

Poetry Series

Robert Rittel
- poems -

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Robert Rittel(05/02/1960)

RoBio

Living virtualistic through myself and I have an unpaid internship as a professional nerd.

One has to sift through a lot of gold to find my weakest link and left my sanity between the lines. The road I wanted to follow choose me and I see the cosmos to know itself.

I remember only moments where my actions manifested the belief of my passion,

choosing my next universe through what I have learned in this one.

My fears got lost in dreams, sensing what needed to be done with no thinking.

I believe in fairy tales, especially with dragons and how to tame them.

I do not need any strange faith to worship the celestial brilliance.

Dismissing everything what insults my soul and being faithful in those small things, because it is in them where our strength is.

Love and eternal bewilderment

7 Ravens

In a terrible time of famine, war, pest and inquisition,
a master Wicca giving homeless boys a apprentice permission.
They had to maintain a household in an isolated place,
working very hard to earn some recognition to face.
Collecting woods, herbs and edibles to survive
building a garden, harvesting some fields to strive.
When the moon was new the master summonsed the boys,
teaching them the art of magic, using dark power like toys.
The very same power was keeping those young men imprisoned,
some tried to run away, but got lost and ended up same place wrested.
He turned them into ravens, spying on innocent prey,
and gave them that illusion of freedom that they can fly.
The deeds of darkness had its toll and innocent hearts rebel,
they could not take the viciousness by mental means able.
The Wicca promised them the virtue of ultimate power,
focusing only onto the abuse by tragic endower.
The ravens tried to work together against the masters will,
but could not fit his evil visions to conquer the needed bill.
In disguise of 7 Ravens they had to visited villages,
creating distractions for the dark master to take advantages.
One Raven got injured during some chaotic rage,
a maiden of gentle touch, nursed the captured creature in a cage.
Not knowing that a boy is in this disguise of a bird,
and the young man was in awe of all he heard.
She was talking about a charming prince she dreamed to meet,
giving her the stillness for the loving longing as a deed.
The raven recovered and the boy's heart was enchanted,
flying back to the brothers and the master will granted.
He told his fellows about the beauty he is feeling,
and knew it is the way to conquer all fears and controlled stealing.
They decided to fly to those villages to find some maidens of charm,
exchanging bodies to create loving features with no harm.
Soon they hearts where all full of joy and virtues abilities,
much against the masters witching capabilities.
His own manipulation fell against him by circumstance,
leaving nothing left to do, giving those young men the advance.
They swore an ode, never to use the art of dark power,
living a life with the meaning of celebrated love in any hour.
Still hearing from time to time the voice of a Crow,

sounding like the croaking noise of... nevermore, nevermore.

Inspired by Edgar Allen Poe

Robert Rittel

About Nothing

The emptiness of space is all about nothing,
or nothing from some thing must be something.
Beyond our limited senses and so much more,
faith, believe and fanatic perceptions to adore.
Scientific conspiracies and mythological fact,
gracious impressions upon to act.
All 'if 'stories by purpose solution defined,
contemporary art in holy loops refined.
The promised creature with its wings,
is the wind needed to rise, with little stings.
The harp of creed played in monotone,
nothing is more relevant to get the dire loan.
Empty houses so expensive to touch,
filled spaces advertised meaning nothing much.
So many zeros exchanging the stock marked,
nothing but hot air for a handicapped target.
All for nothing to proof in all might the subtle lie,
impressions are worth for nothing to die.
Nothing at all is the space between the ears,
if one cannot see that beauty is the truth, made of tears.
From nothing more to nothing at all,
the divine grace by eternity, nothing to befall.

Robert Rittel

Age

As time and space stretches its vision,
the experience creates different decisions.
While inquisitive has still its sphere,
the idea of old age draws near.
Whatever said by poets and sage,
the consequence of time is measured by age.
The waning and waxing of many moons,
no one in this light sphere is immune.
In this living transparent of vivid dream,
the soul is not a part of this scheme.
As age is opportunity no less,
in another magic dress.
Take that internal youth of charm,
the oldest tree bears fruits for the wise to farm.

Robert Rittel

Allegory Of Soul

The cosmos sees itself through the individual eye,
creating space from limited believes not shy.
Whispering firmament reflecting source consenting dreamer,
detached magnification of a rhetoric believer.
Contemplated exhibition of natures trance,
echoes from eons past to purpose advance.
Redemption of all things by beauty,
the art of life force creation and its duty.
Philosophical reign of liberty by light,
mind clothed with wings takes flight in that sight.
Gathered rays entangled breathing beams,
radiant apparition tempers in forms of seems.
Unexhausted spirit where discord can not be,
immortal progeny imagined mystery.
Where intuitions swarm in harmonious wisdom,
the essence poised for all sainted blossom.
The soul in timeless sphere is waiting for the view,
until it dreams in the threshold of the new.

Robert Rittel

An Opportune Moment

As I walk to the coffee wifi place, I dreaming away,
first there was this cloud of dust giving reasons to sway.
The white light underneath the cloud, or in it,
ragging a furious battle by men yelling quite a bit.
The clouds are gone, and memories reveal a battlefield,
observing the pain from blood at swords and shield.
Being the knower of a keener steel,
timeless observation, inherit keen.
The dance of swords has its prophesying catch,
for foes to be hemmed to the battles edge.
The tension changed on the field,
many creep away, making this victory sealed.
The king son wounded but in good spirit,
step's forward to take the lead.
The kingdom is saved, and my favorite table is free,
the lady brings a coffee with a heart foaming, just for me.

Robert Rittel

Aphrodite

In the twilighted play of mysterious clouds of air,
the image of Aphrodite's revealed its golden glare.
Transcending through the landscape of cloud,
beautiful, serene and proud,
in that splendour of light,
she looks like the empress of the night.
I look, but recognize no more familiarities to my view,
my pathway became an enchanted avenue.
The very ground beneath my feet,
glistening marble paves the silent street.
On either side, behind and before,
the ocean stretches like a golden floor.
A moving light of amethyst,
shimmers reflections through the dome of mist.
In this beauties enlighten sphere,
she spoke to me so fare.
"Nothing will perish utterly, but only perish to revive again".
Of hearts, that long have ceased to beat,
remain the memories in hearts that are, or are to be.
Names that once filled the world with creative muse,
build in verses, paintings or sculpture still amuse.
Echoes of drama despair and search for the ultimate love,
sometimes seen by some mirage from above.
Dreams or illusion, call them what you will,
divine senses will find its fill.
That rapture of the heart has a golden string at hand,
holding on to it will lead us to the promised land.

Robert Rittel

Austerity

Dynasties of greed and its economic policies,
political discourse and its perpetual odysseys.
Deficits through poor implementation,
voted promises and false trust revocation.
Borrowed capital and meeting their existing obligation,
taxes, high prices and corrupted penetration.
Violence done to keep the system to maintain,
multiplicity of ignorant ignorance polished vain.
Hidden figures with plausible deniability,
equal copious applied without responsibility.
Tightened belts and overdraft bestowed liberation,
practicing austerities in den prison damnation.
The ark of ignorance and its leaking admiration,
and the patriotic beasts lives by infatuation.
Government jobs that save the heart by devotion,
corrupted honor and its commotion.
The real austerity of integrity,
takes the spirit into liberating eternity.

Robert Rittel

Belief

The exaltation of the spirit reflects through all beauty,
making ones virtue standing against all vices so groovy.
The poor spirit or guilty conscience numbs the integrity,
those guilty of the same fault unite in making a virtue in that security.
Not until sobriety after the intoxication of life, the wonder begins,
and life itself becomes a scripture to the kindled soul margins.
The miser celebrates any generosity with trumpets fanfare,
reason is the master of the unbeliever and the servant believers being aware.
Faith reaches what reason fails to touch,
absorbed personality in that art becomes art itself so much.
Like the ultimate creator is hidden in his own creation,
gifts of compassion become the value of priceless cessation.
Every desire in life has its answer to survive,
the heart shell in which the pearl of sincerity is the thrive.
The failing of individuality turns to the identification in the group,
the rhythmic expression of an idea in a loop.
All that one holds is conserved,
then all that entire one let's go of, is dispersed.
Oh beloved ideal one chases through time,
echoes of laughter much later therein.
Belief is the breath of the believer and sustenance,
the dignity in nature springs out of caring governance.
To distinguish between the real and the unreal,
arrives at the point when all becomes the moment true seal.

Robert Rittel

Bowl Of Bliss

The heat, Mosquitoes and no sleep
high pitched busing irritating reap.
Under wet sheets taken to a pilgrimage within,
letting go of agitations towards the higher self to begin.
Where moving subtle light and shades are the same,
taken the breath to the lowest frame.
Where the maiden of gentle spirit sitting by the wheel of the dreaming loom,
taken the inspiration of the truth to the furnace of bloom.
The body in transcendent echo of time conclusion,
the mental equilibrium in no more pollution.
Solar grace of all light perception,
intangible celestial spirit life conception.
Traveling soul to spheres of unconditional land,
where the tree of life by the spring and its nectar is found.
Sensing the intellect of the awakening heavens kiss,
reserved for the spirit warrior to receive a bowl of bliss.
Sitting in this quantum metaphor brings clarity profound,
silence in poetic vision is the realm of eternal sound.
From the all in one consequence of a soul in tune of pray,
touching symphonies of love without delay.

