

## The shapes of things to come

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## Inner shapes

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## **The war child**

a bear cub  
golden soft furred  
walking in a human world  
using two feet to stay in the sun  
dressed according to images of human shame  
eyes dedicated to detecting markers of approval  
given his job by fate no time remaining for games  
no sure-footed four-footed forest tumbling  
no sniffing to smell the soil  
no easy shitting  
in the wood

a bear cub  
acting the little man  
finds in the need for love  
no space for bear-time dreaming  
driven outwards beyond internal resonance  
set in the game but not in himself  
the chosen role requiring  
his alienation

the  
day arrives  
the giant arrives  
silent uniformed power  
a black bear reassuming his place  
his shadow enforcing a change in context  
seeking sunshine the chubby man-child impostor  
a toddler discarding nappies and breasts  
enters his father's garden playing  
the most important game  
of his life

hackled  
black fur flying  
giant arm claws drawn  
descends with a speed of darkness  
as the world of sunshine's illusion ends  
avenging weapon of enraged power brings awful truth  
from beyond the limits of the accepted world  
after castration all games are over  
the playful bear denied  
in a failure to act  
as a man

raw  
wound from  
black claw violence  
too male it was him and me  
measured and rejected in that instant  
Yahweh's absolute final judgement made  
a man's wound no mother love can heal  
she and her sisters can only offer  
a hiding place for a coward  
skirts offering a refuge  
from another  
blow

you  
without  
the imagination  
to see the heroism  
in my leaving childhood for you  
in my pretence at your protectors place  
the courage in the innocence of childish role-play  
you let the poisons of your anger and frustrations escape  
sprayed them at me as I strived to serve you  
in that uncontrolled misdirected accident  
the destruction was undeserved  
it was unfair unfair unfair  
it was so so unfair  
but it happened  
it was your  
unworthy  
act

and at  
that second  
as you  
did  
it  
the doors  
slammed shut  
the gaoler turned the keys  
for ever excluded from the fields of childhood  
condemned to live in secrecy of shame  
to dress myself in sackcloth  
to eat the bitter fruit  
of the truth of  
failure

that day  
was the tragedy  
both for you and me  
after years away at a war  
it was your son you killed  
and as your violence exploded  
neither little man nor playful bear cub  
too young and too deeply  
I lost all pretence  
to safety

that day  
I entered exile  
the centre too dangerous  
I left to walk the badlands alone  
no longer man enough to re-enter my home  
nor man enough to make my own lair  
I was a child not a man  
it was too early

you  
provided no model  
how was I to know I was a bear  
or even what a bear was  
I had to lie

you  
left me  
an empty role  
no guard for your lair  
no centre point for the structure  
the job I failed to do  
was yours

returning  
angry and too late  
on our first day in the sunshine garden  
as I tried to walk on two feet following your animal smell  
stretching to match your footsteps  
as I felt the joy of sharing  
you had no right  
to kill me

now old  
the giant black bear  
stays in his cave frightened  
of death and loss of memory  
the illusion of control cruelly exposed  
needing my voice to provide his reference  
I ponder in what tones to tell my lies  
in love of our common histories  
or in revenge for the day  
the sunshine  
died

today  
working in my  
own garden I stumbled  
and trod on a pane of glass  
I heard in the single expletive  
I offered up to the unheeding sky  
a faithful echo of the black bear's rage  
violence unchanged by generation  
alive throbbing waiting  
its next innocent  
victim

## Playing the guilt game

there are  
dark deeds in my living  
I lie under their colourless shadows  
recalling sweet vice in secret flagellant fantasies  
replaying sins in soft focus to avoid sharpness of shame  
remembering just the self hatred and the fear  
of discovery

daily  
the tapes playing  
looping continuous re-wind  
transmitting messages underthought

invalid  
obscene                      unhuman  
membership refused

guilt fills my cup inviting drinking oblivion  
pride defaulting on the act of suicide  
failing that morality condemned  
by cowardice and habit  
to the exhaustion  
of shame

yet  
there is a light  
in my isolation a shining boy  
embodying perfect innocence worthy  
of love and adoration a hero  
untouched by the  
darkness

knowing  
my hidden identity in  
the beauty of this inner image  
my only hope lying in his perfection  
penitent before his icon imploring forgiveness  
I pay the price of guilt and isolation to hold the secret  
that cannot be revealed concealing his heroic flame  
shielding him with the wreckage of my life  
from the sceptical gaze of  
outsiders

slip-sliding  
by casual circumstance  
into the mire of my daily crimes  
always defeated never reaching his ideal  
shining boy standing aloof perfection unsullied  
provides my secret sanctuary a refuge from  
paying my dues to the flagellants whip  
knowing my sin I depend on  
his uncontaminated  
purity

failure to  
reach the depth of guilt  
needed to keep the holy balance  
contracted within the Faustian bargain  
drives to more intimate knowledge of shame  
my daily sacrifice imprinted in my body  
each neurone accustomed to its role  
the habit ingrained in default  
preferences locked at  
self-disgust

in a  
wild inversion  
of Dorian Gray I store the  
virtual image of youthful innocence  
carefully hidden in an upper room whilst I camp  
in the basement picking the sores of my internal lesions  
confidence drips slowly through my wounds into the streets  
in a desperate survival strategy I offer my goodness up  
to the image seeing in the mirror of his perfection  
only the magnitude of my fall from grace  
I fashion my cold iron fetters  
from his beauty

now the  
auditor has come  
to count the current cost  
to compute a balanced account  
hearing stories of profligate madness  
seeing a bankrupt hollow shell trading at a loss  
he searches for the hidden fate of the corporate assets  
investigating investments made in offshore funds  
he opens vaults of fantasy to value the stock  
finding only a tawdry worthless icon  
probably a copy definitely  
evidence of fraud

there  
is nothing  
in the upper room  
and I have never committed  
crimes worthy of a truly great sinner  
just the normal messy living of a human being  
making the mistakes of fear and doubt in a complex world  
no great murderer no great betrayer no evil genius deserving the rack  
I did not run a death camp fire bomb a city or burn the rain forests  
yes I lied for fear of anger and cheated in the search for love  
stole for envy and self hatred lashed out in frustration  
with tongue and fist hurting people but even then  
my passion was limited chained by awe  
of my shining boy and a need  
to hold his icon in  
my head

the jester  
takes the stage  
to recite the epilogue  
relates the all too human folly of  
St George in a game of blind mans buff  
recounting tales of quixotic courage and bravery  
a dramatic comedy infinitely reiterated on a tragic stage  
the gory entrails from paper dragons of the mind  
no less shocking for the elements of farce  
illuminating the human condition  
the joker calls for love and  
the laughter of our  
compassion

the  
spot lights  
are switched off  
and the critics have left  
standing alone realising now  
the play is over the stage has emptied  
the intensity of the drama cannot be sustained  
time to remove the costume clean off the greasepaint  
to put away the actor's mask learn to speak without a script  
dare to re-enter an ordinary world an ordinary person exchanging  
the intensity of the lime-light for the warmth of the sun light  
walking in the real world the loneliness of performance  
falls away and I am rewarded with companions  
as shining boy's icon fades I repossess  
my discarded virtues finding my  
soul glowing reflecting  
the reality of  
love

until the next performance

## **Dreamwalker**

dark horizon  
moistness hanging in the air  
holding sound between dying earth and emerging night  
thorn bushes scared old beyond their time  
bent leafless dripping rooted  
in secret snakeland

long  
journey striding  
travelling eyeless past the corpses  
white bones showing in the rot black flesh  
moving from no sunset arriving  
at no sunrise

beyond  
exhaustion or colour  
or warmth of fireside and friend  
beyond seeking the grail  
driven mission with  
no aim

endless  
decay at dusk  
on the journey to the bones

## Redemption beyond redemption

Chaos is the mother of order  
but the chaos inside is  
not maternal  
it  
is a big  
brain construction  
born in the pain of knowing  
the lusting in secret for matricide  
the guilt inherent in despoiling the womb  
the attempt to gain childish petulant revenge  
for the pain of our separation at birth  
trembling with our awareness  
of Shiva's lethal  
revenge

in	in
fear	denial
straining to	straining to
construct a defence	construct a defence
guilty but insane claiming	frozen to hold unknowing
pitiful isolation as extenuation	sacrificing living for controlling
offering pain paid as price enough	staying in love with unloveableness
but the violence cannot be denied	fear seeping through my joints
the enormity of the crimes	the enormity of the shame
placing me beyond a	placing me beyond a
belief in love's	belief in love's
redemption	redemption

indulging  
both pride and guilt  
in the magnitude of the crime  
grandiose guilt and pride in suffering  
self-deluding oscillations characteristic  
of the lost and yet I was never lost  
only blinded by loneliness  
and a need for the  
warmth of  
love

needing  
love needing to  
come in loving to myself  
shedding masochistic isolation  
relinquishing the ecstasy of self-loathing  
knowing my masturbation cannot generate loving  
self-fucking in selfish fantasies won't ease the torment  
only embracing courage only celebrating in being  
accepting myself as gift not punishment  
in new respect for my birth  
re-creating a womb  
for evolving  
love

## **And you can kill the one you love**

It  
is not  
sentimental  
its not even gentle

not mutual kindness shared  
for we must ever be who we are  
always strangers unknown  
other and otherwise  
apart in our  
love

I  
am alone  
unable to see you  
only within me creating  
your touch and your touching  
dreaming the image of your loving

