

Living  
freely

A decorative flourish consisting of a central vertical stem with a small green leaf-like shape at the top, from which two long, curved lines extend outwards to the left and right. Each line ends in a small, colorful, bell-shaped flower-like ornament.

View From the Mountains of Honolulu On Oahu in the 50th State

Austin W. Torney

## **Living Freely**

*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.*

*The scene was of the turning leaves falling,  
Unspoken poems reciting the paths flown,  
Only now the scene painted with the words,  
As music played poems sung to melodies.*

*Country roads, quaint inns, dilapidated 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.*

*The music played, past, but not yet past,  
For it was in recent memory recalled.  
Newly savored sensations continued on—  
That which could be presently known.*

*Mind anticipated the coming tones,  
The transitional 'middle' blending it  
With those sounds not totally gone.*

*In this past-present-future resides  
The delight that none could produce alone—  
The smoothly rolling 'now'.*



## **The Cheap Life**

*Well, the books are all written  
And the tennis palace is long closed;  
So, it may be time to travel again,  
To winter on the west coast or on Oahu.*

*Last time it was South Carolina,  
And before that it was Route 66  
Into Arizona and California.*

We're ready now for a slow drive  
Southwest across the country.

We now live for cheap on  
What they call a mountain  
In NY, and still can, when we get back.  
There are lots of big hills between  
Connecticut and Millbrook.

We have a heavy duty tent  
That can be hooked to the van.

And a very small solar panel  
And a tiny generator, too,  
But these are just luxuries.

All is quite livable, even in the cold:  
Barrels catch the rainwater or snow  
And the solar panel supplies  
Some minimal power,  
For what is not on battery,  
And when we are not turning on the van.

Heat is from a small fuel heater  
Or is channeled from the van.

The chain saw is run  
By the generator or fuel  
But we don't really need it;  
A wood fire is not required.

Wireless internet arrives  
from a nearby town/hotel.  
Email is both the mailbox and the phone.  
The laptop internet is the TV  
And the movie theater.  
We can use a PO box for snail mail.  
No taxes, no rent, no mortgage.  
The view is superb.

We get the extended  
Morning and evening sun.  
No one wanders by.



In summer,  
A canopy shades the tent  
From the midday sun.

We had to cut a few trees;  
Now they make a fine windbreak.  
We can easily pick up and move  
We spent half the winter here.  
No problem.

Time is not kept track of;

We can even sleep 16 hours  
And stay up for 30; whatever, whenever.

She paints; I write.  
The van is used  
On super frigid nights.  
We can stand up in it.

There is a table by the window,  
A slow drippy shower in the back  
That uses the same water over,  
But we have to plan ahead to heat it.

The bed unfolds over the aisle.  
Fridge is the outside, for now,  
But is underground in summer.

On Oahu we will need even less  
Up in the mountains.  
Will get a lightweight tent.  
Can leave the van on the west coast  
Or leave it back here and fly.

A motorcycle will be fine.  
I know a spot from 40 years ago.  
May try hunter-gathering,  
But the world is not that bad off yet.  
Now the secret is out.

*I dreamed a dream in time gone by...*

From high above and far away in Oahu,  
One could see the planes landing  
And taking off on the reef runway  
Out in the Pacific Ocean  
At Honolulu International Airport,  
But one cannot hear them.  
I remember the gate there  
Marked 'Papeete'.

*She slept a summer by my side  
She filled my days with endless wonder...*

Those were the days, of dissent;  
The Army drafted; I was in,  
Vietnam ongoing, objectors all about—  
Jane Fonda, FTA rallies in Honolulu.

Took one look at the barracks,  
Never registered therein;  
Decided Waikiki was better,  
A beach front by Diamond Head.

Saw a sign, "roommate wanted",  
So I, the soldier lived and loved,  
With she, the antiwar protester.





A few days in a hotel  
On the cheap rates  
Of this low economy  
Should set the stage.

Will there be internet  
In the mountains? Who knows.  
Doesn't matter,  
For one can download while in town.

She will carry a bag of groceries  
While sitting behind me  
On the motorcycle;  
More in the saddlebags.

Onward, up and up the trail.  
The little people  
Will welcome and remember.

*I dreamed that love would never die;  
I am still young and unafraid...*

While Oahu is the "gathering place"  
Where things happen,  
There will be another camp on Maui,  
Out in the open; there's no need to hide it,  
For it will be on a friend's land.



He is a hang-glider flyer.  
We will soar on the updrafts  
Through the mountain mist into the skies.

*No song unsung, no wine untasted...*

The tigers will not come at night,  
With their voices soft as thunder,  
But only the kittens purring.

*Now life has brought the dream I dreamed.*

It is where  
The Theory of Everything began  
And where it will end.





*Life on the cheap*



Now we are on Oahu.  
The van would not have been needed.



## **Living Off of the Grid**

The motorcycle churns  
The dirt of the trail,  
Its first gear pulling us up and up,  
Through twists and turns,  
Over roots and rocks,  
Towards the camp,  
In late afternoon  
(Raising up the sun),  
Sometimes even at night,  
Water and goods  
In the saddlebags.

Here the tent, the soft moving airs,  
And the lightness of being;  
Here the internet from  
The fort to the laptop sitting  
On a small folding table,  
Then, later on,  
The soft pillows of sleep  
Into the dawn,  
Below the shooting stars;  
Existence always trumps essence.

Here today, gone to-Maui  
To relearn hang-gliding.





*Twilight dawn or dusk are  
The still points of the noise,  
The day-night neither here nor there,  
But in equipoise.*

We are living off of the grid  
In the volcanically made  
Island counties of Oahu and Maui.  
We don't get into those pot plantations,  
Plus, they are well hidden.

As the motorcycle races down the Pali highway  
At 90 mph the ultimate symphony begins to play  
(Emotions in the state of being);  
Miss Adventure rides on the back.

The motorcycle is the  
Generator/charger for the laptop,  
Which in turn is still the phone, the mail,  
The jukebox, and the TV/movie theater.

We cross the deep blue ocean  
Aboard the ferry to Maui.  
There is no internet in the interior  
But only in the towns.

We fly the gliders on the updrafts,  
Getting closer to the demigod, Maui.



## **On the Island of Kauai**

*The dusk deepens, night's pot of tea steepens;  
Silence descends, as when a gift opens;  
Eventide rises. On high, Orion camps.  
Our eyes catch stars like fireflies in lamps.*

The ferry was continuing  
On to Kauai,  
A rare destination,  
So we remained aboard.

It's a quiet island,  
One good for honeymooners,  
And sightseeing,  
Containing the legendary Bali Hai  
And the Waimea Canyon,  
Lined by a road that is  
Not much of a road at all.

Amid the endless sugar cane fields  
We came upon yet another tin shack;  
But this time we stopped  
And gave them some goodies,  
And talked and stayed  
Into the night—  
With this Filipino couple.



In the quiet of the night  
We could hear the waterfalls  
Rushing, way off in the distance.

They knew the names of the stars  
And that, therein them,  
Hydrogen was being converted to Helium  
And that that was why the stars shine!

They were surprised  
That I knew some Tagalog;  
However, I'd spent a lot of time  
In the Philippines.





Space gives me room to realize  
*That the Earth couldn't*  
*Be much farther out in space, alone,*  
*It rolling along a spiral arm, unknown.*

The stars of space beckon,  
Warm and welcome,  
Being the fires of home—  
Those ancient lights  
Piercing the depths of time.

*Look at the stars*  
*In the depths of the night;*  
*Hold the flames in your mind,*  
*Keeping them bright.*  
*Their power flows,*  
*Energizing you from*  
*The eternal charger—*  
*You see the light!*

The stars are my mind,  
Having made my mind,  
And so I'm ever inspired  
By a thousand ideas  
Beckoning from afar.