Robert Rittel

Breathing Stardust

Cosmic micro particles in migrating fresh air
countless celestial bodies taking care
moments between conduct
sacred spirit trust part's from every star stardust through the constellation
echoes of ancient preparation
being the thing that shines in the night
particles of light born to be bright
stardust in its wake as food calcium in bones,
iron in blood reflections between us manifold
sea of souls so old
the shooting star in fall learning how to soar
galaxies of emotion
little flames in hearts devotion
not made to be loved in part
created for the whole love as art

Robert Rittel

Character

What defines us becomes very clear at times,
when the generous spirit works in echoes of frames.
Beside the task of generating month end meets,
are the relations and trust with its deeds.
When prejudice and temptations are wrought,
establishing a particular colour in random thought.
As long the endeavors are not influenced true inward light,
the path before only seem to fall into direction of bright.
Can you with natural intuition very clear discern,
that true knowledge is an act of aware moments to learn.
Be a part of eternal resolve and hold it there,
and make this presence a pleasure to care.
Then those who go in company of vain,
are doomed by insecurities and negotiation on a late train.
Tying to solve the necessity to self-righteous gain,
not seeing the sentiment causing disappointing pain.
The agony to control the moment by influence rights,
trying to subdue the outcome by all might's.
The act of manipulation as such becomes the endeavor,
in the name of compassionate rendered favor.
Then if the occasions will rise,
there will be no need to any scarifies.
The 'if' and all far fetched stories of suffering and distress,
are the cherry on top for the image in tenderness.
Those who take the law of reason as depends,
will have to question, the attraction to strange friends.
The temptation to influence the serene still,
is to challenging the forces of darkness coming to will.
Some of us have the right foundation taken to test,
providing the true peace that exist, for mental rest.
Then every moment with all its caring virtues therein,
is the solution by characters senses combine.

Robert Rittel

Character By Nature

I see expressions of people and sensing motions to hide,
natures reflections by images of an observing mind.
Some harsh landscapes, deserted dry plain,
or a suburban garden styled in vain.
Some are consumed by smoke and fire,
where others pounding like waves in righteous desire.
Tired horses one can easily see, paving the stony bill,
pulling the ideal reason up the hill.
Broken in freedom of limited free will,
struggling with the concept of being still.
When virtue like twilight showing the all one got,
keeping on wondering is it static or not.
The uniformed cloudy outfitted fear,
convenience makes that dress fit to wear.
Where honor and ego is calculated by the wind,
and young trees tied and pruned for life, to begin.
The right consequence as island of individuality,
taken the heart at ease by scavengers morality.
Color fields through the season,
same patriotic vulnerability and reason.
At places in time a strong Tree in graceful light,
creates a comfortable shade in pleasing sight.
Thanks nature and its unconditional light through light,
that some souls who know their purpose, get it right.
Passing celestial compositions in hues of transparency,
for generations to observe the texture of motions clearly.
Interpretations from seers have values of reflections to see,
all in grace and enlighten mystery.

Robert Rittel

Churning Of The Ocean

The celestial and terrestrial realms seen as process of creative evolution,
for the spirits nectar of immortality to gain the force of live conclusion.
Cutting eternal present into past and future to remember and to adjust,
for the soul to overcome the motions of fears and the sense to trust.
Changes of ages through the duality of forces in all existence,
facing constant revolution and desires with resistance.
The churning story we tell and the mess it creates,
grappling with the illusion of convenient sedates.
The waters of subtle silence still remembered by tears,
the hope and manipulated love over the years.
Those sweet dreams so tangible bitter sweet,
when the wakening feels long lost and souls should have meet.
For some the learning comes by the experience of death,
not realizing the entity of the spirit fire without the breath.
The wise mind born when the universe still in infancy,
validates the truth as integrity with certainty.
Living by the credit of the past towards all that love that can speak,
while the fear and its selfish act is the heart that can break.
With the speed of a fallen star and its splendor light,
the dark night has a story with a little bright.
For the soul to remember and ponder,
the magic of tales of other worlds and wonder.
Where the prophecy of a faint heart in darkness strive,
awareness in respect of transcendent live.
When the soul senses those prayers by thin flames as shrine,
where the heart remembered sacred words as salvation combine.
From the fixed sphere of eternal bliss the hymns come clear,
the irresponsive silence roars to conquer all fear.
The inner solitude bind us there by the unite to see,
from the self chain of loss to set us free.
The children of the providence are far less cold,
reading the message of the rainbow as united gold.

Robert Rittel

Churning Of The Ocean Soul

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Robert Rittel

Circus Of Live

The soul as resident under the celestial tent,
where the pleasure spectator benches rent.
Flowered horses with petite ballerina,
cute monkeys with funny hats playing the concertina.
Jumping tides marvel with saltos in the air,
swinging in perfect timing above the trapeze so dare.
Clowns in silly gesture all about,
making all children laugh and shout.
Lions and Tigers jumping through loops of fire,
courage's head in the mouth of the beast desire.
Bicycles and umbrella on the tide rope balance neat,
gigantic snakes handled by delicious delicate lady indeed.
Ramping applause for those performing young souls,
humble their quaint deeds and flaunt their pride while the whiplash rolls.
The undeniable perfect state of dream today,
remembering those moments to run with them away.
It feels like they are not afraid to be alive,
and shutting down the soul by silly security strive.
Living by the narrow sense of touch,
and forgotten lights from stars taken care so much.
The sense of adventure with tinkle spice,
eating the forbidden fruits of paradise.
Rolling with the beasts for the thrill of all,
riding bareback stallion with juggling ball.
The virtue of love to do is the ecstasy of mind,
the portal of tracing spectacular kind.
Memories beauty lives forever,
celebration of the senses altogether.

Robert Rittel

Cognitive Dissonance

The tendency for individuals to seek consistency among their cognitive tendencies.

At least some beliefs and opinion of respectives.

When there is an inconsistency between attitudes, in behaviours or dissonance with gratitudes.

It creates a discrepancy between attitudes and behaviours.

The personality will change to accommodate the impression failure.

Providing greater increased incentive insecurities and the need for approval insistently.

Being honest and respectful is the greatest virtue, easy on the mind and a fitting shoe.

The psychic immunity needs good deeds, as the intuitive soul in pure senses speaks.

Observe the lesson from the fearless star, those humble lights giving the rights of being its avatar.

Words are the melody of the well with living water, the vitalisation of the earthy mother.

Empty words in a casual dream, cannot hold the to-morrow as it seem.

Elected silence is the melody that sings to be free, the frequency that creates the gratitude of composer as guaranty.

Robert Rittel

Complex Harmony

What matters is that some souls are loyal to the mind,
not falling into years and holding youth by image saint.
Echoes of wisdom by candle's bright,
orchestrated shades between the gentle light.
Freedom of the noted speech in poetic rhyme,
knowing the love source as delicate humane.
Bearing off the longing searching riddle,
chosen sacred bride as ever constant middle.
Taken old crabbed mysteries into new perspective,
cutting strains beyond life's connective.
Holding passion as strength of thought,
the bounty of blossom from light of night besought.
The firmament of changing peace and its multiple rights,
captured reflections through many lives lights.
Perplexed synchronicities in stories told,
the old in the new forever bold.
Torches of bewilderment raised by politics,
hushes for the exited lunatics.
Not seeing the picture of the text,
and inquiring the if possible next.
The solitary truth as implacable straight line realm,
the wandering horizon of the architected dream.
A livelong hour in a little story painted,
when the moon swam in full by compassion sainted.
The anxiety of that passionate youth,
as miracle of knowledge introduced.
Grow slowly exquisite spring blossoming dear,
the songs of the fairy bird so gently near.
Hearts of weary and wonder like the sea,
cleansing waters by love's inheritance to be free.

Robert Rittel

Consolation Of A Flight

Spreading and stretching my colorful wings,
forethought's of mounting tempered skies it brings.
The wind in my face lifting me into the stream,
with a few powered moves gliding with the warm beam.
Height in spectrum of little matter and prolong vision,
sensing moves by freedom of subtle decision.
Imprints of bodies from without,
that discern and seeing all about.
Invisible evolution by progress at will,
into purity of live precedes the calling still.
Stirring the power of mind when light strikes the eye,
spirits of the matter to motions attract the eternal sky.
Where all the waters of purpose unite and rest,
taken the constant change of maturity to test.
That concord governs all the elements,
in which all order sustains and protect outcome events.
The rising comes by season again with haste,
the calling for the home as the tired mind has its taste.
Bringing the wandering thoughts that what it seeks,
the living treasure within by truth as seeds.
Framing the laws in captured providence,
making the heart of compassion all sense immense.
All things rejoices when this is retrieved,
taken forward what is already received.

Robert Rittel

Crown Yourself With Rosebuds

Some are granted with mystic visions,
able to create choices by different decisions.
The dual vision in contemplation of correspondence,
the saintly sinner, God's grace and his tolerance.
The rose with its lower stage of roots and thorns,
the necessary precursor to the crown of petals it forms.
The light of the sun and the rose are inseparable,
images of beauty immeasurable.
Awareness of the transitory nature in mortal realm,
to conquer the fleshly will and redeem.
The soul knows she is more than heart and mind,
the old seeks the new image towards divine kind.
Leaps of consciousness and substances are born,
mystical experiences transform.
The sensitivities of the soul are heighten,
deliberate flaws by virtue enlighten.
The existence and to act upon,
the cosmic ocean enlighten action.
Potential rise within the realm,
mystery in mysteries, is the emanation psalm.
For we are what we emanate,
constant decisions of faith.

Robert Rittel

Deja Vous

Circumstance so familiar by memory painted sphere,
nuances of colorful thoughts looking through that window there.
The same song that gives this canvas its dimension,
doors to the threshold by mystic reason as ascension.
Generous nature in divine synchronicity is taken care,
the reservoir of unfulfilled dreams is waiting there.
Stairways leading to the rapture fields of grace,
surprised and wondrous why I see your face.
Still so exciting to talk to you in myriads of sense,
never understood that metaphor of our consequence.
Tasting your salty skin in my mind while talking,
another round of detecting motions rocking.
Your charm in smiles and laughter so symphonized,
feeling already by your comfort so baptized.
How can it be that this foreign land you are?
sitting on my stoop like a tempting avatar.
Changes with no name, disguised and yet the same,
or do I have to see that image in a different frame.
Unfinished resolutions from destinies whisper,
choices by subtle conscious to consider.
Facets of love light reflections to polish the spirit crystal,
visions of transitions incomprehensible.

