

Poetry Series

daubmir nadir

- poems -

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daubmir nadir (May 1950)

I am a divine manifestation striving to express the ineffable in human terms and posit poetical questions on a website in heaven... et vous ne le trouverez jamais, à moins que le recherchiez dans votre âme...

~ but if you wish to have a taste of it here on Earth, then-> <http://daubmir.blogspot.com>

LIKE THE OLD BARD SAID: I SING MY SONGS, BECAUSE I MUST - but at 101 pieces, I'll stop!

Works:

<http://daubmir.blogspot.com>

<http://rimbauddaubmir.blogspot.com>

Aftertaste

You shall not taste of death
For there is no death for you:
You cannot experience
Your own death.

Are you born?
Life and death
Cannot be separated.
You have no chance whatever
Of knowing for yourself
Where one begins
And the other ends.

You can experience the death of another,
But not your own.
Where is death, there is no you.
The only death is physical death;
There is no psychological death.

Why then are you so afraid of death?
- Because there is no you.

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Agape *

Precipitating
Into the pit
Of my discontent,
I scream in horror
Every time
I awake
Faced by the
Ruin
Of my existence.

Agape'
Save my ethos
So that
I may resurrect!

* The M-W dictionary defines this Greek word thus:
'A state of unconditional love for everything. This is considered the ultimate goal of all
sentient evolution. (Usually pronounced ah-guh-pay.)'
I truly hope to comprehend its full meaning...

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All

I contain all there is,
I am filled with the all.
Take of me all
If you want all.
I am Love,
Who am filled with the all:
What you want,
I want,
Tell me all,
I give you all:
Nakedly.

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Amniotic Crisis

My old is dying
And my new cannot
Be born:
In this interregnum
A great variety of
Morbid symptoms
broils.

But what can Heart
Remember?
If a little less than needed -
It bleeds,
If a little more than wanted -
It bleeds.

All that Heart can conceive,
I possess elsewhere
All, and more -
Heaven and earth embrace
In my carapace.

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Angst I

Vital force
Escapes
The clogged stomata
Of my agitated addiction

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Angst II

Panic
Enters the vault
Of chemical reassurance
And demolishes its volatile patina
Brick by screaming brick
Scattering psychotic visions
Like insidious cockroaches

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Angst III

Depression
Low
Emptiness
Abysmal void
Negated will
Cut breath
And lanced guts
Grating nails
Against the slate
Of damned
Birth

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Angst IV

Elation
Euphoria
Jubilation and
Exhilaration
All congregate
In a cauldron of boiling
Synonymity
To produce a feeble
Bubble of nonentity

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Arils

Spiced
With Pomegranate
Between
The larvae
Of my arillate
Genius.

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Ascertain

Grabbing
The niche of comfort,
Sympathy
Bares the nerves
And reveals
The true condition.

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Assistance

The crutches
In my heart
Are
Stilts
In my brain
When
I prepare myself
For
Unrequited love

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Atomic Jolt

Love me,
Fight me,
Reach me, or
Leave me!
But it is
Love all
Over again.

Or if I blew a kiss
At every atom particle
In the universe...
And they all at once
Blew me a big kiss
And embrace in return?
Is this possible?
I think so...
Because we are connected
Yet so immersed in ourselves
For so long...
A forgotten sorrow...

Alone
Together
Alone
In pulsations
Like a melody,
Reaching ecstasy.

I tried it and felt it.
I shouldn't perceive presences as far away
I should perceive them as within my being.
I wouldn't have to shout
And I can be deaf too
Or dumb.

I think we can extend from static to stars and back
With as simple a tool as awareness.
The more focused and sweeping
The bigger the effect.

When a Messiah is born,
All the atoms rejoice.
A Messiah knows how.
We know how.
Are we doing it?

Any message to
any atom
any cell
any being
can be in the form of
Beauty

Art
Care
Desire
Need
or Love.

Say hello from Earth to everyone for me.
I mean everyOne.
Deliver it well and
With lots of love.

Remember those you loved
In all Eternity!
They are waiting
Or perhaps already calling...

Echos of ecstasy linger
in every atom
in every cell
in every Being:
Yank it out -
Your ecstasy!

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Basic Needs

Thirsting
for my soul
I cannot
find its shadow.

Hungry
for my love
I cannot
find salvation.

Weeping
for my life
I cannot
find solution

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Beauty Values

How can I define aesthetics
Without thinking about
The beauty of the Universe?

If the Universe is the cornerstone
Of conceptual definition,
Then anything else loses meaning

Nothing can compare
Not a thing
The Nothingness of Aesthetics

The supreme beauty of indefiniteness
Since Beauty cannot be defined
Not by humans, surely
Not by me.

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Beckoning Erebos

Do not summon my demon
Unless you wish to be taken,
To stand in the flash
Of my exploding desire,
Yourself consumed by driven emotion
Wavering shards of erotic voracity.

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Calling Up A Vision

I have travelled the whole world, consumed by an inner fire I cannot decipher yet. But my disquiet and restlessness hasn't abated: I'm still as impulsive, angry, emotional, and discontent as when I was first born into puberty.

But when I compose poetry, oh when I compose! When I write I seem to become universal, in an orgasmic, a-tonic, mental masturbating sort of way that pampers my deeper requisites for sensual freedom and awakens the genius in me.

I am actively thinking, while I write. While I'm writing for you and to you, the anonymous reader.

All active thinking is more than a mere linking together of images and conceptions. Can you intellectually connect with me and perceive the genius?

Genius: his messages take shape in the secret depths of the soul...

Philosopher Galton wrote that 'what is generally meant by genius is the automatic activity of the mind, as distinguished from the effort of the will. In a man of genius, the ideas come as by inspiration; he is driven rather than drives himself.'

It is a gift of the gods... Plato, himself a genius, suggests that creative thought is a kind of madness sent upon men by the gods in accordance with some purpose of which they and not we are conscious. Being conscious that I am not really a genius, I should be satisfied with my intuitive mind, as intuition is the basis of all thinking. The intuited idea is operative throughout the whole process of the collection of facts, the brooding over them, the gradual heightening of the tension, the sudden release and the slow and steady mastery of the detail by the elaboration of the conceptions and judgments. In any concrete act of thinking mind's active experience is both intuitive and intellectual. If you wish to be my intellectual connection, in turn I should be intuitively your medium for manipulating your higher sense of existence. Accept?

I mean: do you accept that?

It is a mistake to think that the only qualifications for elucidating truth and fulfilment in life are purely intellectual. Only those whose lives are deep and rich light on the really vital syntheses significant to mankind.

Shouldn't we do our part in the synthesis of our life? Let's be creative then, if we cannot be true geniuses. Let's be alive and expressive in all our senses.

Artistic. Yes.

The work of art is the crystallization of a life-process. Grab my hand... shed your skin awhile, and be an artist with me, just like I want to be an artist with you, unlearning to relearn - just like Socrates said.

Is this my electronic virtual crisis? Since I've just about experienced any sort of intellectual crisis available to man, I may as well have a cyber-crisis online!

(sarcastic laugh)

I've been like this since birth, so no bullshit. It's actual awareness, finally. A wanting

for aesthetic achievement. My mind is in labour and craves for sustenance from the whole being. No more crap from others.

Now read a poem, for chrissake! Or write me a poem...

