

The Presence Of Light



Poems by A.S.Kline

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Sacred

Sacred,
given
in the light,
years do not count,
inviolable
the creature,
your origin,
say,
say the spell,
you know it.

Say
nature,
heart's beauty,
heart-heavy
pain
of her going,
say
the given
not made.

You take

her life,
the lives,
look
in those eyes,
see
the mind
behind.
No sanction,
no god,
your choice.

Say the star
listening
to light,
say it.
Say nature,
from the incoming fall
of time
to the slightest
nothing more,
say her.

All one ridge,
one line
of comfort,
one intimate
valley,
one mind
many forms,
generic
warmth
in the great bowl,
dark space,
place alone.

Sacred,
given
in the light,

not made,
inviolable,
say the spell
you know,
say.

Process

The repeated
hammer of bone
in the air
process.

The rage
of the body
then silence
process.

The flow
as though
it were mine
process.

The listening
the say
the word of the hour
process.

The child now,
it too, I too
nowhere
process.

The sun

the grey
beauty
process.

This real
thought-word
sent onwards
process.

The eye
dark as a leaf
eye-bright
process.

The hollow
built, given, spoken
taken now
process.

The opening,
closing, eaten
sweated name
process.

The rose
of lipped petals
swallowed time
process.

The merciless echo
of every sound
in the spirit
process.

The crystal tree
of immaculate growth

its clusters
process.

The windblown night
the perilous lisp
of touch
process.

All things
grief can see,
all things joy,
process.

The repeated plant
of us
deep in the earth
process.

Names

Names
eliminated like suns.
Nowhere
eternal.
Power of the inflow
echoed, reflected
until when.
Involved fire
speaking in sperm, spasm
the ghost-words
reclaim.

Names shattered
broken like suns.
Spewed out ash
stones
the stair we climb
other lives
interlaced
open our tongues
live in our shadows
drive us
to mountains of fall.

Nature and Form

Earth
being here
being dead.
Part
learned
part.
Be as
you are
become as.

A star,
the now
one
energy.
Nature and
Form our
refuge.

All past
the dead flare
the said.
The leaf,
leaf
shines.

Silence

For the tongue, the lips, the mouth,
the throat.
Silence.

For the shadow in time's courts, the face,
the bright one.
Silence.

For the stone, the stem, the stream,
the branch.
Silence.

For the wound. For the blood of the wound,
for the eye.
Silence.

For the bone, the fall the white
moon-gifts.
Silence.

For you. Silence. For time. Silence.
It burns.

From

Came from the air in a flash of fire –
the true
came from the mouth in a gasp of air –
feeling
came from your hands – kindness
from the speech of your eye.

Sensitive – the ghetto of names
the tabernacle of thought
it calls together the mind,
names it – empathy.

Knows, it knows,
enters, it enters,
is one, lives there.

Gentle – the wing the light as the dance
dancer, the nurturing arms, the tip
milked the door entered,
calls it, calls it, kindness.

Give, it gives,
share, it shares,
creates, makes there.

True – the hand, the outstretched hand,
the armed, the far one
standing over the stars
honour it, truth.

Holds, it holds.
Defends.
Waits. Is there.

Came from the spirit clear the eye – the true
came from the soul in a breath of pity –
feeling
came from the hand, your hands – kindness
came from the hand, soul, spirit – mind.

Beyond

Beyond the natural
nothing sang.
There was the Moment,
all time, Energy's space,
the Self, there were others.
Beyond the real
nothing sang.

Beyond the creature
nothing felt.
There was the sensitive mask,
the nurturing spine, courage.
Beyond the creature
nothing felt.

Beyond the form
nothing shone
there was integrity's line,
harmony's detail, luminous.
Beyond the form
nothing shone.

Beyond the living
nothing grew.
There was the leaf, eye,
there was the wing.

Beyond the living,
nothing grew.

Tongue

It is what expresses itself
in the curve of your hands.

It is.

It is what expresses
the beyond-human in terms
of this place.

It is image, the hole in the lamplight,
a mouth that a mouth occludes,
and discards what does not flow,
pour, from the night
to the white pole
inside you.

It is illumined skin's
eternal blemish, cherished,
and the core
of the heart
called mind.
Freeing the word.

My mouth opens the petals'
depths like a bee
with the tongue's stamen
until you accept this speech
a wordless

body.

It is
what shows itself
in the shape of your eyes
in the curve
of your
hands.