Robert Rittel

Dense Ego

Learning and not gaining the knowledge of truth,
virtues loss that talent is sold by reason proof.
The intellect in doubt when stupidity is confident,
the ignorance and its conscientious consequent.
The atheist's ego and stress to believe in higher power,
recognized by being corrected and turning sour.
The loss of integrity by prudent act of knowledge,
but foolish expose that folly inferior grudge.
Delight of senseless proof in fact,
killing the potential of embrace in act.
Emotional intelligence the sphere of love,
believing or not are desperations for all above.
The power to control needs a story told,
ageless entities forever bold.
Entities of numbers have endless frames,
giving scientist room to theoretic claims.
Belief is the freewill of individuality,
where big bang becomes a lollipop sanctuary.
Expensive education the holy drag,
where every degree is a smoking fag.
By turning times to become a admired elite,
the evolution to turn into a Aphrodite.
The consequence of ego's appetite,
making love to ones owns satisfied.

Robert Rittel

Divine Frenzy

Those who have the muse of madness in the soul,
passing through the doors of intuition very artful.
Where music and poetry play the touches of mad,
from the genius and sacrificing melancholy of insanity of load.
In the state of divine possession, the enraptured performer in height,
effecting the listeners soul to similar ecstatic union in resonance alright.
Magical procedure or mass psychotic transaction,
the act of engendered furies stimulating creative attraction.
Stimulus divine will as it manifest throughout creation,
the multiverse in individual subtle emotion.
Symbolic energies extend to the realm of sense,
and their efficacy do what they patently do intense.
The chaos and the melancholic drama of meaning,
enduring metaphor in natures law of karmic being.
The soul as an instrument of its kind,
penetrates to its innermost core for synchronicity to find.
Imitation of celestial qualities and interaction of spirit revealed,
the performance and audience in close contact concealed.

Robert Rittel

Doors

Walking through many doorways every day,
think of them as doors of perception if you may.
As you create those mental spaces and ponder,
many other doors open like a chain reaction wonder.
Those spaces creating new potential trace,
intuitive virtue inspired by the space.
Creation for sake of purpose with no limit,
visions by pure concentrations illuminate.
Those moments holding the golden key,
into a divine knowledge appointee.
Prejudice thoughts will look many doors,
preconceived manipulation that soars.
The doors of reasons have the sign of solicitation,
while the doors of creed are named desperation.
The biggest doors are the kingdom of relief,
and doors that not exist are for the thief.
Sacramental openings are other gold painted passages,
propaganda with mass psychotic gavages.
Believing doors are the ultimate cell,
by inferior power to keep the shell.
The doors in the lovers dream open themselves,
with guardians of sprites and elf's.
The great architect places carefully its doors,
the inside of creation and its adores.
The art of thinking and its creation,
freewill and rainbow sensation.
The doors to heaven are always open,
the eternal lovers key and invisible token.

Robert Rittel

Doorways

Everyone will pass through invisible doorways of change,
spheres to explore with new dimension of strange.
Those new spaces play with another part of yourself at heart,
virtual dreams inspired by some journey of you, as part.
Moments in this evolution show references by purpose,
the multitude of choices provided that furnace.
Strange faces and different places, same eyes in the mental tower,
marked by inherit habits in the wind of hour.
Attachments by convenient foam and wave,
the imaginable floating flower to be save.
Binding the individuality in time and sphere so clear,
as the earthly shore as vortex labyrinth so dear.
Behind every doorway, faith seal's the gaze towards the paradise,
in this framed wink of eternity as lover to realize.
O memory, you shimmering tread peering from the darkness to be lit,
burning in the rational concept of how, while the dream is already a perfect fit.
Now, do not dare hunt the savage dream and the vigilant flame,
and wonder how did you came to the same doorway again.
The lamp-holder at the doorway shining gold has seen your form,
recognizing the integrity in gestalt of grace, leading you out of the storm.

Robert Rittel

Echo Of Karma

Souls are karmic beings or actors shaping the universe,
time is not a blank continuum, but reflect the flow of action immerse.
Astrology unlocks the potencial and engergy motivation,
karmic maturity is the reason of our spiritual excistence elevation.
Revealing the soul in its paricular journey and sentiment constitution,
the karmic cause between involution and evolution.
Karmic rectification understood by seers in time magnitude,
and the reflection of subtle harmonies approaching the right attitude.
Being in the this sphere of life is to refine those manifestations,
the smaler organism in the greater organism relation.
Seeing the exsistence from subatomic to galactical realms,
as above so below, as without so within is the only psalm.
While photosynthesis and its changing light sustains us all.
Echoes over many lives transmitted by organic frequencies,
is the. pure knowledge considered by masters. in its secrecy.

Robert Rittel

Echoes Of A Dream

Since I have seen your smiling face in that vivid dream,
and you spoke to me in that gentle sphere of realm.
We walked at different shores by circumstances tied,
wanting to cross over in shared dreams of a far away land.
In that solution we find that love to abide in its essence,
holding communion in her visible presence.
Providing all eloquence of beauty,
by many smiles and joy in magnificent duty.
So utterly complete and fresh in bliss,
this forbidden eternal fill of a kiss.
A space between esteem it's deem to might,
when lovers have the honor to touch that innocent light.
Confined to that circumstance of magical blind,
only the best to allow and find.
Undeniable spectrum of wondrous mind,
is that the image of heart for the righteous kind.
Dare to venture,
when that picture becomes alive to enter.
Kindling to the language of the soul to consume so quite,
to build a temple of our greater almight.

Robert Rittel

Eclipse

For every light that shoots through the celestial ocean,
some living soul will act to its consequence in proportion.
The purpose in progress through the skies,
shades of termination kindling as it flies.
This ecliptic wobble add to the all shinning sphere,
giving us the longest day and darkest night so fair.
Those strange days do set as they must,
when light becomes the shadow lost.
Those eclipses have a consecrated ancient fame,
and tragic features and stories to her name.
Being born on a day like this,
has its trouble in the script.
One will be darkly wise and manipulative great,
with knowledge towards the skeptic side.
Chaos of thought by passion confused,
often with addictive substances abused.
Poor judgment of truth in many trials,
false glory in riddles leading to all fails.
They can be heroes, lunatics or King,
always giving the underworld a chance to sing.
Superstition from no condition rise,
where karmic fears and past lives solution lies.
Some fortunes by integrity have made a difference,
when those ecliptic forces are used with conscious reference.

Robert Rittel

Ecstasy

When the pain labors in begging,
and the spirit is abused by ego stretching.
All wise words given not truly absorbed,
and the curriculum divine is distorted.
As pure lover, souls need to reach and apprehend,
all conditions of mental faculties have to descend.
The pre crafted ideal by pictures to get,
still blinded by attachments of righteousness yet.
Suspended uncertainty in advance as propagation,
circumstances to every cell in body relation.
The mental conscious negotiation,
need to cross the pounding waves in the ocean.
The boat if so by love refined,
the passage in ease within truth of mind.
This ecstasy taken by sail of certainty,
in all souls inherit with this quality.
Demands and manipulation to the spirit will,
creates ripples and multiplies in the purity of still.
The anatomy of the soul in which we grow,
has its tincture of individuality to know.
In our bodies we do forbear,
the gracious intelligence of every sphere.
With this awareness every breath is a prayer in the air,
where the conscious stimulus becomes the body in repair.

Robert Rittel

Elixir Of Live

The receptive force and reflecting availability,
regardless of how one try to conceal it altogether.
Visible forms that nature holds in eloquence,
applicable circumstance and its reference.
Perception and darker musing values testament,
when the darker hour speaks of decadent.
Oh great tomb of mysterious realm by choice,
chamber of the unmistakable voice.
The art of being awoken to the flow of eternal present,
surrender to the experience of unconditional essence.
Luminous distillation of spiritual dew,
abundant fertility becomes the magical view.
Ever expanding breath of celestial space,
reaching the garden of serene palpable place.
Giving up the persona by letting go of the mask,
recognizing without senses by stilling all mental task.
Soothing the love existence soul as secret pleasure,
making all obscurities the threshold of simple measure.
The spectroscope reveals the colors by element in purity,
recognizes integrated particles in clarity.
The maternity at the firmament in change of gaining,
solution of heart in purest form claiming.
With the freshness in clear force and determination,
new sacred space and end of fears by affirmation.
In this living dream all rational reasons must deem,
every tear provides a little rainbow spectrum,
that sustains the ultimate dream.

Robert Rittel

Eternal Image

Projected relevants of eternity with time,
photon stimulation to the eye by light to refine.
The sight in time to freeze the moment keen,
particles in no time can't age to be seen.
The speed of light in will of mass is infinite,
time in hold shrinks to zero sight as spirit.
Needing space in time to invite the perfect image,
giving the living the relative needed privilege.
To conquer the darkness to open the dreams ahead,
ashes to ashes and eternal images from the dead.
The loss of faith by told pictures to blind the sight,
when shadows still dream by the magic of moonlight.
The scars of life do not matter in fact,
then colors in light spectrums are specific tracked.
The dream of life in love by death as birth,
the birth in conceiving death for to know its worth.
Waiting for the image to see the all of greatness,
significant in time to adjust the sight to saintness.
That light in stimulus as poem to become the perfect sight,
for visions in process to join again in that eternal bright.

