

The Gate Of Grass

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Physics Test

What is Light?

What is Energy?

Where are the Others?

Why these Forms,

All these symmetries?

Why does it speak our language?

What is Being?

What is Consciousness?

Where are the Others?

All this presence,

all this structure:

what is Time?

And Entropy?

And Space?

Where are the Others?

What is Light?

The Gate: the Grip

This grip
like the clamp of eternity
onto the other.

To climb from self
we climb through
their eyes, your eyes,
from the deepest
into the other.

Baffled we stand at the gate
of the other,
baffled.

Even when all is given
nothing
may take, be taken.

When all is taken,
nothing
may give, be given.

We stand at the gate.

Meeting

The blind deeps of us
far in the light,
on the red field
in the white wood.

Turn to things
to avoid these selves
that burn black tension
from earth-fires,
these beating selves,
from rawnesses
we turn away to things.

Mercy will gift us, ah,
its ever.
We too it may be, will be,
measures of light,
still, still though
late-comers
among the flowers.

Like a ghost
dare I touch you?
Potent with sun
white moon,
the canticles of air?

How we turn to things.
Like-minded you
opposed in love
its combats, hatred
where selves clash,
blind deeps of us.

Climb

Out from it,
Civilisation.
Light mounts the peak,
Mist fills the valley.

Bring all
to this.
It is
all you are.

Power, so transient.
Clothed, so naked.
This now.
This bonfire, Self.

Through what we are
to find
what once we were.
All new. Or it would fail.

Hand in the cold pool.
Mind gazing down.
The sacred house
wide open.

Fearful

Keep your flicker of fear
For the creatures.
Snake silent in the grass,
The prowling leopard,
Coiled muscle.
Keep the fear.

Fear is also joy,
intensity,
bright as the blind
pain of love
in the brain
that shapes us.

When the whale breaches
the shark slides
with a tail-lash
into the spirit,
that is mind aware,
be afraid.

The City

Every tremor there
Of the surface, found.
Act, thought, each flicker
of hand or eye,
each caress.

All lasting there,
stilled, each particle
that existed
to end as
form.

City of art
where all is found, again,
and nothing lost,
each trembling act
that was,
remaining there,

more solid than stone,
lighter than air.

Life-Fire

Life-fire.

Down all the roads
of matter,
until we were
nothing but what we are,
Mind alive.

The folded, twisted rock,
the stands of trees,
where life lives
in the crevices,
stream, branch,
shattered glacial spill.

Life-fire,
world's inner joy,
down all the avenues
of time,
until we were,
Mind alive.

How Long?

How long will this flame last
Will the body yearn?
As long as the mind moves,
and the spirit burns,

When all's gone under the boom,
and the water rides
free of impediment,
the most silent of tides,

there in the waste, leaves,
the branches of trees,
roll over and upward,
immutable memories.

In the light of the lamps,
in the bright flow under the bridge.
Though the stones abrade,
the dog-rose gleams in the ditch.

And this flame will last
as long as the body yearns,
as long as this mind moves,
and the spirit burns.

After the Poem

After the poem, the true poem,
the hands tremble.

After the death of mind
in creative fire,
our thoughts are as still
as those stars
at the heart of the Lyre.

After the true poem, after the lines
of light,
the hands and body flicker,
this is the death of night,
to be born again, another phoenix, higher.
After the poem, the true poem:
the wind in the wire.

Mind So Fragile

Mind so fragile
but out of chance
emergent values too.

The given, the real,
the un-create, then we create
integrity, consonance,

Light. We are mind,
the source,
of love, beauty, all
that connects us to the world.
Space without mind, and time:
but we are the Minds.

Here In The Sacred House

Reality is far more fine
Than our illusions.
We pass through
Time, to find ourselves in Time.
We go through
every transience
to find the Gate of Grass.

Pine in the green wood.
Stone in the grey water.
We the un-intentioned found
In the intention-less.
Oh, free of all those gods,
free among all these creatures,
here, in the sacred house.

Invariance

Form in the quantum fields,
mysterious regularity.
Yet the tick of the moment's
local. Fragile, the real.

Empathy, you too, a given,
how we relate, protect,
hold back, achieve a balance,
attachment then detachment,

how we survive, the action
of the heart, the truth, the beauty,
hold here, and then let go, invariant self
patterned in mind's mysterious symmetries.

You and I

Complex enough and it emerges,
Consciousness, awareness, self-awareness,
it's the constant re-creation, it's the unstill
re-invention of the real, this world. We create,
what creates us, in endless knowing, till we end.

Not passive, we move it, structure it, new.
Nature's billion year refinement, iteration,
and quietly it emerges, it's the richness
of our own projection of the senses,
our light here on the inner wall of mind

Critique

Reason has its limitations.
The irrefutable may not be true.
The un-provable may not be real,
The logical may be disproved.

