

New Poems

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On Getting One's Ration Of Compassion

The sufferings of one
can entertain a million.
And that is how the media make their bread.

From Auschwitz to Big brother
there's an audience

So why spend time and money
on a thriller or sci-fi
when starving Africans oblige
and murderers and rapists
stretch our eyes,
to open up our pockets
for the products that they sell, so well?

And once the purse has been unzipped
for charity it stays that way
to buy whatever stuff is sold
to compensate us all
for all the sufferings we feel
as we slouch on armchairs
and we stare indignantly at Hell

It almost seems bad manners
here, to point this out
and break into the sympathetic
anger and the grief
as tears roll down one cheek,
while fascination entertains
our other eye so well.

This is our nature
so there seems no point
in making this complaint,
except perhaps that if we see the truth
it may perhaps be wise to realise,
in honesty, just who we are,
and not pretend we really are
a being that we ain't.

The Nature Of Being

Having seen that all this stuff
that I have thought to be myself
is nothing but a bunch of thoughts
that hovers in this now,
among the scenes it is,
the mystery remains about the senses
and the being that is even now
observing and responding
to this moment.

Is it anything beyond, or deeper
than this moment looking at itself?
Is it an anything?
For it could be as flat as marshes
or some ancient work of art
that simply moves about with changing face
inside the same old frame.

But this does not describe at all
these moments when it flows inside me
like a new-born spring.
Awareness is a live and bubbling thing.

*For My Beloved Friend, Mr Mooji
(on preferring advances to retreats!)*

I am walking forwards, not sideways
and that is why you will not find
my cushion in your satsang, even though
I love your words and know
how well your presence sweeps away my mind
to leave me open-mouthed and peaceful.

My pockets are not big enough
for you to fit inside,
so I may cart you here and there
to answer me when I am all too much
confronted by the frame
that I've barb-wired
round this notion that I think is me
which sometimes feels itself, so painfully.

This is the space where I must be alone
to face whatever ghouls my thoughts
of me have built to howl
and make their faces in the mirror of my face.

There is no-one but me
who has to stand before their accusations
and to hear each horror I have been
until this momentary slate
has been wiped bare.

And that which chooses not
to step aside for momentary peace
and fellowship, can breathe
a mighty breath and step again
all by itself,
which never is
all by itself,
into the morning air

Jan. 2007

Considering The Moment

Ho hum,
Ho hum,
Aaaaaaaaaah!

Ho hum,
Ho hum,
Aaaaaaaaarrgh!

As You Ride To Work

All it takes is a sense
of perspective: just be
where you are
while all there is
appears and goes,
and no-one knows.

What Seeing " Dead Poets" Left In My Being

Each rustling leaf
of every tree
is decked out in its green
to sing its song
which tells me
that this paint-box
which has splashed its blue
across the sky
has found its colours
deep within the iris of my eye.

Where back meets front, I am.
There is no measure for the width,
or depth, of me.
At times, a microbe
could not squeeze
between these limits,
even though they are not there,
and it is also true
that in-between their non-existence
lies the everywhere.

Thus, being this,
what words can speak
this timeless joy,
where nothing
dances cheek to cheek?

Why There Are No Words ...

Where was I when this change took place?
Before, I was alone
and knew the truth of this,
but now this knowing I is swept aside,
and I am in this garden
which I never entered,
wondering when and how
this moment could exist
where I first find myself inside,
without a path or gate
or even going for a ride.

The Moment In My Face

Just as the idea of Kevan
never can be more
than just a bunch of thoughts,
so too: Ramana and Buddha.

And it's clear no bunch of thoughts
has ever got enlightened.

What is free has never been
a fistful of ideas
entrapped inside a mind.

It always has been as it is,
or even isn't,
on this groundlessness,
in which it leaves no footprint
on the face of time

So freedom cannot perch
above or lower on the rungs
that climb up to the sky
because it always is
between
these bits
of metal or of wood,
which can be measured by the eyes
that search for better, best and good.

And thus that truth
which always has remained
within the Buddhas'
or Ramana's eyes
is utterly the same as that
which stares about
each time that your inside
looks out.

Infinity Is Made Of Zeroes

I never have been older
than this moment.

You may count the years
or even find
the sum of seconds
I have lived,
but there has never been
a number
for this moment,
here and now,
and there's a reason
which is clear.

Because a moment has no length
that can be measured by
a ruler or a second hand,
it stretches or it shrinks,
entirely, according to the eye
in which it sits.

And in this moment
all the hours of my age
have come to none,
and this,
however fanciful it sounds,
is absolutely true.

And thus it follows
I can never know
the being who wrote these words
innumerable Nows ago.

On Bringing Death To Life

Composing while
I decompose
delights the heart
but fills the nose.

