

{- 1. General introductory remarks -}

Hello everyone. Here's something I always say at the end of a Tarot Card reading, or that kind of thing, at the end of it, no matter how it went.

Tho in honesty my first time working in a roadside psychic fair,
I got a little lesson from a little child.

The thing is, now I have a customary saying, "Thank you for your trust."
It's such a beautiful way to end a reading that I soon began saying it without fail.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR TRUST.

But there was a brief period when I did not know what to say or think or do, after a reading, and little child ran up.

Little child at a psychic fair,
a child OF that sort of thing obviously, 1980's.

Runs up to me at my sparse little table where I was desperately reading cards for MYSELF, all spread out, and child runs up beside me.

I was desperately trying to critique my own performance with the prior client who had just left, for they left with some Small Bills of THEIRS now in MY pocket.

Well in some sense, obviously, I was in an interesting Dharma Gate, so this deeply Bacchic Child runs up and becomes Sethian Co-Creator of a kind of Commercial, Cheap-Thrills, 1980's Koan Dada Moment, where I gained my Customary Wise Saying.

True story. Sounds Provincial Roman. Child clad in bells and feathers possibly, runs up and points to some of my cards.

Asks what those, specifically those cards, mean. And waits.

My whole life so far,
and my creative soul so far were on that card table spread out in heaps, after such young years guilty at my country's wars, unworthy of young woman's love.

But now free finally with,
in my hands before my eyes,
MY OWN TAROT DECK, my own designs.

My cards made from all of that so far, spread out on a little table in heaps and little child runs up and points and asks of some, not others.

Now it scarcely matters which cards they were got pointed at. They flashed then, I remember, like a summary of the moment then but which cards were don't matter now.

The Koan Point of it, that I remember, was directly that it was some cards, not others.

Bid your poor ghosts a very fond farewell, expand your Self into your Soul now, and turn to the Moment Now, that sort of thing.

It did the Koan Flash at me of course, or else it wouldn't be a story.

But the point is.....

If you want to learn, you can learn from the emptiness of the air.

By the time I'd barely glimpsed specifics from those cards, child waves to friends, Me what to say possibly fit this instant?

Me projecting words as child runs away...
THANK YOU FOR YOUR TRUST.

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{- 2. Poem A's introductory remarks -}

You know, a good Baptist Minister,
in a good Baptist Sermon, will
ALWAYS draw a VIVID and PRACTICAL,
REALISTIC lesson, in the Sermon,
Between the scripture verse for that day,
and the CONGREGANTS' day-to-day lives.
Drink a cheer for good Baptist Sermons !!
So just like that, along that line,
I am asking YOU NOW...
Would you be interested
in Zen Koan Stories specially written
to take place in some Other Places, and
some Other Times,
Besides the ancient lovely, lovely
Misty-Land of Moons and Pools and Rocks
and Moon-Lit Ducks,
and many familiar lovely, lovely bits
of Verbal Stagecraft, where
Zen Koan Stories typically take place ?
For one example,
How about EVERY POEM
THAT I'M GOING TO READ ?
I have combed all my poems just for you,
carefully selecting a nice compact group,
arranged with some rhythms like gender,
and so forth, playing here and there among
the selected poems,
All of it being self-professed Other-Dress
Zen Koan Stories.
You know, like Shakespeare In The Park
is often advertised "In Modern Dress".
NOT like the infamous production
of Shakespeare's King Oregano,
staged in Surrealist Modern Dress,
in Paris on the Left Bank, 1923,
where the actors all wore Tutus,
and the Orchestra had no pants.
NO, NO Zen Koan Stories like that.

But you know, also...

There really are
some Real-Magic-Real times and places,
lands and nations of them...
Where/When True Holy Prophets
stand around by dozens poetizing,
conjuring Arcane Spirit Friends,
stirring spaghetti dinners, puffing weed,
and hitch-hiking rides.
I know because I've been there.
First poem of our set,
and it's a long one, Friends,
this is the LONGEST poem of our set,
Here is a kind of Koan Story set in
1970s to 1980s USA.