This is the prayer I understand, no other.

True poetry which is rich with a world of suffering and experience, has the fullness and mystery, and depth and authority of life itself. It is because the poet sees so intensely that he is able to communicate to us his feeling and judgment. The creative spirit and its activity are so unlike the conscious mind that the latter feels itself to be inspired and raised above its normal power by the breath of spirit. Can you bear with me a moment about 'inspiration'?

The inspired souls speak from a centre of consciousness that has transcended the limits of its finitude and so claim an authoritativeness which is not within the power of the normal individual to bestow. They do not think so much as thoughts come to them. Hey, you see how close we now come to the concept of 'genius' as Plato sees it? So, perhaps all hope is not lost. The poet believes that his work is due not to his intellectual skill or imaginative boldness but to what he calls his inspiration.

I feel inspired. My reader, if you do exist, you've got to believe me: I feel soooo inspired I could initiate an atomic fission by just composing a haiku verse!

But DO YOU feel inspired? Well, do you? Ever?

Since inspiration comes to the poet's life and fades out of it regardless of his inclination, he traces it to a power more unconscious than conscious. To the ancient Hindus and the Greeks, the poetic exercise is a religious act, and the poet invokes his muse and begins with a prayer. Ever read Homer? It is always a dialogue between the *daimon* and the psyche. The authors of the Vedic hymns regarded themselves as channels of something greater than they knew, instruments of a higher soul beyond themselves. They do not so much create the contents as contemplate them in their moments of deepest insight. Plato in his *Symposium* suggests a similar view. Aristotle says that the poet is either 'happily gifted by nature' or 'a bit of a maniac'. Dante says: 'I am one who, when love inspires, take note and as he dictates within me I express myself.'

Isn't all this beautiful? Yes, it is.

The poetic experience is but momentary for the veil is redrawn and the mood of exaltation passes. The poet attempts a translation of the ineffable experience into words. While poetry is in the soul, the poem is a pale reflection of the original, an attempt to register in words an impression which has become an image in memory.

Here, dear virtual reader, I falter.

Here I have my tragedy: cannot ever be satisfied with my 'registrations'. There is something incommensurable in poetry, eluding my expression in words. The poetic temper is in all of us though only a few develop it. The poet has the gift, which fewer still have, of communicating the experience by words of immediate power which compel the wandering mind to respond to his appeal. It is truly difficult to translate states of soul into words and images. The success of art is measured by the extent to

which it is able to render experiences of one dimension into terms of another.

The difference between a poet and a non-poet is that the experience of the former is larger and his verbal control greater. And an adequate control of technique is essential to the poet. Even in the act of composition the poet is in a state in which the reflective elements are subordinated to the intuitive. The vision, however, is not operative for so long as it continues, its very stress acts as a check on expression. The experience is recollected but not in tranquillity. Poetry is the language of excitement. For in recollecting the exciting experience, the poet recreates the conditions of its happening and identifies himself with it. The spell of the experience is still on the poet and under its influence he employs intuitive words and images which possess emotional value more than logical meaning. While poetry is not the vision itself, but only the image of it, still its quality depends on the degree with which it calls up the vision.

Let us then be poets together, and call up a vision to share....

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Camps

Concentrated screams
Made silent
By the putrid smoke
Of burning flesh
In the ovens
Of Gomorrah.

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Caressing

Stroke my lobes
Fondle the membranes
Of my pleasure.
Murmur sweetness
In my ears
And I will
Respond in kind.

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Collapsing Universe

I will write the poem of poems
I will sing the song of songs
I will dance the dance of dances
I will play the sound of sounds
But sounds are never half so fair
As when whole music turns to pure air
And the universe dies of excellence.

Poem, song, dance and sound
Fall from their heavenly towers.
Joys walk no longer down the blue world's shore.
All fear another wind, another thunder:
Then one more voice
Snuffs all I feel in one gust.

And I go forth with no more wine and no more stars
And no more poems and no more sounds
And no perfumes and no senses:
While God sings by himself in acres of night
And walls fall down,
And I am free.

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Composer

Piano playing
Notes of sublimest melody
Whilst I walk
On clouds
Nude and insentient
Feeling cotton pods
In my head.

Split my skull
And extract a sonata
A million cherubim
Cannot compose
In God's lifetime
And demons
Dance.

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Containment

My death
Cannot change the fact
That I had a life

My life is a member
Of a larger context
And forms part of it

The larger context
Is the Universe
Because my thoughts
And emotions
Are not extended
In space and time
Unless they travel
To my outer world

Therefore they have the same nature
As the Universe as a whole
And so my thoughts and emotions
Are added to the Universe as a whole
In the logical field of the Universe

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Creatures

Creatures perish
in the darkened
blind of quest,
knowing intimations.

Guessing and dreaming
I pursue the real,
my face turned toward the sky
whispering secrets to the heavens.

And while I remain
with seeking creatures
in every turn of time
abiding in their condition
every instant past
I perceive their aching breath.

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Curetted Fury

For a thwarted intention
For an unfulfilled expectation
For an undelivered communication

Anger arises in me
And I am terrified,
The mental shudder reverberates
And enrages my fibres,
Fulminating my mind's eye.

Words malform
Like cement mixers
In my parched mouth,
Nothing I say comes out
Like I think I mean.

I feel anguish and
I blabber insensate nonsense,
Spouting out restlessness
And claustrophobic curses.

Denial and acceptance
Are chaos in my depravity,
Unquenchable and furious
In the maddening thoughts
Of glory and forfeit,
A lost cause in a valiant battle
Forever seeking closure and release.

Forgive!
I screech my primal scream
Tearing my heart apart.

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Cutting Jewels

If
It
Is
True
That
In
Every
Stone
Sleeps
A
Crystal
Then
In
My
Grey
Boulder
Slumbers
A
Sun

.

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Dieresis

The glissando
Of my tongue
On your
Strawberry
Nipples.

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Do you listen?

Do you listen?
You do not.
You listen only
To yourself.
Leave the sense
Of hearing
Alone,
Then you find
The vibration
Of sound.

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DRAGONFLY RIDDLE

Inside the Pentagram
Of my dissolute thoughts
Hovers the word
Of universal AmoR

Outside the circle
Of my selfish wants
Thrives the root
Of Tetragrammaton
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Dreaming of Samarkand

~ This title has always fascinated me...

Subliminally
Sublimating
Faraway lands
No longer extant
But in my shivering
Dreams

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Ends With A Kiss

Transience is so immense,
We pass in a flurry of being,
A beautiful moment
In all its suddenness,
Arising in love, or enchanted
In the contraction of work.

And you I possess, however time may
Wear you away.
From I to you
Goes the command
Of infinite space to be assumed
In a single radiating emotion.

Every terrifying angel
Invokes the deadly birds of your soul
Disguising essence made of ecstasy,
Scooping up the finery of beauty
In streams from your upturned face
And gathering it back into themselves.

But I, moved by deep feeling, evaporate
In the mist of want,
And breathe myself out and away
Incapable of retaining your heart,
Splinters of sorrow
Perforating my basic reality.

You've entered my bloodstream,
Lover untenable,
The whole springtime
Perfumed with your jasmine flesh
Dissolving my senses in its taste.
Do angels really absorb the tension of love?

