

Poetry Series

HOWLIN' DERVISH
- poems -

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HOWLIN' DERVISH(28 01 1969)

Support Freethinking & creativity

* * * * * **Lila** * * * * *

* * * THE PLAY OF THE COSMOS * * *

Divine Bliss flowing
Into an Ocean without shore
Through every Action
Through every perception

Experience Awareness
Being
Unity

HOWLIN' DERVISH

..... My Longing.....

Such is my longing for the Ural

Dirt roads

pigs, hen & cows

forest, so deep

womam so warm

HOWLIN' DERVISH

.....Rape.....

Empty roads
Just dust
Multiple tyre tracks
Upon a muddy infrastructure

Side roads
Going somewhere
A family
Another life

Credit card
Somefucker finance
Rape in law
Having a good time

Wish you where here

Doris & family

HOWLIN' DERVISH

~~~~~ A Single Life ~~~~~enough

ENOUGH

'... to be as as a candle
which lights
others
while
consuming itself'

H'D

HOWLIN' DERVISH

4 Ask - Inmdiannna Angie

this one is for you sweetheart

MOMENT

Pale orange sunlight
dancing upon Osumi's waters
western mountains shadow
eastern icy clear

A wind touches as a fly's wing
gentle, yet with some irritation
a moment nothing more
that stirred the imagination

Love you before & beyond infinity

sean

HOWLIN' DERVISH

A Fire Flower?

THE MOTHER SUPREME

Soul stirring eyes of gold delight,
All where reigning supreme –
Our blind secrecy's dream
She seizes with Her all forgiving sight.

Torn now asunder our ego's screen,
Under her smile of Grace
Blooms quick our surrender's face.
She paves the way to a life evergreen.

(Chinmoy Kamar Ghose)

HOWLIN' DERVISH

A Flower's Tears

A FLOWER'S TEARS

A taverna, back of nowhere
strong spirit to ease the soul
a small child with care drawing
pencil slow in motion

Just a moment of nothing
a few moments out of time
to glance at the moving pencil
and the graceful hand that held it

Such care and concentration
whatever could her picture be?
to move the head a little closer
to see what eyes could see

Eyes took in her heart was crying
for a life that would never be
hers' only toil and birth
and the misery that is Earth

Some they bloom in springtime
the mountain crocus blooms in fall
yet this was the very first time
the eyes took in a flower's tear

HOWLIN' DERVISH

A Libation

The past pushing against me from below,
the herds of animals and the vegetation,
the people and their dwelling places,
the winds and the floods,
the times of peace and times of war,
the chanting of the temples
and every moment of time past is pushing up against me
through the earth,
through my mind and body absorbing the earth.
The sound of the past like a thundering waterfall pours into me
and I am absorbed.
I am a libation.

HOWLIN' DERVISH

At The Same Time

At The same
Time
Your face
Is lovely

At the same
Time
A cry
To hold

In my hands
That face
So naked
So afraid

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Baba Tomori

Watch me

Sing

My poem

On

Youtube

Best regrds to all

HOWLIN'

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Beach Pebble

Everyone has
at one time or other,
picked up a pebble on the beach,
turned it over in their hands,
sensed something of its uniqueness,
how millions of years have gone to the splitting
and the smoothing of the rock,
to the perfect shaping of the pebble.
Few of us stop and think for longer.
It is a momentary glimpse into an eternal process,
but we drop the pebble and carry on walking along the beach.

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Domino Game

At a table in a dim confined space
It is only a simple raki shop
Stone and cement and labour

The eyes take in a table
The laminate top has has a centre...
No, a polished circle

Chipboard shows a timeworn surface
Polished by play
Ivory oblongs share out ebony spots

Brass rivets aid the spin
Like spots mate
Tabac shared, raki

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Firoze & Howlin Crying

A FLOWER'S TEARS

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the eyes took in a flower's tear

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Forum Of Unity

Hi, nice day

HOWLIN' DERVISH (9/2/2009 7: 11: 00 PM) Post reply | Delete this message

I no, , , , 'THESESESESES' I should hve SED #

IMPORTANT NERWS! ! ! ! ! !

.... tic...tape... ENTERING A DEPRESSIUON BREEDS AWARENNNEEESSSSS]]]
