

Here... www.stoneriley.com/zzzzz

Recently, yesterday morning, I discovered something called Bird Yoga. I'm not making it up, I'm just naming it, and it's named Bird Yoga.

Not **The** Bird Yoga, no. Not like discovered a "bird position" for yoga, no. **The Bird** was a **dance** when I was young, where growing children hopped around each other in bird-like mating positions, which was too funny and too tragic to be a yoga position. No.

Bird Yoga. Perhaps if you've read the companion sheet to this one which is called "Talking With Birds", or if you've downloaded and read the Army Stories book, either way you may be aware

my personal health practice holds a Chinese philosophy where your body is sung to this existence as to this kind of wakefulness, by conscious threads,

conscious threads which enter this realm of existence thru hands and feet into your body.

For their song here, your body, is the vibration of their dollop of creative essence in this existence realm here.

A Chinese philosophy called Meridians. Essential to my personal health practice.

Or if you've read the Army Stories book, probably by its free download, then probably you're aware I always loved small light trucks, and bikes, and planes, and my body dreamed of winging over oceans.

Those vivid minutes, vivid vivid minutes, how many minutes, not a lot, in light small aircraft co-pilot seat and my controls on. A kite-work machine.

Those vivid minutes my hands were the wings.

The Army Stories book, it is paradoxically a novel, and novels are well known for wrapping up stuff in a novelist's life, but

I was wrong to think that controls-on episode was all wrapped up by that chapter I wrote about it there, but no it's not wrapped up.

For yesterday morning my hands were wings again.

This morning, midnight really, a quarter-hour past, no need for sleep somehow, doing art and elbow aches enough to step out back for a smoke, oh what a shame, and suddenly here's our **Midnight Temple Yard**.

And I'm woke up in my hidden perch in this new woods, looking round dark and listening, come to yesterday found up this river valley here, me perched where darkness found me, quiet wondering who is here. Who will call out and I find today when Sun comes up?

Wondering,
I am standing woke up in my
Midnight Temple Yard at Yoga.

And the world is ending.

I have known since 1959 the world will end from Global Warming, not known it truly, but since an article in a magazine in 1959 I've watched that threatening possibility grow to certain death of all life we see on Earth.

Dying,
certainty so sure there's no hope against it left now, but **PHILOSOPHIC PRINCIPLES** that **WE SHOULD HOPE**, no hope left against Global Warming now than that. I've watched this deluge of hunger-terror madness overcome us since 1959. Contagion of some kind, what kind I do not know.

But this morning now again, my hands were wings.

**From
Simple Tarot:
The Fool**

India ink on
bristol paper,
1980
10 x 10 in
= 25 x 25 cm



(Flip Side)**More didactic poems...****Fantastic Reports**

Your dollop of Creative Essence, it is not yours.
 It is not co-existent with your existence,
 not bound up with your boundaries.
 Nor is mine with me.
 I know this.

For I have been past the edges of my Self,
 far out on journeys past other kinds of Time,
 and all Forms of all Things different in other colors,
 and returning hence unharmed and wiser,
 returning hence
 from far past boundaries of this sort
 we know of here,
 this way of waking.

Those other realms are real.

Your dollop of Creative Essence, you are its.
 You are a joy it has.
 You are its joy of
 rapturous discovery.

What Has Gone Wrong?

What world-contagion is it we have here?
 What Norse Ragnarok,
 what Hcbrew Apocalypsc do we have here?
 What devours this world where we are?
 Or why some known god devours it?

What has gone wrong?
 Is all this evil now?
 Or is it now that tragedy's
 the only beauty now remaining somehow?

There is a secret explanation for this, must be.
 Why is Our Mother Living Earth dying?

Or turn the question round.
 Make the question less imponderable.
 Yes.

Let's examine "why is?", "why is?", "why is?"
 Do we care "why is?"?
 No we don't.
 Us go hat in hand to some god and say "why is?"
 No we won't.

For we have cosmic wings and we can fly
 and we have dulcet voices.

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 Army Stories book... [www.stoneriley.com/armystories](http://www.stoneriley.com/armystories)  
 Free download.  
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A Volunteer

What must we do?
 We should resolve ourselves to be
 good humans to the end, and then we're free.

That's my thinking.
 I'm an old soldier tho,
 too prone to stay on duty,
 not one to only fly away for love,
 willing to splint up people's broken wings,
 and bandage broken hearts so they can
 read the charts to fly away,
 willing to stay as witness to events.

I'll file reports somewhere, some other shore,
 some other Time and Self, some other Forms
 of all Things in different colors,

I'll write poems there reporting these events.
 I volunteer for duty here until the end.

So I may honor all I love
 the way I love it now,
 with memory,
 so long as this abides.

But tho the struggle too.
 Retired to the reserves I am but still
 Our Mother's soldier yet.

Maybe I'll perish by a huge beer truck running
 a strike blockade, me chained on a crossing gate
 brandishing two hundred signs in hand, all gone,
 all gone, under the cruel machine. But likely not.

I'm armed enough with just the poet's pen
 and sharp electric barbs.

When it comes, I think I've seen the charts myself
 to wing to other shores.

Death shall not have us, for there is no Death.

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**The Circle  
Of Death**

Obvious  
 reference to  
 Egyptian  
 mythology!!!

Frontispiece in  
 the Army  
 Stories book.