Body

The harmonies of a kiss
reverberate in the bone-speech.
An ear against this
cathedral hears the
angels of process.
Between the wired borders
a frosted no-man's-land,
between poles an equator.
The burial fields throw up
stone rows clothed in soil,
disinter faces and limbs
all a shadow becoming
hover half-seen.
The cells contain time's prisoners.
This falls from the sieve.

Near to a scream, the eyes flicker
organs of non-seeing.
The head can hear itself.
Its sources shine over and under
the surface of roofs,
there are seas and moans.
It can hold itself in its hand,
it can stoop and travel.
Night and day cover it.
Under the slow permitted paths

other quick ways shiver,
poured into it, being,
taken from it, itself.

Real

Pick it up between fingers,
the formless.

Hear the inaudible. There
is nothing to see.

Touch its skin with your eyes
sweet vision, the evanescent.
Taste the pure undemanding.
There is nothing to know.

It will come to you without
asking. It will wait.
You can hold it, or put it down.
It evades your intent.

It's the flower that may
have no scent at all
where you bury your face.
There is everything to be.

Mind

It builds a corner for body inside
in which it sits.

It is time processing space.

Filled with scythes it winnows
the moon-words of stars.
The dead fields emerge.

Through it the railroads of termini pass
the cuttings and tunnels.
Past becomes Future.

Under it senses tie the net of knots,
cast for invisible fish.
The waters quiver.

It grasps at roots in its own soil, uncovers
iron and gold, bones, ashes and rocks.
They shimmer and fade.

It contains all creatures it fails
to recognise. It feeds
on naked truth, a lance of steel.

In its depths empathy, loyalty, loving
float. Over it hangs violence,

selfishness, others turned into things.

No Less

We are no more alone than we ever
were.

We are no more transient than we ever were,
gods and eternities never were.

We travel towards the bowl of the stars,
the forever opening cup of the flower.

We are no more separate than we ever were.

We are no more human than we ever were.

We move towards the sensitive
loving truth, the half-recognised
not yet clarified ethical form we created.

We are the creatures no less,
when will we make them sacred?

We are nature no less,
when will we make it sacred?

We are empathy, nurturing peace, no less,
when will we make them sacred?

The Temple

Nothing is dead
that we resurrect
only changed
slowly changed.

How time dies out
through us
and is
regained.

That which was once
considered the god,
or the angel, now
takes place in us.

Here where we build
the temple
deeper
inside.

One Flower

Blue speedwell, chamandra,
strike-fire,
out of the heart of the ditch.

Blue constellation.

As though
a fragment of galaxy
caught by the lens,
intensified.

You too are time,
captured far back,
projected here.

Strike-fire,
blue speedwell,
germander,
eternal,
flower of the ditch.

Re-union

Mind, that split us from the creatures,
returns us again,
the long arc falls back into Nature.

See us in them.

Rooted in earth, as we run for the stars,
no immaculate birth,
just this birth of ours, being.

Origin

So deep, your empathy,
a sensitive tendril
that clings
to the heart of pity.
This was where we began.

So rich your nurturing,
a flood of creation,
that flows
to the heart of knowing.
This was where we began.

So pure your courage, honesty,
loyalty to love,
that burns
from the heart of being.
This was where we began.

Aesthetics.

Clarity.

What leapt out at us,
startling integrity,
uniquely become.

Harmony.

Complex, the detail, humming
the relatedness hive,
ah, organised seeing.

It shines.

Luminescence. The deep,
the human, implied,
marvellous mind.

History

We were the light of the creature.
We were.

It shone inside us,
inviolable star.

A circle in which we sat, a ring
of true being.

We were the sacred heart of the creature,
we knew.

Part of the one continuous ocean,
the one sea of fire.

Cascade, thinning down, sieved down
to the given not made.

Till this remained, a whole history
changed into spirit.

Clothes

Inside, a naked creature,
awkward mind,
used to this womb,
needing its comfort.

The surface worlds defined,
signs and symbols,
the world of denizens,
the world of sheep.

Nakedness in the unclothed world
is nothing special,
dumb flesh un-excites,
the primitive adorns.

And this can be made to flow
or hide or show,
this companion of space,
that covers the mind, time.

Inside a naked creature,
inside mind,
softly, carefully,
revealing its presence.

Not What You Think

What I write is not what I am,
that is private.

The saddest, the sweetest songs
are made in joy.

The happiest singing
from intolerable grief.

Writing's the deceit
mind hides behind.

Just when you thought you were closer,
I found myself receding.

Every confession
magically invents its story.

And our own lives are tales
we tell ourselves.

Truth

Not where we thought
but from curious asides.
A tree fell wrongly
but exposed the roots.
Forgetting, learning, starting again
to see with a clear eye,
always beginning.

