**Classic Poetry Series**

# doug bentley

## - 108 poems -

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## doug bentley (Nov.25,1951)

poet, playwright
doug bentley
is a time traveller
living in
Vancouver, Canada

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
- W. Shakespeare, Hamlet

for your convenience, ebook 'WhirlWind 2012' is available for downloading here.

Works:

GO: a stage play @ http: //www.stageplays.com/
website: http: //www.dougbentley.com/
Facebook: http: //www.facebook.com/doug.bentley.888
Linkedin: http: //www.linkedin.com/in/dougbentley

**? For 20th Century Historians**

how did a few
thousand

royal tibetan lamas

come to so influence
modern consciousness

research, psychiatry,
psychology

in only
40 some years?

i guess
the atheist

regime in power
in beijing

was right all along-
the cuckoo's a gangster.

the Dalai Lama a terrorist?
so was Gandhi.

20/ may 6,2012: Gautama Buddha Day

doug bentley

**A Canadian's Poem (1)**

and what, after all,
was so wrong
with simple rhyme

and quaint folk
ballads of love?

have poets often
not been first
burst to spot

shape still forming from ground

dipped diamond-tipped pens
in pools of time

stirring up
currents of insights

that grew, in course
of time to waves?

do we not
compose,

solely for handfuls
of loyal listeners

bubblings up wellsprings,
words

meant merely to delight
and entertain the mind

moving heart to very muscle?

but what have all these labours
by we self-confessed saviours,

the 'unacknowledged legislators
of the world'*
produced?

a laugh or two?

maybe even a few
bucks on the side?

a moment's pride?

lifetimes
brain-busting
heart-bursting
outpourings

measuring,
on balance,

about a penny each?

yet still poets
ply trade
reporting,

as is calling,
pivot points of day-

so what can
such a minute
band of misfits,

forever at odds
with every era

do but
lift up
unheard voices

on behalf of
voiceless humanity?

*Percy Bysshe Shelley: A Defence of Poetry; 1821

2/ february 12,2012

doug bentley

**A Canadian's Poem (2)**

O! Canada!
30 some million
supremely

arrogant souls
who know best
what is best
for the rest of us

all 7,000+ million or so.
o i know

interest rates,
the tax regime,
health care costs
come first-

are we ready to admit
our riches are embarrassment

in world that's slum
and poverty norm?

in such a global village
the very concept of culture
is a belly-jolting joke!
so

gullible reader
curled up in comfy chair
waiting

for poetry's affable spirit
to enwrap and awe you-

i'm sorry. you've stumbled
on wrong word-magician here.

now look me square in eye
i've something to whisper-

(give up the ghost)

there are fates far more final
than physical death; of that
let this be proof-

search your heart.

3/ february 19,2012

doug bentley

**A Canadian's Poem (3)**

what i want to do is
spin poetry center stage
set humanities focus

send science slingshot to head

boil dry obscurity
of subconscious womb

shine laser-blind
of superconscious activity,

make movement first principle
morality fashionable

trample all
human security tramplers,
then

bring it all together
so that no one need ever

ever have to live in terror
ever ever ever again,
but

fortunate fellow canadian

you need never
toss and turn in bed
for you can ever

trust that stalwart guardian
at poetry's gate,

the english editor,

to save you
from ever having to taste
even one bloody drop of this-

not one word
will ever touch

your precious, sensitive eyes

5/ february 26,2012

doug bentley

**Ark**

when the Ark Of The Covenant kicks into action
it's a contraption

generating
ball bursts insighting

perceptions and wisdom
saul* could have used

when he encountered
that question from a cloud.

for for millennia
a dilemma

has been
that that cloud

never got the right reply

*Saul of Tarsus (5AD - 67AD)

51/ august 16,2012

doug bentley

**Beside Golden River**

i remember my life as a soldier
in the hills of sumer,

how i died
an unremarkable death.

my shield
marked my grave

beside golden river

too many millennia
ago now to matter

53/ august 26,2012

doug bentley

**Blue Moon!**

o! blue moon!
glass bubble

in hubble*
space blown

by big technology
on a very

very big scale,
so

next glance you glass
at that dragon scarred

scythe-
remember-

it's no rock
just a clock!

*Edwin Powell Hubble (1889-1953)

55/ august 30,2012: blue moon

doug bentley

**Chaos In Corpus Callosum**

my corpus callosum
has a big lesion

that silences signal.
boosting noise

it's natural to feel
outraged and enraged

psychotic with paranoia.

so, as a precaution
against an overdose

of irritation
i'm swallowing medication

and it seems to help
stabilize the situation

The corpus callosum is a bundle of neural fibers which connects the left and right cerebral hemispheres of the brain and facilitates interhemispheric communication. It is anatomically flawed; signals become mostly noise.

The result? Man, by nature, is mad.

Our dysfunctional corpus callosum is our 'original sin'; its repair, the only salvation I see for Man's longer term survival.

For more on this topic, see my Forum post 'Brief Requiem For The English Editor.'

doug bentley

**Craigellachie**

born of lotus
flower

christ what a way!

here
transrational beasts

roam round
on ground

flat as stone

save for one
sharpened spike

crushed in iron

Craigellachie, British Columbia, Canada

8/ march 10,2012: 'Poem Of The Day' may 16,2012

doug bentley

**Cut!**

if i wanted to
paint fancy faces

all over this page
i could!

if i wanted to
ramble on and on

inastreamofconsciousness
a+riverstyx&back

i could!
but i just want

my open fist
to pop out

from this page
and grab you

in the heart.
cut!

we'll have to
do this again

sometime

31/ june 23,2012

doug bentley

**Dali's Stopwatch: A Hearing (1)**

who comes by this way
whether it be from fields of history
law medicine philosophy or physics
must renounce all understanding of self
and embark upon the voyage

returning to chaos and beginning
wherein there is no end, to nihilism
wherein is only possibility,
wherein space-time future past
melt away in all consuming now.

eternal fire within burns this argument.

we, the weavers of dreams
on the horizon of future of Man,
beyond time, the monolith reveal
here, inter-dimensional hemisphere
beyond borders of dragon's mask

spiral of evolution to unfold.

ref: Salvador Dali (1904 - 1989): The Persistence of Memory (1931)

doug bentley

**Dali's Stopwatch: A Hearing (2)**

forebrain handsteps on lunar surface
become first prints of man-on-moon
under pressure of a million

neo-cortex skeletons;
a cloudy disc degree-width
tick in riverloop of Kosmic time,

piscean wheel swing magnetic
finger to aquarian point.

it's time.

it's time the crystal images
which stand on albion shore
were smashed

and all icons of history
broken in light of all-consuming fire

doug bentley

**Door**

there is a door.
for it to open-

dream-weaver door
locking in Light,

driving dream
onto screen

reflecting images
vanishing to point

like _*

- realize how sane
you are. then wait

for anarchy's
stealthy bullet

to sizzle skull
and explode heart

doug bentley

**Double Death**

i discuss the death
which comes after the death

which should have finalized
all these matters

but did not

39/ july 13,2012

doug bentley

**Farewell To Malkuth**

the world passed away
as i slept

one night.
when i awoke

all that was left
was one unmailed love letter

addressed to no one in particular

87/ december 21,2012: december solstice

doug bentley

**Fate And Destiny**

fate, future feed forward;
destiny, done.

the ancients
well understood

distinctions between
fate and destiny.

now, modern shamans
proclaim dawning

of days of destiny.
so don't sit

there complaining
about not knowing

what the hell's going on

doug bentley

**Fixation On Blue**

in kandinsky's* quest
to catch st. george

he knew
blue was best.

and can we not
still hear yeats#

tap tap tapping
from tombstone-

cast cold eye
on life on death?

so who am i

to dispute
such wisdom,

being
in effect

in complete
agreement with it?

