

Illustrated



Poems



Austin P. Torney



One to One

Poems are renderings of the true spirit,
The highest power of language and wit.
The reader then translates back to spirit—
If the self responds, then a poem you've writ!

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Reality Recomposed



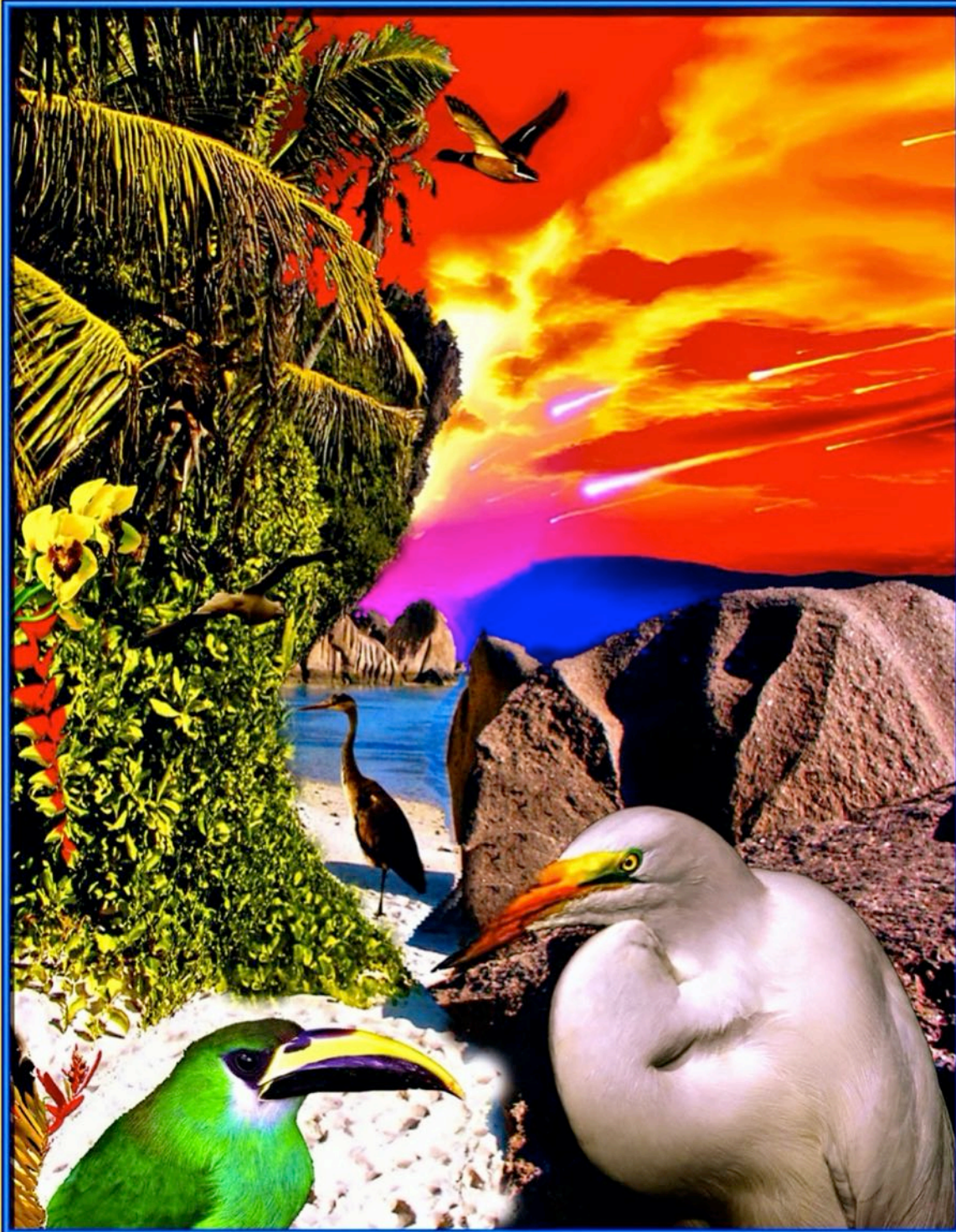
Austin P. Torney



Growing in the cold, near the leafless trees,
Snowdrop bells ring out for friends in need;
They bring hearty hopes to those with hardships—
Icicles changed to flowers by friendships.



Darwin told us how natural selection
Explained the mysteries of evolution
And the variety of life covering creation.
The continuum extended from animals to us.



Asteroids swept away many species;
Two chromosomes fused, leaving chimps behind;
RNA remembers all survivors;
Good fortune smiled on Homo Sapiens.



The music of the spring was in the breeze,
A prelude borne by airy musicians
Of the trees—the mating calls of the birds,
That opened for the cosmic symphony.



And mighty Zeus, was there, full to the brim
With the jollity of the fat man's belly.
By Jove, came Saturnus, so very gray
With age—sumbering into the party.



On the cottages' steps rested newspapers
And the sturdy rounded bottles of milk,
Compliments of Elsie the cow, truly
A vision from the grazings of childhood.



Of what stars did we shine of their stead?
Across what ink black river did we have to swim?
To what ends at length did we search for food?
In what deep entangled forest were we bred?



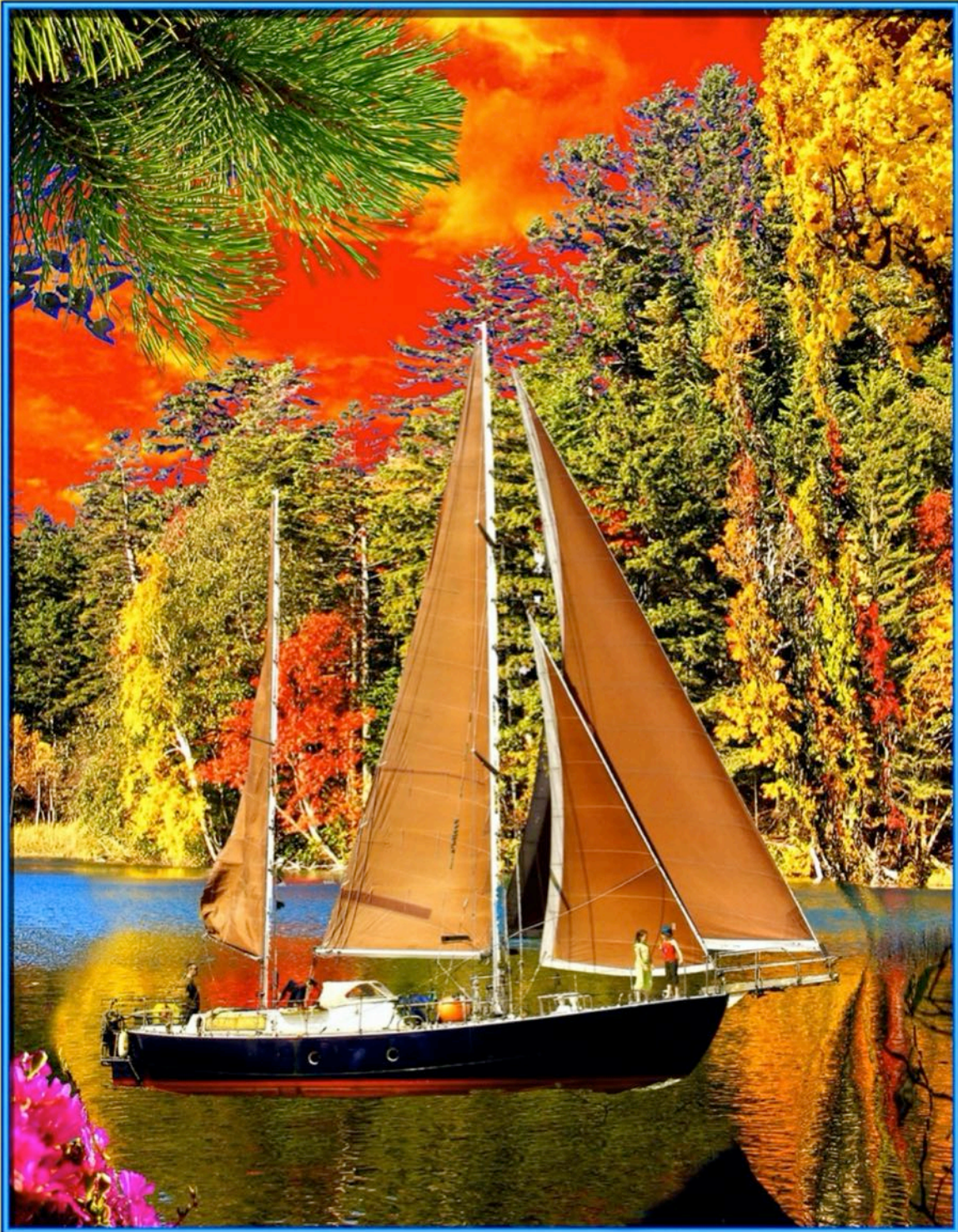
Chrysanthemums drink the mellow day;
falling petals carry the light away.
The autumn fog enswirls, the mist upcurls;
Into nothingness the wisp slow unfurls.



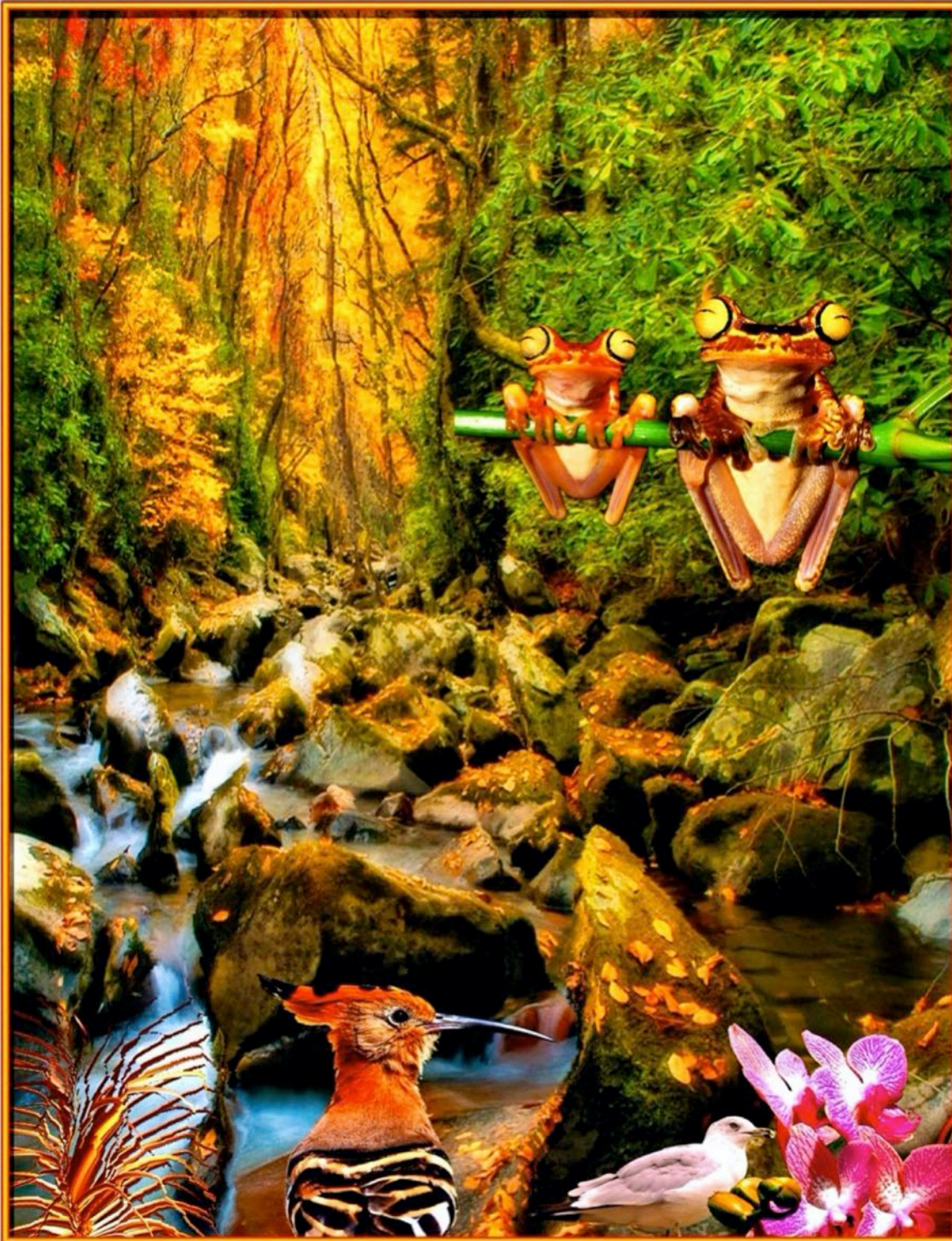
We told the tales of the joyous forest
To the birds, who soon carried them aloft,
Thence into my ears: songs of streams flowing
freely, and stories of a glowing sky.



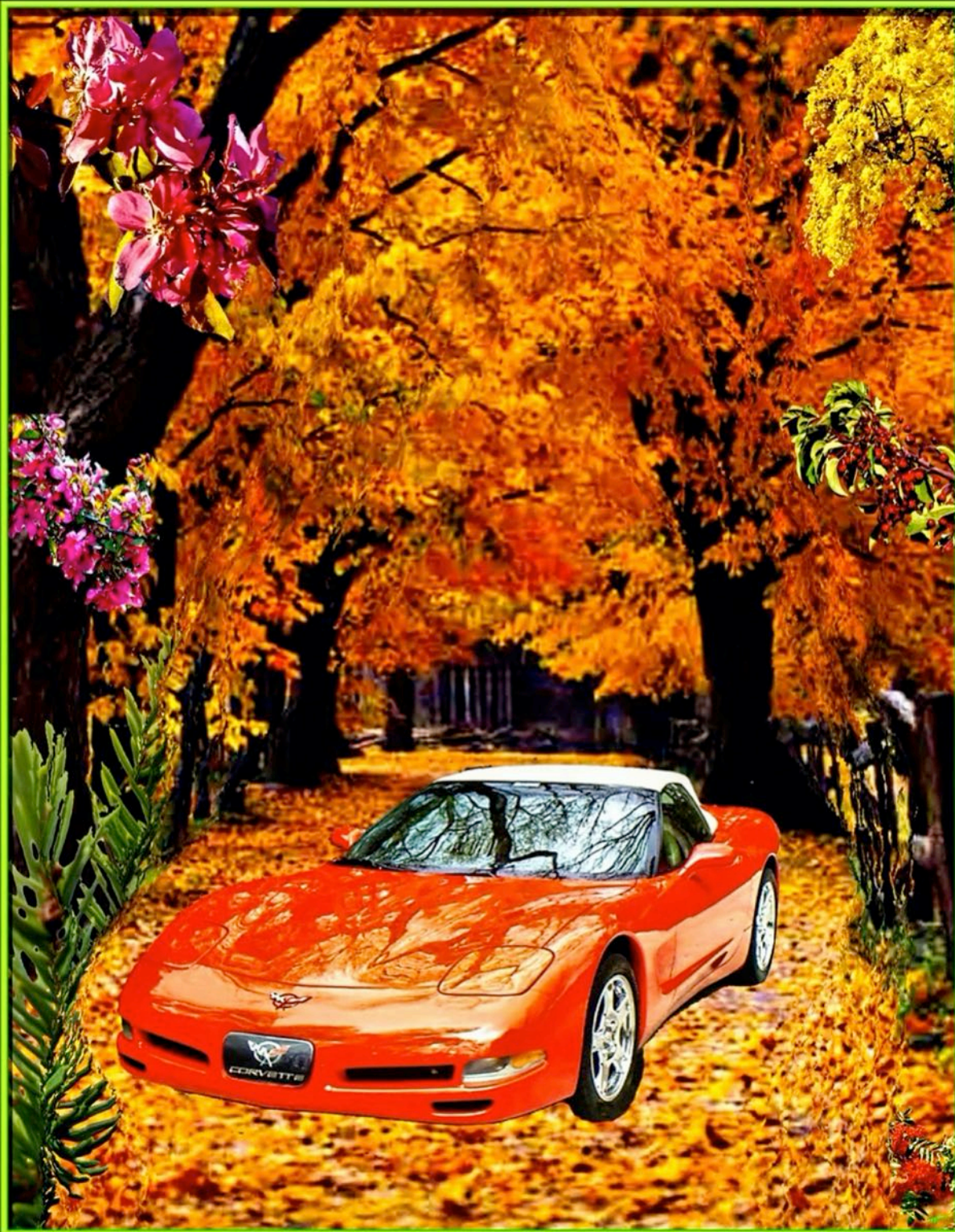
The cemetery was where the ducks were fed,
Where we friends feasted on wine, verse, and bread
Amidst the flowered trees and quiet streams—
The home for both the living AND the dead.



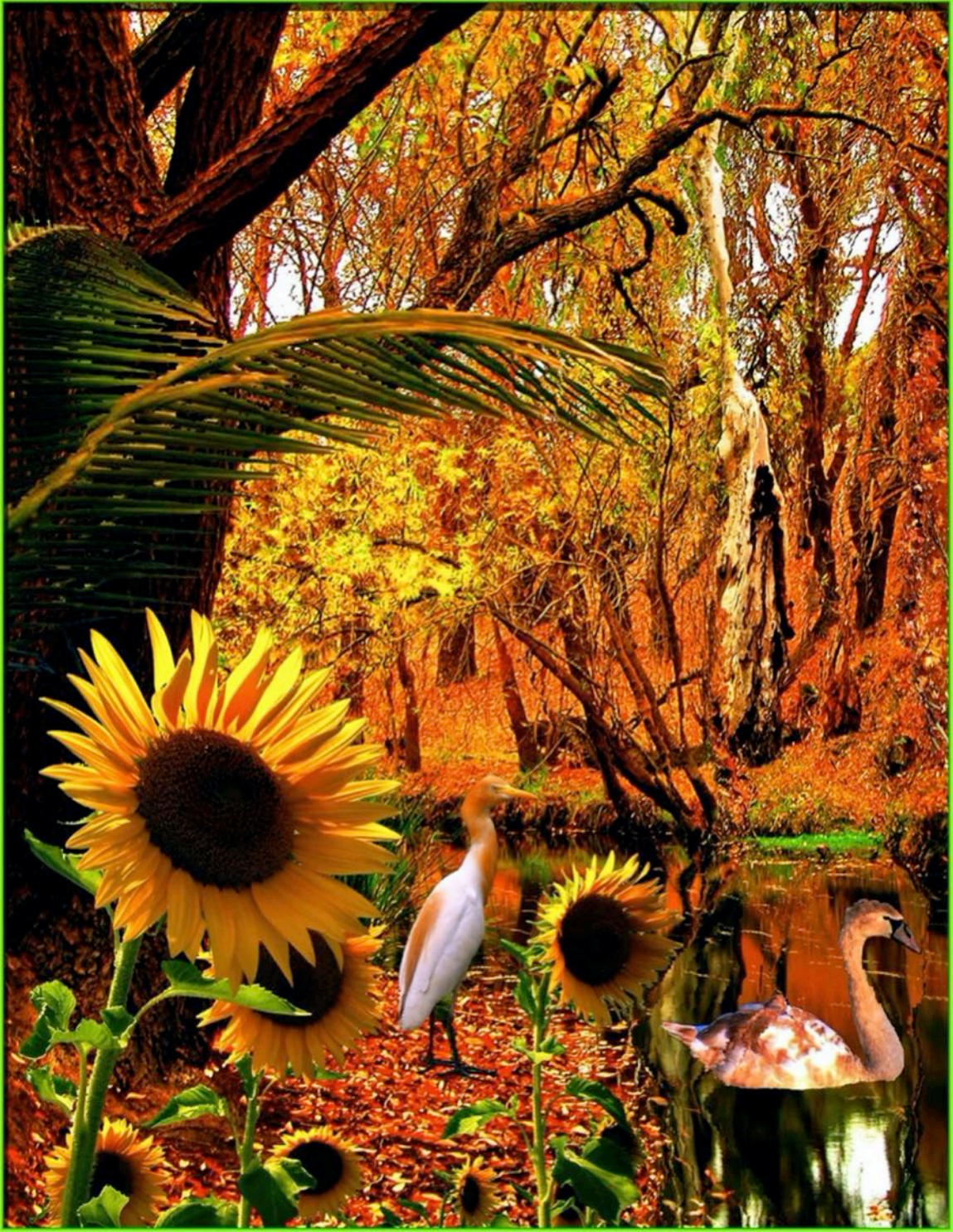
Ambition's mist drifts upward each morning,
Outlining daydreams, although still forming,
But rising still into the clear sunlight,
And taking shape, sculpting clouds, then sailing.



The rustling of the trees comes to my ear,
In this, the most mellow time of year.
The harvest brings fulfillment, yearning, too,
For autumn is both a smile and a tear.



She loves road trips; the autumn colors called,
So we were off on the ups and downs
She with taped ankle and myself with wrist,
The warriors running away from home.



There, the blinding luminosity of
Sunflowers; we dried the seeds and ate them,
Each still a glowing ember of memory
Of the bright days among a thousand suns.



Perhaps, between green and blue, lies some new
Tincture, unique enough to be it's own hue,
But, alas, those turquoise waves everyday,
In tropic seas, wash that theory away.



Country roads, quaint inns, disapidated barns;
What's this? A dance hall lighting the dark path?
We dance the song of evening bells rung
In a twilight zone in nowhere's middle.



Awash on a love-made shore, we overcame
Our senses, leaving them behind, unclaimed,
As we floated free, quenched in sunset sea,
Basking in reflections of the scarlet flame.



As ghostly phantoms, specters with
human powers known only in myth,
We say, awash, on some distant shore,
Our senses shining forevermore.



The rose is the flower that the bee cruises,
Meeting there the butterfly that love chooses;
They unfold the petals of the blossom,
Then drink the nectar of love's sweet juices.



We flowed, immersed in romantic afterglow,
The water sinking into the sands,
Half drying before wetting again—
The moisture rising up into the air.



We're fully immersed in love's boundless dream,
floating in peace on beauty's quiet stream.
Truth is clearly seen—it's so bright and right;
Purity's goodness swells each sparkling gleam.



Among the lights that dance in the sky,
A haven waits out there for you and I—
A world where flowers bloom and fountains spray—
A paradise called Earth to glorify.



The thirsty sun raises the morn's dewdrops
And sculpts a mist, forming clouds of airdrops;
Long the world lies dry in afternoon's beam—
Till quenching darkness cries forth its tear drops.



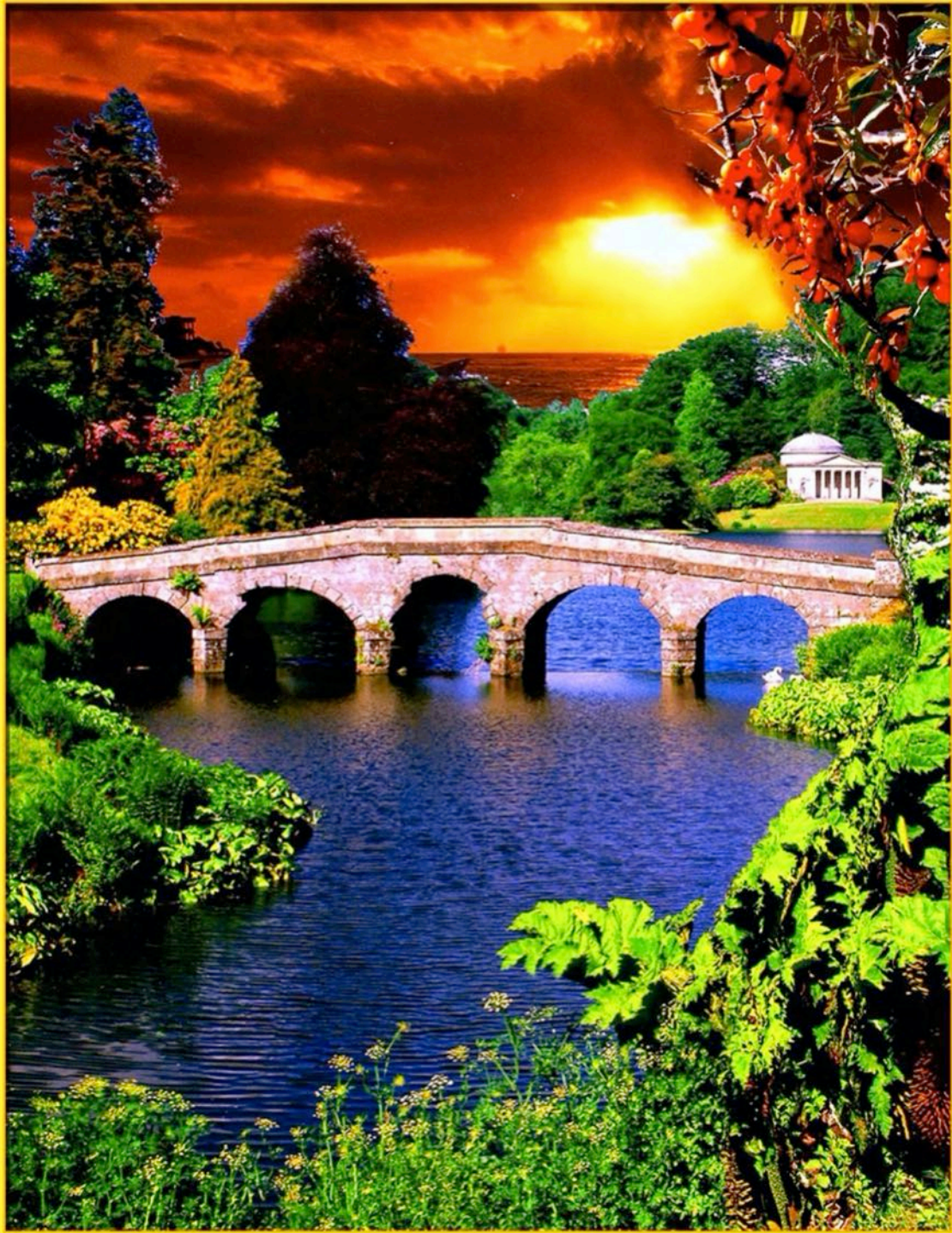
To those of you who ignore life's romance:
Ignorance, like shadow, has no substance.
The shade is removed by the light within;
Feel the rhythm of the universal dance!



Of hitherto, I know not, but am whither going,
Willy-nilly, whence all there is to knowing...
Hence thither I went on hither flowing to find
That I was truly free to be in body and mind.



