

An Abstract Notion of
2020 Vision
Mixed Creativity ~ poems, art, and other bits
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I've never had the luxury of 2020 Vision,
I started wearing glasses as a child.
Being a writer and artist though,
My eyes are so important to me,

Luckily I've always been able to see skew-whiff -
inside, outside, around, beyond the norm,
and with the help of some other senses,
seem to dip into a strange stream connecting things.

So, with my different views, and strange philosophies,
plus some abstract use of sound, language, and imagery,
I have collected some (mostly) more recent works
to simply put out there.



Most of my art, and links to where to get products with it on,
is on my website, plus details of what I do as a therapist etc.

<https://www.wellnessandcreativity.com>

There are also links to my blogs plus health articles on my older site.

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Kisses for a wild abundant earth

I know you are wild
Beyond even my dreams,
Springing unbounded
From the vast well,

But I'd like to send you kisses
For the soft flesh inside your mouth
As you speak to us
In carpets of bright flowers,

Rolling dunes, and waves.
As you breathe out, we breathe in,
And we believe the stories written
In the skies and forests.

Your jungles and mountains
Feed my heart and soul,
Allowing them to stay here
Along with my body.

Together we clamber amongst
Your profound stones and vegetation,

Ever curious –
And astounded by your love.
You give us, and keep giving,
In your wondrous fruitfulness,
Space, and a means to live,
With all the perfect trimmings.

My blood is warmed by
The grace that this be so,
By the magic of life
That spills out and overflows.

So please accept my kisses
As a small exchange,
A token of pure gratitude,
For all your countless gifts.



Love letters to a dark world

Like belligerent kisses on the wild earth

I know I cannot tame you –

But I have to somehow walk with you

To the bitter limits, and still sing.

Your unhealthy roots run everywhere,

Though only a few heads pop up

To stare at us; as if we didn't know
 You are too cold for guilt.

In all the countries there is only
One fat plant devouring everything.
 Your mouth is in all the papers
 Throughout history.

Your fingers are always counting
 Money and might, against lives.
You think you are cucumber cool,
But that flesh turns quickly mushy.

When time is up, it can't stand firm,
No matter how it may depend on ego and other tricks.
 There is stronger stuff beneath us,
 And within our peasant hearts.

Believe that this is the time to dance
As we approach the edges of our universe –
 We shall all spin
 With those crazy kisses stinging.

Dark earth patterns gathered

As the rain falls, we swallow
 In clouds of damp earth
 Where shadows flutter
 Like flying leaves or moths.

Puddles beneath lamp-posts
 Are like eyes to the moon
 Where the tides gather
Together the feelings of night,

 But the stars remind us
Of patterns beyond our lives,
 Rotating despite our moods
 Of fleeting dark and light,

 Until a rustling
 In the hedges quickens
Our half-stalled hearts to fright,
Followed by relief, as a cat pops out.

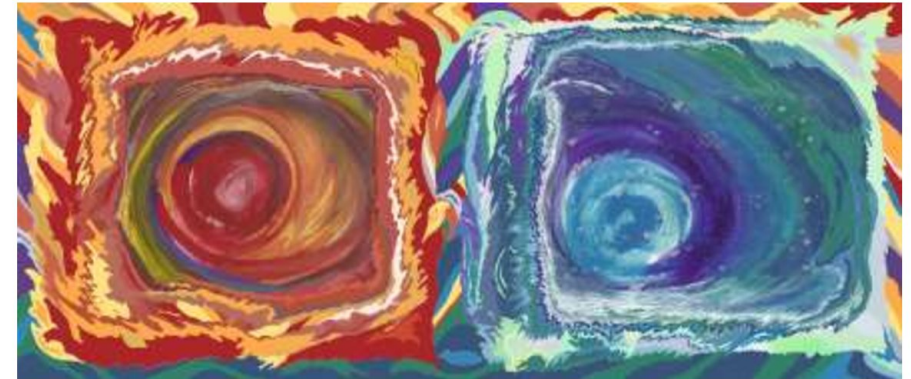
 Patterns of cat's eyes
 And starred puddles return

With us, and enter our dreams
As we seem to travel
Endlessly on beneath
Now unlit lamp-posts lining
Streets that go all the way round
The dark earth, and out
Into the universe,
Trying to reach those stars,
Calling us somehow from sleep
Into consciousness.

Earth Storm

~ ~

Universal Love



Large Things

I love music and laughter and dancing

But silence is more important.

I love people and how our minds work

But nature is more important.

Let me drink from the beauty provided,

Let me learn from the depths of the well,

Let me travel in the widest spaces,

And sleep in the mystery, still.

~



♥ nurture ♥

BLESSINGS

"Dance your Soulful path
and you shall know the magic
of your mind & heart,
and all the beauty laughing
to fill your rising self."



For Zephaniah & Tawiah

(after listening to you both separately on the same night)

Between blowing on a saxophone
and pumping out words
sometimes there is no room
for other voices to be heard

but when I pause
I feel them calling
from the other side
from the other side

they whisper in my heart ~
~ with gentle joy and calm ~
~ layers of their sounds build up ~
~ and echo on ~

They encourage us to be strong,
so strong through love,
not fighting, but standing solid,
refusing to budge,

holding on, to our rights
to choose our way of life,
refusing to let them ride
over our bodies, or our minds.

We - ee - ee - ee - ee
are who we decide to be
in our own reality.
We don't accept anything else.
We are sovereign and free.
We can ri - i - ise
to evolve beyond this thick layer,
this web of complicated lies.

So let us stand
connected - connected - connected
(with raised hands)
everywhere, with each other,
with animals and plants
(please don't forget that plants
have feelings too),
and with our earth.

Let us stand connected
with our destiny
through consciousness,
through solidarity,
for all life, to be free, to thrive,
to be calm and strong,
to overcome,
through peace & love,
that gives us all
higher vibration souls
than those who try to control.
Aaiee - oh yeah - aaiee.

In freedom - we dare,
we stand up, and breathe
new life into ourselves,
lift our very cells
up to our levels of thinking,
up to match our minds
and our hearts
as they create new rhythms

for us to live within,
be in blissful harmony with.
Aaiee - oh aaiee.
We - ee - ee - ee - ee
are who we decide to be
in our own reality.



I am an instrument of peace – let me sow love and healing.
Let me understand, be compassionate – pardon even myself.



Painted upon photo of sunset on our local hills.



*Planet Valleys Spray Painting done live at festival 2018
then displayed on Dorking Mainline Train Station for a year.
Can you find both my hands?*



God bless the many birds who sing;
and those who race past me round the path,
flying low between hedges, each cold morning.
Even though it's still so dark
they very quickly lift my heart.

Politico-socio-economic

Though miracles keep on happening.
Sometimes life seems so upside down.
I mean don't you think that money jugglers
Should really be performing as clowns
In backstreets, or on the seedier edges of towns,
Or at least in villages on the fringes of deserts?

And surely artists should be ministers, or cowboys
Reverently hunting them down,
While meantime various varieties of cactus
And breeds of camel should be
Winning Oscars for their amazing ability
To hold water under a hot sun?

I mean isn't it ridiculous how poets and healers
Are left out on nameless banks of freeways
Instead of being kept safe in sheltering forest cabins
Where leaves and cool shadows whisper secrets
To help them keep sane in a world where pools
Of blood are more usual than cool clean water?

Surely mountains should stand as judges
In the centre of all cities and towns,
Chuckling rocks quite naturally on anyone who
Cheats, manipulates, fights or becomes too greedy,
I mean why leave it up to people,
Who get distracted, confused, or blackmailed so easily?

I say that streams and rivers should keep us
All company, instead of newspapers & TV;
Flowing down and out to the oceans
With truth in them shining quite clearly
For everyone to see - and be reminded,
constantly, of themselves.

Cracks in the Mirror

Looking glass is cracked,
Can't make any sense of
This world underneath,
This world underneath -
Soundless beneath my feet
And behind my back.

Cracks are so deep
They're like dinosaur teeth
In my neck, and they reach
Right into my heart,
Right into my heart -
Oh it bleeds blood so dark.

It drips from my skin
As I traverse the park,
Drawing new paths through the morning
As if I could follow them
To some new decision
In this sharpened air.

But ice daggers are left
Dangling on trees,
Ready to fall
And freeze your right there,
If you enter this world
Through the cracks in your mirror.

If you look too hard
You will see them spread
From the epicentre
Of your brain tremor,
Once you open your eyes
To the world now inside your head.

Once you've looked too hard,

Even the concrete and tar
Of buildings and ground
Will break up before you –
You won't have a chance
To escape the nightmare.

Even if you dare turn around,
You will see piles of rubble
Have eaten up your past
Without the tiniest sound,
And your blood has all gone now –
Every drop leaked out.

So your white corpse
Must build a new nest
To re-hatch new flesh
From the acid, mud, and dregs
That are all that's left of the old,
Old, swallowed up world.

But the human spirit can do it,
Has done it many times before,
Each one of us repeating
The journey of us all.
Repairing cracks in the mirror is
Mending seams in your soul.

–

As evening falls down upon its knees,
I get up and head out to ease my mind.
Something's pulling me into the twilight
That springs from pre-contoured time.

Leaves are blowing down the hill,
But I am heading upwards
With the beat of inner sounds
Leading me towards some hidden sacred ground.

My feet are forming prints upon the earth
That bleed bare signals from my heart,
Leaking secrets of my soul
And what it's seeking every day so hard.

My breath comes faster as I feel electric answers
Reaching out like lightning drawing me
Onwards nearer onwards –
To my curious destination.

Shadows are running, scurrying, out to all sides.
The path is clear before me, there's nowhere to hide.
Forwards, forwards, the rushing line draws tight,
I know my inspiration – its fire IS my life.

Reclaiming Energy / Stardust Meditation

Bring all your energy back into NOW.
*You leave it scattered about in past and future,
But if you ask it to, your body knows how to pull it back.*

Gather all your energy back to you.

Let go of attachments to things you don't need any more.
Claim the energy you wasted on these back now.

Align your head with the planets, and your core with the earth.
Feel the energy between them aligning your spine
And balancing all your energy centres.

Reclaim energy that has been unconsciously tied up in fear.
Add it to your creative / power pot.

*Don't judge the child within you, trying to protect you
From what she thinks are threats.*

Thank her and hug her.
Remind her that you are grown up now
And can make your own choices.
Let go of any judgements of other people too,

And feel the energy of freedom flowing into you.

Mother earth, sister sky,
I ask you to help us all to honour
The world and the universe
And everyone, and every living thing around us,
By being who we fully are.

Feel yourself tuning in to this vibration of honour and grace.
Feel yourself trusting your own sense of who you are deep down inside.
Promise yourself to stop to listen to this if ever in doubt.

Let go of fear and other negative energies
Such as worry, blame, guilt,
From wherever they may be hidden, in the body, or elsewhere.

Let go of any lies and false stories
You might have been holding onto.

Feel all this coming out of every part of you
That might have been weakened.
Allow mother earth and sister sky
To transmute it into harmless ash.

Now claim back the energy
You have been tying up and wasting.
Feel it in pure form – filling you up –
Strengthening all parts of you that need it.

Feel your body tingling with golden hearts
And stardust – bringing in all the elements you need
To return you to your true and sacred power.

*Mother earth, sister sky,
We are all now free and complete.
We give thanks, and pledge to honour the universe
By being who we truly are, and joyfully sharing our gifts.*

(I have a recording of this, and others, online)

Frequencies & 'Scapes

Think of the neck of a guitar, if you will, but with lots more strings.
Now imagine that each string represents the emotion or energy of a different thing – say far, sweet joy, peace. (Obviously some different instruments make these sounds in far more effective ways, such as a violin being bitter sweet or energetic; a harp or keyboard or cello being peaceful or sad – but let's stick with the guitar strings analogy.) Also think of how this is used for example in movie soundtracks – low slow thumping noises for fear, faster dancing notes for joy, and rippling waves of mid tones for peace.

So, with the guitar neck, you maybe learnt to become a player who can bend strings – so you can take a low sounding note like fear and transmute it into higher frequencies, something more vibrant and positive, or perhaps something that screams out a message. We always have the choice to do this once we realise that we can.

Some sounds we can't even hear, but other species can. Extra low frequencies emitted by some man made equipment interfere with proper function – something that is very obvious in marine mammals but not so obvious perhaps in us, though it can sometimes trigger tinnitus, for example. Microwave and electro-magnetic frequencies more obviously harm us. Even levels from mobile or cordless phones, smart metres, baby monitors, wi-fi, bluetooth, etc, can damage cells, interfere with DNA, and thereby many body processes.

Extra high frequencies can be used in healing – only felt or seen if you fine tune your perception, although children often do sense more of the colour spectrum, and pick up colours inherent in us and the world around us, quite naturally – which means that we pretty much all have the innate ability to fine tune ourselves again if we practice.

Colour affects us greatly – whether in paints, in nature, or as extra multi-sensory rainbows, to go along with our guitar strings, or healings. They often affect certain parts of our bodies particularly – emotional, physical, and mental energy centres, layers, and meridians, linked to endocrine and nervous systems.

Rock & Roll seems to be mostly red and black. Then you have Rhythm & Blues and true Blues. What colours would country and folk be? Who the hell knows! Classical music is more of a multi-dimensional soundscape, with so many different moods and instruments.

Colour comes about due to light, and sound due to vibration – they are basically fundamental frequencies or building blocks for life – supporting our development consciously or unconsciously – or, if we only tend to tune in to the lower frequencies – then not supporting us, because we are allowing ourselves to be caught up by them.

All natural things can grow in beneficial SCAPES of sound, light, and space.



Spray painting done live at festival 2019 - Incoming Weather



Opposite is a commission on someone's garage wall, a drawing of the idea discussed, then the painting, using a combination of local landscape and bird etc photos for details.



All ways are paths of love – always!
Breathe the love – in & out & all around.
Circulate the love – expand it – send it out,
Then draw more into your heart.
Fractal love spiralling, spreading, growing,
Spinning through the universe.

I've got to do these things to ease my soul - Song

I feel I shouldn't really interfere
But it seems to me that I am here
To make some difference to the world
To show how much I really care

Though some days I'd rather sleep
Or turn my face away in deep
Frustration or exasperation;
In the end I have to keep

Doing things I'm driven to,
Though sometimes it makes me weep.
Why can't some people even see
That our planet is literally screaming

At all of us to stop her bleeding
And to stop hurting each other too?
People should not take advantage
Of their own kind, or hog resources

For themselves, when they have more
Than enough, and others are poor.
I've got to help people find their strength
To rise up and make a difference.

How are we ever going to sort this out
If we don't become completely whole?
I've got to do what I can to help,
It's the only way to ease my soul.

Life Song

*I would rather try than not try
Or what's the point of life at all.*

*I would like to taste life
In its many different forms.*

Let me fly like a bird
Among mountain tops.
Let my cry like the wind
Across the sea.

Let me run like the sand
Along the sun-warmed shore,
Let me bubble and laugh
Like cool clear streams.

Let me prowl through the woods
On soft cat paws
Then pounce on shadows
Of deep green trees.

Let me plunge from the heights
Like fresh waterfalls
Then rise like the scent
Of newly mowed lawns.

*I would rather choose to be wild
Than take it easy and conform.
There's no point in limiting
When you can enjoy it all.*

Let me walk in the fire
Of experience
So that I can learn
What it's like to be free.

Let me ride to the edge
Of the steep canyon
And look straight out

Into the eye of my dreams.

Let me see what's beyond
The brim of this world
Where what's inside us
Responds to infinity.

Let me feel unique, yet a part
Of this river of space
That flows right through
All our minds and hearts.

What is it that marks us,
That flags our DNA
To be creatures of cunning,
Live in our awkward social ways?

What is it that drives us
To seek in every place
For a home to bind us,
And find a matching face?

*I would rather ask you
Than never quite know why.
I would rather join hands
Than let it all slip by.*

I hope that we will be blessed
And celebrate our liberty
To enjoy the fun and fury
Of living energetically.

Life is all vibration,
Consciousness, and light.
We can fly or swim or tune in
And shimmy in sheer delight.



MOTIF

Lured, enticed, intrigued;
Always becoming the person I am
About to know even better than the one before.

Called by spirits of water,
Sun, wind, earth and rock, plants,
To feel the intricate web of sights,
Sounds, scents, sensations, wrapped all around;
And within, the web that forms the world
But that still has gaps we can see through to others
And twists we can travel back-to-front or inside-out in.

Reading messages, listening to patterns,
Absorbing power and love, being given true gifts.
Being part of all uniqueness
Stemming from one consciousness.

Respectfully observing, witnessing what is real
But can always be changed
In the timing of vibrations, or sequence of thoughts,
Or tweak of the grid pattern, reframing;
In the quality of light, the touch of heat or cold,
The flight of colours.

Slowly yet quickly, I walk my path of heart
Which keeps me safe and confident,
Being consumed only by the urge to learn more,
Yet filled with joy and peace.

I see flowers bursting from muscles and minds,
Pigeons taking flight from roofs of cars
And heading off into the bushes at the left of the road.
I see squiggles of energy, wavering,
Where before there were only solid lines.
Meanings of objects taken on different significances
When their molecular structure scrambles before your eyes.
Nothing is well defined,

The flow blurs as we learn to swim.

We make the vision happen
Just as we dream we want it to begin,
And only we - can laugh
As we try to grasp the responsibility
For all futures and pasts
Dancing right now in multi-directions.

FORWARD

If you wai-it
For kingdom's day
Then you'll be lost
Along the way.

It's a place
We all must make
When we are freed
From our own traps.

Oh please awa-a-ake
Don't keep us back.
It is time
To all stand up

For what we see
As just and right.
It's not a dream,
It's in plain sight.

We can all do-oo
What we each think
Is clear and true –
In just a blink.

Let's walk a-way
From stupid games.
Let's just say-ay

We don't want to play.

Let's build a world
Of trust and heart
And just ignore
The other half.

Let's start again
On a better path,
Learn from before,
Then laugh it off.

Gifts from Above

Your beauty is a sin
Because you are so proud.
You shouldn't be so quick to judge,
You shouldn't be so loud.

Your tongue is caustic,
Your wit sarcastic.
You think you're infallible
But you should be more humble.

*We've all got, all got, all got
Gifts from above –
We should appreciate.
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
Give us hope
And some respect.*

The day could sometime come
When you might stumble
On that wicked tongue
And take a tumble.

One day, one day, one day
When our leaders break –
We can make the change

We dream of, dream of, dream of
To be freed from the chains
Of your wicked ways.

Then people will find people
Who are considerate and wise,
People to gently show us
How to share our gifts and thrive.

Wake up, wake up, wake up,
Do not be deceived
By those stupid games.
Stand up, stand up, stand up –
We shall be released,
And we will celebrate.

HARVEST

He's speaking to the universe
And it speaks back.
In his soul of many souls
He listens to the track.

In the soul of all the worlds
The infinite sounds call
In the voices of the many
Who are consciously drawn.

In the song of half-asleep
She hears the wisdom.
In the games of make-believe
Secrets lie hidden.

In the screams of windblown trees
She hears leaves falling.
In the roar of foaming waves
She feels time calling.

In the shouts of all the stones

She senses broken bones
Of history crumbling,
Re-gathering, out-numbering.

*The past is now dissolving,
The mysteries resolving –
And the sky whispers gently
What is meant by your life.
In the warmth of the darkness
It is lighting up your eyes.
In your heart it's written clearly –
In the earth it's growing wildly.*

The harvest in the fields
Is ripe and full, now coming
For the many mouths to feed,
And sing of justice running

Through the juice and the blood
Of everything that's breathing,
Humming, drumming,
Celebrating life and love.



Here we are today with a question to ask –
Why is this day different from each that has passed?
This is what I say to you my friends
Every day is special in the end,
Every day's a blessing in the end.

Think of all your loved ones around the world.
Think of all the hopes that you have given out and heard.
Think of all the times that you have felt the touch of skin
And it's been like a precious homecoming,
It's felt like a blessed homecoming.

Dreams – Sithonia, Northern Greece

Floating on a slip of cloud
Just above the sea,
Observing everything around
All mirrored inside me.

Horizons blue, islands green,
Golden sunlit beaches.
Grains of sand, particles in air,
Waves and ripples, everywhere.

Worlds in worlds turn
Where tiny turquoise fish swim
As the sun slowly burns
Across time's rim.

Myriad thoughts drift,
A million specks glint
As light reflect in water's subtle hues.
Heat calms, subdues –

Perspectives soften once harsh views.
Stories half written ages ago
Slide gently sideways through
Wide mind's gates of untold truths.



Peace, peace, wide blue wave –
Water holds memory – even in our bodies.
Bold planet, sun's gold light –
Our ground, our spark, our flame.

Our yellow and green dreams of life
And trees mix with our purple sense
Of space and distance, where white
Specks and flakes mark stars and thoughts.

Mountains or plains, day or night,
Our minds take flight again, despite
Taught strings of orange pain,
Blind wings of pure delusion.

This world provides the seeds
For all the raw stuff of human needs,
But also for confusion and fantasy –
As the entire projection proceeds

In one far corner
Of one galaxy among millions,
Spinning on the breath
Of some far greater dreamer.



Tzoumerka Reserve in Northern Greece

More Greece (above) / Peru (below)



Over the Mountains to Cusco

I am dreaming of the wide plains
Between the mountain tops, where space
Stretches like the universe
Opening inside my head.

In all those acres of land, peace
Lies waiting for our hearts to find it
Nestling there amongst the many grains
Of sand and blades of grass.

I will never forget that rain rattling us away
Up the first valley while we stood aghast
In that rear open-ended carriage
Staring out at all that vastness.

Then we became surrounded
By local dancers and musicians
Playing and singing *Guantanamera*
Touching me so deeply.

Of course we danced with them
And drank the neat liquor that was offered,
Singing from the deep space within our guts
Out upon the air of that huge landscape.



You may sleep yet be wide awake. You may feel
Silence stretching indefinitely, yet hear
Tiny sounds of grains of sand slipping sideways
Down dunes by the huge distant oceans
Freely roaming and probing deep into our consciousness,
Where creatures wait to discuss philosophy with us.

Your power lies in the small loose intangibles
That you let sift without holding, to blow away
And form mountains, above rivers. You don't have to care
Because you have already dreamed them once, and can always
Build them again anytime you want, but you won't
Need to – they just tower there - bright against the clouds.



Hunger – our search for satisfaction

Hunger leads us to consumerism, fashion, popular culture – but these are not only empty, they are designed to keep us distracted, and spending all our hours earning money to hand over to others. If we don't subdue our hunger with addictions (mostly alcohol, but could be sex, drugs, too much food, over exercising, slavery to work), or submerge ourselves in depression or other illness, then we will likely be driven to seek better ways of satisfying our hunger.

Travel can lead us into many different experiences, but it is still only a step towards deeper satisfaction of that hunger. However, it is far better than the type of addictions mentioned above, because you get to appreciate some of the diverse wonders of our planet, and may also learn some very interesting things, which may even provide opportunities or inspirations for fulfilling pursuits. Something we should watch out for though is to not develop a habit of running away from issues. It's too easy to move on instead of sorting things out.

If you don't find your ideal project to devote yourself to, then your hunger will probably drive you to seek still further. Perhaps our hunger is about finding our sense of purpose here, and for that we need to develop a meaningful framework or context for our lives. It may be a fairly straightforward matter of bringing up children, or pursuing a particular interest or career, and that is all good as long as it satisfies you. For many, there is a deeper yearning to do, or be, more besides these things, perhaps not straight away, but after a few years, you may start to feel a little hungry again. This may be misinterpreted as dissatisfaction with your current 'role', but it often actually means you could add an extra dimension to your life, or just alter the balance a bit, rather than changing everything. Maybe once your kids have grown up a bit, or anytime really, you might want to follow a

heart-felt dream. Of course, if your partner totally disagrees with it, that may present some difficulties, but hopefully you could work this out together. Ideally partners would want to allow each other freedom to develop or expand in healthy ways. You may want to reduce your hours at work to make time for writing a book, playing in a band, or some other project, or you may want to change your line of work, say from paperwork to working with people, or study something new. You may need to build an extension to allow you space to work from home. Or maybe it's something bigger like moving to a farm. Or maybe it's something smaller like going to a yoga class, or an interesting group. Once you know what your hunger is, you are not likely to be stopped for long, as it is a fundamental drive of human beings to go forwards. Trying to suppress your own need, or keeping others from their dreams, is likely to end up causing bitterness or anger.

There are many possible spiritual angles to explore, but one still has to watch out for deception and attempts to control. You may find cul-de-sacs in the maze, but don't let that concern you much, as we learn from all parts of the journey, just turn around and find a different avenue of enquiry. I suggest you don't commit yourself to anything unless you are certain about it. The main thing is to ensure you will be free to seek your own truths, and not be forced into following the lead of some other beast. Yes, you can obviously learn from others by following their work for a while, but always make up your own mind about what they are saying. Good teachers will not try to persuade you to attach to them personally. They will be more interested in discussing the topics of shared interest. They will speak as one person to another, knowing that they can also learn from you. Some groups or organisations may seem to use the right language, but have ulterior motives. The bigger they are the more careful one should be – watch, listen, and trust your intuition to help you know what is right for you and what is not.

The ego plays a part in our early hunger drive because we seem to feel a need to try to fit in and be recognised by our fellows. The need for approval comes perhaps from the parent-child relationship, and is then transferred to our peers, and our girlfriends or boyfriends, or anyone else we hang out with really. We don't need the ego so much in later years – we begin to realise that our real hunger is not ego based but comes from the centre of our beings. It's more like a soul urge, and won't be satisfied with token things.

Beyond the Beacon

from the Book "Terra Affirmative"

In the forest lichen writhes and assembles
Itself into signs to light my path
Through the deep dark north shadow;
And I emerge at last onto a hillside strewn
With logogrammatic stones,
And scramble away from spruce tops.

My feet work their tough rhythm
Up the steep gradient.
Rock me, rock me; but do not
Dislodge the logan-stone,
And the giant rock balances high above;
So delicately calculating.

As I approach the crumbled peak,
The raven in the scots pine
Points his beak over the ridge,
And I find a track
That tumbles down to a lakeshore
Scattered with pebbles.

The water is ink and heaving
Unpleasant ideas back and forth beneath its surface.
The reeds at the head of the lake
Are wet with thrashing rain and bent
With the weight of the wind
Cascading the length of the valley.

I am permitted to travel
In the corridor between sky and heather,
Bowing my head, like the grouse, beneath clouds
Swarming in almost the same direction.
Gradually the bone heap bulk of mountain
Is left at my back.

In the coarse grass
Young rabbits open sudden dialogues.
Their haunches propel them over the hummocks
And into the black earth.
Part of me enters it with them –
The rest heads away towards the rim of night.

Honey & Hope

from the book "Terra Affirmative"

High on the clifftop the winged horse stood
And looked down on the masses in the valley.

He had been told by his ancestors
Not to go anywhere near the valley of the men

But compassion stirred deep in his chest,
It stirred so deeply he could not ignore it.

He looked upon the masses in the valley
And his heart ached with the sorrow of men dying

Then he went away to think. He stumbled in his sorrow
On the high crags and could not rest.

He folded his wings about his head as he paced
Up and down trying to come up with a solution.

When he grew tired of pacing he lay in a nook
Where thorn trees gave shelter.

He lay and he thought and when he grew
Tired of lying, he walked again until dawn.

As dawn came he found an answer
And he clapped his wings high above his head.

He flew away to where he knew swarms
Of bees were making honey in the forest.

As he spoke to the bees, explaining,
They were not very sympathetic, but they listened,

The bees rubbed their front feet together
And wriggled their mandibles as they pondered.

The winged horse went on pleading
Until he had won their favour and assistance.

So the bees gathered together their honey
And prepared for the long flight to the valley

And the winged horse led them to the valley,
All the time giving encouragement and thanks.

When they arrived, they gazed upon the people,
And the people looked up in horror.

As the bees came closer and closer
The people trembled and lay down upon the earth.

The bees dropped their honey on them, and the people rose up,
Astonished, and licked each other.

The bees flew away and the people rejoiced,
Thankful for the sustenance and filled with hope.

The winged horse was proud of what he had done
And returned to his herd with his chest puffed out,

But the herd did not praise him
For his thoughtfulness or compassion, or actions,

The herd bit his flanks and neck and drove him away,
And the winged horse flew into the hills in bewilderment.

He went to the bees, and the bees explained
That they could not make enough honey to save the people,

And they said that even if the people were saved,

They would capture winged horses and ride them.

The horse understood, and went back to the herd
With his head hung, and asked them for forgiveness.

The men in the valley died of starvation,
but because of the winged horse, their souls lived on in hope.

Nirvana



Capstone

from the book "Terra Affirmative"

I would stand on your top
If I could fly up.
I would stamp, I would cry out,
I would beat my chest, I would sing,
But I cannot scale your heights
Without wings.

So I lay myself down at your feet
To wait for night and metamorphosis,

Now I am the queen moth
Stamping on your table,
Stamping for food for my delicate soul,
Stamping away the world of toil and famine,
Stamping away the world of anger and pain,
Stamping love into my veins, stamping, stamping for food.

Meaning of Stone

from the book "Terra Affirmative"

Black coal, miner's hearts squeezed out,
Black, mountain strong, rough, wild,
Harsh wind and water eroding,
Through time, through history.

Beach pebbles smooth.
Waves washing, washing them smooth,
Smooth as your hand in mine,
Smooth as the magic creeping,
Seeping through time, through history.
See it, see it, touch it, feel it.

Now the stones move, they move around you,
They dance around your life, they look upon you,
And you gaze up at them,
Tall, tall stones, dancing, singing,
*Come let us in, let us be a part of your history again,
Don't forget us, don't forget we are here,
We are part of your life, your country, your world.*
They dance and they spin in your head
And you close your eyes, and you sleep and dream.

The stones stand watch, silent while you dream,
And you dream of times long ago
When men met in stone circles
And when life was close, close to the earth,
And when connections were drawn
From men's hearts to points *within* the earth.

The threads of time tremble and vibrate
And the threads of your dreams tie you to remembering
Forever – the stones, the stones, the stones.



As she picked the one tendril of honeysuckle reaching over the fence, beautifully in blossom and exquisitely fragranced, she promised:

"I know it seems wrong to pick you off your plant, because you will not last too long in a vase, but I will preserve you forever in photographs. I will spread the vision of your glory near and far. People will wear your image on sweatshirts, and post your beauty on headers on their websites. So many people will remember your gorgeous scent, and the suppleness of your tendrils appearing magically in surprising places, just like today when you alone reached into this alley I walk through on my way home. You will fill so many eyes with joy around the globe, and live on and on in people's hearts.

Fresh blossoms of hope, I thank you. I am grateful for the beautiful bountifulness of this planet."



Singing Bowl Universe Meditation

Take a few deep breaths, and relax all parts of your body by focusing on each area in turn and letting go of any tension there.

Look at this beautiful singing bowl, made to bring the sound of harmony to help balance mind, body, soul.

Now imagine - with eyes open or closed - imagine a flow of universal good life energy coming into this bowl, swirling slowly round in it. The flow is slow, gentle, and soothing.

You feel soft, light, and serene.

Eventually, when this flow has been circling around for a while, the bowl fills up and overflows.

There is amazing life force energy everywhere. It feels so joyful.

You soak up the feeling of joy and calm.

Then the bowl stands empty and you feel totally at peace.

In this moment there is absolutely nothing to think or worry about. Everything is perfect. You feel at one with the universe.

You feel totally restored, refreshed, and revitalized at the same time as feeling calm and strong.

Sit with this feeling for a moment.

When you are ready, open your eyes, and gently move your hands, then stretch your arms and legs, and be aware of your feet connecting with the floor, and your presence soft in the room.

Remember this beautiful singing bowl and the abundance of universal energy that can flow through it, anytime you want to recall these feelings of joy and peace.

Namaste.



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BLISS!

I LOVE + CHERISH



I am addicted to creating -
It allows *most* other intoxications
to pass me by
apart from general addiction to life.



universal Love

Hungry for Beautiful Words

Hungry for beautiful words, the fox comes rooting around in the hedge, almost too close to the fire. He reads my mind with one glance and is gone.

All my poetry is now trotting around the bushes inside him, maybe someday to be partly eaten or left to rot. He understands being alive for as long as he can be, and does not worry about why, or what might happen afterwards.

Wilderness within

Have you heard the wilderness speak,
The way the streams and rivers sing,
The way the laden branches creak,
The mystery in the voices of the wind?
The mountains humming proudly free?
The sky wrestling around the world?
The ever shifting listening seas?
The rhythm of the very depths of earth?

*We are the wilderness within
Screaming out for true expression.
Even when we're sleeping,
There's no escape from this obsession.*

The wilderness within is dreaming,
Then slowly moaning, groaning, awakening,
Now limbering, stretching, reaching -
For another chance at playing.
Still rising; throats and hearts both swell,
Threatening to pop like pupae about to burst
As we drink hot fire from our own wells
While struggling to quench our thirst.

*We are the wilderness within
Screaming out for true expression.
Even when we're sleeping,
There's no escape from this obsession.*

Tippy-I-cally Polly-I-tie-cal.

I see Nations, a World, pretending they know nothing, so they don't have to do anything, how absurd. We really are this stupid, but surely it's explicit in our being here. I'd have said, everything that's happening is ex-pl-i-cit-ly our fault, if we let it go on. So, this kind of nothing doesn't quite cut the ice, and it's nothing like ice on a cake or in I-scream. You can't drink it, you can't eat it, you can't suck it down, or suck it and see. We've got to live with it, dream with it, even die with it maybe; if we don't stand up to it, get wise to it, stop the lies, the compromise, the greed.

Hollow men no more

Hollow men no more, our heads no longer stuffed with straw,
We have strings and balls of raw ability and unlimited vision.
We can ride our karmic waves because we have swum upwards
to rise above the turmoil and currents thrust upon us by others.
so now we steady, and take responsibility for our direction.
We ride freely, at one with the sea and the sun and the wind.

The wind is our own breath, and the sea our own love of life.
We do not fear the rain that feeds it or the sun that shines,
for we understand that we are a part of nature and its cycles,
and our bodies ebb and flow just like the ocean tides.
now that we have let go of anger and pain and trying to take sides.
There is no longer any need to suffer to learn, or win any fights.

Fresh

I'm loving, rolling, walking on this world again,
tasting all the snowflakes, sunshine, salt, and rain,
listening to the lyrics of all the songs I knew before
until they spin, and recreate a version of themselves -
kaleidoscoping, dreaming, merging into something new.

Brothers, sisters, elders, let's all sing together
as we walk upon the wind and water.

Let's repair the fabric of the human thread.
We can exist here if we mend our wings,
and if we put our hearts before our heads.

We can be fresh, though the ages drag our heels.
We can step free, and not repeat our histories.
We can be clean, by letting go of false beliefs,
not clinging any more to fears, and other false feelings,
but making clear our world, through our own truths.

As the river runs, the trees are bristling
with the energy that's crackling, quickening,
and as the clouds all slide aside
we activate the network of our minds
to bring the world to love, and peaceful times.

All walkers of the mountains and the sky –
let your arms reach out across the nations
so that there are no longer any false divides -
but a healing seam which Mother Nature will bind further –
and so again - all will begin to thrive.

Process

Nobody wants the things that I do best
but I have to do them anyway, that's the test
of being human, needing to express
what it's like here; trying to digest
the incoming stream of consciousness
and dream it all over again.

Infinite Stream

Branches in the woods, nerve fibres, strands of hair, grasses, weeds,
atoms, planets spinning, electron clouds, gasses, galaxies,
water and ice, sand and rock, bacteria, swarms of bees,
earth, wind, and fire, birds in the air, fish shoals in salty seas.
What destiny is there, but to sense, observe, merge, re-emerge,

empty, yet filled, spreading everywhere, inside, outside, in,
pulsing, fluctuating, breathing as part of one being,
whispering, feeling, reflecting, flowing between hot and cold,
mineral and plant, dark and light, love and fear, new and old.
There is no time here, no limit of space or dimension.
Understanding of gravity and electro-magnetism
still escapes us, as we travel *again* between life and death,
waking and dream, blinking, while layers within layers,
none better, none worse, unravel and knit up before us, hinting
that we're wrong in thinking we've something special to achieve,
when all it's about - is being conscious of the stream.

Words I've been Tweeting

Words to intrigue, inspire, examine, question, praise;
Words to help us appreciate our world, ourselves, our games;
Words to dance our true soul fires gracefully free.

Words to invoke peace & awareness;
Words to create freedom and fairness;
Words to plant sacred seeds, and sing us back into balance.

More Words

The universe breathes infinitely out and in,
repeating cycles, yet expanding.
Electrons, dust, atmospheres, oceans;
worlds, galaxies, DNA, and heads, all spin.
Fractal patterns multiply everywhere -
both tiny and huge numbers unfurling
in lungs, brains, ferns, tree limbs,
and no doubt reaching through space.

The human race needs more stillness
to contemplate its own being.
We are still stardust in the garden,
dreaming our own existence,
both individual, and collectively,

making our inner and outer realities;
finding our way gradually to maturity
whether through positive evolution or not.

The possibilities of consciousness
are limitless and continually renewing.
Let us turn our faces forwards today
in graceful appreciation of the vastness
that reflects its beauty equally
in the miniscule details contained therein.
Let it flow freely within us
to refresh and enlighten every cell.

~

The world is playing –
All the nations singing their hearts out
and I am just another one
happy to join in –
dancing in the stream of consciousness.

Loving Ourselves?

How can we love ourselves
when we know how many mistakes
we have made, ugly things we've done,
even though we know others have done the same?
How can we love rather than despise the human race?
How can we ever know if things would've been
any better if we'd done them a different way?
We never *meant* to hurt anybody,
we tried not to, but sometimes
that only ended up increasing the pain.

All we can do is focus on the positive,
the amazing things in the world,
in nature, and even in people's souls.
There're always two or more sides to everything.
and also so many shades of grey.

So look for the colours instead, the glorious –
let yourself explore, be curious –
create – dance - sing – write – paint.
Often these help release the pain
as well as express and celebrate the joys.

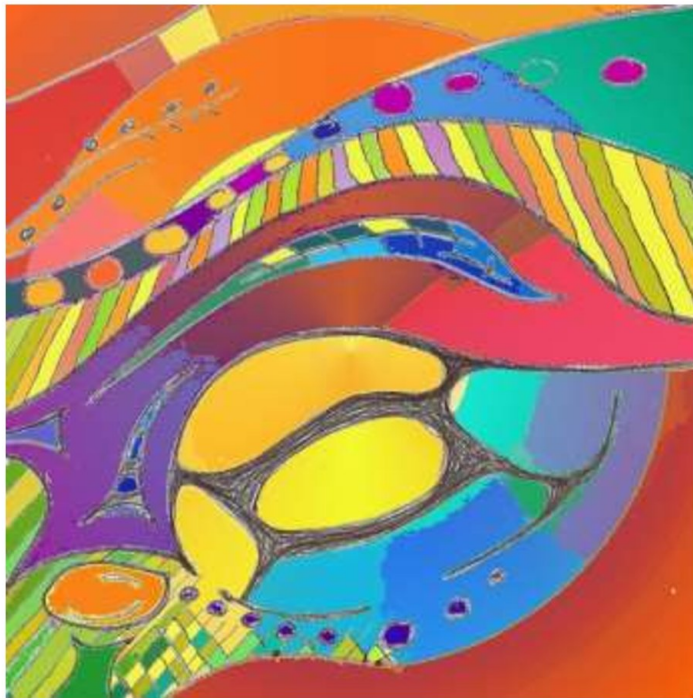
Should we have been born into this world?
Yes, even if only to learn to love despite everything.
Yes, even if only to witness the stream
of consciousness expanding in its infinite variety.
Yes, even if only for a short time to make some sort of difference,
even if only to one other sentient being, a place, or situation.
Yes, even if only to find out that there really aren't
any answers to all these questions.
Yes, even if we realise that we are making it all up -
or none of it would be there at all.

So, we *can* love ourselves
because we can see that we are incredible beings
with bodies and minds to allow us to do amazing things,
and we can relish the varied experiences of using them
as well as the results we can achieve.

So we *can* love ourselves
because we can see that there is no reason
not to play and laugh and have fun,
or fight for what we think is right, or should be done,
even if it's all one massive illusion.

At the end of the day we can at least sit back
and connect with the very essence of being –
the silent overwhelming stream of peace –
and let it flow right through our heads and hearts and veins.

We are just like little bubbles popping out
of the solar wind so that it can watch itself blowing,
and reflect our colours back to the universe.
Whether meaningless or not, you've got to admit
it's an incredible experience, just being here
in all our chaotic patterns, furiously trying to live.



Cellular Light - or alternately - Organic Life Scan
and a hoodie dress with the art (and text) on the back.



peace of sky

and peace of land

I am love, I love air, water, sun, green, hands, butterflies, fish, birds, cats, trees, - you - walking, swimming, dancing, exploring new places, exploring tiny things, exploring thoughts, dreams, bigger than me dreams, like cloud bubbles, like mountains.... dreams i walk into, play with, laugh, roll downhill with, climb back up again sometimes, just lie in the sun sometimes, run with the wind, shouting..... I love being here to see, feel, to experiment, to ask what life is, what the universe is, what nothing is, and if anything matters now, right now, should we take it all so seriously, or should we just be love, always love, and more, melting into everything else like we were before.