So you promise eternity,
From the embrace to the moment of kiss,
At each other's mouth and your lips on mine,
Osculating delight in astonished attachment
To touch one another this potently,
The gods involved in the excess.

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Ephphatha!

Splitting the Logos
Into a million
Concepts
Engenders pain
Through the semantics
Of Life:

Speak one Word
And create
The Universe.

Mark 7: 34 (King James Version) :

'And looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened.'

-It is that sigh which astounds me...

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Essential Uncertainty

Every look forward
Is a potential illusion.
This satisfies my need
To insecurity
Since in an eternally
Insecure situation
I must externally
Seek knowledge and security
And never completely find them.

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Feel The Rhythm

I feel the rhythm,
The rhythm that is
Constantly around me,
As I communicate
Through my mind
The emotions pervading me.

Everything needs rhythm
And of everything
I, the human
Need it most.

Everything is where
And what it is
Because of rhythm.

I, the human
Am the only creature
That can add questions
And understanding
To rhythm.

There is a rhythm
That permeates
All I do,
From sleeping
To going to the grocery
To dying.

I may,
At some brief moments
Be out of tune
With rhythm,
But it is still
Why I am.

When I move
With rhythm and perhaps
Feel it brush gently
Against me
There is harmony
Within me,
Within my life.

I feel a worth
In and of being.
Without being cognizant
Of the rhythm
I know I simply
Feel good.

In this state rain,

Lightening and even thunder
Possess an awe-inspiring beauty.

When, for some reason,
The rhythm of my living
Is upset
then discord ensues
And even sunlight
Can be frightening.

When this state exists
I long for and even seek
Rhythm.
I wish to simply
Feel good again.

Rocks, wind, water
And anything else
That is non-living
Exists in and are
Because of rhythm.
All living things
Also exist within rhythm
But also use it to procreate.

I, the human
Also seek the harmony
Of that rhythm
In order to feel good.
To me rhythm is pleasure
And it is this pleasure
I seek.

I am
The only animal
That creates a rhythm
Of my own
Inside the larger rhythm
Of life.

The true poet
Listens to and expresses
The rhythms of life
More acutely than anyone.

Feeling this rhythm
Is what gives me
The ability to write poetry.

Knowing that it exists
In all things
Gives me the ability

To understand a poem.

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Filles

Filles
Shall we fly
On the wings of daring Icarus?

Filles
Shall we kiss
The lips of sweeping clouds
And leave ugliness behind?

Filles
Shall we lose
Our inner virginity
To sensuous Eden?

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First Schizoid State

~ Please, understand me, won't you?

...If words could ever produce a psychic orgasm... this is mine.

Be real now.
I have never been real;
No one is as unreal as I am.
When I wanted to be real,
I created disaster.
For me, and for others.
Because I didn't believe in reality.
So I played it as a game,
Going through the motions,
And the others got piqued

If I let myself believe that I am real,
My heart races around
And my breath gets funny
And my nerves twang
And jump like wires
Or grasshoppers set on fire
Or beams of light
But ones that ache.

My reality, minute by minute,
Actual minute by minute,
Is inset with a flickering madness
Of joyous self-will
And carelessness
Of which I am deeply ashamed,
Violently proud.

Madness is near.

To murder someone's pride
Or to pass into social catatonia,
These are the common terms
Of conscious existence for me.

Rage or quasi-pietistic acceptance,
I distrust the wavering tick-tockishness
Of the shrinking and
Of the dangerous enlargement
Of the self.

The mood and the life's history
That has led to this dark and devious grandeur
– the grandeur of lowness –
Is linked to self-disgust,

Self-admiration.

In my room,
When I sit or lie in the dark,
My madness looms.
Reality, time, awareness –
Trite problems of everyone
Searching for purpose.

Awareness of the dark,
For instance.
Not nothingness –
Time is something...
Am I ill? Surely not,
Not in the accepted sense.
Life is making me ill.

I know that the first enclosing paradise
Was the human belly of my mother.
It was so changeable
That I encountered the passage of time
In the paradise there,
The salt birthplace of my spirit,
In my awareness
That one would feel better,
One would be all right:
That was the loose evidence:
That was the measure of paradise
From the beginning.

Amphibious state.
The first schizoid state of man.
The unreturn that time is
Includes the mechanical thing
That awareness has always
An element of resistance
To time itself in it.
It refuses the identity
That time proposes
To bestow on minutes,
On everything.
It is a force of resistance,
Resistant even to those forces
That constitute it.

The force of individuality
In a particle,
Since it is time-ridden,
Would vary and weaken
Not entirely mechanically
And give birth to the world
And to anomalies.

A balance, a situation
Has to have a form of awareness,
Or knowledge, of itself as a balance
Or how could it exist as moments pass?
The urge in time itself is to exist –
And it names and individuates
Everything in a mystic electricity
And force –
In eerily always renewed individuation
Until it fails for this or that thing –
The hurried dawns and
Semi-sleeplessness of matter
And its nakedness
To the brushing formation
And anatomical trespass of the creation
Of existence – and then the lapse,
The letting go, the decay –
The restlessness of amendment –
In that, I drown, waking-and-sleeping,
Fluke-attentioned in ways that jeer
In the mental light in the dark
At really crippling fear
Until thoughtlight becomes a dance
In mental darkness of fear and beyond-fear,
A little natural chemical fire in the skull,
A little buzz of hellfire
And resistance – in the skull,
Beneath the hair.

Without cure or remission,
The flickers of memory
And the present-tense of merely-a-room alternate.

And in resignation to the crawling,
Wormy,
Maggoty minutes and breaths,
The tiny, transparent monkeys of my breath,
The snake-flutters of eyelashes and of lungs,
I endure my punishment
Like in a Dali oil.

In the alternations,
It seems to me,
My shadow eats the world
And drags me in its belly
(in the mind of my mind)
Into a moment of eclipse.
My darkened self proposes
And manages an awful kind of marriage
And filial thing with darkness itself,
With awful matter.

An infant patience,
Seemingly infinite,
Inside the night,
Preserves me
As I straddle the alternations and twists
And moment-by-moment prolongation
Of this condition of loneliness
And of predicament
In amphibian contradiction
Of everything I have been taught
About simplicity and ideas.

Clapping a mind on top of a mind,
An observing consciousness,
Another placement of awareness
On top of the one before,
And then piling body on mind,
On minds, and superimposing a giddily aerial
(and sad) form of mind
On all of that,
And still another form of mind to watch,
To judge and observe,
I rise to a kind of a glimpse
Of the nighttime room.

People say, I know all about it...
And: we know nothing about that...
Explaining or un-explaining
Man's longing
For the divine intellect...

I am not tired of god –
But the idea of god is so much simpler
Than the sense of presence
In the passage of moments
That I can't ask for anything
But merely wait for mercy,
Here,
So long after my birth
Into the immortality of sheer existence:
One rises with a heavy beating of wings
Into a condition of migration.

Thought and recognition
Of the motions of thought,
The most elaborate imaginable collection
Of simultaneous riffings
Of predatory exercises
Of worded will,
Stories and whatnot,
Made of stiff letters

Erected in a phallic one,
A single quill sufficient,
Or insufficient,
For warding off despair.