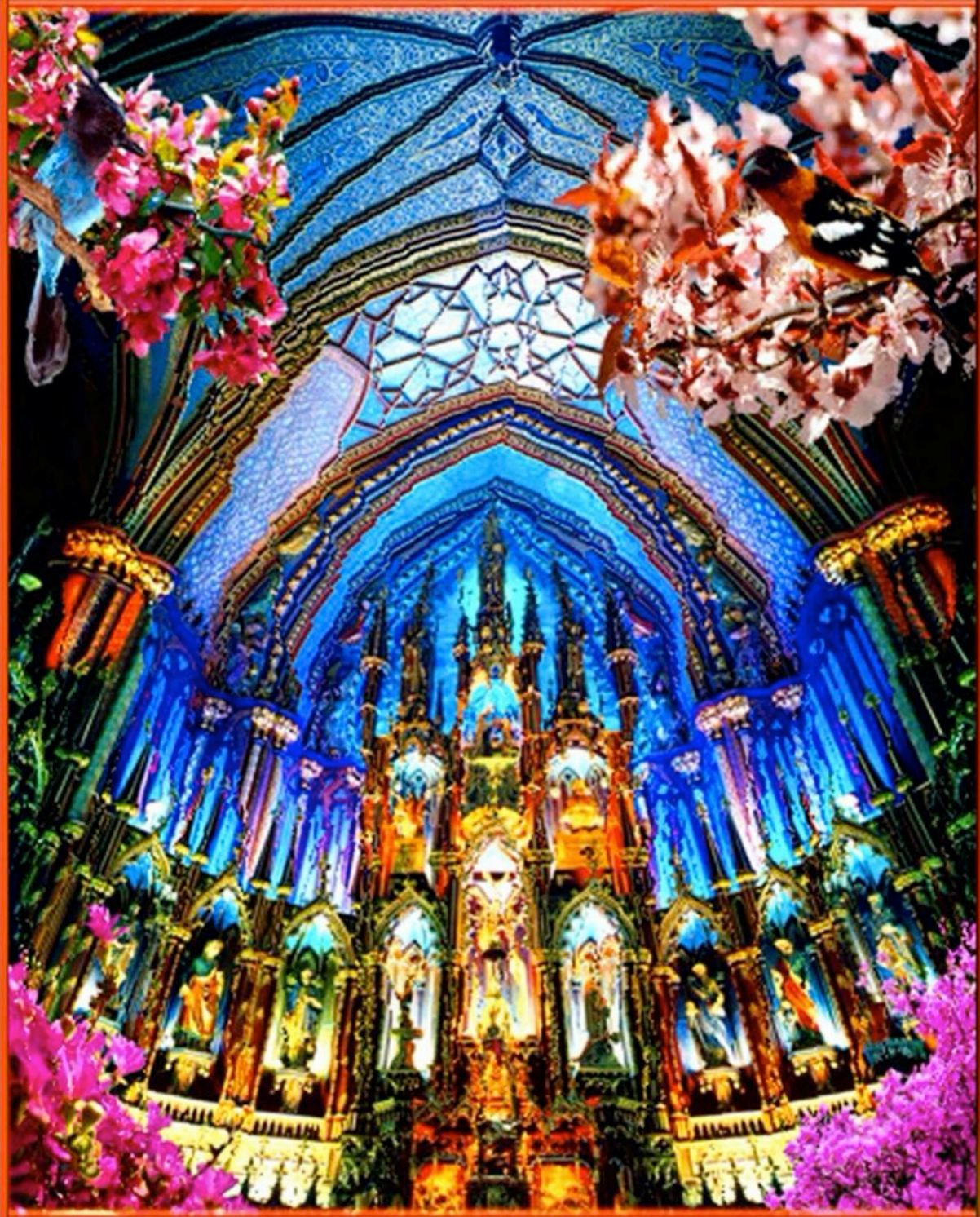
My blood runs warm with the sun's heat at noon.
My spirit is swept by the swelling moon.
Air surrounds me. The ocean flows through me.
Earth's rhythm is always playing my tune.



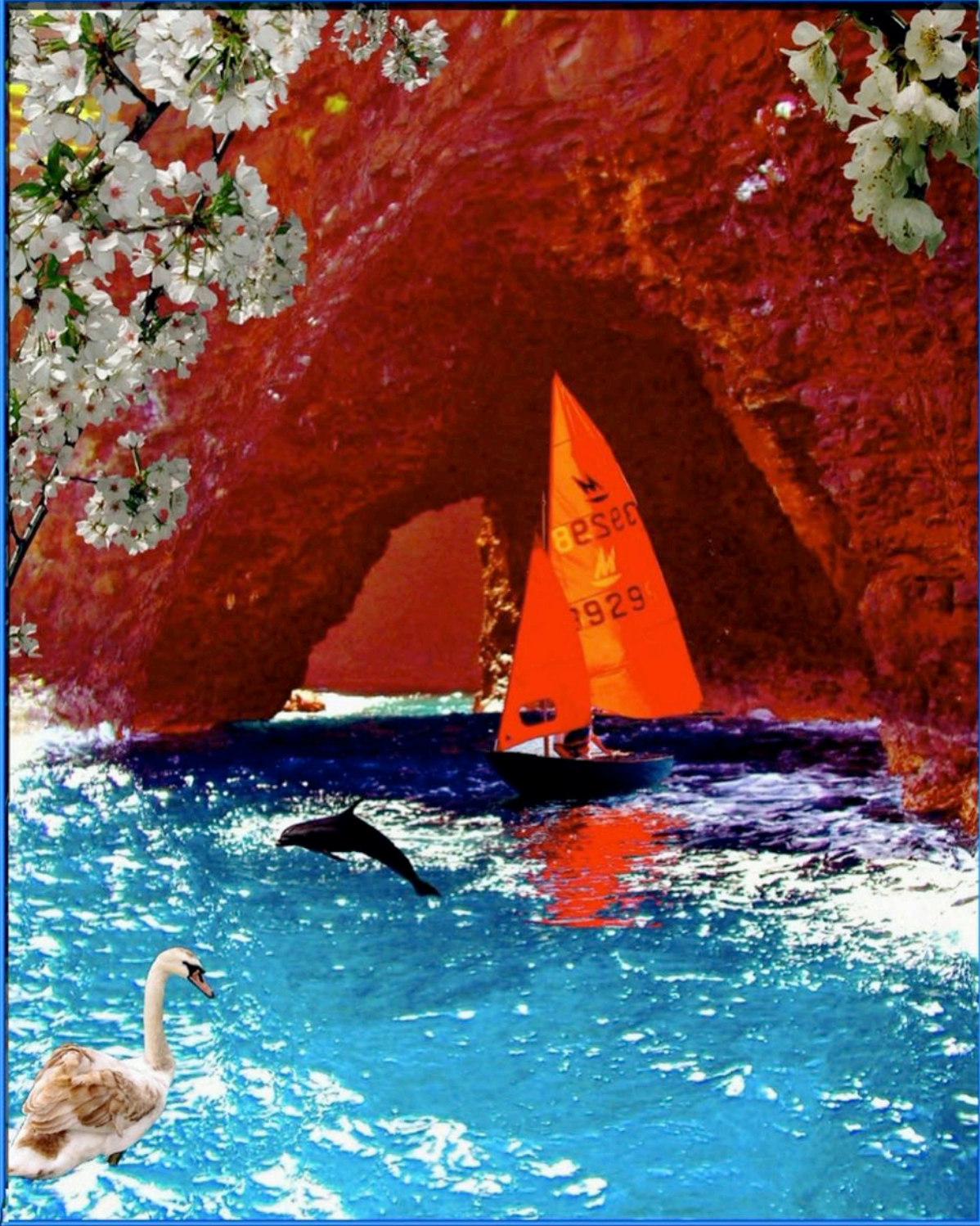
Minutes, hours, and days sequence the whole;
Month after month seasons the year all tolled.
Youth, prime, and old-age actualize a life;
Generations bridge the centuries old.



Castle builders laid stones across the sky;
Dream merchants gave gifts of unreality;
Mirages sprang to life at slightest touch;
The impossible became our reality.



As the sky began to fall, all around,
The sequined stars floated down to ground.
Oh, it was a crystalline cathedral
Built from falling stars in the holy night.



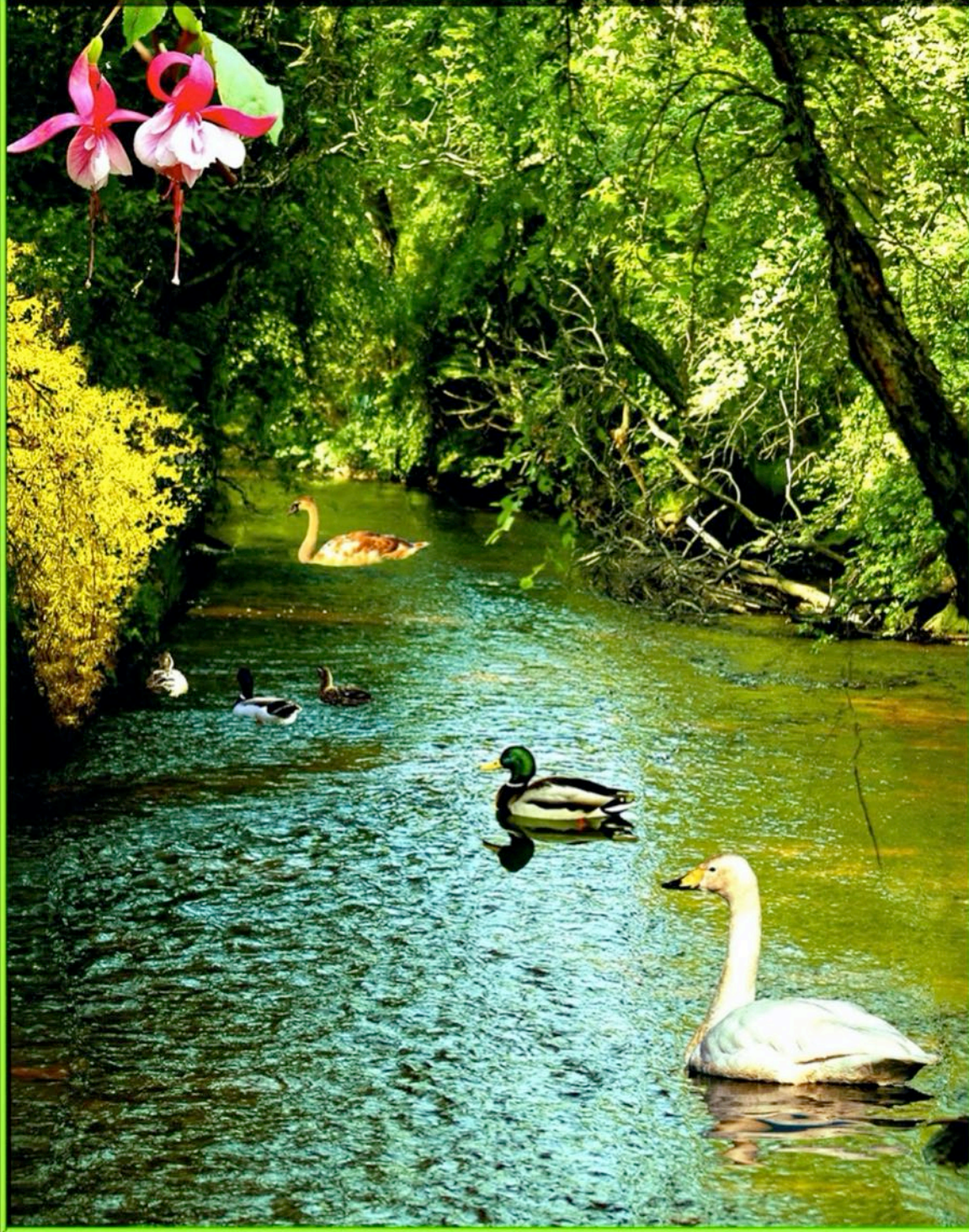
Quenchless, boundless, ever bright and burning,
The mind's light searches every dark cavern,
Probing, imagining—its beam alighting
Upon the earth or high atop cloud mist.



The Caribbean evening songs tucked in the
Planetary paramours, as Jupiter and Venus
Pulled the cover of night up and over their bed.
Then sunk the crescent, sideways into the sea.



With sparks from passion's smoldering embers,
We ignite all that our love remembers,
Then steam through emotion's ocean in the
Relation Ship—of which we're the crew members.



Riverside, we raise our cups to the zephyr:
A diamond wealth sparkles upon the water,
Seen, gleaming, through rosé-colored glasses,
As we relax on a summer noon after.



Although back to deliver these words, I already
Miss the sylvan solitude and the crystal pools
Of enchanted worlds between Heaven and Earth,
Where the wanderers of light call me home.



A fish swam in the reflected sky;
Sunset's image burned the water dry.
I looked in the pond, but saw her face,
for we had merged in love, she and I.



Oh never did I hear a sound so sweet
As when you moaned like a panther in heat.
You took me on a wild jungle ride,
Then purred like a pussycat at my feet.



The sun fills the waking and breathing world
With the fire of her imagination.
In poetry, the sun is the power behind the mind;
The moon, planets, and stars are symbols, too.



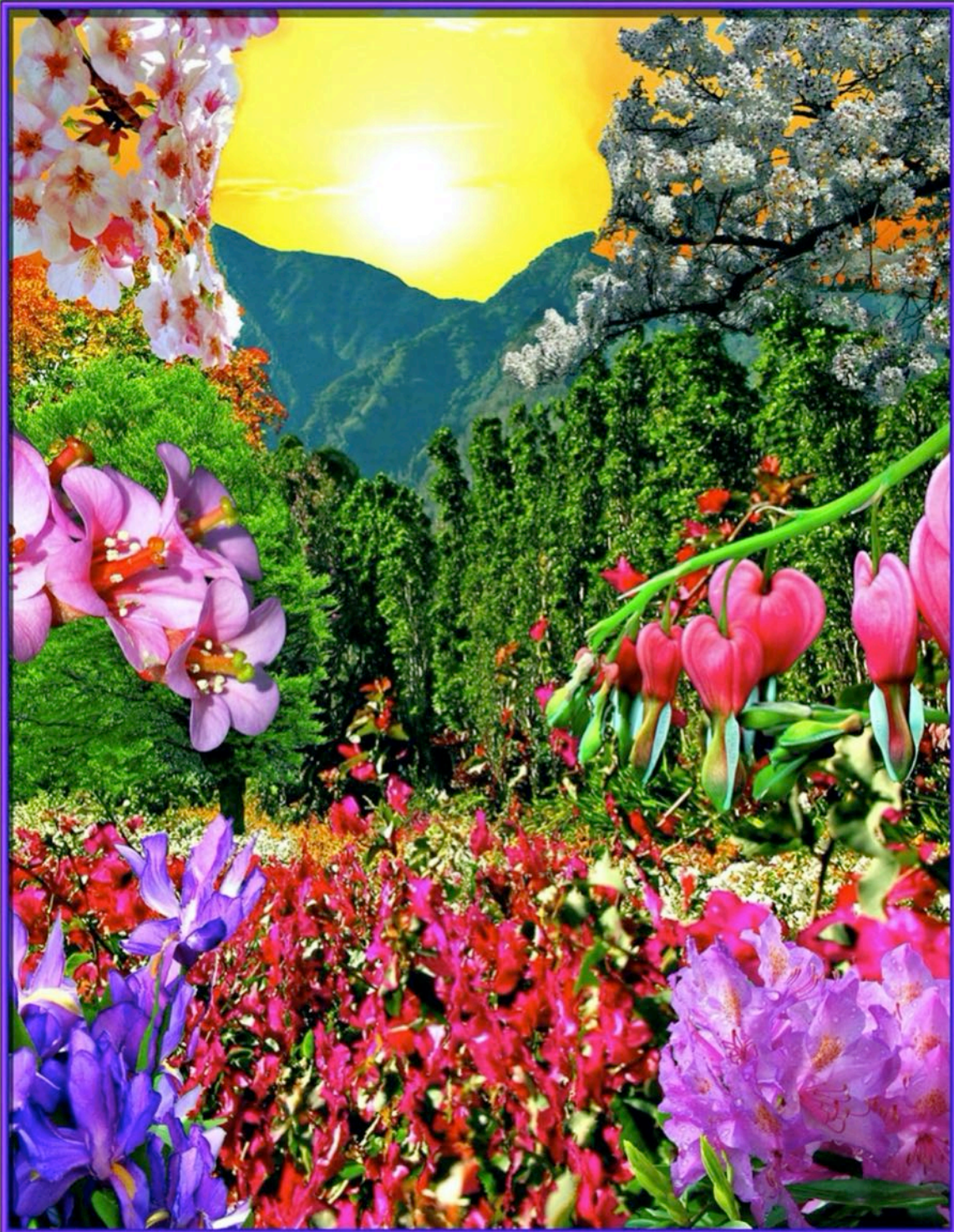
I heard woodlands that once only whispered,
Meadows where there was once but a murmur,
And grasslands, unhushed, full of wondrous sounds—
The music from beyond the human range.



There's an urge between root and flower,
Plant and soil, leaf and sun, air and water,
Day-star and planet, valley and mountain,
Wind and mist, man and woman—for ever.



*Like living senses, we mirror our love
In feedback loops—images spiral above,
Echoing as infinite reflections
That fill up the scene; that's what love's made of!*



fresh winds make love to the blossoms of May;
The spring flowers reach for the light of day.
Drinking deep draughts of life's sunny delight,
The fields burst with the joy of love's bouquet.



Spring had kissed the earth, leaving flowers there,
Like those whose perfume first scented virgin air,
As again, the fragrant glen, in Heaven's prayer,
Hailed Earth's anniversary with flowers fair.



We kiss at the boundary of day and night,
Our-selves merging in the blend of twilight:
You and me, me and you; yours, mine, and ours—
The day-gold melts into the jeweled night.



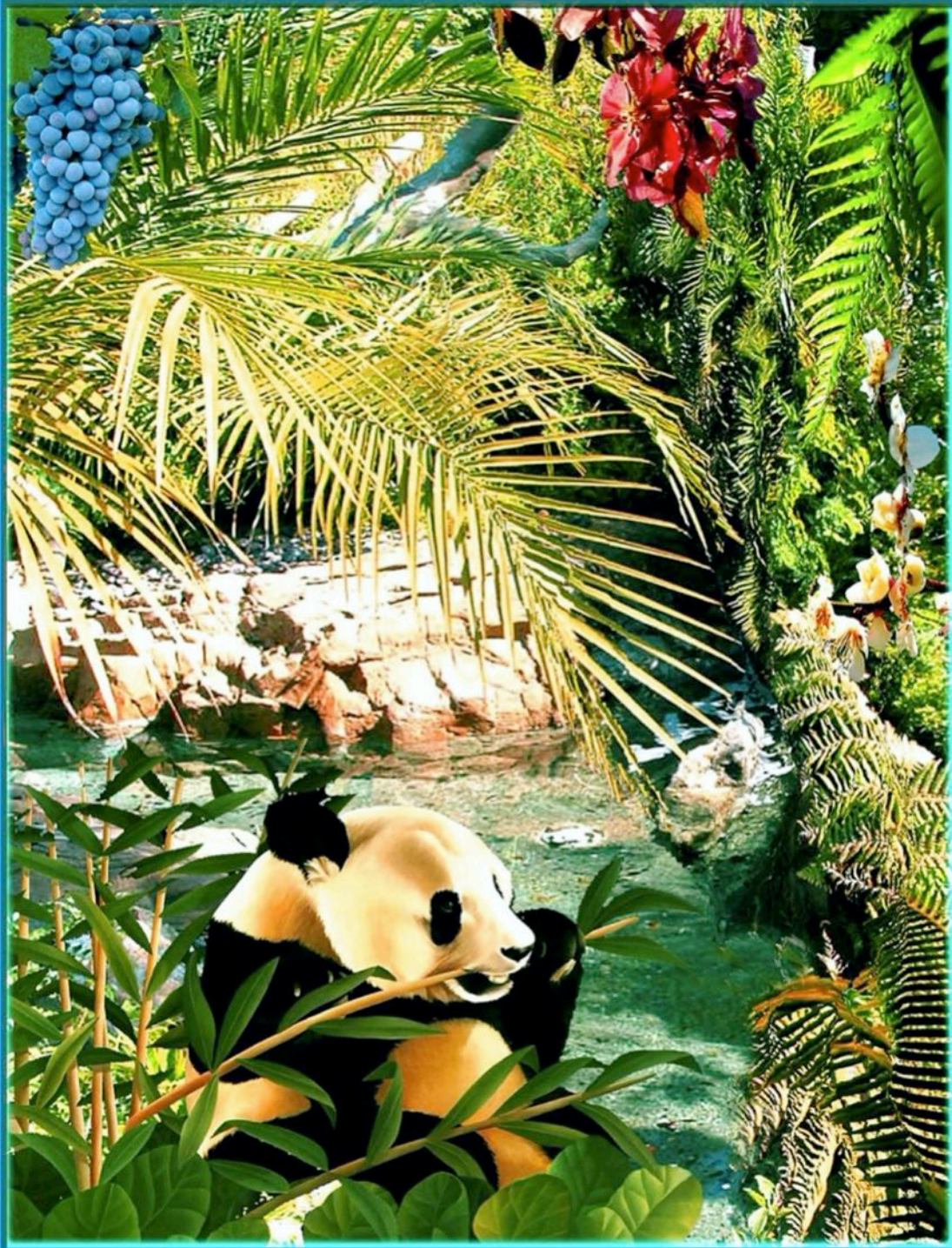
Kissing on the rocks, Down by the riverside,
Our rhythm rippled the water, raised the tide,
Kang ship's bells, danced lights across sea and sky—
All vibrations from hearts that were satisfied.



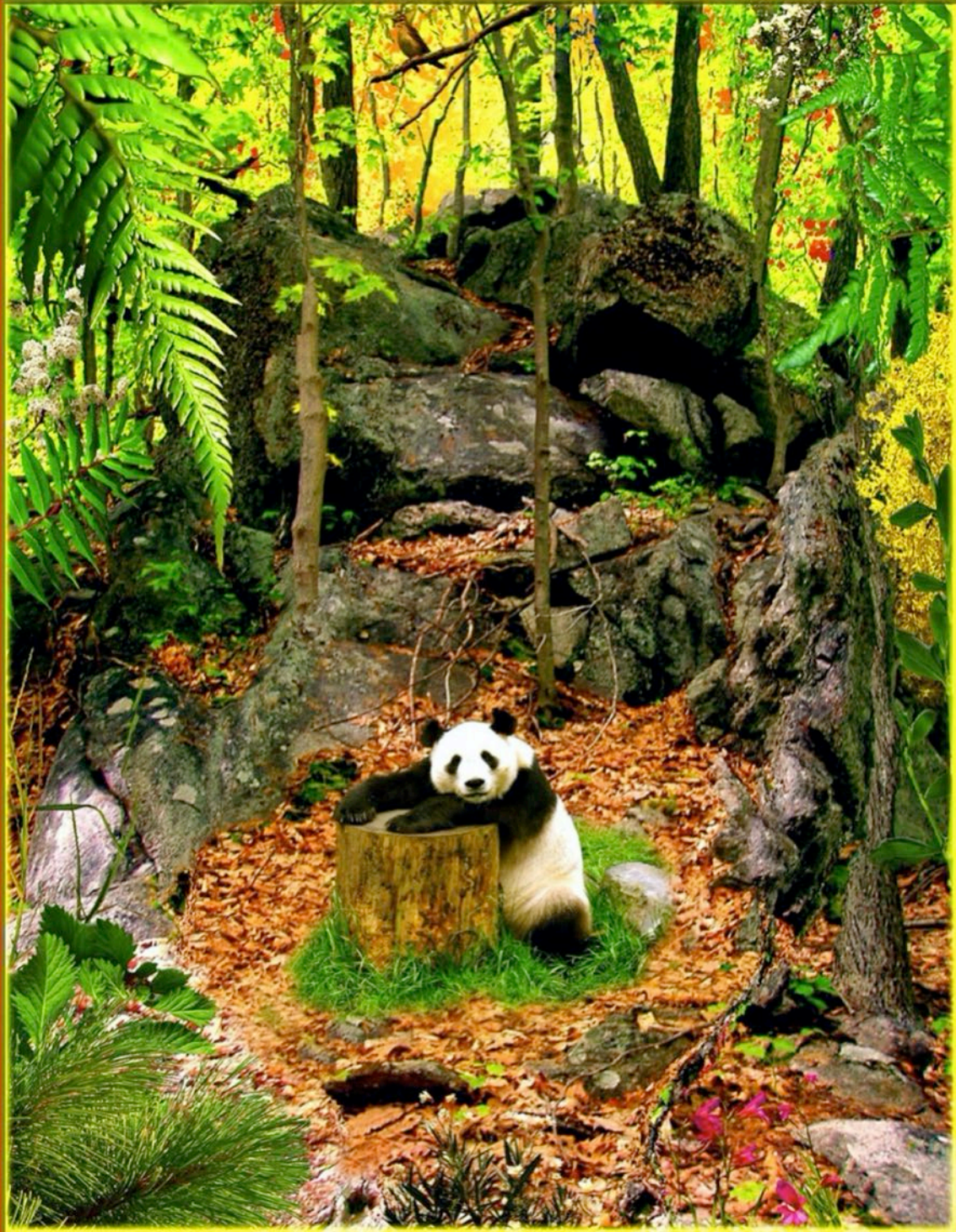
We revolve, rotate, turn, and go round the sun;
We whirl, gyrate, and circle our most loving one.
So thus we wheel, twist and turn, twirl and sing,
Ever swinging, swiveling, pirouetting, and pivoting.



With flora mystical and magical,
Eden's botanical garden was blest,
So Eve, taking more than just the Apple,
Plucked off the loveliest of the best.



'You' were once a lucky shrew, darting all about,
But then attached to a favorable evolutionary line...
Every single one of your forbears on both sides
Being attractive enough to locate a loving mate.



And so some I know, of those here on the Quest,
Deeply and humbly see that our species and the rest
have no special place here in this entangled forest.
As for me, I cherish every moment of existence blessed.



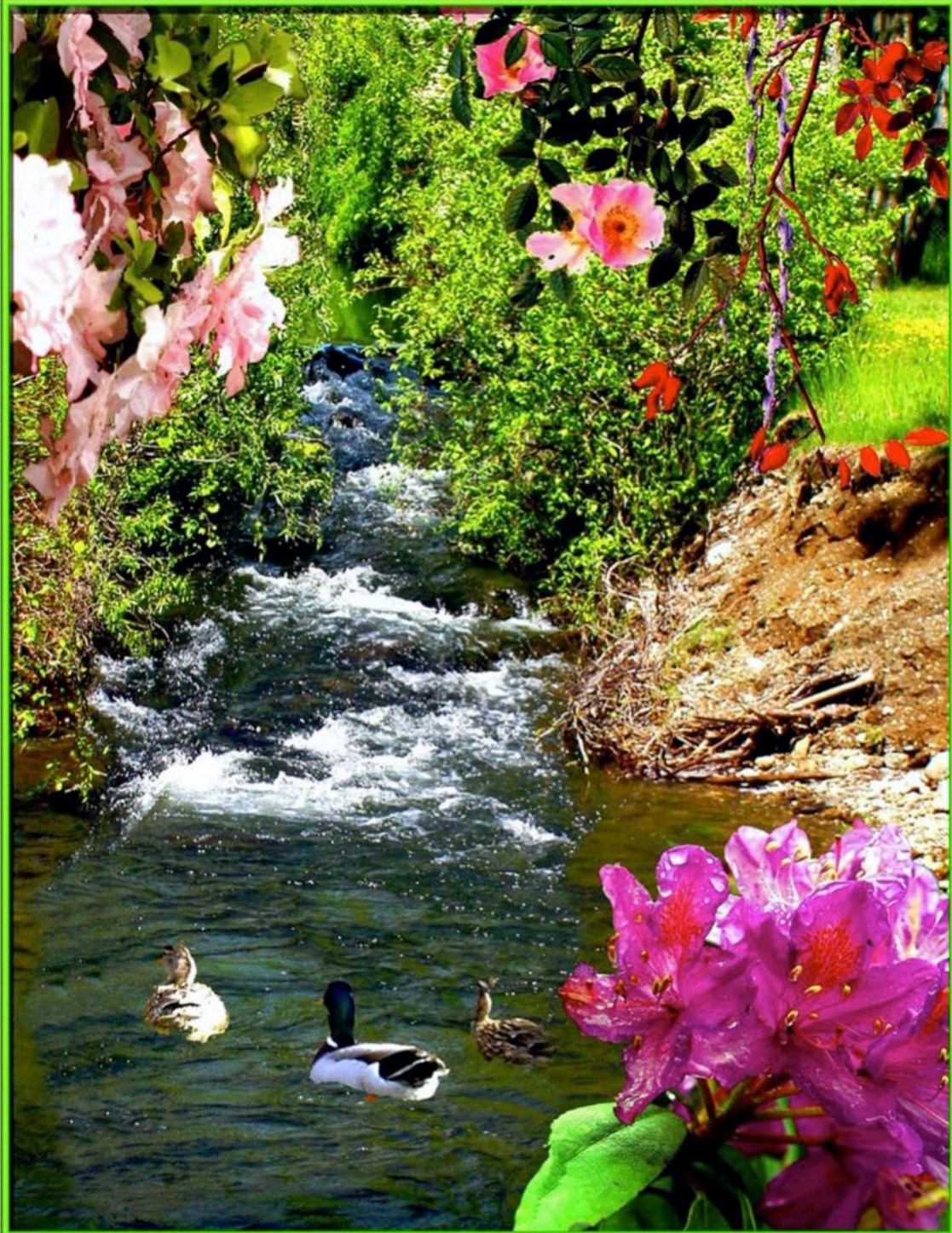
Starlight is the origin of our being,
The source of matter, energy—everything.
Permanent, reassuring, unquenchable—
It's our radiant soul—a self-winding mainspring.



The birds were of a species never known
And seemed to share a special closeness
With their elven brethren, faery sisterhood—
Which I knew and felt and saw as kinship.



My senses were heightened: touch went deeper;
My eyes saw colors beyond the spectrum;
I reached into living things, knowing them,
And the odours called, mixed with emotion.