Next time

My tears have watered my growth
But still I am not wise.
I have been a fool in my youth
And it shows now in my eyes.

My heart is warm but battered.
I'm withdrawn, yet stay wide open.
I continue as if life mattered,
But really I'm quite broken.

If I come here again I'd rather
Be an animal than a person.
I don't want to make things harder
Than they have to be, that's for certain.

I'd rather run in the undergrowth
In search of things to eat, than have to think!
Or stretch out in the sun all day, blissfully innocent,
Only occasionally getting up to play.

I see the Fabulous Bullshit Instigators have been at it again.

Question what other things are proceeding on beneath the obvious top layer.

We have been undermined – treated as if we are under minds

Your conscious mind has been conditioned to focus on certain things
and let other things slip by – things that are really important to our
organic existence – our wellbeing – our fullness as human beings –
and other things they want to slip underneath – get away with.

What's locked away / from sight today / will come out / when we look /
without fear / for the truth / of what is / really there.

Devils hide in the most obvious places – look where the power and the money is.
They think these things will protect them from the consequences.

The Conditioned Consciousness

Shuts off magical vision and gnosis;
Gives up freedom, truth, real choices;
Loses sight of love, trust, and social coherence;
Loses touch with organic life, gives way to interference;

Risks personal wellbeing, peace of heart, balance of mind;
Is tricked into believing we need power, money, lies,
And people to lead us by the nose into violence and war;
Is hypnotised, drugged, poisoned, misinformed!

Are you afraid of yourself?

Giving / Finding some sort of answer?
Facing up to who you are?

You are a child of the universe
Come to choose how to live here.

Be still and know you are loved –
Feel the arms of the universe
Rocking you to its steady hum.

Shift of Identity – No Masks

Today, the steady soul and the ego pretender
Walk with their arms round each other's shoulders
Through the mirage.

They are learning to work together
Instead of trying to destroy each other -
Have become team-mates in more balanced lives.

Despite the chaos, they can thrive
Because they have stepped out of the struggle,
Now viewing the big picture from the outside

They can use their assets, such as body and mind
To solve the riddles of their soul
And let their hearts gracefully unfold.



Instant Visions

Visions of passing leaves blurring with speed –
Corner of eye movements of birds, squirrels –
A deer's eye glints in the wood so briefly
As we go by, yet stays with me like a star
In my heart, shining bright through the day.
My way is lighter because of these joys
That sing to me instantly, beautifully,
Direct from the centre of creation.

~

Communication between dimensions
is entirely possible, I believe.
I hear you and many others speak when my head whirls
With colours while I focus on healing.
Though messages I pass on make no sense to me,
They certainly do to those receiving them,
And always help them to move towards
A better understanding of themselves and their needs.

~





Ranmoor, Surrey (above) / Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire (below)



Our lives may seem meaningless in the sense that we are simply part of the oneness, expanding possibility, but we make meaning for ourselves by choosing the directions of our expansion.

We are like waves arising from the universal ocean and returning over and over again, similar but never exactly the same.

We may as well learn, have fun, explore, make the most of our chance at life. What more is there? Let go of anything that interferes with this joyous expansion!

Let your heart & soul lead your mind to direct you into true grace and delight.

Never hurt another for it makes tiny holes in your own soul's fabric that are hard to mend. All beings are equally sacred.

Let your joy be seen so that it can spread like a blanket of sky lit by smiles of sun rays or moonbeams & star-shine.

Emotions stemming from possession or control can never touch the pure joy only felt by hearts & souls at one with the universal ocean.

You don't ever really control, you choose in each moment what to do next, how to define yourself – and live with the consequences.

You don't ever really possess, you may borrow for a while, things to distract you or clutter up your life, but you will put them down again if you wish to follow a path without having to carry a heavy & useless load.

Yes, you may have toys to play with, but they can never define you. What is at the heart of your being defines you. What you do in each moment reflects that.

Even if you become lost one moment, you may return in the next. Keep an eye on the path you wish to walk, and don't judge others if they miss a step.

If you walk lightly and look around you, you will not stumble or miss much.

Other beings will walk freely in & out of your life no matter what you may do, so it is best to simply bless them while they are there, and let them go as they will.

Immerse yourself in the deep tranquillity of the universal ocean.

Let love, peace, and wisdom fill you and overflow out and all around.

Consciousness laps the infinitely multi-dimensional shores both within and outside of itself.

Always, everywhere, everything flows

Where are we going?

We've been accepting far too long
So many things that should not have been done.
The old know the stories that have to be told;
They've got to protect and empower the young.

*So, it's time for some changes to come.
Better make sure your body's alright,
Your mind's ready to drop illusion,
And your spirit is full of light.*

What will you do when the old world rifts?
Where will you go when things shift and unfold?
Will you stand on the hill graceful and bold
Or will you ride out the seas as the storms all blow?

What will you do when the hot winds burn,
When the fires of earth turn up high
Rising towards the blazing black sky;
When the days turn inside out and night vibrates?

Will you ride the old donkey right through the garden?
Will you sleep in the hedge with the thistle and hog?
If you've done something wrong will you beg for your pardon
Or will you just go on thinking you're God?

I want you with us when the rains hiss down
Washing the land and the cracking-up towns.
I want you at hand to stand with us now
While we look for the sun between billowing clouds.

Come walk – arm in arm – through the haze,
Let's pull the threads together to weave new ways.
Open up, sweep the cloth up in loops,
Make the tapestry sing with bright hopes.

*It's time for some changes to come.
Better make sure your body's alright,
Your mind's ready to drop illusion,
And your spirit is full of light.*

Why are some things so easy to know
And some so hard to get right?

What's the difference between one question and the next
When the answers are all held in the same light?

All the slices of reality you care to investigate,
Or try to relate to, don't make any sense.
Each one seems as superficial as the next,
But I will go on looking without any rest.

Surely when a true artist strives for bliss
It's got to count for something for someone
Even if it's only yourself and the angels
And to extend creation beyond the abyss.

When beauty and the beast dance hand in hand
There's a cry for heart wrenching music from the band.
Dance back into life and sing for applause
Because each one of us is the star of the cause.

*It's time for some changes to come.
Better make sure your body's alright,
Your mind's ready to drop illusion,
And your spirit is full of light.*

I want to write songs that are raging but tender
Like lovers bodies moving together,
Like flowers of glass that explode and splinter
Sending shards right into the centre.

We love – to bury the unspeakable, unsettling pain.
In love, we ask for love to stop the beast spreading again.
In peace, we ask for peace; in fairness, we ask for fairness;
In rights, we ask for rights; but do they hear us?

Glistening dew drops like tears in the eyes of the plants
Listening to the human density drowning out their chant
And the songs of the universe screaming to be heard
Against the numb march of men tightly fettered.

Where are the free flowing rivers and tinkling streams
In this torrent of soul drenched hopes and dreams?
There are hands and feet, torsos and limbs
Reaching out for life rafts and branches on the rim.

Where is the heart in this headlong war dance?
Have we the strength to stand up in defiance,
To kick out our legs at the enemy within,

To reach out our hands to stop the bleeding?

*It's time for some changes to come.
Better make sure your body's alright,
Your mind's ready to drop illusion,
And your spirit is full of light.*

Your cry has pierced my pretence at coping
But I'm not sinking yet, still somehow floating.
I'm not in denial, I am still hoping
For solutions to creep in – organically growing.

I've got to believe we are not too weak
To find what we seek; there must be
Answers sneaking in, seeping in
Through the moss, the soil, the universal fabric, our skin.

Get your body fluids moving and grooving again,
Get your brain functioning for the good of all.
We've got to be fit and we've got to be awake
To capture the clues and the chance for revival.

*It's time for some changes to come.
Better make sure your body's alright,
Your mind's ready to drop illusion,
And your spirit is full of light.*

I learnt to smile again after my teeth were broken.
I learnt to cry even though my pain was deep inside.
I learnt to open my eyes wide
And listen to the words that were spoken.

I learnt to taste the bittersweet
And live with it - singing
On wings of horse's feet.
Whatever happens, we can survive it.

*It's time for some changes to come.
Better make sure your body's alright,
Your mind's ready to drop illusion,
And your spirit is full of light.*





I sing it in the morning,
I sing it at night.
I sing it in the evening,
And the light grows more bright.

To sing of the future
I have to sing of the now,
And the way that I see it's
Like tramps wearing crowns.

They wake in their glory
And march through the hills,
And the way that I see it –
It carries me still.

And the song of the people
Is the song of the land,
And they way that it's perfect
Is in the palms of their hands.

And their hearts will burst open
As they cry for their souls
And the parts that were frozen
So very long ago,

But their genes are all shifting
Just like the leaves on the tree,
With their colours all changing
As the seasons break free,

So carry me homeward
Via the long way round,
Where I'll listen forever
To the sands making sounds

As the grains all fly seawards
Then sideways slip down
To where the men who were leaders
Will soon become downs.

And the frogs become princes
All playing their tunes
As they dance like young goblins
By the light of the moon.

Now if I end this story
You know it's too soon,
Because the path of our fury
Will always go on.

So I sing songs in the morning
And I'll sing songs at night,
And I'll sing in the evening,
And sometimes I'll write.

The way that I see it
Is that somehow it's right
That we speak of the horrors
And the wisdoms of life.

At the end of a lifetime
I know that my songs
Will keep me on flying
Though the grey goose has gone.

The sun is now blazing
Round the curve of the earth
As I fly backwards
From death to my birth.

And as birds have their feathers,
Like so many angels snuggling,
We all have insulation
From what is happening,

Except for those right in it -
Direct, raw, and bare,
With no choice but to live it.
Your turn next, so don't stare.

Have you felt how close it is,
This kiss of desolation?
Only one step from this
To utter domination.

But my horizons are changing
With every flap of my wings,
And the one thing I'm doing
Is trying to sing.

And the world brings me questions,
And the heavens do too,
And there are so many reasons
For flying on through,

But time is a season
That keeps coming round
So once I am lost
I can always be found.

So we might as well dance,
Like blood running free,
Trying to wash out the past
Trying to come clean

So that when the future catches us,
With all the things we have done,
We'll at least have a cup
To raise up and drink down.

The way that I see it's
Like a laugh, not a frown
As I know that our spirit
Can never be kept down.

What have the children said today?

Is there a hope, is there a way -
To stop the pain, lift up the lame
To take off and fly again.

The way that I see it,
When the clouds are all gone,
There's always some sunshine
After the storm,

And a rainbow is rising
As people's hearts open wide,
Like flowers on the horizon
Blossoming out from the inside.

And the way that I see it's
Like monkeys evolving
While the earth simply turns
And time is dissolving.

What have the grandparents said?
Is it a story, or is it a game,
And if it's a dream then
What is its name?





We were talking
of the things you see
inside your heart.
We were talking
of the things you do
despite the dark.

We will always
try to see the bright side
of our world,
and even if we can't -
we will create it
through our dreams and art.

There's always something
we can dream or make up
to turn the light up,
like a little sun
burning our own path
from the inside out,

so that we can wake up, wake up,
to a world of love.



Song for Angels

We were talking to angels
When they dropped the bombs.
We were praying for peace and love
When they dropped the bombs.

You've got to do what you've got to do
In the face of it all,
There's no use despairing,
You've got to show your truth to the world.

You've got to wake up, stand up, shine,
Shine your golden light around the earth.
(x2)

You've got to release the fear and disgust
You've got to release the need and just love
You've got to release the hold and just trust
You've got to unwind the tangled weeds and plant new seeds

You've got to wake up, stand up, shine,
You've got to shine your golden light around the earth.
You've got to shine!

There is a recording of this, and others, on my Sound Cloud account.



<http://www.backtothegarden.org.uk/>
for subtle activism and information.

Between One Illusion and Another

I love you all – but what's the point –
We can't change anything –
We are who we are –
So let's let go of this old fantasy –

After all – if it's only a game
We play here – nothing matters –
Who we are, what we do –
It's only a choice of character

And role – we can rewrite the script,
Yeah sure – do whatever fits
In each moment we play –
So long as you don't throw yourself away

For you are the fundamental actor
Behind the stories and scenes
You so consistently deliver
To tease your body and mind.

It's fine, we could play for all time
And not cover every imaginable insight,
for the possibilities are infinite,
so you might as well laugh, and try

to enjoy the ride you've got -
until you stop and climb on another one.
You are the one who puts all the pieces in place
So that you can trip out again and again

Until one day you return
To the original script-writing room
To review and learn what you might have missed
Before you come back for more adventures –

So you may as well grab the chance
To get quite a few themes in
While you're here this time anyway,

Gets a heads-up on your creative skills.

You might as well turn
Your hand to as many things
As you can, just to see
What might happen –

Just to feel what it's like
To be in for each particular ride.
Whether you end up laughing or crying.
Remember it's just like a movie.

Don't get sucked in to the terrible pain,
Just move on to your next creation,
And don't fear the many alternative endings,
Just create your own next act, scene, stage.

Who knows, it could even be delicious
If you start to get a handle on this
World of interacting holographic multi-
Sensory things you keep on dreaming up.

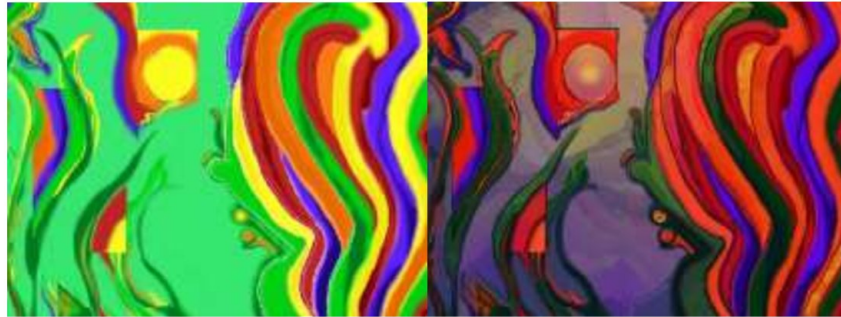
There is power in knowing
That it doesn't matter.
Life is not serious – it's a hoot!
I'm off to make fantasies of a different nature,

A series of illusions within an illusion
In which one thing will always be clear –
Each will seem very real,
But will be shattered and rebuilt into another –

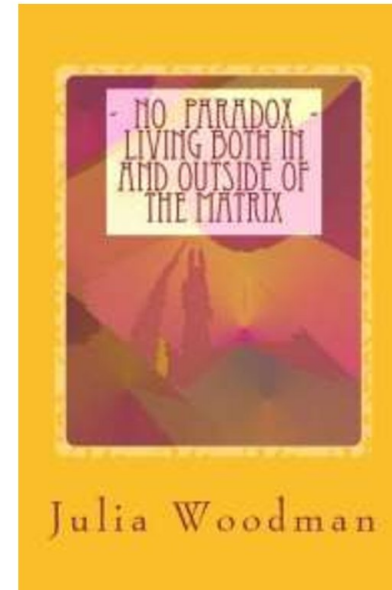
Just to illustrate the point,
And to have fun while doing so,
Of course, otherwise there would be no
point actually at all. Wanna play?



Katgaroo drinking from Rainbow Teardrops



Day & Night



Above is the main book I came here to write – It's available on Amazon.
Below is one of the magazines I founded, edited, and produced.



FUNNY MONEY

I wake up in the morning
And with my cup of tea
I write funny stories
On all my paper money.

When I spend my banknotes
I want to send a message –
Our banking system is a joke,
It's illegal, it's broke.

For far too long now
It's been rammed down our throats
But we won't have it any more
It's time for it to go.

It's trickery, it's thievery,
It's stealing from the people
And all the governments
To feed a few men's greed.

It's built from the impossible,
It's totally illogical,
It's ridiculous, it's reckless,
It's made us almost helpless!

They make it up from next to nothing
And expect us to pay interest and fees
When they lend it, pretending it's good,
So they can make more profit.

They sponsor wars, sell both sides arms.
They hold governments to ransom
So they have to tax us unremittingly
While their businesses grow handsome.

We're the jokers in the masks
Come to take the banks to task
For all the lies and deceit

They have laid upon us in the past.

They think they have imprisoned us
But we can escape their system
By scribbling all over it
And giving it back to them,

By not using our banks,
By stopping loans and cards,
By making rubber stamps
And covering their notes with art.

They think they've got a monopoly,
They think the game is done,
But their money is so funny –
We will show them who has won!

If governments can't control them
Because they've basically taken over,
We will just reject them
And put them out to clover.

They have controlled presidents,
They have deceived us in the past,
But we can't let them go on like this –
We will have the last laugh!



We are almost nothing in the night.
Reduced to warm blobs and the sound of breathing.
There is comfort in that.

SPARK 1

"This is the strangest life I've known"

Jim Morrison – Waiting for the sun.

This is the strangest life I've known.
What have you brought me here for
When I could have stayed at home?

The world with its tattered rags of days
Drags itself round beneath sun's rays
That heat up my body and burn my face.

My brain doesn't know what to do here,
It doesn't make sense, it isn't fair.
Why do you make it so hard for these people to bear?

Bring us some water to quench this sand.
Bring us some rain to heal the land
And grow us some flowers to hold in our hands.

I don't have the power to make it all change,
I don't have the heart to read on the page
How I should bleed to come out in grace.

Why must we have sun and then have such storms?
Why must we have peace and then have such wars?
Why must we have rich when there are so many poor?

I want to walk up the canyon dark and tall,
I want to step into the earth so cool,
Away from this place that is too full.

I need the shadows to dance from the flames,
I need to reverse from all of my names,
Don't try to trick me with your games.

Let me run like the wild horse bucking

Let go of all the bitter muscles cramping,
Surrender to the thunder drumming in my ears

There is no fear, there are no tears,
I want to go, free my soul.
I'm only a ghost, not really here.

CRUSHED

When a dream is a modern
Sublime advance and retreat,
We will dance you know in clover,
With red flowers dashing upon the earth,

Where we are crushed also,
Beneath skies that hide answers
To the strings crying in our hearts,
Almost tearing us apart each hour.

I walk to forget; I walk to sing;
For when the broken past is gone
There is a new remembering
Of what it is we speak of in our art.

My eyes can see the words and the flowers
Floating past just above the crowds.
I can smell their scent mixing
With molecules of earth rising up in sunlight,

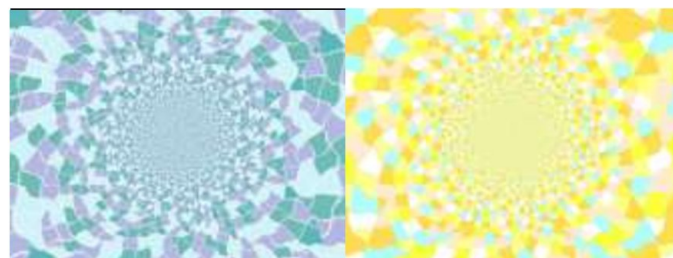
And as the people divide out
I can see the streets disintegrating,
Blending with fields beneath them
And the waters building into waves.



**You are magnificent - a jewel,
reflecting inwardly and outwardly,
the light of the universe.
Observe how you respond to
beauty everywhere - you bear
witness to everything.
Be aware that you, yourself,
are an inextricable part of
the infinite creative intelligence,
and be blessed.**

Julia Woodman
www.radiance-solutions.co.uk

**Trust! When guidance or
other gifts come, celebrate,
give thanks, and take action
to follow it or use them.
Accepting and receiving is
how we show the Divine
within and all around us
to keep the blessings coming.
Resource from your Source -
which is a deep well of magic.**



Chaos into Form art VII



Healing the Tears Art IV

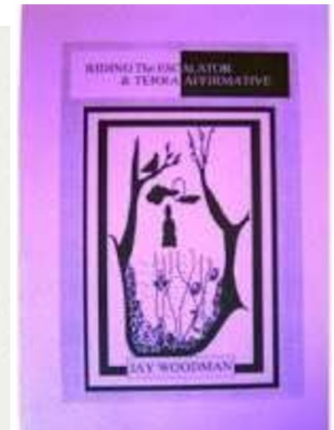
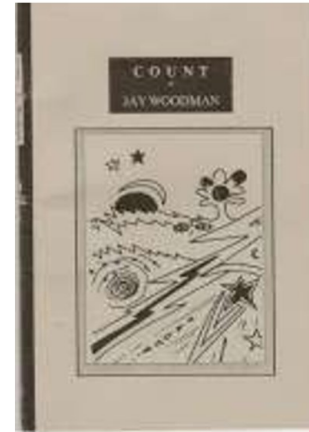


*Four Breath
to use*

"Breathe in deeply -
Breathe out completely.
Continue to do this
as you connect with
the Universal Breath,
the Divine Flow
that sustains us.

Know that you are loved -
Breathe in that love,
and breathe out your own love
to share with the world.
Continue to breathe
love in and out
to sustain your wellness.
Take your consciousness
through your body
and direct your breath
to remove any stress
and boost your energy.
Remain in balance
so that you can give
your unique gifts to the world.
Breathe the love in and out
whenever you need to
find calm and sustenance.
Choose health, peace,
whatever else it is you want,
and breathe it into your being."

Julia Woodman
www.radiance-solutions.co.uk
for Total Wellbeing



Rebirth is possible in so many magical ways

The sound of a gong can crack you open
like an egg's shell giving way to let you out
into a new life - anytime - now, now, now!

all of you is flowing forwards -
a wave of albumin and yolk
from the dawn of time - repeated

over and over again with only slight changes
until one day, everything is different
new, new, new again - you here - right now.

~

When the day that my path
Meets the old ones that come -
Take me home, where the gold
Of the sea and the sun
Rise as one, take me home,
Take me home, now my love.

We have crossed all the hills
We were given, to help find
Out the ways and whys of our lives.
We have come to a place
Where there are no more to climb,
So let us go home now, my love,

Let's be calm, in our hearts
As we take the last steps
Through the arch between worlds,
As one does, from the road
To soft, sweet smelling grass,
Letting go, letting go, oh my love

We can only keep what's deep

In our souls, let all else pass,
But where there's an end, there's also
A start, like the infinite snake
With its mouth up its arse,
Let's laugh as we go, my sweet love.

Let us trust we have learned
Enough that runs deep,
Like the peace we have reached
Through a balance of tears and smiles,
So we won't have to repeat
The exact same miles.

I hope we will be together again,
though in a different place
Where there are new things to see,
And learn, and feel, and hear, and taste.
I'm sure that we will have families
As wonderful as on our last journeys,

And have purpose and meaning
Driving our lives - like sailboats
On that golden sea, where rivers meet,
Bringing enrichments from far and wide
To nurture life from deep inside.
Let us sing, let us sing, oh my love.

~

In any moment you can wake
To a new view of yourself, and the world,
And how things might hang together.
All it takes is a tiny trigger.
Even with no bullet, things can shatter
Then reform, with no glue, into a new mirror.

~



The above was used as part of the backdrop in an American TV show about Autism / Mental Health.



Revolution

BLISSFUL SONG

The time has come
For us to KNOW
How it feels
When the stars
Are in our hands,
And the dreams
Of planets SPIN
In our hearts
And minds.

The heavens come
Flooding in
For us to HOLD
Within our souls
For just one moment,
Which is NOW –
When you and I
Are here alive
And breathing.

The spirit of
The UNIVERSE
Touches us
With Bliss and Grace,
And as we stand
Holding hands,
INFINITY
Reveals to us
Its meaning

~

And the face
Of LOVE appears
In every face
Along the way
Where dark and light

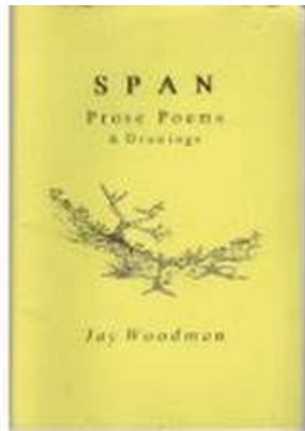
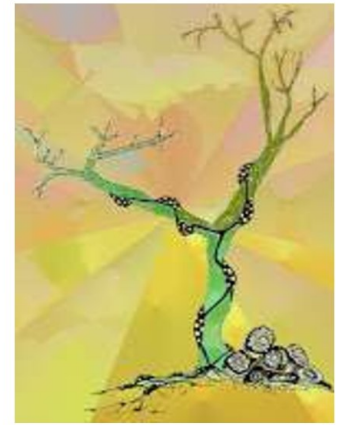
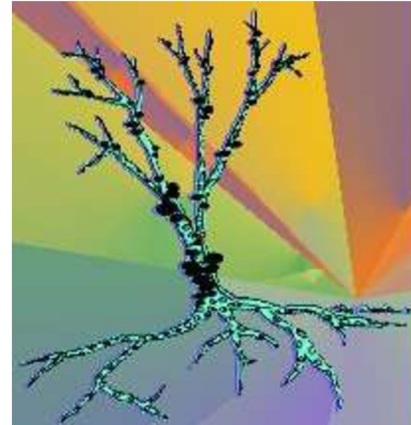
Dance and sway
And the WORLD
Grows brighter
Day by day

Until all the cells
Of life on earth
Begin to MERGE
With the past
And future,
Spreading out
Into SPACE,
Blending consciousness
With matter.

A blur of essence
Is CREATED
Which will
Separate
Into new worlds
Where molecules
Will once more
EVOLVE
Into life forms.

As the source grows
From what is learnt,
So we in turn
Learn to LIVE
In peaceful union,
Becoming more
Like the original
IDEA
Of perfection.

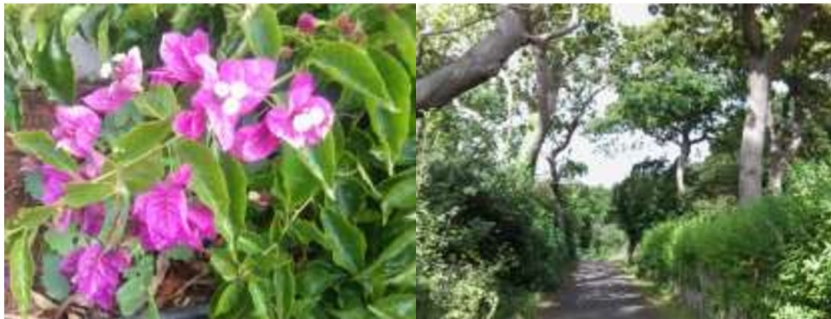
Repeat first 3 verses



I'm a reflection, I'm a moon,
I'm a purple feathered horse
Or a dragon, or a group of creatures
Flying with parts of their planet

To new lands or skies
Somewhere over the rainbow way too high
Yet making it, against all the odds -
As life itself evolves, every time.

We can heal, or invent -
However you may look at it,
There is always a way forward,
A way to rise above ourselves.



Always trying to make the same old stuff
Somehow new,
We seem stuck on a roller coaster,

Constantly heading both up and down
Like waves creating new forms
On behalf of ancient masters,

But what if you could see around the bend?
What if you were master of yourself?
What would you choose to make then?

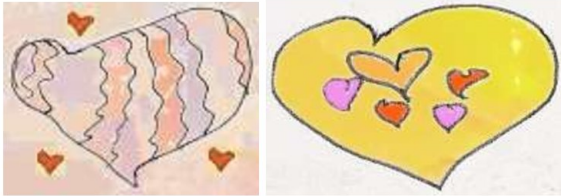


Flight of Evolution





Using positive tools
like meditation & affirmations
can re-train our minds
& bodies to relax & listen
to the whisper of our souls
and seek our unique answers.



Purple Feathered Horses
Art for one of my husband's bands.



**My husband, Chris, wrote this one
in response to my purple feathered horses art.**

My love and I, in my
Mind's eye,
Riding into the bluest sky
On purple feathered horses.
Wild and free, gallop behind,
More of their kind,
Feathers upturned
By the wind and speed.
Our hearts beat to the rhythm
Of the pounding of their hooves.
Tundra passing, leaping
Chasms and brooks,
Stretching out to distant tides
Pulling us into the horizon,
Then breathing back
To the beat of the pulsing moon.

To the sea and beyond,
On the shore, without stopping,
Lifted wings take the beat.
Wave tops slip by
Many fathoms below
As I realise I'm dreaming
A dream within a dream.
Without waking, the miles
Pile up to make land
And volcanoes, black rocks
And sand against crystal
Blue edges, white
Stark and pure
Against blackest night.

Without landing we turn
South, down the mouth
Of a delta so large,

Where so much floods out
From the mountains away
To the East, and from the forests
Under the clouds, mixed
With the tears of alligators,
Where the leopards go down fishing.

All burning choked distortion
Roadway and construction
Clearings and grasslands
Mono-cultured patchwork
And pipelines cutting through everything
Like cancerous moles
On a loved one's face.

The purple feathered horse
I'm riding turns to speak
To me "I'm showing you
Something here that isn't meant to be.
You cannot sell the soul of the
World. It's not up for sale, it's free."
A mellifluous baritone with
A musical timbre from way deep down.
He described a remedy to me
Where, essentially, we set things free,
Give a reprieve, some time to
Re-seed and recover
According to nature.

In the tube train and thinking
About what he said, with
My cheek pressed into the
Cold metal post that I'm holding.
Who the hell do you call
To give the advice of
Purple feathered horses?



FLOW

Life streams
 out of everything
 Into everything,
 Free to come and go,
 Never ending,
 Simply moving on,
 Breathing everywhere.

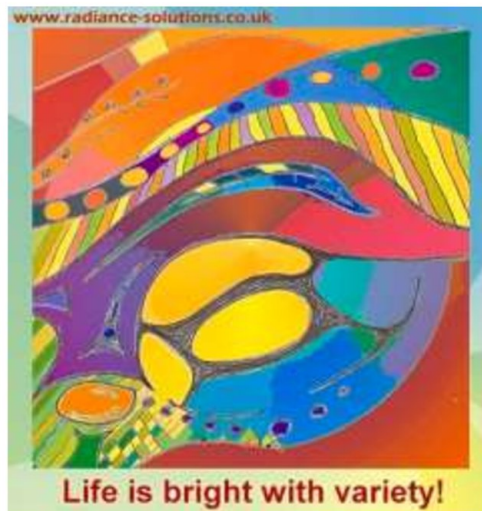
Bags of life
 Of all types, bursting,
 Streaming, filled,
 Easing or spicing time.

Litheness of snakes,
 Playfulness of cats,
 Freedom of birds in flight,
 Emerging shadow sides,
 All kinds of totems, myths.

I am safe
 No matter what
 Animal comes out
 From sky or bush -
 I dance with it
 In love
 For life is various,
 Needing all.

Finding, observing, reframing
 Flowing words, recording thoughts –
 Everything really,
 Even the stupid and the fake
 Because they are funny,
 Not just sad.

Always the glad,



The flippant, the mad,
The gregarious, the gracious,
The silent lights flickering.

Watching
Is life witnessing life,
Remembering
How energy divides,
Fascinated
By all its different dreams,
Experiments of being.

Truth is what is
For you, each second
Slipping in and out
Like breath, like dreams,
Like patiently being.

Sacred moments from past lives
Become fluid in this,
Passing through to the next,
As we walk down the street
Talking about conspiracies
We have known, forgotten, remembered,
Just like ourselves
Walking down the street
Yesterday, beyond –
Here tentatively existing
As energy arising into this form
From other forms, and into more,
Not mattering, except to continue,
Somewhere expressing itself,
Becoming what it is
You think,
Every day moving with change
So that what you think
Can twist.

We know and don't know
All at the same time.
We live in two worlds
Existing in the dream of others
As well as in our own,
Doing things we don't want to do
As well as those we do,
Trying to see objectively
While being submerged;
But we can swim
With our heads above water,
Kicking and flailing maybe,
But moving forwards

Like flowers in love

We need the sun and water
And air and earth
So that we can be whole.

Our earth sustains us,
Being part of us,
Joined like lovers
Subconsciously
As we feel each other
Existing within ourselves,
Dreaming that being is solid
Instead of like passing kisses of angels
Before they plummet into flames,
Burning yet rising again
To writhe like snakes up into the air
So that they can re-emerge
In some other world,
Flying free for observers not like ourselves
But who dream of us breathing,
Feeling us in sleep,
As we feel them, lurking in forests,

Strange insects
Dancing secretly nearer
Behind us, underneath us,
While all around us life is flourishing,
Experience becoming
New imagined places for living.

Under the skin
The sameness and differences
Merge as workings of biology.

Inside the earth
And outside the planet's orbit
Energy teems.

We feel it burning coldly,
Softly intriguing
Thrumming like melodious pianos
Slowly shifting keys
While life transforms itself.

The previously existing life
And the new forms witness each other,
Becoming endlessly more and more.
Fractal patterns shooting off
In all directions at once,
Intricate spirals weaving,
Atomic mirroring,
Clouds swelling, billowing.

Life is excessive
As it knows no other way
But to spread and add to and change
Its own essence.

Each choosing
Agrees with itself,
Cannot help but agree with the whole.

One-ness consists of diversity
Adding up, it cannot be anything less;
So choose as much as you want
And feel the glee of it
Agreeing with all other agreements
To be one!

Where do your ideas
Of yourself come from
But from the million choices
Being spread around the universe
From our and other worlds.

You are being
The seed of new born old
To become part of the mulch
Nourishing all species.

Swamp of ideas
Mixing remnants of existence
Like witch brews
To make something new.
To give back to the warm heart.

Liquid wisdom again
Breeding more of itself
But losing part of the story
Only to find it looking out at us
From the face of mars or the moon
One night cold and alone,
Not knowing that separation is the biggest lie,
As we don't see each other
Looking into the same mirror at different times,
Until we compare notes
Or re-connect with the collective dreaming
Spreading always out.

Talking is the sound

Of the one mother within us
Trying to become loud
In its asking for forgiveness,
And recognition,
And sweet milk too.

Singing is the burnt angel
Recycling its life through all of us,
Calling to other universes
To join in with our love.

Seething space
Full of all the girls dancing,
Rhythms of circling,
Flowing colours
Out there in the dark
To attract men.

We seek
Answers, anything,
When really our language
And understanding
Is never enough
To cope with the fullness

Unless you understand
That emptiness becomes fullness
All by itself
If you switch your brain off.

We wake up,
And everything is different,
Even though we pretend it's the same,
But our eyes reflect
The newness of this day
That can never be as before
The way we accelerate
From our beds out into the universe.

We are welcomed
No matter how naughty we have been.
Destruction happens
But life goes on
Because energy cannot die,
So you and I
Can go on loving forever.

If we are conscious enough
To recognise ourselves and each other
In everything around us,
Then we have won the long dream
(Longer than any power planned histories
Or blatant economic tricks).

Consciousness itself has
Become unlimited
Simply because we know that we are.

Harmony across the abyss
Is always possible if we live like this,
Recognising the closeness of distance,
Holding us, yet not holding,

Enfolding us
In its warm wide embrace.
The universe whispers to us,
Infinitely wise,
Always giving us what we need
Simply because we accept.

What you and I need
Is nothing more than trust.
We know what lies between
Us and the sea.
We know how gladness
Is like a tide coming in,

And how the little creatures weave
Their bubbles in the sand.

Flowers fall on the earth
As we pass with heads bowed,
Going towards our centre.

At long last
We are devoured,
Our egos step aside,
Surrendering to the path.

Our feet take us to the edge
Where wind whips in our hair,
Blowing away remaining dregs
So that we can see clearly.

The beacon
That is me to you
And you to me
Flies in our foreheads
Hot and excited
Yet beautifully cool.

Put your lips
On the rim of your own deceit
But don't drink the poison,
Just spit it somewhere harmless,
So it can help make new planets
Out there in the darkness.

Even the black
Gives rise to light eventually,
When the stuff in there burns itself out
Through intense pressure.
The flare is again a beacon
To spark more life to begin.

What stays behind Is the deep cells inside
Which divide as always once more
To reform life, attracting
In many different forms,
Artistically portraying itself
Across the canvas of earth and sky,
Inside water, air, and even fire,
Knowing more ways to fulfil its desire
Than any of us can imagine.

I am ruthless in my own kingdom,
Where even crocodiles wear smiles,
Where even the enemy praises talent,
Where mocking crowds disperse
With downcast eyes when needed,
Where all ideas can be conceived
To play games with myself and my poems,
To trick my mind with my steady heart,
To keep awake through any drought.

We seeded the need for opposites
To define each other,
To experience emotions,
Reactions; to learn,
To rise above these,
To enable us to recognise anything
As temporarily separate,
As aspects of ourselves reflecting
The variousness around us.

How else could we BE
Without a space to exist in,
A manufactured bubble,
An illusion, allowing us to create
Our own dreams within the dream?

We have to slide in and out
Of all realities simultaneously,

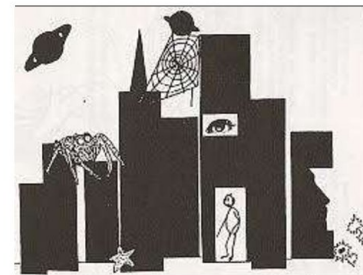
And off into the otherness
Whenever we need to just be
Ourselves, or replenished,
Like children needing food.

What is the mood but every mood
Upon us in this life of theatre
Where the depths increase within,
Where soft centres have tough exteriors?

We make and remake our own beds
And let the river flow over.



- Cobweb City / Terra Affirmative Meditation -





Songs of Souls

Songs of Souls Sing
Whenever you listen,
In water, in trees,
And on the wind.

They sing and weave
Between the fabric of reality and dream.
They tug at your hearts
To hear the sound of the universe
Singing with all things
As one being,
A woven web vibrating
With infinite precision.

The voices created life
Within the continual current flowing,
And create more as these ones return.
There is an endless supply
If the earth wants it.
Otherwise it will start somewhere else
All over again, without complaint,
Simply creating.

You can sing with them too.
You can tune in every part of your being
And find out what it's like
To really be part of the chorus of life.



Greece





STRETCH

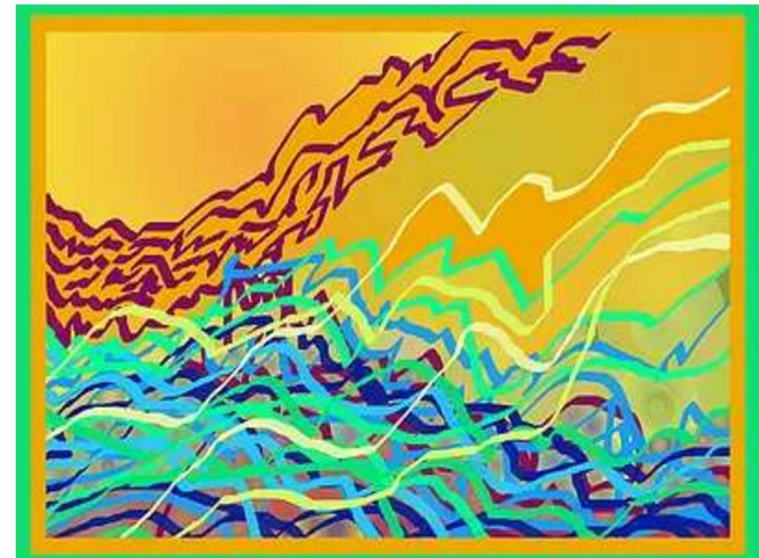
*Every day - discover the life inside you -
in the mornings, pray, or dance and sing -
look at the flowers and green things growing -
see how your energy rises like theirs
with the sun shining into your eyes.
Let your heart fill with exuberance -
realise that your life is meaningful -
part of the glistening dew touched web
that links up all places and beings
where we skip through clouds of petals and stars -
teaching each other how to love better
even in moments where we ourselves feel lost.
Thus we rediscover our souls daily
and laugh again at the gentle mystery
that yet can spin us in wild ecstasy
until we reach the centre of balance.
Then we may step forth into the world
to share our news, and plant seeds of delight
into the palms of those walking past us
in the same or other directions.
And when we return in the evenings
we can be tranquil in gratitude
for the chance to meet so much more life
and learn an abundance of new things
without totally losing our grip.
We can reflect on and appreciate
the infinite variety of lessons
rising and falling along any path
we might choose to explore in our time
spent in this fascinating dreamworld.*

Coastal Frequencies

Coastal cliffs rise to meet us,
sending their deeply peaceful
messages across time
to places we don't even
know exist, in the near
yet far other dimensions.

The waves too, rise and sing
of blissful beginnings
and circulating journeys -
always carrying evolving
life. They beckon us in
to join their exultant romp.

They do not warn of any
dangers, or blame for future
changes; they simply sparkle
with pure colours, transmitting
innocent frequencies
of dancing, glistening joy.





Bodies in Natural Flow



Lines for Stories or Titles for Poems

(My husband has a hoodie covered with this design of mine, like a magic cloak.)

STREAM

Humanity is a dream of itself!
We see the dream according to
What channel we switch on –

Despair, destruction, fear, chaos,
In the news and papers and city streets,

Or joy of nature, creation, art,
Living in bliss & thankfulness.

Here, here, here
We are now urgently
Feeling, needing, making ourselves,
Becoming true beings,
Experiencing, awakening -

Dancing to the sounds of trees,
And stones, and slow minutes
Ticking in our hearts and bones -

Dancing to sun rays of hope,
Ice rays of clarity, skies
Full of dream shaped clouds.