*They wink, in*  
*The mind's meadows, like fireflies;*





*They stab the darkness of naught  
With their light,  
For the eyes can  
Ever catch these stars,  
Like fireflies, in a jar,  
To make the lamp  
That burns the night away.*

They are eternity's running-lights;  
They're the gleam in my eyes;  
My smile's light  
Is that of a distant sun  
From long ago.

*From Heaven's stars  
Came my dust eterne,  
For I was born of stardust  
And then nourished by the sunlight  
That filled my living cup  
With so many wonders of delight;  
For Time's seas  
Nurtured me and thee in turn.*

From time, death, and dust  
I thus became,  
And so by this, thus, and that  
I must return.



Star light is the origin of our being,  
Being the source of our matter, energy—  
Everything; It's our radiant spirit,  
Our self-winding mainspring.

*Soul to soul, it said to me,  
"I'm the light, thy spirit's sight,  
A beauty bold and bright,  
An inspiration come from darkest night;  
You're a newborn star aglow with insight."*

Oh thee, of thine,  
Whence came this life of mine?  
I wish thee to thank for this living wine.  
Oh, Nature, Father Time, Guiding Star—  
Thanks for throwing me this earthly lifeline.

*Our shadows are touching, in the same shade—  
We embody, in third dimension made;  
We kiss, drift, cross into each other's role;  
Spirits open—rainbows meld in the soul.*

(We still have much to know  
About star formation,  
As it is that stars about  
20 times larger than our sun  
Would seem to have to be limited  
At about that point.)



*Happiness is a way of life that celebrates  
A living aliveness—that then opens gates  
To further adventure, friendship, and delights,  
To joy, success, triumph, and greater heights.*

It's tough for men & women to exist in isolation,  
For, the nature of one makes necessary the other.

A good way too find yourself  
is to lose it in another;

However, it becomes rather a shared identity  
That does not destroy the identity of the other.

*Soft and warm, the evening caresses me,  
In gentle darkness and quiet stillness.  
I beg her to yield her dearest secrets,  
To reveal the full truth of what she is.*

Much I already know from twilight dreams,  
And from poems unveiling truth and beauty,  
But, I ask, with my most inquiring looks  
To know the deep mysteries of the night.

*Above me, fires burn the stars away;  
Below me, the Earth turns under my feet;  
Within me, unworded dreams haunt my soul;  
Around me, night pours blackness on the ground.*



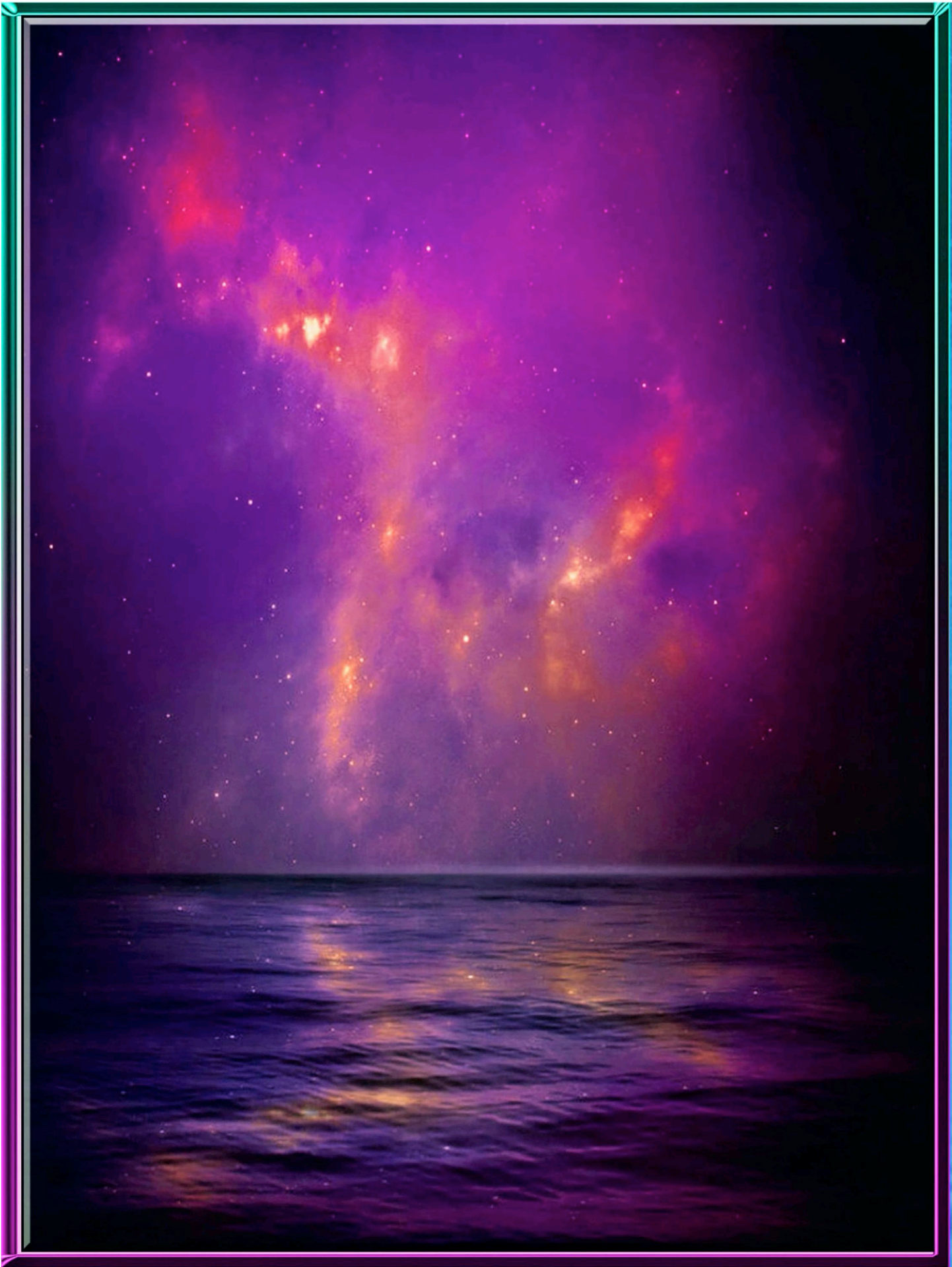
Often I've deeply felt thee, phantasm,  
Known when you were there to encourage me,  
Felt your touch in my heart between its beats,  
Always sensed your presence in the mind's sight.

*Now I ask from your powers of the night,  
Not immortality, nor youth, nor birth,  
But only that I retain your presence  
Within me, in rhythm and resonance.*

Now I sense your sweep across my heartstrings,  
For I'm undistracted by day's bright noise.  
NOW I hear your voice singing with my own;  
NOW I know the love and goodness of man.







## Young Again

*I am home, back where I began.*

If, by our late middle age  
We begin to really live,  
Although by then it's almost too late,  
Then it's because our prior life  
Was but a preparation:

In our forties there may have  
Been more work than play  
As we solidified our careers  
And guided our children on;

Our twenties had demanded of us  
The unsettling stresses  
Of graduating college,  
Finding a job, wooing a mate,  
And buying a home;

In our teens,  
Although our hormones  
Were flowing wildly,  
We were often thwarted  
By the cell walls of study,  
Curfew, and sexual responsibility;

Only as children  
Were we almost free,  
But even then  
The shadow of authority everywhere  
Passed as a dark cloud.