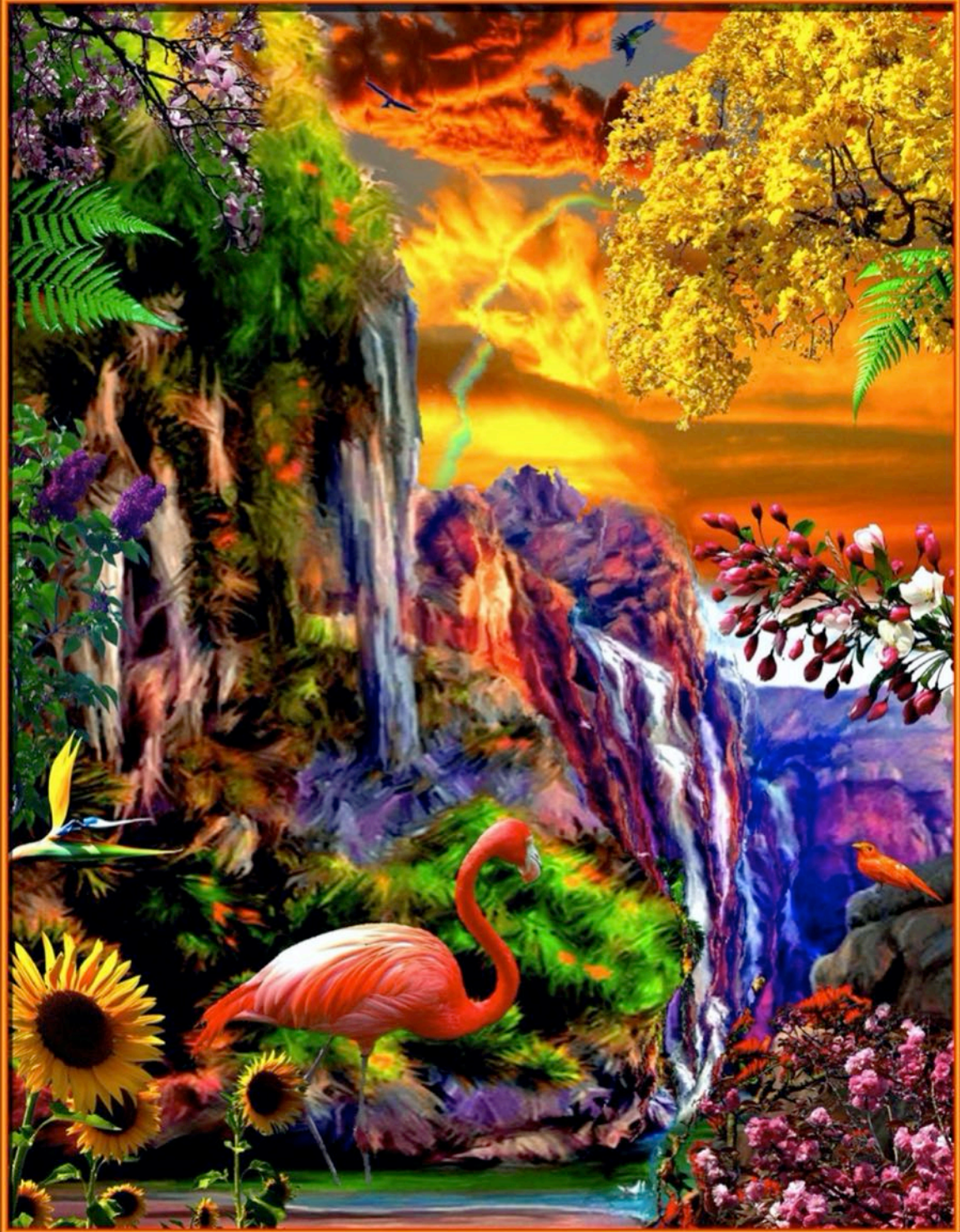
All things I felt continuously now,
As in humankind I knew only in
Rare moments of ecstasy when melded
happenings had lifted me heavenward.



Always picked up a penny for good luck,
And pins, too, for even more good fortune.
I found a horseshoe all of the sudden—
'Twas bad luck 'twas still on the horse's foot!



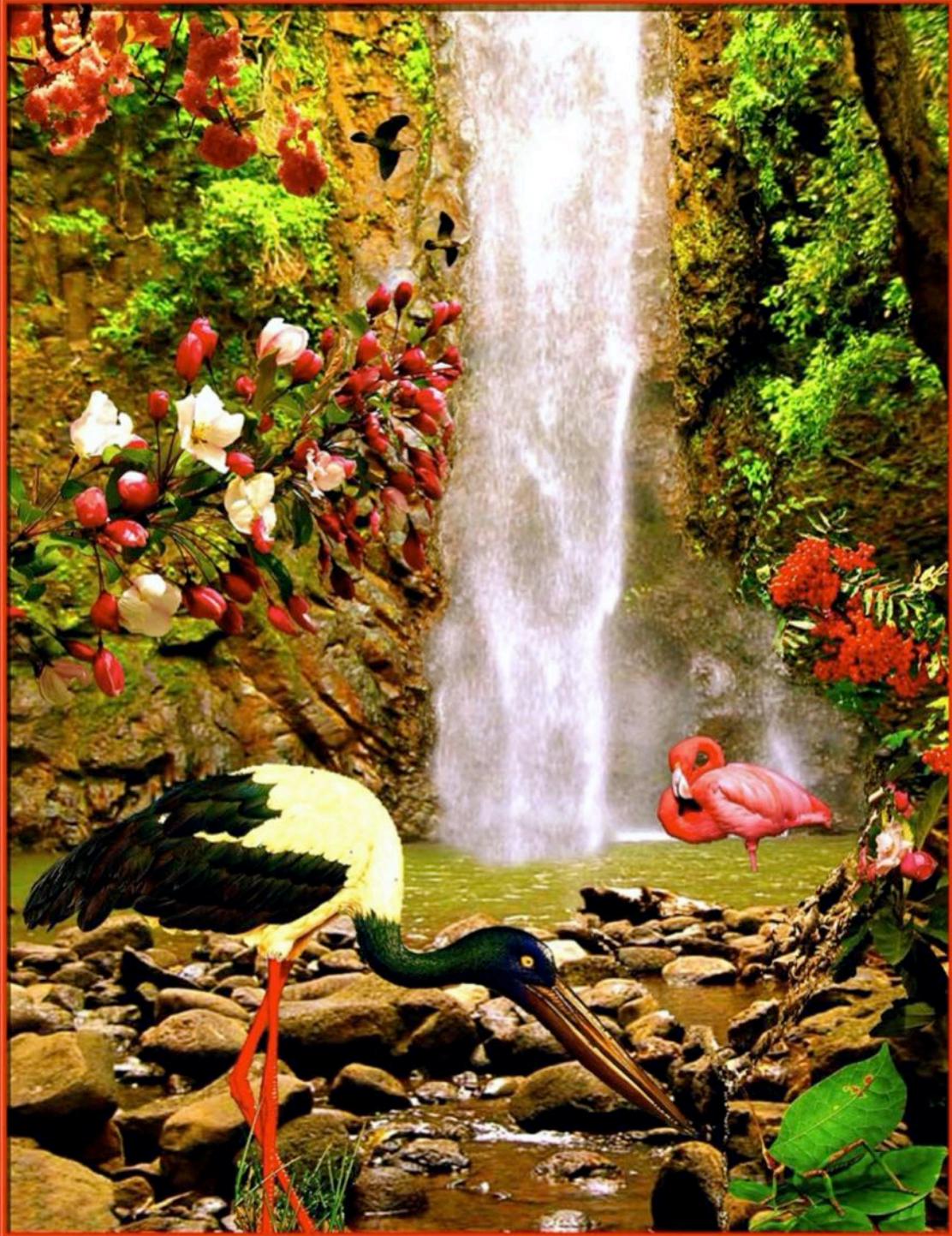
My spirit flows from moment to moment,
Connecting and savoring life's events,
Drinking in the sounds, currents, textures, scents,
And subtle delights—a being self-content.



Never struggle against the way things are,
But rather, become the way that things are.
When you give yourself to the moving whole,
Natural currents will carry you quite far.



The thirsty sun raises the morn's dewdrops
And sculpts a mist, forming clouds of airdrops;
Long the world lies dry in afternoon's beam—
Till quenching darkness cries forth its tear drops.



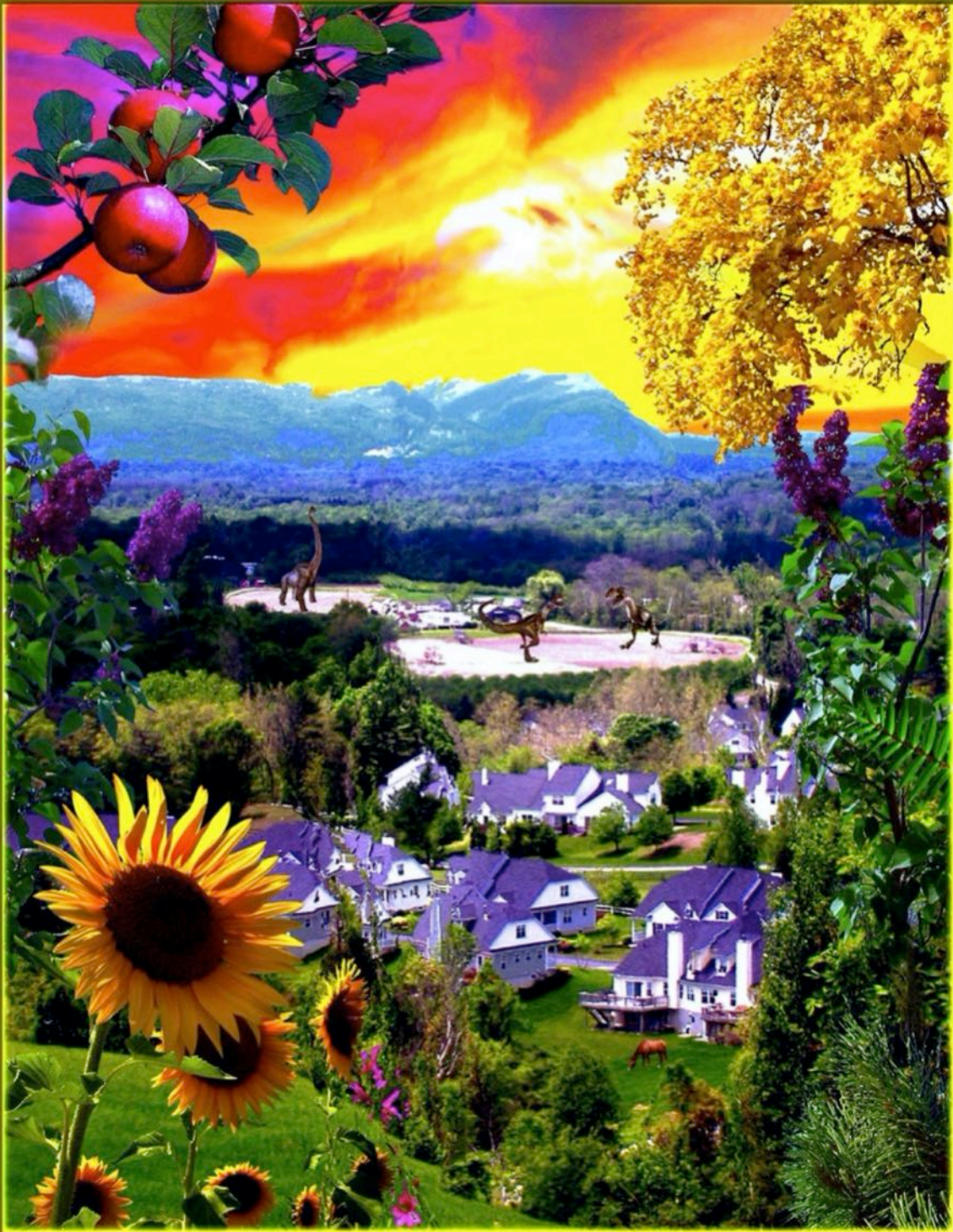
Throughout the day we sat beside a brook,
Reading with life its most wonderful book,
Then slept with each other in a sweet nook—
And this of her and me was all it took.



Above us the branches slowly swayed and fanned
Away the little creatures that tried to land.
The trickling waters played tinkling lullabies,
While flocks of returning geese flew the skies.



Breathe in all that's good, breathe out all that's bad;
Peace flows into you—it's warm, wet, and glad.
Feel it spread throughout your body, then say,
"This is the best life that I've ever had!"



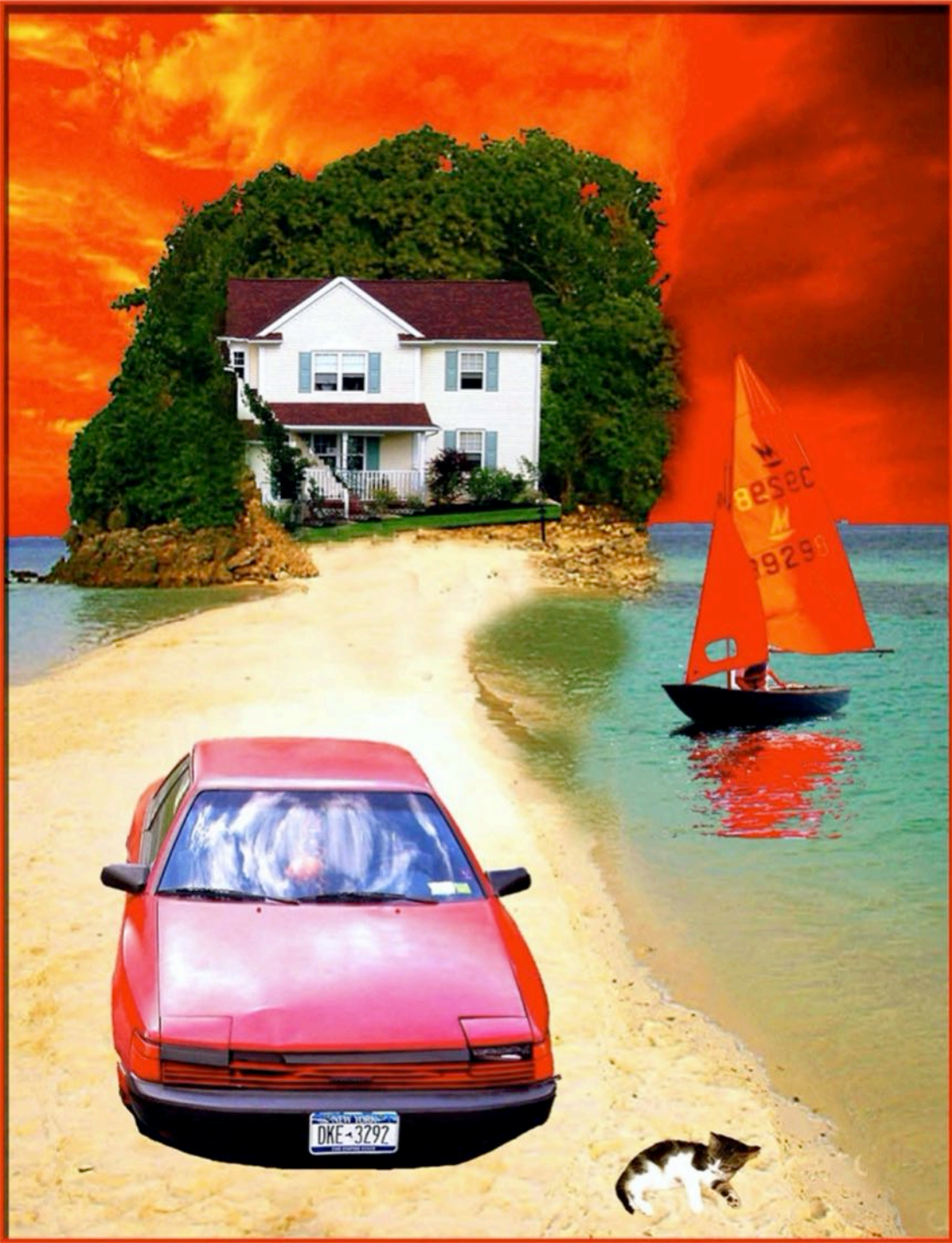
William Smith noted a correlation in fossils
In rocks to find the relative rock ages that were possible.
At every change in rock strata, certain fossils vanished,
While in others they carried on into subsequent levels.



*Panthea, the greatest God there never was...
How to explain? She does what nature does.
As a rose is still a rose by any other name,
Then so is a universe a universe the same...*



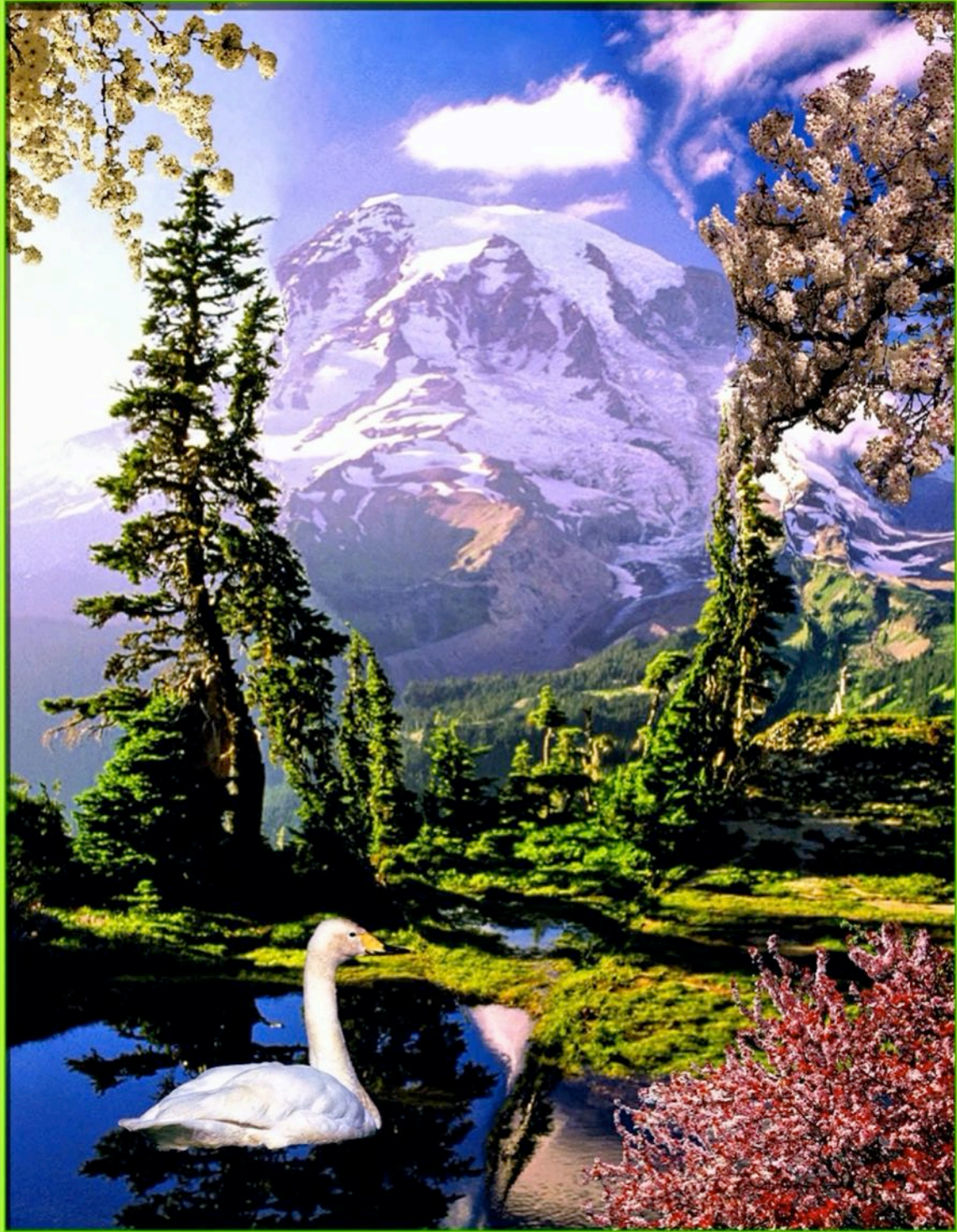
With her I strolled the wooded scene,
Beholding forest wonders seldom seen:
The leaves breathed deep in the wandering airs,
With the growth of spring thrust upon them green.



We pattered to a mysterious island;
There we found—nothing, but camped and had lunch,
Feeling like pirates, and telling no one
About it until a whole day later.



The moon fills the sleeping and breathing world
With the icy coolness of chaste reason
Unaffected by deep burning passions,
Although sun-sit to glow in its wan light.



Men and women can't exist in isolation,
for, like valleys that give rise to mountains,
The nature of one makes necessary the other—
When they're joined in love, there's wholeness again.



I'm on holiday, on vacation from my retirement...
Where might I be? I am beside her,
Astride the duality of the yin and the yang.



*There is a light seed grain deep inside you.
You fill it up with yourself, or it dies.
Where do we go to know, climbing mountains,
The Himalayas, to find the wise old man?*



Time, now gray with age, hurled its changes
'Gainst Memory's rock, time and time again.
Reminiscence weathered, but could ne'er wither;
In those mists of time, yesteryear yet appeared.



Every thousand years the Bird of Time
flies over the mountain. A feather falls.
When the mountain has worn itself away,
The end of forever has thus arrived, that day.



Whatever is eternal and is so well defined
Could never be as so, for it was never defined
In the first place, for that there never was
To define all that it forever did and does.



Our mental fabric quilted truths have long been sewn,
By evolution or whatever wove and woofed the known.
At first we admire but a few strands unknown,
Then blend the weave and weft to all its beauty shown.



I walked on and saw a lake surrounded by
Old and broken down vacation cabins.
Of course we were never "there yet" when we
Asked, but soon dozed off, tired of asking.



So you know maybe where I'm out?
There is brightness all about
These shifting sands of time,
A heart warm beside mine.



The
Live
Sea
Scrolls



Austin W. Torney



The Bird of Time

A moment of
eternity in hand,
Caught from a winged
creature on time's sand.

Then put aside to
later view in peace—
It flew! Now pursue it
through Never-Land.

The Joy That flew



- ABLOOM -

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AT FIRST, YOU SLEEP
IN YOUR DEAR
MOTHER'S WOMB;

AT LAST, YOU SLEEP
IN THE COLD SILENT
TOMB.


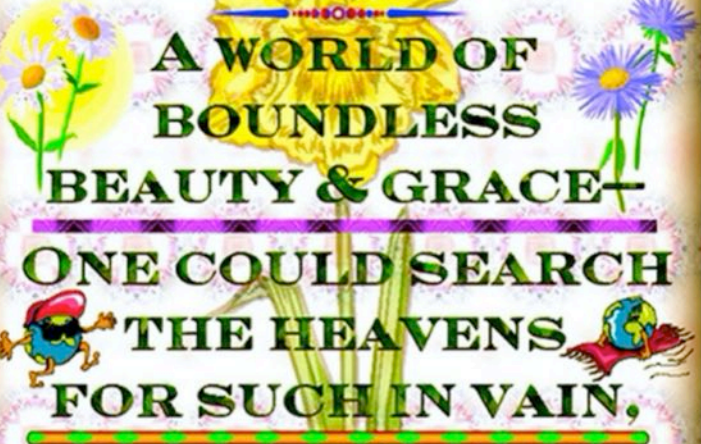




IN BETWEEN, LIFE
WHISPERS A DREAM,
THAT SAYS,

"WAKE, LIVE, FOR THE
ROSE WITHERS
ALL TOO SOON!"



— Abloom —

At first, you sleep in our dear mother's womb;
At last, you sleep in the cold silent tomb.
In between, Life whispers a dream that says
"Wake, live, for the rose withers all too soon!"

— THE BEST WORLD —

**EARTH'S A GARDEN,
AN OASIS IN SPACE,
A WORLD OF
BOUNDLESS
BEAUTY & GRACE—**

**ONE COULD SEARCH
THE HEAVENS,** 
**FOR SUCH IN VAIN,
FINDING NO EQUAL,
ANY**  **TIME**
 **OR ANY**  **PLACE.**

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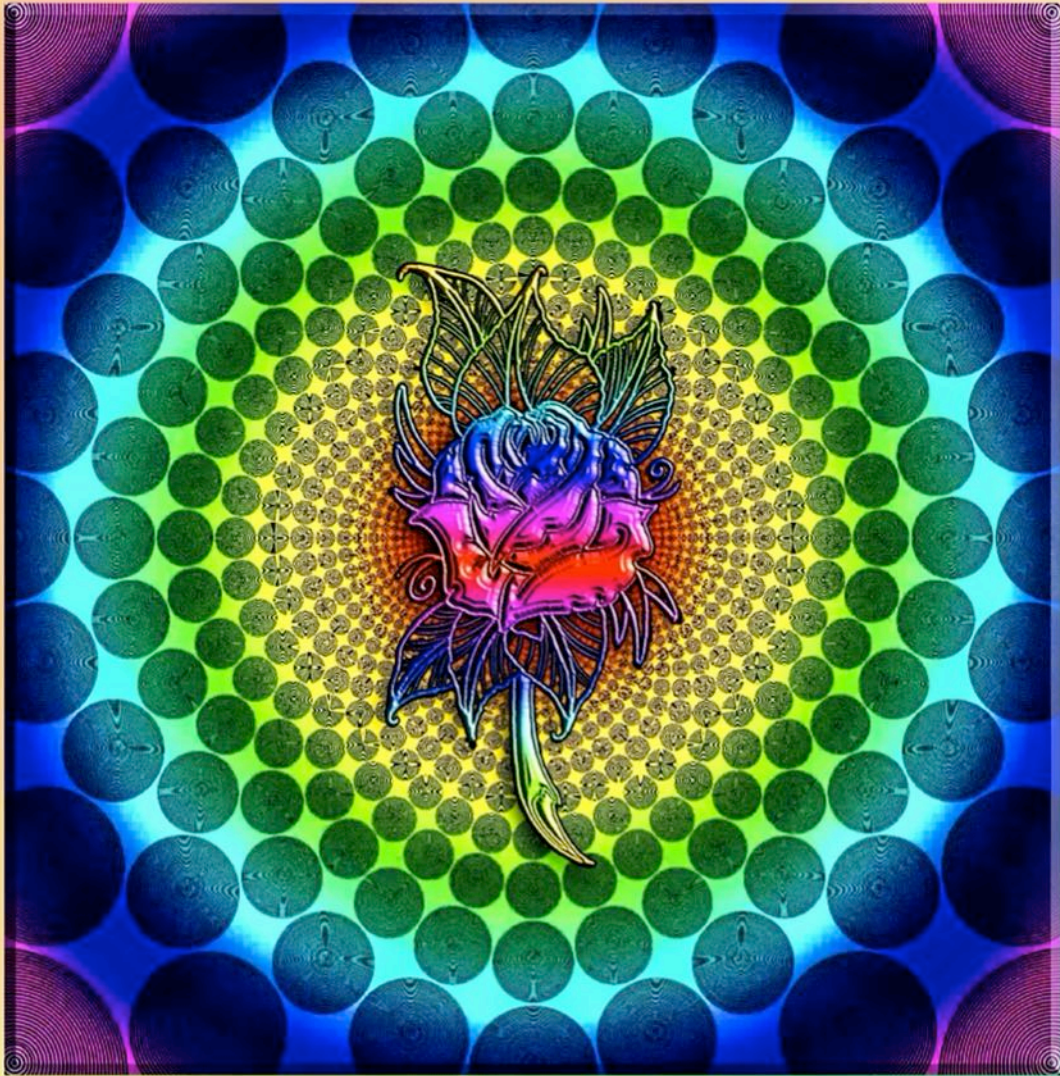
The Rose

With the Rose the
Earth is rich forever—

It's born from spring's
dying kiss to summer;

It wears all the gems that
the dew has wreathed,

Blooming wherever summer's
breath has breathed.