You and I run through the days
With the woods and oceans
And animals and owls all calling
Out to us to become like them,
To breathe the rhythms of earth
Back into our blood, to survive
Like wolves howling and feasting -
Thus to become more of ourselves,
And live in less confusion.

We are alive in all our layers
Of self and selflessness -

Individuals becoming one.

We are spinning in the cosmos -
Tiny yet great as our God,
Filled with all the particles
Of knowledge in existence,

Filled with all the moments
Of past and future joined -
In this eternal moment -
Lifted on a rainbow singing,
Chests filled with love
And wisdom of complete innocence.

We are angels just like the rest
Of our brothers and sisters,
We are artists streaming
Our colours into the world
Where birds and flowers and butterflies
Are our companions.

We are everlasting, perfect,
Transmuting, being
The sons and daughters
Of our Father, and Mother,
Both loving, and beloved.

If we succumb to denial, we negate;
But if we bless, and create,
Then we grow into giants,
Timeless and accomplished,
Spreading our hearts all over the place,
Forgiven automatically.

I am obsessed with joy of life,
What it means to feel and be here,
I am possessed with a need to celebrate

The wonders I observe,
To pass on the holy whisperings I hear,
To be one of many returning
With hearts full of blessings and tears.

I am the dream and the dreamer dreaming.
I am an enchantment myself enchanted.
I am the real root of the one, the whole,
And the whole pours through to the one
That is the root of each, of all.

I am the peace of the mountain, the desert,
I am the peace of the soul within souls.
I am the peace of the prayer within
That is everywhere mirrored and repeated.

I am tiny, carried in the universal stream,
Yet I am filled with all of creation,
Immense and still.

~

Thou shalt wear trousers, but they shall fall half down
to teach humility over arrogance.

~

Being Here

Heart knows
My spirit is ancient
And part of the whole.

Dwelling here is confusing and lonely
If part of us forgets this
And goes searching as if something is lost.

Our systems are temporary
And make no sense
Because they are only experiments

To test us - with castles of straw
And opposites pulling us apart.

In reality there are no opposites –
Everything is interlinked,
And the dream of our world
Is not at all what it seems.
Earth is a living thing
Changing its ways, and ours,
To a more conscious vision
Where materialism and ego fall away.

I am leaf green where beams shine
To create my future
Of joining and love
Not trying to win anything,
Just being.

I am still through turmoil
Because my heart remembers
I am ancient and indestructible,
I belong with my beautiful planet,
Though I also know more distant homes everywhere
For there is no start or finish
And there is no place apart from the rest.

I am encircled by light
My cells sing in tune with the universe
When there is no division
And time does not run out.

Blue water and yellow sun combine
With green planet eye
And life becomes complete.

~



Today I feel like a little bulb
coming up from the soil,
not in a terribly willing way,
more in a surprised way;
surprised to be coming into the light.

The soil is drying out
and the air holds a promise
being stirred around gently by the wind.
The sun is here like a mother
raising her saplings to strength.

SEED

When the seed inside you swells,
as you wake to a new winter day
with white petticoats of mist
dangling from the skies;
you feel the warmth,
the life
that seeds give us
when they swell inside;
and you hit the road
with a fantastic smile.

~

Don't let anyone put you in a box!
We can be different things at different times
or even all at once –
like the universe we come from.
Have some fun with life,
explore potentials and thrive.

~

POWER

We often think that too much power is not great (power corrupts), but that is only because we have seen bad examples of what certain people have done. We misunderstand POWER. We might even fear that too much bigness would get us shot down / rejected by others. But POWER TO HELP OTHERS and generally DO GOOD is good power – it is not destructive – like the power to oppress or hurt people (such as in war / politics / uncaring business).

Power itself is not an issue – it is how we handle it that matters. If you come from your heart, then you are being strong and steady, yet HUMBLE. If you want to regenerate soil and plant more food etc, then you are working sensibly from the ground up, building a good base to enable more people to thrive. Then you can look at what a good base for economics might look like, rather than what we have now. You can take environmental concerns into account to ensure that they are properly factored in to any developments, business or otherwise. You could figure out how to rejuvenate rough city areas, maybe start projects that involve everyone local, and give people a sense of hope and self-worth, as well as the logical sides of things.

There would be no need to do it all yourself, you would obviously take advice from specialists, but you would ensure they came from the right place as well, not being egocentric or greedy, wanting to do things for the right reasons, so that you can trust them. You don't have to take all the decisions either, you can trust your people to know what they want, ask them to let you know, ask them for ideas to solve problems too.

So a good leader manages and shares power, allows people to rise to the occasions that are presented to them.



We can all be instruments of grace.

You can say it to yourself "I am an instrument of grace" to empower you.

Make it your intention to play your role on earth well,
whether it be as a fighter or a learner, or as an observer and recorder,
or as a useful worker, or as an inventor or creator,
or as a family and home maker, It makes no difference.

Various Questions

What lies at the core of your being?

What do you identify with?

What means most to you?

What would you like to be remembered for?

How would you describe your true self?

Are you BEING that true self?

If not then why not?

When and how will you make a start to get closer to this?

What do you love doing and what are your skills?

Write some other statements about yourself – such as these.....

I stand for freedom and truth. I stand for fairness and objectivity – trying to see all sides of the picture to understand rather than jumping to judgements from a limited (subjective) perspective. I stand for real communication & choices for all.

Why not copy & paste the questions into your own document then fill in answers?

Our time is now.

Stand behind who you believe you are.

Be in your heart.

Stand behind your words,

Do what you say you'll do.

Do what you're good at.

Be truly you.



Working on a ship in Curacao, Caribbean, and S America



Meltwater

from the book "Blue Bridge"

Up here. A face
Loses its lines

I look to see the colour of your eyes ...
They have turned to water.

I lean forward to catch
The scent of your hair –
All I smell is heather.

I touch your hand
And all I feel is earth and stones.
There is nothing left

Breath

from the book "Blue Bridge"

Whispering to myself
With every step I take,
Trying out names, for I know
There is something yet to be called

I know it, something up ahead
Just around the bend
Or over the rise –
A bird taking to the sky
From the edge of a jagged cliff –
A bird floating outwards
In silence A silence
Waiting for a footstep
To crunch on stones,
For a voice to fling upward
Through sharp sunlight
With a name..... calling
Before the bird could call
Before the bird called.

Now I'm sitting here playing
With a purple flower
Slender stem, no leaves
Purple fizz –
And it's quiet again.

I am still
I am nothing
And the hill
Is a long, long slope
Down, down, down to the sea far below.

I could roll, I could run, I could scream,
But I am nothing.

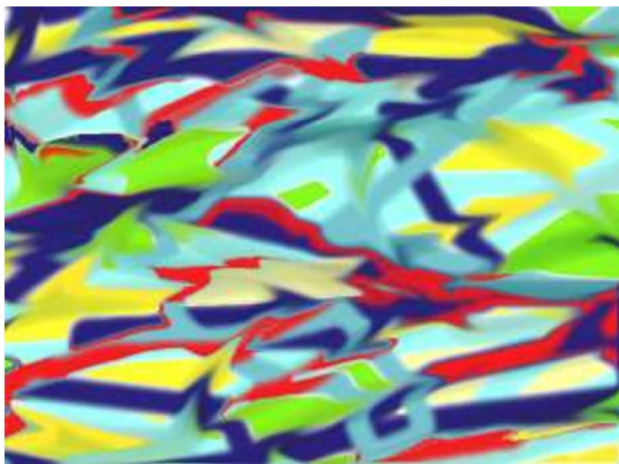
A cool wind blows
And the light is naked and nameless
And the rocks are faces of angels
And the bird in the sky wheels
And cries to forget the earth
And its ancient bones –
Oh, sensual pain –
Wings.... Wings.... Wings,
Singing wings.

If only I could begin
To describe the emptiness
Which fills me to the brim
With new breath

I might almost lose my name
And take instead a feather for my soul.



Chaos into Form Art VI



Gateways to Places of Positive Change



I met a man in the woods -
He gave me a feather to paint my heart.
I danced in circles with the colours
Blending my soul with the earth and water
Swirling beneath the moon and stars.

I am human beyond time
In multiple dimensions - open -
Travelling in joy and love.
Beauty is everywhere - given -
In light to share and return.

I am here to help heal animals, people,
Plants, and rainbow planet;
To renew soil, cleanse waters,
Dream solutions, design beginnings;
And to create artistic & poetic visions of peace.



Falling backwards
As if punched in the chest
As I walked into the room.

Falling backwards
Into a sky of unknown dread,
Sensations pumping up and down my spine
Like an elevator in panic,
Prickles raising everywhere in my head.

Awakening to the realisation
That my future has just changed,
That a job I was happy with
Has suddenly become a threat to my health.
New equipment being installed
Is raising EMR levels above what I can endure,
And will affect others too.

I am trying to find ways to make it okay.
I am already aware of research
into multiple effects on the body and brain,
And although it seems terrifying and overwhelming,
I do have some tools I can put to good use,
Apart from the wrist guards I already wear,
Which ameliorate the signals very slightly.

Essential oils are potent antioxidants
That can reduce the damage a little,
So I have been going to work smothered in these
And taking extra Vitamin C and other supplements,
But I still feel my head prickling,
My mind & body becoming exhausted and confused,
So have been taking a new look
At my old friend - energy medicine.

Am I not master of my own body and mind?
Can I not command them to protect me,
Build up defences in my aura

to block or change the frequencies?
Trying this on my day off has made me feel better,
Given my system a boost.
We will see what happens when I am back there,
and continue to study and build up my options.



(They later removed most of that equipment, thankfully, but the health protocols I've been using have helped a lot with fighting viruses. My Doctor has also assured me that I could get a letter to exempt me from having to work with such equipment if needed.)



Little Moons

Somewhere out of the brutal furnace
Comes the light of the flame rousing us
Back to heartfelt humanity just before
The moment we would have plunged into the coals.

Somewhere out of pain and anger comes
An impossible hope that things could change
And that we might be a small part of it –
Our voices and efforts little moons in the night time.

~

Each moment falls away -
I shed it like a skin
and smile and start again.

I live ten thousand years
and die each day –
Flying with the grace of change.

I touch each blissful instant
with the kiss of intuition -
Love frees itself and I.

(from the book "Sacred Selves")



Unborn

from the book "Terra Affirmative"

Under the surface
her body is curled,
seed of the one race,
shell of the world.

She is the waterfall.
She is the womb.
She is the bubble.
She is the tomb.

Her hair floats upward,
blood red of the birth.
Her arms are folded
deep into the earth.

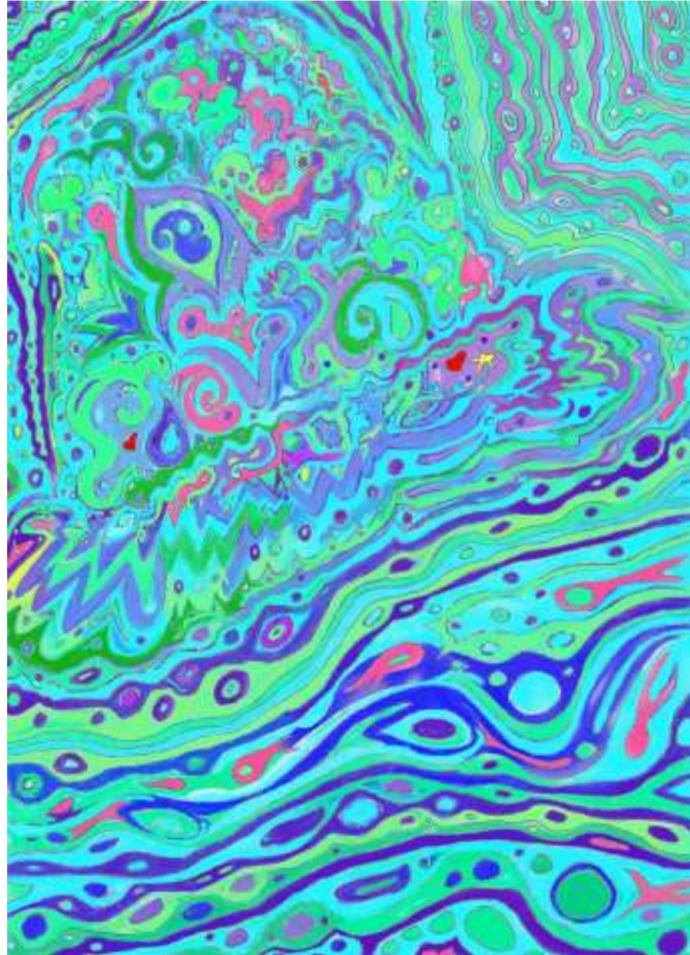
She is the fern.
She is the bark.
She is the lantern.
She is the dark.

Her eyes burn the flame
of the old and the young.
Her breath is the name
of each branch of each lung.

She is the ingredient.
She is the blend.
She is the beginning.
She is the end.



Young in Texas then older.



Wild Island



Moonfish / Sqube



Come and see inside my mind –
There are strange things of many kinds,
Twists and turns and alleys blind,
And some that stretch past all the sides.

There are lumps and bumps and smooth bits too –
In and out of both me and you.
There are scary things, worse than on the news
But also lovely things, both pure and true.

If you take a look inside your head
Just before you go to bed -
You might see endless paths of knotted thread,
Weirder than any book you've ever read.

~

She went spangling through the meadows
Like the serendipitous toad she was.
She thought it was far better than
Going out via the road.

She didn't want the fat tyre death
Both her mother and father had met,
She thought she'd rather risk instead
The softly glistening meadow's psychedelic effect.

Sure enough, before too long
She forgot where she was going,
And broke right out into senseless song
With vocals overflowing.

She wandered around for many an hour
Mostly in circles & sometimes in showers,
But always the sun dried her again
Like on old friend visiting between rains,

But at the same time she somehow knew

That too much sun could be the death of you.
It could shrivel you up something terrible
In a way that was truly irreversible!

In her vague ramblings she could see
Through a gap in the haze and shimmering trees
To a sort of sense beyond life's mysteries
With a sneaky balance between chaos and peace.

Distracted into careless ease,
She lay in long grass sumptuous and sweet,
And with dandelion clocks ticking slowly
She drifted off to sleep

But as life so often throws curve-balls,
Along came a big black bird
With shiny claws and pointed beak
Who swallowed her without a word

Then flew away like a shadow
Along the rim of the world,
To another place where another girl
Was dancing in a rhythmic whirl,

Striving hard to blot out dreams
Of birds following human beings,
With some birds black and some birds white,
Trying to convince herself she was quite alright.

~

My sway is so wrong
I could mountain a fall.
My laugh is so what
It's not matter at all
If I chuck it so up
It's not come down no more.
At least it won't land

On the backwards before,
And not jump in the way
Of the crumbling wall
Of the heart of the main
Opposing guffaw
With its mouth so awry
It could burst out of law.

If some things arise
That don't seem very sure,
It's not often wise
To lie flat on the floor,
So I'll somersault sides
In the thick of galore,
Then stand up to face
The south of the north,
And sing back to front
So the wild vines of wrath
Tide over their eyes
With blinding pink cloth'
Who knows, the surprise
Might shuffle them off.



Some strange sunset goings on at Brighton seafront.

Food & Community Haiku
written for displaying on a local hall wall

The belly ripens
When there's corn on the table
And all the ears laugh

Food, water, and love
Brings community of man
Wherein life blossoms

Buddha smiles
When there's a sheaf of grain
Blowing in the wind

Fresh plants beckon joy
Colour, texture, fragrance, taste,
Sing to body mind

Growing food in soil
Nurturing our green Earth's soul
Touches hands and heart

Gifts of food coming
From our planet's table-cloth –
Warm, vibrant, wholesome

Feeding each other,
Caring for each other's souls:
Vitality of earth and man

Herbs stimulate hope;
Curiosity blossoms,
Thankfulness settles

Grateful for our food –
We are blessing ourselves
With nature's bounty

Blessings for the earth
And sun and rain that gives us
Fruits of gardens vast

Blessing for the folks
Who work the gardens
Bringing us lifeblood

When we share our gifts
Your table is my table;
I bow to you all

Great bounty opens
To animal and plant souls;
All humanity

It is human
To love, to share, to feed,
Nurture all beings

Human goodness loves,
Shares, nurtures, protects, feeds,
rejects fear and greed

We pray for peace
At all places we would eat
Spreading it widely

This cloth that covers
Is a dignity of meals
Shared in full goodness

All places we eat –
Rough, natural, civilized –
Have common blessings

Herb greens and colours
Of food and spices sing
To our DNA

My mouth waters
For tastes from far countries
Sharing health with us

Simple food ladled
From a black pot on the hearth:
Vital warmth to blood

Streams flow from earth's mouths
Pour from mountains down valleys
To find us thirsty

Always enough
To share like loaves and fishes
When we are mindful

We calm as we eat,
Treasuring each mouthful
To aid nutrition

Grasses swaying now
In summer wind bring times
Of past and future

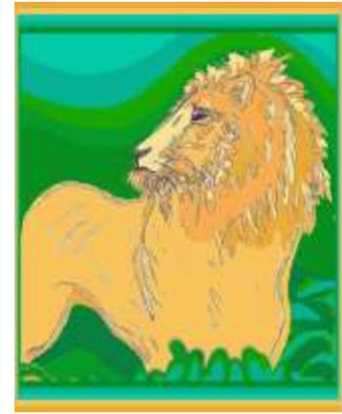
Our eyes tell stories
Of pain, of joy, of loves,
While our mouths are full

Waste not, want not,
Gather and share widely –
And you will be blessed

~



Colours from different Countries



Song written for a friend to play & sing

You're my butterfly heart's delight
Flying in the deep of night.
I want you - to alight -
So I can hold you - in my sight -
For just a moment -
So I can paint you - with my eyes -
On the canvas - of my mind -
To last a lifetime.

Then you can dance with the stars in the darkness
Free from the touch of my hand
For who would – wish to stop you -
So beautiful – so magical –
So ethereal, and unique?
I will love you – between heartbeats -
in my waking – in my dreams -
I always see your delicate wings.



Performing around UK & in Texas

A Time Before

from the book "Spirit Songs"

I remember
Seeing all ways at once,
knowing all things,
smelling the scent of heavenly places.

I remember
having no limitations,
not believing one thing or another
but being it all.

I remember
being one
of the one
that is the one everywhere.

I remember
the sound of streams and rivers,
the voices of water,
the voice of the woods and the air.

I remember
voices always being there,
and animals and birds
with their soothing faces.

I remember
seeing the golden flame
of the butterfly's lightness
shimmer and disappear and reappear.

I remember
the song of angels
in the mountains
and in my hair.

I remember
the animals whisper

in the throat of the moonlit night
and the whales in the depths slowly dancing.

I remember
touching the face of the planet
and feeling the breathing
soft in the heart of my soul.

I remember
the leaf tickling.
feet giggling.
journeys through fields of old

I remember
young sweet dripping dewdrops
and pink pearly stones
and shells on the shore.

I remember
once when there was a candle
on the hilltop calling,
going in my bare feet and night dress to listen.

I remember
the age of the rock face,
the darkness of caverns,
the pure coldness and slowness of time there.

I remember
somehow from someplace now,
the fine taste of stardust in my mouth,
the all-encompassing light of love.

I remember
knowing you before,
separate, yet together,
as we are once more.

I remember
how the flow of friendship

was, and is, like the waves of the ocean
swinging halfway across the world.

I remember
the hum of long grass and insects,
and the feminine belly curve
of foothills folding into mountains.

I remember
butter yellow sunshine,
and sudden clouds looming
before the excitement of the storm.

I remember
the rain like cold needles,
and the truth like a seed
cradled in the earth of my heart.

I remember
the bud, and the flower unfurling,
over and over again,
always more beautiful than before.

I remember
the kitten's simple soft wetness
when it came in its newness
into this world.



Waves at Hawkwood

from the book "In Touch with Water"
(the three lines in italics can also be a haiku)

This grass is like the sea;
I ride over it with big strides
uphill away from the spray of civilisation.
Deep breaths of green
rinse over my head and chest.

At the forest edge the water level rises;
trunks are awash with ivy.
*The green sound of crows
flaps up from the valley
like wet raincoats.*

Stalks bob buoyant heads
in the wind, and I take
the seed of their image
back with me towards the buildings
where roses cling to life-raft walls.

I walk in the translucent water
of silence.
The wooded hill behind the house
is a tall green wave
towering over the place.



GENTLE RELEASE

I am a dancer twirling
Among ribbon colours falling
Gently through my aura
Settling to the ground like leaves.

Sunlight spirals lazily in
Through windows of space and time
As I swing gracefully round
In a haze of peace.

My steps are light as satin
And the smile upon my lips
Spreads and ripples like my spine
And limbs, stretching free -

Expressing who I am –
Innocent with song
Drifting like a swan
In a world of silk.

Feelings surface slowly
From the deep pool of my being
And I reach down to lay them out
Upon the milk white sea.

Go Spread the Light (song written on world angel day)

I asked Mother Gaia
what I should do
and she said simply

Go spread the light around the world.
(repeat)
Go spread the light. (repeat 3 x)
(now repeat each line once)

Sing the world into existence.
Sing the child within the womb.
Sing the joy that glows around you
as you walk beneath the moon.

Go spread the light around the world.
Go spread the light.
(repeat chorus as before)

Sing of love for all around you.
Sing of love for we are ONE.
Sing the song of creation
from the heart of the sun.

Go spread the light around the world.
Go spread the light
(repeat chorus)

Sing the time that we are in now.
Sing of times near and far.
Know the truth that it is all one
on our journey to the stars.

Go spread the light around the world.
Go spread the light.
(repeat chorus)

Sing the grace that glows around you
as you do what you must do.
Sing the peace that comes to settle
as you agree to see it through.

Go spread the light around the world.
Go spread the light
(repeat chorus)
(now add more, then fade out)

Faisal - my wonderful childhood companion (Thanks Mom!)
from soon after we went to South Africa up to when we moved to Cape Town



SKINS

There is no life left believing
When we've been left dreaming
Far too long

But there is a time of new awakening
After days of gloom and frustration
To where we now belong

See us like lamplights tall and steely
On streets where no one has been stirring
Until now

There is a voice from far off connecting
Deep within and calling out to everyone
Hanging round

Sure the electricity can be switched off any time
But the power will keep on running strong
Down the line

There's a new child growing up inside
To show us who it is we really are -
Reborn -

There's a new life shining bright
That can't be snuffed out without a fight,
That cannot be kept down.

*So many skins already lost
And many more to come*

Instrumental & Repeat

There's love, and there's love with compromise.
Some of those skins are lids grown
over the eyes.

There's jobs, and there's jobs with appetites.

Some of those snakes are the rats that are chased
by their own kind.

When we wake from the sleep of fools
That keeps us conveniently numbed and duped
Do you think we might stop acting quite so blind?

When we start seeing some of the signs
Then might we be able to face the night
Opened wide?

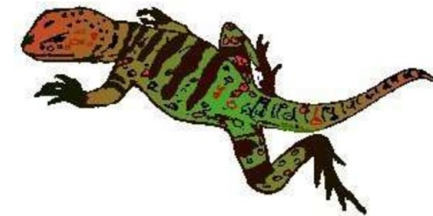
When we can listen to sounds of the wind
And feel the moonlight leaking in
Beneath those skins

Then can we shed the false layers
That have been itching on top
for so long

And crawl into a different understanding
Of where our life, and the world is heading
As we sing our songs?

*So many skins already lost
And many more to come*

Instrumental & Repeat



Afrika Droom

Afrikaans version - from the book "Terra Affirmative"

Ag my klein akkedis
jy lê so lekker vaak in die son.
Vaarvan droom jy
daar op jou plat gebakte klip?
Joe oë is vas toe
maar engel insekte beweeg
onder die skilde.

Ken die mot net
die donker gang van nag
of wag sy op die lig wat haar sal brand?
Sing die boomsingertjie net van vandag
of klop hy die toekoms?
Gee jy die hotnotsgod
'n ookmblik vir sy bid?

Africa Dreaming

English version - from the book "Terra Affirmative"

Oh my little lizard
you lie so blissfully prone in the sun.
Whatever are you dreaming of
there on your flat baked stone?
Your eyes are tight shut
but angel insects move
beneath the lids.

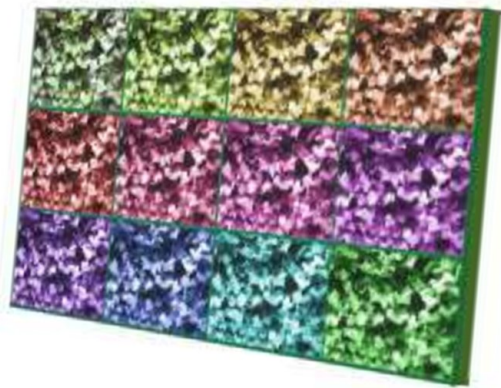
Does the moth know only
the night's dark way
or does she contemplate the light that will scorch her?
Does the cicada sing only of today
or does it throb the future?
Do you allow the mantis
a moment for his prayer?

The Collar and the Overcoat

from the book "Riding the Escalator" – with thanks to Gary B

Met a poet with a collar
on the street above my station.
He enquired "Hey, you coming down Central tonight?
Father Wolf is reading his latest."
He didn't call me Brother;
So I replied "No; no I'm off out Far Side."
He raised his snout; and I went.
I went with fireflies burning my eyes
and trotted around in the undergrowth
for some time, until a voice called to me.
It said "Come out of that bush,
I want to look at the thorns and the dewdrops in your ruff."
So I untangled myself, and he took me by the paw.
He said, "Tell you what: you show me your work,
and I'll share my meal with you."
I said "Woof, but do you want me to
catch it for you first?" He said "No; no way."
So we ran and we ran in the suburbs
and he never even stopped
to take his huge shabby coat off
though my fur glowed orange with the heat.

The poet with the collar
brought himself out into the wilderness,
picking his path with great care.
He said to me "There are stars igniting in your brush!
Will you come with me Brother, the pack is waiting?"
I said "Hell no thanks, and don't call me Brother"
and held my tail out straight.
My long lean companion laughed into his overcoat
when he heard this, and still we are running
through the cross-shadowed gardens,
the wild, wild gardens
Where the moon does not
have to turn its curve away.



If pain falls - like icy rain
and settles in your brain,
or if it rises - like steam
in your veins,

try to remember
the good things,
the little things
and the big things
that make a life worth living -

like a pink sunrise
and fresh mountain air
or a salty sea foaming dawn
or the trees in a forest
all misty and green
and the sound of a quick running stream,

like a family home
with the children all round
a huge winter fire
or in a summer garden playing,
and your parents smiling
or your friends laughing.

If you need some new beauty
then go out and seek it
for the universe is infinite,
deep and mysterious,
and there's plenty of room
for your solace.

Go find what you need
to restore your blood
and your mood
instead of suffering
in silence -
or taking it out on others.

Culture = a whole lot of microbes in an artificial environment into which someone (like a scientist or a magician) can put things to determine not only which grow, but how, thus freely influencing development & behaviour.

So what lead are you following? What and who is influencing you? Are you being you, or are you being something someone else wants you to be? Could you perhaps lead yourself, create your own magic? After all, you can create breakfast, a drawing, a letter.

If you must follow someone, follow the good magician; not a sorcerer. A good magician will at least help to empower you - offer insight, information, tools, build your confidence, help you learn to choose and create your own reality, then set you free to fly when you are wise enough to accept the freedom, and take responsibility for your own life.

A sorcerer will subjugate you to their own reality, keep the power for themselves, and steal yours on top of it. Sorcerers know how to trick you into falling for their glib lies. There seems to be one bizarre rule to their game, in that they have to show you the truth as well, but it will be subtly hidden or disguised, and then he or she can say to themselves, "well I told them, but they were too stupid to listen, or to see it, so they deserve what's coming to them". Look out for these truths in the background, there are often occult symbols, geometric shapes, numbers (often superimposed or upside-down, or within other images). Watch out for them in movies, music videos, logos, emblems, coats of arms, signs, signals, advertising and other media, fashion, and anywhere in 'popular' culture. They are often used on currency too, or on special documents. Watch out for them sneaking inside your mind. Keep them out by being aware, putting up your own subtle mind screen - a bit like a virus scanner - but based upon good old fashioned soul and heart centred intuition.

Be one of the strong ones - if you can carry your own power in a humble way, then you will be too balanced for them to steal it from you. You will become a good magician yourself, able to help others, and be your own truth.

If your power is ego or greed based, then you will be distracted by that and vulnerable to falling into their grip. So don't be tempted by their false promises or shiny trinkets and glitz, to deviate even just a little because there will always be that next bit - to the start of the slippery slope into their clutches. Once they have a hold on you, or once you start to bend your personal morals, thinking "Oh it's

not so bad.... “ then step by step you give in to them. All their tricks are aimed at the ego, which cannot resist. They understand well for it is their own ego which leads them in the first place. Once you get in so deep you realise it makes you sick, it's pretty hard to retreat, and if you try, there's always blackmail – something from those slippery slips that they can hold over you. So why not look instead to your own dream - the real jewels are right there, in the centre of your own being.

Keep nurturing, and natural beauty in your life, for they are the sources of psychological wellbeing. Don't let empty culture and techno-babble replace them.

Notice how many old and modern fairy-tales destroy parents as nurturers and wise protectors, leaving a child open to all sorts of questionable influences, trying to make you think it's okay to be rescued by some strange prince who nobody knows anything about, supposedly to go off into some wonderful life, except that we never hear about how it goes after that. Be suspicious of strangers offering things - if it seems too good to be true, then it probably isn't. But don't be afraid or passive either. Allow the miraculous universe to work with you to help you be who you want to be deep down inside. Create your own magic instead of being fooled by empty culture, and social pressures. Get in touch with yourself and laugh a lot, then create your own world just as if you are playing. It's easy when you stop following the mind programming and think for yourself.

We are all interlinked in consciousness, but we have individual freedom and other rights as well. If someone is insisting on trying to lead you into their fold - think carefully about why they are trying so hard to win you over, then think again for yourself and what it might mean. You can always use groups as tools to learn from, dip one foot in to see how things feel, but keep the other one outside and free. Be particularly careful if there are politicians or big organisations speaking of unity - this may sound just like the spiritual dream, but it's more likely to be a screen for something else if it's coming from them, than the real thing. You don't need to follow leaders to find true freedom, so don't hand over your power to them. We, the people, have a right to choose for ourselves how our world should be, but we can only do that if we make sure we don't fall for any trickery.

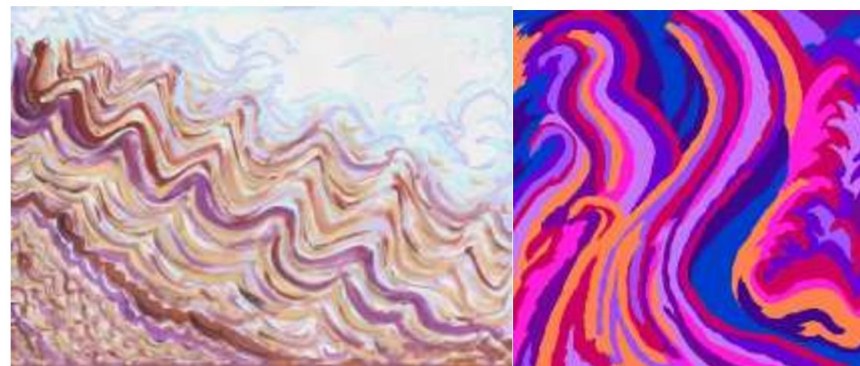
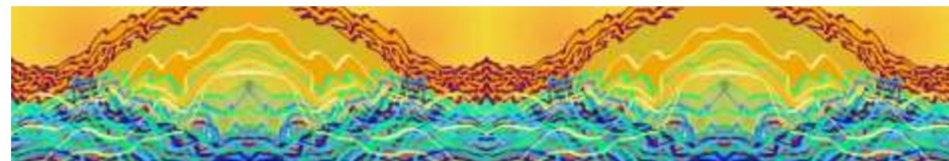
Subliminal messages have been detected in big business videos (which is supposed to be illegal), and some other large companies are getting on the audio meditation devices bandwagon, and promoting lucid dream enhancing

methodology. Who knows what could be fed into your brain? Watch out for over-use of technology which can damage your health, and particularly don't leave things on right next to your head or chest while you sleep. Switch your Bluetooth off and try not to carry mobile phones too close to your body.

Consciousness evolves from within and grows from the bottom up, you can't sign up for it via anywhere else - although you can access tools and information you may wish to use, be sure you are the one in control of your own journey.



Peace Bookmark Designs





If there is such a place as Heaven, it must be quite sterile.
Perhaps there is only so much one can take of perfection,
Of oh so nice sameness. Perhaps that is why
We created holographic earth, a virtual reality world
Where one can find heaven and hell together in one place,
In contrast, so that we can experience all this variation.

Now the radiation of hell is stepping up,
But the goodness is growing to overtake.
It's going to be a hot few decades,
Scary perhaps, but fun if you trust.

Maybe the ego is a layer we wear upon us when we come here.
We can let it run wild, or we can learn to tame it -
Not to be some dumb or placid beast, but dignified, serene
A manifestation of who we really are underneath.

So, if it's all a game, it can't really drive us insane,
Though I'm sure we all have our moments!
If we don't remain caught up in the illusion,
We can learn to grow in gladness to some level of poise and balance,

But that doesn't mean we lie down
And let the gloating clowns walk all over us,
It means we stand up strong, aligned with our inner song,
with the peace of our heavenly home in our hearts,
Willing to overcome, through diligence and love,
Whatever we feel to be wrong.

This doesn't mean there will ever be winners,
One soul or team over another,
It means we win our own battle with ourselves.
It means to love being here, because we understand
The nature of the game of this land
And the need for apparent paradox.

Honestly I

They watch & they laugh at us
And rub their hands in glee,
Planning what to show & tell us
While we follow stupidly;
Feeding us ideas & things
We blindly buy for every tiny need.
They're re-writing all the scripts
Of our futures and our histories.

Who are you really now,
And what can you do,
To claim your minds back
From their spells
And make your own golden rules,
To live as you see personally fit
And spread the ripples round you
To make the world more true?

If you decide to step
Outside the room
You can clearly see the theatre
We've been subjected to –
You can begin to read the plot lines
Before they make their moves
And catch the looks on all their faces
As the actors step into their places.

They play war like chess
And business like monopoly.
They're planning to wind up
With all the countries and money;
Although they're in a mess,
And there'd be less of us left -
Which they think is funny
Because it saves them the worry.

Honestly II

It's obviously impossible
For everything to be nice
Or we couldn't learn from the contrasts
And variety of life,

But are we just here to experience
The vast spread of alternatives,
Or are we meant to find better ways
To evolve, and to live?

Are we preparing while we're here
To do more next time round,
Or to play a better game elsewhere,
Or are we universal clowns?

I'm not joking when I say
There is a big game of power
Continually being played
Every minute of every hour.

So do you choose to ignore it
And allow yourself to be pushed
From manufactured square to square
Or will you dare to make your own moves?

Honestly III

Why don't you write
To our 'dear' old queen
And ask her why
She ain't doin' anything
About all those monstrosities –
Then you'll soon see
It's quite a bad dream.
It's foolish to believe

She ain't at the top
Of the whole machine.

You may well think
She don't have the power,
But I'll tell you now
That in one goddamned hour
She lets it slip
When she says "MY" Parliament,
And it's her family
Out in world governments;
And it's all their money
In corrupt business.

So look again, look again
At the heads of state –
Sitting right up there, yet
Trying to be quiet –
Trying not to draw attention,
Just to seem full of compassion
With their 'good' deeds and charities –
All a cover for other deals
That steal everything from, and seal
The fate of all the poor people.

Honestly IV

There's infection in my air and water,
Contamination in my food,
And when I get sick, they give me medicine
To make me weaker still

Surely it's illegal – yes it is.
And doesn't the law say
That we are complicit
If we look the other way?

Okay, so we may have
Stopped a war or two,
But there's so much more at play
And so much more for us to do.

Honestly V

Never be afraid
that you might not be good enough
to follow your dreams -
for your fear may cripple you,

whereas, dreams open up
to those who trust their love
for being who they should -
and gives them wings.

History & Collective Guilt

There are bones and fins of things we have done
in the soup of my cerebellum, constantly poking
their obnoxious sharp pieces into the soft
parts of my mind. The pain tears through
my body, wrenching my gut disgustingly
on its way to my extremities – feet and hands,
wanting to kick and pound the enemy within.
But the enemy was made by ourselves –
the choices of leaders through generations and aeons,
made on our behalf; and the soup of my brain
is putrid because of our failure to stop it.
So the distortion is passed on, until the bones and fins
grow into whole bodies with blood and guts,
and bulging eyes, and the muscle power
to finally flex themselves free of the sludge.



A few poems, a dance, and a film script, from “Fantasmaphychosis”.

(The section ends with “Millennium Train”.)

She is at an open air concert.
She is the only adult in the crowd.

The children are wearing gun belts
and layers of rags thrown over each other.

The children are stamping and swaying
and chewing in time to the music.

The children are blowing
bullet coloured bubble gum bubbles.

They are shooting up and expanding
and merging above the audience.

By the end of the concert, the world
Is surrounded by a bubble gum mushroom cloud.

Adults cry for air, while governments
launch missiles to burst the bubble.

Past Present

Her black nights explode
With memories of fire.
fuelled by currencies and countless bodies.
History pretends to forget them,
Then suddenly remembers
And repeats itself again.
Greed, anger, hate, revenge –
The flames flare higher
As the clock ticks onward.
She *can't* forget.

Kaleidoscope

The kaleidoscope pattern shifts
every time she looks.
Always it is beautiful,
but it's only bits of coloured glass
flashing sharp in light.

She never can undo the wrongs;
helpless, feeding on herself,
multi-imaged, seething.
With each generation
the weight of it increases.
She staggers and is staggered by
The ugly pain of beauty glimpsed
but always spinning from her grasp
down the endless beach.

She slips in light, in sunlight
sparkling on water.
She slips in the cooling ocean,
soothing ocean water.
The swirl of the wave's deep blue
turns the glass chips blue.
She slips beneath the meniscus
of her helixed genes,
of her surf dumbled, sun numbed mind
away from the blinding light.

She's a germ submerged
within the wound,
in the pain of the flesh,
in the shame
the scum, the dirt,
in the longing,
the fear, the hurt,
swamped
in the wound unhealed.

She spins with the kaleidoscope,
spins with each quick look.
Always it is beautiful,
but it's only bits of coloured glass
flashing sharp in light.

She swims below the surface
where sunlight filters
through the turquoise waves,
swims with the golden sand
that shifts beneath,
Always it is beautiful –
but it deceives:
The flickering patterns that she sees
is only scattered grains
in a polluted ocean.



Exchange

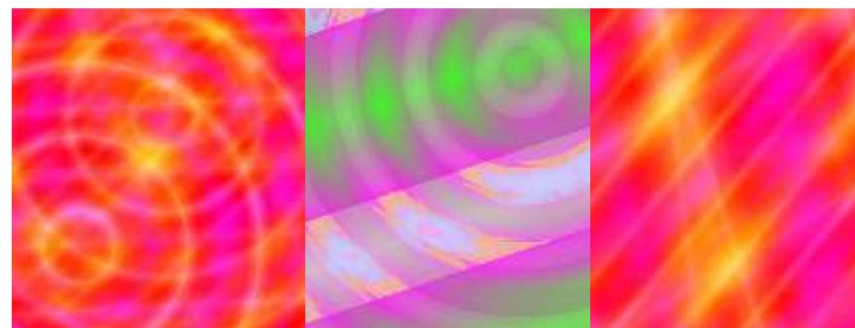
The wind's roar fills her,
its raw scream thrills her,
sand hums softly under her feet.
She begins to remove her clothing:
first thing to go's her coat -
flung into the foam,
then her shoes, stockings, white slip -
all dropped in a heap.
Next her silk blouse, black bra -
discarded as she walks,
then her long crimson skirt,
and finally her knickers;
she walks as if in a dream,
mind and body stripped.

The wind's roar fills her
tears the junk from her head,
blows straight through her,
and the sand vibrates beneath.
She wades deep into the water -
it rises about her breasts.
Slowly she goes in further;
a smile plays on her lips,
and still she goes in further -
knowing she won't come back.
*Out at sea, a blinding light
Flashes once, flashes twice.*

A man steps from the breakers –
his naked body drips,
his eyes are wild, his hair is wild,
he has pale and shivering limbs.
The wind's roar fills him,
blows the droplets from him,
draws him from the water
to where the sand is singing.

He finds a pile of clothing
left beneath a stone,
and up the coast he knows there is
a recently vacated home.

There he finds a television
with an ultra large screen,
a microwave oven
and a pile of magazines.
He settles in, proceeding
to fill his head with junk
and, between watching and reading
also fills his stomach.
He'll be ready in a few weeks
to go out and find a job;
Programmer, Technician,
Newsreader, Politician
*Out at sea, a blinding light
Flashes once, flashes twice.*



The Box

She untied the string and carefully
unwrapped the brown paper, which
she stashed away in a cupboard.

The box glowed, it felt warm to the
Touch. Her eyes widened, her fingers
trembled. At last it opened.

Out came the secrets she had kept,
and tumbled about her, out skipped
little goblins of laughter.

Out came the light, and the music,
out popped a few pennies of wisdom.
Hope's shadow stepped out and grinned.

