

Poetry Series

Egal Bohlen
- poems -

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Egal Bohem()

Thank you for finding my poetry - You will have seen it may not conform to any of the accepted styles of verse (if you find a poem that does it must be a pure coincidence)

My poems are my thoughts, dreams and memories, scribbled down primarily for myself as part of a lifetimes search to find out exactly what I am, who I am, where I am, and what the hell I'm here for - but I hope also you might find something in them too, for yourself, somewhere, if you find yourself asking yourself similar questions, which I am certain you do.

You have my poetry, you have me..

If you want to know more, read more of my poetry visit my blogspot at:

or

All answers require communication - One of my earliest poems was on that very important aspect of our lives - (I actually believe it is THE most important aspect of our lives) I would like to include in my biography as it is so essential to getting answers...

COMMUNICATION

Speak out while you are here
For we are listening
We have not come to pass the time of day
As you might say
But wait upon your offering
Speak out while you are here
Speak out
For if your thoughts unto yourself
You keep
The world may weep
And people here

And people there
And people everywhere
Will more misguided come
So do not hold your tongue
Speak out
Let us have some variation on the theme
Speak freely
Clear
Not thoughts you think we like to hear
But thoughts that sear and form and grow
To change
Change our cluttered cramped idea
Speak out
For that is why you are here

Egal Bohlen

.....
[The Picture: Is the Cone Nebula NGC 2264 (The same stuff we are made of!)
- Acknowledgements to
Hubble; NASA; STSci; ESA etc]

A Cornish Path

Today I walked upon soft turf
Within a summers day
Where blue sky met blue sea
Midst pink green thrift
And travelled long a Cornish path
That wandered further than I thought
Steep climbs
First down
Then up I onward fought
To where I sat and watched
Wild seabirds
Wheel and cry
Beneath precipitous cliffs
O'er seas that rolled and crashed
On rocks
Thrown out like jagged fingers
Far beneath
Which
Like gigs
Did battle then with waves
For sport
To send white spume
To billow up
As sails
Set on a spar
Reminding me of ships
That sailed
The oceans
Wild and bleak
The taste of salt
A smell of tar
Then
Walking on
Enraptured deep
In these events
Eventually
I stopped
To catch my breath
And pausing

Watched
The sun
Sink slowly
In the West

Within
My spirit knew
That moment
Then
That even
Should I see
No more
No planet
Was
More beautiful
Than this
On which
We walk
Nor Man
More fortunate
To orbit
Such a star

Egal Bohem

A Thought

If you mean what you think
Then your thoughts take a shape
So building a world
You can make
Or can break

Egal Bohen

A Truth

The Universe is God
You did not know?
They do not tell

The Universe is God
All within it too
Including You

Including You
The Universe is God
To God we are as senses are to us

Yet we don't see
See that we are part of he
Or she

Read that again
More carefully

Egal Bohen

Afternight

Re-programmed for our daily life
Brain full of new and original strife
How is it when we first awake
We have to momentarily decide
Or ask the question
Who am I?
What is the plot?
Oh Hell!
I had forgot
I'm in that life again
Oh No!
I'd rather be asleep my brain
Can't cope with this another day
All those problems
Go Away!

Yet
Will does get you out of bed
And in a moment it be said
The programme set into your head
Will start you on another day
Act II
Scene I
Just like a play

Egal Bohen

Aliens

Now
Whatever is an alien?
Is a question you may well ask
Would we recognise one if we saw one
Or can you look right through them
Like glass
Whatever their form
It would seem that
They are nothing like you nor me
For they are known to have skin like an octopus
I'm told
And may crawl up the beach from the sea
-
They too it would seem
Can appear as large plants
That eat people
That wander abroad
But
Being prone
To fungal infections
I hear
Their roots turn soft
Their leaves dropp off
And
Swiftly then over
They fall
-
It also appears to be custom
For aliens to have very strange heads
Whilst the rest of their bodies
Look remarkably like ours
No surprise!
With two arms
And two legs
Now
This could just be a coincidence
But I'm rather inclined to believe
That it's a lack of original thinking
Or the film budget feeling the squeeze

-
Have you noticed as well
If not bipeds
Wheezing
Through plastic tubes
Next favourites for aliens
Are overgrown insects
From which film directors
Can choose

-
What!
A cockroach build a computer?
Seems a bit far fetched to me!
Let alone develop a space ship
That can travel at warp speed three

-
And..
Have you noticed whatever the genetics
Or the species evolutionary line
It helps to make them much creepier
If they leave a trail
Of slime

-
Couple this with an inherent ability
For their larvae
To suddenly spring
From their mothers clutch
Down into our guts
Then squirm about under our skin
And there you would have the Alien

-
"Poor fellow"
Is all I would say
For it can't be much fun
Wouldn't you agree
For
If under a stone
Was your ancestral home
Where would you take afternoon tea?

-
Now
You may think this all

A bit critical
As these popular concepts
I abuse
But I'm afraid that I just can't help thinking
Of course
Purely metaphysically speaking
When they walk down the ramp
Of their inter-galactic bus
Aliens
Won't have eight legs
Or
Blue scales on their heads
Or
Drip slime on the floor
Or
Discharge yellow pus

But in fact
Look a little
Like us

Egal Bohem

And We Will Call It Britain

Crisp green the stems of daffodils
That brave in spring cold sun
Soft tender green the hawthorn buds
Unfurled with winter done
Bright green the fresh leaves on the limes
That verdant branches lace
Dark green the lily's slender shoot
That moist earth, piercing breaks

But greenest of all that is green
An island Earth did make
And we will call it Britain
Natures green estate

Egal Bohen

Andrew

Although
Sometimes
Misunderstood
His love is true
Straight
From the wood
His mind a star
Sees only light
That darkness
From him
Flees the night
His words
Though oft' at first ignored
By those who think
They know much more
Prove that his wisdom
Opens doors
So doubters
Doubting
Then
Withdraw
To give respect
Where it is due
To that
Indomitable
Soul
-
Andrew

Egal Bohlen

Animals In Clothes

Animals in clothes I see
Driving cars or sipping tea
Animals in clothes I see
But they don't know what they are
These animals that drive a car?
Dress in clothes?
Sip the tea?
Just like you
Just like me
Very clever animals they'd be!

But they don't know what they are
These animals that drive a car
Dress in clothes
Sip the tea
Just like you
Just like me

So truly stupid animals they be
Not to realize what they are
Just because they drive a car
Sip the tea
Just like you
Just like me

Oh what stupid things we be
Not to realize what we are
Just because we drive a car
Dress in clothes
Sip the tea
So g-r-a-c-i-o-u-s-l-y!
You and Me

Oh what stupid things we are
Not to realize what we be
Animals that drive a car
Dress in clothes
Sip the tea
You and me

For if Mr Piggy had our brain
Ten fingers
Clothes, and a name
Wouldn't he be just the same?

1986

Egal Bohem

Another Truth (Don'T Read This If You Don'T Believe In God)

If you believe in God
God must have made us all
Out of whatever God is
Unless God borrowed something small
From some other God, perhaps a friend of his
Or, he may have had a brother or a sister or two
Though this is unlikely and probably not true
Because it would mean, that he was in that case
Just one of two or three Gods out there in space
Raising the question of who was there first
Where did the others come from?
Perhaps near Chislehurst?
And then one could ask, where did the others go?
But that's a very difficult question to answer, you know
Which means in the end you surely must perceive
If you believe in one God
He is in you and me

For whatever God is
You is a part

(Actually, ... I think,he lives in your heart)

Egal Bohem

Apophis

My
How close you come
Into my world
With distant hum
Close shave
First pass
The second,
Well,
Thy will be done

Through keyholed gravity
Earth it seems
May then succumb
Unless
With mans machines
Of battle
Might we overcome
Your deadly run
To prod you back
Toward the Sun

This scale of sabre rattling
Is no fun
We thought in space
That there was room
For everyone
Clear off I say
Or we shall forcibly remove you
Apophis 99942
Begone!

Egal Bohlen

Arrogance

The only thing you will get by complaining
Is the measure of your own arrogance

Egal Bohem

Artless Art

To The Establishment

All Poets write with words that flow
Straight from ones heart
In verse
Or not
As
Arrows
True delivered
And
In style
Not erring on the side of fashion spent
Nor caring for the praise of others
Who
With feelings lost
Perhaps
Might
Decide
Themselves
To sit in judgement on
A Poets art

For Poets write
In innocence of those
Whose minds
Are locked
Within that wilderness
Of all that should be not

For Poets write
Indeed
Oblivious of those
Whose pleasures grow
From comments
Sown in frost
Their superiority
Assumed
Adhering to the crowd

And by so
Lost

Those Poets then deserve
Their honours due
But never sent
For their words
May open windows
Too long blocked
That light
May shine at last
On darkest
Dark
Establishment
Long kept
In guarded mystery
Defended
Set apart
Existing artificially
By critics
Huddled in a circle
(Members of an artless art)
All fearful
That one day
Somewhere
A Poet
Might just fart

Egal Bohen

As Colour In A Blackbirds Song

The Earth and we
Are fragile made
We see just what
We want explained
We look so hard
The road we tread
We miss the turning
Through the hedge

Hosts of mirrors
Block our gaze
Crystal glitters
In the shade
Where heavens light
Is made to bend
Preserving
Innocence
Defend
Yet penetrate
Turn left
And then
Turn left
Across the bridge
Again
To places where
Your spirit
May transcend
Where concepts
Become real
When now
Is then
To levels where
Your dreams belong
All vibrant
In reality
Seen all the ways
You want to see
As colour
In a blackbirds song...

The Earth and we
Are fragile made
We see just that
We want explained
Don't look so hard
The road you tread
You miss the turning
Through the hedge.....

Egal Bohem

Autumn Brings

Dead Leaves

Nuts

Reds and golds

Cobwebs in the grass

Sunlight streaming

Low and old

A Gilded sky

Of yellow hued

Mellowed glass

Soft memories of harvest gone

Fading summer days

English fields of stubbled corn

Bonfires

Berries

Evening haze

Country things

These are the thoughts

That Autumn brings

Egal Bohem

Away From The Slimy Pit To Slide

Each day
A challenge
We are sent
As to how we treat
It's discontent

-

Each Day
With open mind
We face
All that comes
Despite our state

-

Our burdens
Carried
In our pack
Each day we learn
Not to step back

-

The challenge
Not to further plunge
Into to the slippery
Slimy gunge
The pit that's writ
That is
Of our creation

-

The challenge
When confronted
Then
How we react

-

No turning back

-

So shall we stop
To let sink in
Our brains
Amidst
The constant din
That each day drowns

Our minds
Those messages
That come
With each
Communication
With every
Confrontation
-
Will
We give
Ourselves the chance
-
As visions
On the current pass
-
To clutch a moment
For the branch
That's offered
-
For it lends
An opportunity
For just a second
Let us see
The message sent
In what is said
-
A dawning
-
That message sent
Into our head
-
Its meaning
-
Or shall we
On the torrent ride
Oblivious
To all outside
Avert our gaze
Avert our eye
Hear what we need
And set aside
Conveniently

That truth inside
We do
Or cannot see
-
For those signals come
From far and wide
Material
To open minds
If we would focus
Separate
The precious gift
Which they create
-
An opportunity
For learning
-
So barriers down
Open our minds
Examine the actions
As they unwind
See that which hides
Beneath the facade
The obvious passion
Disregard
-
And we might just see
The faintest glint
Of lesson learnt
Of a subtle hint
That we can control
Change the way
Simply
By the things we say
-
Even in the midst
Of the darkest day
-
So deep within
The rattle and hum
Of our daily life
As we go and come
As the torrent of life

Tears at our coats

We

Turn

Not hearing

What was spoke

-

A lesson may

Just help us survive

Away

From the slimy pit

To slide

-

For how else could it be

That we ever learn

If not from the life

For which we all burn

The very life

We both love

And hate

-

Its purpose being

-

To teach

Not break

Egal Bohem

Battle

Helmet

Armour

Mailed

Thigh

Caparisoned

Horse

Battle

Cry

Lance

Sword

Shock

Pain

Death

Entombed

Dangerous

Game

Egal Bohen

Beauty Lost

The images
We think
We see
Are not
The same
For you
Nor me
For images
Form in
A place
That has
Its own idea
Of space
Where beauty
By necessity
May vanish like
A shallow sea
Evaporated
By the Sun
It's beauty lost
It's form
Undone

Egal Bohen

Behaviour

Behaviour of others

Reflections

Of you

Egal Bohem

Being

Knowing is one thing
Being another
Distraction the reality
Illusion it's brother

Egal Bohen

Belief

Belief without knowledge is called trust
Knowledge without belief is called ignorance

Egal Bohen

Believing Is Seeing

Believing is seeing
But it's not what we're taught
So our lives remain chained
To reason through thought
If the chain you can break
Light will reign
Not the dark
In a world that is born
Not of mind
But of heart

Egal Bohem

Big Willy

One day Big Willy will come
He gobbles up Stars
He gobbles up Suns

One day Big Willy will come
He'll gobble up Jupiter, gobble up Mars
He'll gobble up the Earth and all the cars

Now you may think this is all very silly
But then
You havn't met Big Willy
(Yet)

Egal Bohen

Black Silver

Silver is the mirror,
Where colours cannot run
From one into another
For silver it has none

Silver is a blackness
Which defies pure light to come
And when it does reflects it
Its image still as one

So that when you look upon it
Your face it will become
Not in silver, but the colours,
With which your face does run

Then with your world behind you
By light reflected one
Not in blackness, but in colours
You are colours of the sun

All mirrors do remind us
That colour is the light
And that they do not see us
In the darkness of the night

For colours are but energy
From the spectrum as it falls
On everything around us
Except, from silver balls

The colours of the rainbow
The colours in the sky
The colours of our galaxy
Are in a baby's eye

Colours all around us
Enable us to see
That the world in which we live, is part of us,
Lifes chemistry

Egal Bohem

Blindfolded

Blindfolded
By our own perception
We inhabit a lie
That is perpetuated
Unknowingly
By those
Who teach us
About our world

Egal Bohem

Bluebells (Or Memories For Heaven)

The bluebells
Stand silently

Witnessing
Their green nature

Delicate chains
Of crisp bells

Weeping soft scents
Of an English spring

Draped carelessly
Around old oaks

Waves of blue
Sweeping down

Beneath
The coppiced hazels

To the valley
Of the wildwood

Egal Bohem

Brothers, Fathers, Sisters, Mothers

Take someone you love
Then ask yourself this question
What is it that creates this love
This act of total toleration
Is it the fact that you well know
This person that you love
That everything of he or she
You will always know and trust
And if that person then did change their name
And cease to speak
And then by chance
You later in an autumn street did meet
Would you then cease to love them so
I think not, for their true heart you know
And if you passed in an autumn street
For certain it is your eyes would meet
And for that second of contact flown
Shared knowing tells of loves true home
So knowledge of each other is
One reason why we each can give
Each other love conditioned not
For love is true "forget-me-not"
Lack of this knowledge then it seems
Causes us to stay apart
From others knowing not their heart
And love them not a jot
Yet they are loved each every one
Someone's daughter
Someone's son
Just they are distant
Still unknown
To us through love
That brothers own
So when in autumn street we pass
Someone unknown
We avert our glance
Step aside
Preserve safe distance
For it is polite

The path
Of least resistance
And yet knowing how we love our brothers
Fathers sisters and our mothers
How good it would be if we felt the same
To those who we know not
Not even their name
For if as brothers and sisters
We behaved
All part of one great family tree
To look each other in the eye
With honesty
To acknowledge each their face
Their right to be
Then wouldn't it be a better place?
At least a start
Communication through the heart
A coming together
Not a growing apart
Of the human race
For as brothers
Sisters
Fathers
or sons
Mothers
Or daughters
Goes everyone.