*Wassily Kandinsky (1866 - 1944)
#W. B. Yeats (1865 - 1939)

54/ august 30,2012: blue moon

doug bentley

**Fleshing Out Mind**

to eye of flesh
sun rises east

sets round moon.

to eye of mind
we spin in space

and will so ever do

13/ april 15,2012

doug bentley

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over and over again

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78/ november 18,2012

doug bentley

**Freudian Snippet**

as i enter
the lady

psychiatrist

propped up
behind

power desk
is scratching

secret messages
with file pen.

when i exit

my file
is still

open

23/ may 20,2012: annular solar eclipse

doug bentley

**Fusion**

when, face upturned to sky
face co-mingles with sky,

breath drawn out
painlessly

co-mingles with cloud,
blood tide broken,

dissolved in blue
lake himalayan sages

say is without wave,
heart waveless

fused with clear cold
lotus lilies, pitiless

in an instant
of nuclear death

66/ september 28,2012: Michaelmas

doug bentley

**Gluing Humpty**

20th century perception
was major laceration

in fabric
of consciousness.

restore to wholeness
whole conception

of what roams
round Kosmos

and
for pete's sake-

cheer up!

7/ march 7,2012: full moon

doug bentley

**GO**

as i danced i saw four birds, way up high,
each from a distant corner of the sky,
spiral together. from their wings
threads of gold appeared.
their flights wove them into a net.

i watched them for a time, wondering at their art.
when they were done, each flew off in a separate direction.
the net they wove glided slowly, through the air, to my feet.
i stepped within it. it lifted me, ever so gently.
higher and higher i rose. when i looked down, through my feet,
the whole earth appeared. but not the earth we know.

if all precious gems known to Man were pieced together
in one perfect ball they could not match the transcendent hues
which streamed from that globe. its glow came from within,
not without. i was mesmerized by its beauty.
but rosy clouds soon covered it from view.
the clouds became a sandy shore. the sky a waveless sea.

then the net dissolved into a cloudy beach.
it changed every grain of sand to gold. the sea shone sapphire.
the winds rose. from each wave a thousand voices sang.
each song told of wondrous things i cannot recount.
i gazed far over the waters. i saw a white stallion.

on it rode a figure in green. swiftly they flew over the waves.
as they passed by me, the rider lifted a horn to her mouth and blew.
the horn was louder by far than all the voices of the deep.
but of it, i understood only 'open your Eye.' instantly, i was here.

when i open my eyes i see only black. i'm blind.

77/ november 13,2012: total solar eclipse

(This poem is an excerpt from my stage play, GO: 21st Century Existentialism in an Absurdist Theme. A serious exploration of contemporary existential issues, GO is currently available for purchase @ stageplays.com.)

doug bentley

**Goose Steps Up My Spine**

millions starved to death:
missiles fired overhead.

sea games with seoul
under nato* control.

pyongyang power ill prince
trotting past mad troops.

when he stands in his suit
generals all about salute

and smirk.

quaint peasants in rows
step goose bumps up my arms

for as far as totems go
it's grim as stalin

and that pole has been climbed

*NATO

43/ july 26,2012: re; Korean War Armistice Agreement july 27,1953

doug bentley

**Grain**

a grain of sand all heaven may hold,
and the stars spin round a flower;
alchemists exchange precious gold;
philosophers seek the stone of power;

seven wonders may the world awe,
and mysteries be knowledge of few;
the spectacle eyes on calvary saw
be secret of life's creation new;

on seven pillars may wisdom be founded,
and antique oracles fortune foretell,
but in you my trumpet's sounded;
that love i'll never trade nor sell.

simple love may hold all things;
in your love my simple heart sings!

12/ march 31,2012: Palm Sunday
1st Sonnet in my Sonnet series

doug bentley

**GUT Feeling**

i believe

GUTs* have got
more to do

with what
st. francis# knew

the night
he lit up assisi,

encased in his own
private Light cone,

accelerated
on the force of myth.

or with what
avila teresa*# felt

pleading
with unseen unheard-

let me do my daily duties,
get on with trivialities-

to no avail.

her habit pulled high
in cloister air,

she silver radiance
suspended in mid-rapture

trusting, helpless
as tibetan nun

in lhasa prison

*  Grand Unified Theories, a navel paradigm
#  Saint Francis of Assisi (1181 - 1226) ?
*# Saint Teresa of Avila (1515 - 1582) ?

83/ december 2,2012: Advent

doug bentley

**Her Majesty**

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II: Royalty
through and through and through;
blue blood thoroughbred; 25-K golden Bough
of the Mystic Tree of Tea Tephi
Realm; Commander of the British Scone;
Crown icon of the 20th century, she's
a lady bound by merciless destiny
to a lifetime of servitude and duty
who, with platinum locks sparkling
and diamond eyes twinkling
has looked on truth askance and strangely*
but come away from that with a humility
which, simply, takes all breath away.

And there's no reason to even mention
her dignity: it's stamped in every atom,
timelessly, that her royal fingers touch.

Now, as we look back to that instant
long, long ago when Our Majesty's
Corona came down in glory and power,
a sacred seal eternal, I do solemnly pray
that, after six decades of works well done,
duties discharged, accounted all inventories,
for one square moment, our Regent may,
from that sceptered isle, that England, #
stop and savour the fruits of her labours-
and smile!

For the globe is clapping hands communally
together in congratulations, commanding Her Majesty
to have a happy, happy, happy, happy Jubilee! :
and I, a man born into a lifetime
of misery and poverty with only this tiny
poem to proffer in tribute, can finally say-
i really really really really love She!