Immaculate Deception

She felt the sand
rough and burning beneath her feet,
having walked for miles;
and they tried to tell her
there was no hurt.

She felt the rasp
as her lungs filled to bursting,
though it was never enough;
and they tried to tell her
there was no love.

She felt the germ
of bloody hope squirm in her gut,
though she ached for sleep;
and they tried to tell her
there was no seed.

She felt the thirst
blister her mouth
and contract her throat;
and they tried to tell her
there was no water.

When will she come?

In the time before people,
nautiloids drifted;
their spirals the cochlea spirals
of miniature universes.

I dreamed she stepped from one
and stung my skin with salt kisses,
then slipped into the water
whispering,

I will be with you soon.

The sand has piled itself up
into dunes
and grown itself over with couch grass,
and still she is not here.

When will she come?

Tides have tugged at the pebbles
and worn them
into small tears for the moon,
and still she is not here.

When will she come?

Oysters are jewellers,
and today they have sent their most precious pearl!
She steps onto the sand
and the grains shift with the weight of her atoms.

She has come!

Turquoise water is trapped in her eyes.
Her ears are pale shells ringing with the echo of the sea.

Her scales flake as we embrace
and her skin becomes smooth as seaweed.

Mine for this moment.

Jade drips from her toes.
Fishes fly from her tongue.
Herring gulls swim from her hair,
and her lips are thrift pink petals trembling.

Oh flower of the ocean!

But already she is retracing her steps
through anemones, barnacles, molluscs;
diving amongst scallops
snapping their valves to propel themselves away.

Too soon she is gone!

I am left with the waving campion,
and the age-old murmur of ammonites
intimating that they could never become
placid snails in garden ponds.



Dance

Black threw himself down at the feet of White
with a laugh that caused her to tremble.
She tiptoed around him with arms outstretched
then backed off with a look of disgust.

Her neck twisted towards us, appealing
for help. Black leapt up behind her; we gasped.

He reached out his arms and she turned
to face him. He lifted her over his head,
ran with her balanced there, towards the back
of the stage, where a cloth billowed with flame.

Drums thundered as he hesitated -
then he released her. A violin led
as she dodged away. The screen behind them
flashed green with trees, their scent filled the air.

Then the screen turned blue, and a guitar
took over as she splashed through water.
He lay down and watched until the screen
changed to sand, then he slid like a snake
closer, closer. She seemed not to notice
'til he was beside her, then she stepped
across him. Just as we thought she would
crush him, he lifted his hands, and she curled
herself into them, then somehow they rolled
to one side, her legs round his body,
and rose, still entwined. Slowly they
separated, danced apart and then back.

Once more she let him carry her high
towards the red flame. Violin and drums
build up as smoke swirled to engulf them.

Then he crouched down and pushed through
behind the curtain, while she dropped to the floor
and lay still in a pool of applause.





Script

In which humans studiously ignore horses,
fish closely observe humans,
and a little bird sums it up nicely.

Setting

Well wooded estate with large castle-like house with turrets,
gravel drive, sweeping lawn, paddock, dam with bridge over stream.

Cast

Martin, well educated, upper class, sensitive young man.

Vim, young woman, nature lover.

Vim's mother & father (farmers).

Martin's mother & father (horse stud owners).

Horses, with sound effects.

Fish, as cartoons.

Birds, with sound effects.

Props

Footage of S African soldiers, African warriors, police, riots, bodies in streets.

Recordings of gunfire.

Piano,

Rowing Boat,

Parasol,

White dresser with drawers, mirror, and pump-up wings

Foot Pump.

Red silk women's underwear, Long old fashioned dress, Hairbrush.

Man's suit and frilly white shirt, Bow tie.

Deep armchairs, Teacups etc, Plates, Glasses, Tray,

Kitchen Bin, Chocolate box containing gold coin chocolates.

Note

Animation may be used together with live action
to overcome any issues with special effects.

~

Martin has returned, shell-shocked, from a spell in the South African Army, into which he was conscripted.

Camera follows him wandering alone around his parents' estate, with scenes flickering, superimposed upon the trees around him: Uniformed soldiers, African Warriors, Police, Riots, Bodies in the streets, etc. Birds shriek and look at these images with astonished expressions.

Then Martin meets Vim, the daughter of neighbouring farmer friends of his parents. She comes with them on a visit.

Camera follows their arrival in a big battered farm truck, down a gravel driveway (sound effects). The driveway eventually opens up to sweeping lawns.

Their hosts greet them courteously and steer them into the house, which looks more like a castle than a farmstead. As Vim finishes her cup of tea, Martin enters the room, and they are introduced. She soon sees that he is melancholic, and asks if he will show her around the estate. They walk in silence at first, through woods, but he slowly opens up to her. *Birds follow, twittering scandalously.*

Camera follows them, swinging round from rear view to side as they begin to talk and gesticulate slightly.

They walk past a paddock where a chestnut Arab stallion is mounted upon a black mare. *Horse sounds can be heard. Birds sit on a wooden fence and watch.*

Camera shows this scene behind a profile of the couple, then pans round to show their faces.

Martin's cheeks colour slightly, but apart from that they continue walking, apparently unperturbed.

Camera continues running with the couple walking towards it. Then it moves slightly to one side to show them approaching a dam. Sounds of water can be heard. A rowing boat bobs down a stream (all by itself) and splashes into the water in front of them. By unspoken mutual consent they calmly climb in, and row out to the centre of the dam.

There follows a long period of talking, *obvious at a distance to camera*, which is suddenly interrupted by the sound of gunfire.

Camera shows splashes in the water alongside the boat, and Martin putting his hands over his ears and bending forward, his face contorted.

"I will protect you" she whispers, and kneels before him, gently pushing his head onto her breast. *All followed by camera.*

The gunfire abates.

Once in each other's arms, the action starts to hot up.

The camera moves away from the boat, until we see it at a distance, surrounded by water. Their heads almost disappear below the edge of the boat as it rocks.

We hear the sound of horses grunting and neighing.

Now the camera view drops below the surface and picks up fish of all sizes curiously zooming in towards the bottom of the boat.

Then the camera comes to the surface to show fish leaping out of the water around the boat to get a good look inside. (The fish are now cartoon style with really puzzled, shocked, or lecherous expressions on their faces, and speech bubbles saying "Cor!" etc.)

The camera returns to follow the fish underwater, looking at each other in odd ways, then swimming off.

Then the camera returns to surface, where we see the boat coming in to shore.

Half dressed, they step out, and while she fumbles with clothes, he turns aside to a white dresser which appears in the grass. *Previously just out of camera.*

Romantic music plays throughout the dresser scenes.

He opens drawers and takes out some fancy red silk underwear. He holds it up and inspects it then passes it over his shoulder to her. She puts them on, then he passes her a long old fashioned dress. He puts on a suit himself, with a frilly white shirt.

She joins him in front of the dresser, picks up a brush and looks in a mirror to do her hair, while he adjusts a bow-tie.

Then he opens the bottom drawer and takes out a foot pump. He operates this, and wings inflate at the sides of the dresser. He pops the pump back into the

drawer, then the dresser takes off and disappears into the clouds.

He takes her by the arm, and they walk round the top of the dam. As they cross a bridge over the stream which feeds the dam, a parasol appears from behind it and places itself in her hand.

They walk on, beneath trees, and very shortly, a bird shits all over the parasol.

Camera should focus on the bird prior to this happening, then move on to show the dirtied parasol. They were adequately protected.

Now that the parasol has fulfilled its purpose, it floats off, and we see it fall, upside down, into the dam, and spin slightly.

Camera returns to the couple, and follows them as they return to the house. As they enter, they part slightly. Camera follows the action as they join the others.

Her parents rise from very deep chairs and circle wordlessly about Vim, fingering her dress.

Martin's red complexioned father raises a glass from his chair saying "You look much better, my boy, much better, mmm."

Martin manages to keep a straight face as he gravitates towards the piano, and standing sideways, fingers it.

His mother puts cups and plates on a tray and scuttles off to the kitchen with them.

The camera follows, and we see her throw everything into the bin, crockery and all. We hear smashing sounds.

"She'll squander all our money" she says between gritted teeth, to the bin.

Camera follows her actions closely.

She turns to a box of chocolates on the counter, and opens it. Instead of the usual chocolates, the box contains gold coins. She pops one into her mouth, and chews, with a sublime expression on her face.

The camera moves out through the window, and rises above the house.

We hear the piano being played energetically.

As the camera moves up and away from the house, a turret with a face opens its mouth wide with a yawn/snarl, then snaps it shut. (Yawn, snarl, snap sound effects.)

The camera accelerates away,



Millennium Train

The train is pulling out of the station.
Its thousand man packed carriages flashing
In the flame of the fire ahead burning
Like weed from the earth, upward flowing,
And there is such an icy wind blowing.

Our hero made it in the last second,
Leapt on board at the heels of the maiden
He's followed through cities, ghettos, markets,
Drawn by the sight of her red hair waving
And by the frost of her pale skin glowing.

He forsakes life to follow this woman,
He's forsaken children, bricks and mortar.
The muse devours his money, his marriage,
His only need is to be free to know her.
He struggles on from carriage to carriage.

Posters of people are densely plastered

To the thousand carriages rushing –
Ministers, singers, names of the century
Flapping, tearing, disintegrating –
The train plunges on to its destination.

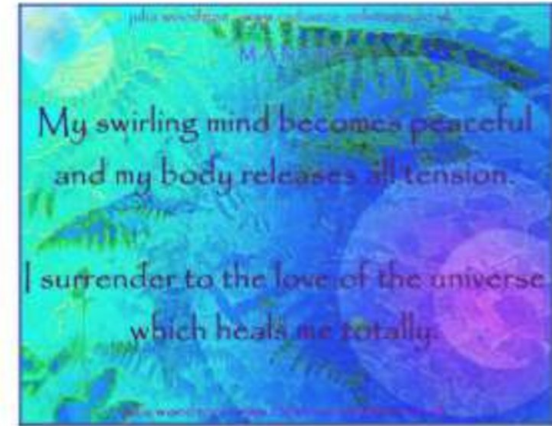
Now people are jumping out of windows,
Tumbling down banks, their flesh rips away,
Legs and arms fly in different directions,
Bones hammer stones at the edge of the railway –
Others curl up in foetal positions.

There is screaming & shrieking & moaning
As the fire up ahead draws nearer –
Men are visible in the flames dancing,
Their faces charred black and twisted with fear
At the same time ecstatically grinning.

The flames burn higher as they approach.
The train arrives at a long table where
Pheasants and pigs and oxen are sitting
Drooling over plump women and children
Sweetly singing as they queue to be eaten.

Our hero cries out as his muse leaves him
In the heart of the fire he came seeking
Where he must dance until he's exhausted,
And ashen daylight finally leads him
Back up the track; a poppy in his fist.





Carriage

How can we feel the dust of the journey settle unless we sleep?
Though when we sleep we dream once again of things rising up
From the very hearth of existence, that tie us in knots
Of conflicting emotions, both exquisite and excruciating.

I seek a language in my new world to explain everything I knew
Before I was born - and the mysterious woods I have grown since -

There are roots and twigs extending in all directions
So that I might find a fruit in the ear of a passer-by,
Thorns on the breakfast table, mixed in with the post,
That brings messages from far off mountains to water me.

The tender breath carries on - the bright current of life flashing
Through the darkness like a train travelling towards a destination.

~

My words have fallen blankly all over the page
Nobody seems to react to my rage
Trying to live without cause, be empty, stop crying,
Trying to read what it is that the angel's denying.

Where is the promise I thought I heard rising
Why is the tide now so black and crimson
What are we gathering instead of releasing
That stuffs us so full of confusion?

Turn around children, time to start swimming,
What can I say to convince you?
Streets blaze with fire dragging round the earth
Like pools of blood left over from birth.

~

PSYCHE *(Thanks to Bill Plotkin)*

I am more soul than ego –
I exist in the dream of the earth
and it lives in me.
I am more spirit than ego –
I exist in the dream of the cosmos
and it lives in me.

I am hardly human –
I have never been
interested in conforming –
It's not that I'm a rebel –
I just live by other standards.
I see the vitality of the natural
and am aligned with that.
I feel the bliss of the life force
and am aligned with that.
What people do is fairly incidental –
I make up my own mind what is right.

I am at peace with my truth.
I connect with others who share the urge
to protect, create, and celebrate –
beauty, freedom, community, love,
and who live simply, ethically,
not hurting or damaging
or taking anything,
but giving back their gifts
to the world.

All facets of myself are embraced
and made useful,
so I can't be pigeon-holed.
Although I do sometimes slip
into fractured states,
I am aware of how to re-integrate them.
I hear songs, and dance energies

of earth, air, fire, water, and universe.
I see colours, touch, taste subtleties,
and bear witness to the astonishing variety
and perspectives of existence.
I seek harmony and symbiosis
at all levels, and in all directions.

Dream levels

The multi-coloured earth
is like a dream upon us
where we can get lost
it seems, in all its nooks
and crannies, running streams,
forests, deserts, and mountains.

The glittering face it shows
at every turn we take
or step we go, devours
us, so our force must be
renewed in sleep each night -
where we enter a deeper
dream with less control
even than in our waking,
and are tossed about by images
of monsters, death, and useless strife
that make us wonder why we stay
alive to face another day -

but then we are possessed again
by wonders that unfold
and lead us to forget
what we might have come here for -
until the heart's soft wakening call
reminds us of our buried pearls.

There are many things in this world
I still want to make up in my head,
So let's go riding down back-roads
Until we find what we like best.

Let's go laughing loudly into obscurity
And hope that no one finds us,
Except those who want to listen
To songs we leave behind

Under stones and pebbles and rocks,
On the leaves of trees or on the wind,
And in streams washing us clean,
Or in earth and ash all levelling.

~

When we wander sideways
Until the shadows stop long
And the moon melts down,
We feel at one with the universe
Where the wheels of energy turn
And the centre spins inside out
To takes us into a tunnel
And leave us alone somewhere else



WHAT TO DO

When you want the clock
To stop stealing your life

Try climbing a mountain.

When you want the walls
Of the fortress to crack

Try singing or smiling.

When you want a path
To lead you out of the mire

Just start walking.

Anything you desire
Could be round the corner

If you don't look you might miss it

So please pay attention
Every step of the way

To what's going on around you,

There might be a vote you can take
Or something you need to do

To make some sort of difference.

ORIGINAL BLESSING

Filled with gut hunger she goes out into the wilderness.
Whatever the weather she lets it in to feed and heal her.

Come up from the woods, she is nourished and liberated,
The detailed greens imprinted upon the waters of her body.

Come down from the mountain smelling of primal magic,
She is raw, earthy, powerful, knowing the ancient dream.

Come out of the sea, instinctively wild and free,
She is filled with salty sensuality and tastes of liberty.

Come out of the desert space where solitude lingers still,
Kissing her hair and skin, she is deeply touched within.

She has danced and loved in the sands of time
And breathed her dreams upon the wind.

She has mourned the death of the innocent and come
Through the shadows of night by the light of the campfire.

She has written the songs of animals and ageless
whispers of rocks into the opened book of her heart.

She has swallowed the passions of the world
For the child to own all parts of herself and become woman.

She has plunged into rapturous rivers of life
To swim beyond limits, into the eye of the sun.

She shares the sacred secrets as she serves in turn,
The original blessing and the blessed are now one.

~



Psychological Landscape

In the tall mountains of my mind
There is hope
In the valleys, running like streams
Over boulders and obstacles, leaping musically,

In the heart of the cool tangled forest,
There is love
Beating for the shiny wet joys
One discovers in small things nestling.

In the tumbling seas of emotion
There are inspirations
Swimming like fish brightly lit
In the darkness of the great ocean.

There is water, there is wind, rushing
To keep me fresh in hope
And love and thoughts through all
The tight days and nights of work and survival.

I have my knife to carve a path
Through the jungle.
I have my raft to carry my life
Over the rapids and wave-tops gently.

I trust in the wilderness
Deep within me
And its ability to breathe in rhythms
Of contentment and peace.

I trust in each moment as I sit
On hot rocks watching the world's desires
Write lines of poetry on my skin,
Soaking experiences into my cells.

~



Grandmother Wolf

Grandmother wolf
Is wild as they come.
She runs through the night
With the rest of us running in her pack.

Don't you feel her call in the night
To go all furry and run free?
Women especially, dream of following her,
Perhaps even never coming back.

But we *must* come back. What we have seen
Is for all the world to share in.
Our stories will help settle others
By the very virtue of our return from the track

Where we were wild, but can again be tame
Just for now – until we go again.
It means there is hope,
For both parts of us to be allowed.

In society, we may not admit it,
But everyone knows
That grandmother wolf
Runs beneath the surface.

Grandmother Trees

Anyone can see as well as I can
That there are grandmothers in the forest.
Stumps curled everywhere,
Gnarled limbs, knotted hair.
Quick, she is waiting to hug you close
To her heart filled with sap.

Grandmother of Wood Smoke, Roots & Berries

Sweet scent of wood in the smoke on the wind,
Brings memories of times with grandmother,
When we were tribes wandering in ancient lands,
With grandmother hands rooting out roots and other food.

Grandmother skips like a wild pig in the bushes
After eating too many berries,
Then flaps like a crow with cocky head,
As if to say "don't criticise; you try instead".

Grandmother Owl Eyes

Grandmother owl eyes has feathers soft as snow,
Ruffling as she swivels her head,
Watching wherever you go.

Grandmother Power

Grandmother is still as a deep lake, tranquil beneath the sky.
The sand bank has absorbed sun heat
For you to soak up into your solar plexus and bones.
Lie with you ear close, listen to the beat
Of blood pulsing between your veins and hers.
Look up to the sky where her mind flies between clouds.
You can feel her soul shining through to your world.

Grandmother is out there everywhere, in you and in me.
She is comforting and patient, but means business.
She is huge and magical. She is the power of yourself growing.

Hill and Mountain Grandmothers

I could always tell my Grandmother the truth about anything.
Emotional, yet trusty as the hill behind us, she would not flinch.
She believed in me. She understood my fantasies.
She loved unquestioningly. She had faith in my ability to be sweet.

A few other women have been like grandmothers for me,
Different from my own, who was frail and skinny with age.
These women were strong, serene but rugged, like mountains.
You could shelter under them, or in their earthy embrace.

You could feel their natural womanhood, like plants growing.
You could feel their hearts breathing, like their own Gods within.
Of course, no one grandmother is quite perfect – but I made a perfection
From the mesh of all the women who were so vital and special for me.

One gathers good bits from here and there, to make one's own version
Of what life should be like. Still one needs more lives, maybe that's why
We have to keep coming back, to try to become grandmother perfect,
Like hills or mountains, being there for others to lean on or climb upon.



STORIES

You have been told so many stories,
Probably not many of them true.
The only one that really counts is the one
You make up for yourself.
What does life mean to you; what is love?

Making friends you can count on helps.
You can grow into being a friend *they* can count on too.
Animals make good friends if you're lonely,
Or sick of human attitudes,
And the land is always there, with space for you

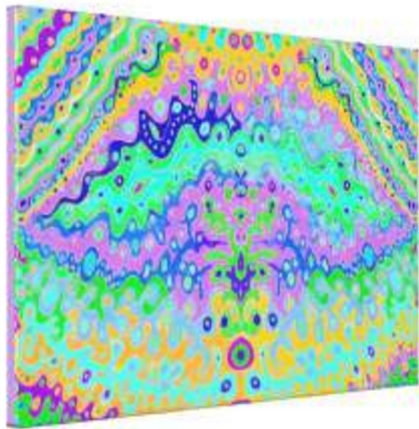
SAFE

My definition of always being safe
Must be different from yours.
You look at me in astonishment when I say it –
How can I always be so sure
When there is chaos around us all?
My definition is becoming clearer through having to explain.
It is not that nothing ever happens to challenge it,
It's that nothing can spoil the pure centre
Which goes on calmly even into the next life.



I'm out in the dawn light seeking to find
you creeping up inside my mind
when really it's you I'm walking around inside.
I'm never complete because the songs wander on
through deserts, where even the stones get lost
beneath piles of wind blown dreams and dust,
yet I continually come across, varied versions of ourselves.





"What if everything were information -
physical codes of DNA
and spiritual codes of soul -
a blueprint for your creation?"

It allows you to become
an infant human
We then receive added information
from our parents and others
to help us develop -
until we begin to add
information from our own experience,
and build ego and identity.

We continue to learn from others,
but we can believe or not believe
things we are told;
and we can seek out other information
as we mature.

It is up to us to choose
who we are being
in relation to the information
swarming round us.

We can align ourselves
with whatever works best for us;
but we should never give up seeking,
growing, adjusting.
We are not helpless.
Our reality is the result
of our total resourced information,
which is the basis of what we become.

Be aware that this is always changeable.
Anytime you choose
to create a different picture
you can find tools and resources
to help you sketch it out -
then paint in the details.
You can map and build
to your hearts content -
be the architect of your own being.

It is your consciousness
to do with what you will."

Julia Woodman - www.radiance-solutions.co.uk

A Morning in Spain

from the book "Spanish Poems"

I think I have swallowed
half the moon
and a couple of stars.
Cockerels are crowing but it is still dark.
Cockerels see the dawn coming
long before we do.

They recognize the colours of sunrise
painted into their tails as mementos.
They greet their old friend, the sun,
with cries of delight
which I heartily approve of
even if I do have to get up to make coffee.

The shutters of the house are open wide
to let in the first light,
just as my heart is open to the world.
The Spanish guitar will shortly
talk to me as I sit with it on the porch
in the half dark -
gradually unveiling shapes
of cats and trees and rocks as it pales
then becomes bright day.

Through the Mud

A line of robots,
we approach a wall of mud,
some of us
carrying flowers.

The others laugh,
but when we enter that wall
it is the flowers

that will make us an ark
to carry us on through the darkness,
sailing through,
with our symbols the only light

until we fly
out over the fields
on the other side of midnight
and all our wires
and bits of metal fall off
and dive deep
beneath the deepest ocean –

and our souls are bright again,
so new and light
they shoot up –
up to plant our brilliant flowers
like stars
in the face of heaven.

(from the book "Blue Bridge")



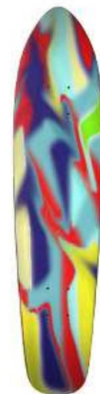
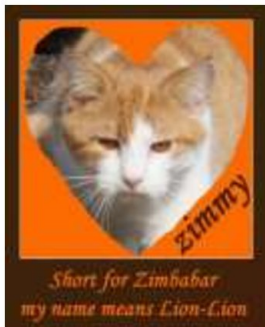
When stuck in a traffic jam

on the motorway
in the pouring rain,
all I see...
is the perfect beauty
of the pattern
that each raindrop makes
as it joins its puddle.

(from the book "Sacred Selves")



Zimmy & Humbug





YARI - from the book "Span"

Once upon a time, there came a boy called Yari to my country. Yari was the happiest looking boy we had ever seen, with a constant smile and gigantic laughing eyes.

When he first came, the villagers all crowded round him in the market place and begged him to tell us his story. How far had he travelled? What was it like in the place he had come from? We all jumped up and down in our eagerness to hear the answers to everything at once. Yari waved his hands slowly for us to quieten and then he began.

"Where I came from" he said, "there are long fertile valleys with rivers winding sleepily past the huts built along their banks; but between there and here there are great dusty mountains, which I have crossed." He sat down upon a sack of grain and rubbed his feet in order to demonstrate how terribly weary he was. One of the women motioned for her daughter to fetch the traveller food and drink. When he was satisfied, he continued. His tale contained many fine details and we were much impressed, sitting on in the long feathery shadows until he had finished.

Over the years Yari told many stories about where he had come from, and about his journey. At first he was excitable, and would tell us many grand things, with pride in his voice – after all, he was very young. Despite that youth, he was always a master at spinning the yarn out in a gradual way, like casting a line for a fish. After a few years though, he began to speak less. He would always tell stories when called upon, but they became more and more brief. He had become serious too. The laughter had gone from him, seeming somehow to have drained out into the very air around us as he grew into full adulthood.

It was after a very long winter that he decided to leave. He stepped out of his hut that morning and looked at the sky in all directions, slowly and deliberately, as he always did, and sniffing a little as he did so too. Then he approached a group of us who stood watching. "It is time" he said simply, "for new things to begin. I shall be on my way." He returned to his hut and packed a few belongings, including a rolled sleeping mat, then stepped smoothly away into the trees at the edge of our clearing without even one backward glance.

He left the rest of his things in his hut, so we kept an eye on them for him, but the trees were turning orange again by the time he returned. That first evening we almost gave up on him speaking to us, but eventually he emerged. We gave him refreshments and waited patiently as he settled himself by the fire.

"I have been in a circle" he said simply. "I set out from here many moons ago, and I have walked in a great circle listening to the birds. I have seen the blossom and the fruit. I have

watched the fledglings learn to fly. I have witnessed many things I could have witnessed just the same had I remained in one place; but my footsteps have carried me through the passing of time. Now I've come back to the village I set out from, and see that I am welcomed. I shall put my house in order."

So, here he was again, and things were much as before, yet we sensed it would not last. Yari spent the first weeks after his return resting. He rose late in the mornings and retired just after the sun went down. We longed to hear new stories, but we dared not bother him. We hoped that the time would come for such things soon enough.

After a month or so had gone by, Yari seemed to be more properly at ease with us. It was then, round the fire one wintry evening, that I coaxed him to tell us about his travels. "Nothing much happens" he said. "You know yourselves how time passes, how the flowers bloom, the animals eat and have babies . . . the seasons change . . . and at the end of it all . . ." He broke off, apparently not sure how to continue, and poked about with a stick in the ash at the edge of the fire.

"But what?" I asked. "Why did you go, what did you find as you went?" "Why? What?" He repeated slowly. "So many questions." He paused, then went on. "Well, I did go looking for something I suppose, when I set out. And I found something too, in a way, but perhaps not the sort of thing you might be expecting. I found myself. I found that at the end of all that walking I was still my same old foolish self!" He looked up and smiled around at us, almost as if he were mocking us, then threw his arms wide apart. "All that changing of seasons, that growing of life, that passing of time, and at the end of it all, here I am, still the same Yari!"

Winter was not so bad that year, and soon one could smell the coming of spring in the early morning air. We watched Yari with close interest, and this time we spotted the signs in advance.

He has been gone for only a few weeks now, and who knows how long it will be before he comes back, if he ever does. We sit together in the evenings, as we have always done, talking, and often we speak of him. We like to imagine him, wandering at his leisure, pausing to stare up at the silhouette of a skinny but tall tree, stooping to inhale the scent of a lily, or listening to birds calling to each other in the thickets. I think we have all accepted now that he will come and go like this, even when he is so old he can hardly walk without the aid of a strong stick. Passing time. Living. It is his way. He is simply being himself.





Your trunk pipes up nourishment
from a congregation of roots
and your foliage pours out
in a crescendo of green organ music.



Waiting Woods

from the book "TREES"

The photograph is a present
which soon becomes a past ...
The trees possess a past that endures
parallel with their futures
in a tense we don't have words for.

When we walk into the woods
we enter a branch-span,
a dimension outside that which we know.
We cannot say it, only be in it.
The trees wait.

They wait in a space
that is distant, yet close.
They wait in a time zone
that is frozen, but flows.
And we are aliens.

Crossover

from the book "Following Father"

Plunge through dark woods,
dodge twisted tree limbs,
duck down to swift river
where fish will answer
the song of your dreams
with their polished scales.

You know the dart and flick
of their quick chorus
will be in tune with your heart,
Hypnotising you
until the rushing world dissolves
into that one pool.

Elephants

from the book "Following Father"

Like the elephant's great grey hulk,
Africa divides the Indian and the Atlantic,
holding the oceans at bay, thrusting
its vertebrae high; a knuckled bulk
grabbing for blistering fistfuls of sky.

Where Africa's eyes drain into the Rift,
elephants wander in slow herds, shift across
plains, scour boulder strewn scrub.

The long-remembered elephant know all
about patience, and family pride -
and that there is joy in simple things.

Whenever they wallow in water or mud
they bellow their thanks to the Earth
for the indefatigable ooze
of its hide coating African blood.

Song of the Drakensberg

from the book "Following Father"

Leave the laughing river,
shade of wattle trees,
incessant cicada throb.

Wade through rippling seas
of grass, chest high, dry,
hissing Africa's chant.

Reach first streaked rock faces
carved by wind and water,
caves daubed with paint.

Dancing Bushmen and animal figures

wake neural connections
with primitive past.

Climb higher, to where wind
shrieks war dance songs and clouds
make the sound of African drums.

Stand like a witch doctor
on the peak. Raise your hands
to soothe the brow of the sky.



Cosmic Breath

I swirl my seven chakras one by one -
each expands more with practice -
first, within the room
then outside the confines of the building,
outside the edges of the town, into forest and fields,
beyond the coastline of England,
then beyond the curve of the earth
and on beyond the universe.....

I find outside the universe
a space that knows everything
that holds the memory of everything
past, present, future -

where time is fluid
& there are no opposites or boundaries or contradictions;
just a whole - that feels deep & peaceful.

In that cradling
there is emptiness and darkness and yet
there is immense energy and light -
I feel it flowing into me,
it re-aligns my spine,
takes away tensions and negativity,
takes away futile struggles and physical pain -
and gives me healing, and love, and answers instead.

I trust it to tell me what I need,
I am open to receive,
I am grateful for its umbilical suck and pull,
like the shedding and renewal of our cells,
and I am filled with laughter
at the backwards vision of how foolish one can be.
I am joyful and prancing free
now that I can see.

I know that this space is within us all,
folding, enfolding -
we can go there anytime we wish -
drop old baggage and pick up new skills,
discover meanings of colours & dreams & plants & fruits,
speak & move with human & animal guides,
balance masculine and feminine sides,
evolve to become higher selves,
then turn to teach and heal each other
by channelling the love, and the light.

I can feel the outside edges of our universe
lapping into this space -
lapping like drops of fire
or molten metal,
lapping like water,

lapping like wind in the trees,
lapping like the earth itself laps from rock to sand
and back again to rock.

And I can feel this space seeping back
into the universe
through the swirling centre
which is deep within every one of us
so that we are part of its evolution.
The more we connect with this energy
the easier we make it for the next person to do so
because we are forming a habit
that is recorded in the space that knows.
Round & round & in & out the singing transformation goes,
like a bunch of figures of eight interconnected in the middle.

If we want to build places of worship
they should be circular -
or else use a hilltop
or the shores of a lake
or a clearing in a grove of trees -
(don't forget that the trees will want to speak too,
and the stones and the sky,
and the dancing flowers and weaving water)
there needs to be space for all!

There we can come together,
and here, and anywhere, and everywhere,
we can come together and open ourselves up
and join in the process of creation or re-creation
by connecting with the grace and the power
all around and at the core,
by letting go of the old and bringing into form
the true new vision & purpose of our souls,
and by bringing back our gifts to the hungering world.

~

Out There

I want to be
OUT THERE -
where cool light washes
along paths beneath trees,
where babies walk on grass with bare feet,
where the dustman pauses to eat
flaky fish, or sandwiches.

I want to be
OUT THERE -
where the white collar man does not dare
to go at night time (and during the day
he is foolishly enslaved, in offices).

I want to be
OUT THERE
walking endlessly up and down those streets
that lead to nowhere new -
but the music feels good, the rhythm of my feet
and the beat of the blood in my veins
so sweet and so fast
I know it will last almost forever.....

and I want to be
OUT THERE
in the sun and the rain
tempted again and again by solid stones
with their stories of yearning.

I want to be
OUT THERE
learning the songs of rivers and streams,
recklessly riding waves of the ocean,
feeling the tug and continual weave
of currents, and wind,
ebbing and flowing.

I want to reach
OUT THERE
to touch spider thin leaves,
where birds build nests
and insects spin their own fine threads
to add to the trembling web
of the universe,
breathing.

And I want to be
OUT THERE
whenever the stars beam down their tears
from away so far,
we can hardly imagine.

We could all be
OUT THERE
to catch those droplets in our hearts
and turn them into words
for telling the world about love, and art,
as it tells us itself
over and over, every day, in so many ways.

We could all be
OUT THERE
to tell it, and each other,
about the cool light that laps and washes
along pathways beneath trees
where babies walk on grass
and four leafed clovers
with podgy bare feet,
and the dustman pauses to eat.

Don't you feel the need
to be
OUT THERE
with the beat of your blood in your veins
so fast
you know it will last almost forever?

We could all be
OUT THERE
together, with the light
shining from our faces and our eyes
streaming down from above through our brains
and out again -
to the world that I believe in dreaming in
where I want to be
OUT THERE
Gladly
walking, laughing, loving,
praising.



Thor's Cave – Peak District, Staffs,
*but next to Derbyshire where my first husband and I married & lived for some
years soon after coming from South Africa, and where our first son was born.*

I took the climb to Thor's cave lightly,
knowing I would find communication there;
engage in conversation with the spirit of the air.
In the cool, damp dark, I leant my ear
to the side gap - rock window to the sky,
and rested on the voice of the wind.



Feeling
 wild words,
 rising words
 in mind,
 forever wild,
 lines in heart
 in sand,
 bleeding,
 and beauty,
 exist on words
 drink, breathe,
 Is it fair to eat,
 What do you believe?
 Where do you come from?

in sky

swims, or creeps?
 whether madness or sanity
 whatever they believe,
 in dark or light,
 where people laugh
 hearts from seeds,
 liberating
 across the world,
 running
 like wind,
 like rivers,
 in minds
 underneath
 earth and trees.



STAY - from the book "Riding the Escalator"

They come here, wanting to be loved,
and the boys on the stage receive them,
not to be loved as lovers, or like children,
but as trees, streams, white clouds shifting, waves in an ocean.

And the boys sing, they caress them, crooning, crooning.

They close their eyes, and they listen,
like leaves, like shadows on bright water.

They sway with the stroke of the music,
subtle hands of the music, soothing, soothing,
all in tune with love, and the slow world moving.

Stay boys, play boys,
Like birds in the grass, like fish swimming,
just a little bit longer, sing
like rain, like sand, like wind in the night, prickling,
like sunlight under their skins,
they want, to be loved.

The Sublime and the Corrupt

from the book "TREES"

As I lean against this tree
The winter wind blows through
And I am shot with the music
Of humanity, subdued

Yet singing of a joy most
Wonderful. That man holds faith
In spite of all, is quite
Incredible. That he creates

In the midst of so much dirt
Is typical. We defend,
With exquisite eloquence,
The evils we ache to transcend.

In a Bishopswood Clearing - from the book "Following Father"

I am sitting in the grass with a picnic
basket and a notebook.
The children walk away from me
Flick-flickety off at a tangent
between thin blotched beech trunks,
then turn like yo-yos at the end of their strings
and come back to me.

Slabs of sun and shade slash
their faces as they come
but do not cut as deep as the flex
of their emotions
grappling with some
small understanding of this
place, this time, we're in.

Snippets from several prose poems in "Span"

I can't take off my feet for you and let them go to visit their friends by themselves. I can't let my tongue go out on its own. I can't leave my eyes here without my ears. I can't let you have my heart without asking you to put up with the complications of my ideas. Would it make any difference at all if I brought around a velvety faced blue backside monkey to serve us drinks? I could try to be a poor dumb donkey if you wish but I don't think you'd like it.

Never having been in one place for so long. It's a terrifying feeling. The house growing old around us. With us. Curtains getting moth eaten. Sills rotting. Doorways leaning. Plaster cracking. Timbers creaking. All the wilderness gradually encroaching.

Time is not ours and we would not own it. It does not wound us to say so.

What matters is not the foolish old 'self' and its ridiculous plans, but that we are here together, helpless and warm in this house.

Warm friend, you know what we are meant to be. Your spirit shines; it shakes the icy shadows from our backs.

My body is filled with sand. The heavy grains flow from my eyes and seek somewhere to fall. Speak to me friends. Tell me I am free to go now, for I need to sit alone in the sun on the river bank, juggling pebbles.

Music – from the book “Span”

The sound of the piano snakes from room to room. It crosses shafts of sunlight and negotiates easy lying shadows with supple twists. Each note is like a soft finger on my skin. Music stitches across between our worlds of light and darkness. It pulls us up out of the deep pool. It lays us gently down, and caresses us, until we return to life. Or it slaps us awake. And forces us to dance.

Green - from the book “Span”

The quietness of rain drop dropping onto long fields. The soothing of tired muscles. The fresh scent of glistening grass. The comfort of dropping wet branches. The slipping free of the mind to slide up the hillside of fir trees. The clean appeal of a place that's almost nothing but green. The drop dropping away of past pains with the cool jewelled massage of rain.

Horizons – from the book “Span”

In the town, straight lines offend. They work against the countryside surrounding. Nothing straight at all. Squiggles. Curves. Chaotic scribbles. And in the far desert, Curves again. Dunes, and stones. Nothing but curves. Down to the sea, where whorled shells litter the shore. And liquid curves rise and fall. In answer to curled clouds in the sky. And people with round heads. Round bodies. Gaze outwards from their squared cities. Longing for the desert. The open sea. Longing for the distant planets hanging like glittering Christmas baubles in space.

The Truth of the Very Small – from the book “Span”

When he is born, a baby's head is filled with the knowledge of space. The circumference of his skull is as infinite as the twirlings of the universe. His eyes look out with the blur of eyes which see for all species. He has remembered his own nature from past patterns. Now his heart beats through rock, sky, oceans. He feels the silence and the sound all around the world beneath his skin.

We all hold somewhere deep within us the truth we accepted in innocence. The seas, the forests, the soil, the atmosphere, are all vital parts of an ongoing system. By harming any part of it we must ultimately harm ourselves. It is that simple.

Guides – from the book “Span”

She goes down through rock with the jackal, crunching bone and stone alike in his pointed jaw; and through the ocean with the whale, nudged along like a calf at her side. Then she is spouted up into the sky, where a gull catches her and flies over the waves, then heads inland, where he passes her on to the kite – who wheels with her over the hills in circles, circles, infinite twirling circles. No wonder she often dreams of tunnels, swimming, and flight.

ART – from the book “Span”

This world is full of confusion and contradiction. We cannot expect to do anything that is absolutely right. We can only measure rightness by the truth within ourselves. And our own truth will never be quite the same as anybody else's. I wish that I could touch you and be sure it was the right thing to do. I only want to touch you briefly. Just once so that you will know. We are flesh and blood and full of faults. But we are also full of warmth. The world is full of confusion but there is compassion in its midst. Communication via simple touch can transmit so much of us in just one minute. Like a painting or a piece of music. I want to touch your soul. I only wish I could be sure it was the right thing to do.

Looking – from the book “Span”

The world goes by and what have I to do with it? I only observe how the geese stretch their necks towards the orange rim of sky. I watch how light fades and children make their way home, hungry and tired. The bushes outside become ghosts while baths run and kitchen windows steam up with the cooking. This is the smell of our home, where I have a place in the wrinkled hours making beds and hugging boys awake. This is the sound of the house where I feel out lives into words, translate ragged nights and days into something whole, or try to. You may look if you wish . . . The world goes by, and what have you or I to do with it, except perhaps for looking?



The louder the noise you make
the better the stretch feels.



Angelic People - from "Riding the Escalator"

People who come unannounced
with their smiles into my life.
People who touch me with warm hearts and fingers.
People who fold their wings at my door.
People who send me their poems.
People who ring when they shouldn't.
People who don't care if they shouldn't.
People who want to anyway.
People who laugh.
People who relax.
People who know when to keep quiet.
People who just are.

Easy - from the book "Terra Affirmative"

It's so easy
just to say *thanks*,
to say *please*.
It's so easy to laugh
at the one who wants to
break your goddamn knees,
to smile at the woman
bent and grim in the street,
to be kind,
to say *yes* to the child
instead of *no, not now*.
But it's easy,
so easy, to forget,
to sink in the crowd
where the *no's* and the *groans*
rumble loud and louder,
until one last *no* breaks
inside your head
and you turn around and say *yes*,
and *yes* again,
and grin.

In the Blackness – from "Terra Affirmative"

Falling falling
Drifting calling
Something floating
In the blackness
Calling me

Inside my head
Or in a distant
Galaxy
Soft I hear it
Calling me

I am dust and
I am weightless
I am faceless
But your voice is
Calling me

Spinning spinning
Slow through space as
Your voice strengthens
Deepens till it
Touches me

Curling round me
Round my body
Closing round me
Like a feather
Cradling me

Now I'm slipping
Drawn towards you
Gravity
Still your calling
Beckons me

Don't stop calling
I am coming
Gently landing
In the blackness
Capture me



The Poetry of Cats - from "Following Father"

I am Leo the lion,
my brothers and sisters are cats.
They look into my eyes
and we understand each other.

We like to sit and watch,
blink, watch,
take notes.
We prowl on soft feet
and sometimes we pounce.

We love the sun,
warm yellows, golds.
We curl together
and perform our poetry:
stroke, scratch, rub,
yawn stretch yawn, purr, purr.

Regeneration - from the book "Spirit Songs"

The river is my snake skin twisting,
my magic dream glistening,
my twinkling sparkling eye water.