Egal Bohen

Canterbury Bells

Canterbury Bells
Are also our flowers
They love summers breeze
And evening showers
Indelibly blue
They are fragile
Yet true
They die
But return
Despite all we do

Egal Bohen

Celandines

Woodland floor
Morning sun
Hearts of green
With yellow hung
Some have seven
Some have nine
Petals
In the light to shine
First messengers
Of Spring
A sign
Cheerful
Cheeky
Celandines

Egal Bohen

Cheat

The
Only
Person
You
Can
Ever
Cheat

Is Yourself

Egal Bohen

Chocolate Socks

The sea was made of lemonade
The beach from chocolate drops
The cliffs were made of toffee
The trees from Brighton rock
Boy scouts wielded hammers
Chipping toffee off great blocks
And girls who paddled on the shore
They all had chocolate socks

Egal Bohen

Chrysanthemum

Chrysanthemum
An autumn flower
It's perfume
So imbued
With power
Once pressed
Into your memory
Time instantly
It will devour

Egal Bohem

Colour In White Light

As colour
Hidden
In white light
Energy
At speed
In flight
Your soul
Vibrating
Rainbow like
Navigates
This mortal life
Inseparable
Human phase
Let loose
Midst life's bedazzling maze
To navigate
A world unsure
To blunder on
Through misnamed doors
A ship sailed
In a rock strewn sea
False lit with lights
Set to mislead
Thrown onto shores
That crush and bleed
Pushed stumbling down
Onto its knees
But ever struggling up
Again
To battle onward
Through the pain

You know yourself
You need no name
You are the fire
The coloured rain
You are the soul
Your body claimed
You travel

Motionless
Unseen by sight
Pure energy
Just as colour
In white light

Egal Bohen

Communication

Speak out while you are here
For we are listening
We have not come to pass the time of day
As you might say
But wait upon your offering
Speak out while you are here
Speak out
For if your thoughts unto yourself you keep
The world may weep
And people here
And people there
And people everywhere
Will more misguided come
So do not hold your tongue
Speak out
Let us have some variation on the theme
Speak freely
Clear
Not thoughts you think we like to hear
But thoughts that sear and form and grow!
To change
Change our cluttered cramped ideas
Speak out
For that is why you are here

Egal Bohen

Conscience

Each day
My consciousness
Connects
With senses
Sharpened
For the test
Within my head
My brain awaits
Signals
To evaluate
Data sensed
Brain digests
Body reacts
I am impressed
Then navigate
Without intent
Relentless
Information sent
Sense of hunger
Brings on fuel
Pain intrudes
Damage
Limitation tool
Simple transport
Simple minds
Bio-computers
[Called mankind]
Basic chemistry
Robots bond
Reproducing
Knowing wrong
Though conscious
Captures
Data flow
Conscience
Tells us
Where to go
So where does that
Fit in our frame

I think that
Conscience
Is the name
Of rules set down
To play life's game
Though not writ clear
In black and white
They hover
On the edge of the light
By some not seen
By the bright of their day
By others seen
Yet thrown away
To make
This game of life
More difficult
To play
And yet
Perhaps....more interesting?
Some
Might say

Egal Bohen

Control

The pilot said
'You have control'
He meant that I could fly
Now life is very similar
Our behaviour
You and I
For instead of elevators
Sticks and rudders
We have brains
Where controls
They are more subtle
More like strings
Or even reins
In flying
We move gently
If we only want to glide
For being heavy handed
It can put us in a dive
And so it is within us
Our touch can play its role
Just remember
'Gently Bentley'
Its 'you' who have control

Egal Bohem

Cool

Cool is finding time to talk
When time you have not any left
Cool is tolerating others
And the things that they have said
Cool is absorbing all the tension
While the spring is being wound
Cool is analysing signals
When they come at you inbound
Cool is moderating answers
As they form within your head
Cool is changing them for something
Less regretted when its said
Cool is understanding fears
And leaving them where they are found
Cool is listening to all
Determining the common ground
Cool is knowing whats important
Also knowing what is not
Cool is staying ever cheerful
When inside you are in shock
Cool is appreciating love
That someone special gives to thee
Cool is thinking the word 'you'
And not so much of that word 'me'

Egal Bohen

Cornwall

Mystic land
Set in the sea
To catch in summer sun
In winter mist and tree bent storm
The gauntlet for to run

Mystic land of green and gold
Granite
Gorse
And Druid grove
By moonlight cold

With bluest oceans on its shore
That every day beset
With sparkling waters
Fishers nets

Mystic land of rocky cliff
Ancient mound
Where jackdaws drift, and wheel on high
Buzzards soar
Ravens fly

Where eighteen hundred years ago
The ships of Rome did come, and go

Mystic land of thrift and mine
Thy heart is clear to see
For granite stone is hard to break
And so remains
Explains
Your history

Egal Bohen

Dancing Leaves

So strong doth blow
November's wind
From trees
Their leaves
At summers end
Free leaves
That then a'dancing go
Along the lane
Like autumn snow
A'dancing
Bouncing
Off the ground
Such haste
These leaves
All crispy brown
Announce their passing
By their sound
A'dancing
Flying
All around
If autumn has a sound at all
Then dancing leaves
It will recall

Egal Bohen

Dark Matter

The reason that Dark Matter
Isn't very bright
Is possibly it's travelling
Much faster than the light

What is Dark Matter?
Does it matter that its dark
Does it matter that its matter
Is it some form of art
Dark is the opposite
The opposite of light
Matter is but matter
In the day
Or in the night
Light matter
Dark matter
Multiply
Divide
In one or the other
Each of us hide

Egal Bohen

Day Deleted

Golden light shafts
Strike the seas glint
As light's energy
Invades the sky

Water deflects
Lighted movements
Dancing in
A humans eye

On the coastline
Shadows tracking
Sinking sun
To where it lies

Velvet woods there
Slowly melt back
Into darkness
Oft described

As Inky blackness
Where the soft winged
Tiny insects
Bravely fly

Midst the bat winged
Little mouse things
That flutter through
The pines so high

Complete silence
Closely follows
As the stars
Begin to rise

The Earth is turning
The Sun is burning
Another Earth day
Has died

Uniquely numbered
Not repeated
But deleted
From our lives

Egal Bohen

Dead Skin

The rock and stone from which our cities are hewn
Is but dead skin one must assume

Egal Bohem

Decision

When

You

Decide

-

Where

You

Are

Going

-

You

Will

Get

There

Egal Bohen

Defiance

Give me the strength to overcome
My selfish melancholy state
When looking in upon myself
I see but empty places
Chase fleeting images of what I think my graces
To be left to ponder on my worth

So give me now that fiery dart
As it has always come
Like a shaft from out the dark
A fountain sprung
My will
My vital spark

Not overcome but strengthened some
That I might fight again
Then, viewing life with bold disdain
Defiant
Standing
I will play your game
And Life
You shall not win

Egal Bohen

Defiance 2

I defy the morning rising
Though I saw the setting sun

I defy that night is coming
Even though my day is done

I defy all that is spoken
But seek truth where `ere its from

I defy the masses massing
Knowing not their right or wrong

I defy all of creation
Yet I sense I do belong

I defy the very tempest
Though I know I am not strong

I defy all life's illusions
Yet love what they're built upon

I defy that death will take me
It's long lonely journey on

I defy the very moment
When all things return to one

I defy the state of nothing
Which is why I wrote this song

And my spirit will be fighting
Still defiant, on and on

When all around
Is dressed in silence

After everything
Has gone

Egal Bohem

Direction (Or 'May I Suggest')

If we lack a sense of direction in our lives
May I suggest: , it might help to find out: :

What we are
Where we are
Why we are here
What we want
Why we need it
And where (if anywhere)
We think we are going
(After having found all this out)

And perhaps, while on that path
We should also try to be nice.
Because we never know
When we might need some help
Along the way

Egal Bohen

Does It Matter Does It Not

Does it matter does it not
If the reason for life
We have forgot
Perhaps we were never ever told
Perhaps the truth may soon unfold
Will it hurt or will it not
Our selfishness may have to stop
Mankind contained in a single drop
Of a waterfall without end
My god
Should we know or should we not
Need we understand the plot
Only you can answer that
Nine lives are only given to a cat

Egal Bohen

Doesn'T Matter What Your Made Of

Doesn't matter what you're made of
Doesn't matter who you are
Doesn't matter where you're going
Or if you drive a super car
You could be made of metal
Electronics for a brain
The fact that you are animal
Is basically the same
The only things that matter
Are the thoughts within your head
And life is where they come from

So live before your dead

Egal Bohen

Doors

Doors that open
Doors that close
Doors that lead
Where no one goes

Doors with knockers
Made of brass
Doors with windows
Coloured glass

Doors to push
Doors to pull
Doors that spin
So down you fall

Doors with bars
Doors with stops
Doors in cars
All with locks

Doors of oak
Doors of steel
Doors with studs
That you can feel

Doors to lead to other states
Doors created out of hate
Doors which are set
To separate

Doors behind which dogs do bark
Doors from which to make a start
Doors where people leave their hearts
Step apart

Doors imprison
Doors release
Doors preserve
Silent peace

Doors stay stuck
Doors stay open
Doors stay closed
Some get broken

Doors invite
Doors repel
Doors forbid
Hide as well

Doors of secret
Doors of light
Doors with cracks
That creak at night

Doors of Life
Are Doors the same
To find the door
That bears your name

That is the game

Egal Bohlen

Dreams In A Box

Like a dream in a box
We live out our lives
Aware of a world
That is distance derived
Though horizons may come
And horizons may go
In boxes we stay
Trapped by Time in it's flow
Our decisions decide
Where that box with our name
May travel the system
Will move or remain
As escape is uncertain
We have to be blind
To the world as we know it
For it's all in the mind

Egal Bohem

Druid Stones

The stones stand
Like a circle of crones
Far out on the moor
Resembling witches
Short
Hunch backed
With cloaks down to the floor
As if a meeting
Once begun
Was frozen then in Time..
They stand there
Silent
In the mist
Locked
In some fantastic mime

Forbidding and mysterious
Is one that towers above
One wonders
What it represents
Power?
Law?
Not Love
No one knows
From whence they came
Nor, what they stand there for
But pray their meeting
Now adjourned
Remains so
Evermore

Egal Bohen

Drumbeat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

So the English went to war
Defending right where wrong they saw
Brown Bess the muskets that they bore
Redcoats their name
Red coats they wore
The world will never understand
The thinking of an Englishman
Who will always pick the under one
To stand astride, to shield with gun
His legacy
His history wrote
His musket and his bright red coat
His language o'er the world is spoke

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Each To Their Light

None can dictate
What another believes
Each to their light
But where do they lead

Egal Bohlen

Earth Defines

No word describes the beauty I have seen
This orb on which I live is heaven's dream

Life's atmosphere has beauty of a kind
Intangible
Unique
So rare to find

Such beauty imaged deep within the mind
No word is there exists
That 'Earth' defines

Egal Bohen

Earth's Children

To Earth
Each day
And through each night
They come

Earth's children
Called here
One by one

In endless lines
Their souls new born to life

In wonder and in innocence
Their trust in us complete

What have
We done

Egal Bohem

Elemental You

Dark gas
Burning blue nebulous systems
Mind boggling molten metal stew
Unveils creation
To relentlessly exude
Deeply embedded violet haloed stars
That come
Emerging
Supporting life
Sparkling with white fire
To be diluted
Into conscious
Elemental
You

Egal Bohlen

Emit

The horizon was curved and filled with flame
In a second one voice called out everyone's name
Then the hand of time moved on again

Egal Bohem

English Boy (Or 'Eleven')

Bury face in the sweet grass
Smell damp earth
Things past
Lay on back
Look up to the sky
Dream of Spitfires screaming by
Kick an anthill
Catch a grass snake
Get left with a lizards tail
Collect eggs in a pail
Cook an omelette by the barn
Land a Perch
Watch the sun die
Bats fly round the campfire
Find a hot patch
Roast some toast
Get something to burn
That old post
A dry cowpat
Lay down
Warm ground!
Tell a yarn
Look in at the Pyre
Fantastic
Bright
Yellow
Red
Fire
Blow
Get a hot cheek
Set the grass alight!
Sparks fly
Rest my chin on my fist
Mates grin
Where can we get a cavalry sword?
Stare into the red abyss
Red eyes
Smokey shirt
Fresh air

Dead beat
Roll on back
Check out the stars
Which one's Mars?
No idea whats in store
Who cares what life is for
Just now
When you are Eleven

Egal Bohem

Equilibrium

The key to what is inside you is outside you
The key to what is outside you is inside you

Egal Bohem

Essential Imagination

In nights of no wind
When just animals speak
From the hills to the valleys
Shadowed so deep
A river like silk
Runs silent and dark
Over boulders of gold
That lie in it's path
Through forests of emerald
Growing tall on it's banks
Past glades softly silvered
Where the unicorns prance
To cliffs where the river
Falls ravaged and torn
To the plains far below
Where a new world is born
There dim lit by a Moon
Lies the land of the fawns
Where gossamer wings
It would seem are the norm
For faeries at peace
That in flowers do lie
Are a reason perhaps
We should all want to fly
Yet who could not see
Such a mythical place
(As Shakespeare imagined)
Where time has no place
Is the food for our minds
An infusion of grace
Imagined
Essential
Should we wish to escape
There are many such rooms
In our minds we may make