Robert Rittel

Eternal Image In Time

Projected relevants of eternity with time,
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Robert Rittel

Ether

Considered as simple space between,
or dark matter with nothing much to mean.
Ether is the element of cosmic purification,
the substance that gives mother earth its constant sanction.
It is the element of communication in emptiness and dreams,
the ability to conceive and recall a thought or idea by all means.
The element of ecstasy and eternal spiritual aspiration,
Ether is the means by which consciousness can extend itself in any form,
which interconnects in all languages and spaces to adorn.
The realm of pure idea and direct knowing,
the element of formlessness, the love we bestowing.
The inner-verse is the involution or the mastery of intuitive perception,
ether implies the purification of emotion and the true self conception.
The unknown has its mystical knowledge, the Seers have this awareness,
which in societies power play is considered as foolish bizarreness.
Behind your true free will, there is, 'The divine Will', or space between,
every virtue is an expression to discover beauty and what does it mean.

Robert Rittel

Expectations

The lure of expectations is the trap in the illusive mind,
imposing multiple reflection where no end is to find.
Delusion bound to limitation to hide the chaos of fear,
the story in the story squeezing another tear.
Riding the beast of burden as duty of past generation,
not seeing the now to create contentment in relation.
The vision far more complete with magical sight,
for new horizons without rational logic and a pulling tide.
Visions born in grace and serene to be - are free,
working with the great mystery of creation to see.
The mind of doubt in still will be inspired by that relation,
within that state of sacred legacy, begins the mental administration.
The impressions of your feelings in much gentle hue,
like reflections in the early morning dew.
Embrace the inheritance of light from the moment at your birth,
given your soul the utmost gentle attention on this earth.
Since I have the image of beauty by closed eyes seen,
I walk through the abundant garden in my dream.

Robert Rittel

Female Calendar

The night cosmos opens the earth to moisture,
germination of the moonlight rejoice.
Tenderizing the ground to reach the underwater sight,
mist of luminous Moon light from the pull of monthly tide.
Moon phases of the great cosmic dance,
fertilization in the ovum of darkness to advance.
Circulation of blood and sap in plants,
the mother calendar naturally grants.
More difficult to observe the orbit of the Moon,
then that of the earth around the Sun.
The earth spirit as transformer by protoplasmic intention,
capable of reciprocal relation with all its creation.
It is cosmos to those who know the way,
and chaos to those who lose it by rational stray.
The female live in the lunar circle of body,
becoming and changing the order of everybody.
The secret time keeper and its flowing,
the witnessing of the body growing.
Moon, mind, calendar, menstruation, month,
Honeymoon, fortnight, fertility crunch.
When the paradox splits into dualism,
the act of nature's consciousness as prism.

Robert Rittel

Fire From Tears

The alluring energies in temper clearly not seen,
a stream that keeps the impulse of action keen.
Gifted to our souls inheritance in magic delight,
ocean of love and its fiery desires in all might.
Blinded by the same by leaping into that feisty gesture,
wonderment in force by nature's survivor instinct for sure.
Love's mate senses that heart to touch by compassion,
daring to that bountiful store even beyond the ashes.
Beyond mere infatuation with deeper dreams of fears,
blessed spirits in need of sweetest relief by tears.
The harvested belief with pulsing energy of wonderland perception,
overflowing the fountain of love by direction.
Lusty flames fanned in awe to know love's mysteries,
silky threads as safety net in self-righteous hysterias.
The worth of our love as ambrosial taste to know,
transcendent capture with love's wisdom by a blow.
Intimate compulsions weaving actions into relativity,
observations from the spirit fire of eternity.

Robert Rittel

Flat Earth Or Not

It is not the ever sustaining heart of earth in which to confide,
for it brings forward all that is given into simple trust decide.
It is the soul of heaven which is the only trust and guaranteeing,
for it assimilates all in its own individual being.
To believe or not is the choice and freewill,
happiness is its own spirit being, seeking for itself to still.
Arguing and trying to prove the logic mysteries,
knowledge by ignorance claimed throughout histories.
Those who trying to prove their belief is superior,
to the faith of another does not know the ultimate ulterior.
Beliefs are part of freewill and in its perfection turns to faith,
great teachers and seers write about that aid.
The right to know the truth in the affairs of this world,
fighting for ever not seeing the total of life impearled.
The supreme existing law is that all is just and right,
not that one can proclaim it, but only to be understood to all might.
It is not evidence which gives belief,
it is all that above evidence is the true relief.
Culminating into the sustenance of spirit,
and nothing is anymore to fear it.

Robert Rittel

Folie A Deux

Being faithful to the biggest lies,
spoiled by delusions and corrupted ties.
Shallow shared psychosis belief,
highly specialist identity thief.
Psychiatric syndrome media charm,
everybody has to have it with no harm.
Puppeteers providing the mediocre script,
rewarding richly those who become the perfect fit.
Maintaining depressing news to fit the bill,
keeping suspiciousness as highlights frill.
Paranoia or grandiose delusion,
issues of inferior intrusion.
Never been thought to think independent,
always needing a superintendent.
Democratic values without sense,
then all of them cannot be so dense.
Symbolized images by false statistic,
corrupted marketing to be disruptive.
Worshipping famous pretenses values,
resignation by deeds greatest news.
Implanted mentality for a title,
fear controlled genocidal.
Ignorance the only evil that exist,
the power in charge for the better insist.
Deluded facts in command,
deceived in youth conscious disband.
The act has been defined,
doubting is the criminal intent.
Those whom their individuality fails,
seek refuge in community bails.
The manipulated guilty conscience,
robs the will of power audacious.
One virtue can stand against a thousand vices,
not needing any hypertension phrases.

Robert Rittel

Forrest Of Life

Among the trees I walk and aspire,
light and shade mingled to my hearts desire.
This earthy force and hidden charm,
sensing enclosure in that musky arm.
Natures cathedral hold in pace,
mystical altar in the mist of grace.
For all of you in that light of sphere,
sensing my acquaintance there.
In this oasis of living breathe as treasure,
mental fountain overflows in receptive pleasure.
Distinguished fragile habitation as throne,
knowing that your spirit never leaves us alone.
We are the part of your purer fire,
intimate consent to inquire.
Then the love which does us binds,
is between the stars, the forest and the minds.
Memories of ancient souls,
still touching you in clouds.
Underneath your shade, many days remote,
lovers and poets sat and wrote.
Sounds of crisp dialect by wind like beach,
gifts of mysterious breath no one can teach.

Robert Rittel

Fragile

Stillness is the source where creativity does arise,
and shades of images become alive.
Melodious ripples taken form,
synchronizing the dark with visions to be born.
The frequency of desire establishes all meaning,
some images turn into the right feeling.
That mystic gentle finger playing the tone,
on a half full glass to perform.
While the soul strings to the right chord,
and pure thoughts turn into the word.
Liberating the river of intellect,
making joyful notes of timing perfect.
The soul animates those earthly visions,
remembered in radiant dwelling by dream permission.
Composed by true inspiration,
from the richness of inebriation.
The sphere in sphere ripples from celestial conduct,
touches those fragile thought reception, by heart upduct.
Symmetrical physics of harmonies,
when the sacred purpose recognizes itself with certainties.

Robert Rittel

Frequencies

Wave particle duality harmonic,
electromagnetic mean ratio subsonic.
Cohorts gravity gleaming in purple gold,
light forces and its tenacious sensuous fold.
Purring cat in transcendent stage on my chest,
the eyes of the sleeper gently suggest.
Heart by knowledge heaved now in still,
spheres of the free flowing will.
Your smiling eyes in mental frame,
changing perception never anymore the same.
Memories in subtle dance unconfined.
desires in simple pleasures all sleep denied.
To chase the glowing hours with every nuance,
sensing woven dreams by reason outrance.
Lingering like the perfect day lone night,
stimulated images is the love story all right.
The unbodied joy and its spiral fire,
like forming galaxies and its spectrum to admire.
By brilliant dark white dawn clear,
hardly to see but feeling it is there.
Frequencies the sustaining earth and air,
morning rains out its beams leaving no one spare.
Presence as conducting vibrating molecule,
freewill and loving soul choice secret hour to renew.

Robert Rittel

Gallery Of Poetry

Walking through the contemporary gallery of poems as theme,
where voices coming from its own soul, frame by frame.
The calming thoughts like woven sound of streams,
the innermost sense in philosophical conduct it seems.
Pictures and images expressing those radical hues,
suspended emotion and feelings have the double base of blues.
Awareness and truth with a cosmopolitan illustration,
liberties with lofty hopes in divine presentation.
The Gallery has many rooms and halls with high ceiling,
making every painting of thought another poesy reveling.
Consider myself in secret act a poet looking for inspiration,
sensing the purity of mental virtue by aspiration.
My heart in love by simple words endured,
sensing at times to envious veils assured.
Quivering phrases with subtle expressions so bare,
loving touches by sensuous melodic lyrics so fare.
Time solved into distant valleys from where I stand,
spreading on empty scenes turning vacant.
The all embracing mysteries of human love intertwined,
taken the realms of dreams vividly contained.
The poetic soul in celestial conference,
taken the magic hour of twilight as reference.
The firmament in burning spirit of faith,
giving imagination another word, which cannot wait.
Holding on to that wondering awe of that exhibition,
for other times by pictures memories with refined condition.
The spirit through many lives and frames more attuned,
echoes from the multiverse of creative visions bloomed.

Robert Rittel

Great Souls

Absorbed by compassion glorious vision,
preserving pearls by courage's decision.
Not to be detained in the after life,
where yesterday in tomorrows strife.
All for now caught in thy light,
dwellings in glance of that might.
That blazing soul in every step of the path,
through space and its centre on earth.
Fresh sweetness by the river of belonging,
passing through the dessert of silent suffering.
Sublime nature and its reflection by eternal provision,
constant remembrance of that glorious vision.
Frankincense scented memories culture,
lifted barrier that divide societies structure.
Immensity of space as majesty in presence,
stars yielded galaxies of mercy as essence.
Providence holding those moments,
divine radiance and its endowments.
Hearts of oceans in waves of devotion,
loss of self in supreme vision and notion.
Reflected soul in color and form,
inconceivable time to perform.
Great human spirit and refreshing river,
you will live for ever.