The surprise is only so
if we cling to superstition,
to institutions
we follow, believe in, join.
Our unique solitariness,
that we are self-created,
a gift of nature's confusion,
is nothing unusual.

When the mind is free
the body is accepted.
When the world is known,
we are ready to start again,
with the sacred given
that should bring us joy,
and the core of our being,
that should bring us love.

Love-Song

You are the eye of my silence.
You are the lake of my stillness.
You are the stone of my remembrance.
You are the shore of my delight.

You are the morning and the evening,
and the sweetness of beginning.
You are the meaning of fulfilment,
You are the mind's deeper sight.

From this lake-shore, from this silence,
from this solitude of evening,
from remembering and being,
I will raise you to the light.

Earth, A Bird

Earth, a bird
asking nothing,
not a symbol,
free-floating.
Earth, a dove,
a blue feather.

Moon, a bird,
giving nothing,
white abyss
of the senses.
Moon, a mouth,
a pale singer.

Earth, Moon
wind-flowers
in night's
last forest.

The Presence Of Light

For the presence of light
for its place in your life
for love, gratitude,
in the name of the word,

say to me all of it,
all of the pain that comes
if I speak to you
in the name of the word.

In the time, in the truth,
in the spaces of light
for courage, for pity,
the name of the word.

For the power that flows,
for the moment that dies,
to become the new moment,
the name of the word.

Loving is loving, and kind
is kind, no violence, no
object, but you,
in the name of the word.

For the beauty of light

for its place in your life
for pure empathy's flight,
in the name of the word.

Secret

Vanish slowly behind
the events of your life
don't become them.

There is a silence of freedom.
There is inviolable mind
in the space of the dark.

Cast a veil, and obscure the root.
You are not what you were,
move on beyond.

Bodies do not define us,
the shell of the earth,
we are the fire.

Move away silent
behind the face of your life.
Secretly become.

Clear Ground

No more half-thoughts, ah,
a space of becoming,
so much of the error destroyed,
the trails clear, the air.

And Nature returns, pure
and glowing, sweet and indifferent
a form full of our eyes,
the given not made.

No more half-minds:
into the Moment, the flow,
the Individual place,
the space where Energy passes.

Look for us deep in the core of the creature,
look for us over and under your feet,
look for the true, sensitive, kind
in the nurturing heart of the creature.

Let us have detail and light,
empathy's deep luminescence,
the movement of process and time,
no more half-life.

Stones, Flowers, Light

Your hands, stones, flowers,
light, your hands
beyond us
climbing
the night,
so I helped you
there
to the source
to the lost
origin
always present
with hands
that see.

In front of our night,
repetitive peace,
the sound, alone,
of the sweep
of a world
blue
into yesterday,
we found
our way,
looked there
with hands,
your hands, stones, flowers, light.

Listener To Winds

Alder, the secret name,
guard, mask, conceal.

Blackness of night-suns,
cold of the star-prison.

By the willows of Helicon,
enter my silence.

Ninth is the hazel,
wisdom in sweetness.

Almond the bitter, dark
tree-core's messenger.

The flight of the heron,
is the kite's high quivering.

And the hare in the furrow
slips softly through light.

Smoke-glitter of silence.
Listener to Winds.

Eternal

We are each other's death,
we are each other's life.
It shines, eternity,
void of meaning.

There are the words,
that we climb to,
grobe through,
to where is brightness.

Through fern's green,
air's fire, the lake's
dawn-light, clouds,
pain of the wound.

We are each other's death,
we are each other's life.
Void of meaning,
it shines, eternity.

Presence

I was the silence of the nettle in the
hedge.

I was the stillness of the butterfly's stone.

Through me the glittering waters ran.

In me the bright star, moon, shone out.

I was the charger of ditches, the mid-field
flower,

wheat ear, black ridge, wood of memories.

I was before time, after love, I was
between the leaf and the stone.

I was the soil of desire and design,

glade's sound, birch-tree's beauty,

heart's counter-pulse, earth's language.

Core

Dig yourself into the darkness of gorse,
there is nothing to be.

A stammering blue fills with uninhabited
stars: they are downwards, ringing.

You double the note of the flute in the pine,
you go swimming over the stone.

We have woven a fabric of our affections,
the silence forgives.

Time is the nothing we hear, this slice
of light, this pole that blossoms.

In ourselves guard the secret: dig
in the darkness of gorse, circle the core.

Shard

You make a sound for me out of the
stillness.

Your light is blessed.

This universe slides over my eyelids,
the blue of your seas.

It is done, eternity, the transient
life of the double realm.