Therefore, it is only when  
We spread into middle age,  
Say at age fifty or so,  
That we finally reap real interest  
From the dues we've paid.  
We are free to live and write,  
To fully create art, life, and love—  
Albeit, though, that death's faint knockings  
Have already sounded in our hearts,  
And that time's corruption  
Is seen in the wrinkled skin  
That we may fondly try  
To stretch baby smooth.

A step or two is lost in tennis  
And age is noted in the graying of the flower,  
Although the root may still be green.

Yet, for all this,  
There is a new exuberance  
That never was,  
A realization, at last,

Of the full worthiness of life  
And of its precious pleasures,  
Of the promotion of one's spirit  
To a higher plane—

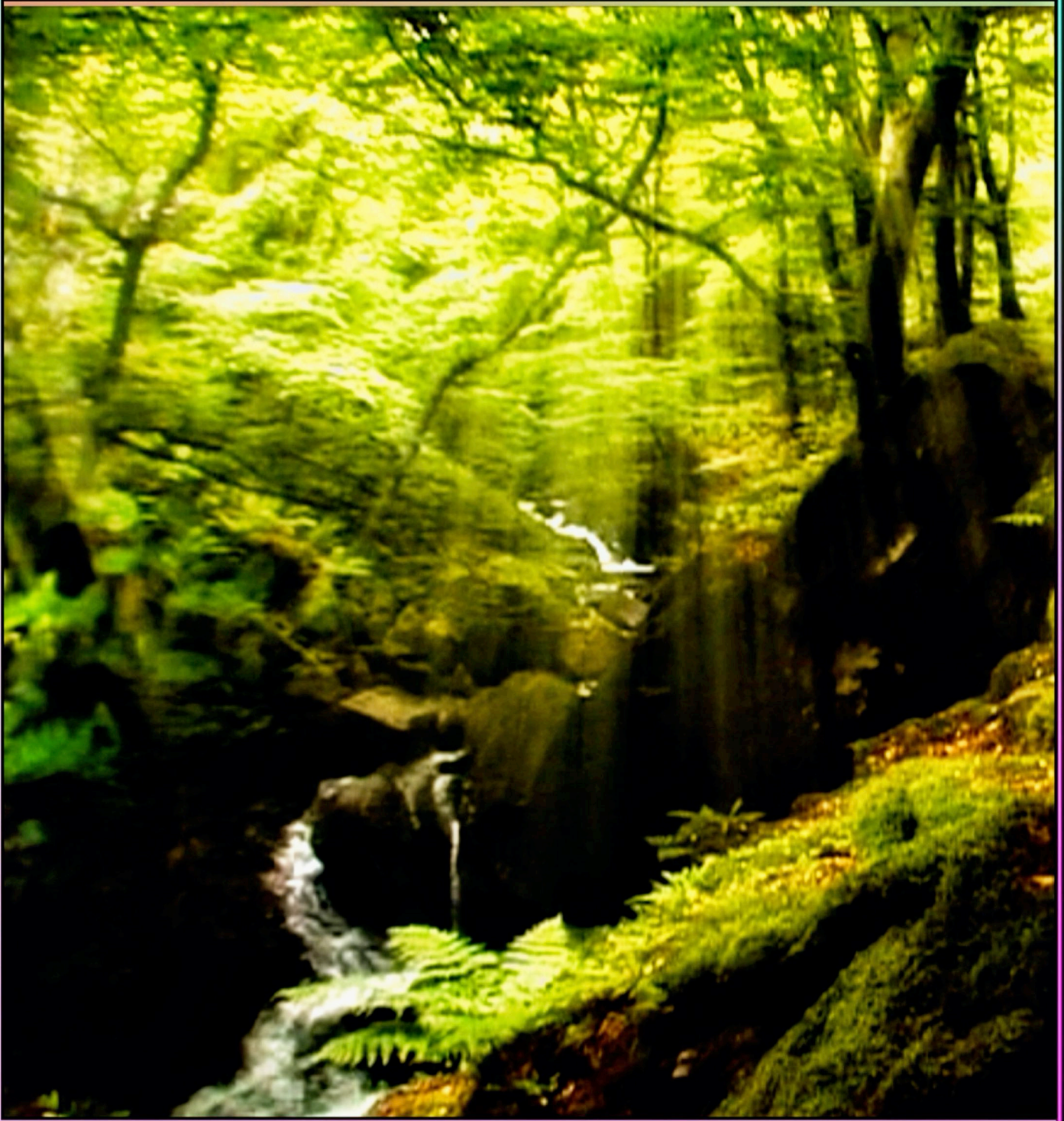
And the complete removal  
Of oneself from parts of life  
That suddenly appear quite needless,  
And a determination to live even more,  
The way we would have if we could have  
Ditched out of all work and worry.

Yes, the unseen but still sensed specter  
Of old age still looms;  
But, it is well around the corner—  
Not even an enemy,  
But a most inspiring presence  
Which promotes living, not dying.  
So, one is reborn.

This and that home improvement  
Seems no more to matter so much  
As does creation, friends,  
Health, adventure, and loving.

We are part and parcel of everything—  
We are the cosmos; we are life; we are love;  
We are all that is; we are the creator  
Of the dance as well as the dancer.

With pep, zing, zip, oomph, vim and vigor,  
We bounce along with spirit and fire;  
Enthused by life's spirit energy of the zest,  
We know that this life is one of the best.



## **Bali Hai**

We had driven to the end  
Of Kuhio Highway 56,  
Reaching the exotic  
Ha'ena State Park  
Located on the north shore  
Of the Hawaiian island of Kaua'i  
Often referred to  
As the 'end of the road'...

We were tucked against  
The Napali cliffs  
Is this Ha'ena State Park.

“Ha'ena” is usually translated as ‘red hot’.

When the sun is down on the  
Right side of the Napali cliffs,  
The scene turns to  
A deep and perfect red,  
And thus is where many couples  
Have envisioned a beach wedding.

The 230 acres park is situated  
At the terminus of  
The North Shore drive



And is host to Lumahai beach,  
Ha'ena beach, Ke'e Beach,  
And a spectacular  
1,280 ft cliff named Bali Ha'i.

The cliff and these beaches  
Have also been the locations  
For several well-known songs  
In the 1958 film once titled Bali Ha'i,  
Set in the South Pacific.

One mile to the east is Lumahai Beach,  
Which is actually three beaches  
In various degrees of connectedness,  
Depending on how the sand builds up.

It is visually stunning,  
With black lava cliffs,  
White sand, blue ocean,  
And green jungle.  
It's always great for  
Running on soft sand,  
Then swimming  
In the fresh water  
Of the mouth  
Of Lumahai River,  
And playing in the waves  
Where the river meets the ocean.





## **Existence Over Essence**

We are back at the Oahu mountain base.  
A cat has adopted us.

I may take a vacation from  
My holiday from retirement,  
Leaving the tour of the Big Island  
For another time,  
By just lazing around.

Yes, these are very lazy days now,  
As we sit in the shade on lounge-chairs  
About twenty feet from the edge of the cliff.

Fort Shafter lies below,  
With the city and the ocean  
Much farther out in the distance.

The lady usually paints while I read,  
And the cat perches at the very edge,  
Looking out over all creation.

We cooked a prime rib on a gas grill, somehow,  
Each of which we obtained from the PX.

So, there is food, lots of sleep, and love,  
As well as spirit, earth, and moon.



The days and night are about 12 hours each  
And the seasons never change.  
The scents are on the breeze  
And the life is in the living.

The absolute essence is of no real concern,  
It being the uncaused tiny  
And simple of so long ago,  
Something not very amazing,  
As it is just some minuscule movements.  
It is enough to be informed by science  
Of that which has occurred in our universe  
And all around us, up to now.