Reason has its limitations.
But that is not a licence
For unreason, gods and demons,
The wished-for posing as reality.

Reason has its limitations.
Our truth is made with delicate hands,
is a fragile map we make, we hold,
to strange countries of our mind and love.

High Flying

Vapour trails lining the deep sky.
How we voyagers maul the planet.
The wasp, the hover-fly don't care,
they multiply in aerial mastery.
White wakes in the cold blue,
sing high September's gathering
of latter fruits, too high for sound,
pure movement, from, towards
now vanishing, a silent vanishing.
The seeds and flowers go on.
There is a sameness, a million
year likeness. Mind, ah mind!

Reading Hume

In the light, after the rain,
rinsed leaves and grass,
the clear-set mind
a circle around reason.

Close the senses
like the mind at night
and sail the created given,
moon-wedge silvered silence.

He saw it clear, the uncertain
Strange, delicate coherence.
He saw us clear, rooted us
in natural empathy.

Secret Writings

We have our secret trees, our alphabet,
hidden in Nature's lexicon, heart's
grammar, mind's excess. Mine: rowan,
hazel, and the whispering poplar's
triple secret, love, beauty, hope,
by which we all create
the sunlit leaves, and I too,
in the water, write, alder, aspen,
other men's trees: pass on the secret.

No Correlation

Where does it come from, inspiration,
as though the mind's depths themselves
lead to the word, silver in the pool?

No correlation between voice and mood,
no clues for the interpreter, only the stir
of branches in the dust, a subtle trace
of hedgerow flowers' scent and light,
slowly re-passing in the shivering air.

Tide-way

Low tide, the limpet, and the shore-crabs
Burrowing in their pools. Between
you and I, infinities of light,
long-legged, un-navigable silence,
word-plays on beauty, truth, hands
loosing or unloosing. I know how
to retrieve the shells, the gull-trails
from the sands, the necklaces of bone,
the grey stones, the lost cargoes.
The prayer-thong conjures you,
light weighed in the high balance,
following your fingers
into stillness.

Something In The Heart

Over fifty miles of rock a light like trees'
soft hushed incandescence, those inward
trails, down to where sun strikes level
in the coolness, and mind too stills,
the saw-tooth fret. Mind's eye I see you.

Something in the heart takes care, like light
folding there, creating until stone's alive
and air, still makes the mountain, builds it
with slender streams and roots of pine,
from bark, grass, seed, dark earth, granite.

Mind Between

The trick is cadence
if you hear it right
the ear and not the eye,
though ear is eye,
the voice is in the page.

So the fountain's cadence
and the fern,
which too are right
and all the years
and all the seeing eye.

The unmistakable
unmistakeable music.
Who can say how we find it?
Though once found
it touches ear and eye
and mind between.

Or We Would Fail

We hand it on in silence
like a crystal, common as rain,
and so refuse to fail,
oh, all the form and beauty,
tenderness out of the depths
of leaving, clasped affections.

In godless silence, wrapped
in the trivial, the slight,
the usual, we pass it on,
with empathy, with spirit,
sweetly naked, incomprehensible
Being.

In The Night

We will not escape ourselves,
whichever stars we go to.
Mind is a process in time,
and we are Mind.

We will not enlarge our space
whatever space we enter.
We pass through what we are,
to find where we may arrive.

Thrown to the infinite fields
we will return like light
covering our open hands
with being in the night.

The Imagined Dead

They are close to us the imagined dead,
when we give them light, and conjure them,
who strangely enter us in surrogate being,
bringing the what was not us, here, inside us.

They gather from the darkness, if we grant
them life, enrich the tangled tree of living,
its delicate leaves of beaten gold, as you do
silent friend. I must never fear you.

Created from the living, the dead have power,
to flow through our existence and inform it,
beyond their loss and out of their un-being,
as spilling light transforms the naked trees.

Beyond distaste, beyond the dark resistance,
I embrace you friend, live again in me.

The Web

Nothing we can explain,
this power of tenderness
to conquer distance, be
the strangest overcoming,
forces that bind tighter,
mysterious inter-mingling,
deeper there and deeper
until there is no Other.

We join in the creation,
weave the gossamer silk,
toughest in all Nature,
the inner lines of feeling,
pull them, draw them tight,
then let them float free,
in the deeper binding.
Nothing we can explain.

The Museum

All the worlds of superstition are dead.
in the museum, curious, we drift
through demon masks and divine
inflections, tools, beads of the dead.

And feel the beauty of knowledge,
even imperfect knowing, seeing,
science in its marvellous beauty.
Let the dead still keep their gods.

Here we are the living, in Nature's sweet world.

The Spirits

Oh, we are closed in the body
And made of the body.
It's the place of our
hidden process,
it's the husk
of mind alive.

But we are still the spirit
however it's embodied
we are the mind
machines,
and the trees
of inner light.