*W. Shakespeare: Sonnet CX
#ref W. Shakespeare: 'King Richard II', Act II Scene I

25/ june 1,2012: re: Coronation of Her Majesty, june 2,1953

doug bentley

**Higgs-Boson* Is A Particle, God's Not**

it has always been
unfathomable to me

how physics can posit
any unified field theory

without first factoring in

the Intelligence that formed
the equation  in the beginning.

i mean,
it's as if

not even
one synapse

of gravity
is given to the question

* the 'God' particle

36/ july 4,2012

doug bentley

**Holographic Jaguar**

a walking skeleton,
dc batteries for brains

i don't want to need
to have to plug

into anything or anyone
for power or illumination,

my eyes rings you pull
on hand grenades soon

as enemy is sighted

49/ august 11,2012

doug bentley

**Hong Kong Batman**

in one corner of ring
stood deng xiaoping; *

dwarf of man,
giant's fist for hand.

in other corner of show
general patten# all aglow,

fresh from victory
for the tory party-

twixt two twas tossed
black figure in mask

rubber stretch tights below-
batman stole the show!

i love
kids cartoons

* Deng Xiaoping, paramount leader of China (1978-1997)
# Chris Patten, last Governor of Hong Kong (1992-1997)

32/ june 30,2012: 15th Anniversary of the 'hand over' of Hong Kong to the PRC.

doug bentley

**Horsefly**

see what horsefly sees,
thousand eyed screen

cupped satellite dish
picking pulses everywhere

at once - ears ears

black winged bat
navigating night,

separating signal
from noise

27/ june 16,2012

doug bentley

**House Of Bat**

i'll wait.
i'll wait

for brooding wings
of black bat

to blind sight.
then we'll talk.

scorpion talk.

tall tale talk
of persian roc

of lion tamer
devotion of

desertion of
desecration of

elephant tusk
in tree trunk.

in beaverwood
i'll be

breaking branches
off tree

by round stone
you sacrificed

kid on

88/ december 22,2012: december solstice

doug bentley

**Hyper Time**

damn!

i had hoped
to slip through

at least
one lifetime

without having
to use

That
word

62/ september 21,2012: september equinox

doug bentley

**In The Beginning Was The Ground**

we are what we behold blake* said;
and drink, breathe and eat too.
that is

until we stop breathing.
then

being one with perceived
floating
in plenum of space

we're simply
put back to beginning

of blake's meaning

* William Blake (1757-1827)

6/ march 4,2012

doug bentley

**Ink Sketch**

poetry solitary
mind hobby

silence

still point
spinning world

cascade
canvas words

van gogh
sunflowers

burst
blue sky

44/ july 29,2012: re; Vincent van Gogh died (?)  122 years ago, today.

doug bentley

**Kill Shot**

i'm accelerating particle personalities.
i want to know what happens

when they collide.
i want to create

new character
in never

before known
blast of wonder

mushrooming

sudden gamma
death brighter

than solar flare
felt bare-eyed

21/ may 19,2012: annular solar eclipse

doug bentley

**Kosmic Artist**

to a particle physicist
the sub-atomic level

is an easel
sprayed

by some crazy artist
whose name

is written in every
infinitesimal detail

so not even a physicist
can fail to recognize

the Intelligence
always presumed

to be energy.
not that

it really matters

79/ november 25,2012

doug bentley

**Kowloon Kundalini**

kowloon.
fluorescent snake

coiling round
shrimp soaked sea

folded and poised
to greet or strike:

lines
of uniformly dressed

schoolchildren
reciting by rote

words
of long-dead poet:

chopped
linguistic industry

of cantonese buzz-
no time to tense

place for preposition
or cause to conjunct:

an old woman
performing morning

t'ai chi
grips iron sword

serpenthead
handle, bread knife

meticulously slicing air
with finely calculated sweep

65/ september 28,2012: Chinese Harvest Moon Festival

doug bentley

**Linguistic Nose**

by any other name

a rose is still
a rose is still

a rose
and this goes

to very heart
of what

i want to point out-

in a strictly mathematical sense
Love is synonymous with Intelligence!

89/ december 27,2012

doug bentley

**Lion's Paw**

soldiers are seekers of justice.

they greed on the whiff
of blood of terrorist;

rage with lust in hunt
to obliterate dictator.

dignified gentlemen generals are.

civil in courtesy, passive
demeanor, dog face sad faces -

but any general will grab you
by your fancy tie and, like
a noose pull until you suffocate

if you stand one dot in the way
of letting the lion taste due

doug bentley

**Lost In Land Of Hidden Imams**

like aurobindo* i fly
free from all baited nets

to shining city so bright
black letters blind sight

and passersby avert glances

at the man standing
in marketplace palms open

with a big clot of blood
spreading over his shirt

where his heart used to be
before he ripped it out

* Sri Aurobindo (1872-1950) ?

40/ july 19,2012: start of Ramadan

doug bentley

**Minoru Lakes Gardens**

in the rock garden
an elegantly pruned duck

hovers butterfly proud
on tortoise shell pond,

applies standard strokes,
glides forth.

royal crest
symmetrical waves
released

still point
supernova

flattens pleiades
bends orion's belt

washing clean balding green
graffiti on billions year stone

(Minoru Lakes Gardens:
Richmond, British Columbia, Canada)

45/ july 29,2012: Vincent Van Gogh Day

doug bentley

**Moondragons 0**

i thought i caught
a snapshot of the rabbit

in the moon.
it said to me:

' there's a tiny
line slicing fantasy

and art and art
better make that cut

or it's only
living in fantasy. '

rabbits have keen ears!

35/ july 3,2012: full moon

doug bentley

**Moondragons 1**

regard the moon
not as a world
for physics to conquer

as the adult does

but as one
for poetry
to submit to

as the child did

16/ 5/5/2012: Gautama Buddha Day

doug bentley

**Moondragons 2**

the fool
is a new moon;

in times of darkness
we look to her

for enlightenment

22/ may 20,2012: annular solar eclipse

doug bentley

**Moondragons 3**

i do not love the light:
thus it chases me.

it pursues a need
to possess the dark

26/ june 4,2012: partial lunar eclipse

doug bentley

**Moondragons 4**

blake* believed
in apocalypse

by imagination:
this requires

first armageddon
with despair

* William Blake (1757-1827)

28/ june 19,2012: june solstice

doug bentley

**Muddy Aura**

this isn't about
how your head turns muddy red

when you lean against the wall
or my skin pulling porcupine quill

all over
when you wave your finger
like an axe aimed at my neck.

this isn't about
riveting images of wrath

and spinal war starting to spin
on your chest like electric fans.

not about burgundy flare hop
skipping a foot and a half
above your receding hair line.

this is about
stemming suffering that starts
at the end of body greed

in the empty heart core
that drains away forever

doug bentley

**Mystic Journey: Air 1**

safely through the tropic of cancer, the Amazing
Grace docked here but a moment. with black moth
puffs of diesel smoke from proud stacks painting
bold springtime sky it boldly steamed forth

into the star-soaked south china sea, manifest
destination Elsewhere. farther south into
summer, west in day it was blown, to a tempest
of tsunami seas. there, tropical typhoons threw

up sheet lightning strafed thunder blasted
wind. razor rain sliced down in death curtains.
like a blind outstretched bat with wings
of leather filling terror sky it parted

him from his past. a shadowed scene
scanned in rear-view mirror, the metal fog
of his memory vanished. he was disintegrating.
alive he was, but only as alive as a lone note

from someone strumming a banjo who cannot
be seen behind a door that blocks out light.
a time of terror to whiten even the devil,
it has no counterpart in this life, no parallel.

like the ageless stone statues which stand in
a ring round easter island the weightless crew
stood up on deck, facing sea, wondering when
the black bat would swallow them. it withdrew,

as if by command. then marble sky took on
luminous sheen: scrubbed, wiped, polished
clean, a crystal bowl without; within,
reflections reflecting reflected. stars glowed.

the moon, a globular mirror, seemed open
mouth of solo trumpet seen under spotlight.
then it became a heart. pulsing light shone
around the ghost ship, opening second sight

in the crew; hearing too. their eye
sockets became bells, ear caps coral.
in sympathy with symphony of the sky
the crew, transfigured, crossed equator.