I want to be like a book
In its powers of survival.
Or a painting?
I feel the whispering
Inside and outside of me –
Strange primal stories:
Would you like to speak
The language of atoms?
The formation of the cosmos?
The first war cries on the shores?

If you fail to sleep,
You can hear the howling
Of the electrons
In the black spaces in you;
And a kind of Troy arises –
And falls then – the nothing
With its peculiar motions stitching it,
Seamed nothingness,
Into borders, until it is me –
Factual and predicted light of awareness,
Like light,
A form of time...

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Fissuring Beam

Light comes through a crack,
And
Dear God
Since I am cracked
Give me the Light!

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Fistula

Ulcerous rites of passage
From the tormented abscess
Of a never quite matured
Trial by existence,
I still feel all the pains
And hear the sweet cries
Grieving
As I leave paradise
for a suggestion of
Lanced release
In the suppurating cavities
Of unrealized adventures.

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Four Muses

~Inspiration
~Illumination
~Incubation
~Modification

The four primordial states of consciousness
That randomly express artistic creativity.

Painting, sculpting, composing,
Crocheting a pastoral tapestry
With billions of hummingbird feathers -

Every artist experiences
Their affecting pulsion,
None predominating
Then suddenly one leading
And reaching fruition.

Four conditional factors,
Mind enhancers
Transforming vision to product,
Self-consuming guides of intellect:
They govern the change
From thought to deed.

~ Inspiration,
Inseparable portion of my Self,
Formulates desire and need,
The coveting of a precious concept,
The cradling of a newborn thought.
Suggestion of my imaginary stimulus,
Triggers my fancy
To search the void of my brain
For a minuscule fresh seed of notion,
Asking for a response.

~ Illumination
Recognizes my worthiness
And seeks the ways and means
Of aiding the inspiration,
Preparing my mind for an embryo solution,
Kindling the flame of discarded concepts
And giving new life with reason.
It brightens my playing field and
Inspires the game,
Shining a spotlight on the tiny idea
And throwing it into the central circus ring
For the audience of my obscured mind,
To see and appreciate.

~ Incubation
Is what my Self questions,

My mental detective
That seeks to disprove
Or alienate the idea.
Yet, if the seed survives
The withering inquisition,
It automatically matures
With sufficient strength
To endure manipulation
And unyielding critiques.
Impetus forces change,
The final viewable realization.

~ Modification
Is the culminating act,
A change for the senses to accept
It dwells at the end,
Suffering alteration:
Hindsight more prevailing
Than foresight -
My looming Atropos.

P.S.: In Greek mythology, the Muses were nine goddesses who presided over the arts and sciences and inspired those who excelled at these pursuits - born at the foot of Mount Olympus, they were: Calliope, Clio, Erato, Euterpe, Melpomene, Polyhymnia, Terpsichore, Thalia, and Urania.

- Atropos was one of the three white-robed Moirae (Greek Ἔρις; Ἔρις; Ἔρις; Ἔρις; Ἔρις; — the 'Apportioners', often called the Fates) , personifications of destiny. They controlled the metaphorical thread of life of every mortal and immortal from birth to death (and beyond) . Even the gods feared the Moirae. The Greek word 'moira' literally means a part or portion, and by extension one's portion in life or destiny. The three Moirae were:

.Clotho (Gk. 'spinner') spun the thread of life from her distaff onto her spindle.
.Lachesis (Gk. 'alotter' or drawer of lots) measured the thread of life with her rod.
.Atropos (Gk. 'inexorable' or 'inevitable') was the cutter of the thread of life. She chose the manner of a person's death. When she cut the thread with 'her abhorred shears', someone on earth died.

daubmir nadir

Gemini 1: Dreamsnatchers

~ Two gemellated miniatures, dedicated to the dearest friend who got lost in a snatched dream...

PEREGRINATOR FAILING

Wandering drifter
You've burnt yourself out -
Seeker of peripatetic dreams
You reached for the sky
And ended up
With a fistful of flies.

CONFRÈRE PERDU

You stole my sinuous chimera
In the evening of youth
Not to return it
But with its skin molted
At the twilight of life.

daubmir nadir

Gemini 2: Ascensions

~ My ultimate duet

DISSOLVE AND FADE

I hope
For total
Dispersion
Into my
Inconceivable
Primer

ASCENDING SCALE

A musical note
Discloses my gate
To heavenly alteration,
Providing the key
To the highest concerto
Whereby every
Ecstatic tone
Is receding from
All evocative others.

daubmir nadir

Guardian

Angel
I glide
With you
On quivering veils
Of interrupted stars,
Their filaments
cascading anguish.

daubmir nadir

Harmonic Internality

Melodic notes
Rebound
The partitions
Of my internal sighs
And
I sing atonic
Hymns
To deaf audiences
Thus
Creating
Irreparable
Cries

daubmir nadir

Hemingway's Spark

~ There are two of Hemingway's titles in the poem... can you find them?

Islands in the stream
Of my consciousness:
Floating gashes
Across the river of reality
And into the trees of illusion.

daubmir nadir

Heraclitean Phoenix

Man grows from his smallest
To his greatest
By removing excess
And remedying deficiency.
What is not cannot come into being.
From where will it come?
All diminishes and increases
To the greatest possible maximum
And the least possible minimum.
'Becoming' and 'perishing'
Are really 'mixing' and 'separating'.
Becoming and perishing are the same thing,
Mixing and separating are the same thing;
Increase and diminution are the same thing;
They are all the same thing
And so is the relation of the individual to all things,
And all things to the individual;
Yet in spite of appearances
Nothing of all things is the same.
What shall I do? Call Heraclitus to my rescue?
No, perhaps not.
It is not better that men should have all they want.
I had much, and much I rejected.

Man, like a light in the night, is kindled and put out.

I want to talk to the Infinite,
I want to take it all in and explode.
The big bang of my unlimited microcosmos.
My phoenix infinity,
Keeps resurging into my heart
In a continuous effluve of discontent:
I am who I am,
And that's my catastrophe.

daubmir nadir

I Do

I love
Oh how I love!
I do love
Love me
I love you
You love
I love
We love
Where's my love?
Reach for me
My Love
I love you
Oh
How I love you!
Do love me
Please, do
I love you
Yes, I do.

daubmir nadir

I should like... (a new design of life)

I should like to refund and create difficulties for everything in me and in front of me.
A new design of life.

A roving design for a loving contact, while computerized design expands to infinity the nirvana of its own cold brain.

A human walk in a void of goods and metropolises. I should like a map referring to my activity, not, however, in terms of technologies, or of the forms of creative accomplishment, or of the commercial success of my didactic work.

Even if I thought the generational problem was overcome, I should need not to conform.

I should like to shrug everything off, even the holds that most reassure me, that are my momentary salvation.

I should like to intuit the epoch about to be born, I should like it to be different from the present one. Because today people's souls are closed in defence of an involution that seems to accept, but in fact excludes, the diverse and the novel. That's the source of my lambasting: Man, so Davincian and yet so misspent.
But I should like to meet myself again within the millennial flux of the applied arts.

I should like to discard the monumental aggression of so many words.

One of my most certain points is the attitude towards the uncertain and the weak, towards exposure to the discomfort of the unknown.

After so much rule of logic, I should like types of approach which are stratified, magical, emotional. You know, yes, you know...