Each person has to make an ongoing life,  
And so that's what's first and foremost,  
And way beyond the pondering  
Of the original essence.

To speak of life in its positive aspects  
Is ever of real and immediate use;  
Negatives, politics, sufferings,  
And all those  
May still instruct, as well,  
But, I leave that to others.



The transcendental moments ever come,  
Those filling up the scene within,  
And, from without,  
All the adventures of life's living.

The afternoon sun shines,  
A thousand nuclear bombs worth  
Going off in it every second,  
It still having 5 billion years left.  
We are a safe distance away.

Dinosaurs still fly, as birds,  
And the bacterial kings of forever  
Are still with us.

Sometimes we imagine  
The graceful forms of the *australopithecines*—  
Those who are yet in your heart and ours.

*Thanks, dear, for the vivacity, animation,  
Liveliness, vitality, verve, high spirits,  
Exuberance, zest, buoyancy, enthusiasm,  
Energy, vigor, dynamism, élan, gusto, brio,  
Bounce, spirit, fire; movement; oomph,  
And pizzazz.*



I awoke, her scent traveling,  
All my senses merging, changing,  
My hearing following the one vibration  
That echoed from below—  
A spirit, leading me to the lake,  
Plunging me into the cooling depths,  
Where the mermaid waited for me.

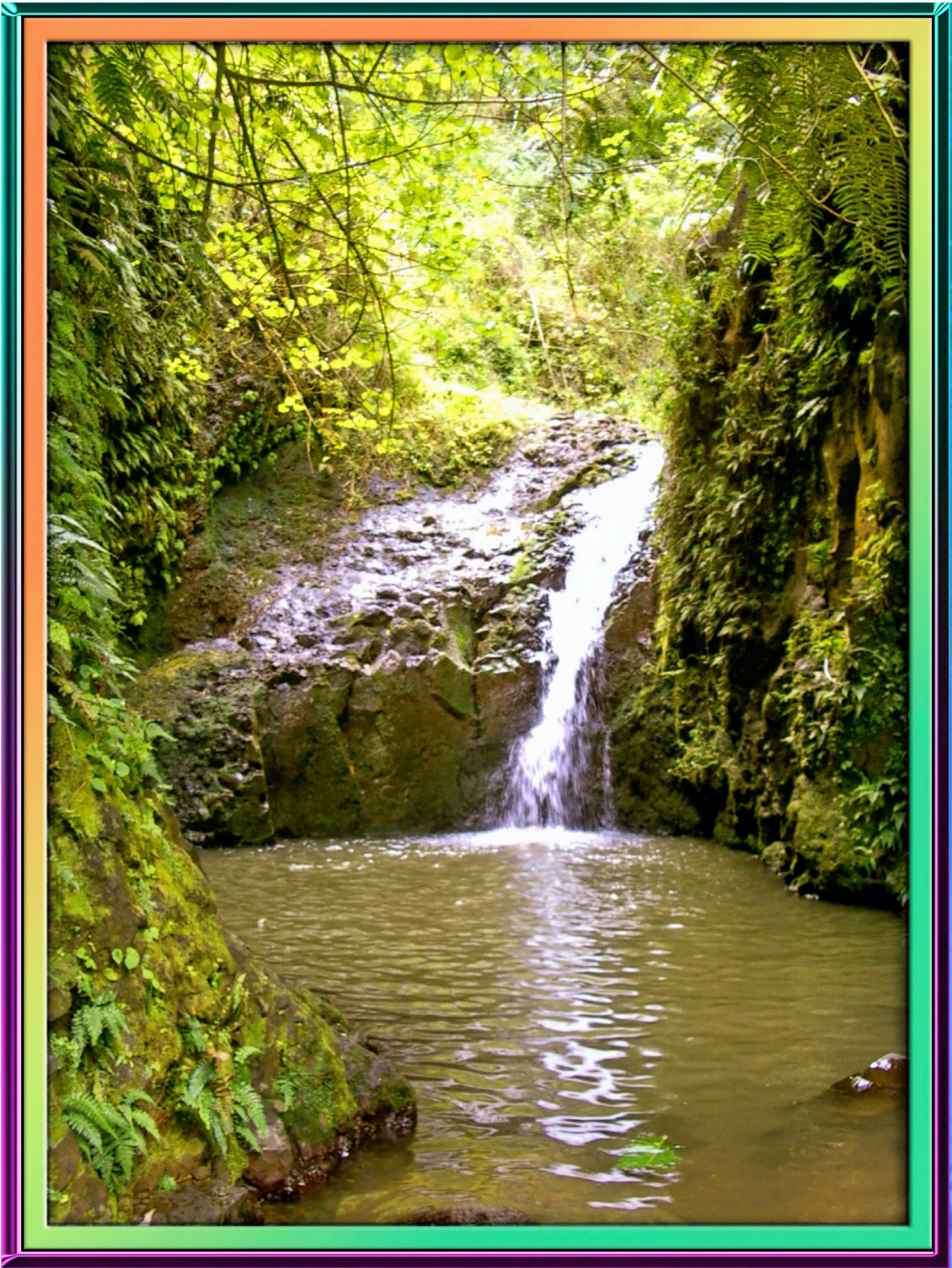
### **Utopia, With No Myopia**

We slept over ten hours last night,  
A fine luxury.

Another easy going day day  
On an utopian island  
That is racially democratic  
(We are a minority here),  
The temperature hardly ever going above 81,  
Or not even above 84 in the “summer”.

The motorcycle idles,  
Which is really nothing more  
Than a soft purr,  
As one of my long-life  
Laptop batteries charges up,  
Waiting to be swapped with the other,  
Soon to be dying one.





There is swimming in the ocean  
In the late afternoon, whenever,  
Then tennis, on some days,  
Followed by a dip in a  
Freshwater lagoonish type of pool,  
Then Smorgy's buffet,  
Now and then, as a treat,  
The meal savored outside on a  
Lanai overhanging the ocean  
And under the stars,  
For night falls at 6 PM or so,  
The sun even plummeting  
Like a deadweight,  
Relatively speaking,  
With but a short twilight thereafter,  
And, yet, the sunsets  
Are often glorious ones,  
The colors more rapidly changing.  
Then closeness, later, in the tent,  
And wonderful sleep...oh, beautiful sleep.

*Eat, sleep, play, drink, nature, love, thought,  
And sex are what we are made of,  
A rather beautiful meld beheld.*

We know that self-organization must be so,  
Else we could not have been here to know.

Good feelings arise even further  
With moderate warmth, more or less,  
Plus an outlook of joy;  
Cold ones more so of the cold  
Or of the very serious, although not always.  
People do not look down at the ground here  
When they pass you.

*Negatives, humorlessness,  
And an overly serious and very fixed outlook  
And attitude can ruin the fine recipe  
Of luck making its own [good] luck  
Of 'karmatic' successes.*

### **Out in the Real World**

We were in a bookstore the other day,  
Summaria and I, in the Science section,  
It being on the left,  
With the Dogs and Cats section on the right.

A redheaded lady, finely dressed,  
Was sitting on the floor,  
Reading 'Antimatter',  
Trying to find out what particles are,  
For we inquired of her.

A kind of 'mad-scientist' then arrived,  
Looking for a Science Dictionary,  
His hair much worse than Einstein's,  
Plus, he was all shabbily dressed  
With really baggy clothes  
And had probably gone  
Without a bath for weeks.

I asked him if he was a scientist.

He said "No; I would be,  
But the pay is not good."

Another lady appeared,  
Looking for the  
'Poodles for Dummies' book.

Someday, all bookstores and libraries  
Will have to double in size to hold  
All the 'for Dummies' and 'for Idiot's' books.