47/ august 1,2012

doug bentley

**Mystic Journey: Air 2**

across the equator, past singapore (lion
city which guards gates to mystic orient
of the soul) , on and on and on, into open
indian ocean the ship soared over dormant

volcanoes which buried magnificent stone
cities of legendary lost Mu, first empire
of the sun. unrolling scrolls on sacred
myths, all cultures point to one beginning

in that e.din lost. it is there that, as salmon
spawning do, souls of the dead seek origin,
flipping through windless, waveless days alone
where heat and humidity perfectly mirror

the body. the body become an ocean, no
division between inner and outer was any
longer felt. no division too between blue
sea and blue sky, two suns blinded day.

no division between black sky and black sea,
two moons bound night. this horizonless time
led the anchorless sailors to ask, 'are we
sailing in the sky, or sleeping in brine?

which side of the mirror are we on? ' for on
the sea of glass not sight, sense, nor mind
can perceive the horizon beyond vanishing
point. but there's no doubt that it's there.

then life itself seems but an experiment
absent of any scientific method, a trial
and error ordeal, verdict compound guilt,
prosecuting evidence overpowering while

defence rests defenseless. will & imagination,
the well-springs of bold youth, then seen
through the magnifying gloss of reflection
telescope into one equation- what has been

should. for in view of the verdict, every sum's
the same. death, unfathomed photon, splits
us in two; dividing, it slides us through slits
in an opaque screen, then, finally reforms

us again on the other side as an identical
particle of intelligence. so what's the power
that pulled him through? what legal principle
acted, as act it must, in that awesome hour

he was anchorless, alone, forsaken, forgotten
on a sea of glass under an unfamiliar southern

night sky where every constellation is new,
at least, new to a northern dweller who

had never seen the southern cross? rising
from sea as if lifted by an unseen hand, ever
higher and higher it rises until, brilliant
dot at pivot of southern night starburst, it

seems to hold up the sky, every star system
spinning around it. in a dilating vision
the Southern Cross finally hung motionless
as a monarch butterfly pinned against glass.

52/ august 16,2012

doug bentley

**Mystic Journey: Earth 1**

O child of noble family,
now the time has come
for you to seek a path.

- Padmasambhava
  The Tibetan Book of the Dead

the moon is an immortal soul which breathes life
into the earth, and life, in its ebb and flow
waxes and wanes with breaths of seasons. to know
the moon's mind is to understand life on earth.

into the first full moon of the auspicious
Year of the Rooster you disappeared, into the
living dead of unconscious winter. the relentless
snow stretched like skin over lakes and fields

buried cold, bony ground in bright veil of ice.
ice was everywhere.  the arteries of rivers
clotted, frozen air stuck in silver trees.  sap
stored below ground, nature cocooned coma,

the lifeless world was timeless too the day they
packed thorsby* church.  pale clouds crowded
like heavy canvas sack the bloodless sky,
dull gray sunlight drained from blank pupil.

all but a few black winter birds were fled.
a sun-streaked cat kept lip of the parish door.
friends flocked before your flowered casket.
a frocked minister stood behind the pulpit

intoning; all great feeling is grave. feelings
were expressed, and suppressed. families
gathered, then scattered. you, felled wood
robbed of root, dried grain bled of blood,

mirrored blood lines back. in death you
resembled your father; he, no doubt, his.
before you were born, you were: after your
death, you are. you became your ancestors.

* Thorsby, Alberta, Canada

29/ june 20,2012: june solstice

doug bentley

**Mystic Journey: Earth 2**

spring is pure potential. there's no
calculating how tall a tree will be,
how far its branches will stretch, how
each fork will unfold, how many

healthy leaves we will see. but
by summer we can measure the result.
pure potential has become actual.
contours of the trunk well-defined,

strength of the root system is visible.
through time the roots are intertwined
with other systems, and from then on
there's no dividing it from other trees.

the forest is a single, inseparable web.
but autumn will split two families.
despite the intermingling of their sap
one will become a shrivelled skeleton

of brittle branches, a stack of sticks.
for it, winter attacks in battalion.
overnight, all's white. ice chokes lungs.
sapless leaves are torn, one-by-one, or in

bunches from bared branches. twisting
in the gravity of an indifferent wind
to breathless unconscious snow they fall.
deciduous flee frost, their proud showing

hiding for a season beneath pitiless snow.
but for evergreens, winter is only a minor
vexation. they take no precautions at all.
the frozen gales of november hold no power.

one white february we buried gordon bentley*
six feet deep. in soil undisturbed for decades,
if not centuries, his solid oak coffin rests.
ever silent (except when shock of wind pulses,

rushes, crushes in waves)  tall evergreen trees
guard two graves on a golden hill where pasts
began. in the beginning he hugged that ground.
at his end the same soil compasses him round.

* my father

34/ july 1,2012

doug bentley

**Mystic Journey: Fire 1**

overhead sun is blinding. when we stare into
it, then turn aside, the world seems cold
and dark. a moment before it was warm
and bright. peered at through a pile of old

photograph negatives, it's a pale fire mortal
eyes can endure, but only a moment in time.
and so we must wait, not being allowed
to look upon the raw flame until we can see

only a blood red wafer being swallowed
into the mouth of dying day, as when day
itself dissolves into the cold, dark underbelly
of night. we must wait for that time when

layers of rose-color cloud mask the weary
fire, stripping it of its power. wait then
with the wise who say, 'dusk is climax of day, '
a replay of recent themes. then what can

be said of an alberta* sunset in late autumn?
as the mythic mask painted on a character
in an ancient chinese opera whose expression
of emotion, precise as a surgical incision,

is made by knitting and untying of muscle,
the changeless face of dusk is changed by
the clash and recoil of clouds. death of day
begins with the scent of dust in brushing

wind. then the eye walks amid cool pastel
wood. gold rays gild green trees, turning
them to brass flutes. browning leaves tinkle
like triangles in darkening air. the blood

and breath slow. the busy brain sleeps.
anything that stills burning blood is good.
the second movement will start with a sweep
of the eye, but first it is earth we notice,

its sounds and shades most familiar to us.
we feel the good in its pervading presence,
an unconscious matrix we instinctively trust.
yet we are water beings. wrenched from womb,

our first gulp of alien air felt like fire.
that sheer terror stays with us. the nether
gulp we fear too. so earth does not satisfy
for long mind's need to know more than eye

and ear can know.- the earth is not our home.
so the quest for a reality less changeable

than momentary delights felt in beautiful
sights, sounds, smells and tastes begins!