I  
lonely  
and frightened  
must have you in me  
an essential prop to my living  
in the awful isolation  
of being

with  
you imaged  
wrapped inside mind  
giving self-referential therapy  
you invented to condone  
the existence of  
me

I  
smile  
my seductions  
I entice you down into me  
my illusion of peace my womb for the night  
you cannot leave I wont let you go  
alone I will perish  
alone I will  
die

with  
only my fears  
reflection holding me  
only it's cold echo for warmth  
alone in the silence of my black nights  
frozen within stark terrors  
my fears and I  
will die

yet  
should you enter  
into the game I'm proposing  
become a mind lover existing in me  
suffocating in the poverty of  
my imagining you  
also will  
die

only  
our letting go  
allowing our breathing  
outsiders visible only as other  
the ambiguity of shared language  
alone affirming our mutual  
consensual reality  
of living

open  
allow fusion's mysteries  
the magical creations of the trinity  
transformations evolving rich  
emergent complexities  
nurturing matrix  
of birth

yet  
death  
shadows  
emerging life  
an acceptance of loss  
love's obligatory birth price  
break the links in comfort's chains  
liberating freedom's fear  
bid farewell to  
safety

unsafe  
afraid of loss  
clinging frozen in time  
holding on to imaginings  
controlling the pain  
denying death  
killing the  
new

no  
no loving  
in fearful control  
other to be other must be  
free to go or to stay  
free to change  
free to  
die

so  
embrace the  
courage to breathe  
living within excitement  
the moments of transformation  
finding new dimensions for  
the old uncertainties  
the primeval  
fears

take  
courage  
be other alone  
remaining trembling  
staying open to the union  
the generation of death and life  
risking the act of mutual recreation  
taking part in the mystery  
of becoming a  
lover

## **A love story**

my friend  
as we walk through the shadows  
a wondrous fear breathes  
in my loving

whole  
and complete  
as the forces made you  
you are free to walk on water  
you can dream a picture and share  
its vision

shelter me  
in my time of shrinking  
and when I'm strong I will hold you  
when you play I will guard you  
and when you are fearful  
I will sing your  
praises

in days  
of sunshine  
in days of rain we will  
journey together hand-in-hand  
a communion is coming and we will move  
towards it slipping and sliding jumping and hiding  
swearing and singing kissing and  
fearing

your body  
is my body slowly  
completing its decay into death  
together we will walk to the sunset  
on your up days your down days  
your days of fearful frustration  
joy emerges in our sharing  
our loving and pairing  
always for ever  
I will love  
you  
my darling  
amazing creature  
I thank you for the gift  
of your company

dear  
God I love  
me

## **Tunnel vision**

a  
troglodyte  
a deep cave being  
not meeting many others  
not knowing what living is for them  
carrying in my tunnel vision limited horizons  
created by the walls of the refuge I carved  
as a childhood survival game  
in the cliffs of my  
culture

retreating  
reading runes  
on darkened walls  
back-cave image-work  
patterns projected by isolation  
painted in childhood or possibly older  
unsigned pictures of a shared inheritance  
animals reflecting pain and ecstasy  
twisted rainbows colouring  
the souls drawing  
inwards

listening  
with close attention  
interpreting all the sounds  
meanings for my cave of separation  
hearing soundless creaks inventing bodies  
stretched on the racks of membership  
lacking language waiting alone  
focusing in my darkness  
I hear no animal cries  
no bellows of rage  
in the echoes

in that stillness  
no bull-roaring no lion calls  
no statements of the authenticity  
of pain

am i the only one enraged

in my  
own silence  
descending into  
the moonlight plane  
alone in the warm quiet night  
I scratch my signs in the surface of sand  
I moan walking the old path of their wanderings  
step by step rhythms of the maze emerge in sound  
moan meets moan returning from the cliff face  
moan rolling into moan builds depth  
in the otherness nighttime  
alone in the sand  
the old wolf  
howls

lungs  
expanding  
demanding meaning  
demanding communion  
demands enveloped  
in the silence  
of sand

is this  
howling madness  
a final meaningless gesture  
or are we walking with hairy John  
the deserted prophet of the new coming  
joyfully taking up our places for the rediscovery

## **As the wind dies**

in  
the evening  
come sit with me  
on a rock beside the lake  
the nearside rippling at our feet  
the farside lost in the days end mist  
let its timeless space enter  
silently into us

in  
that time  
after those actions  
demanded in the frantic day  
and before the fear of sleeping  
creates its own infernal noise  
sit down here beside me  
in still evening  
air

in that  
orange sunset light  
kingdom of purples and blues  
as the wind gently dies let our words die  
let the words we used to fill the spaces between us  
drift unneeded out over the water  
let us sit on the rock  
quietly

if in  
the busy day  
the enormity of love  
suddenly announces itself  
knowledge of the soul's presence  
threatens my mind in its acts of control  
then words rush in desperate defence  
words tumbling over themselves  
pouring babbling  
into that fissure in reason  
clever words crazy words any words  
words and more words to bridge the gap  
that for a moment exposed  
another reality

words  
to hide the body's panic

words  
to drown out the souls calling

day-time words  
a coward's betrayal  
allowing escape  
with little  
guilt

yet  
deeper  
another sadness  
another lost opportunity added  
to the treasure trove of self disgust  
that must be hidden again  
in more clever  
words

only  
in evening's  
day-spent stillness  
in the haggard of my gods  
in that age between day and night  
where I feel no threat no need for action  
only then am I stilled only then  
can I let love be  
itself

come  
and sit with me  
let us watch the wind die  
over the water

## **If the shoe fits**

as

Cinderella

rose from the ashes  
casting off rags of shame  
chains of her repetative service  
in the dark kitchen of unburied lives  
as she entered vibrating with the world  
the blinds fell from the window  
letting the sun light  
her beauty

at the ball

alive as never before  
the essence of her soul dancing  
she radiated a love enchanting all she saw  
until terrified by the strangeness of joy she ran  
home to familiar comforts of the night  
hiding from herself again safe  
in the grubby poverty  
of self-doubt

in

darkness

growing mould  
reclaimed the fallen gown  
the once proud coachmen reverted  
dressing again as the plague rats of decay  
in this acceptance of the normality of self-defeat  
as generations of pain re-absorbed the light  
only a discarded shoe survived denial  
a diamond body forged by fire  
a crystal of immutable  
lightness

shoe  
and rags  
both as fitting  
intimates of the soul  
providing their  
paths

leaving  
the graveyard  
walking the hill path  
carved with family stories  
houses echoing rhythms of fate  
peopled with the living and the dead  
loving strands bound in webs of despair  
calling for entombment in the dark kitchen  
in the hard guilt of the broken staircase  
in the sadness of half-lived lives  
decaying rags of belonging  
demand another cycle  
of the familiar  
sacrifice

leaving  
the graveyard  
walking by the water  
shoes shining in brightness  
the sun glinting on the western seas  
endless waves dance in their light and sound  
demanding honour in resonance with eternal life  
offering another opening in family circles  
calling the dancer to the dance  
to chance a new living  
of the ancient  
story

in the dance  
a first step was taken

just  
that one night  
the fear of freedom weakened  
maybe  
in that night  
the gaoler slept well  
lulled by lifetimes of passivity  
maybe  
in that night  
life became playful  
enough to slip the chains  
maybe  
in that night  
a blessing was given  
by gods deeper than shame

the  
old story  
does not allow  
reasonable analysis  
it tells only of the magic  
of the transformation into joy  
explanations are just embroidery  
designs to avoid experience  
to prevent penetration  
by the myth

in the dance  
a first step was taken  
each day the choice returns  
waking from familiar dreams  
the shoes lie waiting  
beside the

rag

## Sandcastles

as a child  
I built sandcastles  
keeps with castellated turrets  
and watched in awe as the returning tide  
washed over the walls and dissolved their structure  
the next day there was never any evidence left  
no signs of human creativity remained  
no scars on the sand's virginity  
only the eternal artwork  
of the sea's lunar  
rhythms

older now  
still building I watch  
my private searches for truth  
structured patterns of heroic reason  
washed by the rhythms of life and death  
observing as they dissolve drift away  
failing to survive even as stories  
to be re-told to impress  
my children

but  
I am a builder  
sandcastles are my trade  
any day when the tide is out  
you can find me on the beach  
working in inter-tidal time  
employing my skills  
in futility

## Shapes of collapse

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## Train journey

in the  
few still moments  
between dashing we glimpse  
ourselves seeing the selfish destroyers  
the monstrous ogres the ancient stories foretold  
servicing Armageddon in every second of our living  
no glorious bacchanalian rampage of destruction  
no wondrous berserk celebration of power  
rather a sad defeated defecation  
of our poisonous  
wastes

in the  
trackless train  
designed without brakes  
scared of our destiny we cling  
to the throttle pretending in desperation  
to the hope that we are going somewhere safe  
that the sun will rise and the nightmare will be over

but

we  
do not believe  
inside we know ourselves  
un-dead zombies of a post-heroic age  
half-hearted hedonists incapable  
of self-sacrifice

pulling  
down the blinds  
we act out our obscene roles  
fighting in the van for first class seating  
demanding a silver setting at our dining car table  
piping background world musak of communities we raped  
closing our minds to the desolation we've consumed  
we check the timetable of our expectations  
hold meetings plan future menus  
and painless cures for  
obesity

blindly  
speeding past vision  
darkness illuminates defoliation  
landscape dying from excessive harvesting  
desert slowly spreading to meet the rising waters  
while we extract the last ounces of profit  
from our mother's womb

after birth  
the final victory  
of death

I can  
see no chance  
of getting off the train  
I can only describe the view  
from my window as we rattle onward  
looking backwards failing to see a golden age  
desperately hoping my madness is divine  
I sit on the edge of self disgust  
shouting my messages  
into the wind