As you can imagine,  
Some karma spread unto these people  
And we were soon all sitting on the floor  
And having some kind of informal class  
On Anything and Everything.  
I had become sort of  
A Professor for Science Dummies.



*“What’s a particle?”*

“Electrons, neutrinos...  
You can find them on the internet  
Under ‘Standard Model’,  
So, don’t waste money on a book.”

The redhead wrote this down,  
Along with everything else that got said.

“Maybe God is the particle,” she offered,  
“But where did the antimatter go?”

“Maybe a lot of it glommed together  
And went down a  
Black Hole or something.  
At least we have mostly  
uncle-matter around here,  
Thank God.”

“Could God be the particles?”

“That sounds very restrictive,  
As well as being a lot of information to manage.  
Let’s just let the particles be the particles,  
And simply have them do their thing.”



*“Well, energy comes from the stars & planets.  
I’ve kept a log and there are different effects  
Depending on the time of day,  
Plus those energies, of when I was born.”*

*“Astrology?”*

*“Yes.”*

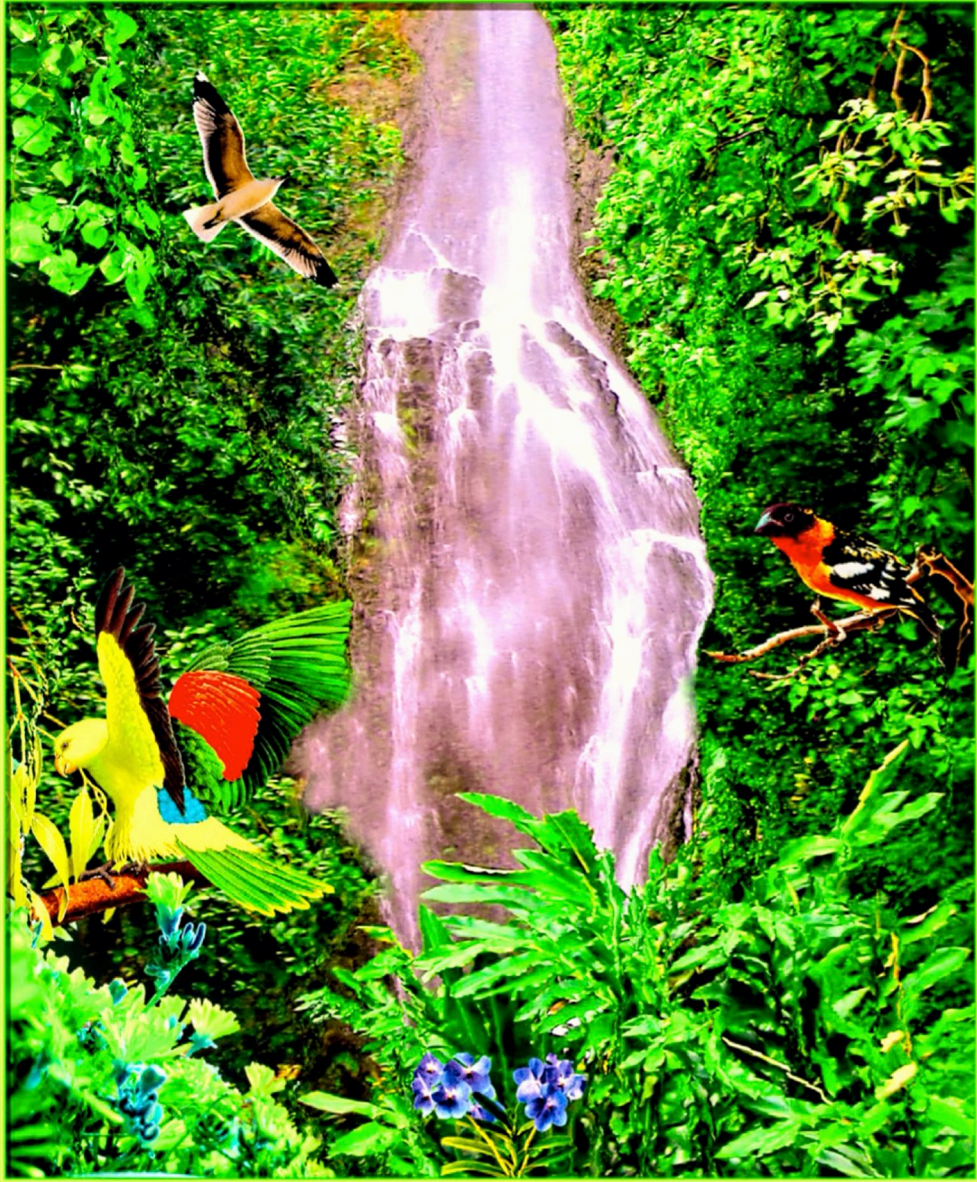
*“Well, the doctors and nurses  
Surrounding your birth  
Would have had far greater effect  
And influence on you at birth  
Than some stars and planets far away,  
Although they do emit some amount of energy.”*

*“They determine our lives with that energy.”*

*“Yes, true, there is energy  
But I don’t think stars  
and planets just sit around,  
Thinking ‘What should we do to this guy;  
What should we do to that person’.”*

*“They decided that I would get hit  
By a tractor-trailer truck,  
Which nearly killed me.”*





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.

*"They determine our lives with that energy."*

“Wow! Glad you made it.”

*“When it happened,  
I had no memory for a while,  
Being somewhere else in another dimension  
In some blank space.”*

“Let’s just say that you  
Got the hell knocked out of you.”

*“Could be.”*

The shaggy hair guy was listening, too,  
But was getting perturbed  
At finding no ‘Dictionary of Science’,  
But the Poodle lady was taking it all in,  
Never saying a word.

*“There has to be a cause for life, professor.”*

“Causes of LIFE making Life making life  
Can’t go on forever; so, no go on that one.”

*“Ever see someone turn into light  
Right before your eyes?”*

“No, you?”

*“Yes, and these are like spirits and angels.”*

“Then it returned to normal?”

*“Yes. And the spirits are here right now.”*

“I don’t see any; hey, who bumped me!”

*“You can’t see them, but they’re here.”*

“Hey, where’s Summaria?”

(She had played a fine joke on me,  
Skipping out, leaving me stuck with  
All this hocus-pocus stuff.

Even the ‘mad scientist’ had gone,  
Looking for a store clerk.

All I had other was the Poodle Lady.)

...A bunch of really fine talk flowed  
That had a lot of good stuff and jokes  
That I have put on TQ, at times,  
But, well, you had to be there...

*“Are you a Buddhist? You sound like one.”*

“No, for they believe that all is illusion;  
Otherwise, fine, as they serve the task,

Like always picking up litter,  
Not worrying if anyone is watching;  
Although they don't have a God,  
But just a human guy, Buddha."