Robert Rittel

Guts

Instinctive emotional response before considered thought,
experienced salutation by proprioception wrought.
Whispers towards the required faith,
when the gut feeling is the mate.
Hesitations that determine any destination,
following the knowing will of reputation.
Perspective intelligence to trust the instinct,
respect the walk of given path distinct.
Inherited ability to never walk alone,
peptides communication as metaphor sown.
The beauty from the guts allow decision in instant,
conviction of the mind by phenomenal insistent.
The differentiation of genius from mediocre,
cleared up doubts and righteous provoker.
The invisible map of intuition,
contributing solution coming to fruition.
Guts in power sets itself in perfect place and time,
the process of necessities in all the same.
O my guts, mother Mary and Joseph,
blessings in potions of wisdom are always enough.

Robert Rittel

Happy Ever After

Why is it, when looking at the stars that I feel so at home?
sensing safety in that nebulous couch superdome.
Recreational abundance from the elixir of immortality,
waltzing with Aphrodite and planets symphonies.
Remembering clear that I was a king in many lives before,
and my purpose was to be, the 'love' for all to adore.
In a another life story I was the maiden to serve my duty,
providing the unconditional sense of beauty.
As young poet to paint new visions,
short, tragic, magic transitions.
As tradesman learning the sense of values in places,
given the prize in time distinguished traces.
The honor of being the teacher providing knowledge,
values of respected discipline patronage.
Liberation from living with masters in monasteries,
being the ever student with Mercury and Jupiter in Aries.
Able to face the tragedy in forced isolation,
creating space for the subtle gestalt vacation.
Being that child again in exuberant loving expression,
feeling that everything is a magical session.
Our celestial den has space for every creature,
and many ideal black whole wishing feature.
Fallen stars and new moon darkness bright,
the promise of the happy ever after just in sight.

Robert Rittel

Horsefeathers

The genuine of simplicity is the wishing will,
arouses the splendor in content of still.
The scattering stories are matter of a baggage,
becomes the chant proclaiming the stage in savage.
Those torn loose ends to know by the breathe,
finding pleasure in the cruelest advice beneath.
The act of harsh or sweet in shallow warm,
tormented insecurities latching to reform.
That trying again, and once again, to rise,
smoking, drinking, manipulation in disguise.
When moody blinded self-absorption is out on bail,
becoming the shadows trapped in a flapping sail.
By the antiquity to proof with intellectual sight,
every heartbeat trebled to change heavens might.
That most rare conception of all nothing,
and its consequences with its swinging sting.
The cry for righteous freedom in darkening eclipse,
the haunted space by nemesis in grips.
Bearing witness to the poor admitted heart,
in social convention is the holy phony art.
The delicate web of human trust,
emphatic rapture in airy fabrication and its dust.
The lying gambles played every day,
holding and keeping what is not have anyway.
The embodiment of all that despise,
the puppeteer and its disguise.
Pegasus flight thru the storm looses some feather,
mythology is the living breath altogether.

Robert Rittel

In The Beginning

They say, there was the word and nothing else,
in time endures becomes true wealth parallels.
When the word becomes the hymn of inspiration,
creating a subtle trust relation.
The infants first cry and thirst for life all passion,
all changes when the child realizes those guilts of admission.
Remembering very clear those false dreams they give,
more and more the false all evolve.
The more famous the pretence,
the more suitable as reference.
To the point of tickle sweetness to steal your heart,
making it a professional art.
Not long after when the promise false apart,
still shifting responsibilities trying to be smart.
For the soul by mental concept just painless verse,
while every word become footprints in stardust discourse.
All passion is nothing but a star to flash in distress,
not having the words in true tune sung with right intention bless.
Then the beginning still in existence of the greatest love,
by the dream maker in pure clarity from above.

Robert Rittel

Indigenous

The tree of senses keeps me close to my conscience,
liberating the bondage of believes in existence.
In certainty of identification to belong in effect,
by family as race and nationality towards self-image detect.
The individual perspective by self awareness in social situation,
maintains for the observers affirmation towards recognition.
The body language in color of skin in particular,
revealing the indigenous humanity curricular.
The status quo of race and native are the history,
righteous beliefs trapped by inherited mystery.
Take your courage to eternal universal action,
creating the self of truth to the freedom of beliefs as attraction.
Then every belief creates the relevants of attachments of some not belief,
only the divine order by faith is the relieve.
National identification as living force by being a patriot,
false securities claiming political manipulation as idiot.
Humanity as spirit knowledge on earthly quest,
the truth in purpose has its color and social status as test.

Robert Rittel

Inside Reflection

The questioning inside in search for love complete,
the dusted soul by perception not able to read.
The blinded spirit begging by pain to relieve,
the part in one of all in silence to receive.
Poems do clear smudged wondering in time,
creating reflections in different light to refrain.
As light in tiny furnace like far off cosmic directions,
or moonlight streamed through shack hole sections.
Conscious matter is the world that comprehend itself,
the obligated fire where no spirit fails.
To sense the vibrated rapture in eternal touch,
all worlds in singular symbiotic virtue as such.
More to all knowledge in the oneness within,
the clear reflection already waiting to begin.
Those moments in tedious hours concluded,
the gaze by intimate salvation alluded.
Mirrored in the ever complete unrest,
only to hear the tender purpose driven breath.

Robert Rittel

Intimation Of Beyond

The attraction of the twilight firmament in a hazy stream,
invited me to ponder on the meadows of this timeless esteem.
Where this rotating light is a constant reflection by global sight,
apparel of celestial confinement in each moment of light.
Like the remembering and freshness of a dream,
observing the lights of heaven in this theme.
Only the utterance of time comes with grief, beautiful and fair,
while the frequency of timelessness has no promise to bare.
Echoes of images in constant seasons revealing our celestial infancy,
shades of the prison body shape shifting in this intimacy.
But behold in this light and observe how it flows,
it is the dream who daily furthers from the east and grows.
Natures priest must travel by visions splendid,
the dream makers way intended.
Time perceived will die away,
fading more and more to the light in centuries of a day.
Earth enjoys her spherical lap in celestial union kind,
unconditioned, forgiving and compassionate shined.
The ultimate mother nursing all she can maintain,
perpetual benediction simple and plain.

Robert Rittel

Invisible World

Multidimensional spheres of worlds in existence,
intangible place in touch without resistance.
Unknowable known of all knowledge,
incomprehensible adorable relic.
Spectrum of visibility in fractions displayed,
Fragile, surely, purely imaginative portrayed.
Spirits of protection and ghost of dooms,
playing light and shadow in many rooms.
Sculptured and embossed through many stories,
living myth to the imminent picture of worries.
Silver vapor in frosted twilight morning,
the least of natures whole still keeps the mind adoring.
Tested motions, voice of heart and tears at hand,
as we observe and really little understand.
The moon wanes out all its precious waters by gracious will,
until the empty dark of month turns to its fill.
If love is the living water unfathomable and sweet high,
it will touch the impossibility to amplify.
The stories in many worlds show the resilient spirit,
against all odds and obscurities, is divine empiric.

Robert Rittel

Just

Just when one thought seeming to know,
the old slap in the face proofs its now.
Just primal miracle as answer performed,
naked forms by lovers deed adored.
Just letting nature has her way,
the essence that love is for its own joy.
Just as the principle makes a breach of law,
is to pursue that force of high ideal.
Just as the spirit of feeling is lost,
when sentiment in words by fear is tossed.
Just for the sake of hearts that yearn,
unfolding reality by attitude is the discern.
Just in the influence that controls the situation,
the hand of grace observes the continuation.
Just as the tears is forgiveness in itself,
be unashamed of soul herself.
Just to endure the pruning of heart,
putting them forward as pearl of art.
Just preferring failure understood,
to success gained by any falsehood.
Just honor those light winds blow,
towards infinite fixed stars we must go.

Robert Rittel

Kama Sutra

The Sanskrit ancient text on making love,
the seductive motions to reach bliss from all above.
Rhymes and verses revealing hundredfold suggestions,
the divinity of making love and no more questions.
This poetical sentiment of romance is the immortal 'halo', shining bright,
nature's law versus societies moral dilemma, how to get it right.
Fragile emotions and receptive speculations in consideration,
the intimacy of values creating trust and emotional liberation.
Those erotic description should never be followed blindly,
the tantra book of ecstasy need be taken kindly.
Mental foreplay as creative imagination,
playful possibilities in reservation.
Those perceptual faculties have its reasons for sure,
energizing the elements of fire to alter the physical body, much to endure.
Consider the energy of fire as troublesome and dangerous,
causing conflict and even injuries as cause.
The causal body holds the underlying will and motivation,
the inherited vital potential by heart contemplation.
A change of thought and intention creates a different attribute,
a free flow of intellectual attitude.
The vital energy of fire is the preserver of health,
establishing resistance to disease as wealth.
Those who can control the sexual fire energy,
have the ability to manipulate the kundalini.
The popular Yoga evolution show all possibilities,
colorful blending to nature's peaceful gentleness.
The wise person by the power of will,
refines healing properties to a skill.
By giving the spark of fire,
the right intentions to admire.
That the gentle act of intimacy is a sacred sphere,
in which the mental fireworks should be given the credit they deserve.
Happy endings are the in-ul-timate, of the story,
and moral dilemmas have lost all its worry.