## **We are small town people**

my  
ancestors  
and yours lived  
rooted within a geography  
certainty circumscribed in a days walk  
the edge of mystery held behind the horizon  
in unvisited homes of the gods  
and demons

their  
conversation  
enriched by limitation  
meaning of sounds and silences  
emerging in contexts of history and place  
shared space providing its depths  
allowing the commonplace  
of the soul

visitors  
itinerant musicians  
peddlers spinners of fairy tales  
higgling their tunes and traditional stories  
images bartered for substance of food and warmth  
in the magic darkness of the fireside painting the stars  
that lived at the back of the unclimbed mountains  
fabulous animals and strange languages  
clothing beautiful princesses  
of golden cities

and  
then the speed

wheels  
broke the limits  
of their known and unknown  
distances shrinking as wheels turned faster  
horizons receded as we progressed beyond their limits  
the empty homes of gods and demons by-passed on the new road  
their mystery decoded the fairy tales died consigned to a shameful history  
religiously worshipping at the shrine of reality we drew new maps  
containing only the images of the quantity of the concrete  
certainty and uncertainty swapped for knowing  
two clear dimensions replacing  
darker depths

and  
then the image

every  
thing visible  
in the flat screen light  
simulations in enhanced colour  
reflected in the windows of a static tour bus  
we've progressed beneath the mystery of older visions  
downloading moving images unhindered by place or time  
seeing the dark side of the moon or lesions in our cells  
feeling a need for context we can be transported  
through genuine disneyland recreations  
to receive the virtual reality  
of experience

and the images came faster

reeling under these gifts  
of the mechanics reasonable thinking  
worlds no longer illuminated in the darkness  
that shone flickering in the smoke of the old lamps  
old lamps we exchanged for the power of electric watts  
in new brightness old images are reduced to pictures  
illustrating the exchange of old limitations  
for densely populated worlds  
of emptiness

and the movement became supersonic

in the Sahara  
the man with the bog in him  
taking a few hours to visit a continent  
becomes disorientated from arriving before leaving  
his being protesting at the unnatural inactivity of its travel  
learns slowly that bodies can be moved faster than their souls  
and unable to see things embodied in another history  
finds his ancient vision swapped for blindness  
a modern changeling transported  
from somewhere known  
to nowhere

itinerant  
visitors musicians  
the spinners of ancient tales  
find no ears for stories in video days  
discover no space for tunes in disco nights  
no desire for night journeys through mirrors of myth  
in the climate of cleverness no understanding for the wisdom  
that lived at the back of the unclimbed mountains  
in strange languages and fabulous animals  
that clothed awesome terrors  
of our inheritance

## **Millennial thoughts**

(acultural sickness)

we  
are alive.  
all bets are off  
we are free and totally lost  
the game is new and fear is normal  
we are sane and confusion is the only place to be  
unprepared we are ready to enter  
the new millennium  
with hope and  
despair

and every day we live

our minds  
despairing after years  
seasoned in objective reasoning  
find touchstones of truth and reality drifting  
subjective options providing no leverage for right action  
exhausted from exploration of the beauty of meaningless subtleties  
minds dulled by mindless ecstasies now even madness  
provides no safe harbour from the gales  
of our self-created storms  
reason provides no  
anchors

and every day we live

when  
all that's left  
to believe is the lack  
of any credibility of our belief  
big brains bellowing in their isolation  
demand our madness as a justified homage  
frustrated calls echo in the empty maze  
bullying cries from the depths  
of impotent power

and every day we live

in  
our blindness  
the white sticks of reason  
tapping out the shapes of our world  
have guided us down the wrong road  
even dogs in the street despair  
of guiding us homeward  
to the loving  
path

and every day we live

we in  
our belonging  
are bound in responses  
culturally defined definers of culture  
both part and whole both thing and pattern  
as our cultural psyche fractures breaking  
on the rocks of its own construction  
we feel the after-shock tremors  
and interpret them as  
signs of our  
disease

and every day we live

yet the  
knowing body  
certain in its evolution  
responds to all changes  
retaining its ability  
to adapt or  
die

and every day we live

## **Big-brain disease**

### **1. Getting Lost**

fellow  
sufferers of  
this big-brain disease  
we share common pathologies  
addicted to reason finding  
lies and distortion  
normal

once  
we walked  
the highroad maybe  
not the moral highground  
but at least we knew  
we were going  
forward

now  
on the road  
we find the markings  
fading the signposts have gone  
the path losing its definition  
splitting and spreading  
a delta entering  
the desert

not even the Amazon could moisten this Sahara

## 2. Losing the plot

our big  
brain incessantly  
producing it's messages  
we invented rules to constrain  
this mad fecundity but now the rules  
themselves announce their subjectivity  
the messages internally contradict  
and usable information  
is drying up

in  
this desert  
a madness beckons  
calling strange walkabout pathways  
in the territory of earth-song our big brains  
hear no clear directions flowing  
through their usual  
channels

big-brains  
losing the plot turn  
inward in wounded confusion  
finding circular ambiguity  
obliging despair

and  
yet there is  
a lie in this story  
for we are appropriate  
in the vitality of our being

even lost in the desert we are part of the song

### 3. What you see is what you get

alone  
big-brain  
lashes out in pain  
perceiving now no context  
to allow definition of meaning  
no framework confirming  
it's superiority

alone  
the inappropriate  
materials of materialism  
things reified by separation  
cannot be enjoined to  
make sense

this  
is only a  
matter of perception  
this is what is the matter  
with perception

we  
are not alone  
we are not  
now

we are thirsty but the mirage is not the oasis

#### 4. Just in time

we  
are not now  
nor were we ever  
out of times embrace  
we are the current forms  
of a continuing experience that  
started before and will continue after  
living adapting and thinking  
until its end

in our  
clever culture  
obsessed with mechanical  
representations of the living body  
two dimensional maps we  
mistake for  
reality  
we  
find no  
exercise in walking  
across our maps and tired  
after the journey find no sustenance  
in dining on the  
menu  
for  
we  
forgot  
living comes forth  
emergent in the fourth dimension

crossing the desert is a journey started before we were born

## 5. The separation myth

we  
are not alone  
with our big-brains  
we did not evolve in conflict with  
an alien world fighting with tooth and claw  
the battle was not fought not with ideas not with guns  
our alienation is not a truth only an artefact  
of big-brains current operating  
circuits

organic  
beings reacting  
second by milli-second  
in perception of their environment  
the determination of this interaction creating  
evolution in the patterns of adaption  
evolving the only truth  
adaption rules  
OK

thus  
big-brain  
a product of adaption  
cannot be other than adapted  
imagined isolation must be re-formulated  
big-brain reprogrammed  
we are not  
alone

even when we are lost in the desert we are lost within the desert

## 6. Out of order

our  
sad big-brains  
are not the sole source of order  
thinking is not responsible for harmony  
we are the children born of order  
we cannot step outside to  
order ourselves  
or others

we  
must endeavour  
to comfort our big-brains  
as they torment us with agonised stories  
of unequal battles against the dragons of chaos  
demanding more sacrifices to fuel their  
vainglorious attempts to regulate  
world safety

we  
must strive to  
enfold brain thinking  
into the loving embrace  
inherent in evolving  
order

even as we wander our footprints trace ancient patterns in the sand

## 7. The journey home

oh  
but what  
to do with our  
big-brain's bombast  
as in reason it lays claim  
to unreasonable territories and  
unable to live brainless we must learn  
to accommodate madness for no idea can cure  
our big-brain disease and my hands  
tremble thinking of a DIY  
lobotomy

we must  
learn to give  
ease to big-brain child  
this child that tortures us must  
surrendering ideas of territorial control  
learn to enfold its thought in the trust of loving  
embracing it's authenticity in adaption  
the child must re-accept  
its family

big-brain  
welcomed home  
being in soul and body  
disease finally transformed  
big brain empowered  
at ease

easy

maybe after the dark night's reign the flowers will bloom

## Know-alls

it is only in our mind that we are lost

water  
is still wet  
stone remains hard  
the pain of catching our fingers  
jammed in door frames has not been lost  
the warmth of sunshine on our backs  
on the first day of spring  
still gives sudden  
pleasure

are we lost only in the lust for meaning

when  
did we fall  
into the madness  
of thinking we should be  
given the script as by divine right  
when did the delusion of omniscience  
become a necessary part  
of our sanity

are we lost only in the wrong map

how did  
we so completely  
so desperately miss the point  
when did we lose the awesome respect  
for the mystery of our being  
in fear its a hard road  
back

we are found only in our forgotten being

## Subterranean Blues

the terror is in our bones

having  
built our big machine  
we find it setting its own goals  
now unable to avoid our responsibility  
for the wilful power-lust inherent in the design  
observing as our follies construct their own realities  
watching in frozen horror we begin to glimpse  
the size of the problem we've created  
now more than ever we must  
believe we are in  
control