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{- 3. Poem A -}

The poem says...

The Lure Of Adventure

a poem of spiritual dedication

One time there was this bright young girl,
quite enthusiastic, who took the summer off
to hitchhike all around the country looking
for the meaning of life. Right off she started
hearing people talk about some guy named
"Cousin Howard".

The first time was a mini-van covered with
day-glo peace signs and flowers. They pulled
up where she was standing and she looked
them over and there was a big Egyptian hiero-
glyph decal on the window so she climbed in
and they were all jabbering in their freaky
stoned out way about Cousin Howard.

Apparently a rock musician. That guy had
cosmic vibes, they said. They had just come
from a concert or something of his in Seattle

and were going home now back to Frisco but were headed east and almost to Des Moines.

Hearing this, she climbed over a naked woman to a window, opened it for air, declined the pipe when it was passed and got out at the next motel. But all night she couldn't get the slowly throbbing tune out of her head that the freaks had been trying to hum.

Next day or so there was the pair of Mormon missionaries, young guys in a white convertible, top down, screaming to the radio they turned up blasting but white shirts buttoned up with neckties pinned down neat like they were let loose on the world and didn't know what to do with it.

Stacks of Bible tracts were fluttering and flying off into the wind. She was fascinated by their energy. She leaned up from the back seat and asked where they were going. Why, to see Cousin Howard in Albuquerque, they shouted. To ask him about God.

They swerved to narrowly avoid an on-coming bus and she parted company with them at a waffle house.

But by then her curiosity was piqued. To tell the truth, she had begun to seriously ponder what she would ask someone who knew about God. And that tune kept playing in her head.

Next morning she caught her first bad ride.

She'd slept out at a campground, bed roll under the starry sky, and frankly looked a mess and therefore felt relieved to have this very respectable seeming man her father's age, black but her father's age and the kind of business suit he wore, in a family kind of station wagon with Michigan plates, pick her up.

But he began to talk about his family and very soon began to weep. His wife had recently

passed on. The man was inconsolable, no matter what she said.

She felt so young and ignorant.

"Don't worry about me though," he said thru his tears, "I'm going to talk it all out with Cousin Howard in L.A."

She frankly couldn't stand it anymore, weeping with him, mile after mile of relentless grief stabbing her heart, and kissed his cheek goodbye at a truck stop.

But she was questioning herself:

What should she have told him? Could someone teach her that, someone who knew about God? And the tune took on a soft mournful wail.

Then there was the rusty old chugging school bus full of migrant Mexicanos – men, women, children, boxes tied down on the roof – going to a rally in Salinas where Cousin Howard was scheduled to announce next year's labor union plan.

They made her share their scanty meals.

They broke down where the road rose steep into the mountains and she was sitting among the skinny listless children, wondering at the struggles of the passing generations of the human race, and wondering at the inevitability of grief, and wondering what she would ask someone who knew about God, listening as the tune took on a kind of mariachi beat,

Looking out as the mountain shadows lengthened across the breathtaking land, her eyes full of tears from some emotion which did not seem to have a name, until a couple of brothers from the bus coaxed her to go on ahead in a car full of

contemplative nuns
who happened by.

Now, these nuns somehow took a notion
that she was a wandering prostitute.
Therefore...

They insisted – absolutely insisted – that
she must spend a day or two at a lovely
retreat their order had just up the road.
Chance to clean up and think a bit and
maybe pray and everything was free.

They'd soon be by again in case she wanted
to go hear Cousin Howard preach about
divine light in Butte. Divine light?
Was that what she needed?

She lay there in the simple room on the
simple cot, moonlight and scent of pines on
a gentle breeze through the open window,

Exhausted but unable to sleep for the empty
ache of ignorance she felt. All these miles
and all she had was questions.

What thing, what kind of thing??,
was she seeking?

She went to gaze out, saw a tiny fire
twinkling among the trees down by the lake,
and thought perhaps

the sisters there wouldn't mind company.