When Seasons Pass

She grows a clutch of
blossoms to propose,

His zephyr blows
nature's page to disclose:

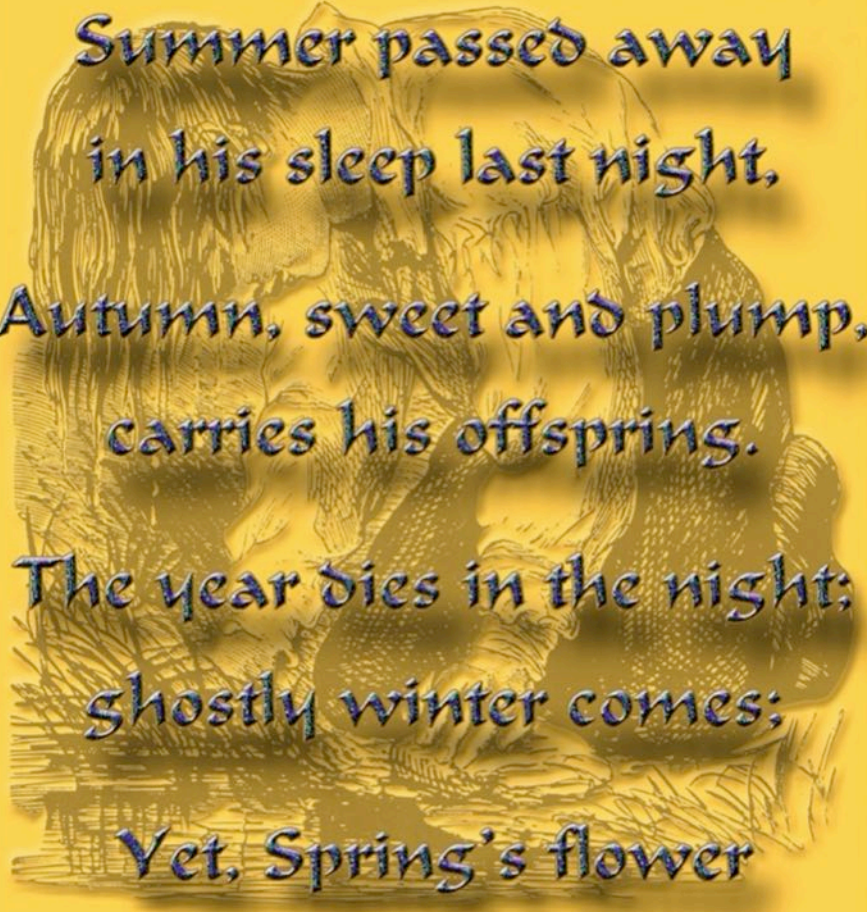
Spring, departing,
caresses the summer...

From their only kiss
blooms the lovely rose.

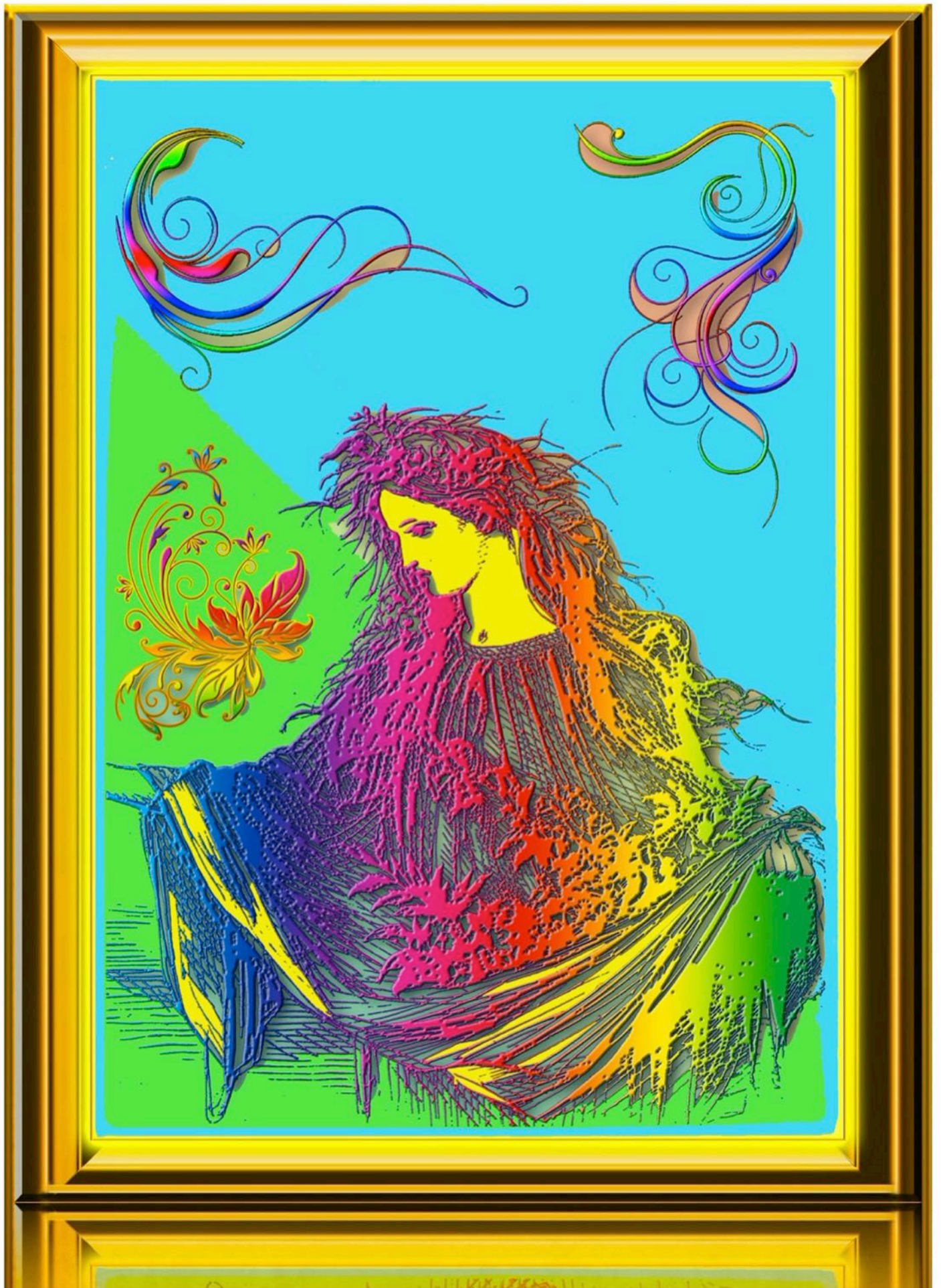




Spring Eternal



Summer passed away
in his sleep last night,
Autumn, sweet and plump,
carries his offspring.
The year dies in the night;
ghostly winter comes;
Yet, Spring's flower
is already in the seed.



Everduring Everlastings

If, now, you worry that we will not last,
That the likes of us someday will be past,
Then wonder whither whence we mortals went
After the last of us her life has spent...

...The one Eternal Energy has formed
Trillions of baubles like thee, and will form,
forevermore—the comings and passings
Of which Energy emits to immerse

As much air's self
heeds bubbles blown and burst.







Reaching the Ultimate

Like living senses,
We mirror our love
In feedback loops;
Images spiral above,
Echoing as
Infinite reflections
That fill up the scene;
That's what love's made of!



FUTURE INTEREST
PENALTY

LET NOT
THE CERTAINTY
OF THE PRESENT BE
HELD MORTGAGE FOR
THE DEED OF FUTURITY,
FOR TOMORROW'S
JUST A GLEAM
FROM AFAR
AND YESTERDAY'S
BUT A COLD ASH
OF THEE.



The trick of life
Is to foresee the past
By remembering the future.

"READ ME"

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IT SAID, IN WORDS
ENGRAVED BEYOND
THE BRINK—

"YOU, WHO LIVE,
★ UP ABOVE; ★
OF LIFE GO DRINK;

AND YOU,
UNDERNEATH,
NOW LYING SO DEAD:

REST IN PEACE, ★
RELAX—IT'S LATER
THAN YOU THINK!"



"I've Got to Run Now"

See them hurrying
hither and thither.

Oh, look at the time!
They must go whither.

What sense the life
that has no time to live?

Wherefore the wind
that swirls in a dither?

The Place Not on the Edge Of Forever

Time Runs Out



What Sense To Make?
Which Path To Take?

From what beastly heart
springs our zest?
Of what searching eye
became our sight?
What sound in the bushes
let us hear?
What dark past haunts
but helps us be?

Across what ink black river
did we have to swim?
To what ends at length
did we search for food?
In what deep entangled forest
were we bred?

And hitherto, of what stars did
we shine of their stead?
And in what nursery
were those infants fed?



Worlds in Collusion

*Imagination lights
The mind to shine,*

*Cooling Venus's
Reasonless passion,*

*Warming Mars' fight song
Into compassion...*

*Between those two orbits,
The Earth is mine!*



*So it is that the nature of one
Makes necessary the other.*



Nothing
Could
Not Be;
So,
Something
Is.



The Birth of Evil

Some beliefs were contrived
about the blind by the blind;

These concoctions were absorbed,
conjuring up the 'real';

The dreams defined what was 'good',
the contrary becoming 'evil'.

Mammals now 'knew' the unknown,
even adding in umpteen more
layers of fabrications,

Developed into various stories
leading to divergence,

and then fought in their defense.

Evil roots from the making up of 'good'.
farewell, false preachers of all varieties
Of methods and dogmas that say "do this or else".
The "good's" are flawed by being made up.



**THE ONLY PURPOSE OF LIFE
IS TO BE-FINDING
YOUR OWN MEANING
THEREIN;**

BUT,

**SOME QUESTIONS
STILL REMAIN,**

SUCH AS

**“WHAT IS LIFE?”
(AND IT'S POINT).**

**TO FIND THE ANSWER,
ONE MUST LIVE IT FULLY!
(WITH GOODNESS)**

The Secret of Life

Living well is more a matter of style,
Attitude, and ready reaction to
Opportunity than a calculated,
Scheduled, ponderous activity.



Live it, love it

To the Deep

To learn the Secrets—what IS and ev'r WAS,
We must brave the crypt and ghosts of cause...
So, into the deep, we go, without pause,

To look down, ever down, no self to keep—
Through birth, death, and the shade of sleep,
Through paths unkempt, unswept—to the deep,

Through the cloudy strife of this hazy life,
Past the realm of things which seem or are,
Even o'er the rung of the remotest bar;

Down, down!
Where the mind whirls round and round,
Where the ear draws the sound,
As the eye the light,
As the dark the fright,

Beyond all death, despair, love, and sorrow,
Past yesterday, today, and tomorrow,
The body's guide is now the spirit of the noise.
Through the fog, the not, and the void;

Down! Where reigns the night and the air is thin,
To where the sky and stars are not, but within,
Where the radiant have not their throne,
Where there is but one pervading, all alone.

Down, Down!
To the fathomless depth of the cryptic;
Where substance slept with arithmetic,

Toward the spark yet nursed by embers,
To the first and last that reality remembers,
To seek the gem that shines—
the wealth of mines,
The jewels so treasured by thee and thine.

Down, Down!
We guide thee, we must carry thee;
We're illumination beside thee...

fear not the proof—
It's the beauty of the truth:

Here, the enigma of the immortal
Is undone and unloosed, through life's portal—

The Theory of Everything mortal—
The Idea for which we've opened the door to.

Here the timeless,
The lawless,
And the formless
Of the uncreated scene;
Here the causeless reigns supreme.

 — SHINE ON — 



 LIKE THE BRIGHT
FACES THAT 
DEFINE THE JEWEL,

 FRIENDS ENRICH 

EACH OTHER'S VIEW
OF LIFE'S GEM —  

AS LOVE'S REFLECTION

 IN LIFE'S DIAMOND, 



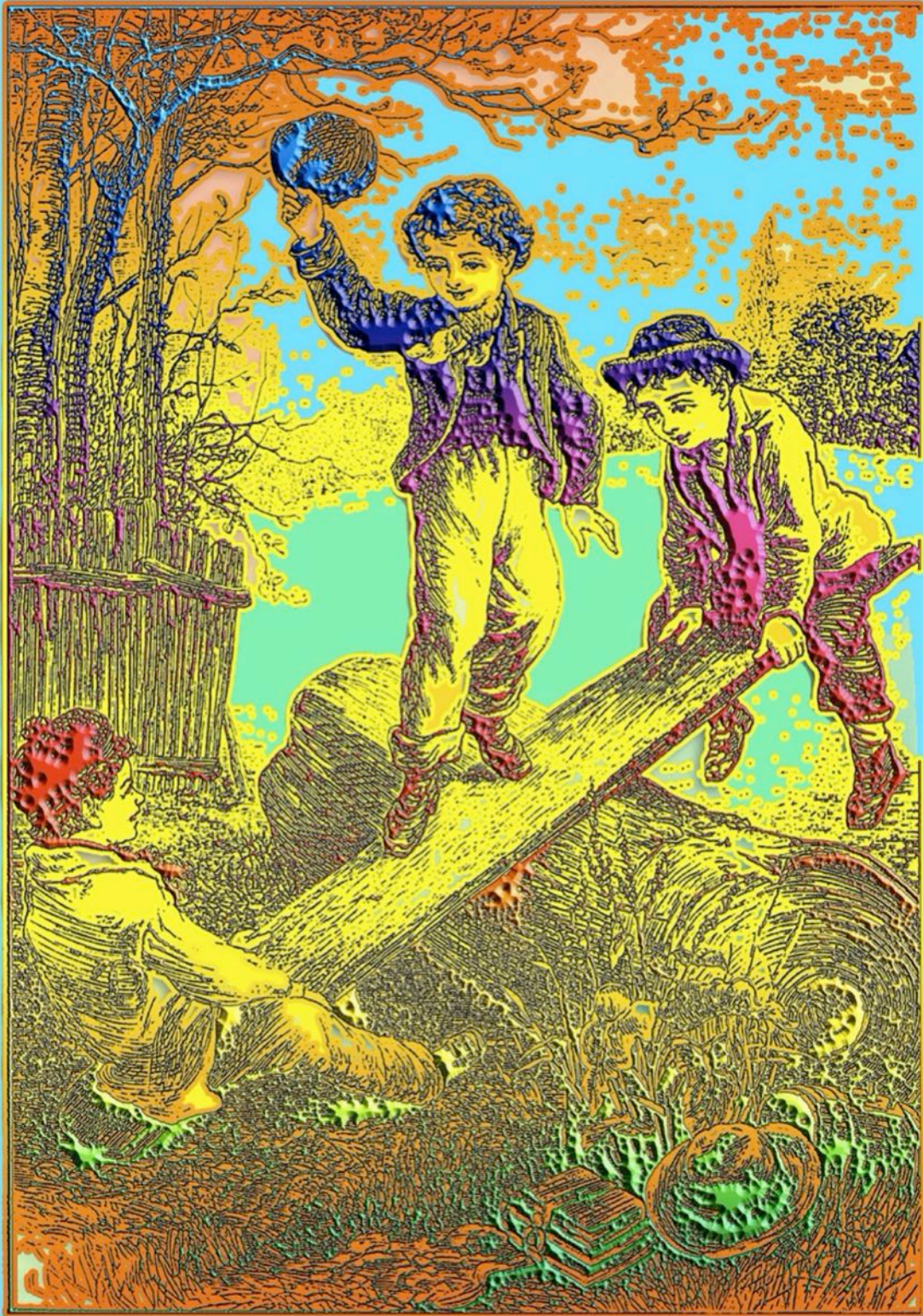
 THEY'RE 

GLINTS & GLEAMS OF

REALITY'S SPARKLE!



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- SUMMER GREEN -

P. Torney © 1998

**LIFE IS A FLOWER
WHOSE LEAF IS
SUMMER GREEN,
WHOSE SPRING WAS
PURPLE PASSION
EGLANTINE.
ALTHOUGH FALL'S
SECOND SPRING
MAY INTERVENE,
THE FROST AT LAST
IS THE WINTER SEEN.**





About Time

At last we retrieve
the winged hours,
Those that drudges stole
and overpowered:
Hours gentle and mild,
like cleansing showers
That fill the cup
and freshen the flowers.

Flower Power



Whens

Life is a web of whos,
whys, whats, and hows,

Stretched in time
between eternal boughs.

Gossamer threads hold
the beads that glisten,
Each minute a sequence
of instant nows.

The TimeMaster





THE SuperToe

Nothing can become of Nothing,
Therefore something was eternal.

There was no point at which something
That was around forever could have been defined,
for there was nothing prior to it but itself;
Thus there was nothing to give it order.

Therefore it had no laws, no form, no mind
And no definition; it was causeless.

It was 'nothing' but a fluctuation
That gave rise to all thereafter.



The conserved energies
Of the universe
Sum to zero,



But for
The quantum uncertainty.



Austin



nothing(why) + possibilities(how)



{ [space(where) <- (appearances) -> matter(what)]

+

[past(then) -> (movement) -> future(when)] }

=

the spirit of life



evolution



being(who)



now

Whither flowing free,
All from Not knowing

Of hitherto, I know not,
but am whither going,
Willy-nilly, whence
all there is to knowing...
Hence thither I went on
hither flowing to find
That I was truly free
to be in body and mind.



Resonating

Together we sing in a fugal voice,
for we live in two-part harmonic choice—
We're opposite twins in love, a canon
Of chime in which we in unison rejoice.

Love Song

Like voices merged in the Canon Pachelbel,
We speak as one, like the knell to the bell,
She saying what I thought and vice-versa,
In tune, in unison, yet parallel.

Soaring

fugal voices blended, parted, and long
Wove in and out, the music sweeping strong
And onward, upward, inward, and outward—
Until being was left to the spirit's song.

Resonance

Kissing on the rocks, down by the riverside,
Our rhythm rippled the water, raised the tide,
Rang ship's bells, danced lights across sea and sky—
All vibrations from hearts that were satisfied.





The Symphony of Life

All that we know
Even the loveliest of the best,

Decomposes into the dust
Of earth compressed.

The songs once composed
Now lie in repose;

Of this dust the future
Arranges and recomposes.





The stars are
Not just white,
They scintillate:

Sirius is blue,
Its companion green;

Betelgeuse, red;
Many, like Sol, yellow;

Arcturus, orange—
All jewels constellate.





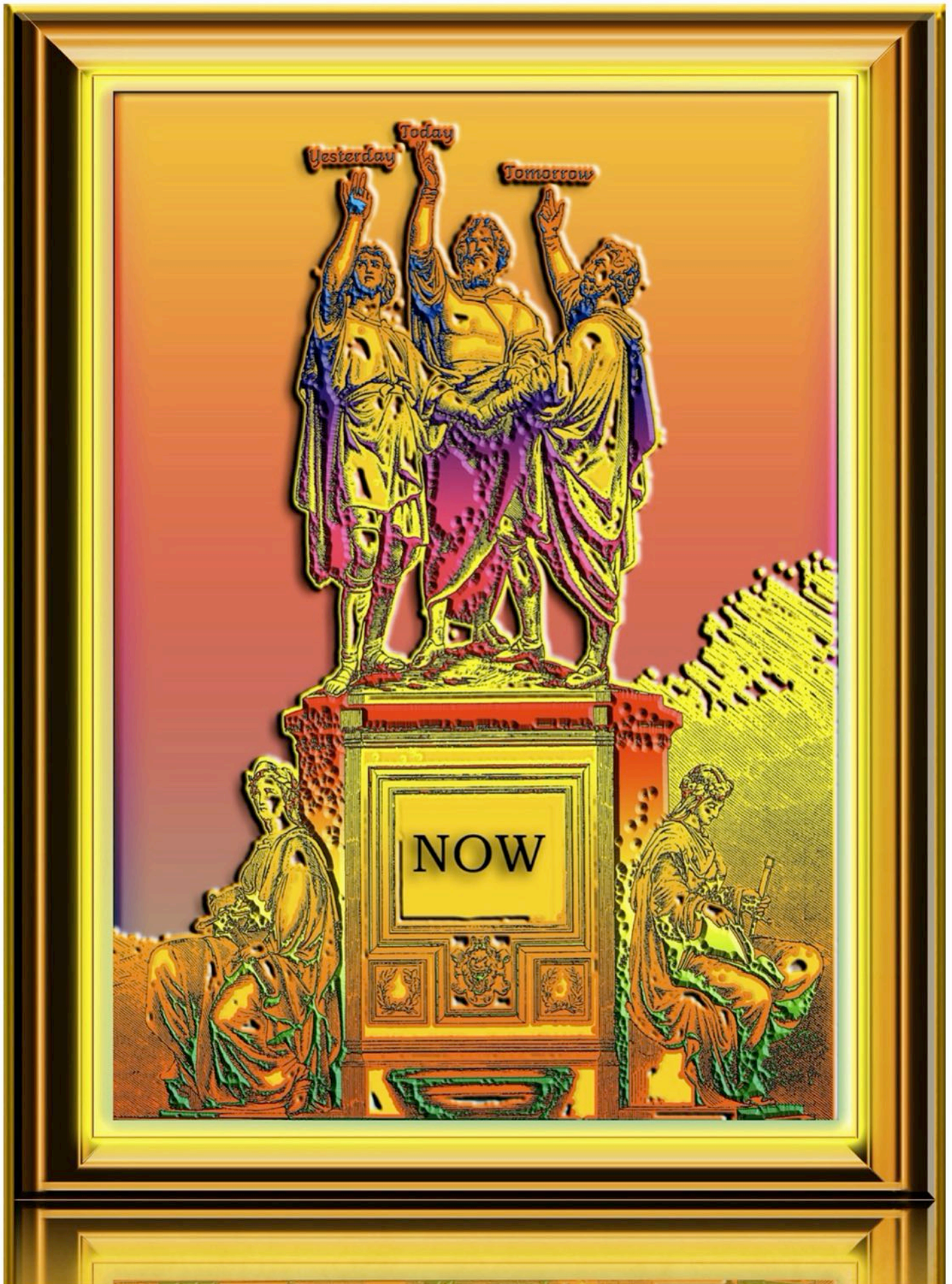
— THE TIME IS NOW —

**CAN WE SEIZE
WHAT'S FLOWN
OR YET TO BE SOWN?**

**NO! SO FILL THE CUP
AND DRINK IN
WHAT'S KNOWN!**

**SINCE THE PAST DIES
AS THE
FUTURE BECOMES,**

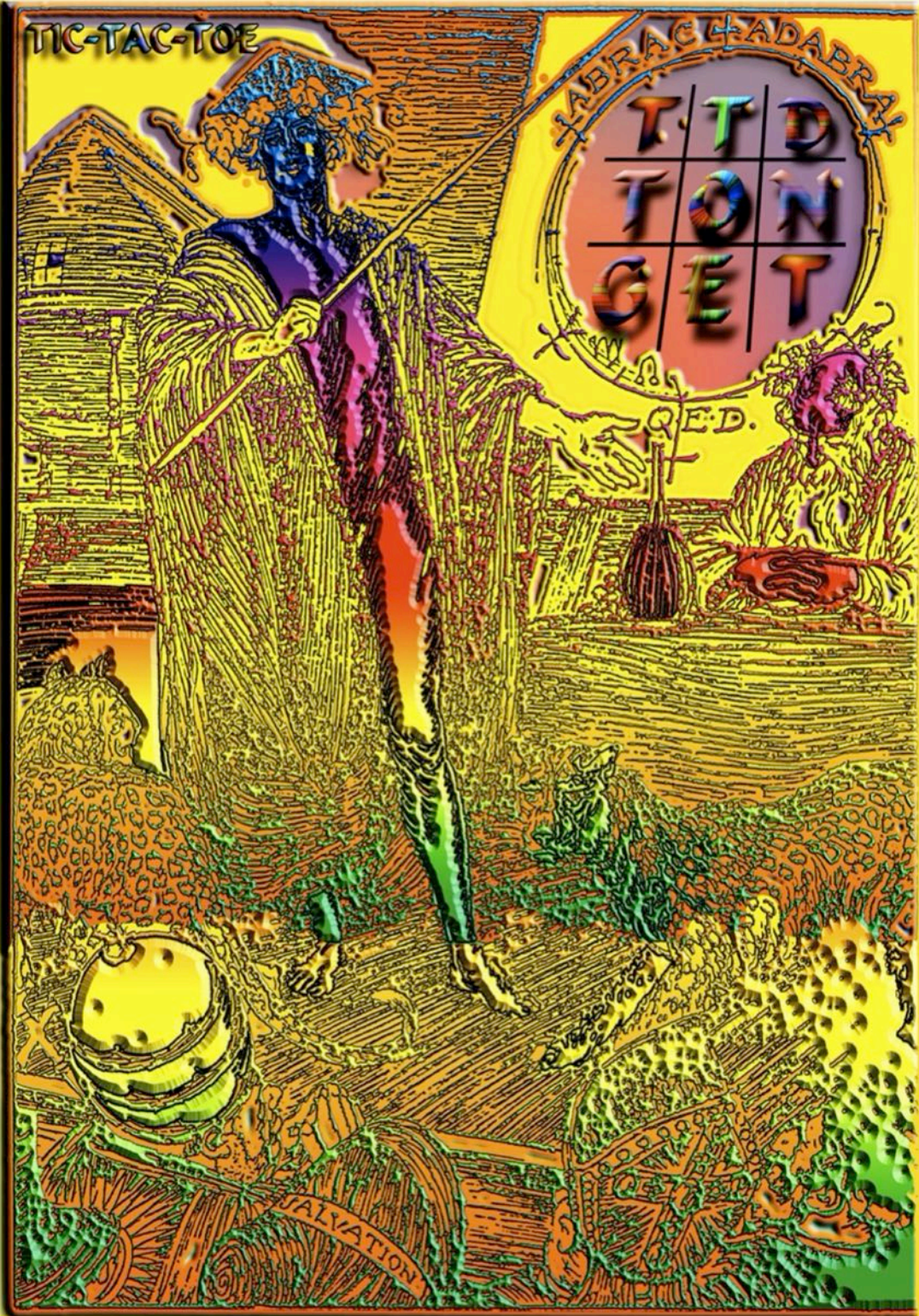
**NOW'S THE ONLY TIME
WE CAN CALL
OUR OWN!**



Why, How, What, Where,
Who, Then, and When

Nonexistence can't be,
nor could something
Make itself or
always have been perfect.
Before Definition is the possible:
Timeless—formless—
all options were open!

'What' matter stabilizes
in 'where' space,
Begetting the appearances
in motion as
'When' future moves through
the 'now' to 'then' past—
This spirit of life
granting our 'who' being.



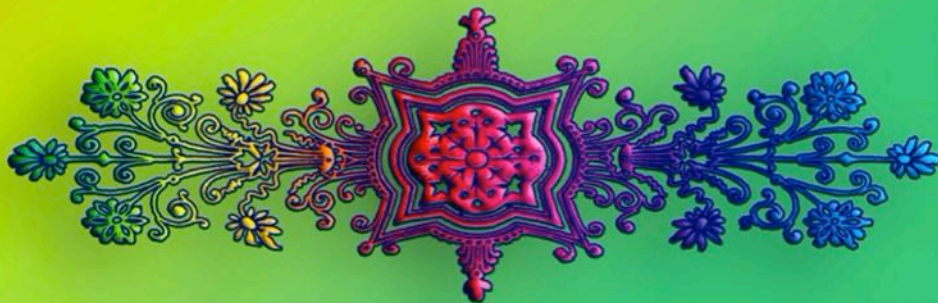


Days are the cyclic units
Of time's pearl,

Beads worn round in
The necklace of the months...

They distance themselves,
Like night echoes,

Into the rosary
Of the seasons.







She picked some

Dandelions ripe enough
To have gone from gold
to just so much fluff,
Reminding us,
when soft blown with a puff,
That time will spread us,
too, amid the dust.

Chrysanthemums drink
the mellow day;
falling petals carry
the light away.
The autumn fog enswirls,
the mist upcurls;
Into nothingness
the wisp slow unfurls.



There, the blinding luminosity of
Sunflowers; we dried the seeds and ate them,
Each still a glowing ember of memory
Of the bright days among a thousand suns.



Completing the Other

Men and women
Can't exist in isolation,
For, like valleys that
Give rise to mountains,
The nature of one makes
Necessary the other—

When they're joined in love,
There's wholeness again.



Throughout the day we sat beside a brook,
Reading with life its most wonderful book,
Then slept with each other in a sweet nook—
And this of her and me was all it took.

We and Thee

“Thy heart touches my own;
No, 'tis more I love thee!

Yes, much more art thou loved,
The 'me' is now in thee.

Thou art the soul of my soul
And mine is of thine;

May, 'tis more than that:
Thou art me and I am thee!”



Above us the branches slowly swayed and fanned
Away the little creatures that tried to land.
The trickling waters played tinkling lullabies,
While flocks of returning geese flew the skies.