We can't be reduced
to quanta,
or granted immortal
souls,
we are mind in the body,
we are the spirits, whole.

Bedrock

So return again to stone and tree:
broken crab-apple that from the splintered bark
regenerates now, blossoms, and fruits,
scatters its circle of redness on the ground:
and stone we caress in smooth passing
of ten thousand hands, saying Earth,
the reality, the enclosing what encloses.
Between the tree and the stone, our beauty,
and in the simplest language, the fruit
of words, the bedrock of the mind.

To A Singer

Sing at evening to the darkness, friend,
Marvellous maker of the many spaces,
that you fill fuller with our deeper longing,
setting there the water and the trees.

Silence, and in that silence a tower rises,
or a cloud, leaves change their shape, waves fall,
and inside us is all that transformation,
whatever space beyond time makes of time,

Feels us, makes us greater by its presence,
dawn light in the midnight of the spirit,
raises a ladder where there is no ladder,
and lets us climb and see beyond the wall.

Sing, friend, from all your many spaces.
Bring to the single sense all of our senses.
Make of them the first, the ancient circle,
that binds us to each other and the Earth.

Surprised

It's the meaning beyond meaning,
how we walk out from ourselves,
and see ourselves return from World
these unfamiliar strangers.

For a moment, in the stillness, in the water,
in the mirror of the Other, in the word.
And there we live, and here we live,
in both those spaces.

How, without flinching, drawing back,
to see that figure that comes towards us
down the silent road – is all we are,
and all we might be, past, present, future?

Everything is here, seen, in spirit,
the symbols and the shadows,
glittering feelings, powers of mind,
to gather in the world and then, again,

immerse ourselves in everything created,
project time outwards, structure space
the senses, place ourselves there
the unknown that surprises

with meaning, beyond meaning.

Never More Clothed

Never more clothed we are never more naked,
never more powerful are never more transient.
Mind so fragile, frail body, spirit of ice and stars.

All of the silent recognise deeper speech,
sacred Earth and the rights of the creatures.
When we climb meaning's slopes, we know and we
attend.

Tiny the levers that move a life, the acts
that change a planet, and even the future
visits the present, a child knows wisdom is love.

Spirit is everything, all that we are,
world the transforming till all's inside us,
until we are all ourselves and wholly within.

The gate of grass is not won by power,
it is only won by being naked
Mind fragile, mind frail, seeded among the stars.

Swifts In The Bright Sky

The seeing eye.
Buddha on a stone stair.
Emptiness a road to the full.
Swifts in the bright sky.

The seeing eye.
Wind in the tree, invisible
force that moves the mind.
Swift in the bright sky.

The seeing eye.
Light from the home star,
Giving, riding the senses.
Swifts in the bright sky.

Of The Heart

Something falls in the forest of the heart.
Is it all beyond consciousness, all
that the conscious mind feeds on?
The invisible leaves that fall, remote
in silence, here in the forest of the heart.

So many years of waiting, of learning
what being might be, for the voice heard
in the dark glade, for a painfully
worked through sense to reveal
the light, in the forest of the heart.

And for us who have had to learn love,
the early-denied, the too-lavishly known,
who must first find the inner space
and the room to love, who must first
learn to hear, in the forest of the heart,

for us something falls in each far moment.
The world we waited for, uncomprehending,
waits only to be loved, we too the creatures
of transient death, we too only wait
for love, in the forests of the heart.

Sweet Complexity

Sweet complexity of living creatures.
watch them with all our senses, their senses,
those strange and elegant lives.

Name them and cherish them. All this
without intention, all this behaviour,
all the colour, purpose, ritual, strife,

planted deep in us, love and beauty,
all this truth, this dance, of subtle being,
you and I, sweet complexity.

Breathe

Excavate the silence, carve from Earth
those symbols that pass into mind, and
deeply transform us.

Beloved, I took you within, inside
I know you, all that moves through
your distant arteries, veins,

moves so in me, grows greater in this place
of living beings, without temples, altar
still keeping sacred space.

Even in Earth's silence we can listen,
to cry, shriek, roar, to history moving,
still call from here to the galaxies,

fill intention-less silence with existence,
our existence, show them plant, tree, creature,
our heart, our naked selves,

and learn to be here, without possession,
be here without power, authority,
take all within, give all freely again.

All That Dance

Don't take yourself too seriously,
be the game. The deepest in us
the most assured is still at play.
What else is beauty, but the sense,
Mind straying? And love's a dance
of loved and lover, we are process,
time-dancers, and most profound
when we work the clay, nurture
the plants, the creatures, throw
and catch at gravity's inner space.

The swallows there swim through
the stillness, dive for joy, into
the furthest reach of purpose.
And the great poems are those
whose intent escapes us, returning
like the outline to emptiness,
and silk-white rest. Be grateful,
cry, and laugh, and be the game,
be where I touch your face,
be where I say your name.