Hot dogs and marshmallows
maybe. Wrapped in the blanket,
sandals on her feet, she found her way.

But it was a man, alone, sitting gazing
in the flames. His face

was old and creased in
the flickering light. His hair was caught
back in Indian braids and a single dark
feather graced his tattered hat.

As she approached he gestured toward a
place across the fire. She was welcome.

Was she dreaming? She took the invitation.

But immediately when she sat,
she said..... "Cousin Howard?"

He smiled and shrugged. "Who else?"

"I have so much to ask!" she blurted.

"Shhh" he whispered, a finger
pressing on his lips, and smiled,
and seemed to sort of wink.

She tried to hush herself, to hear the
breeze, to gaze into the flames,
to relax into this dream which seemed
so distressingly real,
but her heart was demanding answers.

She tried to think what were the questions
but nothing came.

She opened her mouth and one word...

"Why?" sighed into the air.

Instantly his finger pointed somewhere and
he cried, "LOOK!"

She looked out through her veil of wonder.
There was the rippling moonlight and the
glowing water. There were the singing
shadows of the trees. There was the
boundless circle of awareness
that filled her soul.

There were no other questions.

-{ I have published this in...
"Tales Of Men And Women",
"Vapes Shops Series", others. }-

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{- 4. Poem B's introductory remarks -}

I am the best sort of scholar
about Ancient Greek Religion !!
I am a HISTORICAL NOVELIST !!

Unlike Regular Scholarship,
it is demanded that you pick thru the
Aethersphere, Akashick Recordings,
all that,

The historical novelist is expected to
Detect and access all of the big
Standing Fields of Myth which
the Greeks set up for their own
purposes then left laying around.

As well as all the old Greek statues,
ritual inscriptions, frescoed walls and
tumbled ruins of fallen temples
with fire-burnt fire altars,

All the vast impedimenta remaining to us
of the Ancient Greeks' rich religious life.

A good Historical Novelist
must carry keys to both around
in their pockets,
To both the Spirit-Sphere
and Physio-Sphere broadcasts
left to us by the Ancient Greeks.

At least that's how it works when
your historical romance novel
is really cooking.
To Wit.....

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{ - 5. Poem B - }

The poem says...

Also The Dancing Ground Again

historical fiction, a poem on religion in
ancient Greece, a chapter from the novel
Dark Of Light

There was a moment when she knew her
marriage bed and all of that would never be.
Or rather when she knew that if all that
were never done then still her priesthood
would be worth the lack of it. Or rather
when she first with conscious judgment
chose her priesthood absolutely past all
that, regardless what might be. It was so
hard for boys to take a girl like her but by
that time, that afternoon of choice, her

dearest childhood chum already had a
husband and a newborn.

A stitching bee. She was home for the
holiday. Old Auntie Kettle plucked a
random fussy little child from underfoot,
examined it and knowingly declared "Oh, he
wants to eat!" And with a glance about the
little yard where they were sitting at the
work she then of course thrust the hungry
child into the bosom of the only healthy
milking woman present. Of course, and
yet . . .

Sixteen herself, her infant then days old,
scarcely yet a week of life between she and
the tiny one she loved above all else, and it
her first, and never yet another child had
she yet put to tit, and sleeping
unsuspecting of this breach, this betrayal of
a holy trust, this fracturing of sacred love,
it sleeping unsuspecting nearby in a shady
basket cradle wreathed with dainty flowers.

Old aunties know their work. There was a
choice to make – community or selfishness –
and now was time to get it made.

The young mother's face was blanched in
horror and she stared.

And the priestess girl, the closest friend,
the cousin tried and true, the intimate of
bygone times, now come home for the
holiday, was sitting just beside with mouth
agape, astonished at the shock of such an
ordinary thing. And her own tits were
yearning to give suck. And yet she
understood it all intensely without jealousy.