Heaven found

Purgatory's on Venus,
where sulphurs rain.
Hell's found in the sun's heart,
oh, hot burning pain!
Of Heaven's site,
no one has any idea—
for it's the world's best kept secret:
Earth's its name!
Earth's a garden, an oasis in space,
A world of boundless
beauty and grace.
One could search the heavens
for such in vain, finding no equal,
anytime or anyplace.

The Best of All Worlds



Stars = Harmony = Sun

Each holds within itself
the seed of the other—

Yin reaches climax, then
retreats in Yang's favor:

Cyclic movement
of rotational symmetry.

Rounded life is the blend
of Yin/Yang together.

Edges dissolve when opposites are balanced—
Time and dimensional space are transcended.



The Star Voyagers

Some quarks we'll take
aboard the final ark,
On that
penultimate day
that all goes dark
As the Red Giant
envelopes Terra
with fire,
Then rebuild the Earth
closer to our desire.



THE YEAR

Hail! Winter storms the Year
In the month of Brand-new-airy,
Then Feb-buries us in snow!
March, Lady April! Spring!—



Let's reign as we May
With sum(mer)maids



Named June and Ju-lie, until,
Aft A-gust of hot withering wind,
The sunny fire burns out—



'Cept embers, when
Leaves fall into Oct-tomb-burr—
Till—no leaves, No sunlight,
No sky, no warmth—No-venber!



Next de rain, de sleet,
De cold—De-cember,
When all that we can do
Is but sweet Remember.



Austin





Boundless Love

*Love matures when we
Let it flow beyond—*

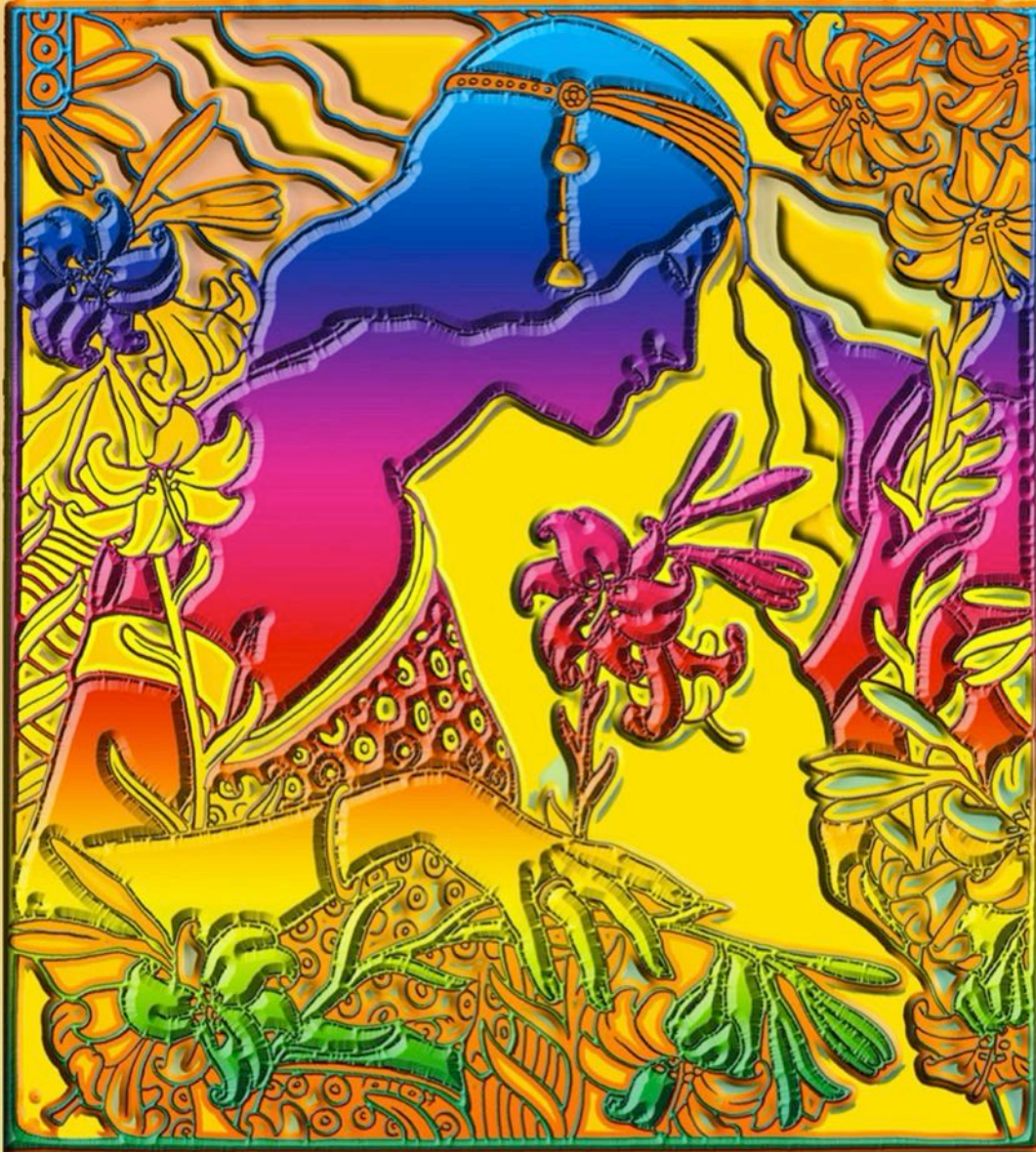
*Freed to wend its way to
Places dear and fond.*

*Love's butterfly prospers
When winds blow free;*

*Unconditional love
Never binds;
It bonds.*



*Those who would savor the sweets of love
Must not neglect the flower.*

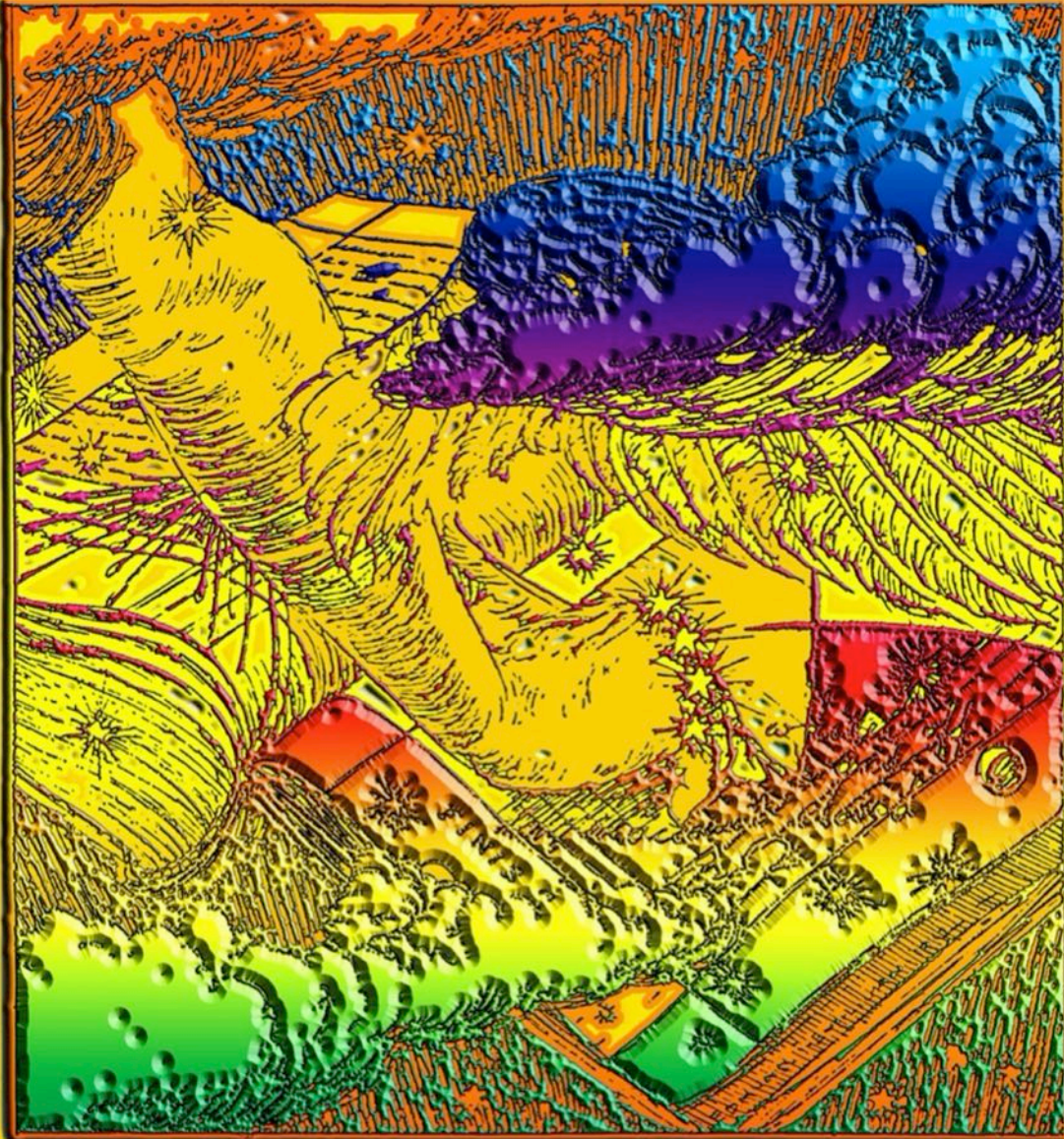


— The Beauty of Truth —

Life's hardships can be softened by beauty,
Its weaknesses can be strengthened by truth.
When roses blossom, like realizations,
Beauty itself blooms from the well of truth.



When a deep truth is known so intensely
That all of its clothing falls away,
Then we have learned the beauty of truth, for
The reality of meaning is beauty.
Life, although anguishing, must be lived fully,
Since, if we're alive enough to feel its beauty,
Then we're exposed to the opposite twin—
Yes, Beauty's other side is Melancholy.

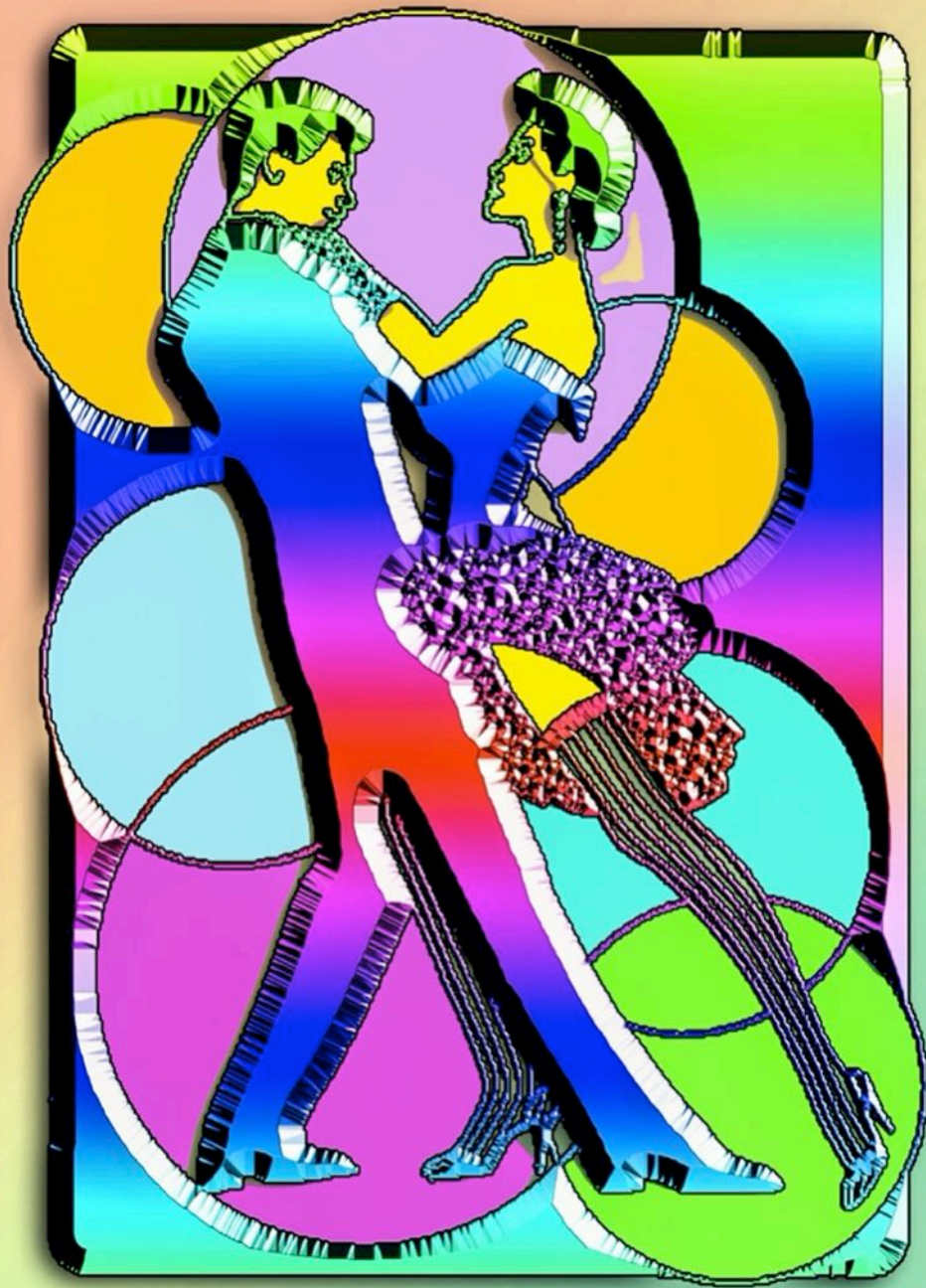


*With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read*



The Kiss of Life

To your lover,
All your kisses bestow,
When life's colors glow
In your rainbow,
For as long as
Love's kisses can live,
Neither age nor time
On your life will show.



*Spontaneous desires overspill,
Telling us of duties that we must fulfill.*

+ Love Paradox +

Arithmetic theory
Fails in love's plot:

Love when divided
÷ Diminishes not, ÷

As would sadness,
And vanishes not—

Each love multiplies
* To exceed the lot! *



*Can you resist the beauty of loves truth
When roses and tulips bloom in loving hearts?*

The Trouble with 'Love'

Only a few words rhyme
With the above,
Like the overflown dove,
The heartless shove,
And the ill-fitting glove.
Alas, "love's" rhymes
Remain unheard of,
Or aren't well thought of.



*Breathe in all that's good;
Breathe out all that's bad.*

— WINGED SOULS —

P. Torrey © 1998

**BUTTERFLIES
COME TO LIFE IN
PANSIES' PSYCHES,
EMBODIED
BY EXTENSION
INTO FLIGHT.
THEY'RE FLOWERS
FLOATING ON THE AIR,
PROPELLED,
LEAVING SHADOW
PRINTS BEHIND
ON THE PETALS.**





When sadness brooded over the morrow,
I visited the deep well of sorrow.
There enshrined, inseparate, Beauty said,
"It's from me that sadness you borrow."



- REVERIE -

**DAYDREAMS SUFFUSE
WITH THOUGHTS
ON PROMENADE:
WISHES, FANTASIES
O'ER THE MIND
CASCADE.**

**LISTEN WELL TO THESE
PLANS ALREADY MADE,**

**FOR, BY SUNDOWN
THE PHANTOM SHAPES**

◆◆◆◆ MAY FADE. ◆◆◆◆

P. Torrey © 1998

Good-Night

*At night, a genie comes and fills my urn,
Pouring sleep into me till day's return.
As the day follows night for all eterne,
Fulfillment follows all for which I yearn.*



May Spring

Spring kisses the earth,
leaving flowers there,

Like those whose perfume
scented virgin air,

As again, the fragrant glen,
in Heaven's prayer,

Hails Earth's anniversary
with flowers fair.

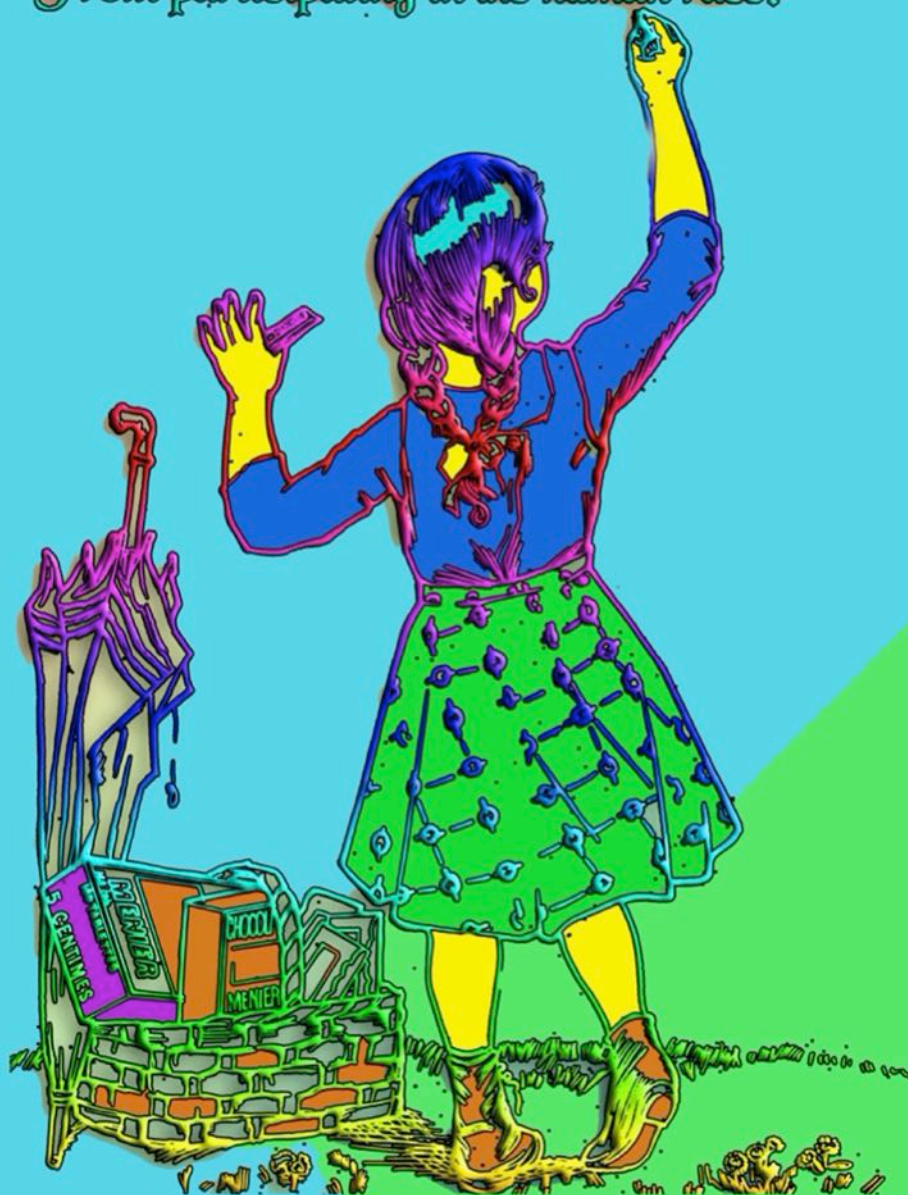
Now the Earth is very old, but each spring it turns young again when nature reinvents it,
Constructing the Temple of flora outside, in desert, field, wetland, woodland, and wayside.



Spring had kissed the earth, leaving flowers there,
Like those whose perfume first scented virgin air,
As again, the fragrant glen, in Heaven's prayer,
Hailed Earth's anniversary with flowers fair.

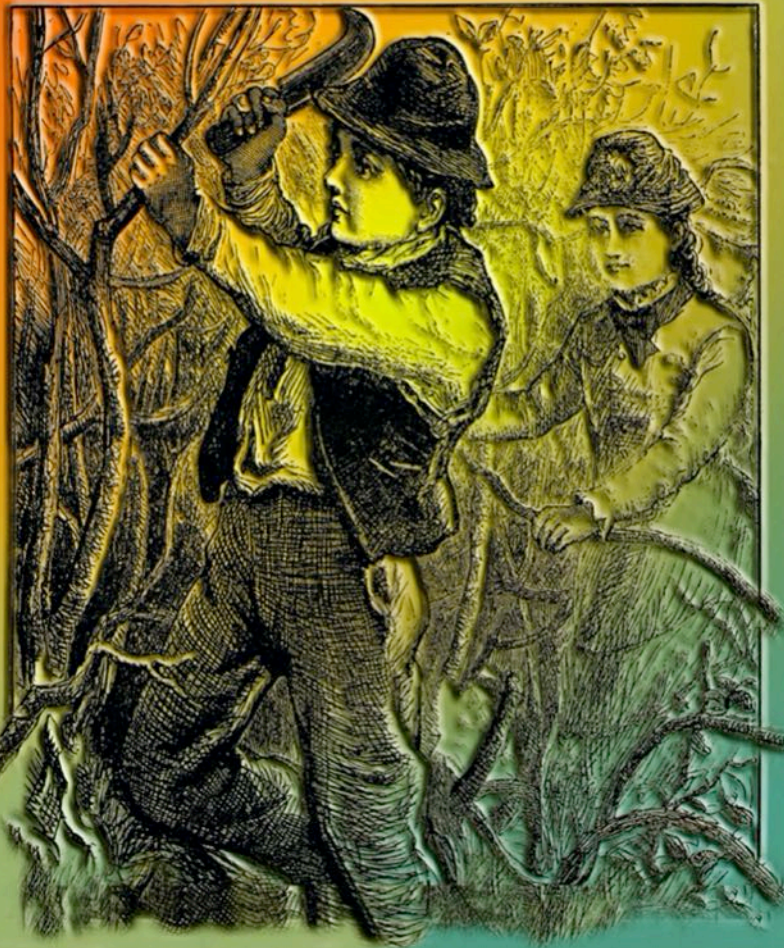
Perspective

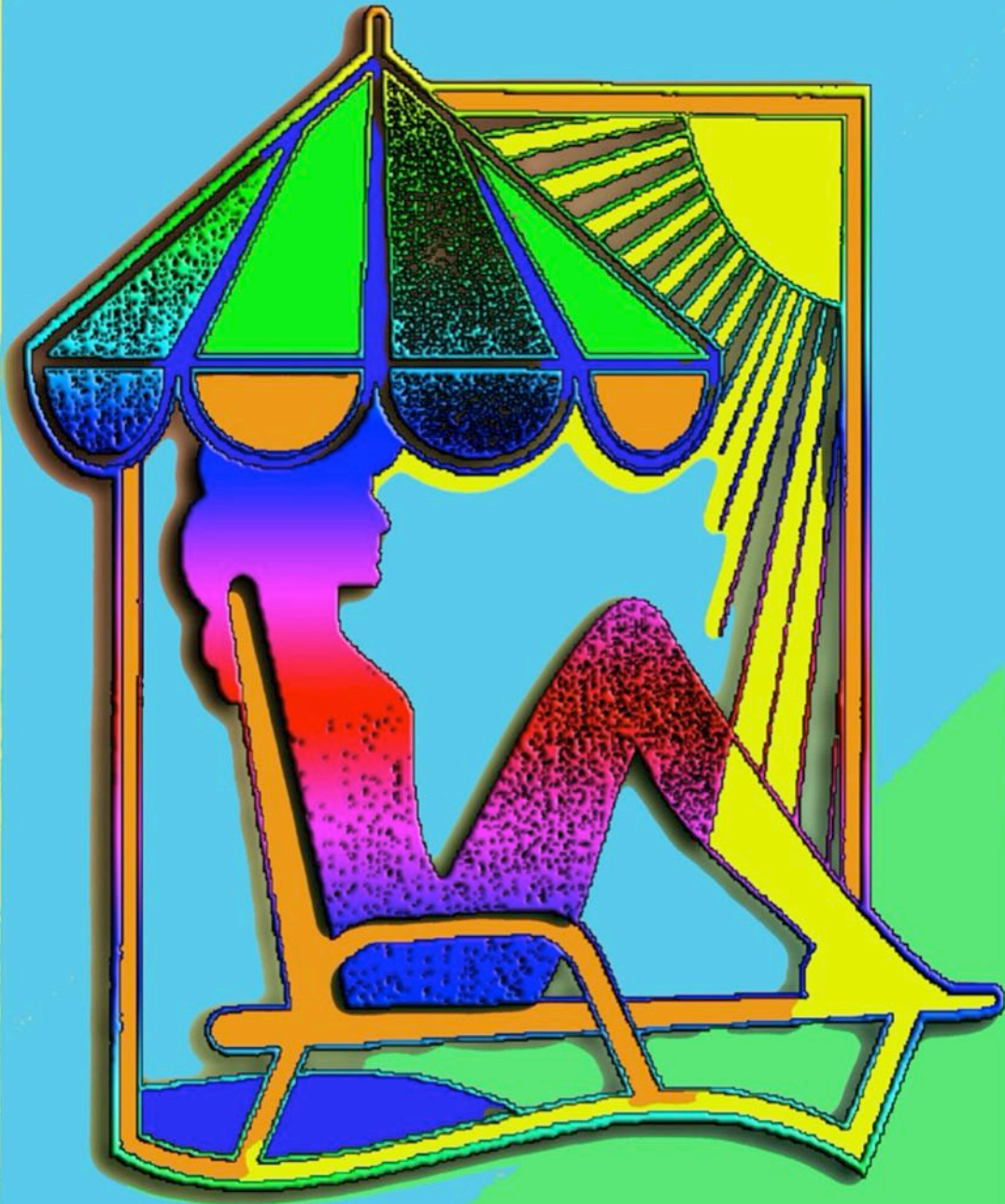
Step back, realize the big picture's total space,
That quibbling occupies a very small place,
And that you're orders of magnitude removed
From participating in the human race.



The Roots of Evil

Nip trouble in the bud, lest it grow
And sprout like a weed, blossoming with woe,
And spreading, thickening all around, till
It imprisons you like some old hedgerow.





*Like a spark given birth from the embers,
The flame rekindles from the light divine.*





The Deepest Truth

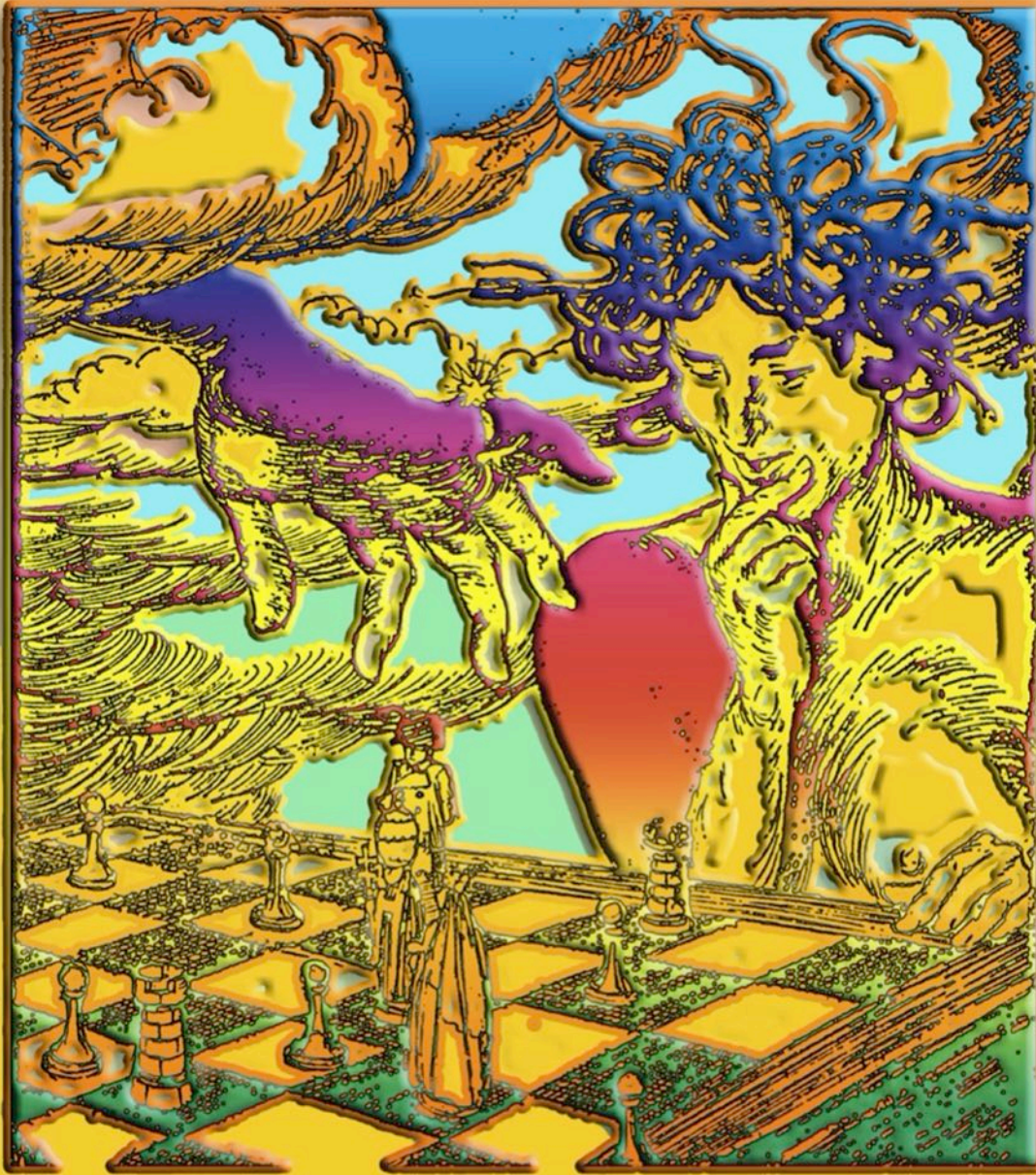
Poets translate what's
Within and above,
Exhibiting truths
from depths unheard of.