* Alberta, Canada

59/ september 15,2012: Rosh Hashanah

doug bentley

**Mystic Journey: Fire 2**

now we find this time on the cusp of day
most enchanting, and pause as dusk rings
the earth in fire, watching the spectral play
of clouds. gray linen cumulus threaten

an angry outburst, but settle for a sullen
squall. caught in the hysterics of a cirrus
clash in stratus, the blue spirit is fleeing
to higher realms of dying day. (miraculous

seven color rainbows tumble into and over
the cumulus cloud below, crowning their tops
with a music of moods from violet laughter
to gamma rage.)  finally, attention does focus

on the prelude to purple night. the flame,
whose quick descent signals opening curtain
on an infinite stage of stars, is exiting.
tomorrow an encore, but never the same!

if music is the medium of these spheres
then tchaikovsky* conducts dawning dusk
with pastoral moods to cool burning ears.
hot thunder bursts from surreal clouds

in beethoven's# deafening second movement,
sending the eye scanning the receding cusp
of twilight. in mastery of somber moods
mozart's+ abstract strings chase the ancient

flame across this third and final bar,
his dusk an opera divided into three acts
of earth, air and fire. the evening star,
rising ghostlike, silently on the horizon,

signals the closing. then the kingdom
of night, advancing in legion, for a short
season rules sleepy earth. time ticks
on and, like the sun, we play our part

until last breath. our short scene
done, we close the curtain and dream,
on the edge of night viewing the fire
the first time, in its terrible splendor.

* P.I. Tchaikovsky (1840 - 1893)
# L. van Beethoven (1770 - 1827)
+ W.A. Mozart (1756 - 1791)

68/ september 29,2012: Michaelmas

doug bentley

**Mystic Journey: Gravity 1**

seen through hubble's scope* the orion
nebula resembles a bloody moth sticking
to incandescent lamp. thousands of solar
systems wide from wing-tip to tip it hides

motionless, held in the frozen aloneness
of deep space. hives of galaxies, fuzzy
fireflies caught in the endless nocturnal
background of amateur entomologist's photo,

complete the frame. time records an instant
of time that takes place only this moment.
are we too upturned butterflies, undersides
of formaldehyde wings exposed to erosion

by elements, cocooned coffins of decaying
flesh? nothing before, nothing after?
birth and death but end points on a finite
line? or are birth and death opposing

forces on an endlessly repeating circle
spinning and spinning about aimlessly,
south and north poles on a compass
tucked away in a lost mariner's pocket?

one lifetime is a thousand too short
to learn the answers to every question,
but instinct has a notion. nothing more
than the memory of deaths, to have it

we must have died countless times before.
so so much for a finite line. and
the main problem with a perfect circle-
it forgets the habits of evolution.

that's why i favor a looping spiral.
but what do sciences say of Man?
how old are we? were particles from which
we are made buzzing when the big roar

began? were our elementary atoms stitched
together before the sun was a child star?
the day our DNA graduated and became code
were the hapless dinosaurs no more than

molecules of clay mixed in mud? on the road
from amoeba to angel, did stellar evolution
design Man the crown of earthly nature?
having invested so much effort and time

in the production of our architecture,
would Kosmic Mind suffer any mind's oblivion

at the random chance of a clogged aorta?
viewed from the bottom-up are we not senior

to the dinosaur on nature's calendar?
seen from top-down does the magna carta
of Kosmic Law not bind nature to conserving
every speck of self-conscious vitality?

* Hubble telescope

71/ october 13,2012

doug bentley

**Mystic Journey: Gravity 2**

through science's grainy spectacles
the cosmos collapses into probabilities,
but Man, one of the highest improbables,
is beyond observed observers' observing.

even that final, mysterious transformation
of mass into Light, and then Intelligence,
mathematical alchemy of quantum gravity,
can't convert all into a Kosmos conscious

of Itself, a Being whose constitution,
the Tree of Life, is an Intelligence free
balanced at all times, at all points.
science is silent on matters that matter

most. too, when keats wrote 'Beauty
is truth, truth beauty, '* he might later
have added that both of them are good.
from alpha to omega, conscious ascents

of consciousness pressure us- so what
side of the looking glass are we on?
with eyes open we behold an infinite mass
of light. close them for an instant.

the cosmos disappears. instead, we pass
into intuition and, through its reflexive
screen, discover nothing changed since
the big roar began. here, within the

motionless Mind within ever-in-motion
Light, at the vital heart of the Kosmos,
is a power of attraction, an action
we quaint call Love. from the physicist

and his fuzzy particle, to the artist
and her feel for beauty, Love is the Law.
its gravity is a desire for order and unity
in diversity. since time began not one dot

has been added to nor subtracted from it.
it is now, ever was, and ever shall be
the same. and that is all we know.
and that is all we ever need to know.

* John Keats (1795-1821) : Ode on a Grecian Urn

75/ october 28,2012

doug bentley

**Mystic Journey: Water**

a gray metal tanker berths on grey metal sea
like a new-born cocooned on mother's bosom.
transporting tons of vital oil, it has come
from the north, and winter, east and night,

challenging currents. it was along aleutian
shores, facing furious siberian storms that
shatter human skull like eggshell that he
handed over control of autonomic functions

of his charge to the bridge. now he maps
solely by instinct (half-forgotten memories
of half-forgotten youth startle like robins
or scent of elm sap stuck to familiar palm.

endless waves of wheat starched like sunday
shirts beyond an old battered barn: perhaps
the whole world is only an endless ocean
of grain? a slow canoe ride down a slow

dreamy stream in dandelion spring- who was she
anyway? so long ago.)  following the sun
along the ring of fire into the sea of japan.
there, earthquake gonged sea floor is fluid

flesh of magma, deep as himalaya, angry as hell,
hot as sin. at black hole pressure of thousands
of tons a measure, boulders big as buildings
are split open and tossed out at ocular speed,

searing eternally sunless sea to steam instantly.
creating streams within currents, currents within
streams that make even the mighty river yangtze
seem a sleepy strawberry creek*, its 20 thousand

mile cord of white lava fountains bleed, coiling
round pineal black pacific like a cobra
choking itself. the ring of fire is nucleus
where molten metallic earth meets solid air.

to there is traced the source of all life on
earth, and of all anguish in life. there,
the moody moon is unchallenged regent, ruling
all motions and emotions, every moment governing

the power of gravity, which even sublime sun
is subject to. like the black-watch bag-pipe
and drum that echo not only in ear, but light
spine and skull, the tanker's hundred miler horn

beat back many-headed monsters and much feared
dragons which once marked the end of the world

but which now pop up only when we depth sound
the subconscious womb in which we all drown.

*Little Strawberry Creek, Alberta, Canada

41/ july 20,2012: start of Ramadan

doug bentley

**O! Canada**

our culture?
snow.

a canadian?
sun.

a big empty place
with tons of space

blue & white mountains
forest greens fields gold

friendly heart
crossed with shield

33/ july 1,2012: Canada is 145 years young today!

doug bentley

**Penny Stock**

i'm an industry
declaring dividends on adrenalin

and issue
this corporate report.

the initial outlay
of capital

coupled with investment
in advertisement

force me
to declare myself in bankruptcy

and victim
of felonious assault.