knowing  
subterranean crime  
our bones feeling the terrors

even now  
finally recognising  
we never had the wisdom never  
knew or could have known the consequences  
now finally accepting our sanity lies only in surrender  
how can we deal with our addiction to the mechanical stimuli  
having lost the power to turn off the power supply  
we maintain our daily habit in passivity  
watching the machine wreak  
its destruction

feeling  
subterranean terrors  
our bones knowing the crime

watching  
with impotence  
as the madness multiplies  
isolated from all external feedback  
the machine obeying only its internal logic  
with neither power nor vision we design even more  
control systems which serve only to further dehumanise us  
the machine functions processing systems producing  
new programmes incorporating human acts  
as integral components of its  
progression

knowing  
subterranean crime  
our bones feeling the terrors

those inside

lost in the  
complex challenge  
of servicing their machine  
focused only on functional details  
small local victories of mind over entropy  
celebrated in self-congratulatory press releases  
allowing us to postpone engagement with meanings  
we work at the daily graft of oiling the points  
keeping trains running on the track  
to our modern Belsen  
bedlam

feeling  
subterranean terrors  
our bones knowing the crime

those outside

lost in the  
complex wondering  
in despair of the challenge  
where to place the charge where to  
plant the bomb containing our explosive rage  
reacting to daily rape with cries muted by self-doubt  
haunted by the suspicion that our rebellion is programmed  
our agonised rejection a sophisticated internal element  
a machine control circuit needed to maintain  
its mindless function

knowing  
subterranean crime  
our bones feeling the terrors

those comatose

the  
un-dead within  
speeding past any knowing  
drowning awareness in consumption  
seeking image to compensate for lack of vision  
cultivating limitations to avoid the greater emptiness  
indulging in managing self-referential delusions  
attempting to maintain a credible normality  
by imitation of media constructs  
flocking to worship the  
trivial

feeling  
subterranean terrors  
our bones knowing the crime

those aware

on  
the edge  
facing the abyss  
uncoupled disconnected  
honouring only an individual truth  
attempting to live in the courage of walking away  
refusing to deny the guilt refusing to accept the limitations  
redefining the game as personal unmechanical  
remembering love as a context for being  
taking each relationship as new  
each moment a unique  
creation

the knowledge is in our bones

## Promethean spawn

as we  
come to understand  
there is no way of ever knowing  
the final consequences of our best actions  
not that we do not yet know but we can never know  
accepting prediction and control are illusions  
as cause becomes an invalid word  
we must face the mystery  
of our guilt

we  
children of  
Prometheus celebrated  
playing with the toys of the gods  
given to us in our clay after his divine rape  
dreaming enchanted by the dancing flames of power  
obsessed by our cleverness we fabricated  
artefacts to shadow us from  
the Olympian  
wrath

yet  
always we  
had the intimation  
that the full purchase price  
remained unpaid and we had made  
no sacrifice to honour the source of our skills  
living in the narcissistic illusion that it was our world  
given to us by the gods in recognition of our divine beauty  
with this myopic vision blinding our souls we gloried  
estimating our power infinite we fuelled the fire  
with fairy stories of our own invention  
having discarded all constraint  
we sought ourselves  
as gods

then  
burning ourselves  
in the bonfire of our vanities  
we sought a healer to salve our wounds  
craving his kiss of forgiveness to balance our pain  
found no one found just the lonely isolation of blasphemy  
the vulture's talons giving the daily reality to our pain  
divine retribution a non negotiable nemesis  
as the chains of our power held us  
fast on the rock of our  
arrogance

we cried  
and the cries echoed  
in the emptiness of the void  
resonating in the hollowness  
we created by playing god  
with our purloined  
talents

we cried  
too late to kneel  
too late to unlight the fire  
too late to accept we are only a part  
to admit that in living lies our only gift  
now well past time for holy sacrifice  
only a divine intervention  
could mediate  
relief

Chiron  
donated himself  
as our wounded healer  
surrendering his immortality  
entered the hell prepared by us  
echoing that other crucifixion  
brought absolution to  
our shame

only  
now does the  
full enormity emerge  
with our human indulgences  
we have not only burnt ourselves  
even the divine earth mother is in pain  
now the knowledge inescapably impresses  
we have no healing power no means of redress  
we do not know what to do or what we are doing  
unable to differentiate the lesions from the healing  
our medicine incapable of binding divine wounds  
we face the impotence of our childish powers  
and Chiron master of the divine healing  
cannot aid the wounded goddess  
he has already died  
for us

when our  
blasphemous parent  
repossessed his immunity  
he left his children scapegoats  
now chained to his eternal rock we  
must acknowledge our daily pain  
begging only for the gift  
of acceptance

not daring  
to pray for the death  
of another  
god

## The last canoe

standing on the bank

we watch  
the last canoe depart  
it's hull merging into the landscape  
bright painted runes we never understood  
dissolve into Cowichan's darkness  
the sounds of our breathing  
ultimately drowning  
the echoes of  
the final  
song

standing  
on the bank  
souls grow cold  
in loss of a vision  
we had never  
lived

our boat  
on its EZ loader  
american aluminium  
fifty japanese crazy horses  
harnessed to fracture the silence  
our electric push button power ready  
to churn stillness into furious waves  
to speed to the rescue of our  
departing future

but  
we stay  
on the bank  
still in darkness  
we sink into deeper  
sadness

in that  
bleak nightfall  
we do not need charts  
to know with absolute certainty  
that our boat navigates a different river  
moving faster we would go further  
away from that last canoe  
of departing  
dreams

left  
on the bank  
we are consumed  
by an awful knowledge  
although we never owned it  
that boat repossessed by silence  
that last canoe we lost  
was ours

we  
must enter  
our own darkness  
with no dream guards left  
to mask the ancient nightmares  
of our future

## **A step too far**

don't ask  
the next question  
don't open the last door  
you must stay within the story  
holding yourself back from  
a final fatal obsession  
with meaning

remember  
we are well beyond function  
the reality of image is our image of reality  
don't ask what is being advertised  
just admire the quality  
of the show

accept the  
asylum granted  
within the virtual room  
walls fabricated in transparency  
echoing eternal cocktail party conversations  
insistent narcissistic demands of group membership  
that confirm isolation and fail again to resolve our loneliness  
watching others leave into drink or pills into sex or power  
fantasising our escape our attention turn to the door  
but this is the door we must never try to open  
this door from the emptiness within  
opens out into an absolute  
uncertainty

the room  
is a projection  
emerging from denial  
a waiting room constructed  
by a refusal to ask the next question  
its hyper-real dimensions maintained only  
by the self-serving delusions of the half-living  
a room held in the imagined fears  
of the un-dead

when  
you walk away  
the room will implode  
deconstructed by your disbelief  
leaving you excluded locked in exile  
outside the warmth of unreality  
always on the other side  
of the one-way  
door

and I  
returning from  
my half-made journey  
will tell you my traveller's tale  
a story of lonely winds that chill the bone  
a story of dark nights in the worlds beyond the door  
of black holes that suck away all illusions destroy all dimensions  
feeling for a path without guides or maps stumbling in uncertain sanity  
with no reference points for the self you cannot turn for home  
from outside the comfort room has no reality  
there is no door to re-open  
there is no way  
back

so freely  
surrender your sanity  
give up the search for meanings  
borrow reality from a passing stranger  
accept the pay check pay the mortgage  
chatter the chat and mimic the words  
but do not ask the next question  
and never ever try to open  
that final door

to  
nowhere  
to know where

## **Progress**

the lane  
from my local shop  
is trimmed with the packing  
of instant convenience gratifications  
unpicked the blackberries rot  
under plastic wrappers  
that will never  
degrade

## Shapes of vision

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## **Fear**

we  
cannot  
measure our fear  
no tests no questionnaires  
quantify this tone colour of our lives  
so in our quantitative world  
in that reality fear  
does not  
exist

yet fear  
is everywhere  
dulling every living  
frightened of my own being I  
find my fear accepted and reflected  
in a strange silent agreement we do not discuss  
the fear of not belonging that binds  
and unites us

I am  
planning to come out  
I will out myself from the closet  
announce in secret in public places I am fear full  
I have been fearful since I was small  
and small since I was  
fearful

how  
about having  
a fear pride day  
we could march together  
in carnival wearing masks to  
cover the wreckage of  
our souls

on  
fear pride day  
we could go to town and hide  
in side-street shop doorways wearing fear  
pride badges under our coats  
and go home  
early

on  
fear pride day  
we could share our needs  
for being loved and fearing rejection  
accept only the risk of  
staying alone

on  
fear pride day  
we could hide out alone  
in crowded bars drinking anaesthetic  
readying our insides to meet  
with the outsides of  
others

on  
fear pride day  
we could wear our images  
false definitions of limited selves  
spend the day unfulfilled by others reaction  
to our membership  
badges

on  
fear pride day  
we could postpone the day  
and live for tomorrow by yesterdays rules  
making painstaking plans to control  
sacrificing of our desires to  
prevent pride's day  
collapsing

on  
fear pride day  
we could cut ourselves off  
with psychic knives in lonely rooms  
letting our warm blood drip  
easing balm satisfying  
a deeper need  
for drama

on  
fear pride day  
we could celebrate rage  
construct ourselves as victims  
indulging our pain in denial and anger  
we could crush ourselves under  
the weight of our  
blaming

on  
fear pride day  
we could use our heads  
construct critical analyses  
of those we fear might reject us  
deprive ourselves of love  
with first strike  
derision