When Mind Is Half-Awake

1.
Waking with a headache ...
What to do?
Turn on the lights.
Get out of bed.
Shamble to the loo.

2.
I guess last night
I totally forgot
to give away my head
when I got into bed.

3.
Waiting for today.
It tiptoes in behind me,
then turns round
and goes away.

4.
I swear these thoughts were meant
for someone else.
Did I forget to lock
the doors into my head
when I, last night,
fell into bed?

5.
Morning
is not meant
for yawning.
The end of sleep
can gently melt
into the dawn
or shock me with a leap.

6.
Considering this moment
I put on my specs
and hum and haw,
as I stare,
while I try to think it out
with words that are not there.

How To Create A Life

I am the madness, every day
that makes the nasty obstacles
to bar my way,
that wraps the chains around my heart
and binds them tight
in case I might forget and see
that they are nothing
but some strange idea of me.

I am the sucker
who enjoys this penury;
the masochist
who turns his back
on paradise
and walks away
with streaming tears,

Preferring to enjoy
the wild feelings of a heart
that pounds, excited by the
urge to grab
and haunted by its fears.

Here, In The Ocean's Motion

What lives and dies;
what comes and goes
in every fraction
of the briefest
gasp of time,
is nothing but my self.

There is no sell-by date,
no jar, no shelf.

So when I'm feeling self-ish
I'm a pearl
who had a dream
that he was trapped inside a shell fish.

Indian Child

This face that shines
before me, on the street,
is so wide open
there is nothing left
to meet.

When Eden Comes Inside

Where was I when this change took place?
Before, I was alone
and knew the truth of this,
but now this knowing I is swept aside

and some unknown hand
has changed my garden
to a paradise and wiped
all trouble from my mind.

So gently and so silently
the change took place
I never saw or knew
its happening.

But now, each ordinary thing
is changed to wonder
as it passes
through my face.

The Morning Is

The birdsongs pierce my body
and sing from my own inside.
The fan of my computer hums in my heart.
This new born line catches
a corner of my sight.
Words arrive and depart.

Speaking From The Bewilderness

I am buggered if I can say what this is
or describe this going on
which now I am and not.

How can I draw a ring
in empty space
then point to it
and say "this is the thing"

But trying helps me to see
just what I'm not.
"Helps me to see" just what?

I see what I have always seen
so why should it be felt
so deep in me
and what is it, this difference
that is so clear, and yet
I cannot even know?

There are no words
to make a thought
that stands a chance
to understand.
But it is so.

Celebrating The Uncelebrity

Everywhere, at every time,
a rendezvous takes place
in which the unknown and itself
have ripped apart the date
and rushed between the shreds
into their own embrace.

The paparazzi of the mind
are standing by with notebooks
and the flashes
of their electronic eyes.

They plan to make a story
from this moment
which is just this gap in time
and bring it back to lodge it
in the clock
somewhere between that special tick
and this immortal tock.

To freeze it in a block of ice
from which to chip
in days of drought, a sliver
from this non-existent time,
to melt into the whiskey
which can turn me inside out
and make my mind believe
that it is mine.

How The Moment Is

Today the unknown
meets with itself
again and again:

I hear them dance the can-can
on the boards of my verandah.
Then they sit
together on the swing,
as with extended toes,
then bended knees,
they float across this universe
between the ecstasy and pain
drinking a cup of each
to carry them between
the hunger of the drought
and life that sprouts
in every drop of rain.

The unknown has no face
and yet its mirror
spirals into space
with every star
and everything
that's bursting from this earth
each moment
that it sings.

And now I understand
that Tantric art
through which Tibetan hands
have reproduced for countless years
the wild mouths, all teeth
except that mouth
where sex drives in and out,
through limbs like flames,
that writhe the god and goddess
in the heartbeat of this act
whose burstings never cease:

Nor flow of stars,
that must take place,
only to make
this moment, Now,
appear before my face.

*With Deep Sorries To My Beloved Friends, Dory and Arthur
(shortly after the crack of dawn, 13/2/07)*

Bloody old fool!
Garrulous Kevan!

Why are you prone
to make our phone
cry out, with painful yells
when we are in our paradise
while your impatience
rolls you in the flames of somewhere else,
and on our clock the hour hand
has barely inched its way
a decimal past seven?

Do you think your histories
and schemes
so worthy of an audience
that you are given rights
to stick your ugly mug
inside our dreams?

Be off! Get lost!
And never dare again
to dial out that number
which intrudes
so rudely in the privacy
which every being deserves
when they are deep in slumber!

And...

1. Whatever wild visions
may come tumbling from the sky,
remember, Kevan,
sleeping dogs would rather lie
in their own private heaven.