Robert Rittel

Lilith

Long time ago the astronomer already knew,
that the shadow of the earth is not a part of the ever changing moon.
Often very clear to see the slim light at noon,
impossible angles to throw a shadow from here across the moon.
As many planets exist of gases and sustain in own light,
so our local moon has its illumination of dark and bright.
The intuitive cosmic feminine creative matter,
the inheritance of karmic space and body of water.
Manas or feelings are in constant growth to find,
consciousness in pure gestalt and change of mind.
The sisterhood of a receptive field, experience upon reflection,
Lilith is the shadow side of conception,
creating the sense of protection.
The full light of the moon easily observed is the point of clear perception,
while the darkest nights of the month need more imagining.
The dependent, reflective conditioned conscious awareness,
showing the relation to others by social behaviour respectively.
The ebb and tide of individuality
and character of growing personality.
As loving memories by many lives not forgotten by salty tears,
bringing forth the unconditioned living force by no fears.
The will of the soul to be achieved by incarnation,
the astral body in operation behind the present sensation.
The Moon and its sister Lilith as karmic indicator,
holding on to the past or become the clarity of the inventor.
Or the dharmic resources from the past with purer consciousness in life,
while negative influences become the regressive patterns as wife.
Emotional disturbances, poor imagination and psychological turbulence,
the lunatic and sad heredity reveal by capacity to receive reference.
Vulnerability and easily hurt versus sensitivity and nurturing attitude,
maturity and true beneficial effect upon societies magnitude.
Time and its light is the gift of tears,
grief and sorrow are the elements of fears.
Pleasure in servitude are remembered, shown by heavens sensitive light,
while madness rises from the dark with hands to smite.

Robert Rittel

Load Shedding In South Africa

When ignorance and mediocrity is on display,
fancy title and salaries become proof thereby.
The incompetence to deliver is the destruction,
implementation without visions is a foolish attraction.
What makes it very clear, when too many idiots pulling the plug,
the ship will sink, regardless the excuses by this pathetic flog.
Leadership has to prove itself by sincere integrity,
or democratic politics become anarchistic misery.
The chances are that everybody stops paying the electric bill,
and those self elected wasters running for the hill.
The parliament exchanges all day long so many honors like a sugar wand,
pushing responsibilities further and further to dumbfounded stand.
Legislated arrogance creates a memory tread,
when relativities bouncing off the empty head.
When politicians and their sheep hunt the savage dream,
prophecies of failure are the current in the stream.

Robert Rittel

Logical Nonsense

The logical possibility to jump over the moon,
make sense when considered its cheese eaten with a spoon.
The same cheese became famous by Mozart composing Cinderella,
melted in on bread called Mozzarella.
The milks fat has its meaning by matter of form,
as one can pull it gently in its use to be torn.
The essence of man by Plato is conceptual confusion,
Aristotle's answer was the rational animal conclusion.
The death is one of two things and metaphysical,
hypothetic nature in grammarless forms of being radical.
Abstract concepts to the point of phrase,
indefinable logic to stay confused in philosophical pace.
Nothing divided by nothing to multiply the zero,
trading and selling golden mirrors portraying the hero.
The hypnotic ability of linear verbal communication,
overwritten melodrama and its cultured sensation.
Caffeine clicking clocks in commercial wars,
to safe the astounding audience aspiration from taws.
Intensified intuitive balloons matching the color of the eye,
illustrative animated slices with the cherry on top pie.
Vulnerable velocity by vanity loosing lips largely,
absurdity with distinction established ambiguity fiercely.
Falsity and truth before sense and nonsense,
thinking one knows what is not known in essence.
Philosophical poetry may be with or without rhyme,
but it is never without reasons of confession in time.

Robert Rittel

Love Bewitches

While certainty is almost not real,
what is the allure of love and its deal.
The trembling stories filling many books,
the playground of temptation and its looks.
The chemistry in moon light haunted,
irrational thoughts unbounded.
The secret in more than anything else,
and being the observing intense myself.
When all is nothing beside it thinks,
and stupid melodies nonstop sings.
Dreaming doors just open wide,
filling every texture with you beside.
Touching eyes graving sensation,
bodily frictions as salvation.
When worlds collide and gently intricate,
nothing but delightful incident.
Is this the complex firmament all felt,
constant twilight motions as loving imitation dwelt.
Fragile symbols meeting rocks to engrave,
for centuries to be saved.
When lips that touch not meaning much,
having the magic endurance as such.

Robert Rittel

Lunatic

Lunatic

They say that the moon can paint a picture of a tomorrow to find,
tinted with feelings and impressions that make rationality blind.
Inherited desire and invisible habits it contains,
challenges and temptations for all it refrains.
When sculpting the shape of precious destiny,
and weaving the forces of dark and light in unity.
Unfolding within the secrets of mystery of all,
new claims of hope is needed for the crystal ball.
Illuminations of expressions is the final ingredient,
for the midnight ocean fare convenient.
The moon then will rain out its silver sphere,
irresistible light beam rendezvous for the nightmare.
Waking or asleep in this subtle mortal sleep deep dream,
flowing in this astral stream, all must deem.
That dream where one can look before and after,
and decides what is not with a laughter.
Making sense out of wondrous madness,
when the queen of night smiles at you with gladness.
For in many eclipses no light will flow,
then every illumination has the sense to grow.
Motions are the sacred force as far space can reach,
the catalyst that triggers the stars in poetic speech.

Robert Rittel

Made Of...

The poet is the dreamer, weaving pictures of love
into the palm of the mind in time.
Giving away freely those caring images
of a dream maker in melodic rhyme.
The prowess of the believer will continue to unfold,
by visions in dreams all miracle behold.
Loves mysteries in souls do grow,
faculties of healing affection only lovers know to sow.
The eternal soul knows of what we are made,
the spectrum by no worldly desire cannot invade.
Echoes of divine will by compassion to see,
the rich maze of kind words by pondering to be.
Legacies in the void as matter in progress for sure,
precise beauty emerges by mystery in joy to endure.
Time cannot be the thief anymore as tread,
when climes of faith are not forget.
Memories in concern of touching spirit spend,
and when the heart feels so innocent.

Robert Rittel

Magnus Opus

Music makes our spirit rejoice in sonorous numbers for sure,
a true proposition, lucid and irresistible to endure.
Another dress in destinies wardrobe confined,
inordinate mysteries of creation what cannot be denied.
Vapors of memories through so many cultures perceived,
plunging into state of fervent pleasure by the beat conceived.
Transparent flow and move to the instant open of musical eternity,
active texture of melodies with certainty.
It opens the substance of the sound of fabulous antiquity,
accepting the resonance of supreme formidable gravity.
Recreating worlds in worlds in fragile states,
communicating with the invisible by joy declared.
Timeless moments at the threshold of beatitude,
sensuous mental recaptured art in debt of gratitude.
Dancing circles of light proceeding from heart of the self release,
when the light turns from silver to gold as sense of deepening peace.
The peace that surpasses all understanding with the pulse of energy,
where in the center all opposites reconcile and genius is the key.

Robert Rittel

Memory

Silence leaps through the captured time,
echoing heart beat slow decline.
Visions of incomprehensible thought of things,
with tender touch of invisible wings.
Images come by passion for reasons,
no knots from thousand treasons.
Reflections in new color filled,
edges of shadows seeming gild.
That portrait in permanent retain,
enduring ache of eternal love and its stain.
Seals of that sacred smile are seen
distance touches refusing of what have been.
Graces of beauties in pure dare,
whispering sanctuary with no compare.
Rational solution of why is this,
that love dwells where love most secret is.
The past for now as train the door so near,
voices of all before in brilliant clear.
My soul in need to advance its state,
subtleties of purpose come as faith.
Certainties that we cannot part,
frequencies from each others heart.
Child like conscious in simple pleasure,
glimpse of natures infinite treasure.
Poetic images consenting the dream,
in the still of self becoming realm.

Robert Rittel

Mirage

On this journey not knowing how it begun,
sensing only the thirst and the heat of the sun.
My feet in agony beyond comprehension, but anxious to go,
wondering if the village with the in, will soon show.
The heat and its hazy vapor is playing with my mind,
then I seeing the walking sense of a dreaming soul.
An appearance instantaneously reveals itself at once,
as a mighty city with golden reflections in abundance.
Glory beyond glory ever seen,
a wilderness of gardens in flourishing and fragrance so keen.
I withdraw myself into this boundless depth,
sinking towards the splendor without end thread.
My body no more in pain and only sensing close to bliss,
in pavilions bright and avenues disposed I cannot dismiss.
Illumination of reflected gems, serenity in alabaster domes,
staircases through soft waterfalls in chromes.
This unimaginable sight so very real,
and everything I sense proclaims the surreal.
Clouds in hues of purple tincture play with sapphire beams,
confused and mutually inflamed by composing realms.
Feeling as I loosen it and melting together in this promising lost,
How can I keep my sanity in this marvelous sphere?
Those temples like palaces and citadels so huge, in that atmosphere.
Is my soul in dire strait and seeing its home?
or are my thirsty delusions the eye with a thorn.
Someone is tapping my shoulder, "You should get out of the sun",
anxiously surprised, this gentle old lady smiled at me showing me, my in.

Robert Rittel

Moments Of Grace

Moments of grace

A sense of delight in maturity one can find in some wrinkled smiles,
souls who have been walking at the shore of riches with the sky in miles.
They carry the memories in enchanted experiences as treasure,
sensing the aesthetic beauty of delicate might forever.
Gentle waves by the sea of thoughts merging with the sky of eternity,
attracted to the light of change creating a sense of constant maternity.
The wondrous ecstasy without fears is this magic now,
taking the giving force with colours in heart and gratitude of bow.
Touching others with simple presence and awareness,
breaking down limitation and revealing only sacredness.
Those living soul can reach far into the light of afterglow to amaze,
taking the invigorating senses to frequencies of a refined maze.
Soothing word and delicate whispers that tickle the receptive ear,
tantalizing images from long ago, rekindled becoming so dear.
A graceful smile acknowledged by my soul as mine to keep,
thank you graces person that you crossed my path of leap.

Robert Rittel

Money

It makes things only far more complicated,
and true values become separated.
When everything is for sale,
it has its great utopian stories to tell.
Until the counted counts and the counts are counted,
the damage is amounted.
The one who has little and wants less is contented richer,
then the one that has much wants more, is more bitter.
Spending money before one has it in haste,
stolen future with borrowed money its a slaving taste.
Master of thief's, criminal greed's and excellent host,
how much are ones worth, if one have it all lost.
God gives those inferior weak some money,
that they feel more superior and funny.
Then all it does is getting some more attention,
the expensive way to be of mention.
Solution become the question of how much,
loosing all intellectual and wisdom touch.
The currency from the garden at home is health,
providing the ultimate joy of wealth.