A shard of the stone, and a root
of the tree: destroy or deliver.

You, in the dark moor, the star fall, the eye
of the wind, your light is sacred.

If I could reach to you, not be here,
dip down to the silence of hours.

From One

When the form is done
find the new.
All is inside us
when we wake
we see the line
try and feel it
find the new.

Life and death,
birth and pity,
are inside us,
Nature outside.
We could make
eternal worlds
of what we know,
find the new.

From one mind
all is recovered,
from many,
luminescent detail,
look outwards
through the universe,
set courage, love there,
find the new.

Beginning

Pours through heart's energy
into mind's cradle
the power of the root.
We are beginning.

History's not ended,
only illusion.
The gods, not us, are dead,
and the angel inside.

Say Nature, say it,
see there, the values,
wholly within.

From the dark pan
the light,
choose, choose
the true, sensitive, kind.

Pours through time's energy
into mind's cradle.
We are beginning.

An Age

This was our form
half-light and assonance,
rhythm not rhyme,
and the inner music.

Ah but you have to
be listening closely
to hear the hiss
of the stars.

This was our shape,
chaos then meaning,
tremor of feeling,
distant music.

We walked over
the footsteps of giants,
to find the first creatures,
and were what we were.

Here was the origin,
clarity, light,
luminous harmony.
This was our form.

Metamorphoses

We came out of time
and became a voice,
and earth a tongue
water and trees
sun and creatures,
deep in the rock,
high in the sky
of light and air
of time and space,
a voice.

We came out of space
and became a mind
and stars a mind
stones and leaves
moon and birds
deep in the sea
high in the night
of truth and love
of beauty and care,
a mind.

We became space and time.
We became voice and mind.

It Will

You became
part of life and thought,
part of sky over us,
soft, quirky,
earth-loving one,
children uncurl
in your eyes,
white stars fall
from your house
between
Jupiter and Saturn.

You became
part of what I know,
you became
part of streams and tides,
the glimmering flower
of human spaces,
values no right mind
opposes:
wrong minds will go,
peace triumph,
mind
and what's between.

The Goddess Who

There is this poetry
of the earth we have to say.
Oh, you would like it
different maybe, other.
But there is this cadence
we need, so our children
will remember,
that despite it all, we did see.
There is this mystery,
when the goddess who
does not exist
comes walking
and rests her eyes on us,
not a hand on a shoulder,
but ironic, quizzical challenge.
She comes from inside
which is also above,
don't be confused
by directions.
In her hands, earthenware, clay.
There is this something
about the earth
we have to say.

Yours

I would like your music.
It feels like mine, my music,
which is more a flute note,
more a slap of wave on rock
in a motionless bay,
more star-fall, seed-fall,
stem through crumbling earth,
more, a more evanescent,
vague troubling intelligent music.
I would like your music.

It sounds like mine, my music,
which is more grass,
leaves, shifting in quiet spaces,
more earth-fall, day-fall,
bird cry through miraculous light,
more, a more mindless
mindful, soft, private music.
I would like your music.

Mind Will Be

Sing of the space of fire,
complex discreet desire,
all the white sound of rain
in the heart free of pain.

Nothing created us,
sing of sublime chaos,
beautiful randomness,
no meaning or regret.

Sing the real infinite,
what will release us yet,
from earthbound littleness,
love will deliver us.

Mortal, and free to be
part of eternity.
Mind is where we will see
all this transcended.

Once And Always

Say it again. Say
what I lose to you is
a word, freedom,
say how I bind myself
into the shadowy net.

What we trawl for is time,
blue-black, glittering,
to see our process
uncurl in Nature,
strange as a wasp's eye,
to see it reveal us.

We fuse: we turn
towards the spaces of kindness.
I enter you
the cells of life
and close the doors.
No reason why, us,
but us, forever.

This, I

Sunlight on turf, night water
brimming the pools,
the intimate leaf
turns on a current of air,
dances, shows now,
flickers, retreats,
green solitude.

Beauty of solitary mind,
it shines, ah, intellect,
you can't break it,
love still informs it,
warms the cool
touch of truth, sweet
self and universe.

Earth, so old, young,
cold-fire, melt of stone,
all the blown stars.
Sun gyre. Spiral
on the ecliptic,
this, I,
nothing between.

Fire-Thoughts

Pellucid, inviolable light,
you reached down.

Both of our, all of our
fire-thoughts trembled
as mind trembles,
it was the sigh
song of you in the air
sound of the night above,
over the dark stone
the pale wave,
the seminal sea.