72/ october 20,2012

doug bentley

**Physics Of A Rose**

an intelligent photon
once dropped in

for an intelligent conversation
on the head of a pin

but the photon was fooled
by the question it posed.

a..... b

are they connected?
linearly?

or is it relatively
possible

a vertical
axis is present?

the axis mundi
of consciousness?

fair questions
i felt to pose

on the physics
of a rose

19/ may 6,2012: Gautama Buddha Day

doug bentley

**Pop!**

ego's basic fallacy
is rooted in perception

self is separate
from cosmos

rather than being
an intuitively wrapped

rainbow hue bubble
floating in an ever-moving

trillions year Kosmos
that's a verb

pop!

4/ february 23,2012: Ash Wednesday

doug bentley

**Pyramid**

an alien tower
left by arcane builders

who command visceral gods
must first be mastered.

seven slow steps
to peak at crown,

steel spine
ascended,

illumination all around,
levity too,

but contraction
of human

gravity too great
quick descent

on spiral vortex
soon impels

69/ october 7,2012

doug bentley

**Sathya Sai Who?**

far far away
in another galaxy

called called

o, i don't know
it's such a small place*

lived a miraculous man
who spewed ash

from the palm
of his hand

and had done so
for a very very

long time and shiva
never danced so fast

as he could make
your head spin

and spin and spin and spin

* Puttaparthi, Andhra Pradesh, India

ref: Sri Sathya Sai Baba (1926 - 2011) ?

doug bentley

**Seedburst**

galactic seeds sprout flowers
in telescopes of astronomers

vines of strings of stars
entwine, bursting fibres

in more and more mirror
image of human brain

physicists chase
back to big roar author.

if you know that Artist
enfolds Kosmos

inside your mind,
congratulations!

you've entered
infinite time

81/ november 28,2012: penumbral lunar eclipse

doug bentley

**Sentinel**

the sentinel
was not able

to complete the message.
ghosts released from shade

advanced in formation
across the well of dreams.

one dead sentinel
who saw their faces.

we know them only
by their backs

58/ 9/9/2012

doug bentley

**Shalom**

yom kippur.
another year

Y'shua Bar Yosef*
goes ignored

by all but those
who have explored

the collective conscious

and like Daniel#
been in the presence

of Michael+,

military commander
extraordinaire.

christian and jew
share common stem:

roots are traced
back to Him

* greek alias 'Jesus Christ'
# Old Testament Prophet
+ Archangel

63/ september 24,2012: Yom Kippur

doug bentley

**Shamanic Drumming**

you see,
what the alien
overlooks

is the lion
by the brook,
tiger in tree,

lily under toe.

we're a tribe
tied to earth
and though

new to Gaia
have friends

loyal to our ends
who'll leap to our defence
if and when duty calls

doug bentley

**Shape Of Wings To Come**

trapezoid: discoid

last metaphor
before

spiralling
into free fall,

anti-gravity
lifting sanity

to higher power
of cosmic order-

not one selfish gene
in whole social brain!

11/ march 25,2012

doug bentley

**Shiva's Toe Up Your Nose**

old Leo! old Sphinx!

still standing
cubic solid
crouched

over orbits of bull, ram, fish-
endless as unbroken circle-

waterbearer now points way
and, balances so tipped,

inspiration leads perception,

steering process forward
with mathematically precise art

1/ february 3,2012: 1st poem published in poemhunter.com

doug bentley

**Somersault**

we are no old-fashioned heroes
who fight a blind dragon or two
then retire into the forest
to warn off others in stories
just of how dragons are slain.

we have only litanies of loss
to demons who never die, who
can never be killed, (only out-
witted, pacified, subdued) :
each of us a library of disease.

and who recognizes us, the crazy
ones who live life as if it's some
sort of perfect dive-

a tumbling
off the high board into free fall,
quick somersault, waveless

arching exit through surface?

46/ august 1,2012

doug bentley

**Sonnet 02**

my mind's eye from outer eye remove.
make senseless the argument of sense
that beauty not subject to sense prove
nor object to time that takes you hence.

then, mind from eye withdrawn,
in dark, sense may shine bright
and mind itself your beauty form,
forming mind to your illuminate.

but not thought's sense to hear
nor sense of mind in sense feel,
dimensional sight and intelligent ear
bereft of mind from mind would reel.

no war between your feature and form
exists except in eye - that does harm.

14/ april 15,2012

doug bentley

**Sonnet 03**

what substance have valour and honour
when the serene sadness of humility,
a buddha face of wisdom and power
aglow in warmth and dignity,

the mental characteristics of a saint,
challenge us in terms of heaven?
what wisdom attends a childless state
when she is justified by her children?

as Beatrice knew lover and quick to him
in rapture flew, love's issue far more
unveils(heaven not open to eyes of man) ,
and sets love firm on paradise's shore.

like lotus petals love's plumes
earthly sense in life's tree consumes.

17/ may 6,2012: Gautama Buddha Day

doug bentley

**Sonnet 04**

the self to brink of paradise may rise
but dim that vision remains, distant
until self surrenders and self dies.
then vision brightens in an instant!

veil torn, new eyes new vision behold;
new ears new communications hear.
the new Man arises from man of old
to meet vision as vision draws near.

a new earth forms from old earth;
old earth's transfigured by new.
veil rent in second birth
new self becomes selves two!

two selves dwell in one new self;
the heavenly Self and self of earth.

24/ may 20,2012: annular solar eclipse

doug bentley

**Sonnet 05**

prophets are social hermits, and do
visionary eyes focus on social distance.
seeing ahead, it's as if they knew
the act of root in every consequence.

what faculty is it which reveals
that which lies hid to others' eyes:
which every discernment firmly seals
with stamp so distinct it time defies?

is it the cultivation of an inner sense,
certain intuition formed from gossamer,
or is the origin from clearer presence,
such as speaks directly to hearer?

to we who have wax in our ears
this riddle a mental mystery appears.

30/ june 20,2012: june solstice

doug bentley

**Sonnet 06**

when love lies truth is made vain;
beauty's defiled, an uncomely thing;
wisdom's conceit is falsehood's reign;
will to vision does deception bring;

all grace is stained with spot
of self; justice made foolish; law
cast down; blessing cursed; charity bought.
in the grand design there dwells this flaw-

love of self corrupts workings of grace
and defiles wisdom, making vain her worth
and tainting beauty, turning ugly her face.
conceit of pride rules as falsehood's truth.

all's corrupted, nothing's incorruptible;
truth corrupted, truth turns abominable.

37/ july 8,2012: birthday of my son, David

doug bentley

**Sonnet 07**

my heart's prophecy foretells your absence
though mind for this no reason can give,
predicting soon removal from my presence
of your form, yet form within must live.

and if within, then by which robber
shall that form be stolen? if i'm the thief
who removes such treasure, spiriting other
self away, inconstant proves my love's belief.

shall it be said that my love is untrue
and be found inconstant, as passing vain?
then justice make unmerciful, law eschew,
wisdom make folly, all my sins retain.

your form, by law, must constant shine,
proving my heart heir to robber mind.

38/ july 13,2012: birthday of my son, Dickson

doug bentley

**Sonnet 08**

the madman who thinks you to possess
by bending will to his own consent,
seeking thereby to force love's access,
doing injury to love, love does absent.

foolish prove he who does by storm
a conquest launch in desire of you:
he does to himself and you this harm-
love he stains with a selfish view.

your will no possession by force affords,
no access by he who would conquest will,
yet he who your contrary will so disbars
is wise, will contrary to love to kill!

mad, foolish, wise; such and so am i;
more foolish than wise, i cannot deny.