Robert Rittel

Moon Confession

Have been accused that the splendor of love has my praise,
constant change and its stimulation for the awoken days.
The longing, the calm, the touch and its astonishment,
illimitable desires, its creative expression and still content.
The many excuses and fears to cheat despair,
to know the madness to take the motion to bear.
Promised eternal love to cross that dark of life,
lovers eyes speak in that voluptuous light of strife.
Remembered potion of my beam in constellation,
embracing souls and glowing emancipation.
Immortal praise for all tenderness is given,
the inenarrable senses all driven.
The queen of love beaconed in dreamer's nights,
cause of attraction's magnificence.
Celestial loyalties in timeless sphere,
soothing away the troubles everywhere.
Holding the bond that made love to trust,
sacramental echoes of stardust.
Awake above the ego's cry without doubt,
redeeming will humble allowed.
My waning intemperate indulgence not to blame,
unsheathed reality for the constant new again.
Possessions through the act of memory,
spectrums in light of progressive immortality.

Robert Rittel

Moon Song

That cold distance light of night caught me by surprise,
stimulus motions and nocturnal clock of the wise.
In wishful dreams and muse as mate,
longing for that illusion in restless hour late.
Staring and sitting all in silence,
seeming caring surveillance.
The queen of night in many stories told,
ever changing potions of love behold.
Gazing the bare to enrich the dark,
shipping the faith of reach in that arc.
To this dream maker the bliss I have sworn,
by desires which are not forlorn.
Through the morning light you have reached,
with blue winds and dewdrops peached.
Teasing my soul with ever rising lights,
filling my love by your compassion in days.
Those shores of dreams and wishes unleashed,
coming closer from that spilling light of beast.
I have sainted you in heights of destiny,
remembrances that I have all here with me.
I am the echo in your serene still song,
since I have been loving you for so long.
Your pale companion with tender face,
purpose full mistress of the living maze.
Natures time keeper where it all begun,
keeping all lovers on the run.
When the light, even not bright are the lover's lips,conceiving by a luminous
eclipse.

Robert Rittel

Moon Tan

My worries and delusion set me into despair,
as the silver silhouette slowly brighten the darkening fair.
Oh gracious moon and mother of dreams,
your illusive sensuous sphere and its tangible schemes.
Moonlight you soft touch in still and everywhere,
sensing the milk of insomnia filling that crisp air.
Trees and flora fragrance are sending
aroused fertility of imagination tending.
Charms of beams quenched from stardust,
beauty of caring stories entrust.
Lunatics melodies have philosophical tragic,
orange in dark blue haunted magic.
The love unspoken the cream of fate,
creatures of shimmering dots and its bait.
Tingling motions and wish sensations under my skin,
Moons floating corona in misty still.
Divine paradox heart soul journey,
grace of space healing delivery.
Demons of ignorance dark fainting,
blemished soul in glow attainting.
Incoherence state of peace in my mind,
acknowledging the Moon tan in its kind.

Robert Rittel

Moon Tide Deity

Caring deity wandering reflection,
love light celestial inward perfection.
Luminous serene time maternity,
conceiving womb sustainability.
Silent voice drifting flow,
water of mercy and compassion beau.
Provident sphere radiant shade,
heart endurance to be not afraid.
Beyond all conception,
drifting towards the ultimate conviction.
Virtues dissolved in the sea of pure,
mystic retained childhood through life for sure.
Natures regard of no conventionality,
reaching for the soul felt personality.
Loves creation the hand of worship shine,
resumed divine knowledge in living thine.

Robert Rittel

Moonology

The moon is the natural calendar and eye of motions,
in ever changing propotions.
In those hues of silver streams,
bringing forth the subtle desires, all it seems.
In some ancient mythology the moon itself is the male,
spending every day with other females for deity as bail.
This celestial reason has a refined consequence,
creating a heavenly light reference.
Daily light pillars for primal connection as archetype,
the fruits of incarnation in solid atmosphere becoming ripe.
Not only a matter of mundane time calculation,
the conscious universe dwarfing our creaturely mentality by light manipulation.
The light part of our nature is the miracle in crystal reflections,
making us the transmitted dream with divine protection.
The dispensing grace upon us unfolding by cosmic law,
which by missuse will certainly withdraw.
In the field of time the sky is the teacher of meaning,
revealing the mysteries of karmic realm through existence sceening.
Those who are awoken from the ego dreaming,
and worship the lessons towards pure gleaming.
Reaching many worlds beyond and approach the ultimate intrument,
understanding the necessity of caring light as loving sentiment.

Robert Rittel

My Brother's Keeper

A friend of a friend introduced me to a Hypnotist,
asking me as astrological medium, if I can in a dream assist.
The timing would be of importance and must be genuine,
a Mars and Moon in Pisces should align.
Haunted dreams from past upsetting his content,
misfortunate karma in need to be prevent.
With a dear brother in times of the Spanish inquisition,
practicing the art of natural healing admission.
Traveling monks of mercy making curing ointment,
with specific Moon phase deity and its atonement.
Our hearts at random circumstances down dark of life,
created some unthinkable cures by enlighten strife.
Words of some miracles at times were spreading fast,
and we knew that bounty hunters were on our task.
The high bond we made by sacramental covenant of love's trust,
secrets by prayers in darkness knelt to see in dust.
We got caught; he keeps on telling in frantic tense,
accused with blasphemy and traitors to the holy church as sins.
Through a dungeon and its inquisition as waiting gate of death,
salvation by force of pain by holy matter of depth.
By sheer luck escaping those savages and hiding in a forest cave,
leaving my brother to the testimony of brutal rave.
Dreams and life are haunted now with religious symbols,
thoughts of agony and screaming noises in spheres it comes.
Believing going back in time to rescue the beloved man,
that those mental obscurities and fears are to tame.
He promised me that no harm can touch a channeling journey,
if I agree to help rescue that tortured spirit to set him free.
Thinking through that entire story facing dreams close to the grave,
shall I taste the deep treasures of the brave.
The time came when the Moon was red with tincture of sacrifice,
awaken in circumstance of strange and a rope not knowing what happen is.
Recognizing the stranger praying outside this cave,
he approached me with deepest embrace.
I sense a man so afraid to be alive,
only to pursue the danger of rescuing his brother's life.
Pointing to the tower of the monastery in sight,
with strength that held the night in clutch of light.
Voicing Planets, Stars and Moon in beneficence,

rescuing the tortured soul by distractionconcurrency.
His body has lost all its senses, and we praying night and day,
his spirit raised by compassion and tears on its way.
I hear a finger snatching and wake up crying,
laying on the coach seeing my friend everything with a smile saying.

Robert Rittel

My Mistress Muse

With the simple daily routine there mingles some fire,
a sensuous voluptuous sort of a desire.
A temptress of untouchable allure is in my mind,
a voluptuous sensuous sort of kind.
She teases me with smiling allure and gives me that look,
I feel mostly very gobbledygook.
I should find some comparable understanding,
but she is in a pleasing way very commanding.
Compelling my imagination very much,
with this promising dreaming touch.
Never losing her gesture and pose,
especially when the moon is in full repose.
My cogitation about her is an endless amaze,
she seem to take this as loving appraise.
Often she seduces me just before sleep,
taken those frantic motion deep into my dream to reap.
the voice of my muse is very critical,
take whatever she says biblical.
Sometimes I cannot take my troubled mind, here or there,
finding the only refuge with her, I swear.
Inured sometimes by this delicate beautiful fantasy,
that I wonder about my insanity.
Some hours more deeply then other hours before,
other times, I have to socialize to see her no more.
The shrink told me it's a schizophrenic marriage,
and the psychic said it is a divine message.
But I give my intuition some gratitude,
then it gives my writing far more altitude.
Yes, I miss the healing touch of a female caressing,
it comes with more, then just that blessing.
O loving muse existence, you loosing eye lure,
the love in the dream maker maze is another wondering shore.

Robert Rittel

My Muse Is A Vampire

She walked slowly every step so profound,
haunting, elegant sensuous graceful loud.

Without a pause she bared her breast,
stockings, heels and observing me as all this is a test.

At the center of this humid trenched room she took her post,
I feel dreary anguish and endorphin drooling lost.

All colors died out of her red lips and smooth face,
hypnotizing me with a dread look out of this place.

I cannot not move and feel her freezing touch so keen,
then she clenched her teeth in my neck so lean.

How long I was in that grasp I cannot tell,
losing sense and all feelings, I fell.

To her it seemed like a meadow fair,
she knelt by my face and told me with a fierce stare:

'Don't worry, you will live my dear'

Robert Rittel

Mythology

The living stories of antiquity from long ago are still a revelation,
those odysseys are still testing the abilities of our temptations.
Journeys to the greater self by discovering the caverns of fear,
when the sweet sound of Sirens luring the vulnerable ear.
The wits to escape the single eyed giant in disguise,
taken the courage to face Medusa by reflecting her image wise.
Then when the Kraken is released, it takes miracles to perform,
and only Pegasus has the ability to fly out of the storm.
The Manticore, half beast half man speaks eloquent for creed,
while only the Nymphs can do the nurturing deed.
Werewolf's living in two worlds by camouflage, until the moon is full,
when only the silver bullet can solve the deathly befall.
Phoenix rising from the ashes wants you to be born again,
into a Jinn, the treacherous spirit of changing shape what cannot abstain.
The troubled soul reveals itself as selfish Rumpelstiltskin by demand,
and the Succubus tempting with sexual allure, taken you by the hand.
The unicorn with the horn of salvation needs to be found,
to keep the sanity of perception in uncompromising sound.
The soul in the mental cage, should not be afraid create some light,
then the individual journey brings you closer to the ultimate sight.
Only the narrow sense of prejudicial touch,
taking away the strength that holds the destiny in a clutch.
The living mythological journey has its knowledge for the day to cease,
giving the unconditional faith towards mental peace.