No spite and yet suddenly the tears burst
out in panicked grief that such a life as this,
of such surpassing beauty as this was,
would not be hers. Where would her
Goddess take her? Was she a stranger here
already? The temple's early years – the

years they gave the girls and boys who would apprentice back into the village rites – were almost done and no one thought that she would leave Elfesus. So could she ever again be home in this loved and dreaded village yard, this place of utmost courage? Was she a stranger here already?

Here was, in fact, the tragic fact that had and has informed great tragic song and poetry across that culture-world from Ur to Ireland. To live where they were living, with the means of living that were then in hand, humans must compromise continually between competing demands which were, despite the contraries of those demands, so doubtlessly innate to human nature or else so innate in the way that they perforce must live, as to be both, contrary though they were, doubtlessly sacred. These people danced a labyrinth with every step.

And then she understood that understanding this so well – that seeing this eternal tragic majesty of human life so well – was more than human heart could bear at such close reach. She was not made to be one of the aunties here where every instant of your life demanded so much acquiescence to the Fates. And this was just the very thing the village boys all feared of finding in her bed, this wish for knowledge over faith. This constant groping in the cavern of the well behind the eyes. This blaze of unaccounted thought. This laughter bursting from her weeping heart. Indeed, they understood her to be mad. And here and now – on this particular ground at this particular moment of this life – she was.

It can't be said the fit of laughing weeping took her unawares this second time. She felt it shadowed when she saw her well loved

cousin start and stare. Then when the well loved cousin nodded, pulled the chiton down and held the hungry one to let the hands and lips seek out the teat, she felt it like a storm of knowing rushing up her spine. Then when an eager voluntary squirt dripped down the little cheek the fit came fully on.

She sat there slumped down on her stool just like the other time, the stitching things all fallen from her violently shaking hands and trod beneath her tapping feet, but this time knew exactly why she laughed and wept. The world was just so beautiful. And yet, what was the use of this? The dire frustration of these crippling fits – the inability to work, the liability it placed on her companions – all came exactly to this point:

They who were so beautiful,
how could she ever serve them as a lunatic?

But then her well loved cousin looked her in the eyes to gain attention, looked down at the child she had at breast, looked into her eyes again with dire anguish manifest in each contour of her face and silently clearly asked:

"Dear priestess friend,
is this a crime that I have done?"

Did they see she looked at things they did not see? Did they realize that this insanity was saturated all and all with holy revelation?

Apparently they did. For it was Auntie now who stood behind her quaking body, embraced to try to hold her shoulders still, and – even while her head was bobbing to and fro and even while the sobs and laughter barked out of her throat – the old matron bent to speak distinctly in her ear:

"Is it a crime what I have done?"

The fit then passed immediately and never would return. She sagged into the old woman's arms. She gulped and gasped for breath. She cried out hoarsely as the spittle flew: "It is so beautiful! It is all so beautiful! There is such courage! What is good is done!"

And in that moment she had chosen priesthood far beyond all else.

-{ I have published this in...
"Dark Of Light",
"Tales Of Men And Women", others. }-

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{- 6. Poem C's introductory remarks -}

At the age of 24, having suddenly just escaped my country's wars,
I suddenly began the simultaneous and inter-linked study of 3 separate branches of World Occultism ! 3!

It was a matter of some urgency.

Having just escaped the wars with livable levels of Guilt,
I was now swearing to become a true artist to know and save all the drama I had lived from being lost.

Suddenly free with cheap-enough books and means to draw and make copies, and Love at home in bed, took on simultaneous study...

Tarot, great prophet of the West,
I Ching, ancient book "Confucian Tarot", and Zen,

then my country's current bright light of I Ching's spirit.

Among the treasures from those studies is this poem.

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{- 7. Poem C -}

The poem says...

Awaking In A Dream

a poem of cosmic consciousness

There are many tales, of course, of Lao Tzu who, according to the legends, wrote The Watercourse Way, a little book of nature poetry upon which other thinkers then built up...

The lean, beautiful and tough spiritual philosophy of Taoism. Here's one of them.