REMOVE YOURSELF TO A SHELTER NOW; ; ; ; ; NOW! ! ! ! !

HOWLIN' DERVISH (9/2/2009 7: 05: 00 PM) Post reply | Delete this message

LOVE THIS

IN SOME STRANGE WAY IT HAS MEANING

My sigh is no fire
Do you refuse to kiss me
That can be quenched by water,
And touch my hair,
But pain in my heart,
Oh son of the fairies?
And I will suffer.
As often as you have kissed me
Oh wonderful life.
And touched my hair,
What turns it takes.
May dark nights come upon you
The sky is clear at night
As you are all dressed in black,
And snow has settled by morning.
Oh king of the fairies!

Serenity in Unity

To be a single ripple

On the infinite ocean of Being

To be absorbed in the Universal rhythm
To know you have always been Here

Respond to Being
And Being responds back

To shiver with joy
To know that you have always been Here

Serenity in Unity
Being

Herbert Nehrlich 2 (9/2/2009 5: 34: 00 PM) Post reply | Read 1 reply

The Coming Rule By Brute Force

Oh that this world be in its goodness never ending
give that our hopes be granted by unfailing gods,
sharp vicious tongues assert that we are fast descending
into the valley of intemperance and cruel odds.
It is where servants took their masters by surprise
and grant themselves the freedom of all hapless fools,
a potpourri of smoke and silver-mirrored lies
etched into consciousness: dichotomy of rules.
All citizens must seek permission for their deeds,
carte blanche applies to those who grant themselves all rights,
we have not learned at all, the human soul still bleeds
brute force be welcome, will you bring us darkness for all nights.

© 2009Herbert Nehrlich

Replies for this message:

HOWLIN' DERVISH (9/2/2009 6: 52: 00 PM) Post reply | Read 1 reply | Delete
this message

'the human soul still bleeds' - sum dichotomy here Hubert - back to kindergarten
for Hubert... regards, HOWLIN' DERVISH

Lu Smythe (9/2/2009 5: 26: 00 PM) Post reply | Read 2 replies

MYSTIC HEALING

A little something that my way cometh

"A circle of stone monoliths is a template for healing body mind and spirit.

The space within the circle is the template, or one could 'temple' in the centre of which is a point that is a tabernacle, being a point of sanctuary, 'sacred space', being the innermost/holiest part of the temple. A point where 'healing' takes place using the earthly body as a conduit to draw cosmic energy via ones life essence to Mother Earth. This is what the Sufi mystics call 'Baraka'. What follows is the method of opening-"

WHIRLING WITHIN THE STONES (my title – Mystic Me)

Enter the circle
Look at each stone in turn
Approach the most easterly stone
Touch that stone with both your hands
In a clockwise direction
Touch each stone in turn
Now take a position in the centre of the circle
Facing the eastern stone
Focus on that stone and start to turn
In an anticlockwise direction
Focusing on each stone in turn
From turning to whirling
Soon a state of ecstasy occurs
You are touched by bliss

This was imparted to me by a somewhat strange woman I met today in Wiswell.

Happy waywarding

Mystic Me

Replies for this message:

HOWLIN' DERVISH (9/2/2009 6: 55: 00 PM) Post reply | Delete this message
...right on sister..... she gave it toooooo uuuuuu right - gud write...love HOWLIN'

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black (9/2/2009 5: 52: 00 PM) Post reply
Thank you for this wonderful lesson.

metamorphhh (aka jim crawford) (9/2/2009 2: 48: 00 PM) Post reply | Read 2
replies

Sorry to those who've been following. Busy.

From the 'Collected Poems of Ted Hughes', Gaudete 21-24...

Replies for this message:

HOWLIN' DERVISH (9/2/2009 6: 57: 00 PM) Post reply | Delete this message
.....love you (& her tooooo) Best regards....HOWLIN'

metamorphhh (aka jim crawford) (9/2/2009 2: 48: 00 PM) Post reply | Read 1
reply

The swallow- rebuilding- Collects the lot From the sow's wallow. But what I did
only shifted the dust about. And what crossed my mind Crossed into outer space.
And for all rumours of me read... more

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black (9/2/2009 9: 18: 00 AM) Post reply | Read 2
replies

A year ago today I became a member of first poem I submitted was Unless We
Forget 9/11/2001 and I have enjoyed reading the works of many poets who