42/ july 20,2012: start of Ramadan

doug bentley

**Sonnet 09**

between the action and pattern;
between conception and produce;
between the antique and modern;
between the simple and abstruse;

between now and when eternity began;
between the estate and heritage;
between zion and islam;
between single state and marriage;

between the symbol and history;
between perspective and reality;
between knowledge and mystery;
between the image and ontology,

life encounters the synapse.
arcing this, it synapse gaps!

50/ august 15,2012

doug bentley

**Sonnet 10**

sweet influence which coaxes to remove
my mind and affections to distant shore
my mettle by fire is seeking to prove,
by fire tempering to a worthier store.

sun and moon immortal shine,
single light and light deflecting,
like source of love, human-divine,
and Light of love love reflecting.

cycles swing from nothing to all,
changes point on changeless disc
like rise in pitch followed by fall,
full moon waning to waxing cusp.

of what noble metal is base clay made
that over it Light wages war with shade.

56/ august 30,2012: blue moon

doug bentley

**Sonnet 11**

is it any wonder i have no words to tell
how my heart yearns in absence of you?
the night revives this constant hell-
no vision replaces dark with bright view,

prefiguring the visitation of your form
in sacred majesty, transfiguring night
in darkened soul to that majesty. in turn,
unformed dark, unchanged by celestial Light

formless dark remains, unilluminated by art.
your timeless form, unsculpted by love's pencil,
lends no body to the unformed in my heart.
no form heart forms new, nor does it chisel.

thus your form, unchiselled in my inner eye,
and your heart, my inner sense can't spy.

60/ september 16,2012: Rosh Hashanah

doug bentley

**Sonnet 12**

no sport lending play nor giving mind diversion:
all faculties dead to present, future, and fate:
will unformed and bent to no inspired reason:
disbarred from freedom, in isolated restraint:

dull soul in solitude confined to prison:
no company to silence by visitation made:
alone with heart bereft of will and passion:
in solitude soul to single soul betrayed:

all alone with self and my own soul,
a narrow world in which no love revolves,
in want of wisdom and acting the fool,
no key turns and self no solitude solves.

physician love! creator of this mortal speck,
heal your creation! evil infection i detect.

61/ september 21,2012: september equinox

doug bentley

**Sonnet 13**

no abstruse thought can claim my heart.
soon mind changes to simpler view.
complexities vanish and depart.
simple mind returns in thought to you.

then my mind gains true wings
and journeys far afield fed on love.
exchanging grace for grace, love brings
a sense of peace, disquiet to remove

and motion cease in restless brain.
quickened action takes hold within.
serene calm towards which i strain
comes unasked for once again!

so abstruse 'tis simple, love's effect
passes understanding of brain's aspect.

64/ september 25,2012: Yom Kippur

doug bentley

**Sonnet 14**

constant love in inconstant time,
not victim to altering circumstance,
one will makes of two, two one divine
constant, proving love's allegiance.

begotten of two may be ten children.
then ten children make many ten.
soon ten thousand inhabit heaven.
ten thousand your image bear then

to posterity, your children to grow
and branch reign in highest heaven.
children in branch will branch bow.
in star clusters sprout image then!

but to posterity, o will-less one,
your will dies and posterity's done.

67/ september 29,2012: Michaelmas

doug bentley

**Sonnet 15**

not into a crystal ball do i look
nor chart the future on a palm:
i consult no astrologer's book
or think to turn fate with a wand:

no third party do i seek to temper
fluxing fortunes in love's conquest:
or foreign mediator love distemper
with an alien counsel love's behest:

not to others do i fly for advice,
inquiring into secrets of love's silence,
but keep to myself in single vice,
upon self alone committing violence:

soul turning over love's factions.
discretion permits no other actions.

70/ october 7,2012

doug bentley

**Sonnet 16**

when words will not you move
nor my heart persuade to unfortify,
but as stone your image proves
against words image must qualify,

when music, the speech of soul,
and poetry, the soul of speech,
by you will not my mind school
nor my soul new poetry teach,

when love, the cultivation of heart,
struck by your love to heart strings,
will not from you new poetry impart
what surety of trust does love bring?

departed, these words to you ascend:
so departed, will you new words send?

73/ october 20,2012

doug bentley

**Sonnet 17**

in art the Kosmic Vision is free to indwell,
Kosmic Sense find visionary expression,
but no art form that Vision may tell:
Vision is free, from art laws in exemption.

art may reflect, but never compass Vision:
Vision, unlimited, is of unlimited scope:
Vision in art is a finite communication:
infinite Vision eludes laws of finite art.

Kosmic Sense is a new frontier of mind:
death to self that contact requires:
when self to limit of self is defined
self dies, and in Kosmic Self suspires.

in purgatory, self rises to heaven's brink:
then, limit defined, to purgatory must sink.

74/ october 27,2012

doug bentley

**Sonnet 18**

it had rained fully four seasons.
there was thought the sun had died.
the philosopher produced sound reasons.
it was widely presumed the promise lied.

Man had invented the man-made fire
and covered its images in myrtle leaves.
the sound of burning mounted higher
and deafened night in stench of weeds.

the garden had been left unattended
and in the city anarchy was law.
love of Man had all but ended.
in the grand design there was a flaw.

time lost its direction. future stopped.
then sun's eye from dim cloud popped.

76/ november 13,2012: total solar eclipse

doug bentley

**Sonnet 19**

let fame be exchange of the masses
and power be sought by ambitious few.
love recognizes only souls and asks us
to divert energies to its intent and view.

time and circumstance thieve fame away.
changing fortune's inconstant as wind.
all things but this to time fall prey-
in love does fortune eternal store find.

not pages for the unloving ear to digest-
your story is chapters written in despair-
neither fame nor power may gain conquest;
humble and simple, love finds access there.

your eyes' rhetoric conquests earth's might!
reflected in that glass is love's true Light!

80/ november 27,2012: penumbral lunar eclipse

doug bentley

**Sonnet 20**

tongued beyond language of the living,
in exalted sense, the ghostly gull
Intelligence whispers in higher learning
than learning of mortality, we mortals to call

to eclipse of reason in contemplation
no mortal reason may know, higher pitch
quickening ear to new communications.
when the doors of perception unlatch

and, withdrawn into silence of mind,
a whisper in solitude bespeaks coming
of compeer, ingenuity of mortal design
may not compose speech therein forming.

alone, the mind itself encounters companion;
making foolish the wise, and wise the madman!

Ref: W. Shakespeare(1564-1616) : Sonnet LXXXVI

82/ december 1,2012: Advent

doug bentley

**Sonnet 21**

the cubist Self from infinite point
surveys and sculpts the solitary ego
chipping away 'til likeness in saint,
the masterpiece of sculptor's pencil,

its form completes in the ideal real.
this process of mathematical like art,
from general outline to specific detail,
precisely establishes subject in heart.

the infinitesimal within its scope,
infinite order perfects the beautiful;
marble image hidden in marble block
is freed under hand of the masterful!

perfection of self by self is idealism
but infinite art forms idealism realism!