There is one deep truth
That I know is true,

As do you:
"The truth of all truths
Is Love".

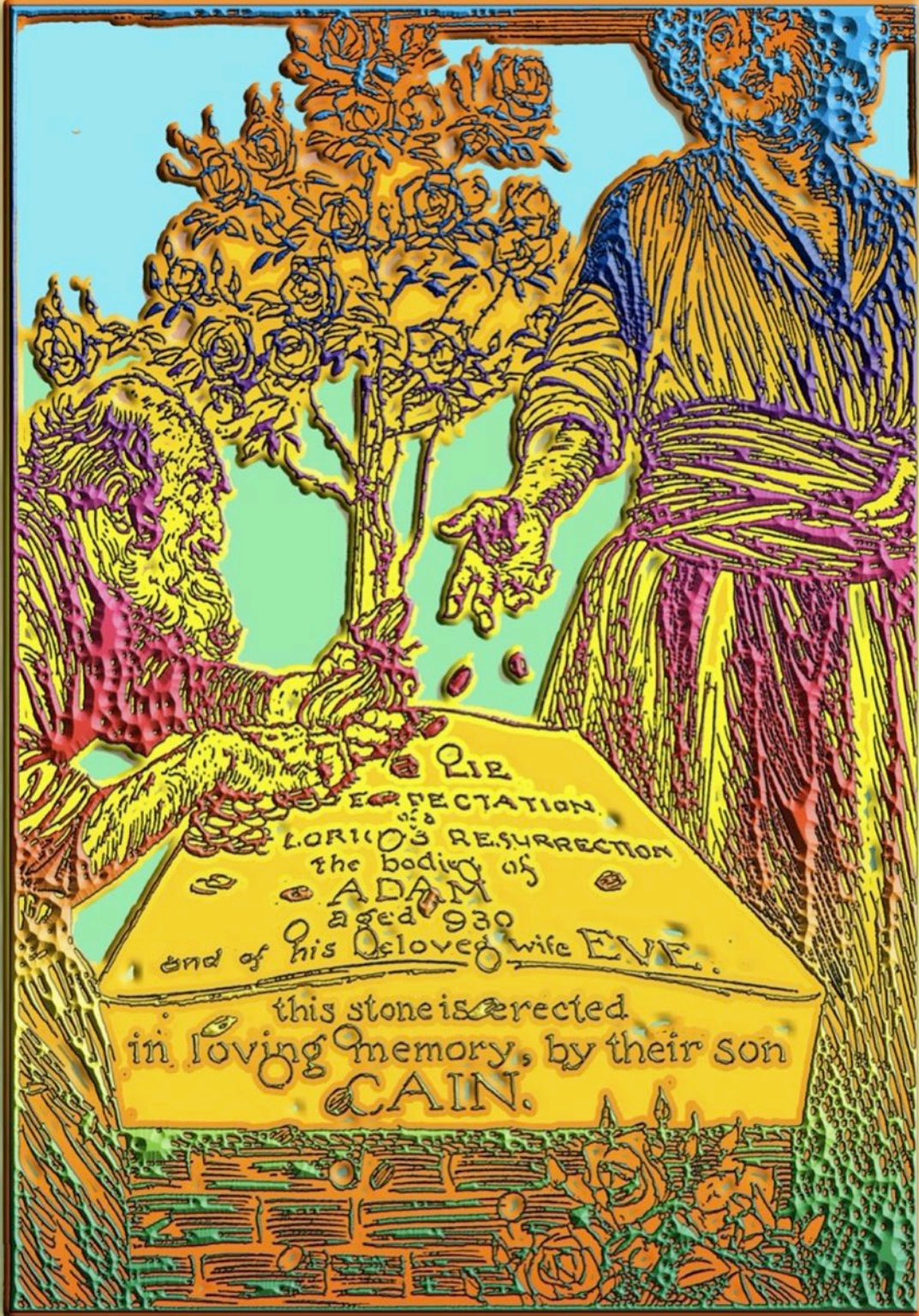


*You must experience the wonder and
Mystery of life in every single act.*



— Board of Existence —

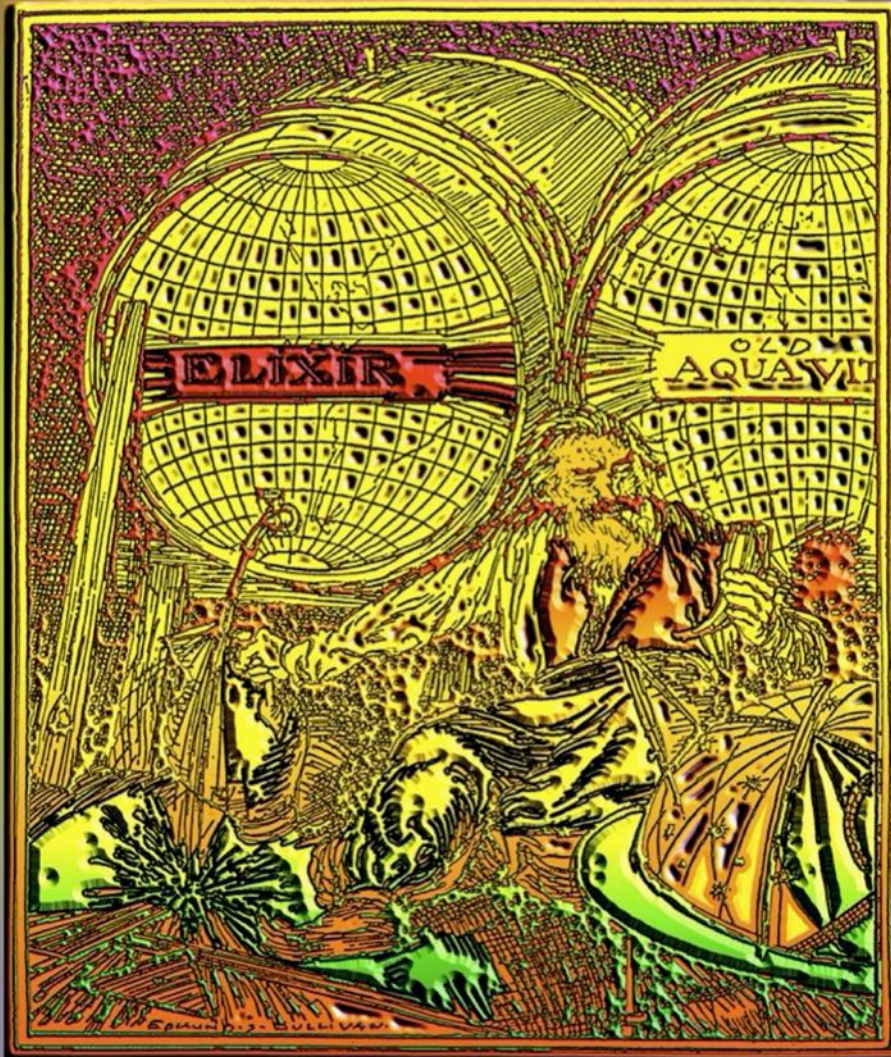
The wings of time are checkered black and white,
for fluttering 'round the day flies the night.
Like chess pieces, we gamely play for life,
Until into the box we return—quite!

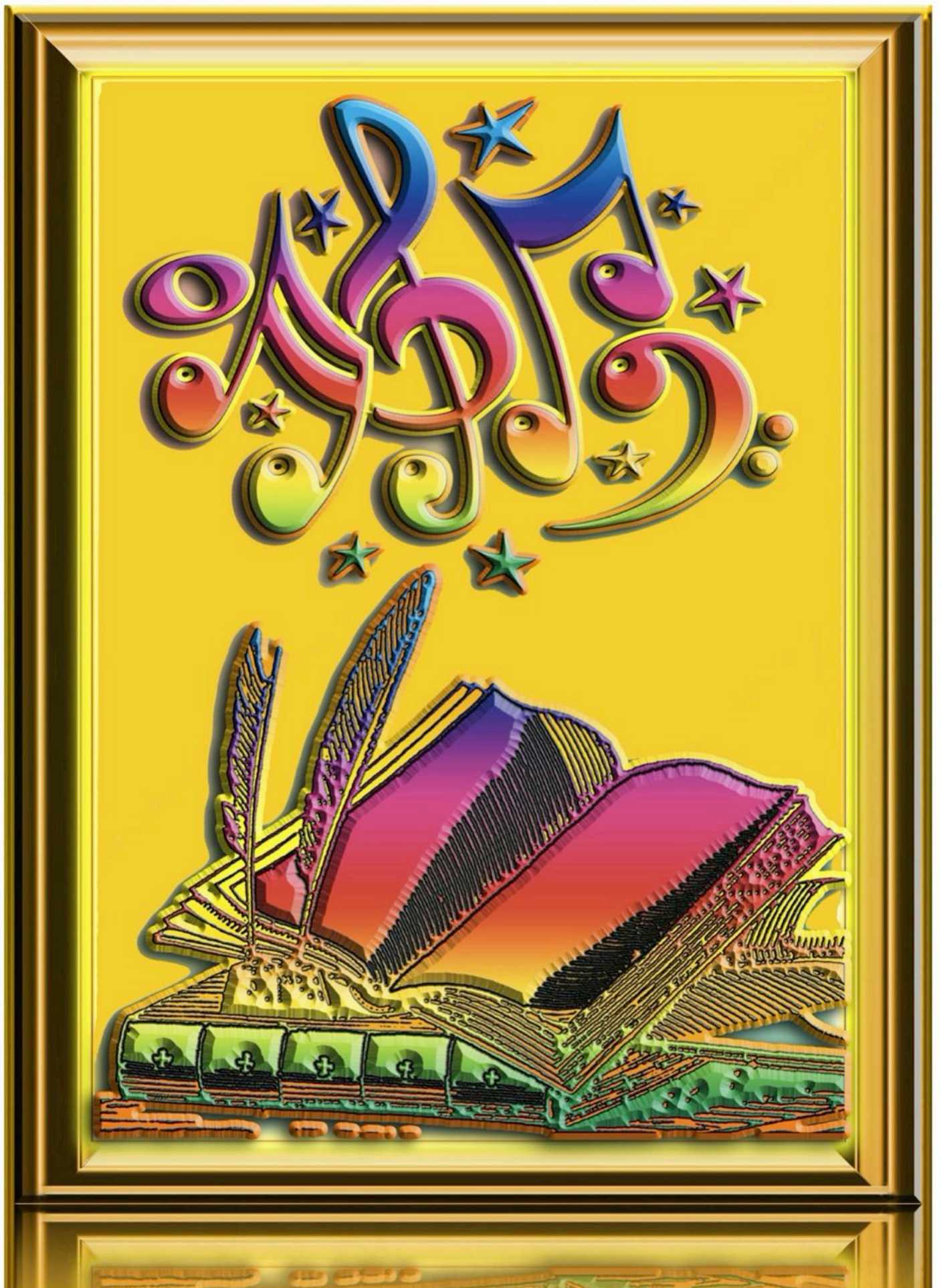


LIE
EXPECTATION.
LORIC'S RESURRECTION
The body of
ADAM
aged 930
and of his beloved wife EVE.
this stone is erected
in loving memory, by their son
CAIN.

Whence and Whither Flown

Oh how life is frittered and thrown away
By running back and forth this and that way
In vain pursuit of meaningless details—
When a simpler life could be had straight away!







Sad Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—
They all came, led by their tears and sorrow,
To mourn old Khayyâm: "Hail, cheer, and farewell!
You took from death All that life could borrow."



— The Old Ways —

We rarely sit
In front of fires created,
So the light of the sacred fire
has retreated

Into
Our subconscious;
Thus,
Candle flames are
harmonious
With life's passions
stimulated.







True happiness
Is a function
Of [using] one's
Properly
Educated mind—
With true morality
Comin' along
For the ride

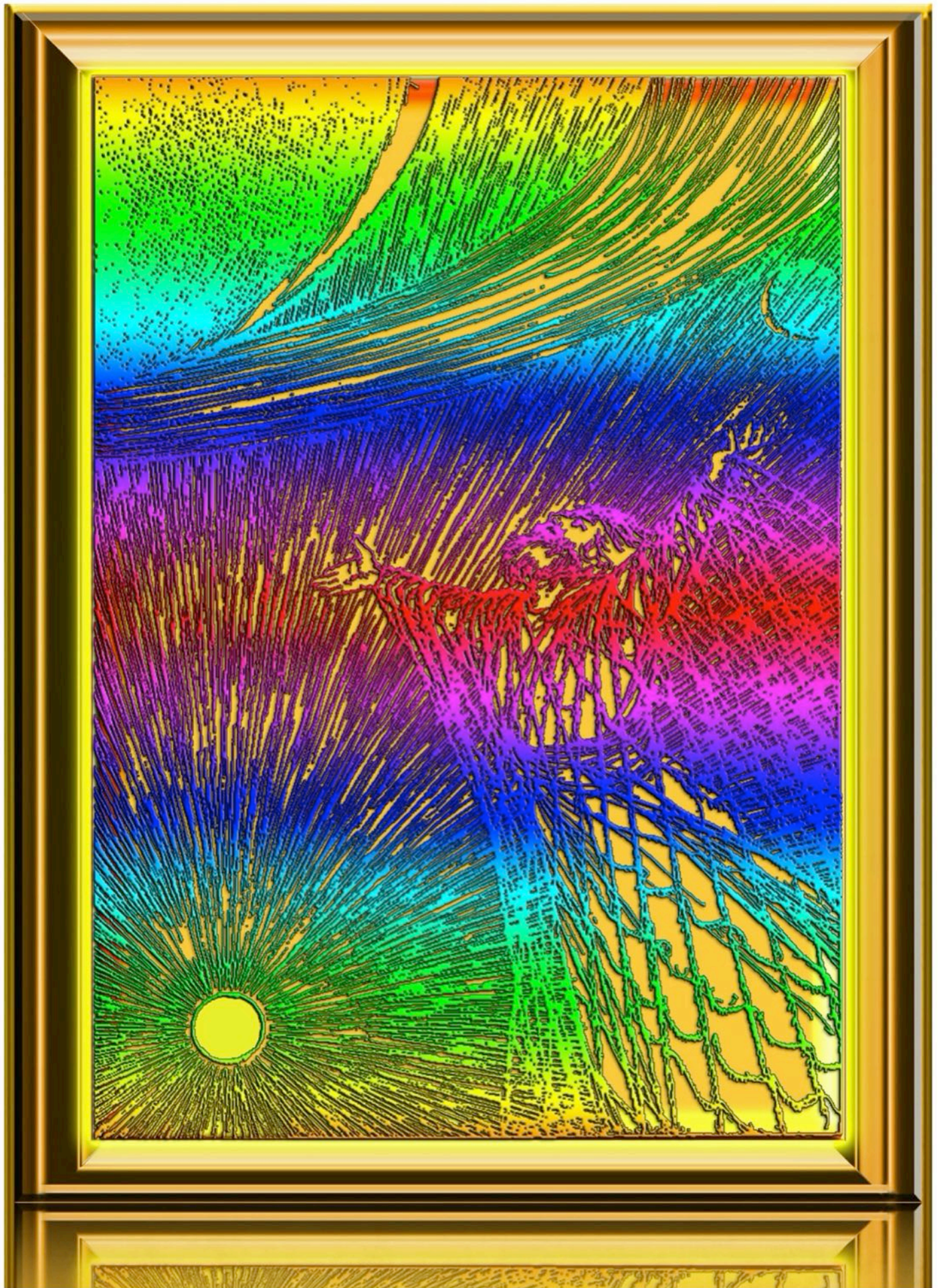
© SB_UR ©



*The stars are eternity's running-lights
They shine, even through the fathomless night!*



*From what bright star came the gleam in your eyes?
To what distant sun returns your smiles light?*



 **SEARCHLIGHTS** 



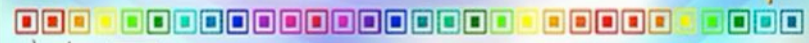
☆☆☆ **THE SKY IS LIT, A** ☆☆☆

TWINKLING PROMENADE



OF MATING CALLS FROM



♂ **LUMINATED PODS—** ♀

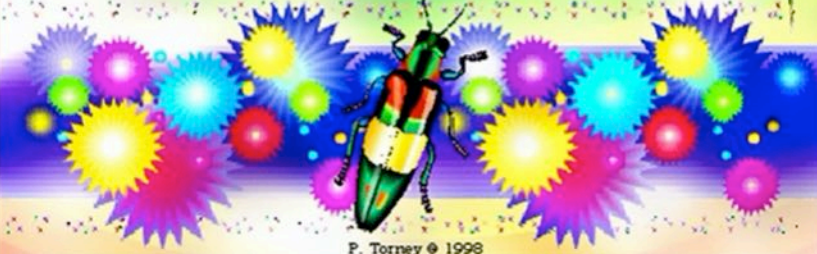


 **TRACERS PULSING** 
WILD, SEARCHING

THOUGHTS THAT SMILE,



 **FROM FIREFLIES** 
NAMED WINKIN',
BLINKIN', AND NOD.



P. Torney © 1998





- BOYHOOD -



P. Toney © 1994

Carefully avoiding the cracks of the sidewalk, I ran my hand along the old picket fence, noted the chestnut trees, a tire-swing, a lemonade stand, the old bread wagon with its fresh-baked aroma, the newspapers on porch steps, and the sturdy rounded bottles of clean white milk, compliments of Elsie the cow.

Playing near the railroad was irresistible, no matter how dangerous we knew it was. We would hitch a ride on the slow moving trains, sit in the open boxcars, put pennies on the track—a rich kid even put a quarter there once—and talk to the man in the little house who worked the crossing gates and rang the warning bells.

As soon as we knew that our neighbor was busy, we'd climb her fence and scramble up onto her garage, where we'd bend down the branches and steal some apples before we got yelled at, for nothing tasted better than a stolen apple!

Church was pure torture for us young boys who couldn't sit still for long, and, so, we'd pass the time by shuffling someone's shoe away, eating from our lunch bags, or by losing ourselves in the imagination of climbing the wall buttresses and sliding down the wires and such until our kneeling knees hurt, snapping us back to reality.







— Butterflies —



As children (and even now if we're young at heart), we'd always pause in play when the first butterfly fluttered by, that fragile, ephemeral vision of something Heavenly—a flower floating on air perhaps. This event signaled that our endless summer had begun, that something called “school” was now but an ancient artifact of the past.

Amazingly, butterflies, fragile as they seem, fly all the way to Mexico, taking their sweet time, fluttering here, alighting there, meandering from flower to flower. It's quite a wonder how they ever get anywhere. So, we learn from them that there is often a lot more fun along the way than when we “get there”.

The butterfly first arose from the soul of the pansy, one of those inexplicable Edenesque transformations from long before human time, when there was still magic on the earth. The metamorphosis is still rather miraculous, even now, albeit only from a caterpillar.

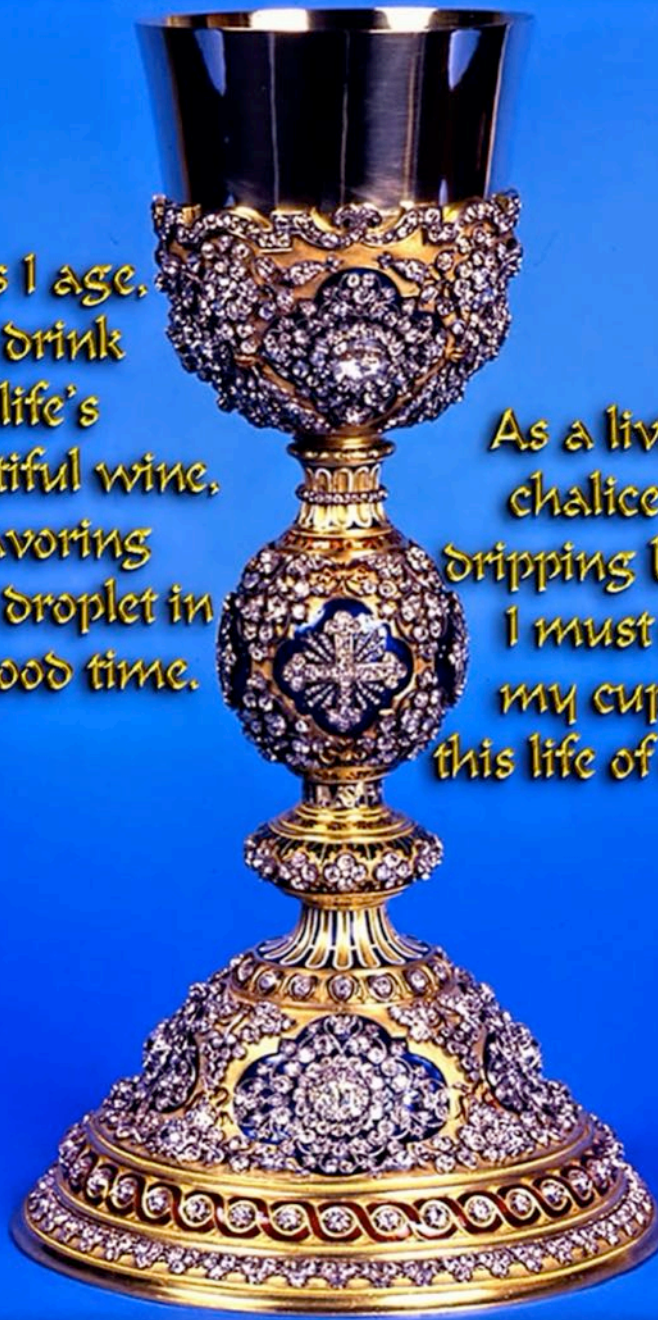
P. Tamey © 1994





As I age,
I drink
life's
bountiful wine,
Savoring
each droplet in
its good time.

As a living
chalice of
dripping blood,
I must tip
my cup to
this life of mine.





— The "Ever Do Anything Great?" Edition —

The Perfect Day

1. Sleep in, until noon or so, the cool breezes caressing you as you indulge in the god-like adventures of lucid dreaming.
2. Eat brunch on the deck or riverside with your sweetheart; read the newspapers.
3. Stop by work for a short while to use the copy machine, the fax, and the internet.
4. Make love for hours—with music on.
5. Eat dinner after, when it tastes best, for, you've built up quite an appetite and are floating on the love-made endorphins.
6. Work on artwork, books, music, or the other hobbies that the day has inspired.
7. Watch the one good TV show that's on.
8. Sit on the porch and talk/kiss/joke . . .
9. Enjoy the second coming—and sleep well, embracing your sweetheart, while directing and/or starring in the virtual realities of your dreams, often realizing that they are dreams and taking charge.

P. Torney © 1997





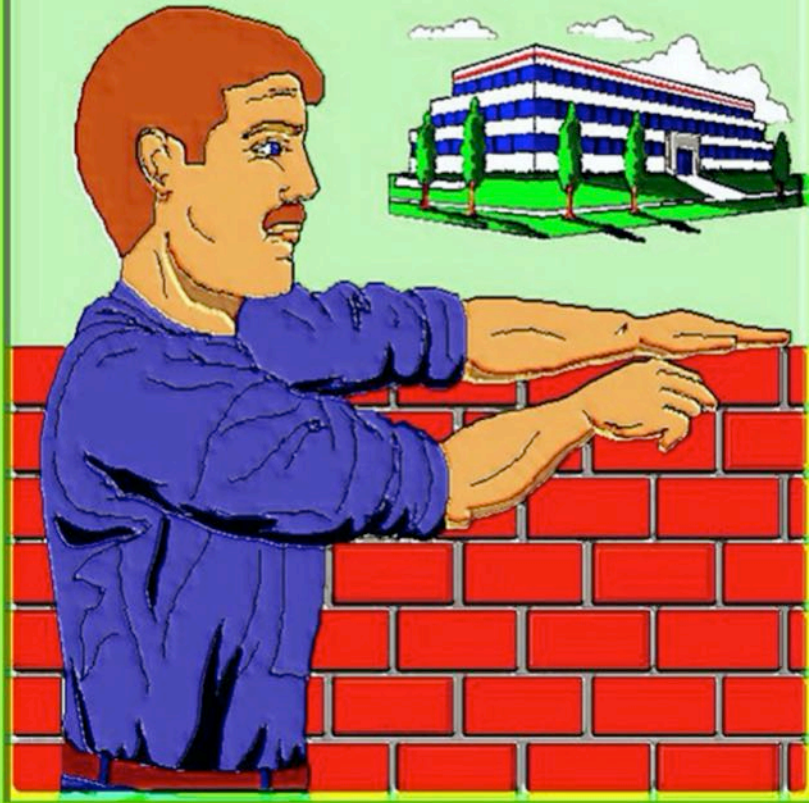
I HUNT FOR IT
FIND IT
BUY IT
HAUL IT
WASH IT
REPAIR IT
PATCH IT
LABEL IT
CATALOG IT
DISPLAY IT
INSURE IT
SELL IT
BAG IT

NOW CAN I SELL IT
FOR LESS?



F. Torrey © 1997

*If you're a captive of the lifeless day,
A wall around you, brick by brick, will weigh.
Habited you'll stay, until, one day,
Bricks will be molded from your dusty clay.*



Youth

The child in us was warm, playful, and bold,
Then vanished, ere we knew, leaving us cold.
Now this we know: The day one stops being
Playful is the day one starts to get old.

If you were old or sick you might regret or pine,
Giving anything to have back some better time,
But now you are young and fine, so, be glad, smile,
For you will never again live this life of thine.

When younger, I knew not my elder selfsame,
But, when older, I informed my younger same,
Telling youth to be young—he knew not my name!
Yes, it was my younger self that was to blame.

A rose's prime lasts for but an hour of morn:
Flowering and free, then fragile and forlorn,
Rose petals float to earth, and there signify
That beauty's past—for all that's left is the thorn.