The story flies us to the early morning of a day when our hero was a bright but sorrowful young man.

He was a bureaucratic junior clerk in the palace of a rich and brutal warlord prince.

The sparkling morning and the budding springtime garden grounds through which he trod to work

Belied the torment in the young man's soul.

This day's duty was to be an awful deed which no one with an open heart could ever wish.

The garden path led on across a footbridge on a lovely brook and, setting foot onto the rising boards, his paces further slacked.

His gaze was beckoned to the sparkling water.

On the arch's highest little height the now unconscious footsteps stopped and

– Mind, Heart and Soul –
he found himself drawn out into the clear deep rippling stream.

This was the moment when a human asks
of "there" and "here".

As another poet wrote,
do I dream the butterfly or
does the butterfly dream me?

Gazing deep into the world I see only
countless things which mirror me,
so what are "you" and "I"
and what am "I" to do?

But in this young man's mind
no riddle of that sort found any weight.

The doubtless fundamental knowledge that
this clarity exists would henceforth lure
and guide his thoughts and steps.

The beauty of reality had ravished Lao Tzu,
and he was struck with lifelong love.

-{ I have published this in...
"Tales Of Men And Women",
many others. }-

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{ - 8. Poem D's introductory remarks - }

I have no remarks for you
about The Next Poem.

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{ - 9. Poem D - }

The poem says...

Primitive Art

How often has a human caught
the glittering eyes of
fox or mouse or deer or bear or lion
in the teeming forest or the grassy plain,
And – with a shudder or
in sudden awesome ecstasy –
they felt everything outside themselves
look into their being?

How often have the voices of the wind
told someone that the spirits of the land
are watching?

How often has the twinkling light of stars
stabbed deep into a human soul?

How often has that penetration broken
through the calcined layers of a wounded
heart so it might love again,

Or opened darkened places
to the light of self-understanding
so wisdom could begin?

How often has
the awesome power of Beauty
caught us unawares?

-{ I have published this in...
"Tales Of Men And Women",
"Poems For The Future", others. }-

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{ - 10. Poem E's introductory remarks - }

So now, good friends,
As you have just noticed with the last one,
we have reached the SHORT POEMS at last!

Yes!! There are several pieces left in
the program, but they are all SHORT !!

Like the next poem is too,
But if you don't stop me now,
I'm going to tell you a detailed explanation!!

Well, the poems are growing shorter,
that's good.

And tho there's only 4 poems so far, do you
see any rhythms, like gender, playing back
and forth among the poems yet?

2 of these were Feminine certainly,
Powerful Epic Young Woman, both,
and 3rd adoring Goddess-Worshiping Male,
4th unspecified Narrator or gender, but
with stories' cultures differing, sorts of
courage shown differing, perhaps.

But I'm afraid This Next Poem is set in such
a vastly FAR DISTANT PLACE,
the next one.

I'm afraid it may even be more confusing.

This next one is Male,
for the story's Narrator truly is me,
an Erotic Enthusiast for Divine Woman,
in my Then-Current Self, Me,

Truthfully reporting events at that time
transpiring in my life...
But removed somewhere.

This is me speaking truthfully of things
transpiring in my SPIRITUAL LIFE !!
And being protective of it,
tho I want to tell the story,

So I've coded everything in strong symbols
from Human Myth
that I know fluently from long study.

So I'm saying This Next Poem
is a Zen Koan Story expertly slipped
into our Human Story Instinct,

Our Common Voice in our species'
Chamber of Ancestral Evolution.

Let's see a Koan Moment
happen there...

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{- 11. Poem E -}

The poem says...

Journey To The West

a poem of clear consciousness

Love is not the thing, nor hate. Hope is not
the mouse's scurrying feet and owl's sharp
beak, no more than these are fear. What is
the purpose of the poppy's fate then, or the
logic of my heart blood's heat, or yet the

celestial motive of the sky's Great Bear?
How do we live? Why has the Cosmos
brought us here?