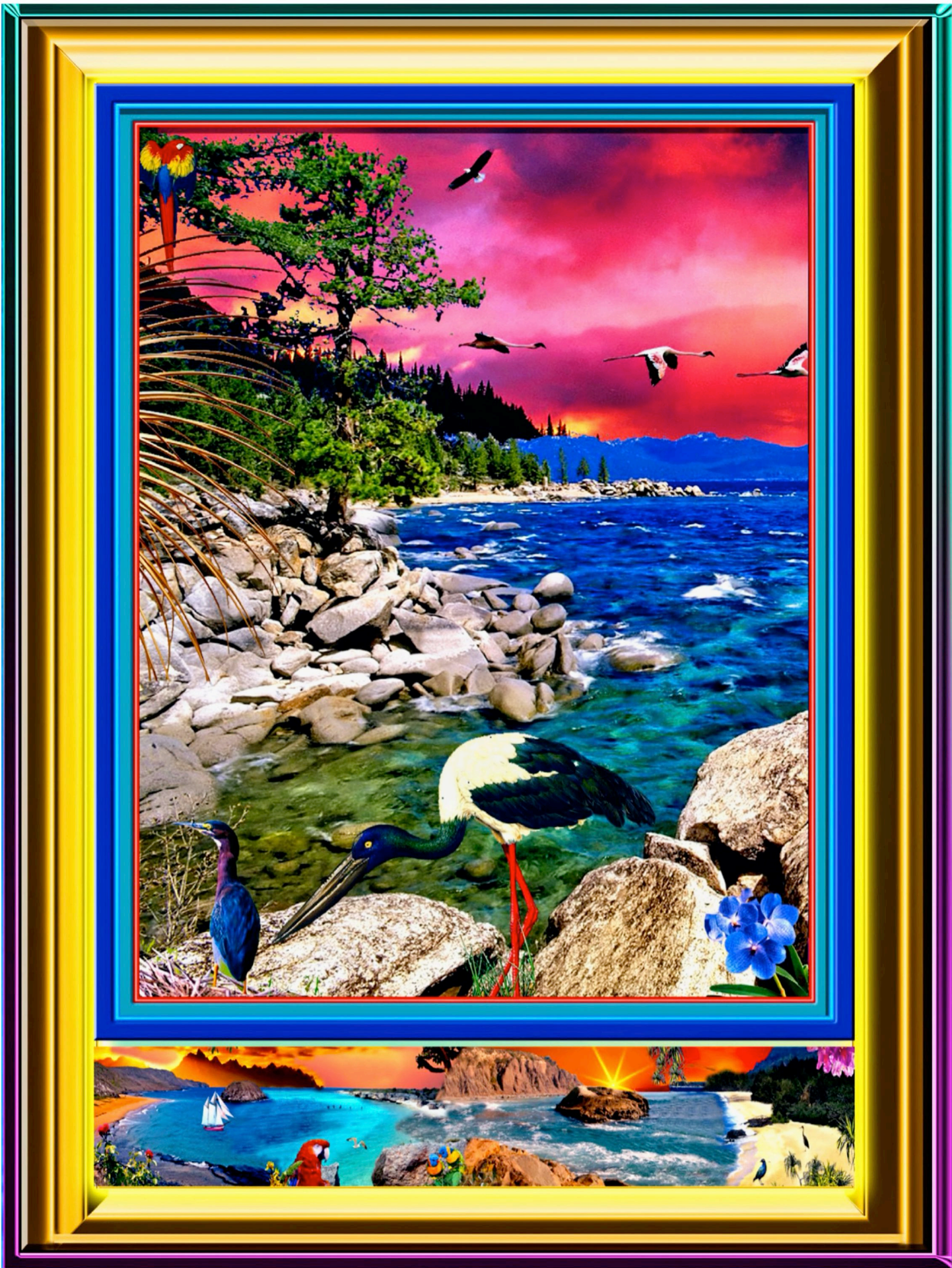
*"All could be a dream,  
Such as us being here now."*

"I've heard this one.  
I knew the Great Lama  
Of the Eastern United States.  
He owned a restaurant  
Near the train station,  
And I got to know him pretty well,  
His bodyguards retreating.  
He even offered to take me  
To India with him,  
But I stayed here."

*"Any great wisdom?"*

"Yes, for when I asked him  
Who really won the election,  
Bush or Gore, he said "Who cares!"

*"A very great wisdom, indeed."*



The bushy-haired guy reappeared,  
With a store clerk;  
They couldn't find a 'Science Dictionary',  
And so the guy got mad and left.

The store announced that it was closing.  
Summaria peeked around the end of the aisle.

The redhead offered,  
"I'm inviting you guys  
To have dinner with me and my friends."

I looked over at Summaria.

Summaria said "Great; we'll go."

And a fine dinner, it was,  
With much further and good discussion,  
That which spurs even more thoughts,  
In a fine mansion, no less,  
The redhead telling us we could stay  
As long as we liked and/or visit her,  
Whenever, coming and going.

And such the karma was flowing,  
So we are having  
A wonderful vacation from our tent,  
There being servants and all.



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!"

I looked over at Summaria.

Summaria said "Great; we'll go."

## The Real World Continues...

The redhead looks like a rail, frail and thin,  
But energetic nonetheless.  
She is really old [looking], being 60,  
Which, I know, is younger than I am.

Too much sun, perhaps,  
Plus, there was  
That tractor-trailer accident long ago.

She is a combination of  
The dreamy but fun,  
Along with a positive glee,  
But having an open  
And wishful scientific-to-be path,  
One that comes and went vs.  
The non-conceptual invisibles.

Rare that a caucasian owns a plantation,  
But her deceased husband was oriental.

These plantations, of which there are many  
In the level interior of the island,  
Raise cane and whatever else in this fair climate.



Protons and wantons abound here.



Kind of a laid-back atmosphere here,  
The workers coming and going with ease,  
Even into the glorious white mansion  
And its outbuildings.

We can see the back and the side  
Of our mountain way off in the distance  
As it calls to us from this lowly point,  
And so we come and go.

The cook here is fantastic,  
Blending all sorts of seafood  
And vegetables with the hardier stuff as well.  
Protons and wantons abound here.





(Hanauma Bay)

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  
Deep caverns—deep we flew,  
Rising and falling through a space  
Where no thoughts could race,  
Weightless, unlimited, unmeasured,  
In the poetic land of many pleasures—

There becoming invisible, losing  
Our 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.

The pulse of love was still much with us  
As we lay awash on the shore, resting,  
Entwined, in the paradise of 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.







## Vacation

We're on vacation  
At a secret hideaway  
Right on the ocean,  
Doing a study of materialism.

Everything seems real here,  
But for some obvious cases  
Of silicone fraud.

My room is so unassuming  
That its entrance is via  
An unmarked door in the stairwell.  
No bad guys can find us here.  
The town is filled with transients—  
Visitors from all over the world;  
Same with all the workers—  
They come here from afar to work  
During their summers off  
From college or whatever.

Our room even has a little hump  
And a downslope just inside the door,  
So even if any bad guys did get in  
They would immediately fall down.  
We're off to the depths of the sea now.



★ 1,24: Kahiki (spirit land, far to the South)