express themselves in their own individual way.

I have participated by choice in the arguments on the forums, e-mails and poetry comment sections and I have learned to handle the shortsighted egotists who do nothing but knock this site and those poets that are not of their calibre(or so they think) .

I wish everyone the best with their hoped for writing and learning, don't give up your ng known and published is much tougher to accomplish than writing a poem..

As far as I'm concerned PoemHunter is the best site I have ever joined and I feel that the improvements enhance this website and helps poets promote their nice part about it is that anyone can join as long as they follow the website rules and anyone researching poetry can find what they are looking for.

Long live the POETS and POETRY and The MUSE! ! !

Replies for this message:

HOWLIN' DERVISH (9/2/2009 7: 07: 00 PM) Post reply | Delete this messagecet. par....., other things being equal...."

Vikram Aarella - The Poem Shooter (9/2/2009 1: 28: 00 PM) Post reply
I absolutely agree with u, I hope 'The great poet'(or so he thinks) from Lliverpool(Not Llantrisant) who claims Engilsh as his first language(Though I doubt it) reads it.

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Fragment

Just a moment of nothing
a few moments out of time
to glance at the moving pencil
and the graceful hand that held it

Such care and concentration
whatever could her picture be?
to move the head a little closer
to see what eyes could see

HOWLIN' DERVISH

How To Make Rocket Fuel

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Allan James Saywell Male,64, Australia (10/20/2009 5: 33: 00 PM)

(This message was posted as a reply to that message)

THE ONLY RISE I GET OF A MORNING IS TOO SHORT

AJS

[To post a reply to this message, click here](#)

Replies for this message:

HOWLIN' DERVISH (10/20/2009 5: 46: 00 PM) Post reply | Delete this message

Rub on 'Old Goat' - pricks up every time All being Well

Best regards Allan

HOWLIN'

HOWLIN' DERVISH

'In The Market...'

'In the market, in the cloister - only the Real I saw.
In the valley and on the mountain - only the Real I saw.
Truth I have seen beside me oft in tribulation;
In favour and in fortune - only the Real I saw.
In prayer and fasting, in praise and contemplation,
In the Truth of the Prophet Jesus - only the Real I saw.
Neither soul nor body, accident nor substance,
Qualities nor causes-only the Real I saw.
I oped mine eyes and by the light of Truth's face around me
In all the eye discovered - only the Real I saw.
Like a candle I was melting in Truth's fire:
Amidst the flames outflashing - only the Real I saw.
Myself with mine own eyes I saw most clearly,
But when I looked with Truth's eyes - only the Real I saw.
I passed away into nothingness, I vanished,
And lo, I was the All-living - only the Real I saw.'

(Part of a Persian ode by the dervish mystic, Baba Kuhi of Shiraz *.)

* Baba Kuhi is an Iranian Sufi poet-saint. He spent many years in retreat and prayer in a mountain cave just north of Shiraz.

He died in 1050 A.D., and was buried just outside of Shiraz, on a hill called 'the green old man' (Pir-i-sabz) . It is said that just before Baba Kuhi died, he made a famous promise that if anyone could stay awake for forty consecutive nights at his tomb that person would be granted the gift of poetry, immortality, and his heart's desire.

There is no doubt that 'Sufism' is an Islamic term, but it is now strongly held that the term, which derives from the Arabic noun suf ('wool') , has a Christian origin. History tells us that during the second and third centuries, Christians fled the persecution of the Roman Empire and inhabited the mountains in Iraq and Lebanon. The monks, and especially the hermits, chose the high mountain caves as places of refuge and of contemplation and worship of God. They were the earliest Christian ascetics and mystics ever. To those hermits, the natural beauty and solemnity of those mountains, especially in Lebanon, represented the divine wisdom and beauty of God. Those early hermits were called sufi'yün because they wore suf garments as a sign of humility and to protect themselves from the year-round cool mountain climate. Those Christian mystics (Ahl-e Haqq, 'People of Truth', founded by Jesus) are frequently mentioned in Sufi stories and poetry and in pre-Islamic literature, which abounds with allusions to the light or

