Pilgrim's Poems
Planter's Hymn

Tomb overlords:
Fear, pain, strife
How they haunt the never born!
But if the power of life...

In fields of fertile earth
A sweet seed of eternity
Will of love come to birth
And wind its way toward the sun
And one day find serenity

If the power of life
Demian midwife
Could thrust her from the womb
Then heed this simple planter's hymn:

In fields of fertile earth
A sweet seed of eternity
Will of love come to birth
And wind its way toward the sun
And one day find serenity
Birth Hymn

If you and I could be
Together in a womb
For the better part of a year
From Fall to Spring we'd swim
And sing in quiet ecstasy

How happy we could be
Together in a womb
With nothing to fear
Knowing who we were
Knowing you were me

Surely we could come out right
A ferryman guiding us through
A canal from water to light
No difference would we see
With eyes of purity

This time we'd be sure
What was our source
This time we'd hear
That maternal hum
Dividing that eternal sum
Of the Essence of a Man

The child within motions to speak
What dreamy potions could these be?
That flowers grow down from the clouds
That sunrays cascade onto mountaintops
Seeding rivers
That life flows to the sky
Replenishing fountains of earth
Swirls and spirals and all
Are of the essence
As all things turn round to self
In a child's dream
His vision sees only art
Hears only music telling
That what is mixed is only loving
What is not straight is balanced
Night is a sacrifice to the day
As childhood is of the essence
Of a man's way
All Children Are True

As all children are one
And the same child
So are all masters
But one disciple
And as all opposites coextend
Even do all men interrelate
But unknowing
As all things are seasonal
So is man like the apple
The fruit of his own season
Yet this metaphorical tree
Must stand for something
Surpassing its fruit
And enduring
As all artists are but a brush
All souls but a palate
So are all songs not the band
As a tree surpasses any land
As Parts Are Played

Newborn opens his eyes and sees
Youth grows apart inside
Loving only the complete
Man has lost his way
To see or hide or seek
Or balance work and play
Old age brings adolescence and return
As one followed idol progress
From anticipation to reminiscence
Then every concern takes flight
When daylife deadens into night
Or so it seems, as parts are played
For backstage a single cast of gods
Acts endless renewals, entering openings
Evolving to a final act
Wherein there is revealed
A single face behind all

Universal and personal
Arms of one mind
One to be seen, a prism play
And one to make sight
To unveil a babe's delight
Thought

See the man in his own embrace
How steadfastly in thought he holds
To the image of his own grace
Unaware that from despair
Unto despair thought unfolds

What is justice?
What is just is
Yes in every way and form
It is the same ineffable
And whether or not
We lay down a norm
All that is, yes, is
Existence inevitable

Now this is far too plain
Transparently slippery
For the retentive brain
It has not been said enou
Though words are only so much wind
That in feeling we experience the now
This moment we let thought rescind

Separation is the mind's pathos
But attraction makes possible
This logos of action and good
Universal gravitation is the rule
Of the unspeakable
Pool of innate affection

Then see the man in his own embrace
How steadfastly in thought he holds
To the image of his own grace
Unaware that from despair
Unto despair thought unfolds

For want of love all this is done
To find acceptance of the one
Whose inner knowing goes on unhalted
For life by itself cannot be faulted
But in a mirror's genuflection
Of Existence and Nonexistence

O lord within
This autonomous
And temporal soul
Speak truly by poetry
Of this dance:
Existence is resistance
Nonexistence is infinity
Both need be
And we have been both
O word without
You do not live
But you seem to sing
To your devout
Your stillness
So finite, nearly
Puts out infinity
Of human motions
There is only love and fear
But of the children of these
Is all we hear
Not of oceans
Of unspeakableness near
Only life the mover
Has a true identity
And words are slow to admit
Of one reality
(continued)

O lord within this island
What is your prophesy?
What moves this hand
To make poetry?

Between islands of life
There is only the sea
As the sole fraternity
So then the sails of speech
Must show the outer shape of love

As fear is the greatest resistance
So is love nearest to nonexistence
The departing of individuality

To serve the present necessity
Of all returning to one
One word tells why and how
Love, love, love is the wind
Of eternity now
On the Road Again Again

On the road again
Again to unload possessions
As skinny as ever and ever again

On the road again
Again the path beyond questions
As anonymous as ever and ever again

On the road again
Again to be your external
As eternal as ever and ever again

On the road again
Again to die all the time
To be reborn again

The Pilgrim's Path

The first differentiation:
The Pilgrim's path
Is the last consummation
Of the One of no path

Departed from the beginning
There is no returning
Being one with the end
There is no becoming

Apart from all creation
Joined to all consciousness
There is one Pilgrim
One who is no pilgrim
Symposium 1972

Forever in speech we evidence
The greatest of mysteries
By raising the question

"Am I the speaker
Or the listener?"

Civilization is communication
Not institution
Communication is the only pact
For consciousness

His weary thirst
Surrenders
Dry of answers

The only light and law
Lives beyond the precipice
Where speech does reach
Its omega:

The Fool
Brings his Empty Cup
To the Well
And the Water drinks him
Third Eye

After the enlightenment
When the greens and blues
Light shades and hues
Of being to grateful eyes
Then only is there true color
True light, that the mind's eye
In faithful wonderment
Finds reflected in those
Graceful, glad eyes
Those that had lies before
So more than see
We must be
In these eyes
Light Will Shine Forevermore

We bury the trees in the cities
And we bury oceans in factories
The sun is made barren
By men in shade and war
But light will shine forevermore

Light is the lightest element
In the universal composition
We are paintings on a door
With imaginary volition
But light will shine forevermore

We are blindness or enlightenment
In pale reflection or love's nakedness
But in whatever the heavens alight content
For together in life's direction
Countless histories are but one life

We are paintings on a door
Where zero time holds no unknowns
But cities will grow nevermore
And chairs will live with the stones
Where light will shine forevermore
Driftwood

My words of love
Are parched as driftwood
But though their moisture
Has left them and gone above
They rest as a charming good
On the dry shore

As waterfall and spring
Fill rivers onward to the sea
All the beauty we can dream of
Can fulfill naturally
But for now my words of love
Are the second best thing
Deeper Than Deep

Thusly spoke the tree
To one's open inner ear:
"See branches, trunk and leaf
Green forests far and near
This is my consciousness."

In form you glide
Wings of existence
Omnipresence of mind
Your deeper than deep
Is beyond the beyond

From within free life
Thank God I leap

Heaven Falls to Earth Again

By the swarming unseen
In one man a beam
Streams through all the smoke
To sight his eyes
To unspoken dreams
Then Heaven Falls to Earth again
All illumining in between
Please Be Real

Please be real
Be beyond the shell
Life was so unreal
When we were conditioned
Then we rebelled
And abandoned the spoils
And pitfalls of normal life

So we plunged
Into resources
Having to swim
And study swamis
Past perfect

But then again
Living can be redeeming
It can bring solace
To heartaches in time
More of a moment
To inspire creation
O necessity
You are my inspirer

But really
I have no name for you
So profound a mystery
Begets my reverence
Subtle contemplation
Comes to my rescue
There is no longer any "I"
As compiled by convention
(continued)

Now be rid of names
A common experience
In this free land of pliable matter
No less than underlying relations
In total sustaining us
Bless the Unknown
Beyond assumption
Willing to question
A verbal riddle
Moving in context
Willing to abandon
This ever-changing self
That we hold so dearly
Begone traitor within

So then now
Let's be real
Nothing is gained
By opinionation
Nor separation
Nor by the race
That three billion run
Which I surrender to compete
And consecrate my life
To the awesome powers that be