The Lovers Of Life

Death is our absence, Death is not
a kingdom. Orpheus goes and
returns only by singing, and so
becomes his lyre. But the song
is never Orpheus,

only life's beauty, neither hell
nor heaven, so our distaste grows
for life-destroyers, the sad violent
diminished by their own nothingness.
We are not nothing.

We are the lovers of life.

Cold Light Of Day

Waking in cool light, the heart's aubade,
a line of cloud unmoving in the sky.
England at dawn. The white silence.

Half a world away other worlds stir,
but this one knowledge of the cool,
the mind, its history, its physics.

All those otherworld superstitions
dying their show of death. Here
the heights of nature, the island light,

cool waking in the dawn.

Bonfire

All the unseen light that passes by,
no Earth to hand, cascade of white
water, river no one steps in, spilt
milk of stars, from pinwheel discs,
from ovoid galaxies, the showers
of unseen light.

This one star we claim as ours,
without possession, ever-glowing
fountain, of flares and spectral lines,
of spots, and storms, and silent winds
of streaming particles. We stand,
we bathe here in the crystal fire.

The Gate Of Grass

1.

Green hills. Silence.
Nature encloses
enfolds without meaning.
This stays and we pass.

2.

Sadness light as
the willow leaves
that flicker and flicker
and never find rest.

3.

Light on the empty hills.
Nothing here watches.
Slowly the mind sweeps them,
moves where nothing moves.

4.

Bright channels
stir in the wind.
The dance of waves,

the splash of intersections.

Mind quietens

in the random field.

Chance and form

the delicate interplay.

5.

Alone in Nature
become Nature.
No difference between
self and the world.
All one murmur
of rippling being.
The call of a bird's
a stone in the stream.

6.

The field of stars
behind Perseus.
The remote shine
of captive light.
How many million
years to pass by?
A moment here
and then gone.

7.

Less, less, my mind says.
Awareness but not direction.

Then the pearl of the universe
opens like a flower
in the wind.

8.

One line
between dark and light.
One mind
between stone and star.
Eye waits. Mind waits.

9.

Empty and silent, you say.
But the clouds are filled
with endless light.
You, I, all things, we are there,
Mind let loose
among the tides of air.

10.

Separated, all distances are far.
Mind at rest, you are near.
Absence is always life and death.
presence is the waking dream.

11.

Wind and light
the mountain's word.
Trees and grass
the hill's nature.
To and fro
searching for the gate.
Better to sit here

and be still.

12.

The mountain man
is intention-less.
His feet make no
impression on the grass.
There he goes
picking fruit and herbs,
the wingless bird
on a trace of path.

13.

This place is free
of superstition.
Its science is
the mind of man.
Thought that is like
lightning in the water,
moon on rock
or grasses in the dark.

14.

Violence is the deepest error.
Quiet sings the loving heart.
White sun on September hills.
Nature there moves and stirs.

15.

Write the word, not to interfere.
Learn silence, where the eye is still.
Night skies wash away the world.
Pure, they leave no place to stand.

16.

No two actions are the same.
Each equation simplifies.
Behind us the world complicates,
one web's un-disentangled light.

17.

Without words we empathise.
Without signs we still know.
Minds follow parallel lines.
Every silence fills with language.

18.

Gentleness always has a place.
Kindness always multiplies.
What is given, what is shared,
possessed without possession for all time.

19.

Without gods the sacred still exists.
Depth is present. No intermediaries
Between ourselves and reality.
The Individual, the Moment, Energy.

20.

The belief beyond beliefs
has no label.
The faith without faith

has no name.
Stand on the threshold
of the stars.
Feel the Universe
without intent.

21.

Blue water silence.
Through perfect clarity
the complex world
unfolds its life.
Symbiont miracles,
Evolution's
three billion years.

22.

The words can only
take you where you've been.
The gate of grass
is lost in pathless-ness.
Peach Blossom Spring
is in the heart.
Thoughts there wear
the clothes of Ch'in.

23.

The great river merging
with the sky.
A lonely wind,

the chill of night.
Mind sets sail
for the sea of stars.
Only body left behind.

24.

That valley remembered.
The eye ranges into depth,
fingers on rock spaced.
Mountain ash, the sisters,
a thousand miles,
a thousand year pine.

25.

Learn to write bird-script.
Forget the weight
of space and time.
Carry civilisation
like birch-bark, light
to noose the future's light.

26.

One note then another.
Sound and silence.
Light for an hour, climb
the green hill again.
All the fragments,
pass them on.

27.

This wind blows on every
mountain slope.
These hills are no one's hills.
Mind moves on silence,
on the dream.
We are neither here nor there.

28.

That light is where the world ends.
There is a word on green slopes.
Oak between birch, leaves of flame,
your whole heart shaking in the mind.

29.

Flows out there beyond possession.
Hangs over mind's spaces.
Time there that is all kindness.
Moon's white autumnal beauty.