illumination coming forth from their caves. Moreover, if as the Sufi believe that the first Muslim mystic was the Prophet, then contacts between Christian mystics and Muslim ones started as early as the Prophet Muhammad and continued throughout the course of development of Sufism. There is no doubt that the kinship between Christian mysticism and Sufism is a historic fact.

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Intertwined In Love

Now I am wholly intertwined in love
Wholly torn from creature comforts

My heart is no more - some other sustains me
Reason, thoughts... are emblazed at their very root

Envision my vision - behold me through my eyes
Beyond all illusions - I have chosen a home

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Intro' To A Novena

My mountain,
my food and rest,
my angel as both ancient and young child,
my breath.

(First four lines of a poem by Josephine Dickinson - Spepherd Poet)

The nine parts to the work lead to an Epiphany

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Journey

Gone, gone
gone beyond
gone completely beyond
Arrival, wake

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Joy

Joy in certainty.

To receive the gift of Joy is to be clothed in rapture, slaked with ecstasy, elated with bliss.

Suddenly in my bosom
A star shone clear and bright
All the suns of heaven
Vanished in that star's light

(Jalalud-din Rumi)

tawakkul
(Trust in God [but tie the camel's leg])

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Just Grass

THE ROOTLESS GRASS

There's no soil to settle
nor the water to drink
nor the air to breath
for the times you roam
in the continent of passion and despair

You are the dust of the road
a sigh of the passage
being blown up by the soundless wind
of indifference

You fall down to a shore
where the unknown gathers and departs
towards the horizon
of sinful hope
(Tadanori Tanigawa)

O outward stranger, you are part of all
Why are you heedless of all?
o part come!
do not be heedless of the whole
become aware and come to know all
(Shams al-Din Tabrizi)

In the continent of passion and despair
being blown up by the soundless wind
where the unknown gathers and departs
O outward stranger, you are part of all
(Yahya)

*

And the light shineth in darkness;
and the darkness comprehended it not

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Lorna Graves - Just Her Heart

'If we cease to think of the land as environment and instead begin to think of ourselves as inseparable from all creation - breathing the same breath as the plants and animals - we will realise that the dust under our feet once breathed as we do; the moisture I the rivers once flowed I someone's veins - there is no separation or boundary. There is no beginning and no end'

(Lorna Graves 1947-2006, Cumbrian artist)

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Lorna Graves, B.1947. D.2006.

I am lying face down in the grass with my arms out-stretched
and my palms and face against the cool earth.

I can feel perfection seeping upwards out of the earth
and into my body;
into my limbs
and chest
and abdomen,
into my cheeks and forehead.

The beauty of the earth is absorbed into me like wine into blood.
To stand and look is not enough;
the sense then is all mind.
The body must be pressed to the earth
so that the mind and body are one.

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Lowergate - Home Of The *****

HOWLIN', FIROZE, TRADE, TEMPEST, Cpt JACK, WILD BILL, FLOSSIE RAG-a-MUFFIN live at or near

Sean

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Luna Moonhare

LUNA MOONHARE

Lepus light-foot
Gift of re-birth
Bring us your stories
Your dance of the earth
Tales of magick
Of shape-shifting charm
Of wisdom, clear sight
That keeps us from harm
On this clear winter's night

When I lived in Barnoldswick I would climb Weets hill on a clear February winter evening, my path lit by the soft green to orange setting sun and a waning moon, to search the southern sky for Luna Moonhare.

