be'**

**Can never come.**

**Waiting:**

**For the tea to arrive,**

**For the mood to pass,**

**For the mahadasha to end,**

**For the heart to open ...**

**Resistance hard at work!**

*[Through Camas and Buttercups –  
Michael Thornton Oliver]*

To-morrow, and to-morrow,  
and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
the way to dusty death. Out, out, brief  
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor  
player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the  
stage,  
And then is heard no more; it is a tale  
told by an idiot,  
Full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*[Shakespeare]*

But whate'er I be, nor I, nor any man  
that but man is, with nothing shall be  
pleased till he be eased with being  
nothing.

*[Shakespeare – Richard II]*

**Do words separate?  
Or are they like a string  
of balloons –  
popping & flying  
at the same time?**

**The beautiful blueness  
That is everything.**

**No focus –  
yet the smiling face  
is everywhere.**

*[Nick Czernin – from his poetry book  
'Wasteland Words']*

There is no need to  
tap myself on the shoulder  
any more & say "this is it"  
"this isn't it" – nor even  
to change the vision  
to make it more  
'as it should be' ha ha!  
things are as they are –  
it tickles, it hurts, we laugh  
and play & also there's no joking  
when we're told death  
is the only horse to back.  
But who will collect  
the winnings?

*[Nick Czernin – from 'Wasteland  
Words']*

## **SANE RELIGION**

**For the longest time  
I believed I could figure it out  
comprehend what this life was all  
about  
but it was a sane religion that  
saved me**

**One that purported things just  
happen  
and reasons are false idols  
and God's logic is as unintelligible  
  
and sacred a mystery as there is**

**It's true...  
I was losing my mind  
at that other house of worship**

*[Drew Hunter – from 'Pretending to be  
Two, Longing to be One']*

**No painting  
whatever that is  
Just this**

**Birds singing  
pouring from sky  
eating fish**

**'us' this drama  
being manifesting  
it's happening**

**laziness  
what deepness  
I , never finding**

*[Per Nielsen]*

## **LIFE AND DEATH**

**Life – still, soft and crystal clear,  
Dies laughing as it finds its  
source.**

**Death – smiling, sheds a happy  
tear,**

**Discovering that it's life, of  
course.**

*[Liz Jones – Simply This]*

## ANYTHING MORE?

This is it!

The search ends  
with a song and  
dance routine  
digital alarm clock  
rings  
a little bit of aargh(!)  
a touch of mental fog  
then arising from the bed  
launching haphazardly  
into the day

Thought: This is it!  
The waiting has ended  
... lost its punch  
... just laughing now  
    in whatever is  
... a decaf coffee  
... a sublime peace  
... knowing nothing  
    But this  
... a worry  
... an argument  
... a lesson in patience

Not anything more, anymore  
the superlative ordinary  
the royal kick in the butt  
the living-ness of the rain  
the velvet warmth of  
snuggling  
under covers

**perfection, an undercover  
operative  
ocean roar and traffic jam  
and pollution**

**Aaa-choo!  
God bless**

*[Norman Mitchell-Babbitt]*

## WILD COMMUNION

I have read that,  
There is an East African tribe that say,  
"That, although God is good  
And wishes good for everybody,  
Unfortunately,  
He has a half-witted brother  
Who always interferes with what he  
does."

In my half witted days,  
When beliefs and gurus were still big,  
I colluded in torturing scriptures,  
Extracting false confessions  
As to meaning and purpose.

I walked through Argillen Castle gardens  
Surrounded by Latin named flowers and  
roses,  
Believing that 'real' "knowing"  
Must be through the Latin gate.

Sometime later...  
In a moment of seeing,  
All that was learned...  
Was burned...  
And I...  
I was in wild communion  
With oneness...  
Once more.

*[Sean Martin – May 2007]*