Egal Bohlen

Eternally

Created as a fresh new page
With eyes that gazed in awe
At the colours of the rainbow
And at everything I saw
I soon became distracted
As I stepped out through the door
To wander through those places
Where grew life with all its flaws
Where the information screaming
At my senses from around
Like the currents of a river
Carried me where they were bound
So my awe became diluted
As illusion did me drown
While bewildered I was learning
Something yet had to be found
In unravelling that message
I looked in, at what was me
Where I saw that though some words were writ
My page was half empty
So I looked a little closer
At that page and all I'd done
I looked at what life meant to me
The sadness and the fun
That page was old and dirty now
Dog eared and life stained
There wasn't much to see on it
That from my life I'd gained
So I peered again, and then did see
The words at which I'd looked
Had form, and depth and meaning
More than words within a book
For those words which I had written
When my page was fresh and new
Held a message in dimensions
That before I had not viewed
For each word that there was written
Was a lesson I should note
If only I took time to understand

What I had wrote
So from that moment
I then looked
Upon my life again
Viewing all it's situations
(And it was not without pain)
So that learning what life was
All it's ups and all it's downs
I could then look through life's colours
Into where my life was bound
Understanding that the words we use
Recording all we see
What we learn
What we become
Well
They are our destiny

For our words will be our signature
When here we cease to be
Encripted in our spirits
To endure eternally
Emotions
In dimensions
Of a universal sea

Egal Bohen

Every Breath

Every breath
That we take

Moves us into
Our future

Every breath
We let out

Is our past
Left behind

Our lives
But a moment

A moment
Of living

In the air
As we drink it

Imagined
In time

Egal Bohem

Everyone

Reflect then connect

To one another

Like it or not

We have

A common mother

All brothers

Sisters

Daughters

Sons

Plus father

Equals everyone

Egal Bohen

Examinations Of Our Minds

To those of us who judge unknowingly, or by deliberation I say this
That when, in judging others, we ourselves should exercise
Synchronous similar examinations, of our own minds
That we miss not those faults we own, and yet ignore
When serpent like we hiss, transfixed outside the others door
Obsessed, enabling words formed deep in the abyss
To travel from our minds so blind, to scornful lips
Words born of arrogance, part of ourselves we do not see
Insidious, they lie in us, the same as that we mock in he
Those faults of others that of which we all do moan
Forgetful all the time, of those immortal words
Let him who has no sin, cast first the stone

Egal Bohen

Expectations

Sometimes we think
That friends have let us down
When in reality the fault lies in ourself
We should ask ourselves the question this:
Where does an expectation live?
We know too well that it does dwell
Within the minds of us
That ask
The question is though does it pass
Into the minds of those
That have to give

Egal Bohen

Eyes Speak Truer Than Do Tongues

You know
That eyes
Speak truer
Than do tongues
Once caught
A look
The truth
It will foretell
Bright as the sun

Egal Bohen

Fear

Fear of death
Fear of life
Fear of truth
Fear can bite
Fear devours
Trust at sight
Fear turns logic
Into spite
Fear even doth
Turn light to night
When it upon
Your shoulder lights
Fear twists
Fear kills
Fear is the cause
Of most world ills
Love chase fear away
When fear gone
All just peace

One Day

Egal Bohem

Fear Management

Life is a tightrope

An illusion

Suspended above a pit of reality

To live it you need the attributes of a trapeze artist, ie

Possess a good sense of balance

and

Be able to manage fear

Egal Bohem

Find The Unicorn

Nothing does not exist!
Not cannot be!
Think about it
Does is!
Is exists!
I am me!

All is
You are you
Things have form - I see
Ideas - I can describe to you
Thoughts - may come to be

Yet no thing is a nonsense
That none of us can see

'No thing' has no description
'No things' can't be conceived
They are beyond conception
They cannot be believed

So why we talk in riddles
Of something we won't find
Of no things
When just all things
Are all that fill our minds

I thinks this is a barrier
To knowing how things is
(Forgive me very bad English
For that is what it is)

We need to find the Unicorn
Beyond that distant star
For until he is a something
We will stay just like we are

Egal Bohem

Finding Out

If finding out where you are
Is the first step to knowing
Where you are going

Finding out who you are
Is the first step to knowing
How you might get there

Egal Bohem

Freedom

We are free
There are no chains
The gates are false
Our lives create
There is no gaoler
For you nor me
Just our own
Constraints
You see
Freedom
If you understand
Is in the mind
Is in the land
Immortal
Omnipotent God
The Universe

Atman

Egal Bohem

Friend

The very best thing in the world

Is to have a friend

Egal Bohen

Global Haiku (Silly Series)

1.

All life
Come forth
Out of ocean

2.

Evolution
Monkey lost
His tail

3.

Monkey no tail
Prefer cars
To walking

4.

Fossil fuels
Carbon Dioxide
No icecap

5.

Fell rainforest
Lots of wood
More carbon

6.

Global warming
Much rain
Climb mountain

7.

Climb mountain
Too crowded
No food

8.

Come down mountain
More water
Make boat

9.

Cross water

Can't land

Big war

10.

Fall in ocean

Life gone

Full circle

Egal Bohem

God

Its not a big deal how you get there
Just important you make the journey

Egal Bohem

Heart

This heart

That beats

So constantly

In time

With fluid motion

Free

This heart

That beats

For you

For me

This heart provides

Our destiny

This heart it is

A wishing well

This heart it is

For time to tell

This heart it Is

Our life as well

This heart

His Window Sill

The clatter
Of a distant train

A child ran
To the window pane

Seen moving slowly
Through the dusk

Across the common
Like a ghost

Carriage lights
With half pulled blinds

Burned it's passing
In his mind

Carriages full
Of unknown souls

Clanking on
To unknown goals

Passing slowly
Into time

Pulled by a train
On iron lines

Moving slowly
Through the dusk

That train would now
Have turned to dust

To where it went
The child knew not

Yet he knew it passed
From out his world

Perceived as it was
From his window sill

It disappeared
Along the line

To where?
To somewhere else in time?

The magic is
That he holds it still
That ancient train
With people filled

It clatters onward
Through his dusk
Any time that he thinks it must

He makes it journey
Time after time

Across the common
Along the line

It's carriages bright
With people filled

Trapped by the mind
Of a child until

He forgets
His window sill

Egal Bohem

Horizontal Rain

It is the horizontal rain
Passing through this world of pain
That supports our very frame
Assembled from galactica
It's structures then collected are
To form our bodies insular
To ride the horizontal rain

It is the horizontal rain
Passing through and out again
Enabling continuity
Resistance being the polar key
Defeat of matter by the mind
In gravity our place defined
We ride the horizontal rain

It is the horizontal rain
Seen by those who use their brain
That enables Time to claim
Our journey to our destiny
We wander down these mists of time
Mists that transfer line by line
To ride the horizontal rain

It is the horizontal rain
Which you may call another name
That we should try to comprehend
And in that act the time you spend
Will demonstrate how Time does blend
Its very essence through our frame
Within it's horizontal rain

Now think ye if I've got it wrong
Tell me, when you last dwelt upon
How your body forms and grows
Travels through time with things you know?
It's time to you it was explained -
We ride a horizontal rain

See the horizontal rain
Pass through the room and out again
Supporting all there is to see
Transporting us through Time to be
Or not to be
That is the question put to thee
Through the horizontal rain

Egal Bohen

Hyacinth

Fresh earth

Fresh sun

Fresh leaves

Unfolding

One by one

Revealing

In a magic spell

Hyacinth flower

Heavenly smell

Egal Bohen

I Know..... Its Going To Be Hard For Me To Get Wings (Don'T Read This Unless You Believe In God)

If you believe in God
Surely you would want to know
How it began, Gods mighty plan
That we speak of but don't understand
I mean faith
Does it have to be blind?
Do you think God
Really would mind?
If we asked a question or two
About how he made me and you?
Did God know everything then?
Before he invented men
Was the story of Man
Predicted too?
Our heaven
Our hell
And all we would do?
If so, then what was the point?
Why open a book to read or begin
A story thats written
If it's already "Fin"
What did God really want
To do then with Man?
Did he have
Or have not
A predicted plan
(Interested greatly in which I am)
And thinking of questions as I go along
If God made life in one go
Where did the information on life come from?
Perhaps we were something
He thought of
Me and you
On a day out to his local zoo
Or when singing a song
While walking home through the park
One evening in space

Long after dark
Thinking One (Adam)
And then Eve (Two)
A duet perhaps
Lifes song to improve
Did he prophesy then as homeward he went
Back to his god-like grand tenement
Of Mans hates
His desires
All those things we do wrong
That long list of naughty things
(Sins like this song!)
To which man persistently
Addictively clings
(I know,its going to be hard for me to get wings)
It would seem then if man (the idea) was quite new
He was a concept of God
Perhaps well thought through
But Man.....m'mm
He could be an accident though
A product of life
A bit like a crow
If that were the case
Could God ever have known
What Man was
When life started
What evolution would clone?
Or perhaps when God
Began his great plan
(You know what I mean, the story of Man)
God used an idea from his memory store
Possibly from a play
He'd seen somewhere before
But then if he knew
How man would behave
How all planet earth
Man would come to invade
Before it all started
(I mean before mans life had begun)
If god knew what Man was like
He must have had one HELL of a dislike
For everything else under the sun!

If you think
About then
In what we believe
It doesn't add up
To what we perceive
Was Man planned?
Was he not?
Did God write the whole plot?
Or did he just boil up the stew?
Those questions now spoken
My mind I'll keep open
(For its hard to work out what is true!)
But then having carried out
A Very, very quick review
I don't think myself
That he actually knew
I mean I don't think that man
Was the whole of Gods plan
From creation
I think Man just grew
I think it could be
God is life
As it began
Or
God is a beginning
From which Life sprang
Life that is conscious
And was born to expand
Energy
Universe
Together
A Clan
I think God is a part of ourselves
We don't know
That is growing
Wherever
His Universe flows
Whatever the case
The answers we'll find
By questioning
Everything

Line after line

The one thing
I am sure of
To know God
In our minds
If faith is required, , , , , , it need not be blind

Egal Bohan

Image In Time

My word
Is your image
A thought
In your head
Placed there
By myself
As you read
What I said
A star
Or a comet
A planet
A sign
Unique
To yourself
In dimensions
Of mind
From a signal
Received
Decoded
Sublime
Understood
Ethereal
An image
In Time

Egal Bohen

Images

I have an image
In my mind
An understanding
Of a kind
Not writ in text
Though clear as day
But in order to
Communicate
Convey
That image
To another soul
To words
I must translate it
Whole
That is much easier
Said than done
For those images
Are often
Far too complex
For my tongue
Yet
If I write those words
In verse I find
Said image
Is translated
Whole
Quite simply
Line by line

Egal Bohlen

Important Bits

The important bits of your life
Are the bits no one can steal

Egal Bohem

In A Medium Outside Our Time

I have seen
In quiet corners
Of long forgotten
Empty rooms

Faded memories
Of childhood
Warmth and laughter
In a winters afternoon

I have seen on evening walks
In summers honeysuckled lanes
Those who walked before
Beside us
Gone
Yet leaving
Images
Remembered
Loved ones
Names

I have seen pass
Right beside me
Through
The iron painted gates
That guard the park
The trees and branches
Where I once played,
My old school mates

Within my mind
Their distant voices
Through mists
Of time
Call out again
Who was it
Shouted: 'See you later'?
Was it "Ginger"
In the rain

Running swiftly
Home
Late
To explain

His voice
Still lingers
Ever timeless
Echoing
Around my brain

Strange not
The leaves
Fall
From the branches
Of the trees
Within the park

Strange not
My hair
From Time
It's marches
Is now rendered
White
As snow

Stranger though
Those memories
Within us
Grow not old
As old
We grow

For they are data
Now recorded
In a medium
Outside
Our Time

By age
Completely

Disregarded
Trapped
Preserved
To wait
Untarnished

To be played
When they are needed
Memories
Of yours and mine

Egal Bohem

In Your Life

In your life
Is light
Shining
In a dark place
In your life
Is the dance
That mocks the stone
In your life Is carried triumph
Over tragedy
In your life is the spirit
That you own
In your life rests the trust
Of all humanity
In your life you will help
To lead it home

Egal Bohem

Indifference

I saw
A blade
Of grass
Stood
All alone
Illuminated by
The morning sun

Indifferent
If it
Were
On it's own
Or of
Ten thousand
Blades
Just
One

Egal Bohem

Insecureuncertain

If you feel insecure
You are not being Yourself

If you feel uncertain
You have no faith in God

Egal Bohem

Iraq

Misunderstanding
Resentment
Fear
Blood mingled with salt
From so many tears
Here death has invaded
The minds of the seers
The sky has turned yellow
The sand has gone blue
A world upside down
All afraid of the few
Who deal with the bomb
The Kalashnikov too
Dictators
Liberators
Solutions applied
The results were the same
Innocents died
Religious division
Created the slide
Into a pit
That a nation divides

Iraq bury the sword
Let your Nation be found

For in the sunrise
And the thorn tree
In the soil that you tread
Waits the soul
Of your country

Enough has it bled

Egal Bohem

It Equals You

It's best to say a sad goodbye
Than never to have said Hello

We should prefer to end a journey
Than never to have walked the road

We learn much more when we have failed
Than we would had we never tried

We should have found the strength to laugh
Perhaps those times when we have cried

We ought to take a second look
At everything we see and do

Always finding time to hear
Another, and their point of view

We should value life, so precious
That so swift we all pass through

For everything we do becomes us
The good, the bad, it equals you

Egal Bohem

It Matters Not

It matters not who says the word
It matters only that it's heard

Egal Bohen

Just True

These poem's words
Through lines
Lead to
The poets mind
Who wrote
His thoughts
Down
Just for you
He did not ask
That you should find
His verse was good
Just true
Be kind

Egal Bohen

Keep The Mind Open

There is only one God

It is everything that is
It is everything that has been
It was every prophet

Through which

It has ever spoken
It's message still is
Keep the mind open

Egal Bohem

Land Of Midnight Sun

In the land
Of midnight sun
Where from Volcanoes
Ice doth come
Where time
Is not
And legs
Won't run
There is
A silence
You have heard
More silent than the glide
Of ghostly bird
Before it stryke
Deep
In the moonlit wood
At night
To carry far away
You to your dreams
To places
You have never been
Where
May be seen
Beneath the incandescent light of midnight sun
In silence
Colours of your lives all run
Together
Into one