With the waning of the moon in mid January & February look out for Lepus the Lunar Hare in the southern sky scampering under the feet of the giant Orion as he faces the charge of the bull Taurus with his hound Laelaps rearing up behind.

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Maga Concerto

In the dark of night a bird began to sing
At the riverhead of the valley
Earth's navel let flow the song
All was ripples
With nothing rippling across no distance at all

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Moment

MOMENT

Pale orange sunlight
dancing upon Osumi's waters
western mountains shadow
eastern icy clear

A wind touches as a fly's wing
gentle, yet with some irritation
a moment nothing more
that stirred the imagination

HOWLIN' DERVISH

One From The Blue Via Rigas Balsam - Highly Recomended

SAMHAIN – Night Falls

A teardropp falls on the page
upon which I write
By morning it is gone
nothing remains,
gone, vaporised

Billowing clouds
have taken my tear
Raindrops tap on my window
rivers swell, springs rise
merging into the ocean

Did my tear die?
No, at each stage
it gained a new expression
at each turn of the way
I am one with ocean, cloud and spring

LILA

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Poor Kids Need Good English Books

& SPANISH, ARABIC, et. al.

Some years ago I found myself in Kosovo

Small Village

Simple People just working Mother Earth

The WEST needed a road

Simple people often get in the way

When the WIND FROM THE WEST blows

some ordinary folks do not know to GET OUT OF THE F***ING WAY! !

two days later I wandered into that small village

A FLOWER'S TEARS

A taverna, back of nowhere
strong spirit to ease the soul
a small child with care drawing
pencil slow in motion

Just a moment of nothing
a few moments out of time
to glance at the moving pencil
and the graceful hand that held it

Such care and concentration
whatever could her picture be?
to move the head a little closer
to see what eyes could see

Eyes took in her heart was crying
for a life that would never be
hers' only toil and birth
and the misery that is Earth

Some they bloom in springtime
the mountain crocus blooms in fall
yet this was the very first time
the eyes took in a flower's tear

I am still in contact with her father (Mum was shot by UN Forces)

Send her good English study books, story books, simple home made (Salvation Army Folks - only Army I support) dolls...

+ Oxford Dictionary & Thesaurus

With God inside that little female frame, for God is only inside her, she will one day not only shine... but will blind us all with her human understanding, compassion & humility

thanks for reading folks

HOWLIN'

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Rupert Brooke With Howlin' Dervish

Will our veiled sister prey
For the children at the gate
Who will not go away and cannot pay?

A TERRIFYING INSIGHT - but valid none the less.....

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Samhain - Night Falls

SAMHAIN – Night Falls

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HOWLIN' DERVISH

Selection Box

DOMINO GAME

At a table in a dim confined space
it is only a simple raki shop
stone and cement and labour

The eyes take in a table
the laminate top displays a centre
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Chipboard shows a timeworn surface
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dancing upon Osumi's waters
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eastern icy clear

A wind touches as a fly's wing
gentle, yet with some irritation
a moment nothing more
that stirred the imagination

THE WITCH STONE

I am a wisdom for one who sees me,
For I am the secret whose nature was fashioned without fingertips.
For I am a rock, and from me the spiritual meanings flash.
Yet I am one who conceals my self modestly from view.

THE CROW

Before him a jet-black crow arose and said:
I am the body of lights,
The bearer of the receptacle of secrets,
The receptacle of quality and quantity,
And the cause of joy and sorrow.

I am the leader who is led.
Sense and sensible are mine.
Through me appear traces of existence.
I am the source of figures,
And the likenesses are struck accordingly.

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Serenity In Unity

Serenity in Unity

To be a single ripple
On the infinite ocean of Being

