

Broken Stay Open Sky

The View

Is there something joining my wandering mind
With the birch tree swaying through the open blind?
Is there a connection or a chasm wide?
Are there treasures that my thoughts of the birch tree hide?

So I think about the way the birch roots roam
Near the old railroad through the banks of loam.
When the tall trees sway from side to side,
The damp earth stretches and the heavens sigh;
As do I now.

*I'm gaining confidence in the view now:
The goodness of myself and others.
The urge to connect and society! How?
Cause I've seen the sky and also the weather.*

On the river Camel, when I was young,
There was a water ladder for the salmon to run
Next to the long slow sloping weir,
Where the rubber duck race started every year.

I used to dam the streams with pebbles and stones.
And now I dam myself with cinders and bones.
I feel the river building up inside.
In the muddy puddle I thought I could hide.
But it has gone clear now.

*I'm growing confident in the view now:
The goodness of myself and others.
The urge to connect and society! How?
Cause I've seen the sky and also the weather.*

Kukkuripa

I cleaned out the cast iron cooking pot and then
I placed it upon the hob I had turned on.
The dishwasher sizzled, it danced and it fizzled.
The puddle did shrink, and I could not help but think
Of the thoughts that I have when I think I'm not thinking.
It's shrinking, but oh, it never seems to go.
And then I woke up and the puddle had vanished.
I picked up the pan and I burned my poor poor poor.

*And I'm making a meal.
I'm making a meal.
With what I have right here.
I'm making a meal.*

You told me the story of when you had driven
Your teacher to town for an operation.
They put him under, and when he came out
He was talking to you in the way high teachers do.

He asked if you would partake of a meal in a restaurant
before
You returned to your mountain home once more.
And you said you'd eat what was put on the table,
And he turned to you, and he said now that's a good,

*That's a good,
That's a good,
Bodhisattva now!
That's a good.*

I see Kukkuripa in the pixels you show,
And I see your heart.
You drive through the snow,
Careful yet bold.
In our container we rocket along.
Whatever you sing
Is a nourishing song.

Kukkuripa loved his dog and he sang.

That's a good...

Open Sky (bell)

Candle flame flickering
Thunder rolls
Thunder flickering
Candle flame thunders and so
When I sing to you
Could you sing through me too?

Let the rain touch me
Let tears fall
The tears on this page
Are tearing a space through which all
The voices I've heard
Like timely rain, pour.

*Oh bell, bell you have said it so well:
When I speak for others, do I silence them as well?
And if, if I can remember this,
Then the me that speaks, and the place I tell might kiss, silently.*

Paving stone shimmering
Sacred world
Concrete crust crushing
The lives that otherwise would unfurl.
Oh sun-trapped sun!
How patient the light.

I hear the jaybird
That colourful crow
With her monochrome bark
To the birch tree my longing does go.
Oh how fickle I am!
Oh magpie, I will learn to love you.

*Oh why, why have I been so afraid
To be genuine? What was it that made, made me believe
That there could be anything wrong
With an open heart, or an open hearted song? Singing me...*

Oh bell...

Aery Thin

Dull rice,
Dull stairs,
Dull pillow.
Get up.
Walking around Bethnal Green again
In the rain.
Three streetlight shadows.
Roman Road.

Past Victoria Park
Where just before dark I had cut myself
On *Für Alina*.

I move some boxes off my bed.
There's a letter beneath that I haven't read,
It says "Dear David..."

*And from a clear ocean
I was taken up
To a tremoring crest
So high above
Where I wait for the break and the deathly fall
But the break don't come
There is no shore.
The wave rolls on.*

Two years later
Life's not so tough.
The sound of the key in the door means love
On both sides now.

But the water, it's been ebbing away.
The waves they don't come by so much these days
And I miss them.

I miss the magnificent views,
The gold haze caught in the air by the bruised
Sun going down.

*So I say to the ocean
Oh take me up
To that tremoring crest
So high above
Where I know there's no break and no deathly fall
Now I see it come
But I can't catch it.
The wave rolls on.*

I beat the gold
So aery thin
But I want it back
I would lose you again
Before I would lose
The sense that you've gone
In sentiment
And aery song

Oh you had to go
To show me how
To ride this wave
Oh I see it now
But I beat the gold
So aery thin
I want it back
I would lose you again

Cinders

This evening the mist has returned.
The dawn of November burned
The morning mist away
Mist frames the day.

Or did the earth just rise
Into the skies
At the end of the Hallowed Day?
Halo day.

*Cinders lead the way
To the presence of an absent way.
To the path that the fire took,
To the burning haunting every book.*

Tomorrow the day of souls,
Cold mist and coals.
I draw my-self around
The ashes I found.

And yet I should touch these strings
Like those of the heart.
We could touch them here,
Right here.

*Cinders lead the way
To the absence that I just cannot say.
To the path that the fire took,
To the burning haunting every book.*

When days of such harmony sing
What strikes the strings?
A shudder through shoulders and tears,
The feeling of fears.

And feelings how they rise
Like mist to the skies.
But oh would the breathe again,
I missed your goodbye.

Cinders lead the way...

Gull Rock

Will anyone die who I have loved enough?
Why cannot I see through love and lust?
What is between our discipline?
Is a line between her and him?

What is radical?
What is violent?
We speak of the law.
And when we speak of it we are silent,
Silent before
The loss of the being outside of it:
Gull Rock swells.
For hooks it is hope and for Paolo
It opens the cells.
We must all go to hells

With radical compassion for
The frozen hearts that lust for law
The loss inscribed on the bathroom door.
May the love I feel help the whiteness thaw.

You say you are punching up, not down/To say 'I am punching up not down'
But are you sure you are on the ground?/Is to say 'I stand on level ground'
And not in space, every punch rebounds/But am I just to the white peak bound?
Speeding up not slowing down./Must I cross the line or lay my body down?

And yes there are those very hungry
No water no pill.
And men everywhere they are thirsting
To control or kill
The glimpses of emptiness love brings:
Gull Rock looms.
The ones who have loved through the otherness
We lock up in Room.
My slow heart the womb.

To cut the head off of the king
To be a bell that others ring
To kill the Buddha in the road
What's speeding up must first be slowed.

Campana

Breaking the bread,
Ringing the bell,
Mowing the lawn
And singing so well:
My old campana.

Through three cornered leek
And cow parsley scent,
Past crooked old graves
And sweet wrappers went
My old campana.

*And I dreamt I was you
As you walked under and through
The dripping rhododendrons.
You were wearing your bright yellow coat
And your heart beat was true.*

“Three to four!”
“Five to three!”
The floorboards creak,
Hold the sally firmly.

My old campana.

If you rest it wrong
And you break the stay,
You’d better drop
The rope and pray.
My old campana.

And I dreamt I was you...

Would I rather be
A hunted fox
Or a dairy cow
In a six foot box?
My old campana.

Am I a meteor
Or an asteroid?
An animal
Or an android?
My old campana.

And I dreamt I was you...

I used to write riddles.
Not anymore!
Now I sell seashells
On the seashore.
My old campana.

I was always wanting
You to be
Someone who you are not.
Go free!
My old campana.

And I dreamt I was you...