The Theory of Everything:

Being

=

Matter

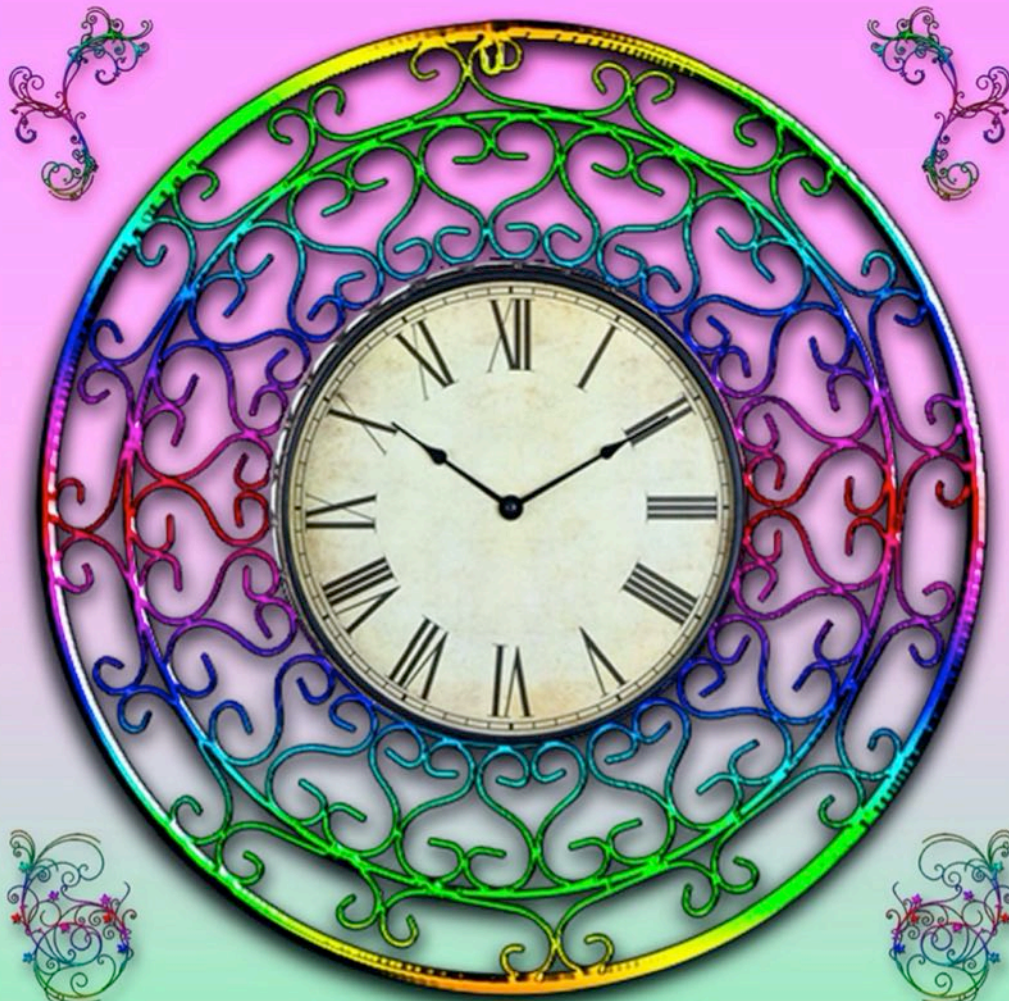
moving through

Space

from

Possibility





TODAY

Yesterday is gone, dead and buried—history;
Tomorrow, the future, is unknown—a Mystery;
Today is a gift—that's why it's called the Present.

A Past Imperfect Can Make the future Tense



Universal Crossword Puzzle

Something Had to
Become since "Nothing"
is unconceivable.

(Materialization)

q ↓ l ↓
fundamentals
a p p
s r a v i t y a
k o c
stars n e
stars (weak,
(star t strong)
dust) o c
molecules
T s l
HOW m life h
E brains u
experiences m
d n
consciousnesses

We are as different as midnight and noon,
Yet drawn close by the force of Earth & moon.



As lovers, we merge in a sweet eclipse
When world meets world as a kiss on our lips.

Top Priority

Loving is what this life is all about:
To give and have it is to live all-out!
Love's the finest thing! Can you do without?
Then, why, oh why do you not seek it out?







The one thing I fear is not living well!

Engraved is "THE END" of our earthly sigh—
Six sides surround: five are dirt, one is sky.
Shov'ling, Death talks to us at last and says,
"What were you doing during all of nigh?"

END

The
Last
Remembrance



Segno # 0

"There is the 'vacuum'", replied the other,
"A base state, one pervading all of space,
There being no signposts within it,
Or anywhere, since it is of no direction.

"We must regard it the stuff of which things are made;
for just as all living creatures inhale the air,
So do all the real natures inhale the vacuum."

"This intimation is the mark of manifestation,
A demonstration that's the token of the evidence;
The aetheric and heavenly sign of things to become,
Both the portent and the omen of so much possibility.

"It is both the warning and the present notice,
Presaging both the promise and the threat.
Aft this sign, that the vacuum 'indirects',
Then the real gestures ever beckon;
They of ... the unsignal faint,
The wave and gesticulation of you.

"We read the noise of the quantum theater—no marquee;
All is daubed without symbols to mark no cipher, bare,
No letters, characters, figures, or hieroglyphs there,
No ideogram of the rune of order, no emblem of the Divine."

The Ancients

The Art of Love



Austin D. Torney



Love Poems & Sayings (the art of)
And Illustrations (the art)

AND ILLUSTRATIONS (THE ART)

The Art Of Love





What Love's Made of

Some may ask of Life: *How does one find love?*
Life says, *Be still! Don't look far or above;*
Stop—let love's butterfly alight on you,
for that's the touch that romance is made of.

Love lightens life's cross of heaviness,
Its dreams coloring the drowsy darkness.
Love's subtle hues paint life's panorama,
for it's the bond that secures completeness.

Some can't seem to give a love that's fair,
Or won't—since they don't even care to share,
Or, worse yet, they waste love by hoarding it;
So therefore I must give more than my share.

Let me give all the love that ever was
Of such and more I have been dreaming of.
I hear the call from within and above:
To live this life for the purpose of love.

I mend broken hearts with a love that's real,
Drying the tears of sadness that congeal.
I weave living dreams out of fantasies,
for I believe that life should be ideal.





Men and women cannot exist in isolation,
for much like valley giving rise to mountain,
The nature of one makes necessary the other—
When they're joined in love, there's wholeness again.

To find yourself, lose yourself in another;
for s/he will touch your being and therein share,
Gently unveiling your heart, soul, mind, and sense
Till there's no place to hide! You're found, forever!

If love were easy to find, have, or say,
Then its meaning's worth would soon fly away;
But from steady effort love grows to lead
Yearning to fulfillment—and there to stay.

Love is the mutual creation of identity.
To be in love is NOT a loss of independence,
But rather a shared identity with the lover
That does not destroy the identity of the other.

Love is GIVING without gain in return;
TAKING is selfish—will we never learn?
Graciously accept all that you receive,
And give kindness to everyone in turn.



Love matures when lovers let it flow beyond—
free to wend its way to places dear and fond.
Love's butterfly prospers when winds blow free;
Unconditional love never binds—it bonds.

freely given love returns on the wing,
But if you ~~KEEP~~ your love you'll have nothing;
It's a most wonderful paradox—
GIVE your love and you will have everything.

Arithmetic theory fails in love's plot:
Love when divided diminishes not,
As would else we know, and vanishes not—
Each love multiplies to exceed the lot!

The capacity for love is boundless—
No piece for us and fraction for the rest.
Since the sum of love's parts exceeds the whole,
We can give and give love, never ~~the~~ less!

Poets translate what's within and above,
To exhibit truths from depths unheard of.
There's one deep truth that I know to be true;
I'll tell you too: The truth of truths is LOVE.

The meaning of love is in its GIVING
When there's no motive towards obtaining;
TAKING is the opposite of giving!
Caring? Sharing? They're reasons for loving.



Of a love-sweet companion take your sup,
While s/he as your chalice is lifted up.
Drink deep the wine that satisfies love's thirst;
Drink up—before winds of change dry the cup.

To your lovers all your kisses bestow
When life's colors glow in your rainbow;
For as long as love's kisses can live,
Neither age nor time on your life will show.

LOVING is what this life is all about
To give and have it is to live all-out!
Love's the finest thing! Can you do without?
Then, why, oh why do you not seek it out?

Small town summer, picket fence, grandmothers
Playing cards on the front porch—Hearts lovers;
Country girl brings cookies, rhythm flutters;
Smiling, all approve of what love discovers.

As I wandered along the romantic way
With one who would drink life's sadness away,
I realized that the cost of a loveless life
Was much too high of a price for me to pay.

We sent out emanations of love fair
That were sweet, soft, and smiling on the air—
A scented mist of liquid love that filled
The scene with its well-being everywhere.



S/he is the elixir that fills my cup,
The perfume on the breeze that lifts me up
S/he's love's essence distilled into being,
The passion's spirit that opens me up.

Driven not by desperation or pain,
But purely by love alone, I sustain
Affection through the goodness of giving,
For true love's but pure love preordained.

A mutual self we form, one both friend and lover,
Touching soul-to-soul by language we discover,
Opening each other up to connect our selves
Now we TWO total more than ONE + ONE other.

Initial fusion requires heat and excitement.
A steady flame then insures passion's maintainment
And continues the honeymoon's enchantment
By sustaining a reaction that's permanent.

Beautiful sentiments call attention
Style/substance = emotion/motion.
Gather sentiments, place them on the scale
They weigh much less than one lovely action!

I'm painting a picture for you to see
The vision of romantic destiny.
Like ghosts, we emerge from the photo film,
Virtually into reality.



Speak freely to me—let me hear your song,
for what you know and feel cannot be wrong;
It is genuine because it is yours.
Such intimacy does our friendship prolong.

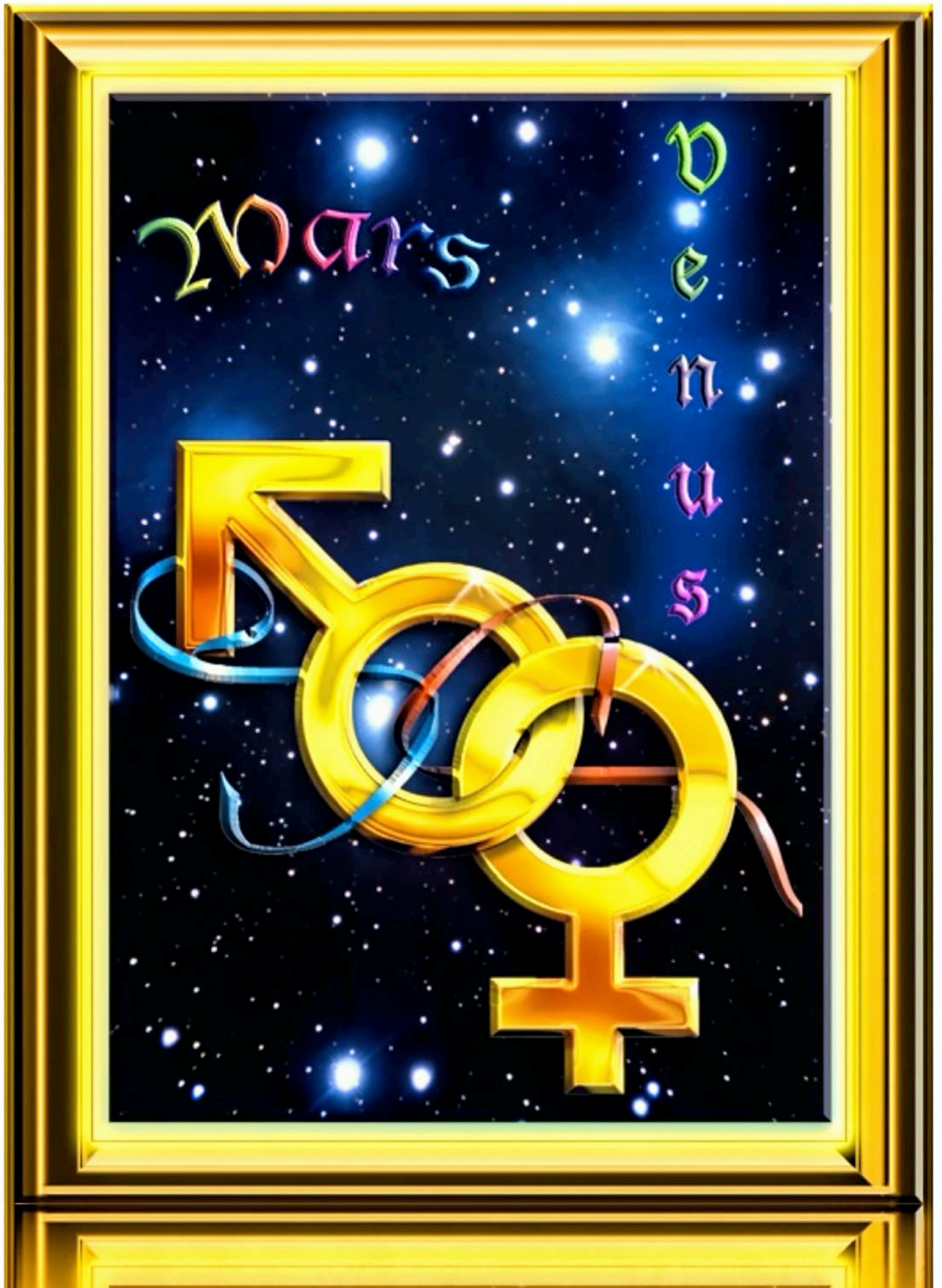
flowers grow from their many roots, upcast
Some have passed, some are steadfast. The contrast:
Those which grow much too quickly, wither fast;
Those which grow steadily and slowly, last.

In the soil that we shared, these plants we chose—
Truth: tulip, goodness: lily, beauty: rose.
Nurtured with life's care, they wave to and fro;
Storms can't scatter the flowers that love grows.

I've never, in either life or dream, found
Anyone as alive as you—you, who 'round
Me as a living presence glows and gives
Me youth, life, love, and a spirit newfound.

We rose higher and higher, past cloud nine,
Through seventh heaven, to a golden shrine
Of Love where few have ever entwined,
for we let love build but never decline.

Senses melt away, drip by drip by drip.
Impressions flood the speechless spirit.
Emotions flow free for the heart to read.
Love has drawn me in—I'm dissolved in it.



Your spirit calls, steam risen from the rain,
A missing so sweet that it's almost pain;
The future's heavy, swelling with promise
Of the season when love can breath again.

I never knew that love could be like this,
A wonderland of peace, joy, and bliss.
No, I'd never known where I'd never been,
That such a world could be found in a kiss.

Together we sing in a fugal voice;
for we live in two-part harmonic choice:
We're opposite twins in love, a canon
Chime in which we in unison rejoice.

Like voices merged in the Canon Pachelbel,
We speak as one, as the knell to the bell,
S/he saying what I thought and vice-versa,
In tune, in unison, yet parallel.

fugal voices blended, parted, and long
Wove in and out, the music sweeping strong,
And onward, upward, inward, and outward
Till being was left to the spirit's song.

As I love and am loved in completeness,
Then this world, with all of its foolishness,
Work, hurry and scurry, pain and worry,
Does fast fade away into nothingness.



Cares floated out on the tide, and then some;
Sun-sparkles glimmered, danced, and swum,
Alighting on my mind, there to become
Ideas about the loving night to come.

Your partner's heart beats dear against thy own
Where you're safe, warm, and completely at home.
Surrounding the blossom of your flower,
S/he enrapt's you like the words of a poem.

Thy heart touches my own; no, 'tis more I love thee!
Yes, much more art thou loved, the me's now in thee.
Thou art the soul of my soul and mine is of thine;
Nay, 'tis more than that: thou art me and I am thee!

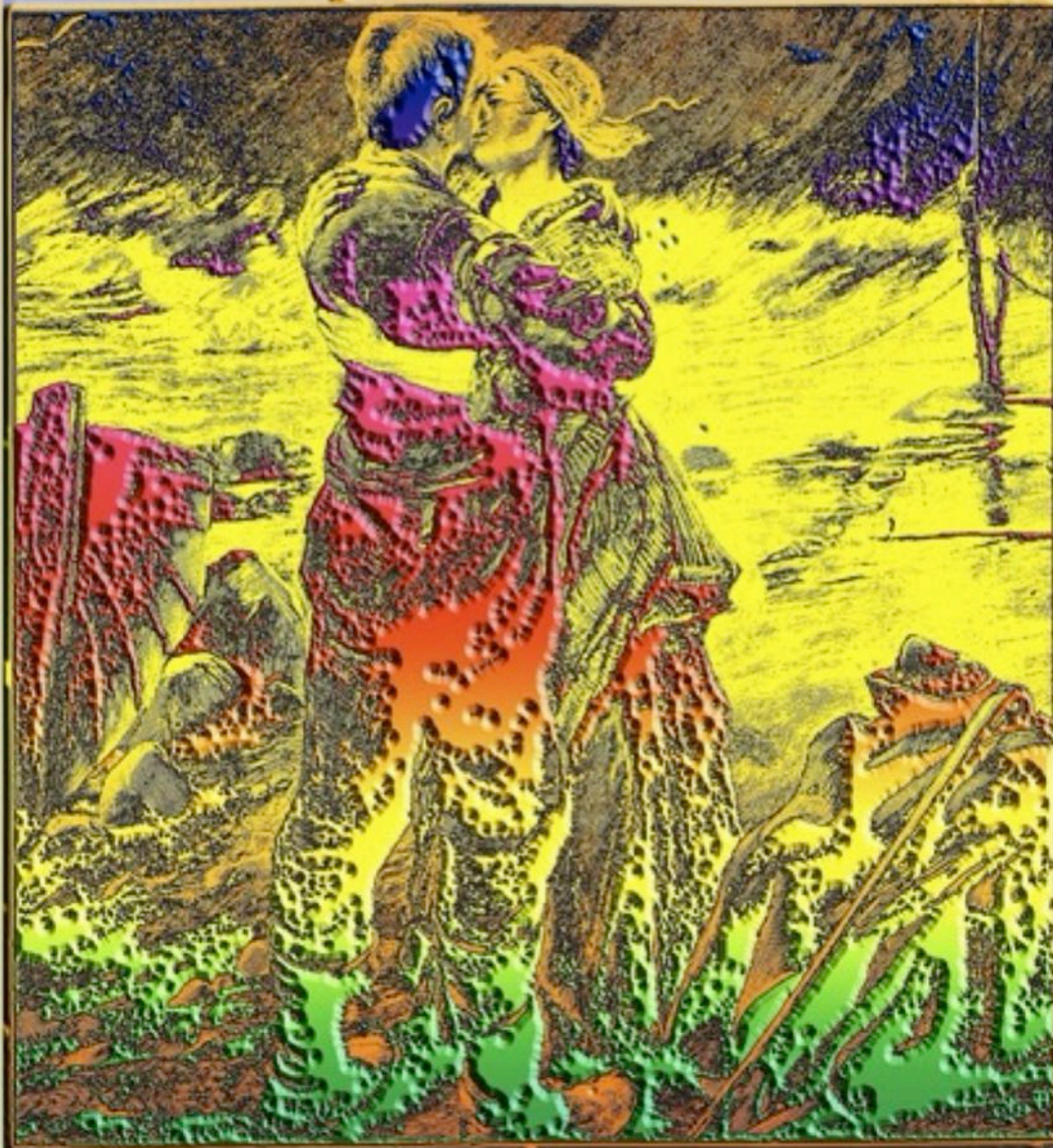
Can I ever fathom the source of love?
Perhaps its fount springs from Heaven above?
Just this I know: Love's rhythm resonates
Beneath words and thoughts, in depths unheard of.

I am immersed in love's boundless dream,
floating in peace on beauty's quiet stream.
Truth is now clearly seen, so bright and right
Purity's goodness swells each sparkling gleam.

With sparks from passion's smoldering embers,
We ignite from all that love remembers,
And steam through emotion's ocean in our
Relation Ship—of which we're crew members.

Resonance

Kissing on the rocks, down by the riverside,
Our rhythm rippled the water, raised the tide,
Rang ship's bells, danced lights across sea and sky—
All vibrations from hearts that were satisfied.



There on some remoter shore of human soul
To which I helped restore life and spirit,
I learned that love was the only flame that lit
This life—for she had taught me how to give it.

Awash on a love-made shore, we overcame
Our senses, leaving them behind, unclaimed.
As we floated free, quenched in sunset sea,
Basking in reflections of the scarlet flame.

When the sun burns up, and long after
The Earth grows cold from that disaster,
When galaxies die and rotate no more,
Then what remains is our love thereafter.

In love relationships, not only banish
Criticism, nagging, name calling, anger,
Punishments, and yelling, but replace it
With encouragement, support, and caring.

(The Trouble with Love)

Only a few words rhyme with the above,
Like the overflown dove, the heartless shove,
And the ill-fitting glove. Alas, love's rhymes
Remain unheard of, or aren't well thought of.







Love Recovered

A puzzle, if one muddles, can be made to fit,
The parts making a seamed whole, bit by bit by bit;
However, people in unions have edges that sit
Perfectly on one side but not on another.

Loss is painful when leaves fall, but you cope;
As always, new attachments form with hope.
The cycle of the seasons mirrors all—
Life is a generous kaleidoscope!

Love is the ultimate reason to live.
To for~~g~~et, it's necessary to for~~g~~ive.
Habit bows to originality;
Emotion's energy becomes motive.

Can one really realize life's benefit,
And live every precious minute of it?
And can such awareness withstand the strife?
Yes, if you're a lover or a poet.

Children back to school, Autumn in the air,
Avenues quiet, a bedroom upstairs,
The warmth of a nook; we caress up there
From flesh to spirit, loving with great care.



Sick of Love

Whereof, and herein above, I give up on endeavoring
To form rhymes with love, and relinquish, for now,
Any mention of a turtledove, ringdove, or foxglove;

for love's rhymes are just too few
And it's getting just
Too darn hard to work in love
In that small, worn out space
Between God and heaven above.

So I'm through rhyming with love,
Having, anyway, nothing left to prove,
Or for that matter, to more poetically improve
That sorry number of words that sound like love;

So onward—to much better sounds I move;
Getting out of the rut and into the groove,
To hope, and wait, for my poems to improve
And for my verse to behoove
That all love-rhymes do remove;

And, of course, by now, dear reader, YOU'VE
Noticed, perhaps,
And may only halfheartedly approve
Of my fine discovery that
In England love sounds like love.



Drink the lifeblood of the grapes you've sown
Before pressing time squeezes out thy own.



Do toast with thy chalice and all inspire:
"To life's red wine I give all that I own!"





Passion & Sensuality

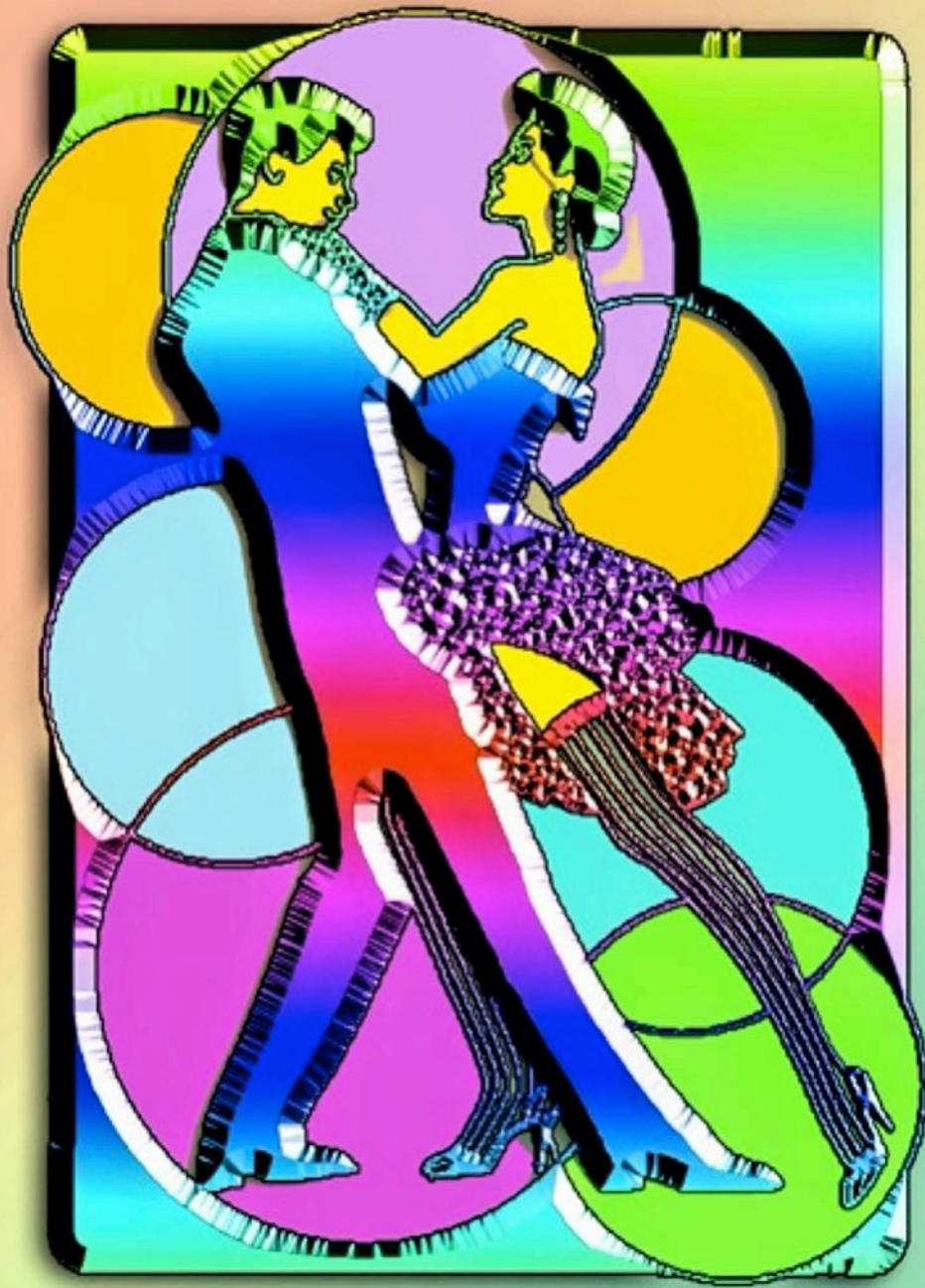
Reason spoke to Passion, with logic cool:
Quench thy inner fire, lest it burn us, fool.
Said Passion: I know WHAT I feel, not WHY;
'Tis better you take heed of me—I rule!

I give no reason for love's passion planned,
Because to do so would be secondhand;
for the heart and Soul have many reasons
That Reason could never understand.

Convince me, Nature, that Reason is right,
That the strength of the heart is not in flight.
I'll plunge into the depths of thought and love
And tell the spirit I'll defy the blight.

There's an urge between root and flower,
Plant and soil, leaf and sun, air and water,
Daystar and planet, valley and mountain,
Wind and mist, man and woman—for ever.

Since we're embodied, we have desires.
Suppression of desire strangely backfires,
Since—and this is the paradox—it takes
A strong desire to overcome desires!



*Spontaneous desires overflow,
Telling us of duties that we must fulfill.*

Sensual bliss should not be a lost art;
For the body is an integral part
Of the human and joined with the spirit—
Realize yourself with whole body and heart.

It's unnatural to suppress a natural urge,
For this is distortion—the most unhealthy purge!
Lack of food, sleep, or sex can lead to neurosis,
So—let natural functions freely emerge.

Head, heart, body, and soul were together built—
So why separate them? Merge them, so thou wilt
Have more awareness of life's experience
And free sensual joy from feelings of guilt.

In the Eastern world, lovemaking is an art form
In which body and soul in unity perform.
The Western approach is by joyless guilt deformed,
Though sexual energy is a human norm.

Hindu goddesses aren't virgins thought of—
Their healthy desires are free to rove.
Enlightenment is sought and reached through the
Profound experience of sensual love.

Your pleasure depends on the permission
Of others if you abide by the shunned
Taboos of society, parents, or peers;
So, only you need approve the mission.



No matter how ethereal love's spirit,
Sexual union is still requisite,
Because we are physical beings— and since
No union is meaningful without it.

Pleasant smelling scents lift your heart and mine:
Essence of lotus, rose, amber, jasmine,
Nightingale, myrtle, saffron, and sandalwood
Stimulate the inner spirits sublime.

The tulip lifts her blushing cheeks to me,
As wandering winds caress the rose tree.
She wears a spring smile and pours dewy tea.
Yes, I'll drink you long and deep into me.

True kisses are always new; they never
Lose their freshness; for, like falling water
Or the cyclic moon, the power of love
Renews itself to sustain for ever.

So much sweeter sounds are your lover's sighs
Than the groan of a war that wins great prize.
Just one taste of true love by far out buys
A Sultan's wealth in some rich paradise.

The rose is the flower that the bee cruises,
Meeting there the butterfly that love chooses;
They unfold the petals of the blossom,
And drink the nectar of love's sweet juices.

Her scent was ripe; her name meant nectar.
Exotically blossoming I had found her,
As I buzzed my way into her flower,
for I was the bee and she was my partner.



The rose is the flower that the bee cruises,
Meeting there the butterfly that love chooses;
We unfolded the petals of the blossom,
Then drank the nectar of love's sweet juices.

her scent was ripe and her name meant nectar.