I should like to renounce the certainty of the joyous and amoral language, and pursue ancient and tortuous paths, to find objects from beyond my brief time, in a distant vision of the past, present and future.

I should like to think that the slightest movements made by my objects and by my logorrheic fragments were as acupuncture in the body of a mistaken context.

I should like to live a project of availability that led to new, calm, poetical, delicate objectives, suitable for the stages on which the new people will reveal the rituals and the fantasies of a near future - alive, but destined to die.

I should like to set off again, as I often did and do, on another ideational adventure, alone or in company, to search the darkness of 'challenge' for a fascinating unknown risk, hidden more within me than without.

I should like to be an ancestral and amorous person, to formulate the hyper-moralistic idea of an anti-wordly Concept, I should like my Concept to be capable of absorbing hunger, violence and poverty.

I should think of Giotto or of Kierkegaard, of the maternal womb or of kitsch, of shamans or of Islam, of the wind or of miniaturization, of artists or of the desperate, of religion or of incommunicability.

No more teachers, not for you not for me.

I should like to make clear to myself that the new type of epoch calls for a different person, capable of superimposing the two opposites; telematic solitude and existential dispersion.

I should stake also my personal perdition, my credibility, my isolation, even the impossibility of return... For a perfect moment of Love.

Then not all would be lost.

Nor I.

daubmir nadir

I.N.R.I. *

I wish
To reflect
On the open vein
In my wrists,
They are not my doing
But yours,
The nails still there
To prove it
And the lance
In my heart.

Cry the women
at my feet.
If I am God
Why the pain?

* Initials for the Latin title Pontius Pilate had written over the head of Jesus Christ on the cross (John 19: 19) : 'Iesvs Nazarenvs Rex Ivdæorum' - The English translation is 'Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.'

daubmir nadir

Immutuality

In your eyes who reveal to us
Our endless solitude
I feel the abysmal depression
Quaking our hunger
For existence.

Thrown across space
The elusive angle
Of my mental curtain
Raises in diagonal slant
And despairs at
The wandering madness:
Us asunder.

daubmir nadir

Impulse

I can jump
Puddles
But now
I want
To wade them
Deep

daubmir nadir

Inner Spittoon

I sense
The cuspidor
Of carnal thoughts
Reverberating
Through
The corridors
Of my sinister
Cerebral vortices
In centripetal anxiety.

daubmir nadir

Intense Naïveté

~ To my beloved daughter

Can I skip rope
With you
My child,
And send shrieks of joy
To firmament
For the thoughtless
Encounter of beauty
With happiness?

daubmir nadir

Interrogative

Dying with nothing
To lead the way
But the terrene notion
Of eternal life:
The Question awaits
More or less
Suspended.

daubmir nadir

Intimacy

A glissando
Of gossamer dreams
Gliding
Through internecine
Tenderness

daubmir nadir

Kicking Famine

~ African Hymn...

Out of breath
in the breadth
of my hunger
for bread.

daubmir nadir

La Musique Adoucit

The melody
of uncharted algorithms
leading
to my torment,
aspires to placate
the void
of my vacant
mind.

Why do you
return
to clutch my heart
like
an obsessive tide?

daubmir nadir

Last Orders

I stand alone
On the core
Of the earth
Transfixed
By the lightning
Of metaphysical planes

And it's suddenly night.

daubmir nadir

LE RÊVE DIVIN

Casting off
The weight of space
The mighty god
Wraps his hunger
For the whole earth
In a shawl of flutters.

Sings the sun
In Hebrew
And away I fly
In my divine slumber.

daubmir nadir

Malaise

Malaise
Is the melancholy
Of memories
Lost
In the heart
Of things.

daubmir nadir

Marine Regeneration

I always walk down to the sea
I dip to my waist
And watch my torso outlined
With the electric green phosphorescence
Of algal waters

Light sparks
Swirl around me
My body coming apart
Atom by atom
Slipping away into the ocean

I am disappearing
I am myself again
I am whole,
Oh yeah
Sun, kiss me!

daubmir nadir

Mental Waves

Surfing
On a wave of music
Carries my soul
To heaven.

No need for drugs,
My brain's orgasm
Reaches peaks of wonder
Travelling on its own breaker.

Rolling
On a wave of music,
Riding
On a white horse
Of parossistic notes,
Am lifted to infinity.

daubmir nadir

Mortuary

Decomposing
Four minutes after death
My encapsulated life
Now acquires
Its final metamorphosis.

I begin
To digest myself,
Cells dissolving
From the inside out,
Tissues turning to liquid
Then to swell gas.

I am feast immovable
To bacteria and flies:
Skin rippling infestation,
larvae hatching in my flesh,
Now nutrient broth of
Expired lies.

N.B.: It is a forensic fact that the human body begins its decomposition exactly 240 seconds after death.

daubmir nadir

My Ecstasy

In a single utterance
I lost all of my strength
But in a composite thought
I repossessed my soul

daubmir nadir

My Incubus

~ A vision I had...

I could not breathe
the air of my nightmare,
face this naked radiance
unscathed.
Here music turned to light,
a tone so sweet
that my Self, dulled by
its familiar harp,
mistook its sound for silence.

Mounting to tiers of
trembling flame,
I found light. Light everywhere.
Circles, wheels,
light on light,
a dance of invisibles.
The flames pulsating, as if
measuring the breath of heaven.
At the last, I fell forward,
caught in widening rings
of implacable bright.

daubmir nadir

My Words

~ Are you listening?

My words
Create my rhapsodic rapture
And trigger enchantment
To the synaptic junctures
Of my brain cells.

My words
Are absolute flashes
Of orgasmic bliss
Catapulting flights
Into the quadrosensor realms
Of pure imagination,
Tactile vibration of
Seismic awe.

daubmir nadir

Neptune's Pirouette

I will dance
Barefooted
With sodden sand
Between my toes
Until the echo
Of melodic spheres
Will hum my soul
To transposed seas

daubmir nadir

Ocean My Sea / Oceano Mio Mare (bilingual poem)

[English / Italian]

Surge!
Magnificent wave
Until you touch
The sky
Of my efflate

Rise!
Immense ripple
Of my winged life
Among the spray of
Cold salty brine

Pulsating breaker
Of my inner blaze
Part with your
Oceanic force
The sea of my wonderment

Alazati!
Onda magnifica
Fino a toccare
Il cielo
Del mio efflato

Levati!
Flutto immenso
Della mia vita alata
Tra gli spruzzi di fredda
Brina salata

Cavallone pulsante
Del tormento interiore
Spacca con la tua
Forza oceanica
Il mare del mio stupore

daubmir nadir

Outage

Every time a thought is born
I am born
When the thought is gone
I am gone -
No permanent entity in me
But my thought.

What I look for
Does not exist:
The beatific vision
Of my radical transformation
Is the bewitching state
Of my conjured phrases.

My natural state
Is to escape
The enchanted ground
Of illusory senses
And silently express
My own true humanity.

daubmir nadir

Pánta reî kai ouden meneî *

Panta rei
Flows away
Cannot say
Where

And more to come.