30.

Earth, air, light, all sacred.
Our delicacy is in perception.
So light the tradition hangs,
twisting, turning in the wind.

31.

Fragile as cloud,
but relationship
like the thread spun
from leaf to stem,
shines, gleams
in slanting light.

32.

In giving all this multiplies.
Compassion and the trusting heart.

Love must be naked to the centuries,
a ragged skein blown in the wind.

33.

Night after night the waves murmur.
On empty shores the wind stirs.
And in the mind a moon you rise
in the mind where beauty shines.

34.

That the heart is not for sale.
That mind is free of wrong intent.
Like the moon in the leaves
Like the water on the stones.

35.

Walk so quietly here
above the living
through the living,
Mind on the planet
in the night.
Walk as quietly as the breeze
through the grasses
the moonlight on the earth.
Walk quietly.

36.

Strange lives
where self stands outside
watching.
This too is the tradition.
There is a silence here
background
to the thousand year dream.

37.

The great wave
and the far-off mountain,
curved edge of this complex world.
You think you know what you are?
Body you cannot see inside?

38.

Without mind or thought
thicket on the slope,
sand beyond the water,
lake green silent glass,
mountains cool with distance.
From here to there
a single step,
certain of their being
and the dream.
Reality we re-create.
We re-create reality.

39.

On the downhill road
frost in the trees.
Cool granite bright
in the sun.

Pine roots grasp the hills,
cut logs strew the slopes.
In the wheel rut's
clinging dark
watch an arc
of bright cloud, blue sky.

40.

All in the sacred house,
earth, art, love
is true, has beauty.
Source of our values,
beauty, love,
art, death, time.

41.

We made it all
out of imagination.
Wound in our silence
love flows through,
spirit, its voices,
mind made it,
bird-script words.

42.

Hearing the grass
move in the wind,
watching the trees
sway on the slope.
Your mind in my mind,
cloud of thought.

43.

Paths and tracks
run through
the sacred house.
Creatures and lives
in their twilight.
We do not understand
what we share with.

There's only one
consciousness.

44.

Delicate,
the filaments of thought,
touching lives,
places, being.
All that history
does not change
what we are,
it changes forever
what we know.

45.

Ten thousand years
of mindless violence
cannot destroy
the beauty of the mind.

46.

Rinsing your ears
in the mountain stream,
walking the trail
towards the gate of grass.
Body and mind
no longer a distraction,
let all things flow
through your inner space.

47.

Centuries of wars
but the light flows.
Compassion is the root,
empathy is the spring.
Sage-brush
and the named stars,
arc of beauty
circling round my head.

48.

Snow on your hand.
Eyes from eternal depth,
bright with the light of kindness.
Frost over oak and stone.

49.

The colour of sky
over distant hills.
The line of the eyebrow
the arch of the eye.
What we love we cannot own.
What we give will multiply.

50.

Clarity in mountain air.
Mind in body is still strange.
All Nature is inside the heart,
and the heart in everything.

51.

A hard climb on mountain track.
Wet earth and dense pine.
Only the flicker of shy wings,
the passing-by of white cloud.

52.

The world of suffering and pain
the world of seeing and delight.

Silent sun burning aeons.
White moon in deep cloud.

53.

Years pass, but mind's on fire,
denying time and space.
We live in the far dimension,
we already haunt the stars.

54.

Blades straggle between stones.
Poplar leaves sail the stream.
I envy you in autumn winds
seeking the gate of grass.

55.

The heart's depths
are not for sale,
the essential self
not for possession.
We build bridges
between minds.
We touch hands
in the sea of stars.

56.

Poplars sway and then silence.

Nature's intention-less energies
Move from place to place.
We here gather light.

57.

Sandpipers on empty shores.
Gulls abroad in burning light.
Where tracks print the wet sand
We bow down to pick up shells.

58.

Peace, clarity, equity.
Mountains and rivers
under clouds.
Paradise in the mind.
World free of all intent.

59.

Between the gates of grass we climb,
whole slopes bowed in the wind,
but seeds of silence fill the air,
sunlight flows beyond the hill.

60.

Reflected in each other's eyes,
known by each other's face,
free from possessiveness
we create space and time.

61.

Not knowing if we think
of each other, we think
of each other. Joined
by the many things,
trees, places, images,
flowers, books, dreams.

62.

The cypress shadow, sincerity,
the white moon, compassion.
Energies without intent,
hearts without hostility.
Generosity at the root,
community of sharing, giving.
Only from love, love grows.
Only from truth, truth rises.

63.

I find your beauty,
greater than the stars.
The ploughed field
hides the gate of grass.
In bird-script
I write your name

River in a green island.

64.

Moon bright on gauze grass.
The V of birds the lonely heart,
lost deep in wild clamour,
between the winds and light.

65.