Exotically blossoming I found her,
And I buzzed my way into her flower,
for I was the bee and s/he my partner.

I drink her wine into my two-slip cup,
As meanwhile, my giver-of-life comes up.
Petal by petal, her rose wide unfolds.
Passions grow from the dew on which we sup.

Like water, a woman is slow to boil,
And, likewise, slow to cool down afterward;
Man, like fire, can be ignited and quenched;
But fire and water in balance make steam!

We rarely sit in front of fires created;
So, the light of sacred fire has retreated
Into our subconscious; thus, candle flames are
harmonious with love's passion stimulated.

fire inspires everyone under the sun,
Especially lovers having their fun.
Firelight flickers, playing on nakedness—
The inner fire being as sacred as the outer one.

Spontaneous, endearing acts allow
Dead yesterday and unborn tomorrow
To be dropped from the calendar, for,
In the love-temple there is only NOW!

— The Old Ways —

We rarely sit
In front of fires created,
So the light of the sacred fire
has retreated

Into
Our subconscious;
Thus,
Candle flames are
Harmonious
With life's passions
Stimulated.



Our passions smoldered, like incense fuming,
And brightly burned, the candle flames suming,
Waxing full as we consumed the body,
And then rose as spirit smoke, mushrooming.

Your wine, my persona radiata,
fills the golden chalice—oh, Sultana,
I'm intoxicated by your love-stream
flowing freely—oh dear, amorata!

You enclose my universe, yet it's boundless.
You fill up my universe, never the less.
I'll fill up your emptiness with my fullness.
I'll empty your fullness with my emptiness.

My dearest: Your wet lips' sensual pout
Draws me to your flaming well, in and out;
Love's sensation touches us everywhere—
At last your sweetwater puts my fire out.

Hardness rises from the earth element.
Secretions flow as water's element.
Sexual friction evokes sacred fire.
Ecstatic pleasure fills the firmament.

Oh never did I hear a sound so sweet
As when you moaned like a panther in heat.
You took me on a wild jungle ride,
Then purred like a pussycat at my feet.



Let the fruits of your lovemaking ripen,
By remaining in close union, so then
Energy and spirit can be absorbed...
You'll blend in a mystical way—Amen.





Sea of Love

The pulse of love was still much with us
As we lay awash on the shore, resting,
Entwined, in the paradise of our lovemaking,
Where we rode upon the waves, receding
And returning, wet with liquid peace, fulfilled,
As now and yet again small wavelets
From the soul's ocean of emotion
Swept on through us, in ripples—
Echoes of the storm's mighty swell,
Vibrating and rinsing.

Waves seemed to come from within us,
Yet, from all around, relaxing us,
As each other we kissed,
While rivulets ran back into the sea,
Every drop tingling as it found us in caress;
Then another, and yet another drop
Quivered its waving way over us,
Cascading, while we yet embraced,
Connected all the while in one ALL,
Flowing, immersed in romantic afterglow,
Water sinking into the sands,
Half drying before wetting again
Moisture rising up into the air
In one fluid motion toward the sun;

Then yet one last whisper of watery sensation...
Calling us back into the sea.



Celebration of Souls

After love was made,
We, connected, stayed,
And in each other's embrace
We laid, still in place,
While our senses melted away,
And were felt no more that day,
Having been replaced by a new sense,
A joy that lay beyond sense
A realm of calm deeply felt
As everywhere it dwelt,
A sensation both mystical
And totally magical.

In it we drifted, crossing oceans
Filled with good emotions,
And floated down through
The caverns—deep we flew,
Rising and falling through space
Where no thoughts could race,
Weightless, unlimited, unmeasured,
In a poetic land of many pleasures
And became invisible, losing
All bodily presence, choosing
To remain as one, although to
Even move would have required too
Much effort—of which we had none,

for in spirit we had one become:
Ghostly phantoms, specters with
human powers known only in myth,
Lying, awash, on some distant shore,
Our senses shining forevermore,
Like the sun, a scarlet flame above,
Beings quenched in the sea of love.



On Love

Love is the finest refreshment of mortal life, providing as it does a glimpse into the heavenly state, a vision which, if maintained, can last well beyond the initial perception and for all of one's life. So, I say that any time not spent on love is time squandered in absolute waste, that if you are idling, not loving, or, god forbid, hating, then life is a wasting; for love is the greatest experience on earth, and so I have often sought it out, found it, received it, given it, and lived it as life's one great happiness, for there is no other joy that compares—love being the truth of all truths.

Who has not forgotten that first kiss and the magic that attended it? No one, for first love touches one deeply and forever. People newly in love glow for weeks on end. There is nothing like love, although, strangely, some do not actively seek it out, perhaps for fear of rejection. But, even love's worst pain is sweeter by far than any other pleasure; there is, indeed, no contest—and to love and lose is second only to loving in triumph.

Not merely just a pleasure, love refreshes, creates, invigorates, and provides sustenance of spirit and life itself. Without love there is no life, at least none worth living. When you give up on love, you begin to die. Love knows no laws or restrictions, for mutual passion is a law unto itself. Love is the cure-all, both for those who receive it and for those



*Can you resist the beauty of loves truth
When roses and tulips bloom in loving hearts?*

who give it. The one tragedy in life is not death, but that some people do not love—aye, nor do they live, for the fear of the one is fear of the other. So, by all means, if you love somebody, go to them and tell them so right now.

It is said that the loving are the daring, perhaps because they seek the ultimate adventure, often risking all for that which lies far and above the commonplace, that vision into paradise. Imagination weaves a fairy tale of love and romance, and the mind that is alive soon brings forth the phantasm into reality.

Placing our very life and happiness in another through love is the greatest gift one can give, for it is the gift of oneself. Unconditional love is a true gift, one without strings attached, one without any motive for gain in return. Oh, of course, we are human and often love for the sake of being loved in return, and this is not in itself wrong; but, when one loves for no other reason than for the sake of generosity and loving, then this is a saintly type of love which is above all the other kinds.

True love loves people for what they are; not for their qualities in particular, but for the person. It's not that we love someone because we need them—for this is quite immature—but that we need someone because we love them. It is, you see, love that is the origin. Love begets love and love, in turn, begets more love, and so on, making us even more loving to others, until heaven is indeed brought down to



*Immersed in matters universal rhythm,
We must all participate in the dance.*

earth. Real love is its own reward.

Identity is not lost in love, for true lovers do not sit looking only into each other's heart, but, rather, look outward, both in the same direction. It is a seeming violation of arithmetic that in love two become much greater than one plus one; and that the two, nevertheless, do not become one, but remain as two, yet still share the same vibration in their souls.

It also seems to be a paradox that love, when divided, is not at all diminished, but that each individual love multiplies to exceed the lot. One can never run out of love! It is a miser, indeed, who withholds love from a capacity that is boundless. Hoard not that which can be given. Give love, and even more love comes back full circle to you.

What a joy is it to experience life's wonders with someone you love—oh, walks, and plays, and dinners are great enough pleasures when taken alone, but note how much better they are when you have someone to share them with. Another bonus of love is, that, with it behind your actions, you may soon find yourself doing the impossible, as love's inspiration carries you along through any kind of difficulty. For me it was an inspiration to write. Love and a kind heart are much alike, and one is equivalent to the other, love being a triumvirate of truth, beauty, and goodness blended into one great purity. We do not merely love—we are love! We do not create—we are creation itself. We don't just live — we are life!



The zephyr fainted, dying in the half-light,
Its caress suspended, while day kissed the night,
And, for some instants, stretching into moments,
We were neither here nor there, but in twilight.



A reflected bird crossed the glassy sky,
Passing water lilies floating on high;
Waves rippled the leaves of mirrored trees
We meet at the looking-glass when days die.

We kiss at the boundary of day and night,
Our-selves merging in the blend of twilight
You and me, me and you; yours, mine, and ours
The day-gold melts into the jeweled night.





Loss of a Love

Happiness is a silk bubble today
That gently lifts you toward Heaven's gateway,
But, just one raven crowing in the night
Can arrest your smile and swipe it away.

New love is safe awhile in paradise;
If it's solid it will ever entice;
But, the smallest crack starts the rock to split;
All's lost—for you can't have the same love twice!

Fear before, guilt after, and then anger
At the loss leads to the senseless hatred
Of that which you loved; you give up on life,
And then die a little bit more each day.

Anger is a cover-up for the hurt,
A claim to hate the love that you invert,
The dream of your heart's desire—the life
That you wanted so much, but now desert.

You will not lose, but you won't win either,
In that gray safety zone that knows neither
Suffering nor enjoyment, neither
Victory nor defeat—where there's no breather.



Love or do not! There is no middle ground,
Only back and forth and around and round
In safety's circle of berm and bunker—
Ever trapped by the dizzying sights and sounds.

The deaf hear not the noisy wretched screech;
The mute neither good nor evil can preach;
The sightless are spared life's dreary vision;
The love-impaired know not of love's relief.

You say that you refuse to care and share,
So you can save your heart from wear and tear.
Real love creates—it never tears apart;
The alternative to love is despair!

Such, like a stained-glass window, the faces
Survive the loss of some puzzle pieces,
And still shine, reflecting all that remains,
When time bears you away a few paces.

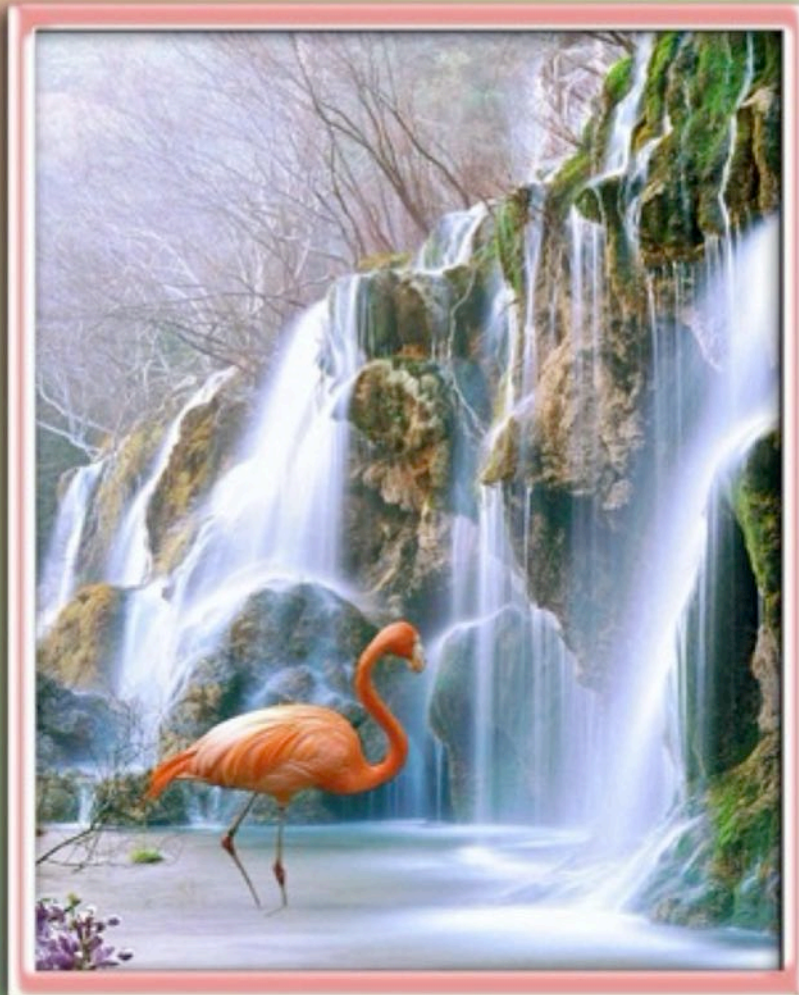
Love is the ultimate reason to live.
To for-get, it's necessary to for-give.
Habit bows to originality.
Emotion's energy becomes motive.

Loss is painful when leaves fall, but you cope;
As always, new attachments form with hope.
The cycle of the seasons mirrors all—
Life is a generous kaleidoscope!



As falls the dusk, my reason's light departs
Darkness sinks to ground, snuffing out my spark;
But rhythms soon rise out of sorrow's depth—
I sing the song whose sweetness broke my heart.

Better that fear be felt as excitement,
That hurt remind you of where caring went,
That anger's energy be used for change,
That you say, *What's my next experience!*







Truth & Beauty

Life's hardships can be softened by beauty;
Its weaknesses can be strengthened by truth.

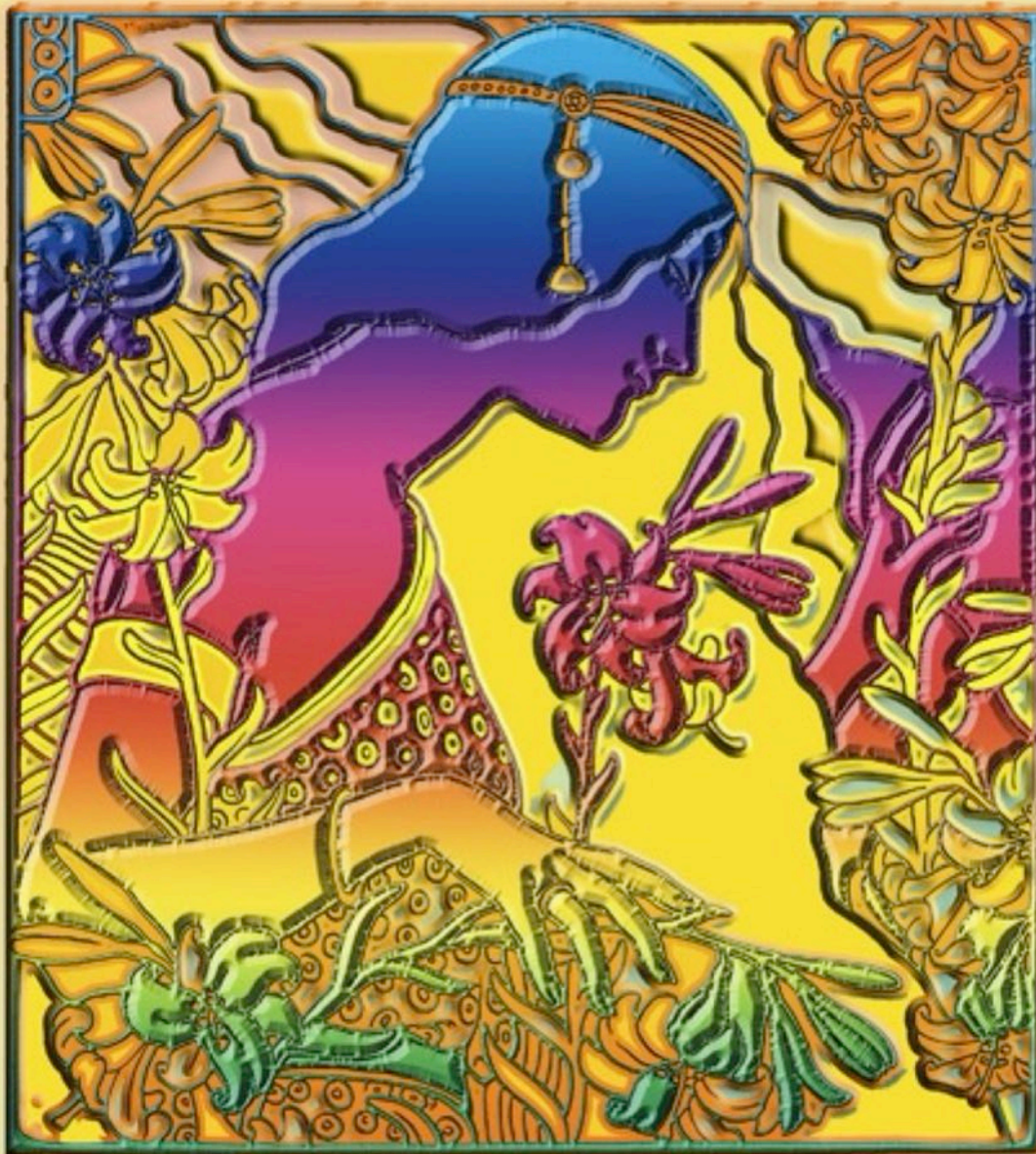
As roses blossom like realizations,
Beauty itself blooms from the well of truth.

When a deep truth is known so intensely
That all of its clothing falls away,
Then one has learned the beauty of truth, for
The reality of meaning is beauty.

Life, although anguishing, must be lived fully;
But if we're alive enough to feel beauty,
Then we're exposed to its opposite twin
Yes, Beauty's other side is Melancholy.

When sadness brooded over the morrow,
I visited the deep well of sorrow.
There enshrined, inseparate, Beauty said,
It's from me that sadness you borrow.

Art and poetry enrich human experience,
But they're no substitutes for the living of it.
Like the figures on Keats' urn,
Should we live life less?
NO!—because what is deathless is also lifeless!



— The Beauty of Truth —

Life's hardships can be softened by beauty,
Its weaknesses can be strengthened by truth.
When roses blossom, like realizations,
Beauty itself blooms from the well of truth.

Soft breezes blow, caressing me and you
As we kiss the roses and drink the dew.
Reason and passion soon merge into one,
As truth and beauty make their rendezvous.



Love = Goodness
+ Truth
+ Beauty



When a deep truth is known so intensely
That all of its clothing falls away,
Then we have learned the beauty of truth, for
The reality of meaning is beauty.
Life, although anguishing, must be lived fully,
Since, if we're alive enough to feel its beauty,
Then we're exposed to the opposite twin—
Yes, Beauty's other side is Melancholy.



Connections

All things are infinitely connected,
As in a hologram—each part containing the whole;
Everything interpenetrates everything;
The universe is a seamless web of information.

In the brain's memory, every piece of info
Is cross-correlated with every other piece,
Allowing instant access and association,
For memories are stored holographically.

I can never share a mind directly,
For there is no access; we are alone.
Mind melding works only for the Vulcans.
This loneliness leads us to company.

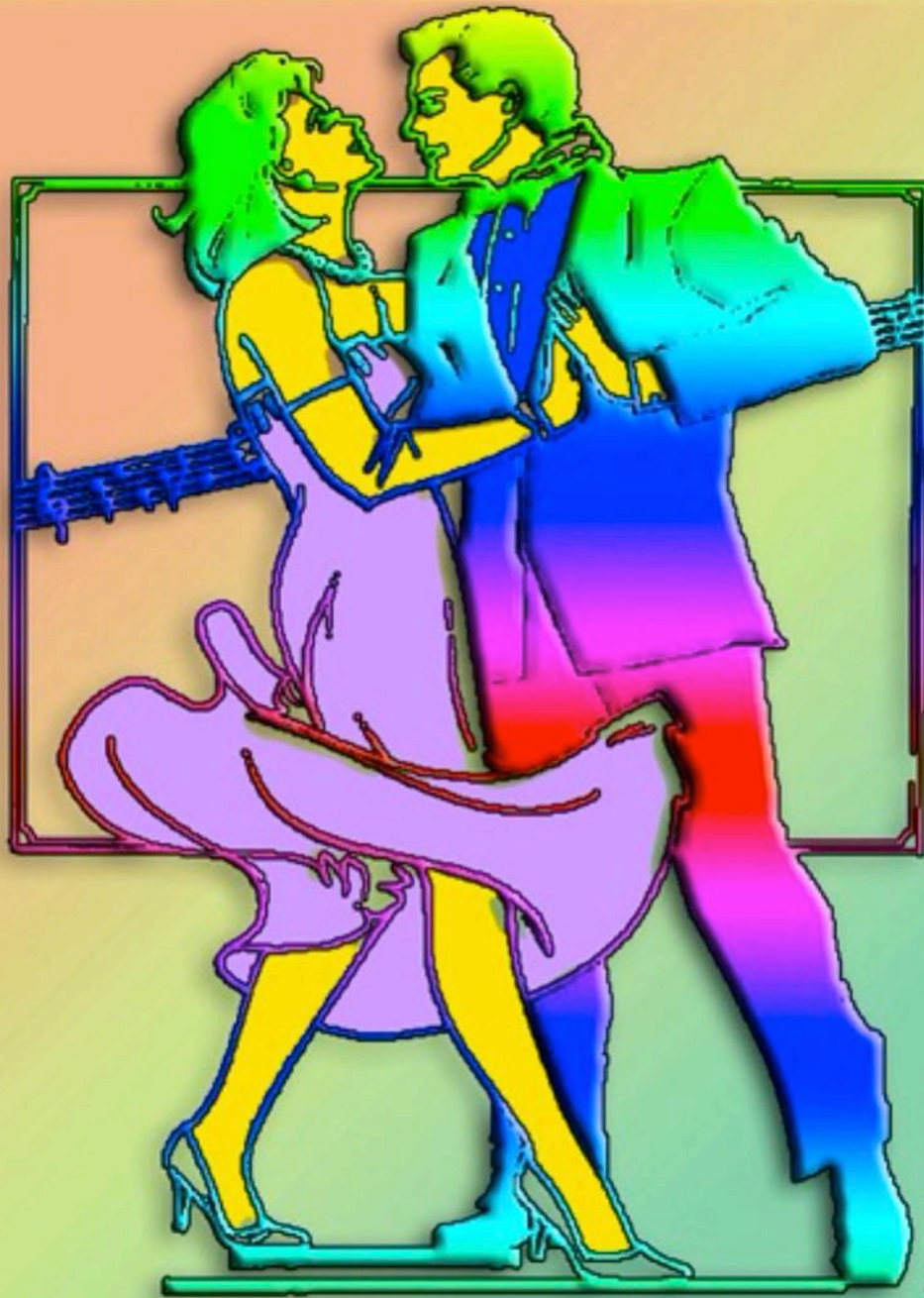
The unbearable solitude of consciousness
Is relieved by literature, social clubs,
Movies, caring, friendships, discussion, writing,
And other sharing acts, but, mostly, by love.

Yes, mind/matter stems from the Eternal
Substance/Space/Time/Experiential Being.
For life's great riddle of Oneness is that
Mind really Matters; Matter ever Minds.



The Kiss of Life

To your lover,
All your kisses bestow,
When life's colors glow
In your rainbow,
For as long as
Love's kisses can live,
Neither age nor time
On your life will show.



*Those who would savor the sweets of love
Must not neglect the flower.*



Completing the Other

Men and women
Can't exist in isolation,
For, like valleys that
Give rise to mountains,

The nature of one makes
Necessary the other—

When they're joined in love,
There's wholeness again.





Reaching the Ultimate

Like living senses,
We mirror our love

In feedback loops;
Images spiral above,

Echoing as
Infinite reflections

That fill up the scene;
That's what love's made of!



+ Love Paradox +

Arithmetic theory
Fails in love's plot:

Love when divided
÷ Diminishes not, ÷

As would sadness,
And vanishes not—

Each love multiplies
* To exceed the lot! *





Boundless Love

*Love matures when we
Let it flow beyond—*

*Freed to wend its way to
Places dear and fond.*

*Love's butterfly prospers
When winds blow free;*

*Unconditional love
Never binds;
It bonds.*





Completing the Other

Men and women
Can't exist in isolation,
For, like valleys that
Give rise to mountains,
The nature of one makes
Necessary the other—

When they're joined in love,
There's wholeness again.



Fire and water in balance produce steam.

We and Thee

“Thy heart touches my own;
No, 'tis more I love thee!

Yes, much more art thou loved,
The 'me' is now in thee.

Thou art the soul of my soul
And mine is of thine;

May, 'tis more than that:
Thou art me and I am thee!”



The Trouble with 'Love'

Only a few words rhyme
With the above,
Like the overflown dove,
The heartless shove,
And the ill-fitting glove.
Alas, "love's" rhymes
Remain unheard of,
Or aren't well thought of.



*Like voices merged in the Canon Pachelbel,
We spoke as one, as the knell to the bell,*



*S/he saying what I thought & vice-versa,
In tune, in unison, yet parallel.*



The Rose

With the Rose the
Earth is rich forever—

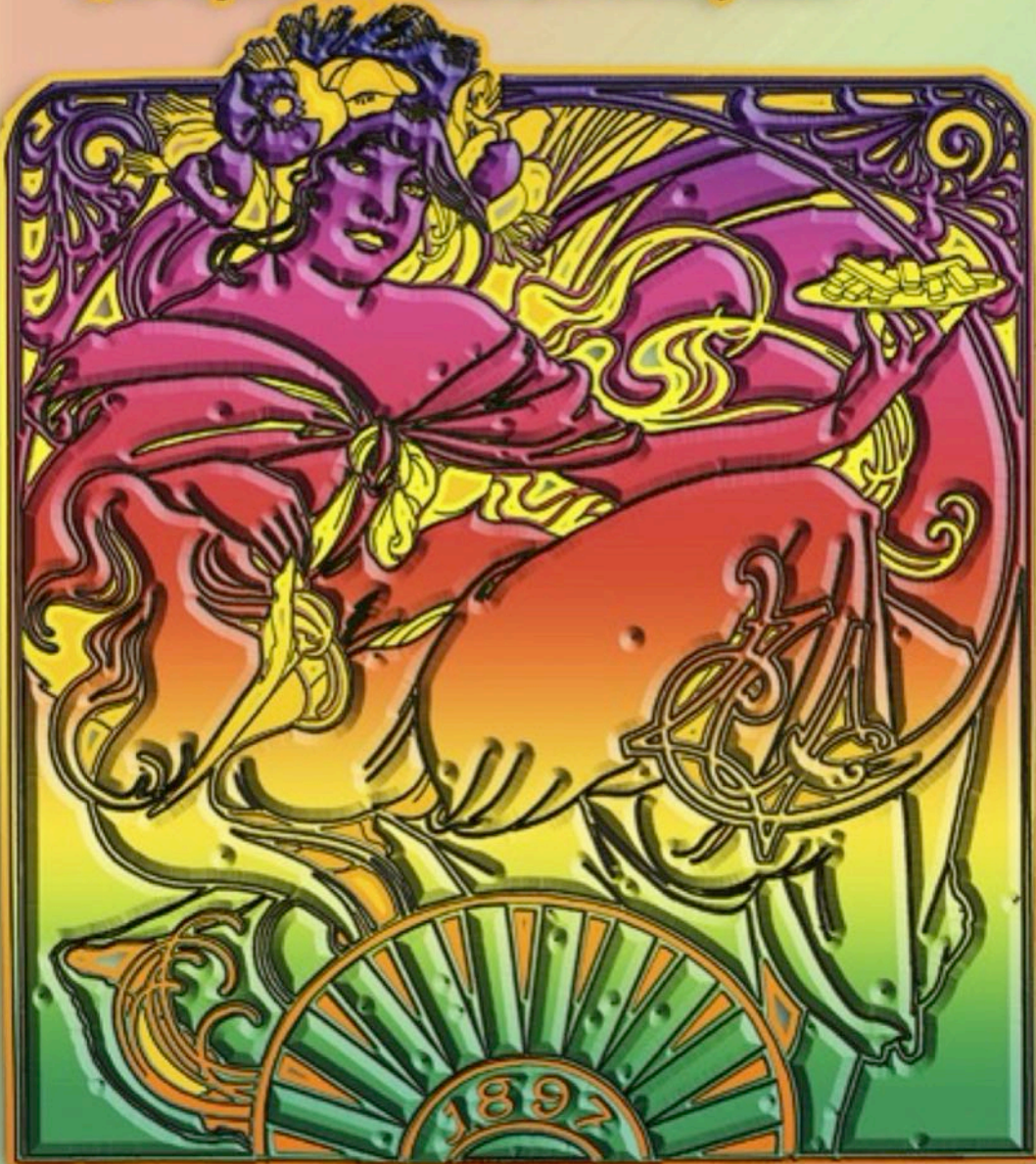
It's born from spring's
dying kiss to summer;

It wears all the gems that
the dew has wreathed,

Blooming wherever summer's
breath has breathed.

Our Cottage

A morning walk down a country lane,
A breakfast of orange juice and champagne;
Warm afternoon, snug winter sunshine –
The reflected warmth all evening came.



Never Land

Unicorns and chimeras wandered by,
Alive only by their possibility.
Fairies danced, caught by a believing glance,
As dreamy visions held us sleepy-eyed.





The Absence of Light

"I'm the Darkest,"
said the Shadow
to the Night.

"No," said Midnight,
"compared to me
you're bright."

"You floodlights!"
said Starless Space,
"Stop your fight.

The Darkest plight is
the lack of love's delight!"





*Breathe in all that's good;
Breathe out all that's bad.*