Egal Bohen

Leaf

Single leaf

On a tree

Gold as November

Clings tenaciously to life

So stubborn in the wind

Defiant of its time

Survivor

Affinity

Mankind

Egal Bohem

Life

Life is an explosion of sensation that dwarfs the universe that supports it

Egal Bohen

Life Cycle

Life is a bit like learning to ride a bike
First of all you walk
Then you start to ride but,
You concentrate so much on not falling off
You haven't got a clue where you've been
Then you learn to ride
And, you can look around a bit
Then you learn to ride without hands
And you feel really confident!
You can even lean back and whistle!
But then its not long, until one day
You can't get on a bike
Then you're back to walking again
Looking at the new kids
Learning to ride their bikes

Egal Bohen

Life Is

life is life
death is death
awake is awake
asleep is asleep
dream is dream
which is which
life is death
death is asleep
awake is dream
asleep is which
dream is life
which is awake
asleep is dream
death is awake
life is asleep
awake is death
dream is which
which is life

sweet dreams

Egal Bohem

Life Is A Test

Life is a test we all must take
That if we pass we emigrate
Our powers grown through steady state
To places new, fresh worlds to shape

Egal Bohem

Life Is Like

life is like a breath of fresh air
you have to give it back

Egal Bohem

Life Is Quite Fragile

If Earth
Were a seed bed
Long ago sown
With life
That flourished
So the fruit is now grown
Is it spring?
Is it summer?
Or is it the fall?
How long have we got
On this heavenly ball?
For one thing we have learnt
We know Earth can change
Man is not the master
He holds not the reins
Our planet has cycles
It wears the crown
Protects its resources
It's oceans moves round
Life is quite fragile
It comes
And it goes
With the ice
With the desert
With the wind
When it blows

Egal Bohen

Lifeforce

Mans world to him has now become
So complex like unto a Sum
The theory always then applied
To solve the problem next arrived

But when he lays himself to rest
Without him, and outside his head
The teeming Life that Earth maintains
In oceans deep
On dusty plains
Goes on
It's order still unbroken
Timeless
Caring not what man has spoken
Thought
Or even done
Wanting Nothing
But Life
Won

This is the force that Man must know
Radiating Life
Its flow

For what is Man alone
His world undone
But the very smallest
Fraction of the Sum

Egal Bohen

Light

From the darkness
Comes the light
At the speed of it's highest vibration
Bright
White Anti-night
Enabling visualization

Full of the red of the reddest fire
The blue of the bluest sky
The green of the greenest emerald isle
The yellow in the old mans eye
The old mans eye, sigh.....

The old mans eye has seen the light
Seen for his generation
When he was young
He drank of the Sun
And dreamed of harmonization

Now as he lays
At the end of his days
The light through his eyes is no more
But the light thats without is also within
Much brighter than eyes ever saw

For from the spirit comes a light
At the speed of it's highest vibration
Brighter
Whiter
Dazzling anti-nighter
Enabling realization

Egal Bohem

Like The Animals

At the top of the chain
Is a good place to be
I may eat all the things
That beneath me I see
Such good times may stay
But they also can go
I should start to look up
If they come
Then I'll know
What it's like to be herded
Perhaps eaten for tea
Time to think
Like the animals...
Think about me

Egal Bohen

Like The Morning Sun

Just as the reed
Is as the oak
It has for us
So clear been wrote
To fear not death
When it doth come
Upon us
Like the morning sun
For death feared not
Where e're it's flight
Is death feared not
Throughout our life

Egal Bohen

Like The Turning Of The Earth

Every second
Our lives move
Forward
Suspended
Precariously
Between
The past
And
The future
Only ever
Existing
For
The briefest moment
In the flow of Time
Where
As with all things
Like the Turning of the Earth
They instantly become
Either history
Or matters of pure speculation

Egal Bohen

Listen - Not A Poem

To hear you must listen
To listen you must decide
To decide you must understand
To understand you must hear
But to hear you must listen
And so it goes on
Its all quite simple really
You just have to decide to listen
Then you will hear
Then you may understand
What you do when you understand?
Well now, thats another question
Thats the human bit
Thats life

Egal Bohem

Look Twice

Look twice
At everything
Remember
What you see
Think constantly
About your life
If forever
You would be

Egal Bohem

Loves Gift

The will to do what we would not, or do not that we would

Egal Bohem

Marazion

Ochre
Lichen
On
Slate
Roofs

Saffron
Sands
With
Pebbles
Dusted

Fringe
The
Bay
The
Waves
Chase
To

Island
Mount

Carved
From
The
Granite

Set apart

In
Azure
Blue

Clouds
Of
Cotton

Passing

Over

Herring Gulls

Patrolling
Through

Up the shore
The nets
Lie
Tangled

Mixed
With
Seaweed

In
A
Line

White
Horses
Beat
The
Beach

Elated

Here
I Sit

The
Storm
Abated

Heaven

Is
Not
Hard
To find

Memories

Memories are distant days
You cannot see
Yet know
Silent in the mind
Silent yet heard
Dark yet seen
Set in some strange twilight world
That is not dream
Times
Places
Words
Faces
Marching backwards
Fading slow
Hold them close
Then let them go
Like shadows
In the fire glow

Back
To that strange distant land
Where they belong
There to wait
'til called upon

Egal Bohen

Memory (More To Come)

If I remembered not what I had done
Life would be a dark place without sun
If I remembered not the way to stand
Then I should have to crawl upon the land

If I remembered not, to speke a word
Then nothing could I say that would be heard
If I remembered not, what was my name
Then everyone, to me would be the same

If I remembered not the things I love
Then there would be, no turtle dove
If I remembered not what I had found
My mind would now be empty, barren ground

For memory does enable every thing
For with it, every day we all begin
Without it, nothing ever can be known
Without it we are all, each one, alone

Egal Bohen

Metalmoon

Metalmoon

That like clockwork slowly moves across the open plain
Where tall trees stand silver bright
Casting long the shade
Land of desolation in a dream

Here no wind blows nor winters into springtime grow
Here all is everlasting night where only sheath winged insects fly
Through silhouettes of leafless trees against a deep red sky

Metalmoon

That like clockwork slowly moves across the open plain
Move again
To where glass dewdrops on steel girders gleam
Reflecting all that can be seen
Converging lines that streets had been
In silence

Here no bird cries nor mothers dry their childrens eyes
Here only metal, blued, survives
Against a deep red sky

Metalmoon

That like clockwork slowly moves across the open plain
To the future will explain

Egal Bohem

More Liquid Than Cold Glass

Everything around us
Is changing as we look
Even we are being turned
Like pages of a book

As we sit and read this
We float from out our past
Moving to our future
More liquid than cold glass

The only thing that's static
Is our narrowness of mind
Focussed and self centred
Never understanding Time

Egal Bohen

Musick

Musick

Musick

Musick fill my bowl

Rhythmic

Pulsating

Around my head you roll

Life lifting

Time drifting

Through heaven I then stroll

Oscillating

Vibrating

Detached from life so droll

Soothing

Bemusing

All states you can enthrall

My mind sings

To everything

Your frequencies unfold

Musick

Musick

Fall into my bowl

Food for my spirit

Dancing for my soul

Egal Bohem

My Here Is Everything

Where ere
I sit a'while
I'm
"here"

-

Until I move
To over
"there"

-

But when I'm
"there"
I'm "here" again

-

Another place
But the same name

-

But what are names
I am not
"there"

-

For where
I place my chair
Is
"here"

-

From where I look
To over
"there"
Is always
"here"

-

And all things else
Are always
"there"

-

It seems that there
Are lots of
"there"s

-

Places I
May place my chair
-
Some of them
Are far away
So far I need
The night to stay
-
So far from
"here"
I left before
I can no longer see
For sure
-
Then I imagine
Over
"there"
-
From where I sit
"here"
On my chair
-
But that is not
The same to me
As seeing
"there"
While seeing me
-
Although I can
See many
"there"s
I only see a single
"here"
-
And as it moves
Around with me
I think perhaps
What I must see
In fact is what
The world
Must be:
-

Just the bit
I see from
"here"

-

From where I sit
Upon my chair

-

Just the bit
In front of me

-

That changes

-

Simple imagery

-

So does that mean
That all the
"there"s

-

Are really part
Of
"here"

With me

-

For that would mean
Imagined
"there"s
Are nothing more
Than
Memories

-

If then the
"there"s

-

Are
"here"
With me

-

Wherever
"here"
I choose to be

-

Wherever

"here"

May really be

-

My "here"

Is

Everything

-

You see

-

Deception

Called

Reality

Egal Bohem

No Great Mystery

Life is no great mystery,
Just
Something
We
Don't
Understand

Egal Bohen

Noirmoutier (For I Like The View)

A sea of green reeds in the sun
That ripple where the wind will run
A winding road
A distant Mill
That shimmers in the heat when still
A turbid tide across the bar
Behind the pines there salt pans are
Where Avocets wade white on blue
To fishing huts bleached by the light
Illuminated
Painted bright
The coloured boats along the shore
Noirmoutier
All this is you
And more

-

Egal Bohen

Normandy 1944

They are the empty places
They are the ragged bundles on the shore
Emptied of their love and all they saw
Converted into memories
Instantly
Not wanting to
Yet went
That was brave
No Game
No masquerade
They did not come home
So while there lives a memory
While there is an empty place
An unforgotten face
Leave them their dignity
Those who died seriously
Normandy 1944

Egal Bohem

Not Sensed By Light

Our spirits fill
Our wordly frames
Not sensed by light
But there the same
Extending through
Our every vein
Throughout our hearts
Within our names
And conscience,
Spirit's own domain
Is where they're found,
Yet oft' in pain

Egal Bohen

Now Then

That
Which in temporary state
Prevails
But for a second
Or
Its fraction
Midst this sea of multitudinous forms
Endures forever

-
Our minute lives
So small
Extended
Locked into Time
Preserved
Appended
Unseen
But there as in a dream

-
Times speed
Dictates
Our life
Our state
That frontier
That does not wait
We cannot go back
Through the gate
For all that is
Is on the Line
Unstoppable
Essential
Motion
Known
As
Time

-
Egal Bohlen

Now We Think We Are Not

To live we need to take a different look at life
To see things in a far more natural light
We live expecting that which we will see
Even, we expect to happen what we want to be
Just as pride that comes before a fall
It seems we think that we control and know it all
And so it is we cannot understand
When nature carries on, intent on it's own plan
Oblivious, and so indifferent of puny man
That we in desperation then look round
To find a place, a face, to point a finger at
Where blame may be attached, a culprit found
There is no blame, for this is life we live
For here, we walk with beasts on dangerous ground
Where nature's forces are at work with ice and rock
A test, for places next perhaps where we are bound
The trouble is, it seems we have so long forgot
This world of which we are a part
That now we think we are not

Egal Bohen

Ocean Is Met

Blocks of Cornish granite stone
Exposed
Face brave the west wind's home
To test the storm
Salt bleached
Well honed
Then lit to show their scars
Each one
Picked out by shadows
Of the evening sun
Mirrored mica
Sparkling quartz
Pure diamond white
At granite's heart
This sea wall stands
Defiant set
With confidence
In stone
To state:

Ocean is met

Egal Bohlen

Old Cold

Moonrise

In a star studded sky
Where the ice of space
With bluestone fire
Does send its sparkling rays to set
The secret shapes
Which grow in crystal on the Earth
That say:

I am the Cold
I am the Oldest of the Old

I was here before the Sun
I shall return.....
When all is done

Egal Bohem

On Earth

You should drink
The bead of silver rain
That hangs after a spring shower
From a blade of new grass
To understand
All you need to know
About your life
On Earth

Egal Bohem

One Day Perhaps God Will Say To Mankind....

I see that you are troubled even positively ruffled
Having now developed scientific minds
To understand the origins
Beginnings of all cosmic things
Positrons pure energy and time

Life's source and how things came to be
For as you push back boundaries
These questions will as rivers come to flow

To watch you struggle endlessly
It troubles me
It troubles me
To see you waste your energy just so

For don't you see - there is no need to know

Just cope with that which life will throw
Learning what you're meant to be
Learning to be tolerant and free

Enlightened then you would all see
The Universe to truly be
Of matter not
But purely in my mind

For until you do believe
That I am God
I let you breath
The answers are elusive
As this rhyme

One day the truth I'll let you see
And then it will then be clear to thee
Your Universe is something
You won't find

It is a place I thought for you
There to live your lives

Be free
To love and learn
To think like me
Yet sadly
That you cannot see

Mankind

Egal Bohem

One Home

In the lonely
Deep dark space
A rock
Quite small
Slowly rotates
Though quite alone
Unseen
Unknown
This rock
And you
Share both
One home

Egal Bohen

Ordinary Man

As scattered light spread by the dawn
Infused in nature we are born

As grey clouds cross the winters sky
With silver streaked we live and die

As cold winds blow the flurried snow
Into the night so we must go

But not before our time has come
To touch the earth to feel the sun

Our colours mixed our brush out flung
Our canvas painted with no plan

And yet so beautiful
This life of ordinary man

(Note: I use the term 'Man' here collectively to mean 'mankind' - all genres!)

Egal Bohlen

Our Children (Comment To Sonnet Xvii)

Our weapons
To defeat the scythe of time
That through Earth
Eternalise our places
That carry beauty ever forward
From our minds
Are our children
And such poetry of graces
For while the living stand alone
Each every one
They are in truth
The verse itself,
As either daughters
Or as sons

Egal Bohen

Paradise

You may seek, but paradise
Is something you won't find
When it finds you, then you will see
It is a state of mind

Egal Bohen

Parmenides Saw

If you should talk of nothing
Then nothing you shall see
For nothing is not this world
For nothing cannot be

Nothing has but no thing
No thing there to see
No shape
No sound
No texture
No weight
No density

So if you can describe it
Then do so please to me
For it defies description
It has none you will see

And if you think an empty space
Is a nothing you may find
Just think what is around it
Something on your mind?