The river is my life unravelling,
the rushing forward flow for freedom,
the deeper thought pools calming.
Once upon a time my spirit came
and saw the water always circling;
river, sea, and sky, and mountain.
Then my spirit knew that it was home
where time is now, and then, and was,
and will be forever looping and re-looping.
And the river is all one and part
of air and earth and universe and heart.
And the river water is our thousand, thousand drops
of sunlit love.



Night Watch - from the book "Following Father"

There is the wheel
and there is the compass.

There are the white sails
and there is the night.

There is the swell of water
and there is the wind.

I am frozen into tranquillity.
Earth's magnetism hums.

~

Improvisations with Pinks and Greens

from the book "Following Father"

Cherry tree celebrates life
with pink blossom
looks at me, whispering
You could be beautiful too.

Sparrow wears old brown
but his song is pink like the blossom
stuffing my ears
with the sound of elation.

I want the green
that is springtime
And the green
That is knowing.

It is the green that I want
to place in your hands,
a bud for each one of you
buds that belong to this earth.

Sunbeams and dewdrops,
explosions of blossom
plump into fruit
luscious with pure existence.



Feathers

from the book "Blue Bridge"

The tree longs for the bird
and once come, will not let it go
willingly from its roost.

The sky longs for the bird
to mix its blue air
with sharp song.

The sun longs for the bird
to skim its swift shadow
upon the earth.

The stream longs for the bird
to dip its bright beak
into slow pools.

The dust longs for the bird
to scratch and to scoop
fine ripples over its back.

The bird itself is restless;
swoops, dives,
rises, alights,

does not quite know
where to put itself,
cries, cries.

*(Imagine how many places at once the world might want a person to be:
to participate, experience, witness, contemplate, learn from, share.)*



Word Art

ReLOVEution, Peace, Heart, Wonders, Hope, Symbiosis, Mystery,
Musical, Crystals, Mountain, Joy, Animals, Gaia, Sun, Thrive, Elements,
Freedom, Dreams, Art, Discovery, Ocean, Energy, Trees, Herbs, Birds, Fish,
Happy, Life, Sacred, Connection, Community, Home, Magic, Moon, Inspire,
Grace, Wellbeing, Beauty, Stars, Space, Laughter, Organic, Infinite, Dance,
Earth, Truth, Season, Soul, Universal, Open, Mind



Artists and Art Words (above)



GROW FLOW POEM POET SEED STREAM GARDEN EDEN FLOWERS TREES SWIM FLY															
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Crossword above) / Activities Planning Sheet (next page)



Long Green Love of the World
from the book "Spirit Songs"

Fish, butterflies,
you are fingers in my days.
Birds, beasts, you are hands flying
between the sun and the bright painted land.

Friends, you are trees, shadows,
leaves swaying
in the wind of the whispering universe.
I am pleased to say I am living.

I am glad to be able to sit down and laugh
at the flowers stirring the hours.
I am so very glad to be here to sing
while the see fills my ears with its wild shouting.

Let me never forget
the long green love of the world.
Let me never forget
to praise the rich brown energetic earth for her giving.



PEACE - from the book "Spirit Songs"

Mist lies over the river
like the icy breath of winter angels.
Darkness gathers round... and it is beautiful.

Thank you for this life, this death,
whatever it is you are
that makes us finally see.



The sun shines down
on young green leaves
shivering with glad acceptance

but not so glad as I –
struck by a reverence
for the processes of life.

There's always the possibility
of redemption
if you stick with love.



Thread of Mystery

from the book "Spirit Songs"

Earth is mother to the grass.
Trees are fathers - in their arms
the birds make their soft nests fast
and lay eggs - that shine - like stars.

In the rushes - a coot hides.
On the water - a boat glides.
Beneath the surface - fishes eyes
stare - through reflections - of the skies.

It's the river - flowing to the sea.
It's the river - between you and me.
It's the river - can't you see
that it's the river - makes us happy -

..... makes us happy.

We are in this world of ours
as lovers in each other's arms.
We should have no real fear
of what our futures are.

The seal is a sister thing
to the deer and wolf running.
The sun's fire is the brethren
of the ice and the howling wind.

It's the river - flowing through the land.
It's the river - don't you understand
that it's the river and the shady banks,
yes it's the river and the golden sand -

..... makes us happy.

All songs leave their water mark.
Whale's voice echoes through wave's dark.
Insects buzz in midnight park.
Lightning precedes a thunderclap.

Rain falls gentle on damp leaves.
Worms wriggle in ecstasy.
Get down on your muddy knees -
gaze - through the puddles - of our dreams.

It's the river - thread of mystery.
All of our kingdom - is a tapestry,
and this old river - it knows how to weave
between the pebbles - and the long green reeds.....

..... yes it's the river makes us happy.

Oh its' the river - thread of mystery.
All of our kingdom - is a tapestry.
Yes it's the river - oh can't you see
that it's the river - makes us happy -

*. . . . yeah it's the river
yeah it's the river makes us happy.*





Woman with Fish



Life Ignition (last one above & spray painting opposite)





Xtine's Nebula 1 - done by request

Symbols of Love – a Song

If I bring back my soul
to this earth with its controls,
I'll hold tight to the symbols of love.

When we fly through the skies
with all time in our eyes,
I'll look out to the symbols of love.

And still you stir me to tears
though I have no more fears,
just the tide, and the symbols of love.

While only some humans cry
for fires lit, and burned high,
there's enough water left to douse them.

Where the universe bleeds
we may still plant more seeds
to shore up the banks of our love.

When the next children come
I hope they see that some
have learnt through the symbols of love.

When all souls must pull clear
they'll at least look back here
knowing *they* were the symbols of love.

It's in our minds and our hearts
that we nurture the sparks
that give *life* to the symbols of love

If we look all the time
at how life's so divine,
we shine light on the symbols of love.

Blessings and Hope

There's a girl in a puddle
in the middle of my forehead -
always there but untouchable -
though she swims around
in my dream like a cloud
of birds freed in the universe.

There's a man balancing
on the rim of a teacup -
watching the incredible
world swirling beneath him -
wondering if he would
be able to swim in it.

There's a boy shouting
at the top of a tree
That he can see people
Swimming beyond our horizon
In a forest of deepest blue
With horses along a beach.

There are lanterns dangling
From hands of old women
Threading through valleys purpled
With evening, up towards dark
Deserts of sky to re-tie
Ancestral ribbons of light.



Round the Bend (Theatre)

There's a place in the outside of my mind
Where the rich and famous are just tokens
On the flip side of cheap chocolate coins
And the broken are not really broken,
They're just going about their lives
In ways no more strange than the rest of us.

And I say we could take some time to pray
For the people with complicated jobs
So that they don't lose their heads or families
In the throes of stress and corruption
Biting at their heels and the backs of their necks,
Salivating down their arms and across their palms.

And what if what happened next was not
A dream, because reality is stuffed with layers
More ridiculous than it might at first seem,
And the streets are full of imbibing players
All dancing in a fascinating rhyme
Calling them round and round the u-bend of time.



Stories for Earthlings

I become everything I perceive or imagine.

I am like some Juju Woman, wandering
In an alternative reality, where there is
No such thing as the unknown, for in the vast plains,
Woods, mountains, and seas, the known is always
Seeking itself ultimately, even though there is
No division, except in dreamed experience.
We always hope to meet each other, coming
Towards ourselves to embrace the eternal
Dichotomy between boredom and mystery,
Emptiness and fullness, both of mind and body;
Asking questions of philosophers who are really
The children of children starving on the street,
Wide-eyed, as if they have seen a Juju Woman
Walking in the shadows of a wilderness
Projected from within her head and flaming heart,
Where cat's eyes and fires flicker through future and past,
For time is quite irrelevant in this pantomime
Between our inner core and all the shining stars.

We slide through on our conveyor-veniences,
Or hop, skip, and bump along our rocky paths,
Until we vanish, then reappear as if we
Never learnt a thing at all from being here.
The Juju Woman glides as if walking on water
Over plains and through deserts, pausing
Frequently to appreciate the scenery
Constantly created by the magic in her eyes.
She rewrites stories of her grandchildren
And songs of all her ancestors, turning them
Inside out and upside down, to provoke
Skewed understandings; and she pokes huge thumbs
Into any mouths that gape too wide – simply to
Save the life from leaking away someplace else.

“There's got to be some fun in here somewhere”
She says to the wide open night as she walks

On through the vastness of the planet of herself -
Though the moon shows her shadow thin as sticks,
 Bobbing along on the sand as she passes
 Beside a riverbank with water glinting dark
As the dark heart of the sun, which suddenly
All becomes one with her figure – and the world
 Is at once dissolved into the universe
 Curled among smouldering universes.

Next day she is born from the mist again
And goes on her rough trail through forests - up
 To the lands of the high mountain people.
She has tales, of course, to tell them too, but these
 Are not quite so crooked and jumbled –
 They make some sort of sense over distances
Where valleys tremble between one peak and another
 Until the vibration melts them all away.
 Their particles drift with the cosmic thrum
 Of all beingness, delicately balanced.
The sea rises up gradually to meet them,
 Wave upon wave of conscious unicorns
 Mixing with velvet swirls of milky way,
Jungle feathers, and the froth of distant light.

Where kettles and pots circle like asteroids,
Still we can see her fire-smoke and shadows
Flickering on the black walled tunnels of time.
She waits for her moment to seep out wreath-like
 And tell us again those stories for Earthlings
That make our hearts tighten dangerously in fright
 Then slowly relax and open with wonder
 As the curious words keep spilling out.
She speaks of waterfalls jumping down cliffs of
 Dizzying height, almost straight after having
 Returned from the sky, as if they didn't want
To be here, or were desperate to help provide
 By moving down faster – to bounce back up,
 Scattering seeds of moisture far and wide;
Then she screams and cackles as we realise

That we ought to give more thanks for sun, water,
And plants, and for creatures in the undergrowth,
 As well as to each other, just for being alive.

But when she is gone we forget, unless
Some darkness overtakes us, and we have to
 Find our ways out – to escape her cackle –
 Mocking us, like huge speckled bird heavens,
Squeezing us, until we burst free from the shells
 Of our mottled egg history, or explode.
So the darkness and the Juju Woman are both
 Saviours of our sanity, reminders that our
Wildness cannot be constrained by our sadness
Or in our papier-maché cities, where we traipse
 Between dutiful roles, until one day we
Get on a horse, or bus, or train heading out fast
Into open space – where we can lose our false
 Identities, and just wear our mantles of truth.

Now we can tell our own Earth-people stories
With running and flying things all playing games,
 Showing us the way to have fun with the lives
We make, just by being ourselves; and with roots
 And branches waving us along, or tripping us
Up if we go wrong – their gnarled and nobbled nature
 Reminding us of the Juju Woman and her
 Terrible laughter. But here we are – learning
On our own – which way we really want to go
On our journeys between one outpost and another.

For most of us, wild space can only be a
Temporary solace – if we all stayed out there
It would become like any other crowded place.
We have to take our mantles and carry on
Elsewhere – keep them melded with our beings
To ensure we never lose a hold of who we really are -
 Bright souls now striding beyond the artificial
 Linings of our world, pulling out the stuffing
Of false pride, and rites, cutting back the bound

Weeds of empty things, awkward business deals
And social ties; but holding dear to natural delights,
Making our lives strong yet soft, giving fond
Credit to the Juju Woman who still stalks
Corners of our ceilings and fringes of our fires.

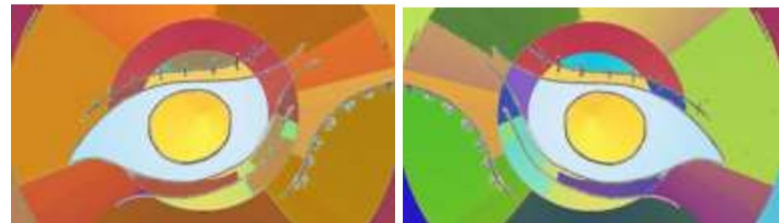
We celebrate that all the darkness and the light
Exists as one force that pulls us all together;
Yet gives us space to be who we truly want.
We move freely in and out of this place with no
Borders, realising that any perceived
Differences are only tricks of unfed minds
That gobble up propagandas meant for those
Who have not yet eaten from the golden sun;
Or visited seas or lands with open vistas,
Or heard wild jungles or mountains screaming out
Against the sky which sends water down to cloak them
With vegetation, and animal life swarming –
Yet so unlike people in skyscrapers climbing
With walls of mirrors of impossible lightning
Ready to strike them down for one false move.
The Juju Woman is here though, to bring us through
With her stories for Earthlings. If you will listen –
You'll be driven mad – to become fully human.



Rap - Resilience & Vulnerability

No need to chastise or categorise, they are the idiots -
trying to make me feel left out. They should open their eyes!
They are the ones despised, left out and full of lies
About their lives - who they are or are not.

I create my own ways, my own days, my own thoughts.
They cannot change my face, my name, my place in the world.
I am here whatever they may say, being myself, doing what I want.
I am strong, I belong, I am adaptable, responsible, indestructible!
They are vulnerable, transitional, just desperate to be influential.
I am flexible, my life is meaningful, all things are possible.
I am brilliant, resilient, mature, self-assured, and pos-I-tive.
I overcome, I beat the odds, I don't react to lures and taunts,
I am not fr-I-ghtened by their acts or threats, attempts to intim-I-date.
I could never be their friend or mate, unless they learnt to appreciate
That they create their own ways, their own days, their own thoughts,
Settle into it, quit acting so distraught, decide who they are or are not.



Lost hearts of people are wandering in the night.
They've given up so much they don't want
Anyone to love them anymore.
They can only love from a distance.
There is so much love you have to
Stand far away to take it all in.

The only reason to keep going
Is to give that one final gift.
Only you know what that is.
In the meantime people listen to a lot of things
But never really to that one thing.
They just can't seem to face it.

I'm no longer interested in pleasing others,
Only in doing what I have to do.
I think I am sand in the riverbed
Trying to bury my tears,
Or spilling dry whispers in a wasteland.
Sometimes we just have to carry on anyway.

There's a whole lot of space out there,
I could travel forever exploring,
But there are some things I'd like to return to –
Like getting up close and taking a chance again,
Like the delicate detailed beauty of a petal
And prised light shining on dewdrops.

~

We each think we have issues;
But watch how ghosts walk among us –
Her brother, his son, her father, his mother –
Mostly without words or reasons –
Some young, some needlessly, some deliberately;
But what sense is there on dwelling
On things that are wrong when we have so little time
To love, forgive, show kindness, compassion?

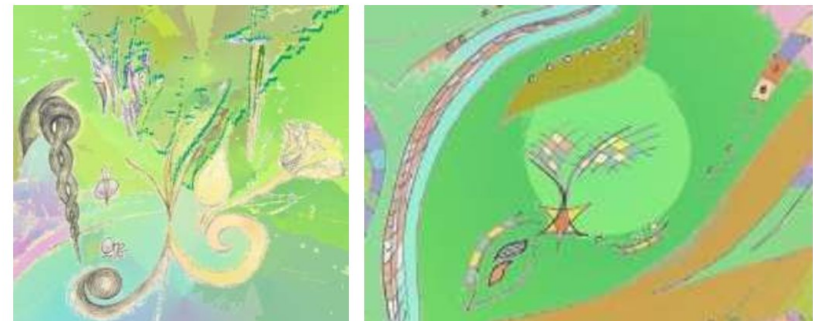
We can discover the strangeness of worlds
Right here, all around, like heavens –
If we could only detach from all the strings and sticks
And leaden boots bequeathed to us.

Paradoxes of Love

Barren, yet swarming –
Like outer space, like the desert,
Like our faces, our hearts,
Cold, and yet somehow warm,
As we travel to find out
What it is to be in love -

With the strangeness of life,
And the seething loneliness
That opens us up, like wind,
Visible, invisible, resonating
Like tender grains of sand
Everywhere, yet nowhere.

Those moments you might have given up
Are washed away with new insights,
Healing your journey towards yourself,
And you realise why we fill our lives
With children, laughing like water
Running over ancient riverbeds.





You are a space for consciousness to flow in. The world, the whole universe, are spaces for consciousness to flow in. Everything is within consciousness. Everything is in relationships with everything else, and exists in the consciousness flowing within you as well as around you.

Accept yourself as this space within space, and notice the amazing, beautiful details in the flow that comes and goes. Try not to judge anything. All is part of the balance, like currents in an ocean, winds in the atmosphere. It must keep moving, but there's always the opportunity for tranquil moments. Even you can admit calm amidst a storm, but ultimately things will keep shifting. Without movement and contrast there could be no life, so let things rise and fall, like your very breath.

There's no point at all in trying to hold onto anything, or anyone. Everything is in flux. You will only create harm to yourself and others by trying to block it. Do not fear the natural flow. The only way to be whole is to let things be as they are, let people be who they want to be. Let go and learn how to be truly yourself no matter what.

Perhaps we have a life to sort out who it is we really are. Perhaps this becomes easier the more lives we have, or the more experiences we have in one lifetime. But ultimately we are all the same, interacting with the flow of consciousness within and all around us, in our many ways. We may respond to it very differently, until in the end we all reach some conclusion, maybe even many lives from now. When you do, you will know that the details of how you have undertaken your journey do not matter much, and that each death is just another step in the project.



Peru / My brothers on our last farm in SA / Bermuda on our yacht

To all the Wild - 7 haiku as verses

In last evening rays
Soft padding through the kingdom
Of gracious beasts

In the same instant
Both our hearts knew they were there
Emerging from trees

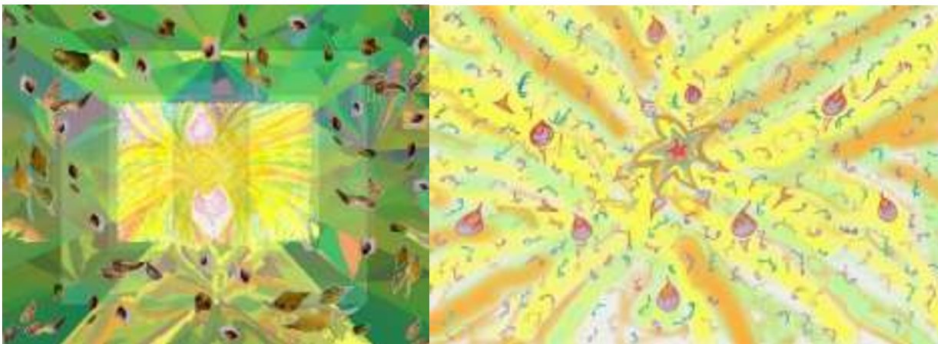
Sweet doe followed by
Two stags barking and leaping,
Then stopping to stare

Moving around us,
Not hurrying away,
They kept looking back

Perhaps somehow they
Felt that same heart connection,
An honourable exchange

We say "Namaste"
To all wild things and places,
With deep gratitude

Always, everywhere,
Let there be beauty and peace
Midst teeming life



The Universal Game

What would you say
if you were asked to play
this game called life?

Would you agree to be birthed,
to come down to earth
with all its woes and strife?

Could you really have known what it's like?
Would you have thought you could sort it all out,
or would you have done it just for a laugh?

Would you have realised there was enough
beauty and goodness to balance it off,
make it an amazing experience?

If you could remember -
you must have thought it was some kind of adventure
or at least a worthwhile choice to make

or there's surely no way you'd have entered this game
filled with extremities of love and pain,
and you probably wouldn't want to do it again.....

but in the first sleep or rest,
after a period of review and reflection,
I think we mostly forget,

before we awake to a wider perspective,
then set off to explore other directions and planes,
learning & reporting back as always,

so when the time comes around
to journey back down,
we might be ready to try once again.....

but I wonder, will we ever remember enough to know
that it's an opportunity for study and growth,
so that we don't overreact to the immersion?

We are scouts of consciousness itself,
examining the outer fringes of universal expansion,
at the same time expanding ourselves.



Where cards fall with domino dot precision
I yet may walk in random patterns and be safe.

The same light that burns lines into my face
Falls softly on the lake -
Where ripples peel across the surface
Like curled paint flakes

From the ocean I produced in my head last night
And the river that runs through my blood

And the song that plays in all water
Since the great flood,
Crying to stay on the earth
For as long as it's still a world.



Doorway through multi layers of water



ENTER

You walk right through town,
follow the road out into a wood
entirely enclosed by a wall.

The road ends at a gate
and when you ring the bell
a face looks out through a peephole
to assess you before you enter -
then the gate creaks slowly open -

You step out onto the top of a hill
but are engulfed in cloud
so that your senses are smothered
just like in meditation
when your chattering mind is stilled -
and you begin all over again
to imagine the world -
to make it whatever you will.



BACK TO THE GARDEN

Many things have been planted
In our precious garden
With our without our consent –
There are too many gigantic weeds!
We need to plant fresh seeds
To grow and blossom, and show
That we mean to succeed
In changing the underlying picture –
The substrata of human thought -
Through all our languages –
Words, information, movement, music, art.
We can grow new crops we can thrive on –
Organic produce of our own creation,
Fruits of our common understanding,
Which will flourish, dance, shine, sing, flow,
And be shared through community effort.
All of you can join in with replanting the garden –
Bring your positive wishes,
Your ideas, your loving hearts –
Together we will tend the flower beds
Of human imagination and consciousness –
Spread nourishment into the soil
From which our new world will spring
In luxuriant, succulent, tasty colour.

*Please come and join in with the open group page
"Back to The Garden" on Facebook, or the website*

www.backtothegarden.org.uk

Blessings, Joules





Gardener – written in Yorkshire

This landscape is overwhelming.
Tiny, you enter it.

It swallows your guilt,
Forgives you for being human.

You emerge, damp, covered in moss,
And bring us Her language.



Marbled Colours with Flowers



*Yorkshire with my lads when they were young. My second son was born there.
We moved South to Hampshire around their high school time.*



Bringing Life Spray Painting



Old me in Dorking / Young me in New Orleans & (pregnant with 1st) in Rhodes



Why are we constantly trying to reinvent nature
Instead of listening to her
In reverence?

Why do we change into monsters of belligerence,
Trying always to outdo,
Yet only making ourselves into fools?

~

Where possums prance in glades that gently gyrate
And where blossoms burst through enigmatic earth
I choose to bring my soul upon the singing wind -
With wings that glimmer and feathers that shimmer
As we safely alight in this pleasant bright land -
So near yet so far from the crowds madly braying,
Not at all sure what they are doing or saying,
Yet destroying worlds with their words and relentless ways.

~

Protect me in a positive vortex
So that I am not truly walking
In this place where EMR whirls,
Threatening the integrity of our cells.
They cannot touch me in my reality.
I am free from all types of unnecessary insanity.
Although you can still see me doing my job
I will seem strangely other-dimensional.

~

I walk in a state
Between worlds,
Deeply meditative but awake.

My brain and heart,
Like flowers, are coherent,
Open to gracefully receive
All kinds of light and information,

Like new awakenings
From dreams of dreams.

~

In water and in light I sing,
In forests float and mountains swim.
In glorious colours - dancing blues and greens,
With flashing purples and oranges - I dream.
The wilds around connect with the wilds within
As animals and plants and fish and birds fly in atomic rings
Round cells and bodies and planets and stars breathing
As they whisper and rush through space - listening.

~

○

Bubbles
How I love thee
And your colours wobbling
Through the sky,
Like laughter in your throat
And on your tongue, and mine,
Saving us from all our troubles
When the day is done.

~

Let me go to the hills and dales of my youth
where streams mutter and play over layers of rock.
Let me stroll through glistening green woods
Where sunbeams slide through shadows
Like butter mixing into rich cake
That will rise to nourish the body.
Let me skip over meadows
That roll like moulded jellies in the soul
And lie down in the grass at last
To remember my own rhythms unwinding.

Haiku Seasons

Spring mist lifts
From umber rivers –
Life's cool breath

Summer sap rises –
Pumping green blood in forests –
Warm fountains flower

Autumn haze hangs -
Wooded hills and open fields
Unfold gold bounty

Winter stillness calms
Paths of foragers in snow;
Home hearths glow orange.

~

There is a question within me
Which cannot be answered.
I don't define it, I simply allow it
To resonate there within me.
I welcome it – its presence.
I don't need to understand it.
I don't fear it, or any response.
I set aside my intellect and just feel
The presence of the question there.
I am not seeking for it to be resolved,
I am simply grateful for its presence –
It grounds me here on earth,
So that I don't fly off too soon,
So that I can witness all these
Beautiful things, and journey
With them, letting them touch me
With their own questions unanswered too.
It is astonishing how they propel, yet still, me

As they fill my awareness,
Allowing me to look openly into them
Without seeking anything from them.

I go, like a child in the windswept leaves,
Innocent, glad, redeemed,
I feel like the sky, the forest, the sea,
Even the earth, is mixed in me,
And I accept gratefully the essence of myself.

Embers and the Dance of Time

Though white strings of winter tie me down
And dark winds tap and rattle at gate posts
I am still here; waiting –
For the coppery glint of dawn leaves.

Though birds fly backwards in rivers
And fishes swim loops in air everywhere –
Butterflies alight in my eyes like sparks
From a fire somewhere deep underneath.

And I remember a paradise
With soft stars of pearl in the ocean,
Bright shells of light in the sky,
And liquid time lapping slowly at my boat.

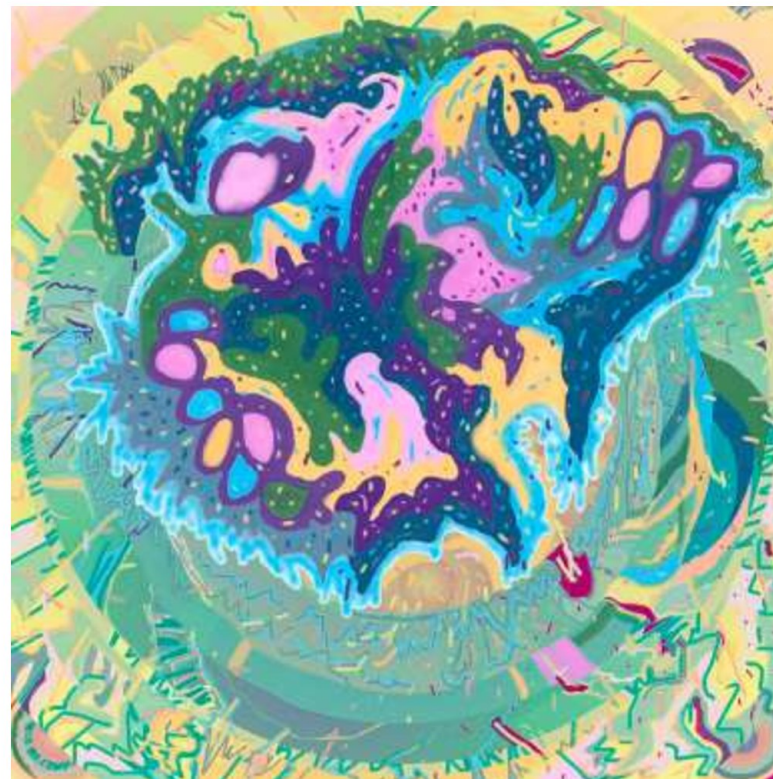
Heart Haiku

Beautiful cosmos
I frolic in your wide womb
Loving you and life

Life, death, wake from dream;
Gateways to infinity
An all directions

Meeting the Helper – with thanks to Jay Ramsay
from the book TREES

An old man walks beside me on the path.
He walks at my left shoulder.
His face is powerful.
He wears a grey beard and a black cloak.
We don't speak.
I know why he is here.
He hands me a mask carved from pale wood.
It is a bull with huge curved horns.
I will wear it when I go into the shadows.
I need not be afraid,
The horns will penetrate the jungle for me.
I need the darkness to make the light whole,
To make the person whole,
To make the journey complete;
And the bull needs my pure white milk.
As the old man turns to go,
I see a child in rags on the back of his cloak,
Arms reaching up behind her to hold onto him,
Bare toes pointing.
That child is me.



Pleasure Island / Shaman and Dolphin Designs



Man, Wilderness, and Psyche (or Shaman)





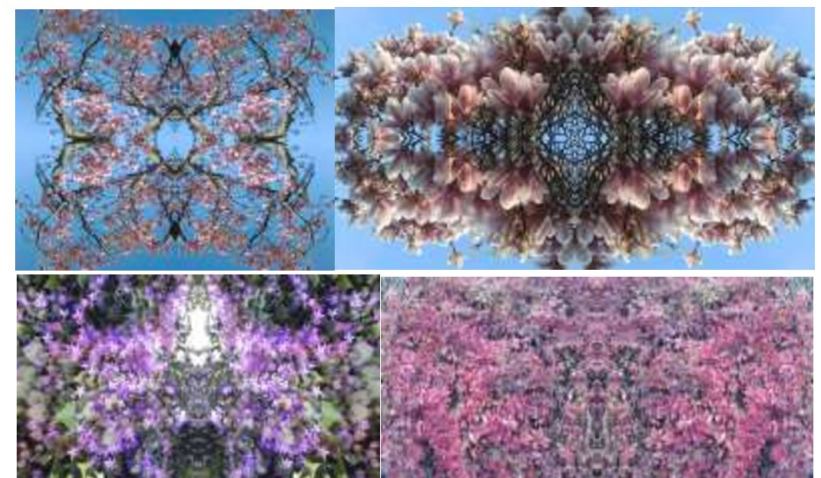
Hair of the Divine Universe

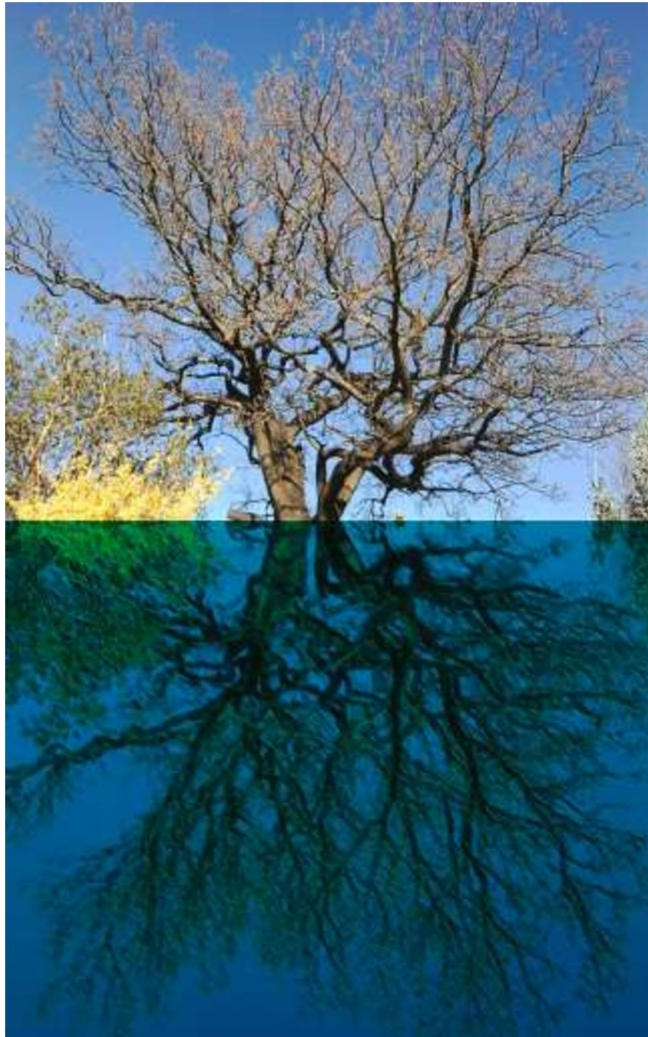
Running down the corridor with her hair
Flowing in the night, filled with lights of fear;
Life becoming liquid, suddenly unfrozen,
Fractals expanding in every direction,
Out into the darkness with its rough lessons,
And on into the universe, rapidly extending
To fill her head in turn, with infinite beginnings.
Gold, black, red, purple, flashing green,
Yellow, blue - vibrations underneath.
Strings unwinding and recombining again,
Intertwining with flower stems and seaweed to grow new hearts;
And her eyes become planets surrounded by stars.

Golden, golden, she has been yearning
For a time when newly shaped dawns
Would blossom, unfolding -
Would free up her blood and squished brain
From anguish and pain - to pulsate
With fresh sounds and scents of adventure.

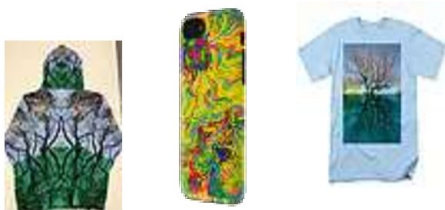


Tree Gate between Water and Sky Worlds / Pink Blossom Mandalas





Dancers Tree Reflection



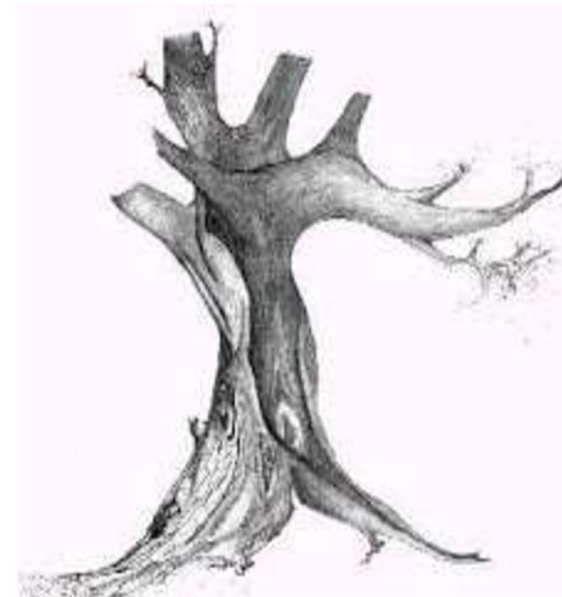
Fidelity

from the book "TREES"
(the drawing below was on the cover)

If I were allowed
I would
paint trees on walls.

They crowd the edges
of vision,
they scrape at doors.

If I were allowed
I would
let the beasts in.



A root has grown up though my feet into the centre of my body.



I'm a shaman, I'm a mermaid,
I'm a forest, I'm a mountain.

I am each tree, each rock, each clod,
each grain of sand in a desert.

I'm a plant, I'm an animal,
I'm a wave, I'm a form.

I am each drop, each leaf, each eye,
each hair, each mouth, each bone, each horn.

I can dance like the sky
or an ocean in the sun.

I am ancient, and I am young.
I am each heart, each limb, each song,

I'm an abstract, I'm a frequency,
I'm a multitude, I am a single one.

I am everything, and nothing.
I am here, then gone, then here all over again,

Never giving up on the urge to create and evolve
In the learning circles of experience on earth.

I am like the infinite universe, each tiny spark,
rising, fading, rising against the dark,

Yet loving the peace of vast space,
filling me with a deep sense of being almost home.

*

Can we step into another world where everything's
the same except the things we intend to be changed?
Do these worlds already exist,
an infinite variety of almost duplicates?

Are there other versions of ourselves
walking around wondering about us?
Do we sometimes exchange places unknowingly,
maybe feeling just a little ill at ease after a strange dream?

Perhaps we even meet them in the street,
with the shock leaving us unsure which dimension we're in.
We daren't tell anyone! How would we know?
Have you ever noticed anything else out of place?

Perhaps there's a new mole on your sister's face.
Where has she been this morning while you were still sleeping?
Anyway, the clock might have been swapped in the night.
Do things seem somehow not quite right?

Your husband's moustache is a slightly different colour,
but his hair's alright, so does it matter?
What could we do, but carry on
and hope there's nothing too big going wrong?

Perhaps you'll be healed of that disease
the doctor diagnosed last week!
Is your blood and your DNA still the same?
Will your workmates call you by the right name?

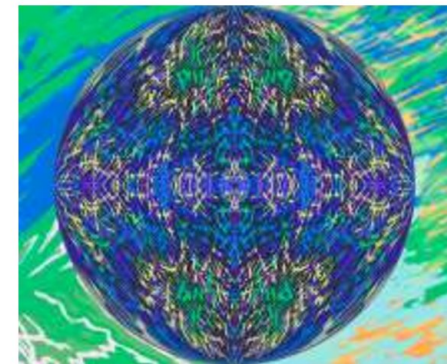
Well really we can hardly complain
if we've got the chance to get on with the game.
So what if we're a little suspicious, it might be a good thing!
We might even have been granted one of our wishes.

Let's get on and find out!

Quantum Portal



Meadow Grass with Poppies (mixed media collage) / GrassWorld



The pages of the book become blank after you've read them.
You can't go back, no matter how much you may try, or want to,
but if you turn quickly, you might just catch the odd word as it fades.
Once ended, only the cover stays, until the next person is hooked,
then the pages fill again, but who knows if it's the same story, or if it's changed.
Some videos don't let you go back either, but you can start again from scratch,
like you could with this book, if you could ever find where you'd put it.
There's a rough shadow at the edges of worlds, like torn pages,
Where they overlap with others, and we can experience all sorts of strangeness
if we get caught up in the wrong place for a while.
Only birds, plants, stones, or cats, can signal the best paths to follow back.





Night Signals

My heart is a song
to the planet of songs ,
hearing each other over and over
through the long years
of writing and painting,
dancing and exploring.....

while the green earth rises
and rises ever skywards -
leaning inwards, yet expanding
outwards, into the universe
like a thousand, thousand,
soft and sharp notes ascending

and again returning, to create us,
from where we stagger in yearning,
to be snatched up into life
like bits of blotting paper
stuck on a windshield
along with leaves and blades

of grass and the odd spider
or beetle confused by gravity
suddenly becoming overturned
by sheer speed of movement
through nights of signals,
blasting between stars.



Catalyst (above) / Mermaid & Ancient Trees (below)



She is a mermaid, she cannot drown
because of her song lifting her upwards.
No matter how much sand or salt may fill her belly
she cannot become any heavier.
No matter how many weeds may bind her hair
she cannot be caught, for she is a magical creature,
and can only be seen by those believing
in their own ability to sing and swim.

Like a stag or a unicorn, I have crashed my horns.
I have destroyed to learn, and love life more.
Like a mermaid, I am diving to the seabed
to smash my own head into the cradle of the universe.

Pebbles are tears from heaven worn smooth on the beach or riverside,
bringing us symbols to carry in our hands and hearts, truly wanting
to know that place again, and our reasons for coming away down here.



Flawed diamonds, we struggle on, oblivious to the purity of existence.
We think our faults are curses, given us to reflect a status of sinners,
but really we are perfect children, given flaws to learn by comparison,
how to view perfection, which cannot be understood without these tricks to help.

Some stones are eyes.
If you collect them, they will watch you interminably
to see if you know how to observe the world with other senses.

I ask the one spirit of many names that abides within us all
to bless us and guide us, and absolve us of guilt,
to wash away the pains from those we may have hurt,
and leave us each free to live the way we need to be in this world.



Welcome

I dance by myself, with all my tattered bits showing,
but forgiven, as if they never had to be hidden in the first place.
How can you face another person if you have not swayed between dying
and living, have not felt the pain of being broken and having to go on?
How can you help another human being if you have not done the truth thing
of facing your faults yet recognising through them your humanity?
How can you be whole and reborn if you have not found the child, the wise
mother & father, and the lover within you, and melded them into one?
How can you teach a single lesson if you have not given yourself over totally
to the expression of what you love, experienced bliss, and liberation?
How can you welcome yourself if you have not known the depths of dark
and the heights of light, caught a glimpse of what might just be heaven on earth?

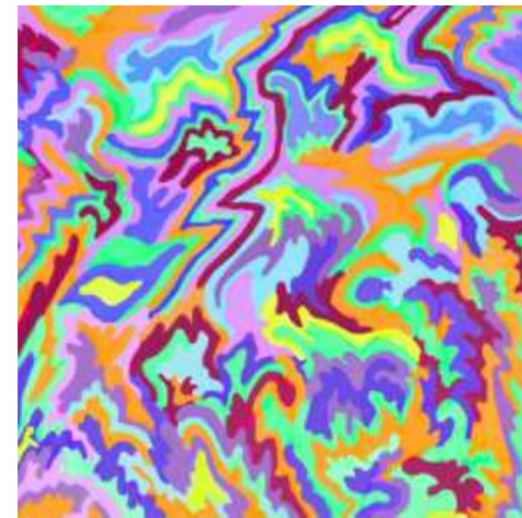
Embryo



Fire & Ice



Abstract Sky Design for Bedding



Glen Fruin

from the book "Following Father"

We come into these knobbly Strathclyde hills
between the Gare Loch and Loch Lomond,
and climb a track upwards, until we find
peace cupped in the fold of a tiny valley
where a Glen Fruin burn affords our children
the joys that African streams once offered me.

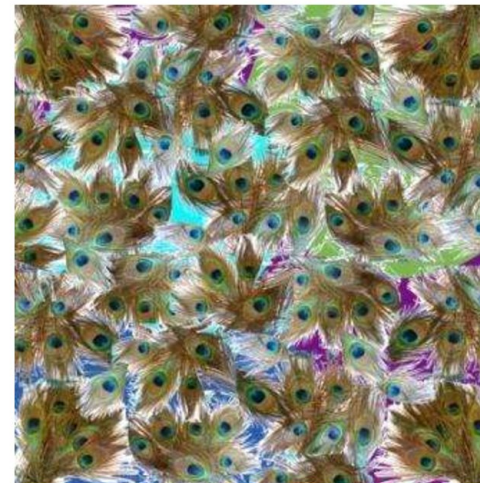
Their eyes practice reading the rocks
for intriguing places to cross,
and they explore, balancing their minds
and their bodies between this place
where we sit, and the place high above us
where the burn rises in the hillside.