## **The Awakening**

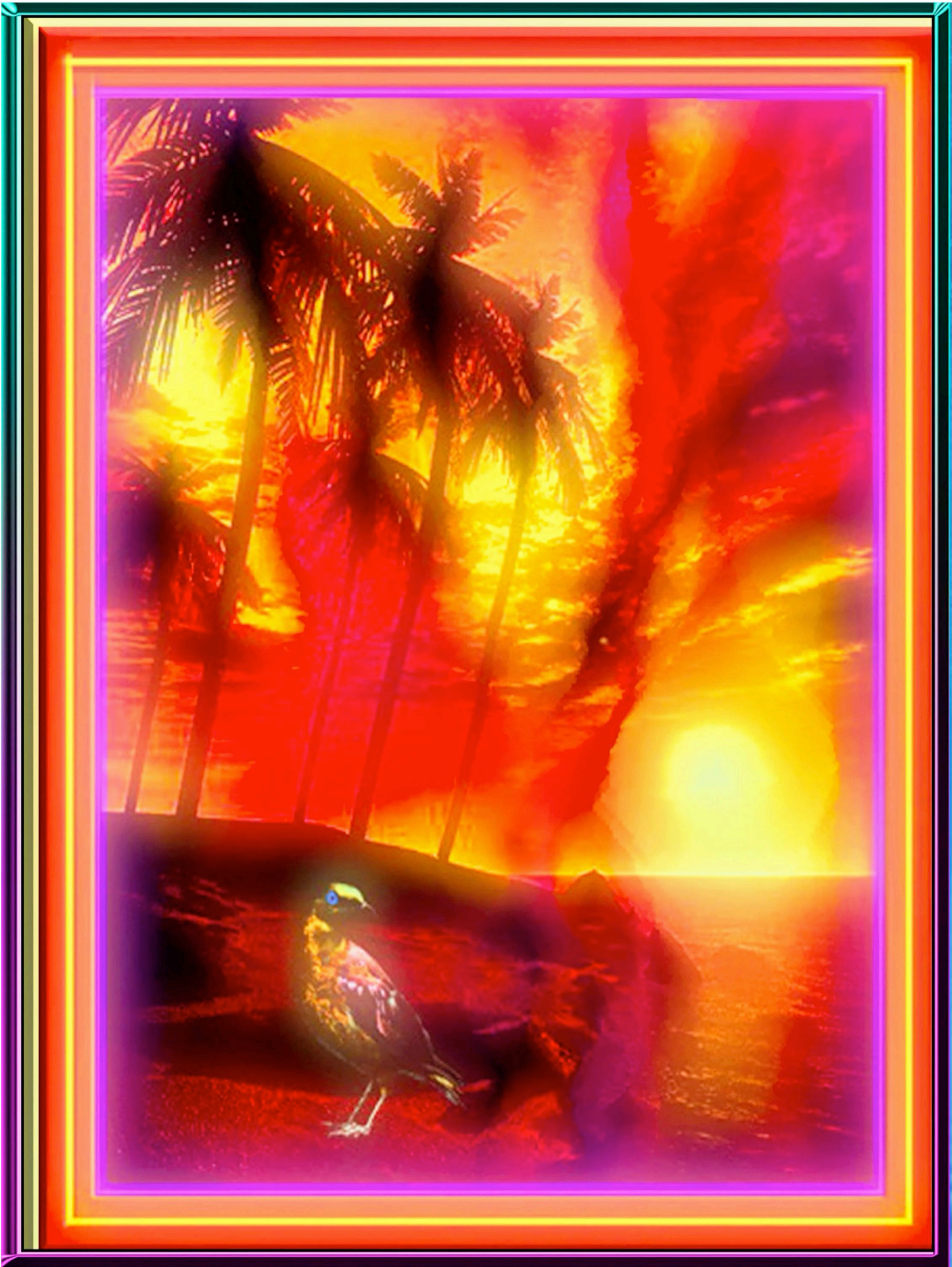
*Rising slowly from the cold dark hollows  
Where the night airs fell and soundly slept,  
The restless wind left her secret bower,  
And, gaining strength, lovingly surrounded*

*And caressed the willow trees, which wavered  
And swooned in her wake, as she, the wild and  
Wandering wind, flew by in a cool breeze  
From the west on her undulating wings.*

*Spreading the incense of the morning to  
Nature's world of growing and living things,  
She woke the flowers from their slumber  
By drinking from them their blanket of dew,*

*Then 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.*

*That promised many sunny hours to come  
In the dreams of those who felt her passing,  
As sleep was washed from their languid eyes  
When they sensed that new dawn arriving...*



*As if some transparent veil had lifted—  
When she gently stirred the embers of the  
Last watch-fire and whispered softly to them  
That the stars had gone and day had begun.*

*Of stars, those lights of dark eternity,  
Is one that now shines bright for you and me;  
Photons race the sky across, shedding light,  
Enlivening, illuminating humanity.*

*Earth couldn't be farther out in space, alone;  
In all directions it rolls along, unknown;  
Look at the stars piercing the depths of time  
They beckon, warm and welcome,  
the fires of home.*

*Oft I drink-in the pleasures of creation,  
For what else could be the point of cognition,  
If not to absorb all that comes streaming in?  
Life's sensation is the main attraction!*

*Earth's a garden, an oasis in space,  
A world of boundless beauty and grace  
We could search the heavens for such in vain,  
Finding no equal, any time or any place.*

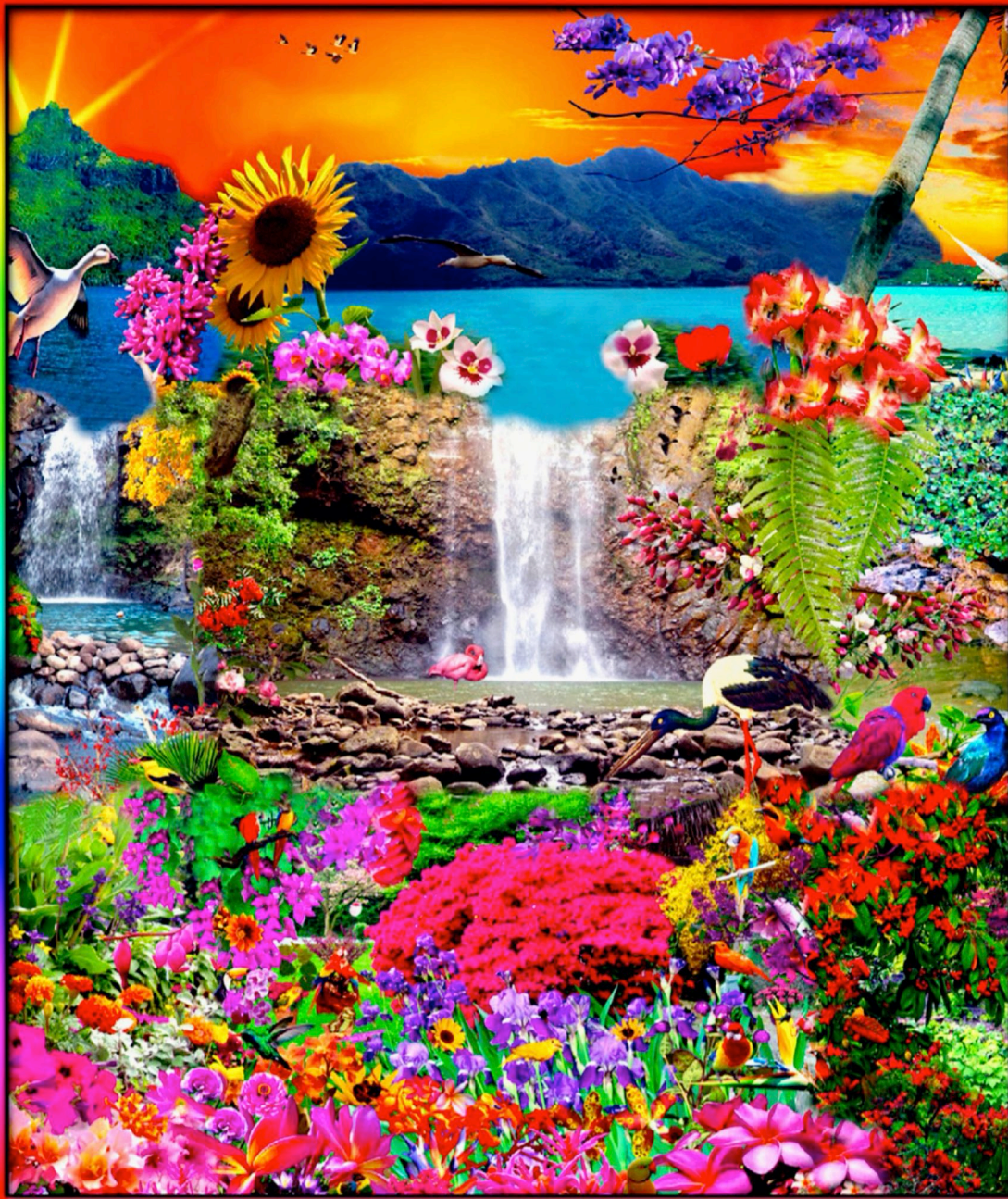




As you can imagine,  
Some karma spread unto these people  
And we were soon all sitting on the floor  
And having some kind of informal class  
On Anything and Everything.  
I had become sort of  
A Professor for Science Dummies.