2. This bloody Kevan
has more disgusting habits
than a warren
that is full of randy rabbits.

3. Sharing in excitements
can be less than great
on mornings when the hour hand
has not yet got to eight!

Freedom Has No Guides For Hire

Even in freedom
there are books that tell me
how it should be:
what I should know
and what I should see.

And if it happens
that none of these happen,
then it must be
that this deluded wretch
is still inside his cell
with countless years to serve
before the teacher rings the bell
and hands out the certificate
to prove I have arrived
and done it well.

There is so much I must experience
to be beyond the brink:
*I have to know that all is one,
or totally illusion.
I must feel eternal peace and love,
or be filled up with ecstasy
and universal energy,
or take a lightning trip
around a million past lives.
And how about the light
that I and everything must be,
so I can know I've got it right?*

How strange that all these words
passed down from other minds
wash off me like the sea
which touches on the shore
where many beings have been before
but nobody has seen just what I see.

However, it may be
that they have been as lost as me
for words to say
just what is seeing, and being seen;
or why it is so sweet,
just as it is,
that there's no need
to hold, inside my memory,
this catalogue of strange effects
which they describe.

And thus these trips,
which are, the pictures of their minds
no longer can diminish me,
or move the smallest fraction of myself
beyond this seat,
for where I am is only what it is,
and that is totally complete.

Why Truth Can Never Describe

They tell me that
there ought to be no me
and yet there is.

I cannot say
each moment that I see
is totally myself.

Because to put such thoughts inside my being
must mean a journey
to some place of words,
that is not seeing.

Why It's Always OK

There is nothing that I ought to be,
or see, or know,
and there is nobody
that has the right
to tell me that it should be so.

Above all, there is me
that has no right
to flap my mouth
inside my ear,
and tell me there is anything
that must be other than it is,
however ordinary,
or totally fucked up,
I seem to be.

It's how it is,
and there is nothing wrong
with any 'is'
that finds its way
into this bizarrely normal moment
of my every day.

Why Freedom Cannot Be Recorded

This 'I' looks back at this which is
and wonders if it can be truly so
that this is always all there is,
and there is nowhere else to go.

And since this 'I' "looks back"
at what is gone
there is no way that 'it'
will ever know.

16/2/7

Yawning Roads Between High Walls

Once again,
I read a book intended to explain
the nature of this moment
and the I,
in whom it all appears.

And while it is described
I cannot fight,
for everyone
must have a vision
and a set of words
that is unique;

And when this vision
wanders close to mine,
it is not hard to listen
to the pictures,
which this other mouth
will speak.

But then the explanation comes
and then the whys
and parallels; the instances,
and quotes from famous
mystic mouths,
and though they seem to speak
the truth which makes me nod my head,
I find that soon
I'm drifting off to sleep;

Or my attention's
wandered to a space
more here and more alive,
than all these wise conjectures
from behind the shutters
where they peep
at waves they can't describe,
which rush across the surface of this sea,
which drowns all words so easily,
because it is
so simple, and so deep.

26/3/7

The Is

There is a temporary fix
when you step in some sacred space
and fall spread-eagled on the ground
with arms spread out with praying hands
before your face.

But it is not ...

There is of course a high
in chanting holy songs in unison,
bawling out the words
or making them so sweet
In counterpoint
that every corner of the room
is filled with harmonies
and everyone is one

But it is not ...

The moment when the Gurus words
drop in an emptiness
of inner truth that knows,
and suddenly it all makes sense
for one brief moment of existence
till the mind grabs hold of it
and puts it into thoughts and medals
to be worn across the head

And this is also not

And when the heart is opened up
before the image of a master
or a God and mind cries out
to take away its choice
and its responsibility
so it can only bathe
in timeless ecstasies of love
and melt into this state
with gushing eyes
and loving smile permanently
pasted on its face.

This too is not

But this, that has no links
with any mind
to draw conclusions;
or to know a step on any ladder
anywhere, that leans against
the truth that must be reached
when someone's foot
is placed upon the highest stair

Most definitely is

The who, which always has an entrance,
but no gate that can be found.
Who sees with no recorder
to write down or know
the meaning of the moment
where it always is.
which is within the turbulence

which is

That still exists in ecstasy or doubt
or bending double in some agony
or head-ached out with endless figures
in some calculation that the mind must meet
because it lies upon the way where
mind must put its feet

still is ...

Because it always is
and always has to be
so long as there is anything
that calls itself a me,
and maybe well before,
and very far beyond

But since the knowing hand
that writes these words
can never go into such times
and doesn't even know
the words to speak
this truth it cannot touch,
it blindly reaches out.

While this simplicity
which has no need to be
or change to anything
less common or
more perfect than this moment
where it cannot leave a footprint

Always is.