on  
fear pride day  
we could refuse the gift of life  
get drunken ecstasy from self pity  
opt for the comfort of defeat  
celebrate the victory  
of fear

how  
about having  
a fear pride day  
  
why should we bother  
we all do it  
every  
day

## Take your madness seriously

shaken  
inside feeling  
disconnected and eccentric  
fearing the failure that shame prepared  
familiar patterns of guilt welcomed as friends  
illness preferred to the awful alternative  
of admitting the centre itself  
has fallen

old  
games learnt  
bent to a parents knee  
feeling denied in family spaces  
justifying casual injustices internally  
wanting safety in domestic structures  
we protect our parents magisterium  
giving our protectors power  
we learn to perfect the  
possession of  
shame

now  
older we sense  
consequence in our game plan  
suspicion grows in a corner of our minds  
peripheral visions of total lunacy as we drive to discuss  
global warming reading the collapse of Californian power systems  
drowning in the glossy paper plans of high level conferences  
assurances offered that the quantity of paperwork will  
adequately replace the quality it measures  
fearing sensations of madness  
we prefer to doubt  
our senses

feeling  
emptiness in  
gifts we have purchased  
finding advertisements of heaven  
strangely unsatisfying finding ourselves  
despairing in this wealthy pathology  
we apply that well learnt lesson  
our disease is caused by  
the sickness in  
us

we  
again turn  
inward to familiar  
crutches of guilt and shame  
cripples limp with disabled vision  
bowing to the wisdom of defective leaders

diagnosing  
our emotions as insanity  
we queue outside the asylum  
demanding therapy  
to remove  
our  
knowledge  
that parents can be wrong  
that we must stand alone in weakness  
disconnected and shaken

adults at last

## Certainty

the  
certain blinded by  
the perfection of myopic visions  
create their histories of all too reasonable terror  
silent skulls in unmarked graves provide ample witness  
in servicing their absolute values they have killed  
certain in their virtue they will kill again  
the pure cleansing the innocent  
necessary sacrifices  
for certain  
truth

in  
our insecurity  
we find ourselves pretending  
to the possession of sufficient knowledge  
members in good standing of the clan of righteousness  
needing the protection offered by normality  
we cling to mindless safety offered  
within the certainties of  
tribal truth

I  
find myself  
out of love with certainty  
seeing it's illusion of safety overpriced  
I hesitate before it's invoice of lethal intolerance  
refusing to accept today's pragmatism as eternal truth  
unable to see today's absurdities as wisdom  
certainty becomes the first casualty  
in my private war for  
survival

without  
a reasonable faith  
in the harmonies of the world  
seeking to avoid the coldness of death  
half-believers drop out of engagement in living  
sleepwalkers lacking both certainty and uncertainty  
desperately consuming manipulated dreams  
participating in their own oppression  
paying with life to become  
tranquil victims of  
safety

there  
can be no control  
we cannot regulate safety  
we have no knowledge that allows  
such blasphemous soul numbing arrogance  
we are condemned to living without truth or reality  
this terrible spectre haunts millennium man leaving him  
faithless in wisdom incapable of belief or certainty  
traversing his cold unfriendly landscape  
capable only of deconstruction  
obliged daily to deny  
salvation

so  
surrender  
to Yahweh's holy rage  
earth mother's murderous love  
realise your sex gives birth to death  
remove the veil cut the cord leave the womb  
jump with passion and conviction  
into the maelstrom of  
our living

knowing  
the only alternative  
is to suffocate in the names  
constructed to tame living in language  
we must now stand birth naked before the gods  
proclaiming our unknowing and our desire to live  
joyfully embrace our faithful commitment  
our total and complete openness  
to uncertainty

at last

breathing deeply

enjoy

living and loving

risk

grief and dying

celebrate

the awesome gifts of the

unknown

## **The membership of death**

one night  
alone and apart  
our life will be over  
our life will fall like a leaf  
casually discarded from a tree  
suddenly  
or  
slowly  
in the confusion of our family  
we will cease to breath  
cease to interact  
cease finally  
to be

we  
will all die  
each of us only one  
of the six thousand million  
waiting their turn to disappear  
ripples in the waters above Niagara  
we wait to have our heroic stories  
forgotten

oh  
well we know  
that death will come  
that most human of curses  
that certain inescapable knowledge  
finally stripped of all illusions of control  
we will be set adrift in a small boat  
and that boat will sink  
into the wide  
ocean  
and the world  
of the living will heal over us  
leaving no scars to mark the seamless water

as our  
fallen ancestor  
Adam hid in his garden  
desperately wanting to unknow  
the certainty of his knowledge in dying  
we too invest our living in denial of mortality  
hunting a fig leaf to hide from death  
we bury ourselves inside  
membership

with  
our language  
we create communities  
acquiring with self surrender  
a location for ourselves in history  
allowing words to describe the world  
we sacrifice our internal realities  
for a cultural continuity  
that does not  
die

now  
as our culture  
enters its death throes  
survival faces its own dilemma  
words describing only mutual madness  
price of community becomes a shared unreality  
the only escape is to abandon ship take to the lifeboat  
but in the tempestuous storms of cultural death  
a small boat might sink into the ocean  
and lacking the courage to drown  
must we re-enter the lounge  
listen to the orchestra  
playing anodyne  
lullabies

we will die  
whether we have lived or not  
our names are written in the book of death  
and we not daring to open its pages  
are condemned by passivity  
to watching reality  
pass us by

or dare we

dare we  
walk towards death  
shaking in wordless terror  
alone and totally out of control  
face that darkness in the hope  
of regaining our own  
living

## **The reason for madness**

standing  
supreme on our rock  
striving for the heroic transcendence  
scanning objects with clear precision of reason  
finding pattern and number cause and effect  
seeking the spirit in the power  
and the truth

books  
of knowledge  
holding our certainties  
fixed points in man made maps  
defining reality in such obsessive detail  
that all men must stand condemned  
woefully ignorant of the  
known

now finding  
no library of books  
could hold our lists of facts  
we invented electronic hyper space  
to store images of our virtual knowledge  
processors uncontaminated by desire or fear  
designed to manipulate our reality  
untouched by feelings  
or denial

alone  
we no longer know  
we can only reflect on our  
knowing and on our unknowing  
truth the property of electrons  
unrelated truth unlinked  
to our living  
alone

## **Its Raining in my Heart**

global  
warning warming  
alchemical El Nino rainstorms  
torrential waters transforming the elements  
earth flowing as liquid movement unnerving solidity  
fixed points of homeland flowing past the standing wave  
anchors of living dissolving in unknowable futures  
we all know the exact details of the precipitation  
exact millimetre measures transmitted  
instant knowledge in terminals  
hard data quantified for  
those who feel  
no loss

mad  
incessant  
outpouring facts  
deluging us in ignorance  
enmeshed in its web we remain  
powerless in the enormity of the known  
ignorance castrating criticism precluding synthesis  
error or omission inevitably negating  
every analysis

and now  
staggering blinded  
by the cataracts of knowledge  
out of balance with power and wisdom  
at sea in the impotent madness of our knowing  
we are driven to communicate the loneliness of our tears  
personal torrents pouring down inside  
in unmeasured volumes

**but they are wiser now**

in  
the Great War  
leaders who had inherited  
wisdom through generations of power  
killed millions trying to do what could not be done  
having failed they killed even more trying again  
awarding themselves medals for progress  
measured in the units of madness  
in thousands of lives  
per foot

don't worry  
our leaders are wiser now

## **Denial**

trembling  
within knowing  
unable to formulate words  
finding the names stolen by power  
silently we hibernate entombed by despair  
victims of familiar theories of obvious absurdity  
rendered sensible by their endless repetition  
in the inertia of subliminal madness  
we inhabit shadows in fear  
of the loneliness  
of sanity

## **Betrayal**

playing  
Judas to our intuition  
we hide in the garden of distractions  
accept payment in objects that do not touch us  
moving to disconnect from shame  
we communicate in silence  
texts without context  
to lonely friends  
we've failed  
2 love

## **Value for money**

on a sea-side pier  
in the arcade of my childhood  
I could watch a joker laugh for a penny  
the poor mechanical toy took my money  
without ever convincing

was it then  
that I started to learn

they  
take your money  
expecting you to convince yourself  
that you've bought what you  
paid for

## **Falling down**

now  
knowing  
truth cannot be  
spelt with a capital letter  
its lower case only an agreement  
to cohabit the delusions of our culture  
and shamed by that membership  
we fantasise moral rebellion  
but postpone the fight  
lacking a fortress  
to defend

now  
knowing  
Truth cannot  
command obedience  
we stumble confused by  
our freedom

## **Belongings (For Shalome)**

We all belong  
even if only in our shared fear of not belonging  
that fear reflecting cultural fractures  
in minds obsessed by  
explanation

our bodies  
unable to distort  
react in organic honesty  
living in the reality of our sharing  
resonating to those familiar harmonics  
comforting and uncomfortable  
echoes of being a parent  
and being a  
child

as we  
belong to living  
we belong to each other  
bound together in our  
thoughtless  
loving

mind  
in arrogance  
deaf to thoughtless truth  
in self imposed exile from the body  
projecting it's own separation  
enforces this idea on  
our living

souls  
deep and old  
journeying through us  
generation after generation  
can only laugh at ideas so strange

## **The real faker**

the  
action  
and reaction  
occurring in context  
always looking for a metaphor