85/ december 8,2012: start of Hanukkah

doug bentley

**Sonnet 22**

reeling through the nether worlds
a single tablet in spacetime fell
to land in no region known to scholars,
janus face bespeaking heaven or hell.

undeciphered for centuries, its blank wall,
steely surface more solid than diamond,
stood silent. it made Man appear small,
Man knowing neither meaning nor omen.

how long it had been, who made it, where
from? - no penetration to queries found,
the monolith just stood, stood there
tombstone silent on ghostly ground.

there's nothing to do. so stand and gaze
'til the obelisk feels sun's focal rays!

86/ december 20,2012: december solstice

doug bentley

**Sonnet 23**

Seed its branch stretches when
imaged root multiplies in you.
Seed its image multiplies then;
branch takes one form in two!

in breach of fortune, bereft of heir,
image dies. then image interred,
heirs unborn, heirs outcasts are
from estate, to posterity unformed:

outcasts to posterity, image dust,
one generation steals image away:
so image inter in child, and trust
image in child to ever interred stay.

'tis a sin to stop the line of posterity.
inter yourself; serve the line of charity!

90/ december 28,2012: full moon

(final poem of 'WhirlWind 2012')

doug bentley

**Sonnet 24**

tragedy struck last night on the tv screen.
there's no turning away from this conclusion.
wings of the age bring war. a phoenix scream
chills blood. our children inherit confusion.

the mass mess has not been plugged
nor berlin wall in our brain lifted siege;
our future by mad sciences is drugged;
Vine infected by anarchies of mad age;

the sacred by profane has been defamed;
minds harnessed to mindless patterns;
the quality of mercy has been strained;
our center lost in centrifugal motions.

tragedy is the climax, not end of life,
but mindless tragedy is fate of strife.

doug bentley

## Sonnet 25

in the years ahead will these few years
be accounted time we touched heaven's star,
and that pure glory reflected in your eyes
mean more to me than anything, by far.

in them will be seen those moments,
rare in the history of any life, that bestow
a sense of peace surpassing earthly argument,
setting certainty on all one may know.

mystery in those eyes some may perceive
as tragic testament of hellish ravage.
closer discernment leads lovers to believe
in them focus beauty all art to ravish.

having passed through the valley of death
what now may be accounted of more worth?

doug bentley

**Sonnet 26**

the coming of that lawless hour anarchic
before advent of celestial beauty,
when mystic tactility new magic
produces, outer space inspiring telepathy

and new myth making to band civilizations -
terrestrial space axis and polar star
disconnecting intellect from intuitions -
a time of retribalizations at light speed war,

is value reformation in modern translation
producing new image of Man. the modern age
new renaissance precedes. by communication
romantic reach recovers classic grasp of sage.

everything at end, caught up in Intelligence,
nothing's exempt from act of mystic guidance.

doug bentley

**Sonnet 27**

the tempered mastery which like a wheel,
all things centered round revolving axis,
permits the freedom to all emotions feel,
in bondage to none, is crown of life's race!

not the freedom which denies, or forms
arbitrary limits, but excellence to explore
and develop - the capacity to absorb harms
and translate them to benefit, to ignore

limit and seek experiences undefined -
is true trust in temperance - a freedom
not for the unfit! who to self-limit resigned
attempts no more, self to death will condemn.

self dead to life, no life lives, nor is free.
life's attempting. attempting's life's mastery!

doug bentley

**Sonnet 28**

our love will be in eclipse
when lights in heaven go out
and the moon from sky drops
and lions from lambs sprout.

then our love, dead to Love,
Light of Heaven extinguished,
the eagle will inter the dove
and night gird day distinguished.

will Heaven two spirits betray
and cause own Seed to kill?
its Image in your image decay
or love divide from Love's Will?

for love's time love will be
intered in audit of poetry.
Annular Solar Eclipse
Ascension Day

doug bentley

**Stone Age**

perhaps it's time
to parachute

one word
in lexicon

of science?

charity.

quickest way
to burn up

midnight oil
and a word

science may
one day

find useful?

15/ april 28,2012: ? see Sonnet 23

doug bentley

**Story Of Issa**

old issa*
was a young man

in a travelling caravan

who went from his home
in palestine to persia

then, on to india,
he studied holy men.

sent back home again

how many nails
in his cross?

* Saint Issa

84/ december 7,2012: start of Hanukkah

doug bentley

**Surrender**

if
after final breath

you find yourself

in death
surrender

embrace it all!

just try
to keep composure.

that's all!

9/ march 18,2012

doug bentley

**Tao's A Verb**

eastern sages say

good evil
pleasure pain

all extremes
experience same,

implying thereby

balance is better
than wherever

we happen to be
right now.

a reason
i suppose

one sometimes spots
eastern sages chuckling

18/ may 6,2012: Gautama Buddha Day

doug bentley

**The Ibis Lives In Tragedy**

Job 38: 36

the ibis
lives in tragedy

but trickster
spider knows

all along
what rooster's saying.

tails or heads?
call it!

ooooopppppsssss!
you lose.

guess you're extinct ibis

* Posting 'shape of wings to come' mar.25
**Special Post 'grain' apr.1

10/ march 19,2012: march equinox

doug bentley

**The Shining Ones**

old masters were the winners -
the shining ones. golden

suns snow white bright,
with a fingertip

they lit the big roar.
infinity

chopping a wooden block

doug bentley

**The Soul A Thread Knotted**

timeclaws
pulled expand

from rim
chaos: light

years ahead Light
coils its chain.

the soul a thread
knotted

in time,
tightening

doug bentley

**Walt Whitman Once Said To Me**

walt whitman* once said to me
in a rare moment of perplexity

'now that my
inner eye

is awakened to glow serene
shining in radiant wafers

within and without,
gladdening presence

infuses
heart, and ghostly

golden shaft sheds glory
all around

i'm not so sure

That is telling me the Truth
the whole, and nothing but.'

sane sense
i iterated

with some degree
of alacrity

*Walt Whitman (1819 - 1892)

doug bentley

**When Green In Wonder**

when green in wonder and myth
my circles ran to baseball days,
summer pies snatched from sills
short arms could barely stretch to,

joy had no chill and still
strong in sun hugged earth
ran thru moon crazy evenings
i can still recall as i cycled

through graveyard avoiding
snake & ghost with my best
friend my dog, 'til some sadistic
bastard fed him rat poison

and dried brown green love

St. Patrick's Day: code green

doug bentley

**Where's Enoch?**

astronomers
search the stars!

you'll not find
even one sight

similar in one
infinitesimal dot

to sights
enoch saw

and scribed
in a book*

he read
to his sons.

where is this place?

where is this place
enoch saw?

*Book of Enoch

57/ 9/9/2012

doug bentley

**Window**

there is a window.
more smudged human sweat

than stained proud visions
blake might have painted

but, for security
in this world of chaos

there's only separate realities

48/ august 11,2012

end of 'WhirlWind 2012'
february 3,2012 - december 28,2012

doug bentley