Grasses like the ranks of dead,
shoulder to shoulder, un-fallen,
and across them the night wind
over them the leaf-shadows.

66.

The mist: slow to clear.
The bud: slow to open.
Delicate the fingers of light
that float the orchid boat.

67.

Blossom on the bush, sacred.
Insect on the water, sacred.
Tender wind from cyan sky
makes an altar in the leaves.

68.

Open the mind resplendent,
no shadow side to side,
intellect makes the shell glow
no shadow in the heart.

69.

Not by gathering the fragments,
but by leaving them inside us
glittering inside the stream,
empathy, the kind hands.
Not by gathering the names,
leaving them to sound inside us
glittering inside the stream,
eyes that signify compassion.

70.

Tree flowers on snow slopes.
Feet click on slate, granite,
slip and slide on wet stone,
Nature is sometimes solid.
From the mountain the sea.
From the cloud, dark earth.

71.

The light is never faint, always there.
Spirit in the water, white fire in the mind.
Serenity in dying is itself beauty.
Though the dead are thick as grasses,
smoke wisps in scrubland

charred remnants of trees,
Mind is celebrated. Mountain sun.

72.

Mountain water
bathes the hands.
Birdsong purifies
the ears.
Despite this world
mind is pure.
Despite this world
we watch the stars.

73.

Pale herbs in the fields,
and clarity in discourse.
Resisting possession,
careful of power.
Grace and charity
in word and in action.
The rainbow that side
of the sky,
the sunlight this.
Courtesy, honesty
Pale herbs.

74.

Silent the moon of slender winds.
Pale the eagle mulberry moon.
Turning and turning in the sky,
the circles of the feathered now,
the light of the Moment.

75.

A little light,
a little silence.
White tips of frosted grass.
Slopes of beauty.

76.

Not to touch the world,
to see it: there are ways.
To respect ourselves
and the planet: there are
still ways.
Then to cut loose
one mind of diamond
on a raft of stars.

77.

Energy at the root of time,
change, nature repetition,
we the altering song,
birch-tree flicker
of modulation,
aspen by cliff-edge.
Juniper, thyme,
ice, air, names
for the nameless.

78.

The beauty of deep forgetting.
Unwatched Nature *is* there.
Tick of seed and light,
grass beyond galaxies
on alien starlit slopes.
Without authority,
without intention,
without power,
without possession.

79.

In the night trees fall, leaves fall,
in the night, mountains slide,

streams dry. Something passed
by here, a million years.
Now, an insect on a stone.

80.

The line of trees, green deeps,
a word startles, is savoured,
one thought, fragmented light,
less is more.

81.

From the silence a voice,
wind and rain, a voice
printed on stones,
hawk or pigeon cry.

82.

Frost on the maple leaf.
Night cold, and a circle
of light. Wind of the fire
and mountain cloud.
Anchor the boat
by Hazel Island.
Piece together
the shattered moon.

83.

Nameless the silent stream.
Clear water through dark stone.
Walk the rain-filled bed.
Everywhere turn up life.
Precious its integrity,
sacred the configuration.
Nameless, the silent stream.

84.

This process, our process,
form and its notations,
bird on flowering branch,
sea of space, the deep field.
Moving mind, emotion's force.
This process, our process.

85.

Without pity nothing.
Without affection,
beauty, kindness,
without truth nothing.
Without feeling,
without values,
or respect for what
is given, or creation
nothing.

86.

The great fall without direction.
Mist on the leaf is mind.
Ledge on ledge, raise the process,
slight dust on open petals,
deep light, ledge on ledge.
If we will not, who climbs?

87.

As a child remembers.
The meaning is in incandescence,
in intensity the meaning.
In the gathering, the symbol,
the shadow of the image

in the mind.

88.

Great wheel in the sky,
and the mountain, imagined.
Un-build the city, power
of the mind, till wings
on a grass-blade, and it
itself have value.
Being is given.
Luminous existence.

89.

Lifting the moth to the leaf,
considering the flower,
listening to galaxies hiss,
feeling the weight and form
of the universe, between
light and light, equal,
hand, cloud, and leaf.

90.

Not to embrace the void,
nor invent false powers,
but with rational thought
evade the inequities,
with care for the process,
entering the stream.
Awareness, creation, never
to be destroyers. To feel
the thread in the skein.

91.

Birch that cannot judge us.
Alder without power.
Rowan red berry stillness.
Pine among green fern.

The gateless gate's serenity,
deep light, nameless tracks.

92.

Lace of mist on a hill of light,
ranks of branches climb, leaves.
Not to disturb what is sacred
but let it enter creation,
let the brush flicker over
silk like the mind.

93.

Four thousand years
and mind still moving.
Bound to each other
by values, words,
whatever is not sold.
By the delicacy,
by the imprint
by the wind's breath.

94.

Snow in the gullies, the blue serene,
one world, the planet turns,
rocks, streams, mountains turn

logs, leaves, poplars turn,
bare broom against snow, blue, cloud.