To be absorbed in the Universal rhythm
To know you have always been Here

Respond to Being
And Being responds back

To shiver with joy
To know that you have always been Here

Serenity in Unity
Being

HOWLIN' DERVISH

That Before & Now

THAT BEFORE & NOW

It is that which is revealed in every face,

sought in every sign,
gazed upon by every eye,
revered in every object of life,
and pursued in the unseen and the visible.

*

Not a single one of its creatures
can fail to find it
in its primordial
and original nature.

*

HOWLIN' DERVISH

The Belisama Quest

THE BELISAMA QUEST

... so that the light may enter.

Pendle, Summer Solstice Vigil, 20/21 June 2005

Upon the eve of Yahya of the Living Water, with no other in sight, I went abroad when all the valley hushed. In silence, at dusk up the hillside stair I crept, O venture of joy, when all around at length to slumber fell, O sweet caress.

I stood upon the summit mound beneath which the ancients slept. For companionship a cold wind blew out of the north, O happy enterprise on such a primeval of nights.

Sitting shrouded by a woollen cloak, blackthorn clasped between my hands, I pondered over those places and people life had led me to and what may lay before me on a road unknown: on what pull is it that draws one back to high hilltops, to the vastness of the open sea to the waste of polar ice, to the emptiness of steppe, to the oneness of desert sand, and all those other places to a lesser or greater extent where life is only one of harshness with the grey shade of unknowing always near at hand? It is the very harshness itself and the liberty of submission above self will that is the draw. To move freely over the landscape of Nature beyond that of human delusion is true liberty and pure illumination.

Take one step inside yourself that you may arrive at your self.

Save for a few sheep I began a lone vigil on this night of measurement and wonder as the orb of life sank beyond the fells of Bowland to circumnavigate the ocean of Ultima Thule. The spread of mystical light and colour left in its wake slowly traversed the northern horizon holding one free from the draught of day's toil.

Eyes lifted I sought Vega, the pole star, in the vulture of Lyra – an old friend to the wanderer. Once found I turned to Denheub, the tail of the swan Cygnus, then to Cassiopeia of the daughter lost mourned by the candles of Cepheus. The once red great Cappelra now shone a blue light in the wagon of Auriga the bringer of the first Indo-Europeans to the West. Beyond, Ursa and her cub tilled the heavens.

For those who can interpret the constellations a story unfolds of a great trek from a remote corner of the Taklamakan desert to the highlands of Brigantia over a

period of thousands of years, that great folk movement of noble peoples who gave name to Ireland and Iran – the Aryans.

O people, where are you wandering?

The life that you seek is closer at hand.

Lay down, then wake from the dream.

In the presence of the Moon grow joyous of life.

The enigma within the deepest recesses of one person's self is the enigma within every person's self. None is alone in the locus in which the Eternal abide. In the kernel of self, along with the Eternal, abide all living things and the order of the cosmos. There all times are present; the past, the present, the future, the very evolution of the universe is there. To realize this nucleus of being within a oneness is to arrive at immortality – the Timeless Moment from which goodness and pure love joyously flow.

Vibration brings forth movement.

Movement in harmony, moving.

Motion, light, life, evolution, motion.

Locus motion, a place Eternal.

As my moon-shadow stretched itself across the summit plateau, Seline began her leave-taking over Ogden Clough; the orbed maiden with white fire laden' in a sky of amethyst and turquoise, descending in total majesty on waves of deep blue and indigo.

At that time of the 'last stars' an infusion of tea is always welcome and for this water must be brought from the spring of earthly peace and harmony.

HOWLIN' DERVISH

The Calm

'I am Protennoia the Thought that dwells in the Light, she who exists before All. I move in every creature and object. I am the invisible One within the All. I am perception and knowledge, uttering a Voice by means of Thought. I am the real Voice. I cry out in everyone and everything, and they know that a seed dwells within.