* From Heraclitus: '...Those rivers one steps into are not the same. Other and yet other waters keep flowing on. Into the same rivers we step and yet we do not step, we exist and at the same time we do not exist... after all, one does not step into the same river twice. Waters disperse and come together again... they keep flowing on and flowing away... in the end, there is only flux, everything gives way. Everything is in flux and nothing abides, Everything flows and nothing stays fixed, Everything is constantly changing and nothing stays the same.'

daubmir nadir

Parting

On a train
the vagueness
of loss
fills my sorrow

daubmir nadir

Perderti / To Lose You (Italian/English)

Perderti,
Nell'immensità delle cose, perderti.
Ti ho perduto
Come ho perduto quel grazioso
Raggio di sole che mi
Ha colpito tra i veli opachi
Di un sentimento, or ora.
Nei ricordi sei un fantasma.
Chi coglierà adesso
La margherita nell'entrare
A San Francisco?
Di certo ognuno prenderà
Il fiore
Per suo conto.
Tra noi è crollato
L'ultimo ponte ferreo
Velato da strani ideali.

(10 February 1968)

Losing you,
In the immensity of things, to lose you.

I lost you
As I lost that lovely
Ray of sunlight that
Hit me between the opaque shades
Of a sentiment, just now.

In memories you are a phantasm.
Who will pick now
The flower
Entering San Francisco?
Surely each of us will take
A bloom
On their own.
Crumbled between us
Is the last ferreous bridge
Veiled by strange ideals.

(6 May 2006)

daubmir nadir

Perdido

Tantamount
To my wrath
Is
The kiss
I missed.

daubmir nadir

Perfect Human Light (a mundane oratorio)

~ Here's looking at you, experienced man!

Unfortunately,
humanity has placed before itself
the model of a perfect man.
The idea of the perfect man
is born out of the value system
that we have created.
That value system is born out
of the behaviour patterns
of the great teachers of mankind.

Jesus, Buddha
and all the great teachers.

Every human body,
however, is unique.
Nature is not interested
in creating a perfect being.
Its interest is to create
only a perfect species.

And if every one of us is unique,
that implies that our code of enlightenment,
if there is such a thing,
would also be unique
so that each of us
reaches that state
individually and uniquely.

It is just not possible for us
to produce enlightened people
on an assembly line.

If you look at history,
humanity has produced
only a very few enlightened people.
You can count them on your fingers.
But unfortunately,
in the market place,
we have many claimants
who say they are enlightened,
and they are in turn out
to enlighten everybody.

There is a market for that kind of thing.
The demand and supply principle
is responsible for that.

But actually an enlightened man
or a free man, if there is one,

is not interested in freeing
or enlightening anybody.
This is because
he has no way of knowing
that he is a free man,
that he is an enlightened man.
It is not something that can be shared
with somebody,
because it is not
in the area of experience at all.

There is no such thing as a new experience.

Suppose you go to a new place.
What goes on in your mind
is that you are always trying to fit
whatever you are seeing
into the framework of the past.
The moment you say
that something is new,
it is the old telling you
that it is new.
So, it is very difficult for us
to experience anything new because,
if there is something really new,
it is not in particular frames
that the old is destroyed,
but the totality of the past is destroyed
in one great big blow.

We cannot experience anything new.

There is no such thing as a new experience.
There is nothing new at all.
It is the old that tells us that it is new,
and through this gimmick
thought is making what it calls new
part of the old,
and is thus maintaining its continuity.
So, whatever you cannot experience
does not exist.
Dogmatic assertion?

When you try to experience something
that you have not experienced before,
the whole movement of the experiencing structure
comes to an end.

daubmir nadir

Photograph

In the camera obscura
Of my simmering passions
The maggots of pain
Consume my equilibrium
While the acids of greed
Burn holes in my soul.

But you, magnificent loupe
Through the crimson film
Of fracturing light
Expose your generous smile
And develop my healing.

daubmir nadir

Pinnacle Shock

The sound of rapture
Invades the synapses
Of the receptive being
Whilst divine insight lashes
Against the wounds
Of a better knowledge
And sweetness captivates
The tremor of response.

Yes, moisten your tongue
Now!
And lick the savour
Of ominous beauty
As silence touches
Consciousness
And nerves transmit
The awesome sensation.

daubmir nadir

Psychotropy

Shooting up
Delirium
Into my soulless
Brain

daubmir nadir

Pupa

I laugh
At the chrysalis
Of hope
In my mind's
Eye

daubmir nadir

Realization

Phantasmagoric pressure
Inviting me to somnambulistic reveries:
Will awoken reaction
Create opportune fulfilment?

daubmir nadir

ROMA = AMOR

ROMA*
AMOR

Eternal city
Of my renaissance
I love you
So deeply
For never failing
To carry me tenderly
Over the memories
Of past pleasures
In youth and age:
Seven ancient hills
Remembered each
For sins of aspiration,
Every visit an embrace
Copulating with instant
Reminiscence.

* The reverse of 'Roma' is 'Amor', which in Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese means LOVE.

daubmir nadir

Sanctity

Holiness
Is permeating
The meanders
Of my being:
Uncontainable
Love.

daubmir nadir

Sea Nymphs

Where stars sleep
In the calming black waves
White nymphs of love
Slowly move
Stretching naked
Among the anemones

As a passing ghost
My sadness
Floats with them
In a thousand years
Of sweet folly
Sighing in the breeze

Surfacing in consciousness
Wind kisses their breasts
Melting the petals
Of their virginity
And lucent foams of longing
Play songs of desire.

daubmir nadir

Searching

Mine is a recess that preserves cold heat
A star of radiance that has no reflection
Drifters seek it in bouts of anxiety
Peaks of sensation hung with delight
Who goes there cannot survive

daubmir nadir

Selfish Love

~ Love me, love me not...

Genuine love
Is selfishness:
Love doesn't mean
To sacrifice yourself
For others.
It is the exact opposite.
It is truly the most selfish
Experience possible:
It benefits your life in a way
That involves no sacrifice
Of others to yourself or
Of yourself to others.

To love a person is selfish
Because it means that
You value that particular person,
That he or she makes your life better,
That he or she is an intense source of joy
- to you.

A disinterested love
Is a contradiction in terms.
One cannot be neutral
To that which one values.
The time, effort and money
You spend
On behalf of someone you love
Are not sacrifices,
But actions taken
Because his or her happiness
Is crucially important to your own.

Those who argue
That love demands self-denial
Must hold the bizarre belief
That it makes no personal difference
Whether your loved one is healthy or sick,
Feels pleasure or pain,
Is alive or dead.

It is regularly asserted
That love should be unconditional
And that you should
Love everyone as a brother,
- hate the sin, but love the sinner!
Which would have you condemn death camps
But send Hitler a box of swiss chocolates.
Most would agree that

Having sex with a person
One despises is debased.
Yet somehow,
When the same underlying idea
Is applied to love,
Most consider it noble.

Love is far too precious
To be offered
Indiscriminately.
It is above all
In the area of love
That egalitarianism
Ought to be repudiated.
Love represents
An exalted exchange,
- a spiritual exchange -
Between two people
For the purpose of mutual benefit.

You love someone
Because he or she is a value
- a selfish value to you,
As determined by your standards
- just as you are a value to him or her.

It is the view
That you should be given love
Unconditionally -
The view that
You do not deserve it
Any more than some random bum,
The view that it is not a response
To anything particular in you,
The view that it is causeless
- which exemplifies
The most ignoble conception
Of this sublime experience.