While things exist in every form
From thoughts to what you see
There is no such thing as nothing
Just spaces that are free

For as long as just one thing remains
A nothing you won't find
Don't speak of it as if it were
It cannot be defined

So do not doubt that all things are
For it is clear to see
That once there was a something
Only everything could be

Particles

The Universe is Particles
From one source of creation
And "Universe" includes us all
All in participation

Interesting then it is to find
That Science in its study,
Of those particles found in Planets and Stars
People, cars and money

Was interested not so much
In what those particles were
Nor of their every constituent part
They try hard to observe

But more how they behaved toward
Other particles parked close by
For it seems that this behaviour
Results in you and I

So I suggest, that if there is
One rule that we should follow
Its is this "Universal" sign, which says:
'Bad behaviour' is immoral

If it's good enough for the particles that bring us all together
Lets remember
The way that we behave ourselves
Is more important than just being clever

Egal Bohem

Peace Broke

Crevasse trunks
Soaked in low light of northern sun
Leant angled on a rocky shore
Reclining pines
Smooth shades of pink
Soar lofty over secret loch
Inset within a wild moor

Forgot

Tranquil
Distant
Silhouette

Descended from primeval dawn

Direct below
Wild twisting roots
Exposed
Grotesque
Through gravels shallow turn
Entwined

Abandoned cones
Twixt antler horn
Lie upon the forest floor
Forlorn

Symbols both
Of life
Unformed

Before..
Still waters
Silent set
Shallow
Spreading
Deep and cool

Ethereal
Isolated
Upland pool

Calm
As mercury
About the pebble stone
Stood solitary
In the bay

Stone of eternity

That patiently awaits
Wearing
Slowly
Slow
Away

Marsh grass

Black clumps
Along the ragged margins edge
Petrified
Unruffled images
In mirror set
Imprisoned
Frozen
In a landscape
Filled
With quietness

The faintest whisper

If here spoke
Would split apart
As lightning
Shatter atmosphere
Evoke

An act of violence

As words intrude

Into this place
Of silent thought

Peace
Broke

Egal Bohen

Pebbles Tidal

Tumbled
Churned
Arrayed
Displayed
Laid out
To glisten
On parade
To rest
A quest
That is denied
Sucked back
To grind
Each other
Down
Grating
Dragged
Then rolled
Around
Twice daily
To broadcast
Their sound
By movements
Of Earth's oceans
Round
Hollowed
Contoured
Cream and brown
Pebbles tidal
Duly sorted
Mottled
Coloured
Wet and salted
On the shore
Laid out
Exhausted

Egal Bohem

Penal Colony

Penal colonies come in all sizes
It just so happens ours is a whole planet

Egal Bohem

Perception

Ghosted images

Not light

Move through

Our blinded sightless night

Motion

Out of vision's line

Detected energy

Outlined

The basis of a world

Defined

Perception without light

Unseen

Perception that is real

Not dream

Egal Bohem

Pity

Look into thyself
What do you see
Is it pity you find
For another
Or thee?
If the latter
Your pity
Will be formed in your mind
By a measure of arrogance
Your choice to be blind
For your life is a gift
Not for you
All alone
But for all of the beings
That find Earth
Their home
And as life is a war
Which we all have to face
Thinking first
Of the others
Should be
Our saving grace

Egal Bohen

Pleasure

Pleasure

Is what drives us all

Satisfaction

You may say

They are the same

But different names

We follow blindly

Day by day

Egal Bohem

Poppies Red

As poppies sway upon the breeze
Warm in the summers sun
Their silken petals fluttering speak
Brave words for everyone:

'Our colour is the blood you shed
And when the battles done
You'll learn one day that petals red
Mean wars are never won'

Egal Bohen

Power

The power of us, who power possess
Would grow, if we would use it less

Egal Bohen

Privileged

Intelligence defines his name
Man's destiny
Grows with his brain
But life
Well it is all the same
For from the sea
It surely came
Don't kid yourself
That man is it
He is but just a part
With life he shares
His heritage
Through starlight
From the dark
And should he think
He better is
Because it is
He talks
His cousins
They do just the same
As on two legs
He walks
And should he think
Superior
His manners or his clothes
Remember Man
You're privileged
Just why
God only knows

Egal Bohem

Raindrops

Brilliant rainbow
Lightning shower
Stubble field
Broken flower
Beads of glass
Fall from the storm
Distant mountains
Grey forlorn
Torrents grow
Watch and wait
For to this rain
Our lives relate
Fluid drops
Drunk by the land
Without which
You nor I
Could stand
Everything in life is full
Of raindrops
Life's essential fuel

Egal Bohem

Reality

Conscious is my world
Yet everything I see
Dwells in that part
That always is
Direct
In front of me

How is it that if I believe
In what Charles Darwin found
Evolution in one look
Lets not me look around

Or could it be, if he was right
That Man evolved to see
The only place his world exists
In front (Well, visually!)

For evolution we are told
Amazing things has done
To leave this Earth inhabited
By creatures which have won

Because they propogated
The equipment life required
Extreme and complicated
To survive was their desire

This being the case, the losers found
Much to their disadvantage
Three legs were not as good as four
For hanging onto branches

As some grew tails like shepherds crooks
They hung on even better
But those without soon downward fell
Becoming someones supper

So if evolution does permit
Such changes to convention

Why does Man have just two eyes
When his world has three dimensions?

In all the evidence I have seen
In life forms that abound
It seems your given what you need
At least that I have found

Which brings me to the point of this
Epistle I have wrote
There cannot be a need to see
Behind my back I note

History would tell us though
That this is not exactly true
As many things can come from there
Suprises 'from out the blue'

So why did evolution stop
To leave Man so unguarded
With no eyes at the back of his head
By Lions quite poorly regarded

Is that because theres nothing there
Until he looks around
When suddenly, it all appears
In front, from out the ground

But then he finds what was in front
Has now gone out his mind
In vision it does not exist
For now it is behind!

I would not say that all my world
Projected is from me
Expanding as my eyes traverse
Creating what I see

But surely after all this time
If Charlie boy was right
I should have eyes all round my head
With which the world to sight

The fact that this is not the case
Discomforting I find
It leaves me with this nagging doubt
That all is in my mind

For could it be that I am part
Of some computer game
Advanced beyond conception
Reality it's name?

Egal Bohem

Reflections Of A Kind

Ripples on a lake
Are like thoughts within our minds
Events upon the surface
Life's images unwind

But beneath is the reality
Hid in silence far below
In deep shadow, on the lake bed
In our minds, we need to go

For the peace that we are after
Is something never to be found
In the objects that life lends us
Scattered all around

Those gadgets of obsession
Possessions that are bound
For the trash bins of the future
There discarded, as unsound

Surface waters are distractions
Reflections of a kind
Where float mirages of matter
Mingling chaos with mankind

But peace, if we would seek it
Is a truth we may still find
Found hidden in the deepness
Of that lake, which is our mind

Egal Bohem

Religions Of Man - Part I - Or - Get Close To The Shore Yourself

The Religions of Man
Are like vast rivers
Meandering slowly
Across great plains to the ocean

Fed
By waters from the heavens
Travelling different directions
To reach the same ultimate destination

But
Some now flow so slow
That they have lost all sense of direction
Others have become altogether dried up
Some so polluted
They support no hope for life
Either here or after

So
Best use your own senses
And your mind
To find how to get close
To the shore by yourself
Where you will find
Fast clear streams
That flow straight into
The Ocean of Truth
That still patiently
Awaits us

Egal Bohem

Religions Of Man - Part II - Or - Just Thousands Of Years Of Incredible Pain

Tell me of my God, my guide not my judge
Of wide open spaces, of sky, and of love
Tell me of my God, of light, not of dark
Of the days that we live in, not dust from the past

Tell me of my God, not sheep in a line or
Of Man's Religions, their dogmas, their signs
Tell me of my God, a presence in mine
To be found in all things, connected through Time

For here is Gods presence, God's temple of peace
Seen from all places, south, west, north and east
Its the Earth and it's peoples, it's colours, it's sounds
It's lands and it's oceans, where life all abounds

The stars in the heavens, the planets, their seed
These are the God in which I believe
And my God is no harm, to those prophets who spake
For all Mans religions we now should debate

For my God begat them
As he begat thee
But God has now said
Its time God was free

Free of Religions which slander his name
The Religions of Man
The fanatics insane
The Churches, the Mosques, the synagogues too
They have nothing to do with the God that I view

Their purpose was served when their message was spread
In lands far apart when men spoke, but not read
In days when Man lived in communities, blind,
Of far distant cultures, of others, his kind

That message was sent yet again and again

Delivered by prophets of different names
At differing times and with different claims
Religions got tangled within their own chains

But these messages left us a terrible curse
The division of Man, across all of Earth
So it's time to consider the future of Man
As I can't believe, that this was God's plan

For the fruits of Religion are seen all around
The innocent's corpses, the blood soaked ground
We see it each day, on our screens we are taught,
Religion, the reason that these people fought

If you add up the dead, the wounded and scarred
The innocents murdered, with complete disregard
Religion does not seem to offer much gain
Just thousands of years of incredible pain

So here is a statement, a statement of fact
Fit for our time, Man move forward not back
Its time you accept all your Gods are the same
You are killing each other just over a name

So we should examine the Religions of Man
Keep what is good and use what we can
But when we come to decide what they're worth
Just remember, to religion Hell owes it's birth

So to whatever Religion you may now belong
In whatever language you sing holy song
Examine your conscience, your mind let expand
See the twenty first century as God wanted Man

For God never envisaged that we should abuse
That greatest of gifts, the power to choose
For God has no favourites, for we are as one
And Religion can't change that, it won't be undone

So let us take time to read what was said
By the various Prophets, now all long dead
But remember the fact that there can only be

The one God, for all of us, surely you see

So if God should be known by Man as a whole

The time now has come for us all to enrol

In the knowledge of something we've missed all this time.....

God is universal, it's senses mankind

Egal Bohem

Religions Of Man - Part Iii - Or - I See Humanity Drowned

Vacant blank faces
Animal traces
Roaring cacophonous crowd
Motioned by fury
Madness obscuring
Moves onward
Dark hideous cloud
Explosive malevolence
Uncontrolled ignorance
Screaming for bloodiness
Loud
Driven to vengeance
Weapon dependant
Religion
Crept out from its shroud
How can we save you
Embrace or dissuade you
To share with you peace and its sounds
For until something changes
Religion
Its rages
Continues
To rain death around
The conflict
The carnage
Lives wasted
Disregarded
Nothing changes
Down here on the ground
Where is the sanity
I see profanity
I see humanity
Drowned

Egal Bohem

Religions Of Man - Part Iv - Or - So Listen Not To Men, Who Preach Death Through The Dove

All those that suffer are immortalised through pain
While those that suffering cause, describe the word inane
Deliberate suffering caused defines evil in its shame
By civilised man judged an act of the insane

Now man is considered as a primitive creature
But if he can judge, and forgive, he is a leader
So if there is a God you would expect it to be
Wiser than man by at least "slightly"

For if man can forgive, then so should his God
Forgive, not punish nor use Hell as a rod
So I won't believe all the preachers tell me
Of the fear, or the punishment they say has to be

Neither I believe in the death that is preached
In the name of religion by fanatics that teach
For I would dispute that they represent God
Despite all their books, or their prayers or their nods

For God teaches me it will never forget
Even one single soul who gets lost in the depths
And this is how I, would expect a God to be
More forgiving, understanding, more merciful than me

So we all have to learn to forgive to be free
Of the suffering, the anger, the pain and misery
For as long as we murder, we torment and we maim
The longer will Mankind through religion live in shame

For in the blood of their victims religions blast their names
On the streets of the world through their faiths that are chained
To a blindness that is tribal, but is destined to be changed
Through the will of the loving, who with living will engage

We need understanding that we learn the power of love
So listen not to men, who preach Death through the Dove

Always to remember that the one true God
Is the Universe around us, from which no one can be lost

Egal Bohen

Religions Of Man - Part V - Or - Such Beliefs

God would never ask that man
Should kill or terrorise or maim
Though deceived, as many are
Such beliefs they will proclaim

Egal Bohem

Retro-Lution Or All Life In The System On The System Depends

In the natural world
A balance exists
That regulates growth
Reduces the risks
Of a dominant species
Gaining control
By ensuring components of life
All have roles

Independent of each other
Yet we live as a whole
Even bacteria
Our life cycle involves
So life can't be hijacked
For one species end
For all life in the system
On the system depend

But man in his ignorance
Has disregarded this rule
What he sees as success
Defines him a fool
Wild life destroyed
Forests removed
Mans departure provided
By his very own tools

He's a bit like the fox
With it's cycle of food
If the rabbit (his dinner)
By hunting he removes
Though with Man it's not bunnies
But the havoc he wreaks
As he plunders the Earth
To lay gold on his streets

With no thought for the world

Or his partners in life
The planet he wastes
With continuous strife
The balance of nature
Man has now upset
With temperatures rising
What will happen next?

The balance of nature
Will no doubt keep control
But life as we know it
May not be it's goal
For life started before
Man leapt down from his tree
And for millions of years
Did without him succeed

There is more yet to come
From the bosom of Earth
Which has time left to fashion
From out natures purse
Life forms designed
For a new Noahs Ark
(But no monkeys that talk please...
They're a pain in the...!)

As when dinosaurs finished
Their spell on this sphere
Nature retained
(To pleasure our ears?)
Their tiniest forms
From their millions of years
The birds of our gardens
That sing with such cheer

Catastrophic were the changes
That brought that to be
The cycle of life?
It may well have been
For who knows what it takes?
What forces set free?
It just seems that this time

Its Man turned the key

Perhaps the results
In the future we'll see
New life forms inhabit
A new Earth to be
Will some species of Man
Then still be retained?
Relics of history
Like birds, just the same

They then could amuse
Life's new rulers proclaimed
By singing them songs
(They would need to be trained!)
But to safeguard the Earth
From the havoc they cause
They should have to be made
To walk on all fours

Egal Bohen

Right There Each Time Right There Within Us

If you despair that God is missing
When God is needed know God is
Right there each time right there within us
For it is through us God lives

Egal Bohen

Sacrifice

Sacrifice
Is another word for
Learning

Egal Bohen

Science

You cannot confuse Science
With God
They are the same
One entity
Different name

Egal Bohem

Sea Glass Blue

Helen Mary
Seeks the blue
Sea worn glass
Beside the pool
Where the tide lays
On the shore
By rocks
Small stones
Sea fairies store

Though green glass glistens
On white sand
By oceans sent
To touch her hand
Helen Mary
Faithful
True

Seeks only
Ever
Sea glass blue

Egal Bohlen

Secrets

Man
Will seek to hunt the mysteries of life
-
To search
Those quiet places far away from all the light
That may in some part hold
Those
Answers
That have not been told
Of secret grails and powers
Of
Times
Old
-
So
On those sylvan trails
He stumbles down
Life
As though a stream
Where
May be found
In some dark pool
Within
The
Deep wood dark
Those answers
To
The
Questions
Burning in his heart
-
Where
That
At
Which he glances
Whilst
In
The
Currents flow

As
Waterfalls
And
Whirlpools
Spin him round
To him
Is
As alluring
As
Quarries scent
Unto
The hound
A
Temptress
Painting images
Of
That
Which might be found
-
His gaze then fixed
On these desires
His mission
For great knowledge honed
Obsessed
And with no sense
Nor
Cause
To reason
Why
He loses sight of real life
On Earth
Where
His reality
Abides
-
In ignorance
Of
This
Great
Living sphere
He dwells upon
His eye set high