When I was full of hope, I thought that was
the beginning and end of all things. Then,
full of yearning to be loved, I dreamed love
was the wellspring of delight. But then,
immersed in deep despair, I chose to live
this life for purposes that were far too
obscured in smoke and flame for me to know
and name. Why did I, in that dark hour,
choose to live this life? Why did I not yet
fly away?

Love is not the thing, nor hate. Faith is not
the prisoner's chain, nor doubt the
prophet's holy flame, nor greed the
mother's teat touched to the sleeping baby's
lips, nor is blessed charity the tyrant's grip.
All this is life, but what is life? What is the
melting of all opposites?

There is a man I truly hate; there is a
woman whom I love. That man is dead as he
once wished for me, the woman never met
although my eyes search through the worlds
for only she. Where is this woman who'll
return my glance? Where is that ancient
foeman now when in my hands I hold his
broken blunted lance? And where am I?
Where is this land wherein I stand alone?
What is this place? Is this my home? I
simply call this place my Skysealand.

One year when I was young and starting out
across this continent, I strained my eyes to
look ahead to map the way. That year, each
Monday I would take a poem from an
ancient wisdom book and I would fold up the
coded rhyming wisdom neatly into my
purse. Then for seven days I'd search the
curving trunk of every tree and every
mottled turtle's shell that I might pass

beside the way for explications written
there by unseen hands for me. Well, the
Gods were generous and kindly gave some of
their secrets up, but the boy I was then did
not know their language well.

An eagle's mighty flight; a turtle shell;
amid the lovely ripples of a brook, the
various colored pebbles very artfully
arranged; I made the best of it I could.
Indeed, several turnings of the way and
crossroads were very helpfully pointed out
to me in advance by these magic signs. But
now I've come a good way further on and,
even though the sunlight and the stars and
meadow flowers and hills and snow now all
sing and whisper to me audibly; and even
though the web of jewels of which all things
are made stands manifest and visible and
palpable to my fingers; yet even so, more
hidden secrets still remain.

Buddha says that all is bliss. Solomon
recommends a carefully considered trust.
Christ says you should take his word on
faith. Ganesh and Krishna both
respectfully suggest that you can dance
your life with happy grace. But for me,
Merlin stands with a lantern held high in
his hand, leaning on a wooden staff up on a
windy mountain top. That wind blows down
to gently touch my face and it speaks to me
in a woman's voice and all she says is just:
"come".

No, love is not the thing, nor hate; not
victory nor defeat. Whatever guides my
fate, whatever it may be that lures me on,
whatever it may be, it is not anything that I
can know so as to name.

-{ I have published this in...
"Tales Of Men And Women",
"Documents For The Reader", others. }-

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{ - 12. Poem F's introductory remarks - }

This next SHORT poem is called
The High Priest. The High Priest.
As the name may suggest to you,
it is a poem written about a Tarot card.

This poem is
a male Tarot card that stands between
the Emperor enthroned on a card before,
and on the next, The Lovers on their bed.

From which a scholar may learn...
Spiritually this High Priest is meant
to offer a Masculine Cult of Eros
like in Ancient Greece!!

Or at least I follow a Tarot theory
shows very clearly This Next Poem
is in the very same culture
as the Feminine Demeter Cult
we visited in that Greek Village before !!!

Or, according to a theory that I love,
This is
the SAME GREEK VILLAGE.

But now we seem to be beside a stream
maybe, maybe a rock pool emerging
from a cave or something,
up behind some hill, and

The cocks-foot herb steeped in wine
and drunk back in the dark,
one thinks, blindfold and bound,
Then down into the pool.

So imagine we are there again,
Same poor village
Of Demeter's wondrous Young Acolyte,
whom we met before,
But now away behind some hill,
we are with men, at Men's Holy Magic.

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{- 13. Poem F -}

The poem says...

The High Priest

Its number... 5

Its caption... We honor the governor
who sees infinity and teaches truth.

This endless eddied world of surge and flow
may here and there forget to know
that it is All
but dreams instead
that it is You
or I.