The nature of love
Places certain demands
On those who wish to enjoy it.
You must regard yourself
As worthy of being loved.
Those who expect to be loved,
Not because they offer some positive value,
But because they don't
- are parasites.

A person who says:
Love me just because I need it,
Seeks an unearned spiritual value

- in the same way that
A thief seeks unearned wealth.

daubmir nadir

Separating Grimace

The rictus
of subdued laughter
marks
your cruel face:
my egoistic self
cannot relent
the palpitations
fluttering
in my ventricles
whilst I tender
my rejected
hand.

daubmir nadir

Sunset Take

Clouds
In the sky
Shapeshifting topiary
For the russet dusk
Of human craving

daubmir nadir

Surging From Water

I believe in you
Divine Mother
Marine Aphrodite
Yet bitter is the way
Since the other God
Crucifies me
To his carnal cross

Man's chastity
Is a diabolical grin
Dirtying primitive Beauty
In the flames
Of writhing idols
While the Universe
Stares untouched

daubmir nadir

Surreal Swallows

Grip my hand, son
And kill all your obsessions

Take my arm, son
And destroy all your compulsions

Hold me close, son
And slay all your delusions

Tear my heart apart, son
And swallow all the love
It contains.

daubmir nadir

Taste Buds

Papillae degusting
The juices of your orgasm
While frenetically
I reach for the aperture
Of a thousand desires.

I want you -
Always.

daubmir nadir

Taut Jaunt

Dance
To the music
Of my drunken habits
Guzzling mad notes
In wild composition
And whilst the alcoholic fogs dissipate
Observe the true shapes reappear
Sallying in harmonic delight.

daubmir nadir

Tearing

~ A holy image, a crown of thorns...?

Tears
Of blood
On my punctured
Face:
Singing
Love.

daubmir nadir

Termination

I die for myself
As I only live for you,
I hate myself
But I will always love you,
I'm ending myself,
But I'm eternally with you.

daubmir nadir

The Eye Of Change (technolyrical chant)

~ Dedicated to Enigma, a musical group of the 80s who dared citing the Sufi poet Jalaluddin Rumi in their beautifully strange songs.

I do not believe changes
Are due to technological conquests,
On the contrary,
I believe that these voices
Respond to instances
Of deep change that come
From the very body of humanity.

The eye is a pre-eminent part
Of the body of any animal;
The reiterated mirror of the soul
It is the window through which
The interior leans toward the exterior
And vice-versa,
It is the point of encounter
Between the microcosm
Ad the macrocosm,
Between the ego and nature;
And it is the pre-eminent symbol
Of knowledge.

My windowsill leans out
Onto the scenario of nature,
There every scenario is projected,
Like in a fantasy movie.
In this combination of waves
Which go and come in constant flux,
My vision will come about,
I assure you:
Action and measure
Are appraised.

My ego is also a symbol,
It becomes social,
Since it is from the eye
That the ego speeds
Towards the other
Into the Other,
Against the other,
Towards the other,
Towards the world
Thus becoming the world.

My Eye,
Is the sign of an anouncing vision.

It is the eye of my inner witness
Which nothing escapes.

It is the eye of my inner child
Which never abdicates
To its own human dignity.
It is also and above all
The evidence that
'the gaze through which
we contemplate God
and the gaze through which
God contemplates me
is one and the same' *

The Eye, the I,
Is my symbolic cipher
And the three-dimensional icon
Of my soul,
Wherever it poses
Its fluttering wings.
My 'I' is an extraordinary instrument
For celebrating the immeasurable beauty
Of the merciful universe.

My inner Eye
Is the mirror of how
I am inside:
That you must comprehend
And then survive.
It is the most alive part of myself
Where the sky and the infinite
Are reflected.
It is the place where
Two infinities meet,
You and 'I',
Or the conscience and the cosmos:
Unsettling, attractive, tremendous.

It is above all
Through the Eye
That love flows and changes our world,
Before the other senses.
In ancient Greece
Seeing was believed the result of rays
Departing from the Eye
And emanating towards the world
And so they knew it: or rather,
Created it and continually recreated it.

Thus, the eye,
Which sees the capacity of projecting
The world and the firmament,
Has been symbolically assigned
With a creative will of its own,
Desirous of joy,

Of the transmutation of all negativity
Into positivity.

If I look at the disconcerting depth of the signals that arrive from society's different ways of living and behaving, from a world tending increasingly towards globality, I feel the importance of concentrating the idea-creating forces in order to respond to these signals, to these inalienable voices.
How do you respond?

* quote is from Meister Eckhart.

daubmir nadir

The Rigger

Rigging
My life
With necessity
For others
Whilst
You stand
Alone.

daubmir nadir

The Rose of Eros

~ Please note the title's anagram...

I will slowly
Pluck
Each velvety
Petal
Of my red
Exquisite
Rose,
Crush its
Texture
To penetrate
The skin of
My fingers,
And consume
Its fragrance
With my trembling
Nostrils.

daubmir nadir

The Scents And Waters Theme

~A POETIC SEXTETTE

1. OCEAN MADE

I want to tell you the ocean knows this
that life in its jewel boxes
is endless as the sand
impossible to count
pure
and among the purple grapes
time has made the petal
hard and shiny
made the medusa full of light
and untied its knot
letting its musical threads fall
from a horn of plenty
made of infinite reflections.

2. TANTALUS SINNING

Oh woman whom I loved and lost
I summon you in the moist hour
I raise my song to you.

Oh woman, I do not know
how you could contain me
in the earth of your soul
in the cross of your arms.

How terrible and brief
my desire was to you
how tensed and avid.

Cemetery of lost kisses
there is still fire in your tombs
still the whited bones
of my lost mind
burn impossible images
as crows of desire
peck at my heart.

3. FRAGRANCE

Wakening from the dreaming forest
the sage sprig
sang under my tongue
its drifting fragrance

climbed up
through
my conscious mind
as if suddenly
the roots I had left behind
cried out to me
the land I had lost
with my childhood
etched in my soul
and I stopped
wounded
by the wandering scent.

4.
LONELY SYLLABLE

Over your breasts of motionless current
over your legs of firmness and water
over the permanence and the pride
of your naked hair
I want to be,
now that the tears are
thrown
into the raucous baskets
where they accumulate,
I want to be
alone with a syllable
of mangled silver,
alone with a tip
of your breast of snow.

5.
ROSE NOIR

Do not take away the black rose,
the lance flower that you pluck,
the water that suddenly
bursts forth in joy,
the sudden spray
of silver born in you.

6.
NASCENT

Naiad: cut your body into turquoise pieces
they will bloom resurrected in the waves
This is how you become everything that lives.

daubmir nadir

The Ultimate Logic of Time (prosaic disquisition)

~ A pindaric toolkit for the hyponoetic seeker...

The idleness of time
Too much time, wasted
The boredom of timelessness
Timing time and the upsetting function of clocks
Being in time and not being,
Abusing and disabusing time
Finding time
For myself and others
The ultimate time
The limitless boundaries of time
Time, the universe, and everything...or else.

The ultimate view
Regards the universe
As a unified organisation
Of three ultimate realities:
The realms of the material,
The emotional and the psychological
Existents.

Ultimates:
The soul is conceptualised as
The ultimate driving factor of life.
The ultimate carrier of life phenomena,
Which departs the body
At the moment of death.
Man strives to find
The ultimate law
Able to explain all the laws
Intermediate between empirical facts
And mental understanding,
A universal and ultimate principle
To be regarded as the governor
Of the universe,
The primary factor.