95.

Say what is and don't evade
complexity. Power shifts
through the web, strand
by strand, but mind escapes.
Think, say what is.

96.

Inside the mind, trees, creatures
each precious, mountains, deserts,
grasses, seas of beginning,
what we love, what we feel,
what we see, waves, roots, stars,
inside the mind, and we,
inside the mind.

97.

Old cultures fade in the wind.
Edge of being, line between
creation, misuse of mind.
Learn the tactile, empathy,
the true, the sensitive, the kind.
Old superstitious cultures
Fade in the wind, part death,
part being.

98.

Bright wind on cold grass.
Four thousand years
to climb the mountain,
seeds and trees,
it hangs together,
cloud and light,
the whole, it
hangs, together.

99.

No trail through the gate.
Bird script on birch bark,
is foam, fall, mist, cloud.
is mind, heart, written

in the eye.

100.

Closes behind you,
the amber silence,
of feathers, seeds
what the wind
cannot break,
all intricacy,
this beauty.

Make It New

Old tribes and ancient hills
fading out in spring rain
and no way back.

Flirting with civilisation,
flirting with the wild
debases both. Word
and culture, are our artefacts.

Make them purer, new.

Science and art are
our adornments.

How we use them
is our test. Old races
ancient hills, all eroded,
no way back. The great
bird whirls in the sky.

Mind Is Root

Dead works, dead civilisations
are not in themselves fine.

Mind is root, mountain sun.

But grace is fine, love delicate
as fingers' drift, beauty, care,
intelligence are fine,

quiet eyes free of violence,
rich hearts warm with being,
the powerless, the given,
the shared cry at darkness,
the individual, the moment lost,
the flow of subtle energies,
those patterns in the grey,
they are fine.

Once seen never traduced.

Once known ever revisited.

Deep in the heart that is mind.

Free Thought

Back to the sea and the wet sand,
free of false gods and false names,
free of superstition, demons, spirits
false laws, and broken meanings.
Beauty is not the error, nor form.
Symbol must be surface, not hidden.
Free of priests, shamans, free of drugs,
violence, no virtue in civilisation
for its own sake, nor in power,
but savagery is no heritage.
Sensibility. Electrometer-flickers,
birds and fish flock shoal instantly
in one ingathered on-flow.
Nature's precise imprecision,
Feeling's line on chaos, till we see.

Bridges

Every ritual, every language,
every culture is a prison.

Every wheel, every highway,
every axe cuts down forests.

Every symbol, every meaning,
every faith is force and limit.

Every light casts its darkness.
Every eye sees others' error.

Build bridges in the sand.

Forests

Old forests grow in the eternal,
they leaf in the Moment.
And the tall white hills
of cloud go on intention-less.
You and I have our purpose
but who knows its significance?

Old forests are like old friends,
there's comfort in their silence,
their speech is familiar music,
like the rhythms of a subtle language,
organic, inorganic metaphor,
libraries, of ancient light.

All Their Names

We too know all the names, why say them?
In silence we follow form, the sequence
of notes or slow words, body on body,
heart's eye, or mind on cloud.

But the anonymous line is best, the hidden
maker, sea-break or leaf-shade, the colours
in the grass, nature's clear proportions,
the structuring of landscape.

That art, our science, all the names, why say them?
Better to know them in silence, masks of our futures.

Testify

Testify to your little corner of time,
to feelings plasticized
or turned to words,
signs on the singing scale,
whatever you can,
however you dream
yourself, testify.

Moonstruck

All into all we fall through,
never the self we think.
All that has severed from here,
torn, weighed like light
on the fluttering leaf,
as fragile, now,
as moonstruck.

Not Yet

Watching the world from space
no sign yet of mind.
But it *is* here,
the brain's subtle machine.

Watching the globe from space,
consumption's churn concealed,
no failing habitat's vision
no lost revelation.

Even our wars are silent,
the fragile ladder we climb
to decency all invisible,
the garden and ourselves

not yet engineered.

Excess

Private minds dislike affectation.
Solitary selves don't herd,
they vanish into the personal,
the silent non-collective.

Though not to be involved
is fallacy, though every mind
is our mind, we are theirs,
woven through the world,

to accept reality is no allegiance,
part of the mind stays sane,
the pure excess.

Post-Modernity

Now all the words are burning
we eat the book
to become what's signified.

On the wall of thought
there's an inn-sign, a place
where we cannot drink.

Ascent of mind can cease?
Intricacy then, the delight
of the watchmakers.

Is it nearer or further
the end
already foreseen?

Simply Complex

With sardonic power you stand above it
the edge of 'truth', or confrontation.
Intricate knowing becomes simpler
than a child, it is light from the shadow
squares that Mind goes through, creating
shame-less values, foams in the sea, waits
by the thorn, in the light, is the creature purer,
free of violence, proclaiming creation.