Homo facit  
the maker who fakes relationship  
obsessed with his doing with measuring the size  
post-match self-analysis of technique always leaving tristess  
demanding from himself bigger and better efforts  
a final thrust needed to reach  
the grail

action  
and passivity  
reflecting doing and the done  
homo fake it defining himself in action  
cannot comprehend his infertility  
the hollow emptiness  
of things he  
makes

yet he  
learns nothing ever  
projecting grandiose structures  
valuing his action over its consequence  
confusion increasing as the responses fail  
to achieve appropriateness  
yet again

lusting  
for love but mating  
with partners held to be passive  
for ever confined to  
masturbatory  
rape

## Natural shapes

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## A pine tree

a

pine tree stands  
self-referential in its sexuality  
emerging from earth thrusting upwards  
mother's rigid phallus searching the sky father  
branches reaching into air describing gentle curves  
negotiated over time with formless winds  
completing an elemental union  
within itself

a

pine tree stands  
scarred by man and time  
body wrapped round life wounds  
Odysseus returning from a static journey  
tree and scar blending the edges fused  
integrity in ancient corrugations  
new harmonies fathered  
by accidents

a

pine tree stands  
complete in its isolation  
soul imagining high bluff winds  
a sentinel knowing its place on the limits  
no protection to provide for bushes and shrubs  
no creating smaller gentler environments  
allowing softer loving arbours  
under its parental  
branches

a

pine tree stands  
apart playing a part  
being a pine tree  
standing

alone

## Thin

western landscape  
wind stunted grey stonescape  
dark fertile humus eroded by storm water  
surviving in cracks and cervices in sheltered hollows

wind  
on rock and water  
no comfort in the dark months  
providing little sustenance  
demanding courage

no  
relaxing  
in warm sensuality  
no embrace of overabundance  
little evidence of the surety of organic life  
no margins of safety no reservoir accumulated  
from generations feeding their  
generations

isolated in  
the battlefield of fear and life  
crying for the love in maternal embrace  
the earths mother-gift hidden in grey gritty soil  
images of sustenance hard to conjure  
consuming heart energies  
growing lonely  
to survive

yet our  
souls know the way  
journeying to wisdom they visit  
places strange and hard to our minds  
lonely times when we must  
withdraw to conserve  
the flame

in cold winter  
hard to imagine flowers  
opening out into the summers sun  
fragrance and beauty so unlike dry wrinkled seed  
silent earth mother needed to mediate  
the transformation

irrepressible  
in insistent delicacy  
soft shoots push aside rocks  
reaching for their place in the sun  
thin roots in thin soil feeding the miracle  
of the living union of all elements  
connecting earth and water  
sun and air

hard to  
imagine flowers  
each a single resolution  
unique manifesting the universal  
strength in transient fragility eternally present  
each appropriate journey a growth  
into beauty

unwakened seed  
does not know its flower  
does not see its petals colours  
does not imagine the birds and insects  
yet knows its part in the ancient mystery of life

cursed  
by our consciousness  
we know more than the seed and less  
on dark nights in the thin soil we must struggle  
in doubt fear and pain to hold the flame  
our personal act of faith in the  
souls journey

listen feel the sap moving

## Waiting for the solstice

gales  
blowing cold  
rains of late november  
enclosing the short grey hours  
headlights necessary to drive  
through the darkening  
daylight

trees bare  
wet black roadside  
silhouettes no trace of colour  
no shadow of summers dominance  
of lost days when old roads grew narrower  
when branches threatened repossession of the paths  
now briars alone remain with sharp thorns  
arching on single shoots capable  
of generating life colours  
only by drawing  
blood

dreams  
borne in bravery  
as innocent children of spring  
bright flowers of summers life long days  
in winters watery light lie revealed as vainglory  
illusionary fantasy dying back decaying  
returning inside to hibernate  
memories providing  
despair

red gold  
harvests of autumn  
collecting in ditches and drains  
slowly transmuting to cold black slime  
strength required to reconstruct decomposition  
envision the creation of earth's maternity  
in grey days when hours are short  
sometimes the effort  
is too much

on the  
shortest day  
we collect the fallen  
branches lopped by gales  
products of coping and pruning  
my grandson lighting the fire we participate  
make our act of faith in the rebirth  
the witness of this fire  
our gift to the  
sun

nearby  
the green shoots  
daffodils and wild garlic  
emerging all ready  
for this years  
show

## **The good gig pays for all**

up  
on the stage  
we play the old tunes  
at another gig in another hall  
same old runs practised harmonies  
standing tired from the road and repetition  
fighting feedback distortion and each other  
trying too hard to relight the flame  
singing songs we once  
chose for love

on  
the chain gang  
fingers working by habit  
listening only to avoid mistakes

up  
on the stage  
the house tapes playing  
the gig over the intensity ebbing  
pack the gear load the van empty the soul  
another long night's journey driving on the edge  
of sleep and despair wondering alone  
in the darkness what for  
and why

going  
down the road  
as habit replaces desire  
jaded from working without playing

up  
on the stage  
playing old songs  
latent energies emerging  
enchanted by music's ancient soul  
in effortless progression tunes command  
notes from instruments we play without thinking  
physical bodies dissolving in flowing rhythms  
dancers hearing the secret swing together  
into steps they have never learnt  
swaying two feet over  
the floor

no  
trouble in mind  
on the magic carpet home  
a good gig pays  
for all

## Shapes of thought

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**The death of cold certainty  
the birth of warm  
confusion**

(A meditation on Western European science)

When  
the numbers  
spun their secret magic  
counting out through space and time  
defining the exact place and shape of the ghosts  
encompassing the majesty of the gods  
inscribing their moonlight  
possessing their  
sun

man  
in humility  
observed as inside  
his mind created equations  
that mapped the finest  
detail of God's  
plan

the  
symbols  
of mind on paper  
evolving concrete extensions  
theory expanding mapping realities  
the power and knowledge  
confirming the union  
of man and his  
creator

the  
numbers  
holding the key  
to decipher mystery  
the mechanics of God's world  
power available to those  
who count

we  
enthralled  
by exact reduction  
numbered all that counted  
numbed feelings held unnecessary  
subjective miasma clouding vision of gods  
archaic souls discounted for the new task in mind  
seduced by power blinded by glory  
honouring only the  
numerate  
game

God's  
world contained  
within logical mind frames  
external function from internal process  
pure incorporeal reason defining humanity  
this strange correspondence  
confirming our status  
the beloved of  
God

we  
having  
disregarded  
the uncountable  
with myopic denials  
fathomed our loneliness  
drunk on the power and profit  
found isolation the price of our victory  
severed from the living for objective reasons  
sensual breathing bodies just vehicles  
inconvenient mechanisms  
to transport our  
minds

still  
our still  
bodies knew  
the songs of birds  
the cry of our newborn  
the colour of the sky and the  
depth in our sadness height in the pain  
reason claiming sovereignty obliged alienation  
only discounting the uncountable leaves thinking clear  
the gods in human form  
free

we  
captives of  
our potent mentality  
counted all except the cost  
and found in our ego's delirium  
no need or place for mystery our awe  
reserved for contemplation of our genius  
the unknown just tomorrow's job  
with our infinite capability  
having in supremacy  
no need for  
gods

even then  
even at the height  
of our mechanical power  
the abstract magic of reason  
revealed more to those  
who dared to  
play

our  
mental games  
manufactured two worlds  
both validated by functional power  
worlds irreducible to each other  
revealed not potent authority  
welded in seamless unity  
rather the possible  
schizophrenia  
of god or  
us

those  
who reflected  
knew they knew not  
whether the games reflected  
the worlds outside or  
the worlds  
within

in  
the strict path of  
pure abstract god thought  
we found again discarded mysteries  
at the end of the logical journey  
only self-referential paradox  
reason led to unreason  
in Gödel's story  
all serpents  
eat their  
tails

when  
we counted  
we found we counted  
we could not deny the knowledge  
the worm in Eve's apple the serpents truth  
our act of measuring was part  
of the measurement  
we were not  
outside  
but  
in

if  
the act  
of counting  
changed the counted  
solid foundations crumbled  
no measure could count the countable  
we could only map some of the consequences  
of the act of counting and estimate the shape of territory  
no more by reason elevated to God's commanders  
we individual dreamers intuitively seeking  
a moving point to stand  
to make our best  
guess

for  
we had  
left the land  
where reason ruled  
solid territory of good men  
where emotional sensuality remained  
a soft indulgence for consoling the impotent  
a pastime weak-end peripheral for artists and women  
in water and air the solids are moving the shapes lose definition  
good men adrift with the wrong maps of another place  
needing a guide they find they have lost  
the romantic language of the  
minority they despised  
good men must  
yield to  
love

if  
there is no  
certain place to stand  
objectively reflecting on cold reality  
the act of reflection itself became the only object  
reflecting on reflecting what do we see when we see seeing  
the life-jacket of old certainties of fact and thing dissolving in the mist  
of knowing the reality that reality was not available to us  
the experience of love and maybe death remain  
to provide a framework allowing  
us to communicate  
our deepening  
fear

we  
the chosen  
prodigal children  
of those obsolete gods  
whose feet of clay we gleefully  
uncovered in our rational usurping of creation  
must cringe to find ape-like genes in our lineage traces  
counted and mapped with absolute precision and the sequence  
revealing not god the father but a bacterial culture  
our minds the glory of our secular power  
not rational but darkly driven  
answering atavisms of  
our reptile  
past