The ultimate view of the universe
Is closely related to
The timeless character
Of our thoughts and emotions.

The aim to give our life a meaning
Exerts important influence
On our existence as a whole,
Which does not pass
With the end of our earthly life.

Our life as a whole

Will not become invalid by our death.
Aren't you relieved?
I do wish to dispense relief.

So, do not believe in
The materialist view
That our life is born
From inanimate matter,
And we will return to inanimate matter
- from dust to dust -
Into the complete annihilation.

Believe in Logic,
More than individual consciousness:
Logic is a potential of infinite,
Relevant and true consciousness
And creativity.

Logic is the cosmic network
Of the primal, pre-material,
Biological and psychological existents.

Thoughts and emotions
Help realise
The destination of the universe.

If our thoughts and emotions
Born by our life
Add continuously to the logical network
Of the universe,
Then the universe is necessarily
Destined to a kind of evolution.
This evolution is an interesting,
Extraordinary and
Unsuspected one.
This evolution
Starts from realms of time
And arrives to the realm of timelessness
And completes its ultimate meaning
In timelessness.

Ancient philosophers
Perceived a Cosmic Soul
And conceived of it as
An Image of Eternity,
In relation to divine godhead
And transrational knowledge.
Peak-experiences,
Near-death experiences
And ecstatic trances
Show that we can live
During our life

Also with the abilities offered
By higher dimensions
And the ultimate reality.
The ultimate view of time
Confirms that we can live our life
In its full scope
When we live with the power
Of our ultimate reason.

The ultimate concentration
of infinity in finiteness
is called Life,
The ultimate stake.

Therefore, when our life is at risk,
It is the concentrated infinity which is at risk,
under the attack in the finite existence.
The dynamics of finiteness and infinity
Is paralleled in the dynamics of timely
And timeless existence.

Material reality
Is not a separate, isolated subset
Of existence, which is closed in itself.
Material reality is related
With the realities of life and reason.
Material reality forms
A complete reality
With the realities of life and reason.
It possesses a principal, spiritual nature.
In this way
It is necessary that our thoughts
And emotions form a communicating unity
With each other and the material reality.
In this way,
The destination of the universe
Requires a development,
An evolution in a fuller sense,
The time of which is the logical time,
The time of reason,
The order of the completion
Of the reason-full, genuine, cosmic meaning.

The evolution of the universe
Occurs in the logical time of eternity.
We can contact eternity
If we are able to connect our emotions
And thoughts into the reason-full,
Logical order of the universe.

There is no time without reality.
Clear?

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Tip Tapping

Cool spring
On a silver stone

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Traveller

A sentimental journey
In the shadow
Of my desperation.

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Uninvented Genius Gelato

~ Dedicated to my frozen creativity

Feel the genius in me
It wants to get out,
Just like the birth
Of Athena from
Zeus' head.

Opening my brain
With a scalpel and
Getting the genius out!
It's there, I know it.
I'm sure.
I am a genius,
no doubt about it.

So, how come
I cannot create?
What evidences
The soaring splendour
Of my genius?
Hidden still in the foetal status,
Ready to explode and
Illuminate the world
With the immensity
Of its genial beauty.

Nonsense.
My genius thrives incognito.
My brain is of such excellence,
That it cannot include itself
And express openly.
The entrails of my sympathetic
Loquaciousness
Indicate the brightness
Of a genius' personality –
Although his productive approach
Defies the normal channels of proof.

What else is there to say?
A genius' work is never done.
Mine was never, and never is nor will.
Content with its state of geniality,
Ingenuousness, genially.

If Genius is the power of lighting
One's own fire,
I forgot the matches –
If Genius is an African
Who dreams up snow,

I am an Italian
Who dreams up gelato.

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Violation

~ Against child abuse...

Smears
Of Blood
At the end
Of the rainbow

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Wake

I drift through the ripples
That are my desires
I swim in the void
That is my confusion
I sprawl on the rock
That is my resolution
I gargle with the water
That is my damnation...

But only I understand
This joy of combating.
Then I walk by the lake
That are my spent emotions,
And sit waiting for the hour
When clouds rise.

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Womb

Spat out
Like an angry foetus
From the black uterus
Of an indifferent Universe,

I can feel the Answer
Birthing
As I return inside.

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Yeah, Man, Yeah! (warning: contains expletive madness)

~ Picture me staring at you... yeah! Then grab my hand and fly.

A light breeze hesitates around me.
The air is pure as the soul of a Buddha.
The sky is limpid and bright as the heart of E.T.
I am ready to change, once more.

With the lights out,
In the most ontological silence,
I gently place the palms
Of my yearning hands
On the heart of my soul,
I close my eyes
And with infinite expectancy
Prepare to savour
An infinity of pain
In a way only I know how to feel.
The pain of ecstatic vision.

It is a moment of extraordinary intensity
That catapults me into the first day of creation.
I feel the scope of my desire:
A desire for emotional transfiguration
That equals nothing,
Not even the explosion of the Supernova
Still, I wish to make you share it,
Now, while I feel it,
Now yeah, man, yeah!

Ah, friend, if you were here with me!
None of that simple communion
Of experiences along treaded routes.
You would share a unique trip to intensity...
In the very moment in which I'd shake your hand,
You would perceive and interpret my biorhythm
And all my vibrations,
With the knowledge of your extrasensory response.
And my biorhythm
Would immediately return
To optimum vital level
And my whole Being would pass
From the melancholy-depressive
To the most harmonious tonic-active
Vibrational frequency.
Spreading onto you like an aura.

Yeah, man, yeah:
I need you to become real,
And not just a reading presence:
How fucking depressing,

A virtual presence indeed.
You are a flesh and blood human,
Are you not?
Then transmit to me,
With all the tenderness
Of a real warm embrace,
Your marvellous,
Vividly coloured images
Of your pictorial mind and
Make'em flow into mine.

Yeah, man, yeah:
I'd visualise greatly loved landscapes,
Faces of favourite people (finally!) And animals,
Adored paintings, sculptures and objets d'art,
Aphorisms and extracts of poetry
And prose of amazing beauty and profundity,
With a perfectly intuited background music,
Celestial to say the least.

All this transforms me, man, yeah:
Transmutes me ispo facto.
You'd loosen all the knots
Of my compressed energy
And empty all the sacks
Of my neurosis.

While I gloat light, fluid
And vibrating with joy and peace
In a state of pre-Nirvana,
Because of my inspirational state...
I understand that communion of kindred spirits
Is a soliloquy of cosmic import,
Architecture of extreme spatial possibilities.
Communion - friendship is in fact a spatial fresco,
I do believe.
And as you read me now, I find light
And shadow of the spirit
In the spring of my Emotion.
From the abyss that we are,
Both you and me, yeah!

Man, yeah:
The strength comes to us
From the unexplored regions of the Ego,
The Mind's Eye to offer itself to community.

That image lives in the background space,
In the remote cellars of the Ego
That borders on the cellars
Of all the other companions and brothers,
Printed on the eternal pages.

And so it comes up from free imagination,
From the hand in direct contact with the heart,
Like writing,
Its brake invisible and pure.

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