And your hands
that followed you
into the dark
of your fingers,
sinking to deeps.
That I am there
is not myth, is light,
is fire, falling from eyes
hands, blind hands
of light, that thrust us
into the earth, into its flow.

Open Secret

The truth was there
all the time,
open
to sensitive touch,
quickly closed,
the quiet,
the loving eye,
saw it,
clear, of this world.

It was not above,
greater, beyond
or darker, just deep
and quiet as the rock,
as the rose, silvered
and silent.
Mind saw it,
a light, and named it
a part of this world.

Night-Hour

It goes on. The night-hour
of Nature's silence,
the sacred, the given not made,
it goes on.

A ring and a light
and a fire in the leaf
of true energy surrounds you,
and courage becomes.

As still as the breathing sigh
of a star over cloud,
the branch-boat
floats on the stream.

It goes on. The empathy
of arousal, the nurturing
eye, unhurried,
the knowledge of love.

Shines. That harmony shines.
No more. You are no more object,
violent indifference, selfish untruth.

It goes on. The long,
barely-dispelled half-taken breath

that breathes out of mind.
It goes on.

Glimpse

But what I saw in you
was Mind,
ah yes, all the other,
true, the beauty,
but above all,
what I saw
was Mind.

And what's gone
matters only
as the depth
of what goes on,
is what the word
sang
all those years.

All those slopes
grasses, seas,
all this earth,
if in silence
you see it.
I, seeing you,
your mind.

Days

Days when we touch it,
that so complex
turn and twist
of the pattern,
eyes of
the stilled tongue
still opening,
moon-orbs, fire-flies,
reach down
into the arcane depths
of the revealed earth
and lift the stone
the bone.

Truth has no dates,
no names, evades
our attempted lies,
dissolves,
our language,
to say it again
in water and cloud.
You know
those inexpressible
days,
when we
touch it,

almost touch.

Flow

Glistening, gleaming,
the air above the palm
of your hand, is the stream
flowing down green valleys
round the green hill
cool with shadows.

Shining, the tenderness
the sensitive tremor
of your dark and bright eye
is the light flowing
from the edge of mute cloud
the wide rim of landscape.

Glowing your speech,
and the brave kindness
of your word's deep trust,
is the water flowing,
down rock-grey channels
through curving valleys
filled with sweet leaves.

Violence

The dark fields are violence
the dead words are violence
not seeing the beauty
in empathy is violence.
Aggression is violence,
destruction is violence,
indifference, the making
of objects from minds
from people, is violence.

The tower of pain is violence,
of hunger, of suffering is violence,
blindness to the given, the sacred
non-human, is violence.
But clarity, harmony, peace
are not violence.
Beauty, integrity, depth
are not violence.
Creation, nurturing pity,
they are not violence.
Love is not violence.

Heart-Slopes

Open the edge of light,
between hedgerows,
into my silence. Grant me
the right to walk in your valley
over the green slope,
morning and midnight,
till I reach the ring of stones,
and the well
of heart's memory.

There the stack and the turf,
ruined chimneys, the tower,
and a landscape of air
will grant me your key
to the shattered black reefs
to the emerald sea
to the fork of the cliff
to the high slope above
morning and midnight.

I'll root in the bright earth.
I'll watch from the cliffs of light.

In Time

After the denial of values,
the assertion of values.
After the wasteland, the earth.

After the selfish, made and paid for,
the given, the shared, the free.
After the darkness, the sea.

After the last repetition,
the true creation, after
the depths, the clear air.

After the deaths, the hatreds,
the foolish beliefs, the voices,
after the tower, the silence.

After the denial of values,
the assertion of values.
After the wasteland, the earth.

Canzon

Sacred,
the sweet laurel,
in its closed valley,
a green flow
from under a cliff edge,
the breeze, gold,
the light, form.
The dark silhouette
as chaste as the depths
of the glowing rose,
arrows of light that
enter the flesh.

Love, Death,
intricate dance,
through the green bitter
evergreen fire
of the turning year,
pain of that storm
where a shattered boat
clings to the shore.
A slight figure
a pointer, a sign
on the path,
not an end.

Strange Clearing

The deer-prints, the owl cry,
the fox-tracks through snow,
the heart's ache to see
those far blues of intricate
never-trodden false horizons,
cloaked hedgerows, and lost roads.

Animal silence is beyond us,
we make names, we hunger,
can't sleep by cold creeks,
or savour time, its caustic,
or deal with no possessions,
un-possessed, can't be free.

But crusted leaf-edge
bright with ice, night, star,
concentrates soft fir words,
wraps the warmth round us,
in un-walked, white alleys,
in strange clearings.

There the wild heart gathers.
We make names, a language.

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