the  
ghosts of  
the uncountable  
arose claiming their place  
in our hearts seeking just revenge  
for their time of exile in the age of repression  
for the blindness to quality in those years of denial  
meaning aborted from it's womb of belonging  
leaving alienation father deeper isolations  
exposing our fear embedded in loss  
through darkness of feelings  
calling for addiction  
madness or  
change

as  
objective  
vision dissolved  
in optional paradigms  
emotions at the core of reason  
no active observation of the passive  
only experience the process of counting  
only constructing harmonies with  
resonances to our  
souls

we  
out of time  
soul words discarded  
no longer singing earth song  
feel the panic the pendulum swinging  
reason computing its inevitable progress  
not even the consoling mad Dr Evil  
sustaining a credible  
nightmare

as  
it slowly  
suffocates us  
we must mend our  
broken life support system  
with the wrong tools and a manual  
written in more innocent days  
for we depend on its  
malfunction for  
life

in  
the darkness  
seeking enlightenment  
feeling the pure light filtered  
through clouds of madness and denial  
through the cacophony of loveless progress  
desperately we pray for the return of  
belief in our unnatural power  
or possibly for the  
gift of it's  
loss

we  
standing  
in uncertainty  
must never again pretend  
to the power of Cartesian reason  
equations revealing and concealing mystery  
reflecting in their echoes that outside and inside are  
written in the same language because we each are a part  
reflecting on ourselves using in and out  
as ways of communicating  
our experience of  
being

now  
as space  
curves round  
and entangled matter  
non-local ghosts in uncertainty  
resolves itself into parallel universes  
reality reforms into mutual self affirmations  
we run for cover tasting the revenge in our vertigo  
driving head down to the super markets  
searching for images of quality  
using plastic to buy  
away out of  
paranoia

once  
truth beauty  
and power united to  
confirm true enlightenment  
a reasonable replacement for the darkness  
a blasphemous justification for the dethroning of gods  
truth was relative beauty subjective and our only prophet was power  
our potent erections providing self-referential memorials  
obsessed with the complexities of our actions  
when the claims of rape are made  
we respond in character  
and formulate  
Viagra

## **In the mad marketplace**

in  
the mad  
market place  
all solutions are  
on special offer today  
nostrums to cure our lives  
relief on sale from every dealer

the  
sterile chemist  
dealing foil wrapped pills  
a white coated priesthood of purity  
serving a multinational cancer  
across his counter

the  
street supply  
underground provision  
offering ecstasy outside the law  
guaranteeing only a dependent freedom  
the high charge of illegal smiles  
creating its own  
sickness

the  
new organic  
purity untainted by  
modern chemistry selling  
old remedies of sweet fragrance  
holistic alchemy in ancient remedies  
crystal promises of a moral  
health

the  
legal intoxicator  
selling oblivion across the bar  
closure available during opening hours  
the wine of false communion fuelling delirium  
offering a night-time solution for our fears  
in tight complicity our culture  
shares the cost

in  
the mad  
market place  
each dealer offering  
invitations to the same vision  
encouraging us to buy into the image  
of ourselves as deficient chemical life-forms

we suffer the insult swallow the medicine  
not having sufficient courage to  
suffer the strangeness  
of living

## The double robbery

earth's  
strange attractor  
Gaia's maternal rhythm  
creates loving harmonies pruning  
earth's populations with her deathly kiss  
seeing poverty and starvation as signs of excess  
she calls her servants to perform their sacred functions  
old warriors typhus and tuberculosis tetanus and dysentery  
joined in species-cleansing aided by newer viruses  
reforming sexual vitality as suicide's vector  
new symphonies emerge from death  
reminding us within living  
humans never were  
the centre

having  
carelessly divided  
the world into us and them  
apportioned earth's spoils according  
to criteria that reflect our ideas of intelligence  
we watch as nature culls those we have marginalised  
as the four horsemen play out their commission  
harvesting those dispossessed by greed  
insulated in our unearned plenty  
we congratulate ourselves  
on the wisdom in  
our rape

lying in  
the comfort zone  
we compound these insults  
hiding in denial from the evident truth  
that the poverty of the poor paid for our immunity  
we claim our white coated priesthood as the patent source  
and fashion a second lie advertising chemical wisdom for sale  
drugs promising visions of health priced beyond reach  
addicting economies we salve our conscience  
offering charity loans to cover  
our interest

our  
mother still  
keeping the balance  
serving all her living species  
finding possession a new pathology  
levies system constraint on arrogant excess  
separation a consequence of assumed superiority  
stolen gold bought at the going rate assessed as loss  
tokens of belonging withdrawn from our account  
left alone with material without meaning  
isolated outside a loving warmth  
we find sanity remains  
only a haunting  
memory

## **The soul is powerful messy**

(Thoughts after hearing Thomas Moore)

dark  
soul flowing  
emergence of old mystery  
complex conflicting and normally  
inconvenient

soul  
in place time  
in touching and contact  
celebrates meetings and partings  
joys of birth grief of death  
emerges in intimacy  
the living of  
life.

to  
each  
moment  
living and lived  
soul transmits its weight  
despair and happiness  
fusion and  
loss

the  
soul full  
are not harmonious  
in soul time integration is lost  
we become uncertain  
confused  
alive

spirit  
rises up the  
horn of the unicorn  
to rarefied unity and light  
but the soul travels down, down  
the brown antlers of the deer  
spreads and branches into  
the moist organic  
complexity of  
living  
enjoining  
joy and pain  
ecstasy and madness  
desires unity and isolation  
the soulful are not easy not at ease  
contradictions rebel against resolution  
we cannot be cured  
from our  
soul  
only honour  
breathing strange fears  
the tidal pulse of life and death  
playing through us  
if but only if  
we hold  
to  
absolute unknowing

mind  
must fail  
to encompass  
the world of the soul  
nor should we encourage  
the desire to control  
to dominate  
or deny

soulless  
mind blasphemes  
against the sacred mystery  
conceptualised defined components  
data for measurement  
classification  
control

with  
unhonoured soul  
mind generates monochrome  
a seductive pastiche of life insubstantial  
complete with programmed non-functional solutions

for  
isolated mind  
the irrepressible soul  
emerging into being must be  
cured, treated, tamed and resolved  
with self-help readings and analytical counsel  
or chemicals designed to alter  
the mind

soulless spirit cannot live with ordinary life  
the ambiguities of love and hate  
of confusion and clarity  
excitement and fear  
it craves purity  
transparency  
unity  
the  
spirit life  
governed by rules  
manifest in spiritual leaders  
rules and leaders create their followers  
with soul unhonoured the spirit's lust for purity  
is father to repression and power to order and its violence

dark  
soul in us  
personal universal  
ancient dark anarchic mother  
no orders no leaders  
no following

care  
for our  
soulfulness  
treasure and revere  
stay aweful in the moments  
the soul explodes  
our ordered  
lives

Blessed be the soulful moment  
Blessed the excitement  
the pain and the joy  
but  
most of all

Blessed this strange  
complex  
incomprehensible mess  
we call life

Today  
let us tremble  
as we drink the power  
let us celebrate by living the life  
that mind spirit and soul create  
uniquely and universally  
in all of all of us  
Today

## **Are you conscious**

we  
inhabit a world  
painted by our unconscious  
prosaic concrete details of each day  
attain construction through archetypal images  
enlivening the ageless narratives that inform our culture

are we  
fully conscious that  
the unconscious is not unconscious  
that unconsciousness is a political description  
a deliberate taxonomy preserving a vision of ourselves  
a weapon favouring the imperialist domination of reason  
a deprecating epithet formulated to de-mystify our souls  
applied to retain control to disembodify feral intuition  
the unconscious is responsive eternally aware  
culturally unaware of this awareness  
we live unconscious of this  
consciousness

as we search for meaning to inform reasonable morality  
conscientiously seeking a narrative thread  
living unconscious in the story  
we can only thank god  
we're not in  
charge

## **Inside outside**

looking outside  
through ourselves at others  
never seeing them as other than part of us  
learning the difference only by experiencing action  
often mistaking the limits between observed and observer  
swapping their properties one with another  
boundaries sliding to accomodate  
unconscious emotional  
naratives

unable  
to see the world as it is  
viewing creation through creation  
internal images of objects out there  
personal responsibility imposed  
by the possession of  
visions

we  
do not see  
the world as it is  
but the world we live in  
remains the only world there is

## Hello Dolly

under  
our sweat shirts advertising  
American universities we have never been to  
under Calvin Kline's underwear worn without his permission  
we cover our personal animal scents with sythesised spray-on odours  
imitating each other hoping to project an acceptable image  
ideas gleaned from spaces between advertisements  
we sit mouthing half digested press releases  
sheep-like followers of fashion  
discussing the ethics  
of cloning

## Shapes of teaching

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## **The game is played on an uneven pitch**

sitting  
in passive impotence  
control surrendered to the teaching  
self defence demands disengagement  
personal creativity being a liability  
in facing faceless judges  
alienation becomes  
necessary for  
survival

accepting  
the contradictions  
internalising the insults  
caught up in the double-bind  
involvement required by the system  
self-protection demanding  
withdrawal

in  
abuse  
denial is needed  
in abuse complicity with  
the abuser is part of the abuse  
so accept your teachers  
love as he kills  
you