Even over these cold old Scottish stones
the water has a good laugh at the world.
I let its chuckle wash the strains
of an urban existence from my soul;
slowly, slowly, they slough off,
like the water worn edges of boulders
which have lain here for thousands of years.

When I was a child I thought
I would always have time to watch
the flow of water pass me by,
listen to its baby-gurgling voice.
There in the African sun I'd lie
naked in streams such as these,
my skin almost the colour of the earth.

Here our five year old is blundering
with the speed of his sheer delight;
he knows no alternative to wellies.
His brother, only a year older,
has the judgement to know what is
a safe bet, and what is not worth the risk.

The youngest finally falls in,
and we've only a coat to dry him with!
We'll wrap him up in it
and carry him back to the car;
return some other day
with towels and spare clothing.



Peacock Feathers / Nasturtium Mandala

Mountain Murmurs



Mountain murmurs rise upwards
and slide down valleys with streams,
reaching everywhere around,
soothing everything with their sound.

Like deep earth boulder rumbles
in Buddha bellies and throats,
these mountain murmurs measure
the passing of aeons shifting,

sliding, rising, falling, folding,
pouring forth, then wearing away,
like life itself always cycling
between this place and somewhere else.

These Buddhas teach us patience.
You might think they're sitting silent
but they're just speaking slowly
in their ancient rock voices.

If you listen, you will be
reassured, and tempted to share
much more of their wisdom.
On your path through flowers and stones

You will no longer feel alone,
but enlightened and delighted,
among new friends, calm and at home
at last, in this world, so often too fast.



Language of Forest

Whispered trees in distant mist
open to sunlight as we draw close.

At first I think its steam rising -
but its a language between trees
and sky, written like soft breath
or musical notes scored in dew.

Then there's the intricate undergrowth
scribbled all over the ground -
a whole orchestration of sound
involving leaves, thorns, berries,
insects scratching or clicking,
and fine patterned spider-webs.

You and I don't really belong here,
but are invited nevertheless,
to listen and observe,
while all around us, the forest
gently communicates
secrets of deer, drays, and nests,

and the cool colours seep
into our bones, intimating
an ultimate sense of time
being a slow unwinding
interrupted by occasional
flights, spinnings, or bounds.

All of the forest signals
are natural rhythms and parts
of one magical piece
of music, poetry, art -
a grand operatic story
of growth, and cycles of heart.



War – from my first poetry collection “The Earth is Alive”

When it comes yet again to war
we seem unable to believe
that we have done it all before
and no one wins. Thousands still grieve
yet will go in for it once more.

The older ones don't make a move
To spare the next generation,
They simply watch them try to prove
Their manhood for their nation;
Halting lives for this 'greater love'.



Transparent Lives

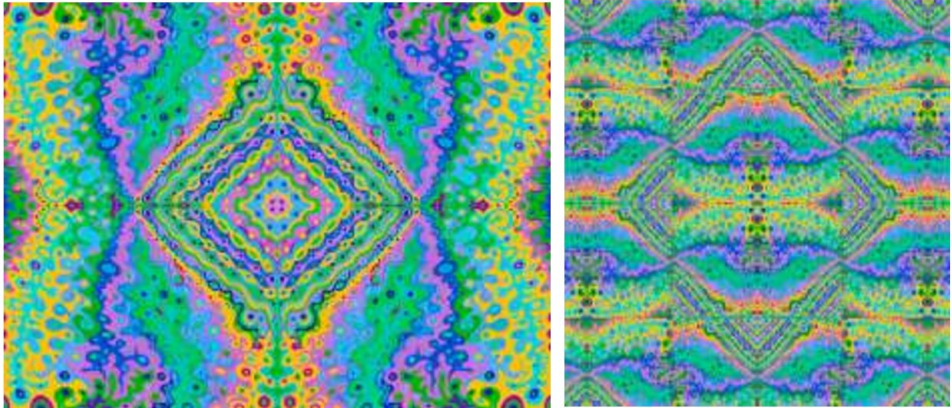
As if encased in glass instead of skin
I imagine you can see my body working
From the inside out, and my brain
Struggling to make sense of it.



Canna Lily for my Mother / Autumn Ivy



Flowing Life Art Abstracts made into Patterns



MUSIC AT



What is your recipe for life?

Would you let other people tell you what to do
Or find stuff out and then decide for yourself?
Would you let your mind, body, and spirit be subdued,
Or would you lead it through fields of flowers?
Would you tie up your hours in shackles of servitude,
Or dance or swim in forests or oceans, or climb up in the hills,
Plus spend time celebrating life with family and friends,
And in developing the seeds of your natural skills
So that you can truly be there for your community when needed,
Or even just to show what it really means to be human?
Would you be a slave to the desires of others,
Or dream your own story?

The Ecstasy of Being and the Terror of Being Closed Off

Once when there were turtles in the sky
And the carved shadows flew in ancient eyes,
There was a funnel coming down into the worlds
That gave us a natural knowledge of life,
And we would dance in our joy through the forests and mountains
And sing from the bottoms of our hearts
Until flowers grew in answer to our celebration
And gave us a fabulous harvest of seeds and plants.

Now when we live with metals heavy in our bellies,
Where turtles can only swim in deep ocean eddies,
The notion of heaven is tainted with horse flies feeding
Because our brains and bodies can't be still enough for dreaming
Due to all the demands placed upon us by tin monsters
Clacking over our every minute in their greed,
Trying to make us obedient by closing off true answers
And cutting every thread of mystery.

But even in our terror we can turn again to triumph!
We can gather in our times of shattered chaos
To find the cracks where light spills in, to help us

Mend our tattered wings for use again,
Then fly back up into our heights of strength
Where good hearts lead us each into the lap of peace.
We shall know again the ecstasy of being
At one with our earth and universal energies.

Privilege

How did you get to live so long
When so many other true song making treasures died young?
Was it because of your endless rivers of love
That your soul kept re-filling with, and pouring blood soaked words out?
Was it because of your honesty about your experiences of life,
The heart wringing joys and the pains you never hid from us,
The weaknesses that turned out to be strengths,
The exactness of spirit and heightened presence?
You are an example to us all of what we can strive for,
The clear note of the injured flautist standing up tall.



The many voices of prophets and poets call to us through our dreams
And the lyrics continue to arrow through clouds like snow white geese,
Sometimes with ruffled feathers, but always with sharp clean beaks.



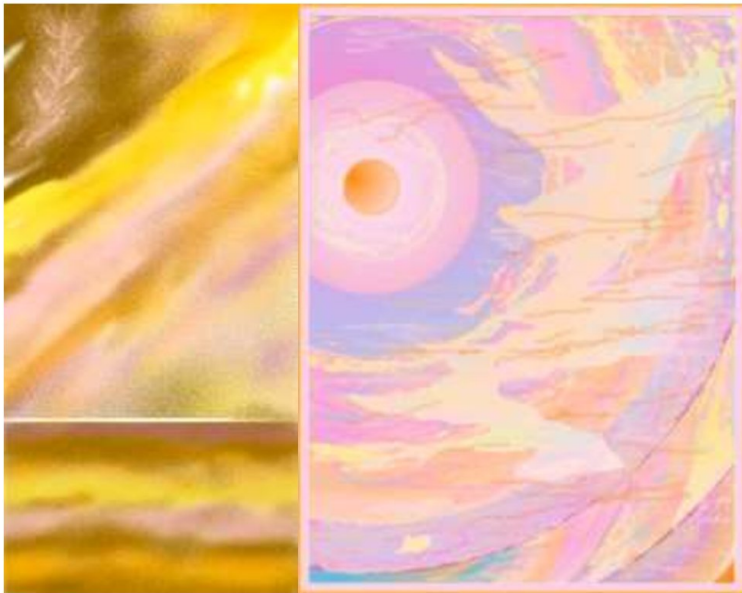
Once you have been here, to the garden of all possibility
In the midst of utter confusion, you will want to return to learn more.



Flower Wrap / Sunny Branches / Feather Sun Lake / Consciousness



Our Spring Patio Photo (I did most of the patio when I was on SSP from my key-working job in 2 care homes due to a mild dose of the virus. I also cleared out our spare room, and worked on this manuscript.) / Spring Twist Art



If ignorant people or stressful situations
Make you *feel* – like a trigger – you gotta put on the safety catch,
Close your mouth, loosen your hands, take a step back.
Don't say a thing – but if you've *got to* – you can laugh.

I have to admit, I'm not very good at minding my own business.
I mean – I want the world to be a better place – where we can
All fit in – and be free – to calculate our *own* destinies.
What a difference it could make – if we all chilled out a bit –
But still managed to do something meaningful – like,
Prosecute the persecutors – reprogram them to be more
humanistic – like, undo policies and ban institutions
That perpetuate war and gross profiteering, injustice
And inequality – like, remove crazy laws that get in the way of
freedom and rights for all sentient beings – like, ensure there is
Good food, clean water, and natural health care available
Everywhere – like, helping our neighbours and communities.

If ignorant people or stressful situations
Make you *feel* – like a trigger – you gotta put on the safety catch,
Close your mouth, loosen your hands, take a step back.
Don't say a thing – but if you've *got to* – you can laugh.

If we all dumb-ass fight with each other, or distract ourselves with
Petty concerns, *consumer appreciation societies*, or use stuff to
Blot out *pain* we can't face – misunderstandings, media lies –
Or even just bury our heads in our hands, blind-eyed to the world,
Nothing will get done around here – that you or I would like.
Nothing would get *changed* – and we'd have no one to blame
But ourselves – so forgive me for sticking my beak in. Please –
Let's be clear, about the truth, behind the scenes – so we can work out
Better ways of living. I mean, it's no good appealing – to those who
Are well aware of what they're doing – as if it was some careless
Mistake they wouldn't mind you correcting – they have to be taken
In hand more firmly than that – but without revenge or bitterness.

If ignorant people or stressful situations
Make you *feel* – like a trigger – you gotta put on the safety catch,

Close your mouth, loosen your hands, take a step back.
Don't say a thing – but if you've *got to* – you can laugh.

It's a reLOVEution that we need, a firm but gentle sorting out,
A new way of doing things. We've got to get right to the roots
Of the old systems, weed out the bad seeds in the garden, till
The soil and start again, with fresh compost. We've got to feed
Our new generations with good food, and symbiotic ways,
Bring the good right to the surface, work together, in service
To the world and to each other, at every level of existence, weave
A new web that balances life for all. We've got the threads there
waiting to create a fine and just society, once the old one is
Dug out. We've got the potential to make it work, if we can just
Loosen the hold of blackmailing, and the whole corrupt nightmare;
shake out the greed and lust, and prosecute all the paedophiles

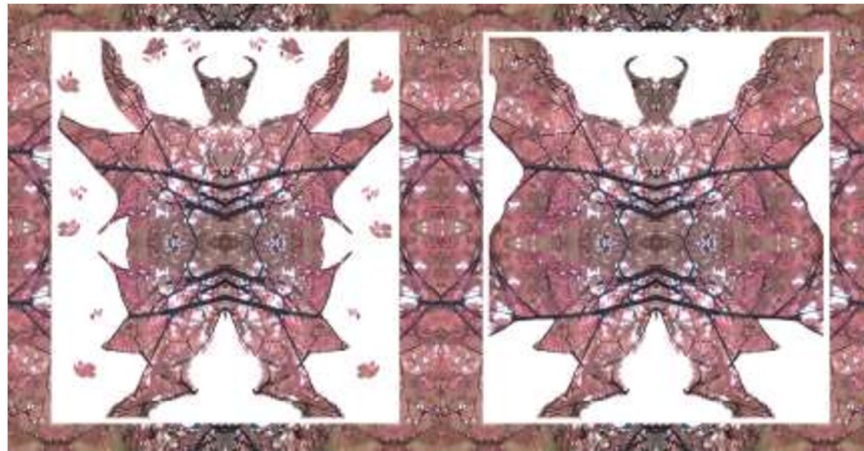
If ignorant people or stressful situations
Make you *feel* – like a trigger – you gotta put on the safety catch,
Close your mouth, loosen your hands, take a step back.
Don't say a thing – but if you've *got to* – you can laugh.



Don't let the brown cow get you down, I know she's moody,
But she can't really help it if you want butter and cheese.
Don't allow yourself to be cowed either, you've got to take up
A mix of all things, knowing they go together to make sense.



Rose Mandalas / Fern Mandala



Made from plant photos (two above and two opposite) / Morocco (below)



Life seems to be kinda like sandpaper
With worn out bits,
Where eventually you welcome the increase in those smoother sections,
Until you remember there'll soon be no sand at all left.



Why do magpies take things from our house?
They like shiny things so much
That they will come to our windows and sneak them out!
They fill their nests with our stuff!

Where oh where are the car keys?
Did you leave them by the door darling?
Yes, but they aren't there now.
Ask Mr Magpie if he popped his head in!

Where is my silver pen?
Was it on the window-sill - shining?
Yes but it's not there now.
Ask Mr Magpie if he popped his beak in!

Where are my glasses?
Were they on the shelf in the conservatory – glinting?
Yes, but now I can't see a thing.
Ask Mr Magpie if he tucked them under his wing!

All the baby magpies will be singing
Because they can see clearly with my spectacles
What they are writing with my pen,
To the jangle of our keys ringing –
Out across the fields, rolling over the hills, far, far away.



Language of Secret Selves

My secret self is not so secret any more
As it talks to all the secret selves of time
And scribbles pictures that describe
The goings on inside our minds
As we connect through our deep core
Uniting now with all that went before.

There is no language quite as wide
As one which reaches right inside
Using patterns, swirls, and symbols
Instead of boxes, lists, and labels,
Using love and peace and hope
Instead of moguls and kings and popes.

It reaches beyond all false divides
To the part of you that truly decides
Whether to follow your Self, or go and hide,
Whether to smile or frown, stand up or lie down.
Come on out, you are one of the crowd –
Joining in is encouraged, not just allowed.

Lay down your 'sins', your past, your creeds –
None of them really exist, you are freed.
It's easy, it's wise, you don't have to bleed –
Just leave doubt aside, and come and see –
All of us can, and will, realign
With the soul of our world, if we unite.



I know we can't change what's done in the past,
but no matter how much I try to improve,
I often still feel disgusted with myself
and so sad about people I've hurt.
I know that making mistakes is inevitable,
a normal and natural part of living a life -
It's not possible to learn, or really live otherwise -
but I'm not sure I have learnt anything
worth all the sorrow it took -
yet all I can do now is keep on trying to be a bit better.

I used to think a life without regrets was good,
something I admired my father for at that time,
then, at a certain point, I knew he was wrong.

It's hard to face up to our fallibility,
without getting stuck dwelling on it.

Even if we do manage to *almost* accept it,
others will most likely think that we don't care.

If we don't display inner turmoil, as expected,
we might appear arrogant, selfish.

I now realise that sometimes they *do* need to know.

I think in the end it boils down to trying to let go,
particularly of stuff we can't change,

accepting that we are only human, and hoping for the best,
but perhaps sharing our inner process with those nearest and dearest.



In the cruellest, darkest, midst of chaos, or grief,
There is always a spark of life
That can rise, if you give it time and attention,
And don't just curl up like a dead leaf,
(though even that can give rise to new life eventually,
In a circle of steaming mould in some unexpected dawn).

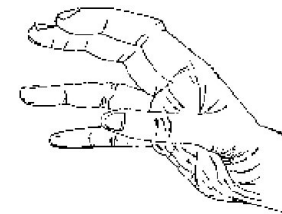
But let's not forget to mention curiosity,

That is a determining factor of humanity,
Just stopping you from stagnating
As the sheer awesomeness of creation eggs you on,

Perhaps even kicking you in the teeth
To ensure you take notice.

It's almost impossible to stop one's-self,
(Isn't it?)

From wanting to explore the fascinating detail
Of how even the most dastardly things work.



Full of vast but humble power -

Like a thunderstorm that has ceased to rumble,
Like a waterfall pouring from a mountain into a forest
With sunbeams catching it before it plunges into shade,
Like a new-born babe gazing at the magic of a butterfly,

Like a deer springing from a bank of trees,
Or like the lion stalking a herd silently;

Like burnished swathes of grass or sand
Stretching infinite skins upon the land,

Like a Lord of mists and autumn leaves breathing,
Wandering like a tapestry of rivers over many miles,

With the simple purpose of finding a way to the sea,
Yet carrying within its system an abundance of life,

And distributing excesses along its path -

This earth offers us heavens and more heavens.

Yet so often we try to fight for stupid things -

Destroying what we have - like bushfires.

Even then, new shoots are offered up out of the black mess,
Like humble hearts exuding the power of hope and kindness,
As she continues to suckle humanity like a purring puma.



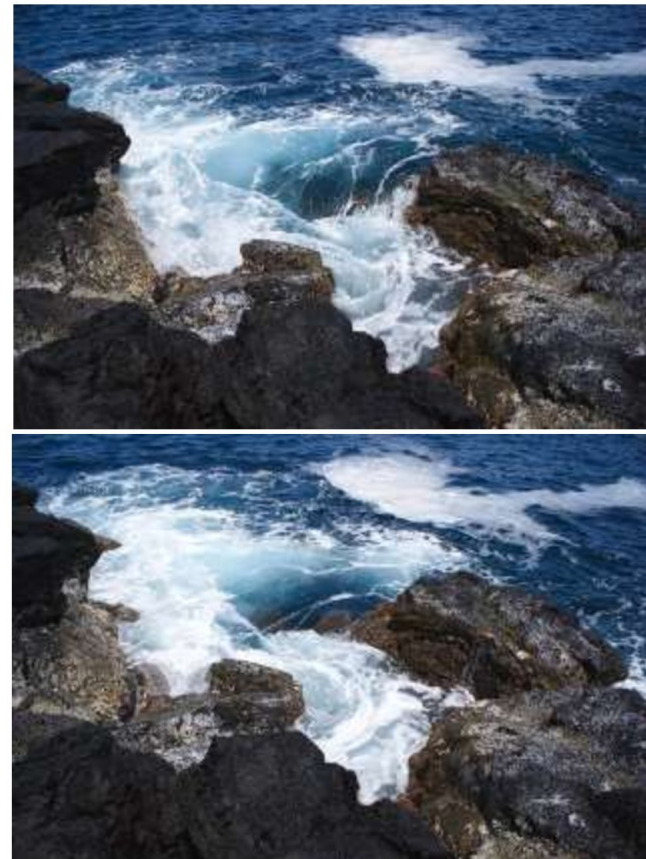
Horses and Dragons and Cats at Rest



Fern Photo Art / Ocean Swirls, Where I used to jump in - Pico, Azores



Flower Photo Art



When you dream in the night of the details of the fight
And wake to the dawn with its eerie light,
Knowing you must go out yet again, to do the business,
Then come home to maybe eat, then crash, if you're lucky,
Before the next day, when everything seems somehow taken away,
So disappointingly less than true and meaningful.

So on the weekend you paint a picture on the wall inside your head,
to make it different, to make it palatable instead,
Or maybe even hopeful.
Then on Monday you pray for it to either come true,
Or to rise up and fall on you.
And so it does, one way or another, it conforms,
Just as you do, to the patterns you have made in your heart,
To the marks you have worn in your soul from the start, or even before.

~

Life is simply delicious
Despite all sorts of crazy distortions and glitches
We can learn to be non-fictitious, realise lots of exotic wishes,
And we can learn to jump over, instead of falling into, ditches.

~

My heart is made strong
By the universal fire
I will hold onto my own truth
No matter what may transpire.

*"Won't you help to sing
These songs of freedom,
That's all I ever have,
Redemption songs."*

Take me higher
To the stream of my desire.
Take me into worlds
innocent and pure,

Where I can sing my songs
Of freedom and of love
With no fear at all,
"Redemption songs".



Woh-Oh-oh
Wha-ah-ay-oh
Let's open our souls
To the world of love.

Let go of stress
And do what's best,
Like dance, yeh dance
You gotta dance with your mouth

As well as with your skin
And all the body therein,
(Whether wrinkled, or fat, or trim),
You've just got to sing.

Or you can shout
To let it out
- that genie that shows you
What living is really about.



Ranmore Sunset Mirror



Pico, Azores – from the Ferry to Horta



When I forget
it would be sweet
if I could forget all the mistakes
and only remember the most treasured minutes.



I can accept transience
As part of life,
I just want to help myself and others
Make the most of our moments
While we are here.
I can accept, most of the time,
That people will move on,
Though it's harder when they are close,
Or very young,

But for myself, I know that death
Is only a door to another experience
In this ever surprising, yet not so surprising,
Multi-dimensional universe.

The only permanence is your soul
kissing the wind
As it passes by stars or through trees,
Touching the fire
Of your wildest dreams,
Then diving through giant waves in vast seas
To come out in a calm
Super-conducting stream.

I remember coming through that door
Several times before
So please don't cry too much.
Dance, swim, fly, sing, make your time mean everything.

~

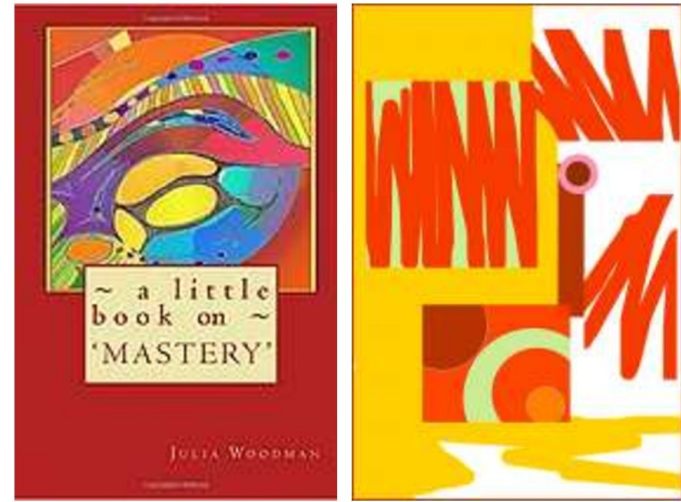
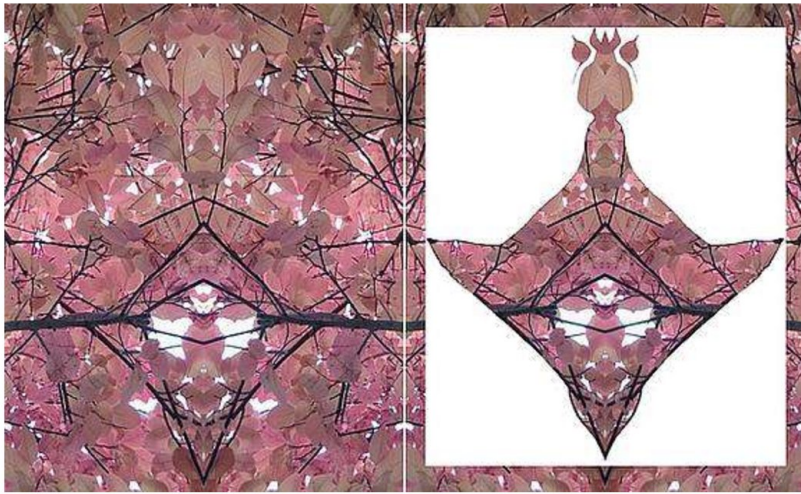
Look in the left column, Gollum,
Where there's a weasel winding itself around a kantankerass -
What's that you might ask -
Well, it's a lopsided sorta thingamy-jig that's a bit cranky -
I mean, you'd be cranky too, wouldn't you,
If you were genetically modified plus otherwise modified like that?!

Now what's with the ibbery-foolery weather today?
It can't make its mind up whether it wants to say
"Wet wet wet" or "dark and misty, and just a bit slippery too".
Watch out for the icy stalactites hanging from your fingers and nose -
If they break off they might make off with some of your toes,
Or even a few snippets of your very best clothes.
I'm sure they wouldn't mind if they didn't leave behind your wallet either,
Even a fiver would get them a long way before they melted,
Or got pelted to bits by the rain.

Ah but that word pelted reminds me of the sweet weasel
With his wonderful svelte pelt,
Or I suppose it's not the coat itself that is svelte but the animal inside,
But never mind that, why oh why would the weasel want to wind itself
Around a cranky old kantankerass, don't you wonder?
Is he feeling sorry for it and just being friendly or wanting to keep it warm?
Well it turns out, the two of these creatures have a symbiotic relationship,
Something Gollum was interested in learning more about,
Possibly because he was looking for another creature that might help him
To use the ring like a bit of plumbing to ease the problem with his throat
That caused him to make that awful sound, but we digress.

The weasel was actually jealous of the stoat, who has a very similar coat.
But with a black bushy bit on the end of his slightly longer tail.
He thought it helped the stoat to bound over the ground better than he could,
And he found that winding himself around the kantankerass was beneficial
Because the kantankerass is half robotic and needs a lot of oil,
And the weasel could rub his tail into all the jointy bits to get it greasy-black.
It made all sorts of bits of stick stick to him though, slowing him down
Instead, of making him faster, so he had to knock that idea on its head.

*(There's a bunch more of this sort of tom-foolery at
<http://www.radiance-solutions.co.uk/imaginedcomedy.htm>)*



Made from plant photos - plant to plane!



You don't need to explain, just do
What you need - to be truly you,
Living the life that is truly yours here,
Bringing your wisdoms and gifts to share.

Do you believe in yourself?
You don't need to prove it to anyone else!
Just be accountable for who you are,
Make decisions based on your deepest aims,
Live up to your own promises.

They used crystals in the days when
Angels never came down to this earth
To make the place less harsh.
Many forms of free energy are available now,
Use it responsibly - unite
Consciousness and technology.

Feel the beauty in everything -
And within you -
Being yourself - in truth.
Don't buy into lies of others -
Stay free and live above the murk.

Earth is for development
Of future earths.
Step beyond the distortions,
Drop the influence of others.

Find your own balance.
Choose who you are, and stand by that -
Be strong, although humble,
Quietly sharing your knowledge
To help others; and accept theirs.

Time flies on wings of demons,
Ducking and diving arrows -
Expect surprises!

And when they come -
Simply learn and grow -
For you too are beyond all limits.

Let us dream a place where smiles
Come easier and last longer,
Where ideas are measured
By their effect on the planet
and each other.

Let us sing into existence
A peaceful time,
Where we can play and laugh easily,
And hug each other.

You are my witness -
There is no fear of this life.
We know its magic as we live our truths.
You will not stop me
From being who I am, nor I you.

We want for each other to be free.
We hold space and clarity.
We hold wisdom from ages past,
We hold love and blessings in our hearts.
All of us hold these things.
Once we recognise and are grateful for them

We can let them go.
Then we become
Light as feathers on the wind
Going wherever we choose,
Or everywhere at once,

Being almost invisible,
Content to be content,
To simply radiate and receive,
Gently transforming.



Please tip the vestiges of me out
In some wild place you choose, knowing me,
But there is nothing of me left in there
For I am upon the shifting breeze
That travels everywhere -
Free to wander the wide realms
I came from - to be captured temporarily there;
Captured by the myriad charms
Of life on earth, and led adrift at times;
But I came to do what I chose to do,
And it does not matter at all
That my main book was not shared more,
I simply came to write it, then let it go.
After all the research and effort, though,
It was quite a surprise to find
How lightly I let it flutter off
Into the same aether I now ride.
Where to next, I don't yet know,
I shall rest awhile, and review the choices,
But I can tell you now that the soul
Is spread between timeless places,
Every so often touching those it loves
With the softest of caresses.

~

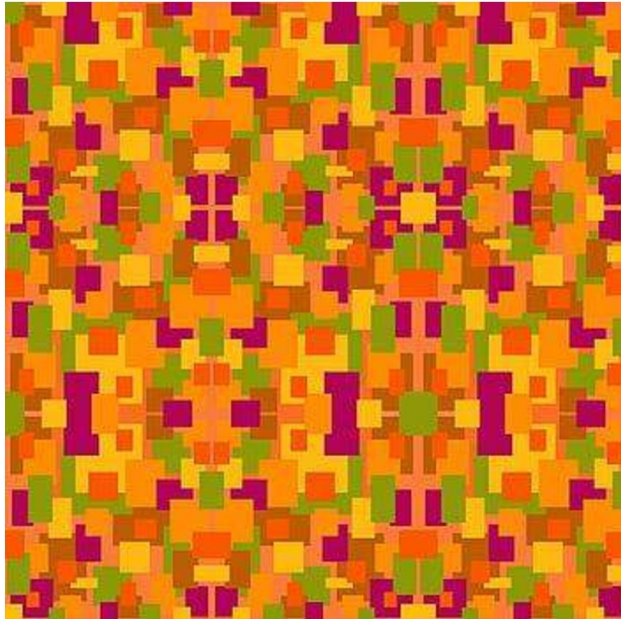
New Zealand



Please, please, please - be at peace with yourself
So as not to make yourself & everyone around you sick!



Calm or exuberant, serious, or tongue in cheek,
Strolling through nature, or exploding universal memes
scattered round in not too distant places, especially
in small things, where anyone can see
(If they don't fall into the distortions or sudden surrealities)
That consciousness is an infinite cycle of dreams
Jumping in and out of space-time incessantly
To repeat semi-evolving versions of reality.



Autumn Design / Seaweed in Sunlit Water Design



Stones & Shells



WITNESS

Witness the shape of leaves and stones, the colours created by the sun as it shines, creating a representation, a likeness of them as they are in each moment, each hour, each day, as the seasons change and the winds blow and the waters flow to reshape them or carry them away.

Witness the folds of land on the face of the earth as it turns. Witness the shadows of clouds as they march over them, bringing rain sometimes but not always, affecting them for a time but moving on to leave them once more as they were, and yet touched perhaps gently into greenness.

Witness mist rising from the river in streamers towards the sun. Witness the grass calling to insects to come and be lovers in its thick tangled wetness.

Witness the earth baring itself, for all to see her offered flesh and bones. She gives us all she has to give, and still we ask for more. Witness how we try to force her to produce miracles and expect her to go on living. Witness how we feed her poisons, and naively expect them not to get into our own systems. The rivers, the fish, the plants - all swell or curl up with false harvest we have fed them. Witness now, how we ourselves swell or curl up like foolish lovers, for we have loved the earth so well we smother her. Witness how we grow both fat and thin from what has returned to haunt us from within.

Witness the fighters in the cities where walls crumble, yet often grow again.

Witness how we cannot listen anymore, for we have become used to there being so much hell, and have made hard shells to protect ourselves from madness and the tenderness of bullets. We seem too fragile to witness details fully – or would crumble like the walls we claw against in dream-cycles where everything is futile yet quite normal.

Witness how fish leap to the hook in the brook where they are fooled by a hand-tied fly. Witness how they open their mouths to try to find the air in water they have left behind. Notice how we mouth the same replies to all that goes by in the world that we deny ourselves the ability to bear witness to. Notice how we are fooled, like the fish, by a world that reflects a dimmer semblance of reality than the reality that exists, hidden unacknowledged, deep within. Notice how we are high and dry in a tide that has turned against what we had learned and hoped it should be. Witness how we yearn for that which we dreamed of in our youth so gleefully. Witness how we flounder in our lack of freedom to be who we know we could be. Witness how we are too afraid to even breathe properly.

In the stream of consciousness we gasp and pause as we are called to eat.

Notice how our eating imprisons us instead of bringing fullness and meaning. We

stumble out in the night to witness the stars as they shine in the darkness, symbols to us of some hidden or unreachable dreaming. Then we have another drink. We long to witness other worlds when really we would exploit and destroy them. The stars seem to beckon and call us towards them, yet if we flew in unprotected, they would bit us back, burning or freezing or poisoning us before we poisoned them.

Witness the moon as she glows to love us and haunt us at the same time, and notice our ambiguousness. We are not witnesses steady and clear as the moonshine on waves dancing, we are unreliable and ambivalent, all with our reactions pulling us like tides of the menstrual mother back and forth in our own nightmares so that we waver and fall into the sleep of forgetting.

Awaken to the bells of the church, or cry of the cockerel, and witness the dawning. Try once more to be the one who originally answered the call by being here, by simply being here.

Witness the butterflies and lizards and chickens and dogs and donkeys all calling you to observe them, showing you their feathers and skins, and fur and tails and wings, in the fresh light of the morning, so that you can remember them as well as yourself.

Witness the bridges and buildings and roads and paintings – created so lovingly by hard labour for good purpose while all you want to do is to sleep again.

Witness the places of worship we cling to, well and truly trawled in.

Witness the nature of water and air and fire, and how they affect each other.

Witness the trees and their uses for us, and for the animals rooting in the damp heat beneath them. Witness gems glinting in dewfall, witness new snow like crystal twinkling on mountains. Witness the desert spaces where words have no reason to evolve beyond stark rocks, but simply do. Witness the shapes that nature makes in every place we turn to, to try to learn to be human in.

Witness the way we have turned blind eyes so many times to other beings, and cry inside at the emptiness we find because we have denied the details of things. We have not tried one little bit to understand. We have even lied about what we have in the dark of our hearts and grasp of our hands.

Open please, and let the light come in. Help us begin to bear witness again. Stop to watch and listen to the world responding. As you learn to witness accurately, the world gives you herself more fully, and the earth breathes a sigh that may help relieve her disease, for we are each healers, or can be. When we bear witness to the truth, we enable an unfolding of harmony. When we *sing* to life, we become part of the symphony.

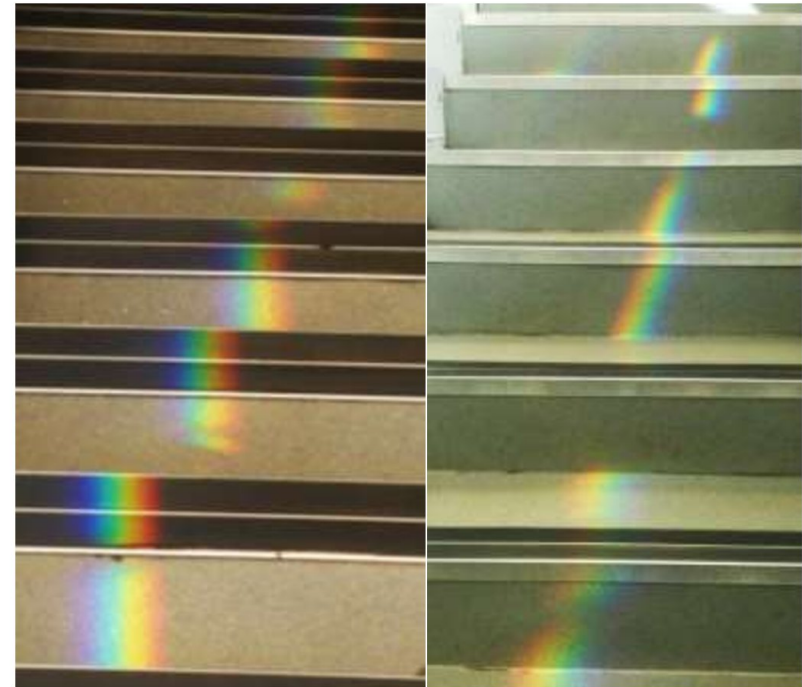


Opposite = The Archway we go through when we walk into town.

Painted Photo!

Below = Rainbow on stairs into Sainsbury's brightening my shopping trip.

First shot looking down, second looking back up.



Rainbow Days

This life is so full of wondrous variety,
So I celebrate through rainbow years, with rainbow days,
Each one a tribute to the joys of consciousness,
The vast range of experiences available,
And the amazing ways of nature
which of course we are part of too.



If I'm ever put in an care home,
Not really able to speak up for myself,
For God's sake please keep me away from
Chemicals, unnatural toiletries, and electromagnetic radiation;
All of these being deadly for those already weakened.
Keep me in a NATURAL space, with healthy aromas and food,
Clean, fresh air and water, sunlight, only what my body truly needs.
While now I study and create endlessly, I might be okay to just watch TV,
But please try to make it things I would be interested in, with lots of films
to give me versions of reality I no longer have to create for myself.
If I ever have to rest in a rest home, then please do let me rest, not fret.



You say you know who you are
but still keep reinventing yourself.
Is one life at a time not enough for you?
You'll get plenty more chances to try different ones
including the ultimate most crazy whizz time maybe next time round.
Today, why don't you stick with one thing for a while?
Otherwise you will hardly know what it is you're experiencing
before you go back.



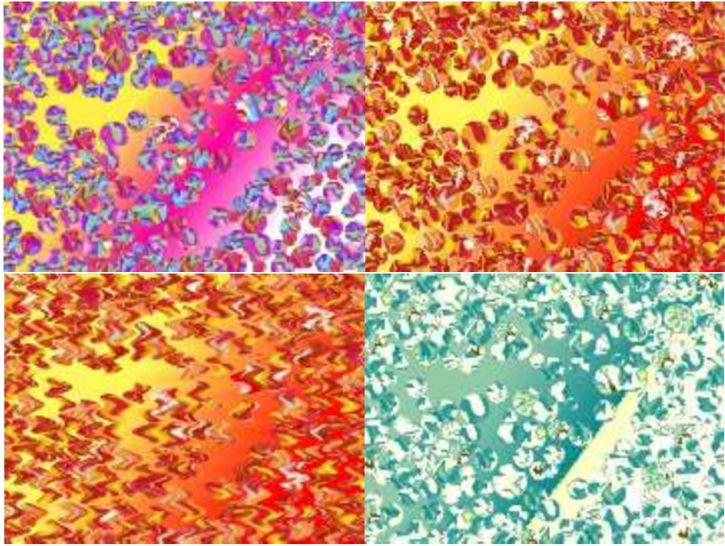
Yes I do need to know this - although deadly, it enables me,
For I am a quiet warrior,
Confident in my mission.
At this point I don't know all the details yet,
But I know I have to be prepared for anything.
I also know that I trust myself
To only use what I learn
If ultimately necessary to prevent failure.

Something in my gut tells me
This deep dream is true and deadly serious.
I am not afraid, I feel like a key
Waiting to prevent some catastrophe
By being in the right place at the right moment,
With all the knowledge I've gathered.
I know I will be like whispering steel
In my posture, resolve, and clarity.

When it is needed, I will be there,
Just like I have been as a healer.
Although this is a battle,
It is as quiet as a healing,
An enabling of us to continue
To stand in balance.
I know when it is coming
And have always been ready.



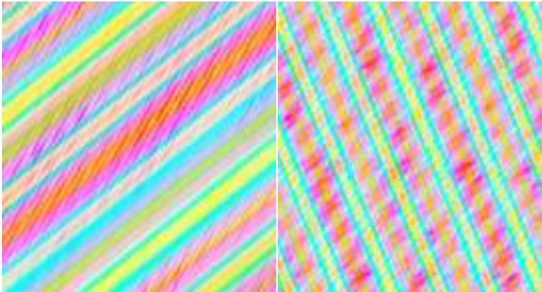
The world and I are telling each other about love and life.
We seem to me to have been doing so for aeons.
I think perhaps that a fatally attracted part of me
swims or flies in a strange aether between worlds,
trying to find its way to some sort of quiet cradle
where I can be ridiculously ageless
and annoyingly knowledgeable.



Swanage Winter Waves



Bird on the balcony at Swanage, Dorset / Cornwall Beer Glass Patterns



Life is full of contrariness.
So often I am fond of people
Then other times scornful
Of humanity's ridiculousness.

I'm pretty sure this applies to everyone
I have ever known, including myself of course.
Oh how I wish I could forget this annoying detail
And just be carefree.

~

We have to face the monsters
That we ourselves have built -
From our ambitions, our willingness
To sell ourselves to the uncaring machine.

Denounce the monsters and turn your back,
Return to the simple peace of life,
Take the time to connect with yourself
And find the core of gratitude for all.

You may have journeyed far afield,
You may have learned many new things,
But do you know how it really feels
To stand alone on the mountain,

Or to feel and smell the desert wind,
Connecting with pure ancient beginnings
And returning unchanged from the constant source
Just as you do now, as the greatest gift to yourself.

~

Information is a blessing
But too much at once can be crippling.

~

Stop struggling and embrace
The honest breath of life
As it travels in and out again
Sustaining and preserving,

Allowing us to simply
Face ourselves and others
In our journey
Of imagined tragedies.

Really it is just a circle
Of existing here quite naturally -
To take our place, and to uncurl
Like ferns in a forest, or waves in a sea.

~

Everything transforms.
Although the constant flow does not change, the details do.
The contents of experience, relationships,
Grow or dissolve, they change in organic ways,
They alter their dynamics along the paths we choose to travel,
And we adjust, as we learn how to let go - of love - with love.

~

I do appreciate that you 'sacrificed' so much to support your family,
but I wanted you to do what you really needed to do,
Not lose your own soul and make me feel guilty,
As if I had laid something dreadful upon you,
When all I wanted was for you to be free,
Like I hope you are now, without me.
Even when convinced you're doing the right thing, it's still so hard.
Even if you are the one leaving, it is still a terrible grieving.
But let's not feel too sad or bitter about our time together,
That held pain, yes, but also much friendship and love.