Always
Seeking
Something
More mysterious beyond
He tramples onward
O'er
The greatest mystery of all
His mind
-
So
Powerful
Unknown
And
So
Is
Bound
Before his search
Is ended
So
To
Fall
-
For
Not all things
Do need be understood
-
Some mysteries
Are best left
In
The
Silver Wood
-
Where
They
Like scent
Which
To the air
By
Wind is blown
Should stay
-
For

Most
Secrets
Yield
Desirability
Once
Known

Egal Bohen

Seraphim

The lake
Was silent
Cool as glass
Fond remembered
As time passed
Remembered
For the breath
Of gentle wind
That brushed
My face
Sent by a saddened Seraphim
Across the waters
Just for me
Lost in a moment
Of tranquillity
Lost in the beauty
Of the glass
That lay before me
As the past
Remembered

Egal Bohem

Seventh Heaven

In the first place Man needed to know God
Not knowing
Where God was Man worshipped the earth and the animals around him
The boundary of his understanding
In the second place, when he understood more of his surroundings
He worshipped the Sun that gave him light and heat
The boundary of his understanding
In the third place, when he understood the movements of the heavens
He worshipped the stars that told him of the seasons of the earth
The boundary of his understanding
In the fourth place he fashioned and worshipped idols and symbols of Gods
To fit
The boundary of his understanding
In the fifth place he worshipped words that were spoken of Gods
This increased
The boundary of his understanding
Then Man became a scientist and decided everything must have a cause
So then he worshipped science
Because it had given him some answers.
This was the boundary of his understanding
These answers made some men forget there was a God
Which brings us to the sixth place
We are now in the sixth place
Which could be quite a dangerous place
Without God
Man could do something nasty with his new answers
Until he finds his next, boundary of understanding
Perhaps Man should take a step back for a moment
Look beyond his next event horizon
Use his knowledge together with his imagination
To work out for himself that which he has missed all this time:
That he is an integral part of an entire universal essence
That supports his very existence, and that of everything around him
The forces of nature, the fabric of all life
Some that we see, some that we don't see
Then, he might just realise
That he is a part of the universal God everything is
Instead of thinking that God is somewhere else
He can do all this simply, without knowing anything

But himself
When he knows himself
He will believe
And belief is the key to an amazing door labelled:
'The seventh place - Answers to everything you ever wanted to know'
Sometimes known
As seventh heaven

Egal Bohen

Sheets

Sheets
Are but a luxury
We use to end
Our day
Took for granted
Silky soft
To sleep
They lead the way
Yet it was not
So long ago
We gathered in the hay
Made up our nests
In lofty trees
So living we could stay
So no surprise
For pillows soft
We have a price to pay
It is the thought
That some of us
On earth still have to lay

Egal Bohen

Ships Of Stone

There is a vision I behold
Where ships of stone float on a sea of liquid gold
To ancient quays from whence lead fine canals
Straight to the hearts of cities Aeons old

Of what I see in this strange vision nothing leaves me in such awe
As when I look upon the faces of the personalities that stand
Serene and silent in their places as the ships of stone slide by
To those quays and ancient places, to the cities Aeons old

Such serenity, such peace, I have never seen before
Finely sculptured perfect features leave they in my memory store
Graceful figures silhouetted, waves of gold break on the shore

Now I know of no sound reason why I should present myself
With such a vision, deep impression, of so dignified a state
Having never to my knowledge ever heard or read or seen
Of so clearly defined image I can only then assume
That the origin of this strange vision, dream experience, was due
To the cheese I ate at midnight, or the wine I drank with you

Yet there is no doubt within me that this place I saw is there
That this very place existed on some far off distant shore
On some far off distant planet seas of gold stone ships will bear

What ere the case I do not care
For at the end it is
That I am left this lasting vision
Silent gliding ships of stone
On a planet of tranquillity
That forever is my own

Egal Bohem

Slave Unto Death

Becoming
A slave
Unto death
Has it's fate

For while death
In itself
Bears no evil
To face

To serve it
Does wipe
From your spirit
All trace

Of the love
That you need
To move on
From this place

Egal Bohem

Snake II

Snakes can move quite fast you know
But they do not like the snow

Egal Bohen

Something New

Something new
That you remember
Is the story
Of your life

Egal Bohem

Something You Don'T Want To Know

We choose the place
We go from here
Through what to us
Is held as dear
If nothing is
Then where you go
Is something
You don't want to know

Egal Bohem

Sometimes

Sunlight
Reflected
Golden beams
A dazzling orb
Floats on the stream
Where sparkling ripples
Lead me through
A string of stars
That draw me to
A gate of living light
It seems....

Sometimes
Its good
That we
Can dream

Egal Bohen

Souls Memories

Our human souls, those parts of us,
That when we pass, turn not to dust
May climb the staircases of time,
Move through dimensions instantly, to find
Their way, to unknown places
There to roam in times of deepest sleep
Amidst a wordless world so silent
Thoughts are loud
And take upon themselves their shape

There they move in timeless motion
Fly through uncorrupted truth
Until the point when rudely woken
When we call them
Home to roost
Whereupon their swift arriving
Causing ripples in our brains
Which, not designed were not intended
Ever to record such games

Deposited then within our memory
As they landed, in a heap
Strange memories surviving
From that world so strange and deep
And so it is our dreams are sent us
Mixed, confused, cut up and censored
Souls memories
Of our world of sleep.

Egal Bohen

Sound Of The Waves

The sound of the waves
Is the sound of the Earth
As it talks with the Moon
In the waters of birth

Egal Bohem

Space

Infinite
Yet unexplained
Expanding
Yet still uncontained
All in front
All behind
New horizons
Blow the mind
To have a bang
You need a place
But where to look
Behind your face?

Egal Bohen

Spheres Of Whitened Blue Edged Light

Spheres
Of whitened
Blue edged light
In soft evening
Take up flight
Shimmering
Softly
Into night
Our spirits
Never ending
Search
For love

Respite

Egal Bohen

Stardust

Beings
Spirits
Inhabiting
Dust
Mixed
With pure water
Our bodies are thus
Visible
Indivisible
From the world
Where we live
Set apart
Yet together
In this cosmos
That is
Ever changing
Is our nature
To the future
We are bound
With our minds
Not our bodies
Which return
Into the ground
There to mingle
With the stardust
Of this planet
We call home
Sweeping silent
In the dark space
On a journey
Of it's own
Through dimensions
To awareness
New image
To our form
Chrysalis
To butterfly
We shall be
Reborn

Egal Bohlen

Summer

Summer
Come
Come again
The softness
Of the grass
Bending
Swaying
Seeded corn
Poppies burnt
Into my mind
The heat
Upon the road
White dust
White dust
And butterflies
Air heavy
Sweet and close
Larks
Sweetpeas
Gentle
Leafy trees
Soft pines
Against an evening sky
The end of a summers day
A countryside of pink
And grey
That tore my heart away
Summer
Come
Come again
My memory loves you
So

Egal Bohen

Summer Linen

Images

Walk from the past
Across a field
Of evening grass
Through a gate
With tangled briar
Silhouetted
Sunset fire
Straw hat bound
With a ribbon band
Summer linen
My mum's hand
Stooks of corn
A teepee made
Where brothers ran
There brothers played
Long shadows
Pointing to the dawn
Across the railway lines
Forlorn
To Boxford House
(From memory drawn)

Egal Bohlen

Supernatural

</>Supernatural, Unnatural

What do these words mean?

Everything is natural

Even Man

and

All his schemes

-

Non -fiction, Science fiction

What do these words mean?

All here is fiction

Isn't life a scream

-

Surreal, Unreal

What do these words mean?

Everything is real

There are not any seams

-

Our world, Their world

What do these words mean?

We all can believe

In places we've not seen

-

Aliens, Homo Sapiens

What do these words mean?

That life is Universal

[Just big spaces in between]

-

Closed minds, Open minds

What do these words mean?

We suffer tunnel vision

Believing not our dreams

-

Blissfully, Ignorant

What do these words mean?

Things may be changing

Life Is not what it seems

Egal Bohen

Take A Ship With Three Masts

If you want adventure
If you want fly
Take a ship with three masts
And square sails set high

With the wind on it's quarter
Go sail a green sea
Where the skies are pure blue
And white clouds fly free

Set your feet on the deck
Let your eyes only see
Sail set, the rigging
A compass and sea

Hold tight the wheel
The ship feels alive,
As it strains for its head
In an angular dive

Into the trough
Of the wave next to come
Her quivering timbers
In a wind driven plunge

Then a thud and a shudder
As the sea in it's tons
Is parted like butter
As onward she runs

Her bow lifted upward
Then over the crest
This ship just loves it!
No other does best

Her sails all a'strain
In her rigging wind hums
As straight down her decks
The white spray is flung

You have salt on your lips
Down your neck oceans run
On your face is a smile
That will rival the sun's

Then she kicks on the wheel
Her bow swerves up ahead
Like a dolphin she plays
She'll take all in her stead

So if you want adventure
If you want to fly
Take a ship with three masts
It's topsails set high

Find wind on the quarter
Go sail a green sea
Where the skies are pure blue
And the white clouds fly free

Egal Bohen

The Animals (Or - I Wonder What God Thinks Of Us)

I wonder what Gods thinks of us
Who think we are so far above
Our fellow animals,
We eat
Anxious for the taste or texture
Of their tender meat

Or animals we kill
For hate
Depending on their length
Or shape

I wonder what God thinks of US
He so merciful and great
To see their blood
Upon our plate

Are we
So totally naive
To think that God
Would ever need
To make a Heaven just to please
Blood thirsty apes that want to feed

Expert little choppers up
Of animals of every size
Even those of gentle heart
Even those with soft brown eyes?

In Heaven
They don't have meat pies, you know
For there they are not well received
Nor kidneys grilled nor lamb chops fried
Because in Heaven
All survive

Its true
There animals may too reside

If they did
God may not like
For us to cut their throats at night

To eat their flesh
And gnaw their bones

For blood
It goes not well with white

I wonder what God thinks of US
If I were he I think I'd rather trust
The animals

Egal Bohen

The Balance (Death Of A Song Thrush)

Life is a balance
All the way
Indulgence leads
Where pleasure plays
You gain
You lose
Your choice
You choose
Beware
The balance though
It moves

Egal Bohem

The Beast Within

We who live upon this Earth
Descended from a common Source
Since Life Began
(Including Man)
Should by this millennium Commenced
At least have Acquired
Enough common sense
To comprehend the simple fact
That Dispute
War
And
Tribal Pact
Religious Differences
And Fear
Of Cultures
And of what we each all Wear
Our Customs
And our Flags that Stand
Defiant
Barriers
Unwelcoming with Bands
That stately music Play
Tunes that set us all Apart
Anthems printed in our Hearts
Are obstacles to Man
His future Progress
And all Plans
For harmony that should Expand
Humanity throughout the wider Space
In which we Live
(The Universe)
Now known to be within our Reach
If we can but survive the Beast
Within Ourselves
That surely may destroy Us

For it would seem we have the Means
If we could concentrate upon the Mind
(And not the Bomb)

To put the past behind Us
As some Great Obstacle
Surmounted
Gone
Done with War
Moving on
In knowledge Grown
That we all share One
Home
Realizing that we live Upon
A Planet
Small
Surrounded by Each Other
All
On this most Beautiful
Earthly Living Ball
All the Same
One Family
One Race
Man united
(Not that one)
As a Team
And so fulfil the Dream
That is our Destiny
If only we survive the Beast Within
That surely could Destroy us

Fifty
Fifty
I would Say
That Man will ever see that Day
Either Way
Let there Be
Eternal Shame
On Man
If he would by his own Stupidity
Deny himself the chance to See
The Universe
That Patiently
Awaits him

So

Should someone grab the Reins?
Lead the Team across the Plains
That lie Ahead
Full of Dread
Life of Chance
Dance of Death
Survive or Die
The Race of Man
Someone who can take some Pain
Sacrifice his peace of Mind
To lead
Man to that point in Time
Where he fulfils his Destiny
His Dream
With his Machines
And so Survive
The Beast Within
That surely would Destroy Us

I think Not

For you can lead a man who sees
But he may still be Blind
For until the Man who Sees will See
You have not changed his mind
So
Unless we have a lot of
Luck
It would seem that we are
Stuck
With a Beast Within
That surely will destroy us

If it is So
Then it will Be
Fear not Then
Boil the Sea
Witness
The Oblivion of Man
From the Universal Plan
Destroyed

But Life will then begin again
For Life is like Eternal Rain
Forming
Falling
Formed Again
Forming
Falling
Formed Again
Until
One Day
(Aeons away)
Each one of us
In our own Form
(Whatever that may be)
Has learnt It

Learnt to Survive
The Beast inside
That surely would destroy Us
For is not that Life's Purpose?

Egal Bohen

The Big Bang -V- The Big Doughnut Theory

What is a beginning?
What is an end?

This much we first
Must comprehend
If we would know
How all things are
To know how came
That distant star

To know how came
The Universe
Where came the matter
Wide dispersed

To seek the point
Where it began
Would be indicative
Of Man
Who with his new found science
Unfolds
The building blocks of Life
Untold

'til now

But as for that required
"Bang"
Big doughnuts
(Those with holes not jam!)
Would be more relevant
To Man
When he would fit the Universe within
'His' plan

For all beginnings Time has seen
Are always the end of another dream

For all Beginnings are also an End

Of another state that was `til then

So 'Big Bangs' are fine
For those who would see
An inch from their nose
In the great Ghobi

But are little more in the plan of things
Than a butterfly, which from its chrysalis springs

1995

Egal Bohen

The Big Bang -V- The Big Doughnut Theory Mk II (Or Long Sausage Roll Theory)

If doughnuts, those with holes not jam
Will not fit your complex plan
Of Mighty Bang
Then I would suggest another twist
To draw within your mind just this:

A sausage roll without the sausage
Long and smooth, it's pastry glossy
So elongated doughnut it becomes
(Hopefully more acceptable to your sums)
Through which galaxies, if pulled
They out the other end, will fall
(Perhaps reduced to cosmic dust
by banging against the pastry crust)

Now if the structure of this roll
Was of one fabric, totally whole
Galaxies could surely roam
All over it's features
Quite at home
Those features curved just like a dish
In or out, just as you wish
Would bend dark space without the risk
Or need of gravity (upon which
your crap theory does in part exist)
And when they get to the other end
They'd fall back through the middle again
(Perhaps reduced to cosmic dust
by banging against the pastry crust)

Now, on emerging at the other end
It is just possible that this roll
Might need to extend slightly
(Perhaps a bit more pastry crust)
To allow some time for the cosmic dust
In transit down the outer husk
To re-form itself into the Universe (As we know it)

So, red shift you want
Red shift you get

Bending light we could forget
For, with a sausage roll of that size
It's more likely something wrong with your eyes

Thus the Universe, and all within
Is never, ever, required
Truly to begin,
(A Much more sensible theory)

Just continued motion from end to end
With a little time to form again, ie:

Across the top and down the middle
What more do you need to solve the riddle?