I am the Voice, it is I who speak within every creature and every thing. Now I have come a second time in the likeness of a female, and have spoken with them. I have revealed myself in the Thought of the likeness of my masculinity and with those who love me. I am the Womb that gives shape to the all. I am Meirothea, the glory of the Mother.'

(The Prophet from the Wilderness)

HOWLIN' DERVISH

The Cause Of Error

The cause of error
by living beings
is that
they believe it is possible
to cast aside
the false
and attain unto the truth.

But when
you attain unto yourself,
the false becomes true,
and there is
no other truth
to which one need attain after that.

HOWLIN' DERVISH

The Crow

THE CROW

Before him a jet-black crow arose and said:
I am the body of lights,
The bearer of the receptacle of secrets,
The receptacle of quality and quantity,
And the cause of joy and sorrow.

I am the leader who is led.
Sense and sensible are mine.
Through me appear traces of existence.
I am the source of figures,
And the likenesses are struck accordingly.

HOWLIN' DERVISH

The Hidden Songs

Everything in a floating moment

The Hare

A hare she is whirling in the dusk
Through stalks of waving grass she goes
When starlight bathed, a nest is found
Intention makes it sacred ground

* * * * *

HOWLIN' DERVISH

The Hotel Sink

The head of an Egyptian
a sink if I be right
pissing in a toilet
every day and night

From: 'DAYS OF CONSTANT DRINKING' - Fidel Ylli

HOWLIN' DERVISH

The Universal Tree

THE UNIVERSAL TREE

The wise one came upon a ring of stones in whose centre stood a Tree. The roots were firm and the branches touched the heavens. Its fruits were in the palms of three deities clothed in shades of green. Among its branches sat the Crow and the strange Simerg, and in the shelter of its boughs perched the Ringdove and the Hawk. The wise one greeted the Tree and it answered, greeting him even more finely. It said: "Listen, O wayfarer, O magus."

"Mine are the vast earth and the heavens.
In my centre are equivalence and moderation.
Mine are the firmly-rooted, the renown.
The secret of the worlds, and the exaltation.
When thoughts betake themselves to my essence
The distance and the blinding Cloud bewilder them."

HOWLIN' DERVISH

The Vortex

HOWLIN' DERVISH (12/12/2009 4: 45: 00 PM) Post reply | Delete this message

living accomodation

under circles

under mounds

con - tin - you - i - tie

SPIRALS...SPIRALs...SPIRALs...SPIRals...SPIrals...SPirals...?

HOWLIN' DERVISH

The Wind Is Tired Tonight

Eating takes its toll
liquid is the blood
salt rushes out of this corpse
on walking

Salt and water
not meat and greens
salt rushes out of the corpse
on walking

Salt and water
yet we walk on terra
salt rushes from the corpse
no walking

end

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Trade Martin, Firoze Shakir & Howlin' Dervish

DOMINO GAME

At a table in a dim confined space
it is only a simple raki shop
stone and cement and labour

The eyes take in a table
the laminate top displays a centre
no, a polished circle

Chipboard shows a timeworn surface
polished by play
ivory oblongs share ebony spots

Brass rivets aid the spin
like spots mate
tabac shared, raki

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Trying She Inside, Trying

Divine Bliss flowing
Into an Ocean without shore
Through every Action
Through every perception

Experience Awareness
Being
Unity

HOWLIN' DERVISH

William Blake & Howlin' Dervish

Each man is in his spectre's power
Until the arival of that hour
When his humanity awakes anew
And casts his spectre down the loo...

Blake & HOWLIN'

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Worn Table

DOMINO GAME

At a table in a dim confined space
It is only a simple raki shop
Stone and cement and labour

The eyes take in a table
The laminate top has has a centre...
No, a polished circle

Chipboard shows a timeworn surface
Polished by play
Ivory oblongs share out ebony spots

Brass rivets aid the spin
Like spots mate
Tabac shared, raki

HOWLIN DERVISH

HOWLIN' DERVISH

Zippo

A lighter
that
need fuel

Just
like
all

living things

HOWLIN' DERVISH