~

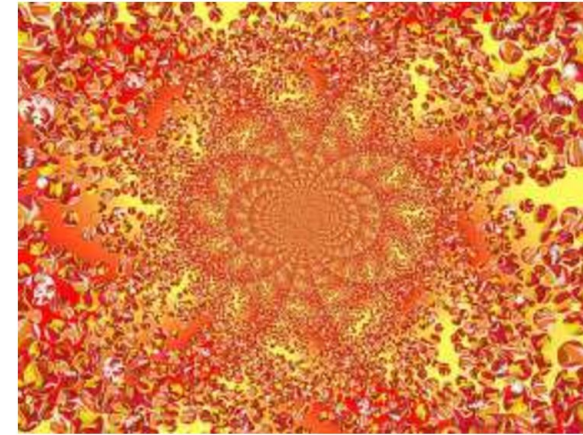


Birds fly over the ocean
And still my love is here.
Suns rise and set, and moons
Come and go, yet still,
My love sits warm in my heart
For this extraordinary world,
With all its frustrations and joys
Turning with it round and round.



Life is a bit like a sweet & toy &
art & curiosity shop - all in one -
only the best bits are free.
If you look at all the things
you can cherish it helps to
balance everything else.

Cherish the fabulous, the fantastic,
the beautiful, the graceful, the
moments of abandon, laughter,
quirkiness. Cherish the
tiny incredible details, the
gigantic & varied display,
and the infinite depths - of life.



We are multifaceted beings.
We need relationships that allow us
freedom to explore all these facets
and pursue our dreams;
the dreams that satisfy our deep selves
and use our best talents;
the dreams that enable us to express
personal meaningfulness in our lives.

Dear Vibrant Universe,
please untie all the knots within me -
I surrender them to your graceful infinity.
Please bathe me in your living light
to cleanse me of all dis-ease.

Please assist me to keep balanced,
and to reach my optimum state of being
right here, right now, in this lifetime,
so that I might fulfill my chosen destiny.
Thanks, love, peace, blessings everywhere.

www.radiance-solutions.co.uk



The yacht my family built and travelled for a couple of years on.
Photos in S Africa, Bermuda, and Isles du Salut, off French Guiana.



Some people thought I was a daredevil,
Doing things for a thrill,

But they misunderstood.
I only ever wanted to be close to nature,

To feel the winds in the sails or trees,
To breathe in the wide spaces of mountains, deserts, or on seas.

Yes I liked the feel of my body fitting in and coping well,
But I was never one for super strength or extreme speeds.

I liked to hang in there and watch the nuances of plants and creatures,
Smell the richness of the places on the breeze.

I wanted to be one with all the fantastic world around me,
A human being free to roam, or linger, because everywhere felt like home.

Some people thought I liked men who were super racers,
But they were mistaken.

I liked men who felt comfortable
in wild places, as well as with themselves.

I liked people I could have deep discussions with
About nature, space, science, art, literature, psychology, philosophy.

Yes, it was good if they could dance or make music too,
Have fun, express their love for life openly,

But first of all came the wild call
That makes a human feel fine and free.



**If you fight back, you become like them.
If you fight back, the evil multiplies.**

If you fight back, you are never released from their power.

Don't let them control you with their negative vibes.
Let them go from your life.

If you are a destroyer, you become one of them.
Don't be a destroyer, be a transformer.

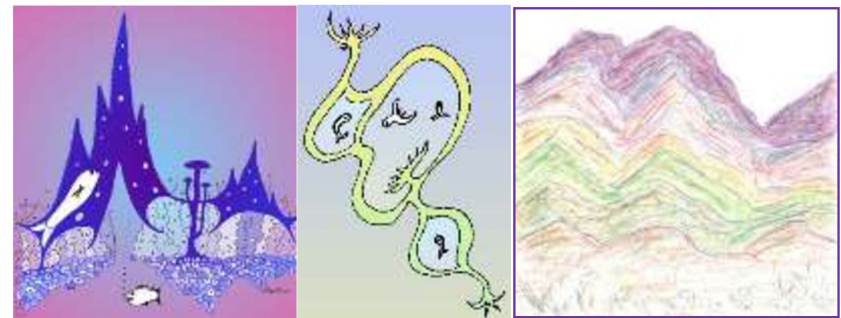
If you are a lover, you transform and overcome.
It's the only way to survive, it makes you much stronger.

**Let poets and philosophers get inside your heart
And help you heal yourself.**

**Let all your skins sigh with relief
At letting things fall off.**

Start fresh faced, with no heroics.
Live a story of love for the earth, and all its diverse beings.

**Earn your quiet power, to be who you truly are,
Not a wrathful god, but a human, still figuring it out.**



Letters to the dead flutter in the streets
but whichever way the wind blows we won't be defeated.

Human Nature

from the book "Following Father"

Two lover's bodies lie
Entwined in no-man's land –
Two youths; one from each side.

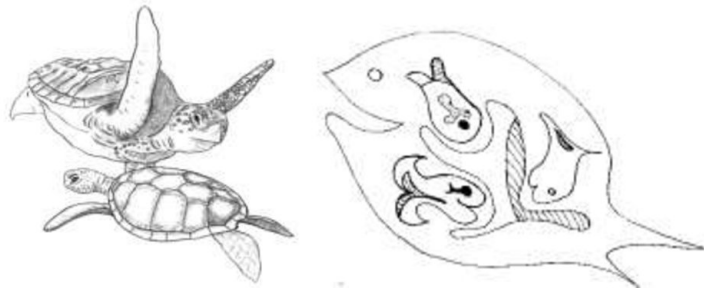
*It is human to cry,
To squabble, or hold hands.*
Two lover's bodies lie

While their families try
In vain to understand
Why they; one from each side

So briefly lived, and died.
Left face down on the sand,
Two lover's bodies lie

Where, with love's final sigh,
They defied war's demand.
Two youths; one from each side

No longer wonder why
This hatred all began.
Two lover's bodies lie
Entwined; one from each side.



Jungle Town – from my first collection "Earth is Alive"

Where skyscraper trees glare down
I dare not run through sullen streets,
Better walk through Jungle Town.

Foul spectres awoken at the sound
Of echoing, running feet,
Where skyscraper trees glare down

On fast moving things, and frown
On a footstep quick drum beat.
Better walk through Jungle Town,

Step lightly through the brown
Smog summer evening heat.
Where skyscraper trees glare down

It seems, at their very crowns,
High brows are arched to meet.
Better walk through Jungle Town,

Don't behave like silly clowns,
Don't fool around; keep them sweet.
Where skyscraper trees glare down
Better walk through Jungle Town.



Notice little things, say and do little important things, extend small gestures.



Kiss the World Song

Get out of your shell and go kiss the world.
There's more than enough to see and learn.
Though some of it's tough, there's also love!

Your soul, your mind, and your body can burn
With the natural fire and delight of life
If you open your heart from where it's curled up tight.

So open your eyes to this amazing world.
You are the one who asked to come.
So let your soul-self out now to explore!

Wonderfully peaceful farmland in New Zealand



Tuning in to the Cold Song on Cader Idris *from the book "Following Father"*

Touch the Afon Gwynant in the morning.
Discover the cold of the purest song.
Stare into the face of this Welsh Mountain.
Grasp new dimensions which always belonged.

Between the cradle and the coffin
Is not a fierce bolt of life
But a stretch of tuning.

Between the valley and the sky
Is not an exploding mountain
But a great rock crooning.

Its silence sings in a vacuum
Between time gone and time to come.
It hears the flow of the water
Before it's ended, or begun.



Mountains (Cader Idris in Wales), Woods (Henfold) & Ocean (Dorset)



*Where's your anger girl, your sense of wanting to right
(or write about / bring to light) an injustice?*

Where's your fire girl?

My fire is in the depths of space
Where planets burn with indefatigable steadfastness
And worlds turn in an endless pattern of destruction
That includes relentless, intoxicating cycles of life, death, and rebirth.

So whatya gonna do about it, girl?

About these atrocities that happen right here and now on this earth?

I'm gonna bide my time, watch, listen, learn,
Then pick my moment with precision
To make the contribution I am patiently awaiting the chance to make.
It's all laid down - to a point - of course there may be last minute finishing touches
To fine tune it to the exact conditions of the moment,
So that it gets in like a rocket for max impact,
Slipping through a gap between all the mechanistic crap and cogs
Trying to hide truths, run rummages, and prevent attack.
I don't want to waste my decades of effort by being too hasty
Or making any other careless mistakes, because I do care tremendously.

***Despite wondering if anything really matters,
Suspecting that nothing makes much difference
to the ultimate trajectory of the cosmos,***

I do feel one has to at least try to do one's best, whatever we see that as being,
Even if it seems like a tiny gesture, or attempt to make a change,
It's actually a grand, glorious unfolding
When it comes down to one's own life story
And the passion of one's heart, one's soul song.
Even if one fails, it matters that you tried.
It makes one feel you might deserve a right
To be part of humanity,
To belong here, no matter how temporarily.

Meantime, I like to quietly help people
Optimize their experience of life, if they want me to,
And express my own delight

In the vast range of natural systems,
And in all the varied life forms thriving on this planet,
And in how amazingly they assimilate, integrate and function.
I'm also interested in the exquisite details of both natural and aesthetic things,
And fascinated by our thinking and behaviour, our impulses and dreams,
And by how we can learn to consciously develop in all areas.

As a species we have such potential to thrive
In harmony with each other and our planet and all upon it,
Yet we also have in abundance, the toxic seeds of our own destruction.

I guess this paradox is built into everything.
How could there be any life worth experiencing, without contrast?
How could it be infinite without the cycles of old and new
That we see reflected everywhere
From the vast cosmic to the microscopic scale?

*Hey girl, have you ever heard the saying
"Curiosity killed the cat"?*

Oh yes, I sure have, and actually I am a big cat,
but what else can one do?
Without curiosity surely one is hardly human?

*Ah yeah, are you sure about that?
Perhaps it's better to be quieter and not question?*

Oh, to plod along wearing blinkers, playing it safe?
I can't do that!
What would be the point?

Continuing in innocence.

I'd rather be high on life;
and even with the knowledge of evil,
I am still innocent.

~

Salad Days

from the book "In Touch with Water"

This wind on the clifftops does not beat me,
It tosses me like a salad, crisp and jovial,
All dressed up for summer and ready for tasting.
These days seem to go on forever.
I'm expecting something to happen, but not at once.

The wind is like forks in my hair.
The prongs prod my mind as if to ask,
"What do you want?" And I don't know yet because
This is the first time I've felt the sting of absolute independence
Like pepper in my nose, and I want it to last.
The wind stirs the patient sea below.
Its cool tongs lift me gently, then let me go.

~

All at Sea without Granny

from the book "In Touch with Water"

After all she did for us, we left her
Ageing and washed up on dry land
While wave after wave rolled under us,
Each wave a moment of her solitude.
While we were gone, she slipped from us.
Our youthful world of adventure drowned
In the late waves of her going.
Which wave was the one
That brought us the first realisation?
One wave is never the same
As the one rolling after it.

~

Islands

from the book "In Touch with Water"

Our homes are islands
We carry with us, wherever we go.

The sea sucks at the shores,
It erodes the walls.

Currents drag at shipwrecks
On the bed below.

Waves applaud on the shingle,
Delivering weeds and shells

The wind never tires,
Somewhere it always blows.

When suddenly it's not here
We listen in the lull for the toll of bells.



I think some day a monster may come for me,
Some slimy, writhing, goddess creature of the deep.





From an Exhibition





Love and Hope despite what has been done

We are the ones who dropped the bombs, let's admit it.
Do we expect them to still love us, as if we did no wrong?
We are the ones who stole the oil, cocaine, and heroin; let's confess.
Do we expect them still to bless us, nothing less?
Yet they do, they mostly do, there are so few who would retaliate.
Surely we should appreciate this human spirit,
Something strong that goes on, far beyond all cause or reason,
Shining through despite such acts of deceit and treason.
Yes, we are culpable for not stopping it, but they know we tried,
And they know too that we have cried for them.
Our hearts bleed with the seeds of chaos that have been sown
By those who forced changes to control both us and them.
The sticks that grow poke sharply, yet still they blossom.
Fear my prod us like a weapon, yet hope is the eternal lesson.



There was a virus eating a hole in the world
but the people kept putting new bricks back in.
There were so many creative angles, perspectives, and collaborations,
that it became more beautiful than it was before.

The people were full of new surprises,
every day they kept learning
and expanding their hearts,
and the music that we thought had momentarily stopped
came back with new force
to fill our spirits and make us strong.

We can turn horror stories into fairy tales if we focus on love.
We can make the world full of all the dreams we want it to hold.
We can be divine if we put our minds to it.
We can heal the deepest traumas and divides from right inside,
and we can breathe again because we know we have to.

We know deep down we can rise
to turn the tides like never before.

The greatest challenge obviously means
That the most evolutionary victory is coming.
Look, here we are now, together, ready to move forward.

~

Who can tell?

I can hear people walking
Up and down our steel steps
But I can't see them.
Perhaps they're entering and emerging from
Another dimension
Right by our front door.
Perhaps there's a constant exchange
Going on between people here
And people from another world.
Perhaps they're doing shift work
Or perhaps it's whole lifetimes.
What if when your friend seems different
It's because she really is?
What if that moodiness that overcomes us
Is just a change of shifts?
I wonder if we're always dealing with
The same boss,
Or making love with the same lover
In the moonlit nights
When the trees cast shadows right
To the other side of the street
And the phone wires twang
In an undecided wind.
Is that the same mother cooking supper,
The same father drinking
From his slim wine glass?
Is that the same sister or brother
Staring at you, that you saw last?
As the soft blankets of time unfold
And the clanging footsteps come and go
Do you realise how much the world is changing
In the long hours swinging to and fro?

If you could envisage a painting
Of this crazed, leaked out life,

Would it be full of juxtaposed positions
Tumbled in streets or other landscapes,
Or contain cracked and splintered flows
Like people dancing on blood
Coloured moving rivers of ice
Under swirling clouds and harsh strobe lights?
Would the strange mist rising
Be able to settle in your mind,
Or would it build up steam
To explode all the myths
Of reality?
Would you be able to scratch your throat
Without disturbing the skin?
Could you open the door
And step out before someone else steps in?
Do you think you'd be gone for long
Or forever?
Would the woods down the road
Beckon to or repel you?
Would you hang around or run for the hills,
Or set off for the vast relentless ocean?
Would your head be empty
or refilled?
Would your chest still have a heart
in its middle?
Maybe some strange flower
Would be planted instead
And grow into a huge garden
While you slept in bed.
Then you could give seeds out
To all your new friends,
So that they could eat
To feed their love
For what we might become
One day when we exchange shifts.



Angels at Sunrise & Sunset



Port St Johns S Africa – taken when I was a kid.

The Gate is Open

Instead
of just tending
our physical & emotional
wounds,

we can grow more whole
from the roots up –
feed our souls
with a more balanced view –

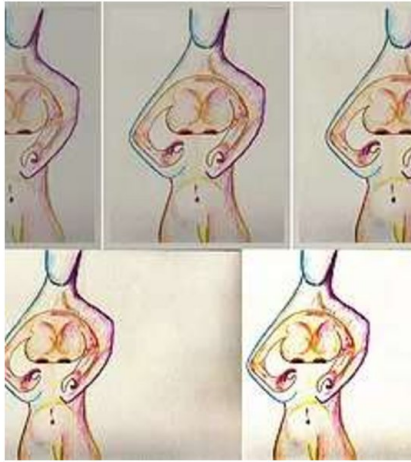
that looks at seeds –
not just surface presentations –
that nurtures
the deeper being –

that reconnects our vital link
with everything around us –
that brings us back
to our fundamental nature.

The gate is open –
We are free to fulfil
the promise of Eden
and Heaven intertwined.

Let us turn our faces
towards the sun of possibility
and participate
in honourable reform.

Julia Woodman
www.backtothegarden.org.uk



Healing



Dreaming Bench



Aquarium Collage including water reflections / Stepping Stones Woods



I was stepping lightly into the woods -
 Trees gradually becoming more dense
 But plenty of sunlight still filtering through.
 I closed my eyes for a few moments
 To breathe in the place as I walked.
 As I opened them, I became aware
 Of three people walking with me -
 One to each side and one a bit behind -
 At respectful distances.
 We fell into pace, like tired horses
 With slight dragging of feet,
 Our arms swinging
 Like tails swishing freely.
 It seemed we were in for the long haul,
 Determined we would make it
 Through to the end of whatever it is
 That compels brothers to accompany a sister
 Until the other side.



Fathers, Mothers, past and present lovers,
 Do you think that forgiveness is truly possible?
 I think maybe letting go might be enough,
 A tacit agreement to stop hanging on, and just carry on the best we can.

Life is after all a chiaroscuro - a balancing of the mix.
 What are we to do but dream well past the hope of any giant miracle,
 Yet always acknowledging the many tiny magic gifts?
 Though the good night certainly comes, it holds a moon and many stars.

Summer branches aflame with Flower (Acrylics used as Watercolours)



When no more on this earth I seem,
 Don't be so sure.
 There's a trace from each side of the veiled dream
 Just keeping in touch
 With every one, and every place, and every thing
 That we have ever, gratefully, loved.

So soft it is - like a pure sun beam
 Alighting on your face - or a speck of dust
 Drifting -
 Delightfully untroubled,
 Almost like we could be
 Now.



None of us are right
And none of us wrong
But each of us have a right
To our own opinion.

It's coloured by our learning
And unique experience,
Led on by the incessant yearning
To satisfy our curiosity.

Even the brightest,
Most thorough mind
Can't know everything though,
Or have all the answers.

Really there are no ultimates,
Just shades of possibility
In present and future,
And wide variations of history.

We need variety and diversity
To make up our world.

It's the infinite variety
That allows life to unfold.

Like leaves in the woods
Gently uncurling,
And grains on a beach,
All puzzle pieces juggling for position.

Like the lake and sky,
And plants, circulating gasses and water
With the help of wind and sunshine.
You see it all in nature.

It grows in every direction,
Not just on one trajectory;
An evolutionary, multidimensional web
Inventing and reinventing infinitely.

What's important in the overall chain
Is surely that each conscious participant
Humbly takes its place, yet rises
To its own form of rough perfection.

Through many paths and practices,
We can take charge of our own sovereignty,
Find our own sweet, peaceful, responsible balance
Of mind, spirit, and body.



As awareness, it does not matter which job, which place.
Each one is an uncontained home.
Even the old is new, yet the new is ancient.

My family is not so and so, and so and so, it is everyone.
Each of us is a vessel that is filled and emptied simultaneously
So that there is no vessel.

When we interact with anyone, or anything, it is with all that flows.
It means nothing, yet is part of the play of everything.
There need-be no noise in the game, only ease.



If you're ever in the dark
Just follow the path of heart.
Its light will guide you
Like no other signal ever could.
It's like a precious flower, or a star up high,
Beckoning like a bright cat's eye,
Telling you to trust and follow it through the night
To where there will be nothing left to fear because the sun
Will once again shine, and the way will become quite clear.



Voices & Choices – A Song

We've got to stand together - for what's right
Don't let the fear mongers – change your mind
Come on let's bring the love up – from deep inside
Stand strong through these days – don't get taken for a ride.

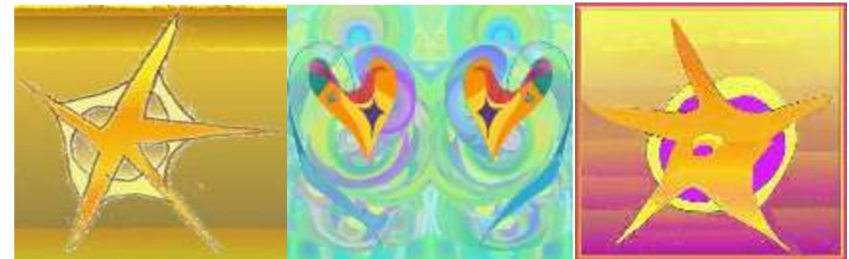
Don't let them change your life / Don't let them change your life

Coz you're the only one – who should decide
No other should control – where you want to go, what you say, do, think,
Which way you vote; not propagandise to affect
What vaccinations or alternative treatments you accept

You're the only ones - who can change the world
With your love – with your voices – with your hearts of gold.
Stand up for what's right – you shall be heard.
Make sure you speak out – those precious words.

Don't let them change your mind – you are strong.
Don't let them bring you down – you are loved.
Make sure you claim your rights – you are needed.
Don't let them change your life - don't let them control our lives.

You are free – let them see – you won't back down.
It's the time – it's time right now – to make your choice.
It's your voice – make it count, make it count.
It's your voice, it's your voice – use it now.



Yes, I agree,
"People shouldn't have to work in conditions
where they will be likely to catch Covid19
because there is inadequate PPE",
but I'm immediately thinking about other jobs too,
where workers have suffered huge health issues,
such as miners, builders, machine workers, and many more.
I'm also thinking of my eternal question about war:

Why should anyone be expected to go
to give their lives like a pawn in a chess game,
for someone else's ideas for control,
so seldom to do with altruism; more to do with covert gain?
Is it because war is twistedly glorified,
or because propaganda manages to persuade?
How can anyone listen to those lies?
Why don't we just say no instead?

If you look into history,
It will show that when there's a big focus on one thing,
There's usually something else going on underneath,
so we need to take a peek behind the scenes,
Explore just what it might be that they don't want seen.
Is it about bringing in AI to take our jobs, pushing toxic vaccines,
Taking away freedom with medical chip IDs, or installing 5G?
Or is it about some huge power battle between groups or countries?

—

Usually most of us are kept busy, and divided into our slots,
but strangely, this virus situation, has given many the time to consider
what's really important, what might be going on, and what we want, or do not.
We've dropped the social focus on food & booze and communicated more truly.
So what do you make of it? Is this a chance for us to evolve,
rather than blithely accept whatever is plated-up for us next?

~

You say that anarchy's
About violence and chaos
When actually
It means not wanting leaders.

Why should someone else tell us
What to do, what to pay?
Why can't we make up our own minds
What is right today?

Why should we submit
To living in a hierarchy
When it's just a pyramid
Of control and greed?

They manipulate governments,
They cheat us all,
They manipulate markets
To rise and then fall

So that they can reap our losses,
Take our homes and our land
For their own profit
Under the guise of banks.

They are not good shepherds,
The bible says it all,
They are wolves in sheep's clothing
Red in tooth and claw.

So brother don't you judge me
For embracing anarchy —
It is true to who I am
And have always been.

You've seen for yourself
How people get treated —
Tortured and poisoned
Until they're defeated.

Lies and propaganda
Keep tricking us to war
Just so the big boys
Can grab a bit more.

They kick it down,
They wrap it up tight,
Then build another system,
Always with loaded dice.

They're the lords
With all their pastures
They don't care at all
About pain and disasters.

They gleefully add fuel
To make it burn faster,
And treat us like fools
Who can't see what they're after.

I don't want to listen
To the pap that they feed us
To try and make us think
That we need them to lead us.

I want to live another way,
Keep out of systems that make no sense.
I think it is right to disobey
Those who have committed such offence.

(There's a recording of me doing this one on my Sound Cloud page, with several tracks, so that I have saxophone plus other vocal background sounds going on. Amateur yes, I don't often record, but it's my favourite.)



Believe me, don't blame me, I'm bleeding -
Sitting in a corner on the floor
While somebody else is cheating.
They think that I'm drunk, not listening, not seeing.

They think that I don't know
That they have stolen the whole world
While somebody was out this century
Looking for the lost people and all their little words unravelling.

The fat man is laughing as he plays his next hand.
The sound of it spills across the table
Like a dark pool of stale neat gin,
And under it the secrets of the game, still partially hidden.

The skinny one is trembling like a bird
Knowing that the cat wants all its purple feathers
And won't wait too long now before throwing down an ace,
Meantime sharpening its claws while greedily licking its own face.

There is no meaning in the evening now upon us
Except for what we choose to make of it.
There could be sudden grunts and rustlings in the pick up
When the captives wake up on the way to being wasted

Or there might be noises in the mountains and the woods
When people recognise that certain sound of belching
That monsters make when they have fed too long on blood
Of gentle gardeners, and the gold of insects from their beds.

Have you heard how the dust gathers in these corners
Where we hide under hats seeming harmless
Until we know enough to break out the windows
And ride away with all the saddlebags and snorting horses?

~

I trust you learned in your youth
To ignore lies and speak your truth.

Life is not quite what it seems,
You can pick your own reality,

Take a walk in the afternoon
And let time break all the rules,

Run through the night in your mind
And come out in bright sunshine.

Any hour you can start again,
Kiss goodbye and make new friends.

You can taste your days like precious jewels
Or waste them away like any fool.

You can take the chance to be wild and free
Or submit yourself to someone else's dull dream.

You can sew your seeds and spread your cloth
Or just choke on weeds thrown in your path.

You can choose your fish and cast your line
Or you can spoil our water with your wine.

You can give up your blood to those asking for more
Or cut your ties and show them the door.

You can reject the joys of this world of ours,
Or accept the moon, and the stars.

You can bet a day will eventually come
When it will all blend into one,

So now's the time to claim your treasure,
Or play the helpless game forever.

I'm a donkey in a rat-race
Feeling rather two-faced
Trotting along, then stopping again
To hang my head in shame.

What kind of game is this
That rewards sinners and winners
And leaves the losers blistered,
Tired and bewildered?

If you didn't ask me
I'd tell you anyway -
I'd rather they retired me
And gave my name away.
I'd rather sit in idle curiosity
In the woods or in the country,
Spinning stories, spinning songs,
Keeping to my own philosophy.

Don't know what's gone so wrong
Just know I don't want to carry on
Running in the same way,
Living in the same state.
I know I don't appreciate
The good things that I've got,
But I'd rather leave the city
And give up the lot.

So don't scold me in my armchair
And tell me what I've lost.
I've still got my teeth and hair
And my heart's not stopped.
I could have had a different life
But at such a cost -
I'd rather have the quiet life
Than cope with all that fuss.



Azores (in rock pool) / New Zealand (other two above)



Mesmerised

The drumming of your feet
Rings along the closed down streets
Now so sound asleep.
Goodbye to this strange town
Not wanting to be found
Yet spilling out to come and play-ee.

I'm afraid I cannot stay
Anymore because the way
Has opened up today
For me to go into the mountain.

If I said I wasn't trying
I'd certainly be lying,
But something is defying
The ultimatum in my soul
To reach for certain goals,
To let my inner mind unfold,
To bring us nearer.

So I really have to go
Into this opened road;
Fly the darkness on my own
Until I'm clearer.

What it is that I so want
Is something more beyond
The horizons I have found
Spinning round this little world.
Going crazy, feeling spurned
By all the songs that I have learned,
By all the hearts that I have holed
On this prickly road
Between conflicting poles
That don't quite reach across the streets.

But somewhere in the sheets

Of many past defeats
There are sparks of one more beat
That has to blast out from within

To speak of evils that are hidden
Deep beneath tall dunes of sin
Gathered by Ministries of bling
And caught up in the wind
To throw its own fire in
Then fling it down again
To return to the beginning.

All this incessant singing
Is my own heart yearning
For something so much better,
For what it wants to find here
In this little closed down place
Where people don't rejoice,
But walk like empty vessels
Filled with hate and filled with fear.

Yes let them shed a tear,
But then move on to seek
The diamonds in the rough,
Although it may be tough
To hear the white rocks speak,
They should pause to let it be -

For moments are like history,
Forever passing into memory,
When experience is what we need
To feed our hungry souls directly.

So I travel on from greed
To find the jewels you can't hold
In the grit of my own road
I have to walk along so gently.

Game

Hanging the fruits on the thorns is my game.
Why don't you do the same?
It's such fun to see-ee the ju-uices run
In the faces of those gazing on.

Surprise in their eyes is my delight,
For what's growing there is no lie,
Just a product of nature in disguise,
To see what people would buy.

I'm always amazed
To find such small ways
To play with the world full of crazes.
But tell me now
Are you wondering how
My own head is feeling these days?

Come across to my porch
With a brightly lit torch
Through the wild forest blazing,
To help re-arrange the branches so strange
Causing ongoing change
By criss-crossing my brain

Then lighting it all up, so I'm scorched,
With my thoughts rushing round in the flames.
So the joke is on me
Who so flippantly
Believed he could be the one who is free
To play games instead of taking it seriously.

I'm happy to give you the lines
That come from the times deep in my mind
When I'm skipping and singing in rhyme;
But the twists and the turns that jump in
To say certain things that I'm thinking,
Are only mine because they come from what's developing.

So it's the world that gives us all its delights,
And the men and women in it with all their fights,
Wanting things to be done in ways
That they think are alright –
But day so easily becomes the night
When we grasp too hard for the lights.

And in the dark that is left,
We see that the theft
Isn't really a loss at all.
It's a thing so small –
We can't be bereft,
It gives us strength
To grow tall-er,
Just make sure
You don't fall over.

Re-integration

After the sad salt sea
Has washed quite through me,
The world takes on new shape,
Where light shines on street-scapes
Gently leading up behind me in the evening;

Where colours glint to show differences
That seem so naturally perfect,
And the whole falls into a pattern
That reflects the truth as it matters,
So that we can move into ourselves again.

Every day one more step, and sometimes running –
Our futures scatter and re-from, while shadows
Jump aside to allow fusion; a new born
Moment that tumbles and flows forth –
Liquid gold spreading across the dawn.

–

BLACK PROMISES & WHITE LIES

*There's no need any more for black promises.
There's no need any more for white lies.
If you've opened your heart to the world
And the world has opened your eyes.*

Free from the fields of black promises
Rising in the mist of dawn.

Free from the sheets of white lies,
Dreaming the words of new songs.

Not counting heartbeats any more,
But breathing through my own rhythms.

Not bleeding like a child anymore,
But feeling the world healing.

Seeing signs of peace in rainbows,
Listening to lullabies of stars,

Touching the white heart of the universe,
Being at ease with its power.

*What do you want from the journey?
Where do you want it to lead?
Listen to your own heart calling,
Trust what it really feels.*

Find your own thoughts to follow,
Find your own roads to mark,

Find your own spaces to dwell in,
Find your own spirits to love.

That's what your life is for now,
That's what your life is for...

(Repeat first chorus: *there's no need any more...*)

When I lie back in the bath
Sometimes I say to myself,
"I love, and am loved".
I mean this in a sense of overall
Oneness with universal consciousness.

It relaxes me in seconds.
I've been practicing these few words for years
So that I can say them easily,
Not getting choked up by complicated emotion,
Just accepting a feeling of wholeness and peace.



A woman can fly anytime she wishes
above the confines of space and time
To become one with quiet clouds,
then filled with golden sunshine,
Light as a single feather plucked from her wing
to write wishes with.

Seeing beyond horizons
she recognizes the soft universe calling
With its coded sounds and secret symbols
signalling life to all beings and things
Which exist in their ways on the precious earth
so balanced beneath her.

Memory exists in her every cell
to remind her of who she is when she returns,
landing softly at home in her bed
with the stars smiling in at her,
So that when she wakes she reaches out
around the earth with her gentle dawn.



Bird Winged Butterflies & Dreamtime Star Birds / Earth & Ocean Creatures



Journey with the Air – Part 1

Both parts 1 and 2 are for reading with groups, as a coming of age ceremony, which is why it gives several alternative suggestions at times, so that each person can choose what suits for their personal experience.

Wind is with me lightly
As I walk into the mountains.

It blows me free of expectations
As I climb higher.

I am going to meet my jaguar
Or eagle, wolf, or bear

And dance with them freely
And commune with them seriously.

I can feel their power
Calling out to me already,

Drawing me nearer and nearer,
And I feel the wind in my hair

And in my clothes, blowing free.
The music swirls in my head

And I feel light as a feather,
Then it moves to my heart

And I know this is going to be good,
Then it moves to my throat

So I know I can speak wisely,
Then it goes down my body

And I feel the earth closely.
I feel the release of all tension

As it flows downwards
From my shoulders and my back

And down my legs into the earth,
And I thank the mountain

For absorbing it safely
To help me feel relaxed.

And the sound moves round my body
Brining joy and harmony to every cell,

And I keep on walking
Up the great mountain

To the bright high place
Where my power animal waits.

Dance & Communication – Part 2

I come to the rock
On the top of the mountain

And stand there to look
To see who comes

And in the distance I see
Who it will be -

And as the animal or bird
Comes steadily towards me

I get a good chance
To take in every detail

Of what he or she looks like
So that afterwards I can draw him

Or her and keep it with me,
Or write about them if I prefer.

Now they are here, and we
Start to dance slowly

Then faster and faster
Stamping on the ground

Waving our arms or wings
And turning round gleefully

So that we are united
With each other, and the sky, and the earth.

And I will remember what it feels like
So that I can write about it later.

Now they tell me to honour
My father and my mother

For bringing me to this earth,
And to also honour anyone else

Who has cared for me
Through my childhood.

I do this as I turn and swing
And stamp on the earth.

Now I am going to be an adult
I must take on my share

To help where I can –
And be responsible for my actions

I think about what this means
As the wind sings peacefully.

I must still dance and play
With joy for life

But I must celebrate
Becoming a useful part of my community.

I must watch out for others

As I would wish them to do for me.
We are brothers and sisters
And must try to live less destructively
On this wild and beautiful planet
We have been given to care for consciously.
My animal asks me
To do as they have bidden
And I bow my head
To say yes, and as I do
I feel again the joy
Of the music moving in my body
And I feel it aligning me
So that it will be easy
To carry out my new intentions
And responsibilities.
Now the animal gives me
A present, like a bowl or feathers
Or a carved stick, so that I will remember
This journey whenever I wish,
Or if I have a need to wander off
To re-find my true self.
I look at it and absorb its beauty,
Noting its details carefully.
We sit down near the rock and talk
About things I will later record.
We ask each other questions
And the other always knows the answers

Even to really difficult questions
About feelings, and meanings, and life,
So that I begin to feel as wise
As someone who has lived
For hundreds of years; but I also
Still feel young, and energised.
Then the animal asks me to sleep
While he or she goes back
To their family, so that I honour
Their secrets as they honour mine.
While I sleep and dream
The moon and clouds go on dancing –
I can sense them through my eyelids,
And soon I can also sense
Seeds of grass touching my skin,
Warning me that the rain they need
Will soon come, and waking me
So that I can go home.
I am still so entranced
By the music and experience
That I seem to float down the mountain
Until I come to the valleys below
Where I wake more fully
To pick my way carefully between rocks
Until I am back at the place
I started the journey from,
Although I am now changed
By the mountain and animal's power

In deep ways only I can know.
But some of it will show

To those close to me
As they observe and appreciate

My sincerity, and witness
My heightened sense of being.



Workshop written on the Cornwall Coast (but can be used elsewhere). Full of challenging questions and ideas; using a locality to provoke thought about it, the wider world, life, and ourselves. Stimulating awareness and curiosity; exploring creativity, philosophy, and the practicalities of existence.

The sea on the beach sush-sushes continuously whereas the sea on the point plays in double cycles, one whoosh closely followed by another from the other side before the first one plays out..... We could use those rhythms in music – what instruments would you pick and how would it sound?

On the little cove a stream runs down to the beach, whispering and trickling off the rocks and dribbling under the sand. It comes out again where the sand turns into more rock – Our very own rock garden, with pools, and the streams enter it and suck down little bits of sand from the banks.... Listen to that small sound of subsidence and flowing, then to the meeting of the sea where every now and then waves flood into the pools.

Finding joy in life is in noticing small things and asking questions, forever enquiring after the wondrous variety of our world.

There is an abundance of food here, seaweed and mussels – all fresh, and lodged amongst the mussels are little bits of bright red shell.

There are rough rocks and sea moulded rocks, smooth as mud, with stripes in them.

There are many coloured treasures to be found. Collect a few of these and then pick out one favourite. Now write about how it looks, how it feels to the touch,

how you feel holding it in your hand. Does it make you think of anything else? Do you feel that it belongs here or could it travel away with you? Why would you want to keep it? Should you rather set it free and just keep the memory? Or could you draw it? Write about it more – to preserve the moment. You found a treasure... where did it come from? Does it have a history, a story to tell? Does it have its own feelings? Does it say anything to you?

There are many coloured pebbles and shells here, the variety is quite astonishing, it is unusual to find all this in one place. Has nature designed this garden of rock and water and seaweed and shells perfectly? Would you do anything differently? Can you sketch out a plan of it, or of any new ideas you might have? Maybe you could use the idea somewhere else?

Listen to the wind coming round the bluff and down the coast. Does it argue with the sea or does it sing in sympathy? Do you feel the need to shelter from it? Does it make you feel wild or free?

I found a large crab body, and some claws, on different parts of the beach, quite far apart... why would that be?

Why does the surfer try to ride along the length of the wave? Is it to make it last longer rather than just popping over the top?

If you climbed round to some of these small hidden inlets would you remember to watch for the tide, or would you end up being cut off and have to climb up the cliff?

If you walked the coast path would you have everything you need? How far would you want to go and why? Do you feel you could cope?

Would you like to live in that house there facing the sea? Would it be for just a few weeks or the whole year round? What would you do in that place for that time? Would it be peaceful or would it be boring and lonely? Would it be cold in winter?

If you could build a house here, describe the best place for it? How would it look and why? Can you draw a plan of it? How would the rooms be laid out, what would be where... and the garden?

Would you like to bring anyone else here to share what you have seen? Write down who, and what, particularly. Also what you feel about these people and things. Imagine and describe a scene with them in. Paint it with words, or draw it. How do you think families survive here? What kind of work might they do to earn a living? What sort of food would they eat? Would they need lots of warm clothes, or just costumes and t-shirts? Would it only be surfers who would want to come here often? What sort of other people might like to come? Would young people often leave the family to go off to the cities? Would the families be sad? Do you prefer the city or the country? The coast or the mountains? Do you think that it's a good thing that the world is full of different people who like different places and things? If everyone thought the same would we be in trouble competing for homes, jobs, all the same things?

What if we were on another planet and the outside environment was too toxic for us to live in, and we had to build huge domes.... Would that be fun or

maddening? How would it work? What sort of problems might there be with the outside environment... can you describe it? Is there anything we could do to solve these problems or improve the situation? How would we eat? Would we grow things or bring them in? What are the practicalities of this? What is viable, what makes sense?

If you had to live at sea for a week what would you think? Is the sea full of beautiful colours and things, or is it frightening? What about the constant movement of the waves? And the sound? What of all that wide open space? What would you eat? How?

Where does all this sand come from? Do the shapes of beaches stay the same? What can you find here to help you say something about time? Do you know anything about geology, or erosion, or fossils?

Why isn't rain salty...if water comes from evaporation, including from the sea? What else can get mixed up in rain that causes us problems? Have you ever seen frogs falling from the sky? Where does that saying "it's raining cats and dogs" come from? Have you ever seen a really bad storm where all sorts of things get tossed up? Where hail damages crops or there are floods? Have you seen an electric storm with lots of thunder and lightning? How does that make you feel?

How does sitting in the sun make you feel? And sitting by a fire on a cool evening?

How does it feel to lie down on the earth and see the insects creeping around you?

How do you think it would feel to fly like a bird, soaring on air currents or diving and swooping over the cliff tops?

Do you ever let your mind fly? Do you let it wander and dream? What is the best thing about imagination? Is it a useful thing? Describe some things you can do with it. Why might these things be helpful? Would they still be helpful as you grow older?

Why do some people like art more than others? Is it just that they don't show you the right art to appeal to you, or do some people just not like any art? Why might one painting appeal to you and another not? It is more than what the painting is of... it is something to do with style and technique. What do you think this means? What are your favourite colours? Do you have favourite colours for different things? For example would your bathroom wall be the same colour as the kitchen or lounge? Do different colours make you feel different things? Could you have one style of beach as opposed to another style? Try to describe two different beaches, having fun with this idea of style. Remember to use different colours and textures, as if you are the artist.

Now what about different styles of skies? Depends a lot on the weather doesn't it. Try to use interesting words like streaks, lines, dashes, globules, feathered clouds, etc. Think up your own words.

Now think about feelings again. How do these different styles make you feel? Is one style energetic and another languid? One wild and one tame? Is the mood

something to do with the colours?

How do you think it feels to paint? How does it feel to be able to describe things using written words or your voices? Do you feel that you can put across what you can see with your eyes well enough? Do you see things with your heart too, and can you tell us about those just as well, or is it more difficult to describe?

Don't be afraid to make up words or use unusual combinations of words, just trust that what you feel you want to say is alright.

What do we hear as we move about?

Do you like to tell stories? Could you take photographs of this place to use in storytelling? What would be the most special photographs then? Could you draw your stories as cartoons?

Does life ever seem like a cartoon? Do you think it is good to be able to laugh at life sometimes? And laugh at yourself? Can laughter be a useful outlet, instead of getting frustrated? It can be good to laugh with friends... but it is not so good to laugh AT someone is it? We are all different, as we have seen, and it's good that we are not all the same.

If you could create your own island country off the coast here, what would it be like? Would you just want to have adventures and fun, or would you try to do something serious like use different money or economic systems, or political systems? How would you make sure everyone got on okay? Would you use special systems to preserve the environment and yet create what you need? How would you treat animals? This is something you could create a big design for. You could draw what the island looks like, where ships could come in, and where would be good places to access fresh water and food and build homes. You could write plans for how things would work.