So to all BB theorists this message I send
To be read twice without any bangs:

All beginnings are also an end
Repeat together: (ALL BEGINNINGS ARE ALSO AN END)

Of a previous state that was, until then
Repeat together: (OF A PREVIOUS STATE THAT WAS, UNTIL THEN)

So true beginnings we never will have
Repeat together: (SO TRUE BEGINNINGS WE NEVER WILL HAVE)

And trying to prove it will drive us all mad!
Repeat together: (AND TRYING TO PROVE IT WILL DRIVE US ALL MAD!)

So now have you digested that?

There was no beginning

Just a change or a step

The beginning?

You imagined

But could then not forget

June 2005

I

Egal Bohem

The Big Bang -V- The Big Doughnut Theory Mk Iii (Or What Happens When A Big Doughnut Spins)

It would be helpful if you would please read 'The Big Doughnut Theory' and The Big Doughnut Theory Mk11 (Or Long Sausage Roll Theory) before reading this!

Now, those Sausage Rolls without their sausage
Their pastry long, and smooth and glossy
Described how there had never (EVER) been
The need for a
"BIG BANG"
To start this mess that we're in (THE UNIVERSE!)

In fact I can think of nothing much worse
Than a "BIG BANG" to start off a whole Universe!

Therefore, and in keeping with my original theory
(Regarding the general distribution of matter)
Without any need for a "BIG BANG" TO SPLATTER'
Our cosmic dust into a great space
(That had waited how long?)
For this event to take place
I return to my doughnut
The original plan
(Remember the type with a hole, and no jam)
But to make it much clearer (ie the system we're in)
I have added another element;

REVOLUTION (or SPIN)

For if our doughnut were of
"UNIVERSAL"
Proportions
In the form of a vacuum with matter within (ie analogy DOUGH)
In view of it's totally enormous
CIRCUMFERENCE

It's speed could then vary (IF IT WERE TO SPIN)

For when "Spun" on it's axis at slow revolutions
It's centre may seem to be totally still
Whilst an object attached to it's outer circumference
Much faster than light might travel
.....UNTIL
The dough at it's surface grew darker and darker (Just like night)
As it's speed prevented the escape of all LIGHT

I then would suggest that this may be the answer
To those who might open not eyes
But their MIND

That the reason there exists such a mass of

"DARK MATTER"

Through our universe does not result from;

"BIG SPLATTER"

But is merely because;

WHEN A BIG DOUGHNUT SPINS

Light cannot escape

SO SOME BITS GO DIM !

So you see

(Although on the EDGE you will not)

POSITION

Determines our SPEED in this plot

And as SPEED is as TIME
(Just in case you'd forgot)

The "SPIN" is the reason;

WE ARE

and

NOT NOT!

March 2008

Egal Bohen

The Big Bang -V- The Big Doughnut Theory Mk Iv (That Is The Universe We'Re In)

It would be helpful if you would please read 'The Big Doughnut Theory' and The Big Doughnut Theory Mk11 (Or Long Sausage Roll Theory) and of course The Big Doughnut Theory Mk 111 before reading this!

At the middle of the doughnut
At the edge of the hole
A massive void you would behold

To read the universal history book
You need to know which way to look

One way is thick
The other thin
Across the hole the light grows dim

There was no beginning
There will be no end
Just continued rotation
Direction to blend

Expand
Inflate
Induce some spin
That is the Universe
We're in

Egal Bohen

The Child In Your Mind

Let the child
In your mind
Come to the door
Sometimes

For that child
In your mind
Is a symbol
A sign

That will
Take you back
Through
Indelible time

To a truth
That you lost
In this world
Where you wake

When you came
To be adult
With an ego
To slake

Egal Bohen

The Edge

I sense
As I before did not
Not with mine eye nor fleshy touch
Not with the varied frequency of sound
Not from within
But somewhere from around
I sense the quivering air that all surrounds
I sense the living tree upon the mound
The bird that soars
I sense the ground
Or rather should I say
I sense the screen on which they play
For what I sense is one so whole
That mind it must astound
Division
There is none
No place where I locate myself
The unity of life and man
The tree
The bird
The universe
As so astounded
Do I stand
And sense
The Edge
Of what I am

Egal Bohen

The Edge Of The Disc

The edge of the disc
As it spun around
Moved faster and faster
And covered more ground
Than the hole at it's centre
That hardly did move
That place where we started
Our life in Time's groove

As one is the disc
As it turns through degrees
Yet nearer it's centre
The lower its speed
Move in or move out
All on the same line
Spiralling outwards
Contiguous Time

Over one ridge
If but there we could flee
Is the line we've just travelled
Moving outwards you see
While over the other
Our future to be
Waits pristine
Undiscovered
For you and for me

Egal Bohen

The First Step

Most things you come across
Do not have a sign on them
Telling you what they are

Neither do you

You have to find out what you are - Yourself

Egal Bohem

The Human Mind

The human mind
Stands solitary as a cube
On a flat plain

One face
Bright
Against the light

Hiding
Within its own shade
Its other dimensions...

Egal Bohlen

The Last Dinosaur

The dinosaur
Stood all alone
The last
The rest
All turned to stone
It sang
Until the sun went down
Then fell asleep
Upon the ground

Egal Bohem

The Monkey And The Shrew

I was the Bull, the Tiger too
I've been the Monkey and the Shrew
I was an Elephant awhile
Once a Crocodile of the Nile
A Lizard I was sent to be
Before a Wolf that wandered free
The Bear I was not long ago
And then a White Owl in the snow
A Whale I've swum the seven seas
Been a Humming Bird amongst the trees
All animals are of one kind
All brothers (That includes mankind)
Of course
They hear
What I have said
You see
Their spirits live
Still in my head

Egal Bohen

The Moth

The Moth flies at twilight
My light
When our planets motion cuts the beam
Of multi coloured daylight from the sun
To let the silhouetted
Evening half light
Pass swiftly
Then be done

Silence
For a moment 'til
Soft gentle starlight
Touching dark velvet
On the Earth
May come

The fox barks at starlight
In the shadow of the hill

While the hare lays
In her form
Very
Very still

Egal Bohen

The One Thing That We Should All Know

The one thing that we should all know
Is that we do not know anything

Egal Bohem

The Original Impressionist

When walking
In wild wood
I be
I reach
To smell
The blossom
There
White blossom
Wafting scent
On air
The blossom falls
When touched
Like snow
Onto
The woodland floor
Below
Silent
Spinning
Softly
Down
Splashing
White upon
The ground
In petals
Nature
Paints
Her scene
The
Original
Impressionist
It seems
Titled
'Woodland Petals'
White on green

Egal Bohen

The Photographer

His world an image
In his mind
He sought to capture
Parts of time
That passed
As ships
Into his bay
Preserving
So that eyes
Might gaze
Symbolically
In future days
Upon the passion
He portrayed

Thus Edward
Photographic Art
Engaged

Egal Bohen

The Questioning Part

What is this questioning part of me
Where sits it in my head
It's been with me since I was born
Where goes it when I'm dead?

It questions everything I see
And all things wants to know
It questions why I'm even here
And where my mind will go

I questions why there's life at all
And keeps on asking why
All those shiny bright things
Light up the night time sky

It questions what's the Universe
Does it go on for ever
And who designed the Big Bang!
He must be very clever!

It questions what is at the point
Where all things come to end
It doesn't seem to understand
That I can't comprehend

It questions what the Earth is
And whether it's alive
It questions what it's lifespan is
How long it will survive

It questions how Man came to be
Far cleverer by far
Than all the other monkeys
Who stayed just like they are

It questions Man's religions
And asks why it can't be
We all believe in one God
Instead of ninetythree

It questions why Man goes to war
Destroying one another
Then it questions why we don't
'Go on, go help your brother'

It questions how the time does fly
And why I've gone all wrinkled
When on the inside I'm the same
A juvenile delinquent!

It questions why a second ago
I was here now I'm gone
It questions where I will be
How Time keeps moving on

It questions what the Science is
Supporting this mirage
It questions what its purpose is
Is there Life on Mars?

It questions why I go to sleep
Each night when I need not
It questions me about my dreams
Of which I had forgot

Now after years of questions
About Life and our home
It's natural I should now have
Some questions of my own

If Man has been upon this Earth
At least Four Million years
I think it's time that we should have
Some answers for our ears

For although it would appear not
I think you would agree
If questions lead to answers
It's time someone gave us three

1. Exactly what are we doing here?

2. Just who is pulling the strings?

3. How about an upgrade to comprehend these things?

Egal Bohen

The Turn Of The Time

Each wave
Of the sea
That falls
On the shore
Falls not
On the place
Of the wave
Just before
The seas move
With the tides
As they come
And they go
And all things
In the sea
Are the same
'In the flow'
But our 'tide'
Is the Time
Which carries
Us through
From our past
To our future
In
The present
We know
But one day
It may be
That the Time
It may turn
Like the tide
On the beach
From which
 we may learn
On the sand
You can tell
Where each
Little wave fell
With the flotsam
It carried

For it lies there
as well
If the quest
Is to get
Up the beach
I just hope
That mankind
Can succeed
Or God
Throws him
a rope
For at the turn
Of the Time
After such
A long ride
It would be
A disaster
If Man were
To find
That he was
Just as dross
On the beach
Left behind
Or worse still
Carried off
Cast adrift
With no line
To be washed
Back and forth
In the
Oceans of Time

Egal Bohem

The Universe Fire

Same world, same light
Turning smoothly day to night
Cruising silent round the sun
Since conception she has done
In the hot and empty space
Within her skin, so very thin
Moves onward planet Earth
With grace
Her atmosphere
Her saving face
With sheer disdain to hurl herself
Upon the seething comet belts
Where meteors shall meet their death
Deep within Earth's gaseous breath
Plunging onward
Cloud and sea
Spinning round so evenly
Inertia that would make you scream
It's mass so mighty it will bring
Nightmares
To
Your
Mind

Yet picture this and we will see
As far as we all tend to see
The truth of where we live, we are told
Upon this Earth, so very old
Yet few of us have seen it so
Yet we believe
As if we know

So why then should we not believe
In all those things we have not seen?

For, never to have gazed upon
A sphere in orbit round a sun
That is no bar to truth it seems
So why deny our origins?

Andromeda or Orions Belt
Where stars are born
Planets melt
Where atoms into atoms smash
Where life is kindled
In a flash
And chemistry
Is King

It is to this we should aspire
Our heritage
The Universe Fire
Remind ourselves just what we are
Created from
The stuff of stars
Expand our minds to the bigger place
Where we all began
The Human Race

.....Outer Space!

Egal Bohen

The Way

The Life
You have
Is yours
To live
To live
But once
But once
You have
The power
To choose
The path
You take
You take
The path
You choose
Upon
But is it
Right?
Or is it
Wrong?
Wrong
To follow
Blind the one
In order to
Conform
Conform
To what you feel is
Right
Right
Is might
Is what they
Say
Say
Because its
True
True
But not
So obvious
For me

To see
Or you...

Egal Bohem

The Wheel

I am the wheel of time that turns
Where ere I touch, then life, it burns
Where ere I touch, is now, it's said
For as I move the futures read
And present into past, has fled

Egal Bohen

Think Death

Think Life could not be
Without Death
Think Death could not be
Without Life

For man's dream of living forever
Is no dream but a mare of the night

In which he would carry on riding
Deep into a world with no light
His company
Souls with no reason
Their only vision to fight
For ever reducing conditions
To feed their obsession with Life

Multiplied
With no division
Removal by death
Not in sight
This place would become
Mans worst prison
From which he'd removed
Means of flight

But there is however a saviour
As this story life never will tell
For this place
It is known already
It is that place
We know as Hell

Egal Bohem

Thinking

Thinking is a process which enables us to see
Unshackled stark reality from which we all do flee
Can't recognize duality, the thoughts we have it seems
Confuse, distress but nonetheless are not the same as dream

Thoughts express what we might be, that which we would do
Where fits the world,
Where fits our life
Bright minds bursting through

The secret, is which I have found
My thoughts if I would see
Is not to fit them where I think
Their meanings first would be

Their message sometimes garbled
For they are oft' in code
Thoughts take a little time it seems
To let their colours show

And thoughts are not the obvious
We sometimes think they are
They often carry meaning
In a message from afar

Just who you are and what you are
If you are just like me
Is something you're not sure of (All the time)
But something flying free

Looking for an answer
Looking where to roam
Seeking out your destiny
To find a place called home

So thoughts can be confusing
Feelings mixed, the route unknown
Elusive, misinterpreted
From wild places grown

Yet thoughts let us explore ourselves
Discover what is best
Positively form ideas, advance what's good
Within our minds, quietly, at rest

The other hand, when thoughts are strong
Perhaps they should just settle
Long enough to let them set
Before we test their metal

For having thoughts is one thing
Believing them the next
Time can let the smoke clear
While considering what's best

But thinking is important
More time of ours should fill
Thinking got us where we are
Will take us further still

Whether we're thinking right or not
Well that's another hill
Another hill that Man must climb to fill his craving thirst
For thinking around problems, for imagining the worst

We can be sure on one thing though
For that future which we search
We will find time, wherever we are
To think about it first

Egal Bohen

This Heaven Thing

This Heaven thing is it a farce?
A bit like that saying, that the grass
Is always greener on the other side
Or is it just a myth to hide
From us the fact that when we die
That is the end, the last goodbye

Egal Bohem

This Worlds Illusion

The closer you can get
The more you can see
But each time you get closer
The horizon moves further away
This worlds illusion has no end
And there is no beginning
Except that which you switch on
Yourself
Every time you wake up

Egal Bohem

Time

Time does not affect our lives
It is our lives

Egal Bohen

Time Equals Life

As with the air
That we breath in
We draw the time
We live within
We give it back
When all is done
Time equals life
That is the sum

Egal Bohem

Time To Grow Up

Blindfolded by our own perception of what we are
Unaware of the forces within and around us
Focused upon primitive goals
Generating continual conflict
Wanting everything that we need not
Looking always for answers
Never seeing that which stares us in our face
Every moment of our conscious being
Small wonder mankind is confused
Small wonder mankind knows not how to behave
Large wonder mankind still manages to exist

We act like children as we play out our lives
Oblivious to that shimmering haze
Of energy, space, and time
From which we are all formed
The time has come for us to look around
Time for us to face the truth
The time has come for us to know the stage we are upon
Time for us to recognise the forces that support our world
The time has come for us to understand what we are
Time to grow up

Egal Bohem

Time Too

T wo
I ndependent
M oving
E lements

Are all you need for Time
One to go
One to stay
There you have the start of a day
This may sound too simple
For those who would dwell
For hour after hour
On theories more swell
But I have this feeling
That if all should stop
There'd be nothing to measure
For my dear old clock
For before there was movement
Then nothing took Time
Just a mighty great One thing
Stuck in its prime
Pure separation
It would seem was the crime
That put us in motion
Sent us off down the line
But where it began
Well, now there's a thought
This must have been
Where we left the first nought
Since then have we travelled
Our worlds, if not us
For considerable periods
Turning to dust
So long has our travel
Since that point been
That now we all live a continuous dream
No past and no future
Just present it seems
Everything joined

With no gaps in between
But Time is the one thing
We cannot divorce
From our life on earth
A formidable force
Yet though it's quite simple
To see Time extends
It's considerably harder
To know where it ends
We cannot begin
With our minds to discuss
That complex question
How Time affects us
For the nature of Time
If Man ever could know
Would shatter his dreams
And his mind in one blow
But one thing within us
Would still remain
Untouched and unblemished
Not aged
Just the same
Born from a place
On which Time has no claim
That essence of seeing
Which dwells in our frame
Our Spirit
Our Being

Known just by our name

Egal Bohem

To Be Or Not To Be?