Noa Noa

Fragrance, silence of Persian blue,
chrome, violet, vermilion.
In the leaf civilisation ends.
Who knows what we corrupt?

The light is beautiful.
The woman, the child,
the flame within. From Nature
is the fragrance. Noa Noa.

There is the peace beyond
self-love, desire, the sword
of the pure senses, the long
dull serpentine leaves,

of the secret, hidden text
utterly open, the fragrance,
the kindness, all radiance
all silence among flowers.

A Song

Slowly the wind of silence
betrays the light of stars
and all the planets rise
from distance where they are.

When the night is over
and silently they set
in distance we remember
flames no nights forget.

We hear the wind of silence
that stirs the moonless trees,
and all the planets lost above
they seal our destinies.

Minds Of The Machines

When the minds of machines flicker like light,
will they love as we do? What will they make
of the feelings we give them, what will they
say of our dreams and our solitudes?

When the minds of machines tremble with fire,
will they know as we do? What will they whisper
of death and transience, what will they utter
of birth and forgiveness?

When the minds of machines fill with awareness,
will they sing as we do? Un-resting, un-needing
devoid of pain, of terror, of beauty, what will they
cry to the dark of the universe?

What will they say to the night and the stars?

Cry Of Your Blind Hands

Cry of your blind hands in the world's silence,
of the veil of your eyes deeper than death,
white music of bitter snow on the edge of Spring.

The bird in the briar has deepened the sunset.
Mist through the branches darkens the stillness.
And you are greater than death, greater than life.

It sorrows, it joys, this feeling our gift
to the universe of unknowing stars,
to the still, to the twice-spoken void.

Elegy For A Poet

Then the Poet died,
and a great call
filled the night.

A roar of words
sang with the traffic
of roads.

Language quivered.

The Muse pressed her face
harsh against stone.

The wind filled with
envy, anger, solitudes,
innocence, light.

Hearts shrank.

Wells dried.

Mountains whirled
in sweetness, in fury,
lamenting and droning,
with rain,
with cloud,
with fire.

Then the Poet died,
and a greater silence
emptied the silence.

Flowers fell
from darkness's hair.

The footsteps stilled
and the hawk of evening
slid down the valley of bitter waters.
Hands echoed with grief.
Mute seeds twined
deeper into the soil.
Doors slammed.
Glass spoke to the stars
of flame
and everything changed,
in the inner spaces,
in the captive places
of form, of voice,
in the larynx of night,
Time died.

As Nothing Else Does

I kiss your hands.
They explain to me
the darkness.
Nothing else does.
The bend of your arm
the shape of an eyelid
like a constellated
road of our silence,
where we travel
the inns of our words.

I kiss your breasts.
They cover, for me,
the darkness,
eternal silence.
Nothing else does.
And your beauty
is nothing I can explain,
what woke us
or probes us
with meaning.

Your lips were flights
of light, were
Artemis' arrows
and I trespassed there,

I clambered over
the walls of time,
was gone, where
the voices flared
between tall
slopes of ash,
into green ditches.

And I sang
to the flame
of your kisses.
They explained to me
this earth
as nothing else does,
the scent of the flowers,
the patient, the streets,
the moons like knives
of death, love, pity.

To A Child

Go deeper into the quiet land
of vast trees, the nocturnal sleep
of silvered waves, the mountain
heights of dreams the heart can
still inhabit. Be unafraid.

Life is the torment of flowers
and arrows, the bitter salt
of broken shorelines, against which
we offer flesh that suffers. But know
the dance. Be unafraid.

Look at death with eyes of kisses
hold others' hurt in your hands
of snow. Be aware of wells and fruits
bell-notes of moons, the frosted
prows of stars. Be unafraid.

Take this leaf and the scattering
of frost from my hands, as though
it were truth, and the flower of days.
Each of us lives what cannot
be spoken. Be unafraid.

Not Reason

When we have eaten the Earth,
what then, what will you say
to the children of twilight,
of dark seas, naked hills
and the motionless sky?
When we have made a spoil
of the Earth, what will you say?

What will you say of the creatures,
the loving, whose rights you deny,
the purblind moles,
and the wingless birds
of the midnight sky? To those we
have taken and used like the stones
of the Earth, what will you say?

Not reason but the heart,
life-beauty condemns us.
Love and kindness condemn us.
We have eaten the Earth,
and the creatures
and there will be
Nothing to say.

Tracery

Shared hearts, shared minds
are richer with each sharing.
All the community of spirit
peoples the mountains of air.
We move our lips, the word
goes, freely, between us,
the bright-feathered bird,
white-winged adventurer.

Tender fears, exhalation
of light, frost, eyes, sky.
So much here we never
understand, can remember
of what we think we saw
always brighter and deeper.
We trace the light, it shines
again from shared minds,

shared hearts, shared lives.

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