Yet in each heart will ever lie
the soul's deep pool,
the porphyry bowl of lotus wine,
the self-dissolving sigh,
so to my lips the endless draught
you pour.

When I have drunk
and bathed
and drowned
and sunk beneath the waves I've found
my self somehow composed once more
and lifted to a sunlit shore where
wind-soaked flesh
and bony core
become an echoing ocean sound.

So now the eyes within my head look round,
Surprised to see both You and I
with callused feet on stony ground
still at unbounded ocean's edge
immersed in flowing sky.

-{ I have published this in...
"Simple Tarot - Hand-drawn booklet
for 1st edition prototype",
"Documents For The Reader",
"Tales Of Men And Women", others. }-

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{- 14. Poem G's introductory remarks -}

The very act of an Immortal Co-Creator of
this World-Reality conjuring to its Self
such qualities as Mortality and Skin,

This very act, perforce makes inevitable
thru the infinity of Dharma Gates
the infinity of Koan Moments
happening Everywhere and Everywhen
within that World-Reality.
Of course. Clear logic.

But what kind of Koan Moment also
is there for passing out
of World-Reality Manifestation?

A very pressing question for our time,
as any sentient being here on Earth
surely knows.

In old age now, I'm saying YES !

The Zen Koan to open up-and-down
a Gate of Exiting Manifestation
for us,

And thru which Co-Creation does survive.
That Epic Cosmic Navigation Hazard
does exist.

And furthermore it is WELL KNOWN to
Instinctive Human Lore, I say,

Me having already set
that adventure episode
to surf-rowing rhythm....

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{- Continued On Next Page -}

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{- 15. Poem G -}

The poem says...

Osiris Rows Into The Water

a poem of endings

He must take to the oars at first,
he decided now.

Because must test himself,
must learn how soon the
Fabled Ethereal Tide would force him
to rig the gull's-wing linen sail
that would stand head-high,

And let himself
lie back for a rest.

-{ I have published this in...
"The Passing Of Uther Pendragon"
(a climbing attempt on the Mountain
of Shakespeare's Prestige),
"Vapes Shops Series",
"Poems For The Future". }-

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{- 16. General concluding remarks -}

Thank you, thank you, thank you,
For welcoming an old Druid to this Temple,
For I know Old Druids are a nuisance.
Incoherent Muttering during Meditation.
Hanging around the bulletin board
cracking jokes about hazardous unlikely
exploits underground with The Dead.
Yeah. And This One's from the Old Welsh
line. Fing Welsh Poet !! Peculiar
uncouth driven people, driven in from
Stonehenge Heath by stormy weather.
So thank you very much for harboring me
and giving me Spirit Space
to heal.

My recovery from last year's struggle
continues well,

My old ghosts more settled and quieter,
and better fed on Kind Regard.

In a few weeks,
just a few Zen Meditation sessions,
That and the vast quantity of frequent
intense Chiropractic Treatments that
I'm also undergoing, beat-up some
by the unlikely hazardous poetizing
of last year,

And I'm feeling so much better.

It's only January-2
and here I am already
pawing the dirt in new year's Dharma Gate,
me plotting avenues of approach where,
apparently, soon this whole biosphere
will end or exit.

And so, most truly,
in these wild times of spiritual honor,
I Thank You For Your Trust.

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{- End of reading -}
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{- 99. Theoretical discussion -}

Dear Reader, If you're on this list or not....

- My teacher now at temple now attending,
eye out for suitable progress, Or...
- One of many people knew me back in hairy
years on this Booklet's Page 1, Or...
- Or a literary pettyfogger, Or Else...
- Utterly unfamiliar with any this, Still...
Hello.

I call these "Koan Stories", do so if you like.
So claiming they directly ARE Zen Koans
of a, maybe new, Satori Story type.
New type Koan? Yes,
in this World-Dissolution Gate,
Satori thru Primal Human story instinct.
Koans made where I stood in the passionate
magnificence of love and despair. -S