To be or not to be?

That is the question
Writ in verse so masterly
Overlooked for centuries
As everyone did then read on
Transfixed
Upon the script there on
When all was said in half of twelve
Words, that of our being tell

The genius that these words came from
Still waits for Man
To answer
Then move on

Egal Bohem

Together

Alone but fractions of the whole
Together the sum of each other

Egal Bohen

Tolerance

When we are angry at mankind
Or rave at some depravity of mind
When we would curse behaviour of a kind
To argue, rather than to view benign
It is with our own self we battle wage
When choosing not to understand, nor to engage
With that from which we isolate our self
With anger sent, to where, perhaps is needed help
Lest fearful, reason may just find the time
With tenderness, to enter in our mind.
And so it is perhaps from loss of our own face
We are so quick to shout of their disgrace
But we should not lose sight of our own sins
Though, in different colours dressed, appear they in
For is not all, of nature in this life?
The good, the bad, together, love, and strife
As nature, this is how such things will be
So it is not how loud we shout, but what we see
And seeing do, to help, to liberate
To free with tolerance, not shut the gate
That is
How it should be

(You can now view this poem as a video to music at:
SPRINGTIME IMPRESSIONS (be)
Uploaded by ExtensiveAmusement)

Egal Bohen

Top Of The Hill

When the sun shines on a clear day

And the wind blows through the green leaves

Of the Beech trees

At the top of the hill

Where the birds soar to the white clouds

In the blue

Thats where I would be

Egal Bohen

Totally Detached From Reality

There was once a planet of warm oceans that teemed with marine life
There was once a planet of warm lands covered entirely by lush vegetation
The marine life was buried by nature and turned to oil and stone
The lush vegetation was buried by nature and turned into coal
There was once a planet where the inhabitants believed
Because they were cleverer than all the other animals
That the planet was theirs, and that they could control nature
Unfortunately they never did find out what they were turned into
You see as well as being incredibly stupid to think that,
they were also totally detached from reality

Egal Bohen

Trinity Of Order

All that is
Was will be
All that was
Was is
All that will be
Will be was
After it is is

Egal Bohem

Truth

Truth dwells in many places and It travels many roads
Truth hides behind our faces whether we be saints or rogues
Truth built the world we live in as it built a thousand more
Truth gave us all a conscience, to lead us to their doors

Egal Bohen

Truth Defined

The truth it is not hard
To find
It does not hide itself away
From all mankind
Its very essence flows in everything
We are
Yet to know the truth
We have to see
To see
We have to look
Before we find
But where to look
Above
Below
In front
Behind
No
Look in your mind
There lies the truth
Defined
That to which we are all blind

Egal Bohen

Two Thousand And Ten

We will be Arabs
They will be Jews
How will God choose

They will be Arabs
We will be Jews
What is the news

It is Two Thousand and Ten
We are at it again
My son of the year 1990
Was born of a tortured land
Yet his smile was the sun of a new day begun
His laughter, the wind over sand
His eyes of absolute innocence
A Peace would surely expand

My son of the year 1990
Whose hand grew up in mine
Lies at my feet, his life extinct
We are at it again

It is Two Thousand and Ten
It is time for this to end
They may be Arabs
They may be Jews
Just please stop

God, and Life, are abused

Egal Bohem

Two Worlds Observed

Intense
Deepest
Metallic
Blue
Shimmer the wings
Of damsel flies

Playing
In warm sunlight
On the brook
That talks itself
Through green sedges
Across the open meadow
To slide
Silently
Into the shaded wood

Where
The dragon fly
Alone
Swift and yellow

Hawks
Relentlessly
Mechanically
Up and down
Its course

In and out
Of its shadows
Forever
Searching

(Two worlds
Observed
Today
In four
Dimensions)

Understanding Life

Understanding life is a bit like
Trying to pick up a bar of soap
You've dropped in the bath
One minute you have it
The next Its gone again

Egal Bohen

Universal Screen

This place in which we live is like a sea,
Of photons, prions, protons, we don't see
They pass right through us
Just as bullets through the air
Without us ever knowing they are there
Without the merest ruffle of our hair
We pass each day, engrossed and unaware
That the emptiness of space is but a dream
When in fact it is a soup, though all unseen
Of starlight travelling at the speed of light,
Each particle, it's signature so bright
From super-novas
From four leafed clovers
Flows this energetic stream
Forming structures within molecules
Or flouncing through our follicles
These very special energies
Are gone before they've been
Curving back at speed to space
There to support
Our daily dream
The photon fields that form us
On this Universal Screen

Egal Bohen

Unmasked

If there were places
That you could not see this world
And it's 'reality'
You would see
Movement
Of a kind
Within the light
Of your own mind
Set free
Unmasked
To see
Defined
Our spirit
To which we
Are blind

Egal Bohem

Valuable Bits

The valuable bits of your life
Are the bits that bring tears to your eyes

(Read this how you want)

Egal Bohem

Very Fortunate Monkeys

Very fortunate monkeys
With minds that wander free
Our worlds of thought expanding
Rejecting what we see
Beyond the world around us
Reality disowned
We live out our desires
In boxes just like clones
And though we call this progress
As further off we stray
From the system that supports us
The other monkeys pray

Egal Bohen

Violet

Sweet violet
Sweet thief of stolen smells
Of what, this blushing shame
On thy account
Doth Shakespeare tell

Egal Bohen

Visions

Looking
Provides
Images

-

Seeing
Reveals
Visions

-

Looking

-

Then

-

Seeing

-

Lead

To

-

Knowing

-

Through

-

Being

-

Both

Essential

Life

Transitions

Egal Bohem

Wanting Only

Every day of our existence
We deny our real self
Wanting only to take part
In that play which is our Life

Egal Bohen

Wasp

Now would you help
The wasp
That flounders
Struggling
In the jar of rain
Or would you watch
His life expire
Never to fly once again
Could he rest upon your finger
Would he sting you with his pain
If he flew
Would he tell God
You saved his life
Whisper your name

Egal Bohen

Water

Silver

Clear

Satin seal the top

Drop

Laugh

Laugh

Icy cheer

Never

Never

Stop

Downward

Onward

Over

Go

Fullness oceans swelling

Oceans slowly booming

Deep

Moody

Sullen

Sullen Sleep

Seething

Foaming

Broken glass

Moon and wind to blast

Muddy puddles in the gate

Footprint cups to lap

Dripping warm November days

Mist

Rain

Leaky tap

Egal Bohem

We Are Not Dead

Conscious states
We each do own

Close our eyes
To be alone

Remote the touch
That stillness dulls

Leaving sound
Our brain to lull

When scent to smell
Is scarce it seems

Our senses sleep
So soon we dream

The humming sound
Left in our head

It signifies
We are not dead

Egal Bohem

Whales Song

Man
Stick head out sand
See where you are
Your existence owed to star
Ever since you come on scene
Everyone else in bad dream
Who the hell you think you are
Why you think in your mind
All exist for just mankind
Life form not unique to find
You know
Whale in sea come long time ago
You just pup
So why you think you one of a kind
Don't even know how use your mind
All Earth and in it not yours too
Me here much long before you
Still will be when you're gone through
You beginner
You very short lived
You not here long
Anyway
You never understand whales song

Why each day you focus so narrow
With no purpose live out life
No look round
You dig and scabble
Turn our planet into rubble
Fill the air with steam and trouble
No know Love
Just war and strife
That teach you nothing
You think that why you got life!
Can't you see Life only function
Give insight
Get real
You got wrong big time man
Head in Sand

Want move up scale
Or you never understand
Song of whale

Teacher set you test that's long
You need find where answers from
But be quick
Or soon all gone
So look in places answers found
No walk round just look at ground
Head in sand
Pathetic man
Dreaming what you got in hand
Breaking what not understand
Spoiling planet for us lot
Man
You big blot!
On landscape
Soon like dinosaur go
For to all life Earth belong
We all here before you long
This our home too
Head in Sand
Man
Understand
My song

Egal Bohem

What Colour Is Behaviour

What colour is behaviour
Where intolerance is bred
Green, violet or indigo
Orange, yellow, blue or red
Such colours live in rainbows
As component parts of life
Yet in tolerance together
Turn their colours into light

Egal Bohen

What Do You Seek

What do you seek?

And tell me

When you have found it

What do you know?

Egal Bohen

What Is Important Now

The light came and went away
The eyes closed
The body waned, the power fell
And slumber crept it's way across my fading consciousness

What is important now?
Now that I lay me down to rest
Exhausted
What is important now?

I cannot see my face
I might be seven
Though I know that cannot be
Inside I feel no differently, than then

Here I have no proof of what I am
Of what I have
Or in what land
As all is dark

And as my body drifts away
I have a thought.....
I start!
What did I say?

Ah yes, what is important now?
Now, before I pass into oblivion
Without a memory of what I am
Without so much a helping hand

Sleep.....
Now all my worries, thoughts unspoken
Deeds done, undone
Dreams broken

Will fit into the matchbox on the floor
Of no significance now
So small
So whats the worry for

So what's important now?

Ingredients for Life

Earth

Heat

Light

Peace

The rest?

Fits in the matchbox on the floor

Egal Bohen

What You Know You Should Say

When you don't want to speak
Its probably because you don't like
What you know you should say

Egal Bohem

When You Don'T Know What To Do

When you search for yourself
When you don't know what to do
Do you want to be your conscience?
Or want your conscience to be you?

Egal Bohem

Where The Rainbows Rule Again

Denial comes
With many names
Anger
Fear
Our lives to stain
As bravery
Our fleetness lames
Despondency
Truth doth arrange
So seems it then that
Gravity
Would sink us in
It's deep dark sea
Not so though
For the light
Doth strain
To catch us
Lead us
Through
The Pain
To where
The Rainbows Rule
Again

Egal Bohen

While Innocence Lays Soft Uncurled

What happens is not good or bad
What happens is not always sad
What happens is the way it is
What happens is a great abyss
What happens is a lesson learnt
What happens is a test of hurt
What happens is the Earth unfurls
While innocence lays soft uncurled

Egal Bohen

Who Are You I Am Me

Are you in my world
Or am I in yours
What brings us together
Is it life
Through its doors
Does the road that we travel
Move or the car
Is it just time
Makes a journey seem far
Does the moon really move
Up and then down
When viewed from afar
It just goes around
In which direction
Does the Earth spin
Depends where you are
Which dimension your in
What is hot what is cold
What's it called in between
Relies on your species
How thick is your skin
And a measure to measure
A metre of cloth
First must be measured
By a measure of course
What is long what is short
How big is a horse
Zoom in or zoom out
It is distance perforce
There is no beginning
There will be no end
Which is down which is up
Does it matter my friend
What are we made of
What do we see

Faces in mirrors

Who are you?

I am me

Egal Bohem

Why Is It That We Are All Here

When angry voices clamour round you
Calling first you here then there
When confusion reigns within you
When sheer panic strips you bare

STOP!

And quietly ask yourself this question:

Why is it - that we are - all here?

Egal Bohen

Wild Places

In wild places
Dwells my mind
In places distant
There to find
A peace
Not of mankind
Thoughts wander
Back and forth between
Though in a dream
Sweet solace to aspire to
From desk
To silent shade of far deep wood
or
Mountainside
To heathered hill
Where I have climbed
To gaze upon such places
Well denied
The clatter of our modern lives
To drink a draft
Of nature
Stay alive
In peace
With time to think
On things that otherwise
I trample o'er
In my desire
Down there below
For such silence
Is much sweeter to my mind
When quiet contemplation
I would find
And so my soul does force along
My body tired
Exhausted on
To tramp the tracks
That climb and wind
Into the hills
That this old mind

Can lonely be
For just a while
So it survive
This world of time
That it retains
Some sanity
To help it
Understand
Reality

Egal Bohem

With The Dust Of Ages Hung

In the hall
Where floor boards creak
Through the tall doors
From the Street
A shaft of golden light
Is strung
With the dust of ages hung

Though nothing in the air is seen
There
Within this golden beam
There
The dust of ages hung
Moving slowly
In the sun

So it is
In our daydream
Not all that is
Is always seen
Sometimes it takes
A shadows line
To let the golden light
Define
All there is to see
More ways than one
Like the dust of ages
Hung

Egal Bohen

Words Are Just Labels

Words are just labels

-

Labels

You attach to images

Formed in your mind

-

Some people

Use many labels

But attach them to false images

-

Some people

Use few labels

But attach them to true images

-

Words are just labels

-

Truth

Relies not

On

How many labels

You have access to

-

But the quality

Of the images

You

Attach to them

Egal Bohen

Words I Wrote

Those words I wrote
Which you have read
I wrote that you should know
What's in my head
My head where
At the time I wrote those words
I said:
Those words I wrote
Which you have read
I wrote that you should know
What's in my head
And now you know what's in my head
For the words I thought
Now you have read
This is nonsense
I hear you say
Agreed
I would just hope
You read my poems
In that way

Egal Bohem

Your Tree Of Life Is Taking Shape

Your tree of life is taking shape

Its leaves made of labels
Bearing words that you spake

It is best that you think
Of the leaves you attach

For once spoken
They hang there

You can't get them back

Egal Bohen

Zothere

Zothere..

You
Have
My
Poetry

You
Have
Me

Egal Bohen