## Structural Power

### Actions

I talk	you listen
I stand	you sit down
I can move	you remain still
I can tell jokes	you are to laugh
I am the focal point.	your attention wanders
I control the topics, the projector, the blackboard, the light switches and even the time	you control nothing at all

### Echoes

I stand in the pulpit mediating Gods message	you in the pews sit as penitent sinners
---	--

### Messages

I am the helper	you need help
I own the knowledge	you rest in ignorance
I make the judgements	you will be the judged

### Realities

I am powerful	you are weak
---------------	--------------

### Reactions

I become frightened not able to believe in my right to the power	You become absent refusing to engage in your removal from power
knowing the lie I am distorted by the gift of power	knowing the lie you are distorted by the theft of power

## **The sub-text**

I teach  
what are called facts  
in truth they are not real facts  
rather elements of a hidden narrative  
when the facts are all forgotten  
the narrative sub-text  
survives

it  
does not matter  
whether I or they know  
there is a narrative sub-text  
nor even what that sub-text is  
afterwards it is all that  
has happened

in  
the process of  
teaching what is taught is  
understood neither by the teacher  
nor by the student who will  
not be able to forget  
the lesson

## The Lesson

I am  
employed  
as a teacher so  
what I do must be  
teaching

I  
tell stories  
parts they remember  
pressured in examinations  
some fail to remember enough  
externally labelled deficient  
internally imprinted  
rejects

with  
great subtlety  
objective assessments  
measure even those who pass  
modulating the rewards of success  
grade B or C not rejection just  
confirmation as second  
class or third

each year  
the game is played  
more defeats are constructed  
until within the corpses of creativity  
the desired end-product is finally forged  
unconscious of its own knowing  
certain only of its limits

in the teaching system the lesson is inadequacy  
as I am employed by the system  
this must be the lesson  
I teach



## **Teaching practice**

each day  
in the classroom  
both the teacher and the taught  
forget themselves in obedience servicing  
the rigid demands of the creed  
of objective facts

the  
presumption  
of facts outside us  
generates a moral obligation  
for the teacher to enforce learning  
any engagement of the taught is secondary

objective curricula beg no questions

## Radical teaching

I  
end up  
following a dream  
after the vision has disappeared  
behind the deep cloud of my self-centred fear

alone  
walking in this  
new territory wondering  
if my identity papers are valid  
not fearing administrative detention  
fearing rather that I should deport myself  
certainty in the incoherence of my knowing  
uncertainty in what or how to teach  
sufficient evidence for  
eviction

failing to trust  
the creative warmth of learning  
I struggle for the illusion of excellence  
seeking forgiveness for mounting the podium  
the intensity of my arrogant insecurity echoes  
calling out fear blocking the experience  
that could have provided our  
co-validation

only  
my fresh surrender  
my daily acceptance that I am lost  
would dissolve my status  
as an alien

## Creating your own lecture

### 1. the loss

the sin  
of ignorance  
given as sufficient  
reason for yielding to fear  
you submit quietly in unnatural  
tiers

how  
else to be  
responding to  
impossible demands  
in the third continuous hour  
of oppression in ugly rooms with  
no passion and no power  
and no possibility  
of action

in the  
absence of joy  
exhaustion dominates  
as the arcane text drones on  
the sin of inattention is inevitable

context  
markers echoing  
previous life experiences  
compounding reference for meaning  
unnaturally still sitting in rows facing a pulpit  
listening taking note words originating from a hidden text  
scanning icons symbols illustrating and encoding deeper patterns  
social pressures demanding attendance and inattention and insisting  
judgement will be made and the only salvation lies in immersion

redemption is available only through the sacred word  
penitent sinners awaiting the blessing  
needing interpretation  
of the holy  
text

as  
you sit  
in the hard seat  
through yet another age  
failing once again to concentrate  
as sacred words of salvation are intoned  
how else to be but depressed  
hoping you can make it  
all make sense  
later

but  
take note  
your mind wanders  
only a part of you is present  
drifting away thinking of friendships  
replaying last nights projecting tomorrows  
self-doubt colouring with shame the  
sinful images of lust  
and love  
and  
have I paid the rent  
and  
not thinking examinations  
and  
washing underwear tomorrow  
and  
hangovers and clubland ecstasy  
and  
curves of breasts and buttocks  
and  
decoding mindless graffiti  
and  
where to go for coffee  
and  
with whom

## 2 the despair

over  
heads unreadable  
scrawled in an alien language  
overhead missiles flying in this virtual war  
where your destruction is acceptable collateral damage  
bombarded with messages lacking relevance or meaning  
boredom confusion and fear opening vulnerability  
re-casting incomprehension as inadequacy  
a failure to be hidden in the comfort  
of your disengagement  
in a denial of  
being

you  
following the crowd  
surrender to the truth of power  
pretending a belief in the power of truth  
to justify your flocking forming a part not whole  
herding down corridors semi-comatose imitating victims  
to deny your dreams of living as a person alive  
to the ecstatic joy of your bodies  
dance with your spirit  
and soul

but what  
defence can be possible  
how to resist how to live in the refusal  
to reject participation in your own deconstruction  
for if you desert walk away from the carnage  
the firing squad in final examination  
will expose you to your  
limitations

### 3. the resolution

events  
cannot be changed  
only the contexts of perception  
understanding that the sacredness of the text  
recreates in our hearing the meaning in our resonance  
all we can do is grasp the freedom re-tune our receiving bodies  
reject control and its alienation re-invent our living  
take the awful step of ceasing to play  
the willing victim

seated  
in obedience  
silent by convention  
we can repossess the power  
and learn slowly to accept ourselves  
allowing our focus to wander we can enjoy  
capturing images as they float around us each with  
their echoes to our past as they pass through  
allow even the arcane droning words  
to bring forth their patterns  
in us

redefine  
inattention as creativity  
rejecting the power of the podium  
become the author of your own performance  
the lecture is not given for you always create your own  
personal unique and deeply meaningful to you  
strands of lust and last nights dreams  
mixing seamlessly with text  
and icon

reject the  
concept of sin  
your need for penitence  
reject the idea that salvation lies  
in your ability to memorise the words  
reject the dulling message of inadequacy  
sin is just a vision of human imperfection  
penitence just a coward's blasphemy  
for salvation lies in the joy  
of breathing

remember  
your attention will  
continually sweep the horizons  
an unbidden scanning searching harmony  
freed it locks on to strange emergent meanings  
new patterns to create the ecstasy of change  
laughter rippling through your body  
leaving openness a new life  
for the word

## **Listening is a creative act**

words  
possess no meaning  
until they have been heard  
vibrations in sequence in the air  
pulses of pressure radiating  
requiring resonance  
to unfold

outside  
there is no truth  
even the hallowed texts  
are only stories in hiding  
waiting every novel  
recreation

even the  
words of salvation  
do not require to be memorised  
your body requires membership of the choir  
needing the power of sacred communion

where the song sings the singer  
the mystery is revealed  
as obvious

and  
singers  
must breathe  
bodies harmonise  
internal and external  
resonance creating  
the beauty of  
song

but you have no allies

in  
fright  
binding hard  
holding the breath  
disturbs the harmonies  
distorting their perception  
damping resonance no reception

you have no allies

in  
abuse  
leaving the self  
minimal being accepted  
in defence leaving no contact  
with pain or pleasure no body home

no allies

in  
control  
rigid discipline  
projecting focused effort  
holding on to a context to frame  
a sacred mystery as an every day story  
through deafness wining grey victories by denial

you  
have no allies  
no other body is able to  
provide your meaning for the words  
you alone can allow the necessary connections  
finding the resonances uniquely within your own histories  
you create a life a complex vibrant fertile  
flowering of the  
text

you  
have no allies  
yet your body built  
to breathe and sing  
cannot help but  
resonate

## **The power of education**

the  
act of learning  
is an act of creation within  
integrating the new into the existing  
transforms the personal whole  
the act requiring courage  
and engagement

teachers  
claiming objective truth  
use alienation and fear to wash brains  
removing the dirty mess of personal experience  
to protect the purity of their sacred text from contamination  
treating every bodies wisdom as heretical error  
implicitly degrading the fertile ground  
where authentic learning might  
integrate and illuminate  
a living

what  
can justify this  
violence against the person  
what vision of ourselves informs the act  
what belief structures this modern inquisition  
what transcends the unloving crime  
of placing children on  
the rack

facts  
creating the power  
confer their gifts to those who know

control  
cannot be given  
to those who do not know  
obviously they know this is reasonable  
they know ownership of the facts  
is necessary sufficient  
justification

yet in truth  
facts only exist within  
our optional paradigm constructions  
in denying the options by reifying knowledge  
we conceal our power behind objectivity  
we deny the sexual and ecstatic  
mask our secret need  
to control

hiding  
before the altar  
in the church of reason  
we claim the traditional sanctuary  
here before icons dedicated to objectivity  
prostrate before the list of holy facts  
our crimes against the person  
are forgotten

## **Rape**

teacher

and the taught

the active against the passive

structures revealed in our choice of words

what are the properties of a good teacher

passion foreplay and a good

six inches

## **The acid test**

DNA  
is not a solution  
for a problem pondered  
not an option granting power  
DNA is the answer to the question  
who's question or what the answer means  
are not questions for which answers  
are required

## **The truth about teaching**

each  
year we  
tell them more  
sophisticated stories  
revealing last years distortions  
the only constant our ownership of  
the truth