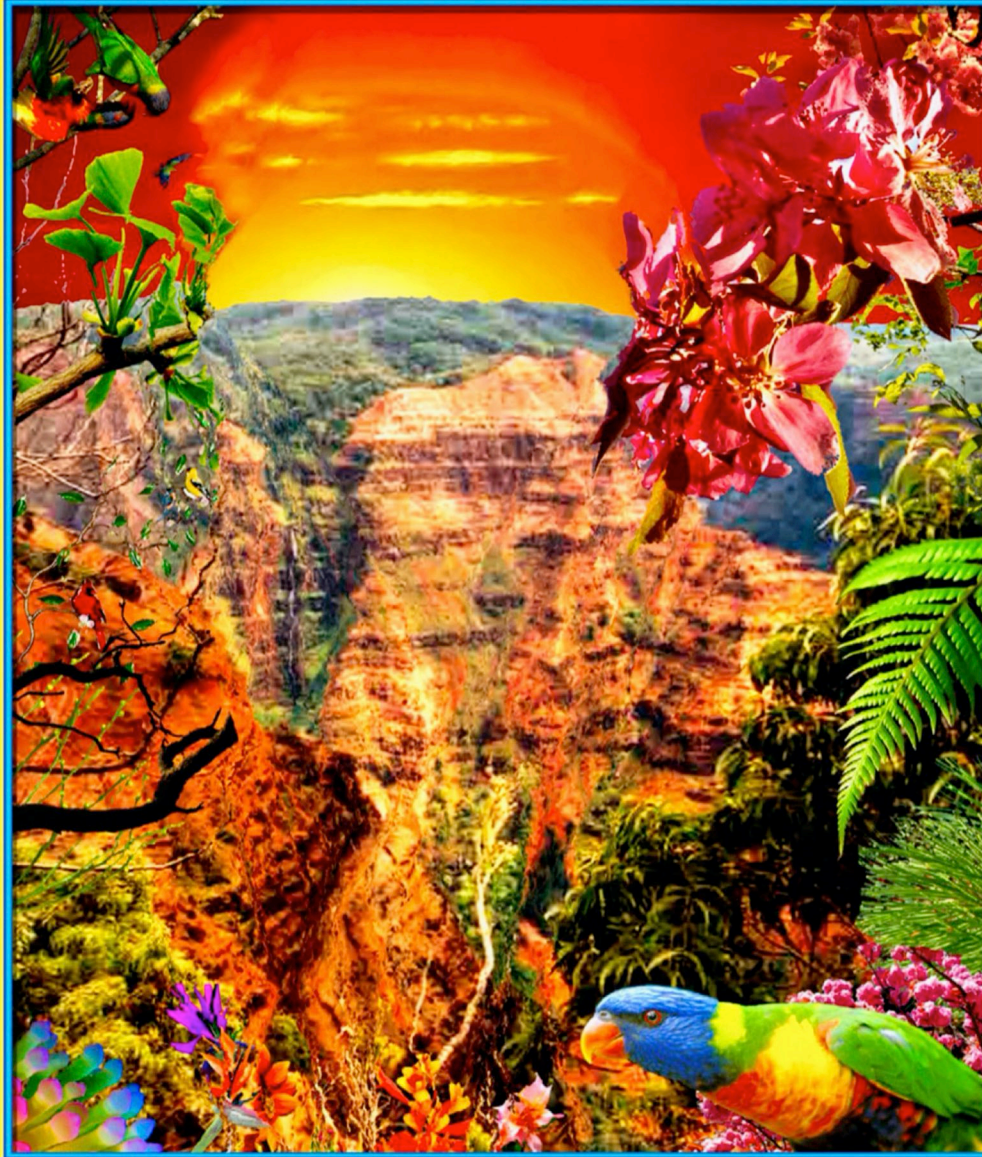




Yes, the unseen but still sensed specter  
Of old age still looms;  
But, it is well around the corner—  
Not even an enemy,  
But a most inspiring presence  
Which promotes living, not dying.



It's a quiet island,  
One good for honeymooners,  
And sightseeing,  
Containing the legendary Bali Hai  
And the Waimea Canyon,  
Lined by a road that is  
Not much of a road at all.





The days and night are about 12 hours each  
And the seasons never change.  
The scents are on the breeze  
And the life is in the living.

The absolute essence is of no real concern,  
It being the uncaused tiny  
And simple of so long ago,  
Something not very amazing,  
As it is just some miniscule movements.

So, one is reborn.  
This and that home improvement  
Seems no more to matter so much  
As does creation, friends,  
Health, adventure, and loving.

We are part and parcel of everything—  
We are the cosmos; we are life; we are love;  
We are all that is; we are the creator  
Of the dance as well as the dancer.

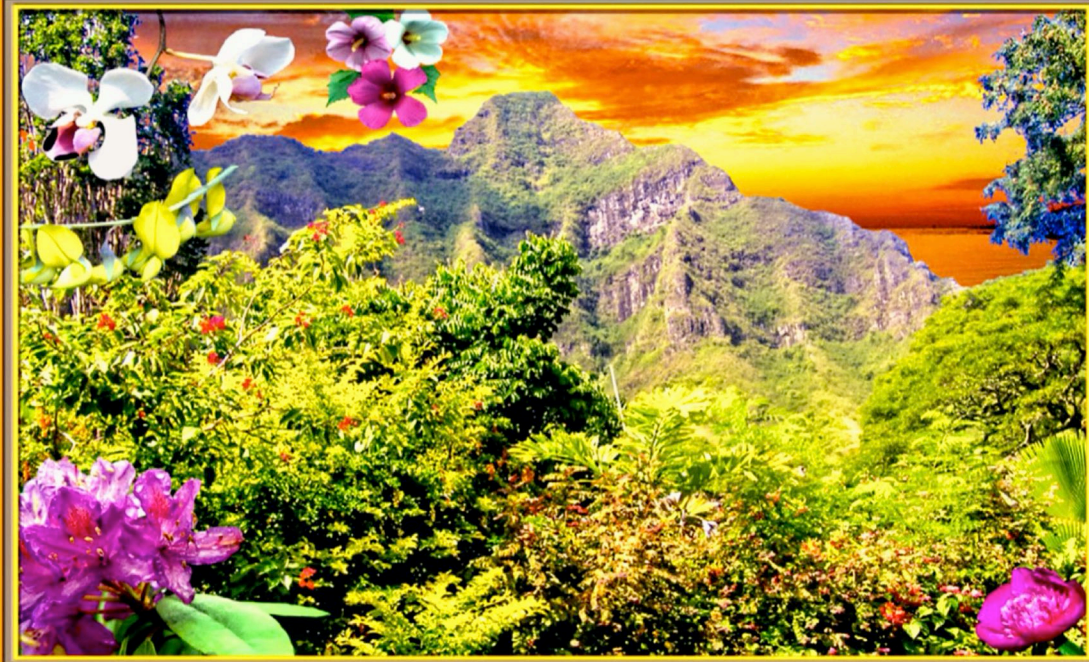




*Eat, sleep, play, drink, nature, love, thought,  
And sex are what we are made of,  
A rather beautiful meld beheld.*

We know that self organization must be so,  
Else we could not have been here to know.

*Dearest me—  
A self that negates itself is an oxymoron.*



— THE END —