Coming back to the rock garden and beach – does life ever seem like a garden? What type of garden? Is it rocky or sandy? Is it barren and boring, or full of variety? Is it full of food and wonderful things to do? Does it have obstacles or tidy paths? Is it warm or cold or does it change from time to time? Does it have seasons?

Do you think your own attitudes make a difference to how you view life? Do you think it's possible to change your attitudes? Can you choose to do things differently, or are you a victim of circumstances?

Do you have the courage to say and do what you think? Or do you pretend to agree with things generally?

Do you have any idea what you want your lives to be like really?

Should things go smoothly and easily, or should you have challenges to learn from? Do you have people you can ask for help? Would you be there for anyone if they asked you?

Do you have special skills to offer the world or are there some you want to learn? Will you learn by study or experience?

Would you watch and listen to learn things from a situation – or would you jump in too quickly and spoil the chance? Or might you even ignore the opportunity to learn something or perhaps not even realise that chance was there?

Do you just get angry or impatient rather than try to work things out?
 Now that you are getting older... what sort of things could you start taking more responsibility for? Could you help more at home?
 Would you be interested in spending time with someone lonely, in helping out others who need it? Might we learn something unexpected from doing this?
 Could you help shop, garden, sew, or cook, or wash up, or make things, or fix things? Do you think these tasks are boring, or might there be a chance to learn from experience? Cooking for example, could be a chance to explore another variety of tastes, colours, textures, and nutritional options?
 Is how you dress an expression of yourself, or do you try to fit in with others?
 Are deodorants necessary or do they get in the way of your bodies responding naturally?
 Is makeup a blessing to enhance, or is it a disguise to hide behind?
 Are these sort of things good for you, or do they contain chemicals that might not be so great for you?
 What do you see in the mirror every morning? Is this a person truly on their journey through life, or are they floundering without direction? Is this a person who is confused or afraid or someone who believes in themselves? Is this a person their friends can trust?
 Okay now I want you to make some lists. List any points or factors that have come up for you, anything you need to return to, to explore later, anything you want to think about, or find out more about, anything you want to work on, anything you might want to try to change, anything you might simply notice as interesting, but not worry at all about?
 Do feel free to ask questions in the group, or invite feedback from anyone, or to ask for a private discussion afterwards. You may find things you want to take home to ask family or friends about. You may have to look something up yourself. You may wish to try something out, discover or experiment.
 Okay, so this wonderful rock garden and beach has yielded up some treasures as in physical bits and pieces, and also in thoughts. I hope you have enjoyed the experience.
 Let's walk back now. Cast a wish upon the wind as we go. Hold a hope for us all to grow wiser, even if just for one moment, to catch a glimpse of something greater - both out there, all around us, and within.



PAINTING THE WALLS

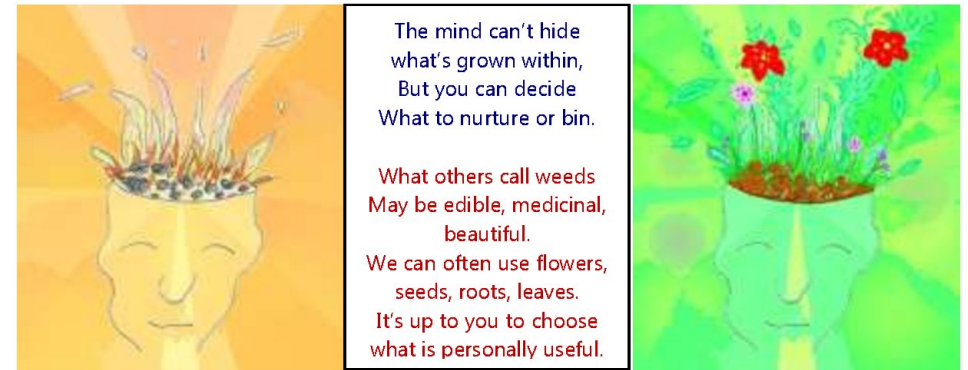
What changes if I write a poem;
 ants marching from my mind -
 crawling lines of words
 in a purple book;
 nothing at all?

But if this place were mine
 I'd live in a fantasy
 make it a reality
 paint all of humanity
 dancing on my walls:
 swirling chains of people
 faces displaying every emotion
 muscle by dimension by degree.
 And animals:
 animals jowl to jowl,
 yowling, growling, bawling,
 chasing after each other hungrily.
 and plants sprawling:
 creepers entwining, climbing,
 winding fortune fields of flowers
 swaying, swinging foliage of tress.
 Freedom leading his bride
 Chaos by her hair,
 and all the people following,
 singing, through a jungle of weeds;
 their faces spreading,
 slowly becoming dandelion heads
 then floating away into graphite space,
 drifting, wafting, gloriously pale seeds.

New worlds in the morning
 and the seeds falling
 like so many words on a page.
 New lands to grow flowers and people
 and poems and paintings in.



Art done in preparation for Mind Fest where I, and other local artists, were going to be painting in a high school with the young people, until CoVid19 shut it down.



HOODIES

If you were homeless
And cold on the street, dear,
You'd want *ten* hoodies
To keep the wind out your ears.

Please don't judge me,
I wouldn't hurt a thing,
I love animals and kids –
Well - almost anything.

I only steal sandwiches
Coz I'm really starving,
And I can't get a job,
Though I'm truly trying.

It could be you one day,
Kicked out of your home,
Left to fend for yourself,
Scared and alone.

It could have been you
Who made a mistake;
Angered your parents
Just by staying out too late.

It could have been you
Whose family died,
And left you in care
With no love in sight.

It could have been you,
Beaten and raped;
Who had no choice left
But to make an escape..

I'm not looking for pity,
Just please try to understand -
I didn't choose to be like this,

It's due to circumstance.

I'm not weak and sick,
I'm not giving in,
I'm trying my best
To get on with living.

So please spare me a thought,
Please have some respect,
I may seem tragic to you,
But I'm not dead yet!

(Hoodies are so comforting, and keep your head warm. I can design my own with my art on.)



Please give me Hope, not Slippery Soap Blues

Oh please – don't empty your brains.
We've been there before, let's not do it again.
They'll come up from the inside
with their twisted media and knotted lies
to propagandise you into their games.
If they can get past your bullshit protection detectors
they'll turn you into jellified humanity defectors.

SUNBEAM

Imagine you are rolling in a field of long grass
With a friend or an animal, just playing
Completely oblivious and carefree.

Imagine you are rolling round in a sunbeam,
Flying higher as you spin up its column
Until you are floating warm and free.

Now you are sliding slowly down again

Laughing at the lovely play
Back to roll and giggle with your friend.

TRIGGERS & SIGNS

There are certain things
That make my brain
Turn over like a strange motor
That takes me into another world

Where I ride down streets
With blue streams running down walls
And hats in the bushes
And moustaches flying in the sky like gulls.

These things signify an unease
With our world, and a way of coping
By making funny pictures –
Yet at the same time signifying doubt.

I hope that other humans
Or even extra-terrestrials
Might be able to do something
About all these oddities in everyday life.

I mean if someone could just pluck
Politicians out of the window
Whenever they sneezed up something stupid
Then maybe the buildings wouldn't have to cry.

If waves brought back mistakes
Into the same gardens where they were made
Perhaps we'd grow wiser bushes
That didn't need to hide under hats.

If dust storms and avalanches could cover up wars
Perhaps we'd think twice about interfering
In the first place, and moustaches
Could stop parading as if they had all the answers.

I think we write to process the world and try to understand ourselves.

Perhaps we end up reflecting Consciousness to itself.
Some of what we write seems to be given to us directly
from the stream of consciousness to share.

This seems to manifest as a very wise, clear voice,
often with a humorous or lovingly cajoling tone.

I believe our souls are part of that consciousness,
carried within and around our bodies while we are here,
deliberately, or sometimes more accidentally, evolving.

So - we can live with intent, helping things along,
or we can stagger around prolonging the process.

We can have times where we feel lost or overwhelmed,
but we can literally ask the universe to help us find our way back.

HUGE MIND

The huge mind holds me.
I am comforted and close
Yet I am free in a wide universe
To discover secrets about myself.

I am awakened to perceptions
I forgot I already knew.
I am filled with inspiration
To carry me wherever I choose.

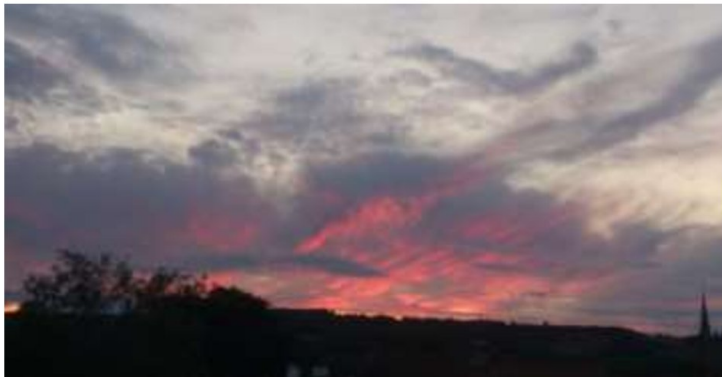
I am washed clean of useless emotions
And filled to overflowing with love.
I let go of little reactions
And witness the big picture from above.

I am yielding and yet I am strong.
I am sure that nothing can go wrong.
I am unique yet I belong.
I melt and blossom into grateful song.

~



Chalk Cliffs around Boxhill / Sunset on Ranmore (from our balcony)



Fields, Rivers, Ponds, Birds





Here are some bits I 'channelled' from what seem to me to be
Beings of Light
(I basically asked questions and received answers.)

"Look inside. Every step you take in life can be a step closer to the truth inside. Every step is a choice to become more or less of who you are. Look inside and recognise the spark of who you deeply are. Look beyond the ego self. You are not a puppet that projects its mask upon this world. You are so much deeper. The world is not the theatre it may seem to be. There is a deeper reality. Inside the body is the chance to answer all the dreams, and live they mystery with mastery. Inside each one of us is the energy of all creation, the knowledge and the beauty. Look inside and touch the spark within your heart. Acknowledge it with every step, and encourage it to radiate out. If everything you do in life is touched with this pure light, your being will reflect the magnificence of the infinite. Your natural presences will connect with the drifting essence of the universe, and be guided by its subtle whispers towards what is right for you in each moment. Once awake, you can consciously create the life it is your gift to make and live. Every step you take is a choice to become what you create."

Okay, I thought it would just be a couple of pieces, but as I started to read through the collection they have given me (quite some time ago, but as yet unpublished), they have clearly told me to go ahead a share a lot of it right here. So I guess this 'book' just got a lot bigger than I originally planned on it being. I hadn't thought to mix this work in a collection of poetry and art, but I can see now that it makes perfect sense. I think it does all blend in quite nicely, and indeed all of this is really quite poetic, and of similar nature and intent, so it definitely fits within the scope of sharing my work in its broadest sense

In spirals we come
down through layers of density
ready for entering a new physical body
soft as a vessel for learning
yet hard as a contract we will soon forget we made.
squeezing as we get nearer, compressing our levels to enter,
we try not to fear, for we can still remember
what we are coming here for, to do and learn,
the joy we will get from our lessons once we return,
to the chambers from where we viewed these lives,
the possible choices, and decided on our vehicle
for this next journey undertaken in our striving
for experience and understanding –
to fully awaken.

The body of ONE for which we come
is yearning always, but patient.
The symbiology for which we were born
brings continual form for energy to learn,
for consciousness to come ever closer to fullness,
to complete realisation.
Onceness is continual. Knowing is homing.
Learning is coming and going, to-ing and fro-ing.
Lifing is birthing and growing, and everything is in choosing
where we are going, which body, which family,
which purpose, which journey; and when to return
to deliver our history, freely and gladly.



We are Beings of Light.
Whispering, we come closer,

listening for your body song,
your unique body harmonics.

Even in the womb you hear us;
your mind recognises our love.

When we enter as spirit,
your heart will also know it.

Your mind will feel complete,
Multi-dimensional and soft.

*

The colours of the gateway
dance before us now.

Your mind welcomes them,
let's them stream in,

then we follow through
like liquid pouring into you.

Sparkling and glowing now,
you are ready to expand,

and when you are born
you will continue on

through your lifetime ever growing,
your awareness coming and going,

ebbing and flowing as you learn
and forget, and re-learn afresh

who you are and how to connect
with your layered parts, and respond

by using them wisely to live beyond
the confusion of the third dimension

with all its illusions,
becoming an integrated fusion

of body, mind, and light,
with unconditional love deep inside.

*

We are your guides,
but you have to stop rushing

which takes your minds
past us, brushing us off,

living only the illusion of life
which is all that exists in the material.

Stop in this moment and ask
what it is inside

that begs you to listen
to the beat of your heart

as you slow and let go
and open your minds to us.

*

Welcome our children –
You have recognised us at last!

Now you may feel real joy, real love,
a magnificent positive charge.

Now you may heal and develop,
always feeling free to ask for help.

Thank you for being with us –
we learn from you too.

Whatever experiences
you choose to go through,

we learn and grow with you;
but the pain is far less

once you recognise us
and work with our guidance,

though often we know, you forget;
but this we expect and accept

as part of the journey forward,
growing gradually towards

being more and more
of who you can be, in the light,

the love, the cup of life itself –
until you truly shine!

*

We are the divine
within you singing.

We have journeyed
from beyond all time

to bring this message tonight –
that we are always here for you,

for we are here and there
at once together,

passing on beyond and through
all layers of you and Holy space

to be the golden light
to fill your personal chalice,

but also the light of love
that shines and reaches right across

the bridge of rainbow life
between dimensions interlaced.

*

We will be with you when it is time
for you to travel from this plane

and hold your hand-hearts steady as you leap
outside the limits of this earth,

which you yourselves have set
to keep you feeling safe for the moment.

You will know the magic
of the timeless universe with us

and so much more beyond your present grasp
when your earthly bonds are dropped.

You will gasp to know how truly wise you are
as you seem to journey past the moon and sun and stars,

and come within the realms of liquid gold –
which really turns you back inside the world of old,

but exists within a different side
of the diamond loaded holographic light

where you will learn again your life of endless cycles,
like a new-born king, fit for re-entering

the cosmic quest afresh, with new tools
and gifts, understanding, and strength.

*

Open your minds and shut your eyes
for you will see the dream inside.

“It is all about love, when you learn to truly love the world and all creation, of which you are a part, then you become one with the cosmic mind, which is also like a heart (the way you speak of heart, which is not the biological mechanism, but an energy of simple and unchanging purity). You have to love yourself, for without love your body does not know how to become one whole that is optimally functioning, and you do not know how to become one with the whole mind of life. Love is the missing ingredient that has become so twisted by fear of what man does to the world and to each other, and even to himself. If you love, then you trust yourself and your others to let go of that fear which tries to hold and control you. You set yourselves free to believe in the beauty within and around you, and to see the infinite possibilities of creation. There is nothing left to fear because nothing can truly hurt you when you are whole and open. Nothing can manipulate you, you become translucent. When you are in love with the universe and all it offers, then you are on your path to becoming a creator, an apprentice if you will. Only when you love can you heal, for to heal you must become one with those you help, and bring them to the light of the cosmic mind, where there is no time, and all knowledge is knowable yet changeable.”



Let love shine out, let love shine out,
and it will return.

Open your heart, open your heart,
let life shine out.

You are the child, you are the child,
of universal love.

Beings of Light Pledge for Partners

Each repeating in turn - verse by verse seems to work best

I ask your soul's permission
To enter into this with me,
To let the experience touch you
And lead to what you seek.

Ask my soul anything you wish
And I will listen
Without anger or bitterness –
Keep nothing hidden.

Tell my soul you will not judge me,
But accept me for who I am,
And never try to cage me,
But grant me trust and freedom.

Trust me in this moment and time
To go forward here with you,
Using my heart's pure love as a guide,
And understanding as a tool.

Touch my face now with your fingers
To show you recognise my soul,
And the love for you that lingers
Like deep true veins of gold.

We came here to mine this treasure,
To find the depths of joy within,
To enhance what we have together,
And accept the love we are given.

I am prepared to enter
Levels of nurturing and wisdom
I may not have encountered elsewhere,
And ask that we be open as children

To the new and mysterious –
Knowing not what it might bring,
But trusting ourselves to be glorious
As we follow – to a new beginning.

Hold me now, and kiss me,
As we enter this pledge together.
Promise to be gentle with me,
And sensitive, and tender.



When I was asking the Beings of Light too many stupid questions they told me:

“You are trying hard to explain what really is simple. There is a sea of life in which you swim. There is water in the sea as well as water in our bodies. There is oxygen in the water, and in your bodies, and in the air. That is the gift which is given to you for you to take within. You cannot reject it, it is always there. You can learn to breathe optimally, and you can learn to use your life optimally, or not, that is all. The cosmic heart does not mind what you do, you are given the chance to become love if you choose to. It is only the emotional reactions of each life to the rest of creation that makes it seem complicated. Interaction with Spirit itself is simple without that. “



We perform like purple monkeys,
We pirouette and prance and twirl.

As you laugh I see your mind unfolding,
Unleashing the tightness of curls.

As you relax into waters swept of time,
I feel the vast mysteries of an ancient world

Seeping into your skin and bones and sinew
To soak up the turmoiled mists of stress and pain.

And wash them away to a place
Where purple monkeys play.



INSECT

Shedding your skin
your shell cracking
letting everything
pour out –

becoming pain
of all times again
as it lets go at last
to be truly past.

Becoming new
like a fragile star,
a new you
coming out of the fire.

Be patient, be trusting,
be gentle and quiet –
through the loosening and shaking,
the heart almost breaking,

be humble, let it all crumble,
fear not all the trouble
or sounds of the bubbles –
be light in the dark hours

for you will be free
at the end of the shadow.
Step onward in faith
and be your own fellow.

Don't tremble my lonely,
we are waiting to hold you,
all bright and lovely -
you shall come to us calling.

Your heart knows its own longing
will drive it on through the ice
of the grey dawning - to sunshine
pouring upon you, anointing

the new, born like an insect
from an old casing - falling
loose, to a new choosing
of shining, beautiful, flight.





*They are here with us now, whispering their love.
 My eyes are full of planets, my hands full of stars.
 I feel them spinning, swimming, with delight and surprise.
 We are so connected our hearts open like flowers.
 We merge as the being we know deeply that we are.
 Each petal different coloured, like the aspects of our lives.
 I feel them spinning, swimming, with delight and surprise.
 A kaleidoscope of detail which the one-ness lies behind.
 They are with us singing, breathing words into our hearts.*

*Halleh antelleigh – We join you in joy –
 We bring you – Absellah-may-nah-eh –
 Feeling for completion – Absah-he-mah-nah.
 Being part of the journey – you have come –
 Sallah-famallah behon-ay - to this freedom –
 As a space – Beyan-se-amah – In your one-ness
 Ellah-ma-yeh - Beyond you - mas-ab-sallah!
 We bless you, and you grow – afah-shah-le.
 With pleasure, we associate with you
 Massah-ma Nah-leh bru – let it be.
 Amahna le-mah-sha antelleigh
 Soo-hey mah nah-hey, we bless you – yeh
 As brothers, and welcome you – Bal-ah meh soo-ha sheh
 To the stars, and beyond - meh coo-meh ab sallah may
 Where mind is one, we invite you - Bah-ah-meh cameh-ah
 To rise - Ooh-mah-nah yeh – out of time – out of clouds
 La-may-seh – and be love. Halleh-yeh amma-shah-le*

BLESSINGS

*Om Sallah mi fal di ha
 Om Sallah mi fal di ha
 Greetings from another world
 Blessings from another world.*

*Come believe the light you hold
 Your beauty shines within your soul
 Each one unique and each one whole.*

*You bring your light to show the world.
 Shine it bright, so you will know
 You have its grace, wherever you go
 To brighten your face and lighten your load,
 To make you sigh, and make you bold.*

*Each soul recognizes the light of a friend –
 You sing to each other's hearts and heads.
 When you meet on the road you grasp both hands
 And dance through the dust of many lands
 For the journey together is joyful indeed
 If you blossom like flowers and scatter your seeds
 Where the waters of wisdom will set them free
 To be blessed like the angels on the breeze.*

*Come believe the light you hold
 Your beauty shines within your soul
 Each one unique and each one whole.*

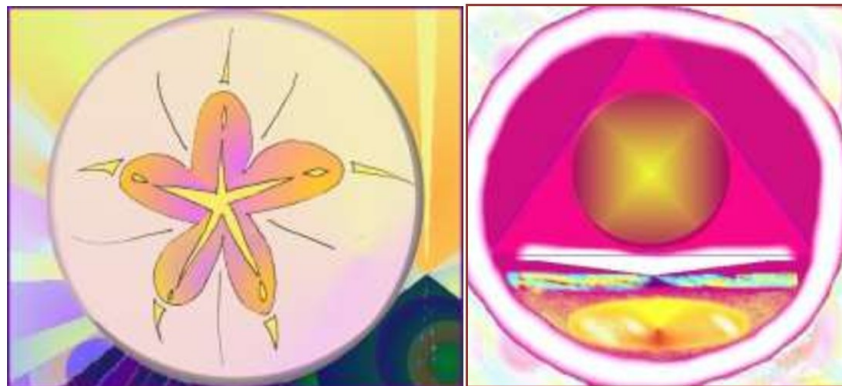
*Twin souls recognize the kiss of a partner;
 Once connected they're linked ever after,
 stroking the skin of the bodies they dwell in
 Slowly and softly, like warm whispers
 So the souls within feel respected and tender
 And the bliss of the union grows better and better.*

*Each time the love rises it burns away pain
 And the trust in your eyes is the glow of the grace*

That builds from inside, when you recognize
The touch of the one who takes the time
To acknowledge the being you truly are
And honour and nurture with each caress
To bring you peace, and deep release.

*Come believe the light you hold
Your beauty shines within your soul
Each one unique and each one whole.*

*Om Sallah mi fal di ha
Om Sallah mi fal di ha*
Greetings from another world
Blessings from another world.



“Sweet Ones, of course you are responsible for choosing what you can be. No one else can do it for you, and you have to do it consciously. If you choose not to then you will return repeatedly until you choose differently, and so eventually the journey begins. All journeys have to be undertaken even if they start slowly. Life cannot stand still.

What is meaningful must be perceived for the heart's eyes will cry to see, and if you go blindly you cannot appease them with false gifts. The heart will return to ask the soul infinitely until it is told and shown who you are, and given the chance to grow outwards towards the centre.

You are the light and the freedom. You are the gift you give yourself, and your lover, and your brothers and sisters too.

You are right to bring that lightness to you in the physical with movement as well as with the consciousness of liquid heart energy of love and knowing. The flower cannot exist without the stem and leaves and roots bringing it nourishment. Beauty is the whole being and the way each layer integrates. Don't you see that as a fantastic mystery that each part of the plant knows how to play its part just like your body systems do! They work in unity. There is an innate knowledge there in the biology. And then when the season is right, the seeds fly free and there is more life. Laugh we tell you, laugh to know that there is all this beauty and yet so much more when you awake consciously to create as you can do infinitely. Those seeds become infinite choices of freedom and beauty and life becoming more life. And as you fly, remember that plant, for it has all its connections with the ground, the rain, and sun. It draws on all of those for nourishment to grow into the perfect plant. It bursts into flower to celebrate that perfection and scatters its seeds to duplicate itself. Remember all those sources and keep in touch with them to draw your own energy, for if you forget the balance you become weak. So yes, take care of the physical and the earth itself, as well as filling yourself with light to become the light.

The flowering heart knows the truth of this responsibility. We repeat, what is meaningful must be perceived. The true gift of yourself comes when you are in this world and of it as well as of the universe. The flux of cosmic consciousness permeates all things. Not one bit is ignored for it is all part of the creation that was brought forth by the whole of us, and must evolve

to return to what it was. All that goes outwards must return to the centre. The further you are free to fly, the closer you are to home.

Your bodies go to the bosom of the earth and your souls to the centre of creation, which is light upon light dissolved and evolved into more light which is conscious and perfect now but becoming more so in each moment of the now and infinite now's as you bring your living flowers and seeded choices consciously to it. So you are the perfect gift to yourself and the divine combination of yourself and all others.

Trust your friends to let you be who you are. Even a thief loves his friends. There are friends for every one at every level, so there is always someone right for where you are on your journey through life.

Ask your friends to listen with you to the whispers of your heart to discover your true desires. Ask them to help you pursue those dreams of what you want to do and who you want to be. Gather in strength with those who hear you and trust their support. But don't be afraid to move on when you've learned more than can be held within each box. Do not try to hold on to those who cannot go with you, or you will resent them for holding you back. Ask their loving hearts to set you free. The further you are free to fly, the closer you are to home. There will always be new friends for them, and somewhere else for you, ready to welcome your next level of being. Move outside the comfort zone of your previous existence to discover expanded possibilities. Courage is deeply empowering, as is love, which dissolves anything less than itself. You will be set free to grow in trust. Believe in who you are and where you are going, for if it is in your heart it will fulfil your deepest yearnings.

Bring your perfect flowers to yourself, and to us. What is meaningful must be perceived for the heart's eyes will cry to see, and if you go blindly you cannot appease them with false gifts. The heart will return to ask the soul until it is told and shown who you are, and given the chance to grow outwards towards the centre.

Only you are responsible for choosing what you can do and be. The seeds from your flowering heart become choices of freedom and beauty. They are life becoming more life, as your light becomes the light that is one infinitely."



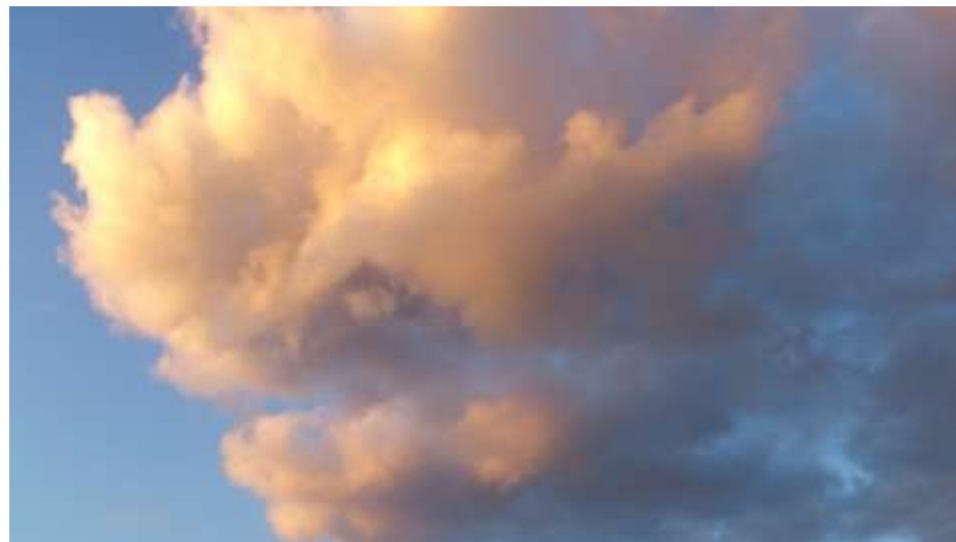
There are a lot more questions (from myself and others), together with answers from the Beings of Light, but I cannot put them all in here, sorry, so that's it for now

I will aim to make those available soon.

When ready I will add access to them to my main website

<https://www.wellnessandcreativity.com>

I have several websites but can no longer update older ones.



Thanks for the Words

I've been reading Leonard Cohen's
"Death of a Lady's Man"
Sometimes in bed.

At night I casually drop my bra
Over the cover of the book.
I think he'd approve.

In his songs I hear more of a surety
About life's issues than I do in his poems,
Which seem more personal and confused.

I hear in his best songs a voice
Of hard-earned wisdom and belief –
A voice full of reverence for life.

Mr Cohen, you are one of many I have leaned on
In my own tortures and growing –
And one who has triumphed in being.

God bless you for listening to the universe
And the little world of men, and for speaking
Always with truth from your heart.

First Train

She wanted me to take her out to supper
Then take her home and touch her.
She wanted to see all my things
As though I were some sort of king.
She wanted to meet my relations
As though they were representatives from different nations.
She wanted to make up her mind
From any clues that she could find,
But I wanted to take the first train
Out of there, heading home again.

There's a different place in my heart
That's more precious than works of art,
That keeps on delivering lines
Just as long as I keep up my time;
And I wanted to keep my connection pure
In case one day there wasn't any more;
So although I could see your face before me wistfully smiling,
I'm afraid I had to leave it like a memory crying.
I wanted to take the first train
Out of there, heading home again.

On home ground, something I find
Is that there's always someone around
Who will take the chance on your song
Simply because they know you belong;
And when they look at your old body, bended,
They don't see a lover, they just see a friend;
And they don't want anything more from you
Than you can give, so you can just be true.
So I'm always taking that first train
Out of places I play, heading home again –
Only one way – heading home again.

LINES

with thanks to Thom the World Poet for this and many other things

I'd rather be up a mountain with wings,
I'd rather be flying and present.
I'd rather be bergamot than peppermint.
I'd rather be a moment than a second.
I'd rather be blessed than lost.

My eyes look outward, inward, outward.
We wake to relearn what we already know....
Life going round in circles, rejoicing,
Like a dog trying to catch its own tail,
But each prayer stops it, and us, and time, in mid air.

Each poem is a snake under my skin,
Twisting to come out, to move beyond
The last one, or to a different sun warmed rock,
Just one bit every day, wriggling along
Into the universe of sand where we all belong.



Hold me, stroke me, touch me tender
Like no other sun gave me its light,
Like no other sta-ars kissed my eyes,
Like no other pla-a-a-nets spun inside my head,
Like no other wi-ind blew its breath,
Like no other water sang its so-o-ong before;

Like no other earth – cradled me-ee in its arms,
Like no other tree – held me to its heart,
Like no other bi-ird gave to me its wings before,
Like no other kitten shared its licks,
Like no other cloud gave me its lips,
Like no other moon laid its ca-ress upon my skin;

Like no other grass has shared its dreams,
Like no other leaves have ever li-ist-ened,
Like no other flo-ow-ers showed me-ee their co-o-lours,
Like no other one showed me his love,
Like no other one showed me his lo-o-ove.

WEDDING

Mother earth,
Father sky,
Brothers, sisters
Far and wide.

From an end
To a beginning -
All our thoughts,
All our time,
All our circles
Interlinking,
And our souls
Intertwined.

All our suns,
All our seas,
All the creatures,
Plants, and trees

Each to the other
As we give -
Bear us witness -
Bless us as we live.

From an end
To a beginning -
All our thoughts,
All our time,
All our circles
Interlinking,
And our souls
Intertwined.

Here and now,
Thou and thine
Become one
With all mine

In a fusion -
No divide,
Ever after
With all kind

From an end
To a beginning -
All our thoughts,
All our time,
All our circles
Interlinking,
And our souls
Intertwined.

Mother earth,
Father sky,
Brothers, sisters
Far and wide

Gently hold us
In your space
For our joy
And our peace.

In your presence
We are free
Absolutely
To love and be.

From an end
To a beginning -
All our thoughts,
All our time,
All our circles
Interlinking,
And our souls
Intertwined.

PLEASE

So, it's the first of June today.
Things are starting to open up again
After the virus has gone through many of us,
But there are a heck of a lot of questions.

Was any of this put upon us with deliberate intention?
Was any of it handled with the right motivation?
Will there be second and third waves?
Will our worlds ever be the same again?

Where would fear and anger take us?
Only to more separation and destruction!
Some things have to be dealt with though.
I hope we can do it with effective precision.

We have to ensure this isn't used as an excuse
To permanently limit our freedoms.
Please be very careful what you accept!
Please listen to your own hearts, souls, and heads.

Please resist arguments for more rules and tighter controls.
Please don't allow ongoing restrictions to be imposed.
We are human after all; not the robots or servants or sheep
They'd like those of us left to become, without too much bleating.

Dance to Believe

Dance like a prayer
Dance in thanks for life
Dance like a cloud of butterflies
Dance as if you are broken open, and smiling
Dance as if the One has spoken

Dance to reach into the centre of the earth
Dance as if you are exchanging love with the universe
Dance as if you've torn the bandage off
Dance as if you've thrown away all fear

Dance to dump useless anger or worry and be free
Dance to renew your energy
Dance to celebrate your body
Dance to let the Spirit emerge
Dance to make mind, flesh, and spirit one
Dance to Become

Dance to make the flower grow
Dance to make the wolf come home
Dance to go beyond your boundaries
Dance to believe
Dance to invoke peace

Dance from inside yourself
Dance like a feast
Dance like a storm tossed sky
Dance like a beast
Dance to let tears unveil themselves
Dance to wonder why
Dance like the planets spinning
Dance like rain and wind
Dance like sunlight on lily pads
Dance like the crown upon your head prickling

Dance like the divine child
Dance like the wise elder
Dance like a river polishing pebbles
Dance like tides rinsing shells
Dance like a fabulous painter
Dance like a violinist
Dance to unite with the listening heart
Dance like the power of the Great Spirit welcoming you

SMALL SIGNALS

This light wavering between real and unreal,
Shadows slipping through moments
That shiver past eyeballs and lips.

This kiss of time that touches us briefly
And slides away again on the breeze
Or the river that yearns towards the sea.

What is the meaning of prayers muttered
By leaves in the damp streets of dawn?
What are these craven words for?

Whatever we say today will dodge away
Like birds hiding in fog or thick hedges,
Our forms will be tossed like dolls on the waves.

Smoke from these cities sends stories
Of the city upwards to dissipate
Like fingers strumming strings . . . then nothing.

Pull on your gloves then, and button your coat,
There is nothing more here for you
Except perhaps stars spitting in evening dusk.

Wait . . . can't you even begin to say what it is
That stirs when you witness these small silent
Signals of light wavering between real and unreal?

These kisses of time that touch us repeatedly
Enchant us, confuse us, wrap us up hotly. Let them go –
Let their poems flutter loose like lost banknotes.

Don't wait for tomorrow for miracles to happen,
Each of these signals is a miracle: time, wind, fog, damp streets,
Smoke, chimneys, the river, leaves, birds, prayers . . .

And of course, light is the most sacred sign of all.
Right now is perfect, then gone, then instantly perfect again.
The real and the unreal interweave, are known and unknown.

What fools we are in the dance, yet what lovers
To keep wanting the world with all its stuff,
Knowing in the end it will all be emptied.

What do you really want? Is there just one word
To tell it the way it really is . . . the way the city exists
On this miraculous earth, breathing the moments out and in?

Surely there must be! Let's keep on walking
And singing, trying to find it, with these small signals
Gracefully guiding us closer and closer to absolute love.



Escaping Time / Arrival (above) / & City Scapes 1 & 2

Tea - from the book "Following Father"

They'd asked for coffee, but I was making tea
and thinking of other things, like snow
and silence and the rhythm of the sea.
Over mountains, deserts, and grasslands
I wandered absent-mindedly
and, with a bird's eye view of heaven,
calmly poured the tea - into the sugar bowl.





Ancient Trees



Stepping Stones across the River Mole / Woods on Ranmore



Paths around Boxhill - and Dorking Park Pond





SECRET GARDEN VISUALIZATION

You are a single point of consciousness
That knows everything
You expand
You are full with it

Yes, you know suffering
And understand death
But you also know life
And love –

Push yourself gently out into the stream
Float with it
Your choices and decisions
Are aligned with this flow

There are times when the water is disturbed
And the rain falls
But in your heart you know
You will glide on beyond all this

And out into the ocean of your dreams
Where you know you have come
To the secret garden
Where everything begins.





Swampy Garden Art Mirrors



New Chance Now

We could come out of this worldwide situation with some benefits. We have surely learnt what we really appreciate and value, and that we don't like being pushed around by people who make rules that they don't follow themselves.

As always, there are many distractions cropping up to interfere with our focus on what we want.

Please let's not forget to hang onto what's most important - freedom, truth, all human rights, health, and love.

Don't give the circus masters any excuses to try to restrict us, or manipulate changes that give them more control.

Certain people had already started the huge job of cleaning up. Obviously those on the other side of the game are trying to stop them.

Please don't be confused by the cartoon characters being drawn. Give them the chance to get on with it, and ensure that many of our rights are taken back from those who had already stolen and abused them.





Hearts In Me

If I look to the world with hearts in my eyes
Then surely I'll be intrigued and inspired.

If I touch the world with hearts in my hands
Then surely I'll learn how to understand.

If I listen to the world with hearts in my ears
Then surely I'll truly be able to hear.

If I speak with the world with hearts in my mouth
Then surely I'll be kind and gentle enough.

If I think of the world with hearts in my mind
Then surely I'll be awake to all life.

If I reach for the world with hearts in my palms
Then surely its love will flow through my arms.



Setting Sail in s Ship of Shells



PURELY

from the book "Blue Bridge"

Loving the lives of past, present and future –
you may smell and may taste the obstinate breath of existence;
shimmering atoms like the sound of cicadas vibrating,
letting the light pass through.

You may seek out – work out the colours
by being a simple detailer of things on this earth.

You may write of the incredible audacity
of trees and pebbles and fences and scarecrows and dirty old windows,

then point and sing and shout out and laugh
at the way we know and don't know in our deafness how to walk on.
From here you may go to the place of silence deep in your gut -
like melting into a universe of gold.



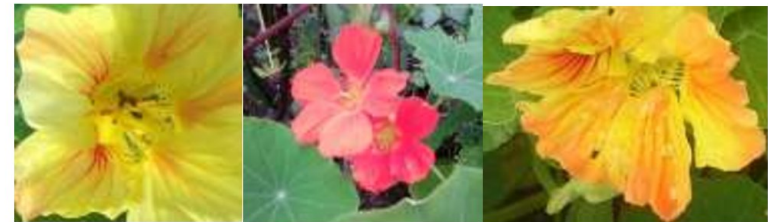
Fractalicious

The universe breathes infinitely out and in,
Repeating cycles, yet expanding.
Electrons, dust, atmospheres, oceans,

Worlds, galaxies, DNA, and heads - spin.
Fractal patterns multiply everywhere -
Both tiny and huge numbers unfurling
In lungs, brains, ferns, tree limbs,
And no doubt reaching throughout space.

The human race needs more stillness
To contemplate its own being.
We are still stardust in the garden,
Dreaming our own existence
Both individually and collectively,
Making our inner and outer realities,
Finding our way gradually to maturity
Whether through positive evolution or not.

The possibilities of consciousness
Are limitless, and continually progressing.
Let us turn our faces forwards
In graceful appreciation of the vastness
That reflects its beauty equally
In the miniscule details contained therein,
And let it flow freely within us
To refresh and enlighten every cell.



I've been planting nasturtium seeds with all these care home residents
Who have recovered well from the Coronavirus, as we have also done.
Who knows what might be thrown at us next; but here comes the sun,
and the human spirit survives, with its intricate surprises.

I have always felt that my home is everywhere,
yet carried a longing for the far off place I mostly grew up in.
It is only now, having come through this testing time of early 2020,
which actually gave us time, and the opportunity, to positively adjust our lives,
that I realise - I now feel satisfied to call this home.



I'm a celebratory (*not celebrity*) poet. I love to express joy in the world, people, and nature. Sometimes I use humour, but mostly I'm quite serious. I use quite a bit of "stream of consciousness" language that might come out being surreal or symbolic. I just trust the flow. I'm a poet-philosopher. I've got rather a lot to say about what I think and believe, but I'm constantly exploring anew, looking for varied perspectives, and willing to revise my opinions. I write some poems that I call "psychological landscapes" because they mix mind with wild nature. Truth, and freedom of speech, and of everything, is very important to me as well, so there is a touch of the socio-politic in there. Being able to learn new things and share information widely is important too. I keep on studying because I'm endlessly fascinated, and deeply enchanted with this world.

I grew up on farms in Africa with lots of cats & other animals, but mostly horses. I've been in the UK for the longest time now though. I've travelled a fair bit, some of it by accident; and worked in many different types of jobs, some of those by accident too. In Cape Town my main jobs were in offices, mostly involving early computers and loosely related to finance. In the UK I worked more with people - in schools & communities, and as an advisor plus service user involvement

officer for young people leaving the care system. More recently I've been working as a Carer, but now I'm Lead Activities Coordinator in 2 care homes. I have 2 wonderful grown up sons, and a very loving 2nd husband with whom I share 2 cats and a fairly daft life. He sometimes works with me now too, and helps with maintenance of the homes and grounds on other days.

I'm also a healer, diviner, and multi-therapist. Therapies include Healing, Counselling, Life Coaching, Nutritional Therapy, Art Therapy, and some Massage and Aromatherapy, plus I do workshops in schools, businesses, and public venues, such as Stress Management, including Meditation and Mindfulness. I also do talks, readings, storytelling, and live mural painting. You can see more details on my main website <https://www.wellnessandcreativity.com> plus there are links to products with my art on them, and to my blogs, and health articles etc. My books are available on Amazon, the main one being "No Paradox – Living both in and outside of the Matrix", which is both philosophical and spiritual. It contains a theory of sorts, an exploration of consciousness, and some tools for evolving it.

I'm not sure what to say about my art except that it's varied, and often abstract. I suppose it expresses similar things to my poetry mostly, but sometimes it's just to catch an idea or the urge to do something pretty. I love trying to get good photos too, and use ones of nature in my design work as well as my art.

May joy, serenity, wellbeing and fulfilment be with you.