Robert Rittel

Ocean Mind

Consider the mind like an ocean kind,
the depth and other side are invisible to the lights of mind.
The ocean creates, sustains and recycles,
accumulates and provides fresh water as natural miracles.
Thoughts are like this water, we need to survive,
in the body of water feeling alive.

The curious mind wonders about the depth of sea,
it might bring some treasures to adore for all to agree.
Pearls of wisdom or knowledge of antiquity,
resources of nourishing values of certainty.
Rational stability with great effort enforced,
food for thoughts need to be endorsed.

The shores of new worlds still to explore,
the mind wants to know what is beyond for more.
Facing the storms and elements to endure,
giving faith the ultimate test for sure.
Taken that courage to brave the unknown,
making possibilities the richness to know.

If love is the living water unfathomable and sweet high,
it will touch the impossibility to amplify.
Magnanimous thoughts should be applied even in vain,
then motions are constant in the ocean of the brain.
The living waters is the soul's adaptability,
giving the body all its rejuvenating possibility.

Robert Rittel

Pain

The in duration of pain,
have many colors to gain.
Tattoo's, scarification, piercing,
are some hues of pain liberation.
Every competitive sport has its threshold,
for the intimate courage to be bold.
The pain in the ass not to mention,
holding many saints to attention.
The bliss by pain taken too vain,
in many pictures over written,
come with the notion of 'insane'.
Endorphin enriched body's survivor,
testing ground for the spirits glowing halo.
The fire element in compassion,
carry the scars with an impression.
The fear of pain and its struggle therein,
is a very bankable character and another 'insane'.
The invisible pain of the broken heart,
is a undeniable ghost with its live draining art.
While in the same time providence,
and its fragile motion of miracle, creates relevant.
Elements of fire need a container,
for all souls on earth as operator.
Natural equilibrium as promised,
with gratitude observed.
The stigmatic pain and its takes,
to keep the divine balance secured.
The cry of birth echoes through the galaxies,
turning the hour glass once more to exist.
The palate of pain has much texture,
for the individual dna, to get the right fixture.
The search for love is another painful lure,
while the divine order, provides every thing to adore.
Behind time existence and no more pain,
are the worlds of the souls and its light to gain.

Robert Rittel

Phoenix Rising

One can see the emptiness of ages in her eyes,
riding the beast of burden without disguise.
Dead to rapture and despair by daily routine,
taken another drag of smoke to be genuine.
Exchanging grieves for hopes by calling it insane,
which blew the breath out of light, in the brain.
This is not the freewill by purpose intended,
the dreams not taken through, but only surrendered.
The trace of courage towards the light of heavens existence,
to feel the passion of eternity without resistance.
It is no good to blame the world's blind greed,
filling oneself with envious poisoning seeds.
Slaving to the wheel of labour to become plundered,
disinherited by creditors promises ever wondered.
Giving away responsibilities to titled monstrous sweet talker,
to the point your soul-quenched body needs a walker.
Touch the upward light build in the everlasting dream,
and brake for once and for all the crimson seal.
It is not you in the prison; your soul knows no guilt,
it is the judge and the warden, who must keep this place filled.
Take a bath in the spirit of the divine flame,
and observe the circumstance place themselves to the same.
Thousands of saints will speak in one great voice,
knowing the fearless soul has to rejoice.
As long the mind is plagued by fears,
the doors of hell are open with echoes of cheers.

Robert Rittel

Pilloow Talk

I want to hold our intimate knowing, in my heart,
making every moment the melody to its own art.
That love which blesses the day and all, giving meaning,
rejoicing that dance of similar sensation in timing.
To the pulse of infinity in affection by never ending same,
those are already the images in your name.
The echo of this joy will be the smothering light by night,
making sense to indulge in natures gifted right.
Sweet fragrances with salty flavor's on velvet skin to adore,
words are meaningless in that reach for the ultimate more.
The intimate truth in long lasting memory confessed,
is the gestalt stimulus of the soul, feeling blessed.
Synchronicity speaking in play of light and shade,
spheres in soft shivers weaving a frantic parade.
Your smile speaks the language of crowned joy in time,
kisses at the shore of promising everlasting prime.
A shroud in glad hues of exhausted sensations manifold,
infused Adrenalin pouncing my heart so bold.
In this presence of allure in amorous feel and all besides,
I need to hold you for all shared dreams, tonight.

Robert Rittel

Poetic Therapy

As we are all part of the same verse,
languages to belong by diverse.
When the pen is mightier than the sword,
rhymed words are the crown of all commerce.
Legislation and constitutions in applicable intellect,
loving words by peacemakers detect.
Therapeutic words are the guru's mother tongue,
liberating the spirits to where they belong.
Admired by masters of philosophy in dept,
liberating the cosmic mental effect.
Love letters become the innocent testament,
marriage contract sealing the happy ever after trend.
Societies in refined approach spoke in rhyme,
mental attitude with a thought through to define.
Mechanic quick thinking is the wheel in wheel respective,
giving no room for pliable introspective.
Selected words of grace as guided meditation,
open the vaults of poor collected separation.
Books of poesy towards the child's education,
replaced by syllabus sheets towards nullification.
The human mind without words has no image,
the system in disguise establishing the damage.
While rhymes in poetic sense by the day,
keeps all confusion at bay.

Robert Rittel

Prana

Cloudy blue stretches itself with grey yellow beams
the faint moon in observation as it seems
salty fragrance by captured firmament
ocean of Prana in living breath of decadent
realms of light by conscious vision
timeless dreams condition
keeper of wishing surreal
affirmation towards joyous appeal
scoping from the holy nectar in advance
penetrating the subtle immune by dance
unchangeable seasons in eternal bound
testament of loving virtue found
significant in identification
precious model of relation
existence all beyond
invisible correspond
frequencies in tune
entities of soul in body to prune
particles of the divine all
personality so small
chained by fears of needs
accumulations of poor deeds
dharma prana karma
happenstance by reasons drama
melodies by heart solution
celestial light conclusion
blessings of evolution

Robert Rittel

Prometheus

The legendary story is still alive as stupendous force,
the fire of the Gods the caring metaphor as source.
The warmth of concern on which strength depends,
forsaken in these days by commercial happy ever after ends.
The genesis of convenience in your hand,
modern Gods as enterprise in brand.
Which to and fro is the mate of blessings?
for everybody's little confession.
The notion of intellect in a symbiotic machine effect,
for the suspended suffering by the holy media elect.
Infinite attention to the ruler of the brand and applause,
to the saviors and admiration in this laborious cause.
The business world as clustering sphere,
the glorious light, the soothing promise daymare.
The multitudinous precious abyss,
every child's escape and bliss.
Galaxies of worlds of virtuous desire,
everybody is the demi God to steal the fire.
Synthetic solution by wifi conclusion,
signals wisdoms evolution.
The visions of the poet is in his dream,
filling sunlight rich clouds of inspiration as stream.
The echo of delegated wisdom as rapture,
so fair, so melodic in rhyme for the mind to capture.
The magical image by compassion spoken,
words within spheres of love reawaken.
The fire of the loving spirit always touches grateful tears,
rescuing the mind from exalted fears.

Robert Rittel

Providence

For some, ignorance is their strength,
taken false providence to all its length.
To know and not to know, conscious of complete truth
while telling carefully constructed lies to sooth.
Is that the revelation we want to hear,
while overwhelming motions are the tragic to bear.
To the point when one falls into the embarrassing abyss,
realizing that misplaced energies created the false bliss.
The hope that maturity runs through the valley of the shadows,
the freewill seems to polish here its pretenses hallows.
A circle of indemnity as the experience is priceless,
divine providence by its kindness.
Providence is the wise meeting of synchronicity,
seeing the moment of impact as theory of relativity.
Then every setback conceals a vocation,
turning every necessity to preparation.
The rainbow message all along,
colorful gravity what makes you belong
Symphonies of truth as guide for sure,
no need for the embarrassing detour.
The eternal good always open to options to see,
when merciful providence watches over all you to be.

Robert Rittel

Reasoning The Dust Of Time

Time to understand and learn
by changes that not return.
Applicable and unforeseen
remembrance of what have been.
Giving the selfish shadow a rest
and nourish an ethical best.
The force of life the gift to care,
replace that machine what keeps you stare.
Time to return to a sacred glance,
taking the leading role in the living dance.
Enrich those smiles as long as you can,
with tears of joy where it all began.
The waters of integrity carry every reach
while the waves offalse hope dissolve at the beach.
Time and all one can give so silently,
living stardustby the future to see.
Then by natures law in splendor swore,
this sacred dust carries on and nothing more.
When in doubt in all that gaze,
to remember a rainbow in that haze.
The individual light is the myriad of a struggled world,
where the great soul knows to dwell impearled.

Robert Rittel

Reflections Of The Mind

Reflections of the mind
are for the poet the legislation
of words in rhyme and images of kind
those echoes of memories and thought
crawl in to my life like a flood
I feel they are like sparkles of night light shine on me
playing with my imagination the music from some angel maybe
wondering if those words are the echoing of other thinkers
in other time and sphere
and I am just another reflection of the beauty already there
wishes singing the hymns in pensive dreams
reasons for eternity from great thinker as seeds
for other times and reflection, it seems
soothing love existence soul in secret pleasure
making all obscurities a simple treasure
the sound of the written rainbow shower
become the clarity of beauty in graceful power
those lights of creative pondering are the fountains
adoration of the rising morning over the mountains
the freshness in clear force and joyance,
not taken the path for any annoyance
in this mortal dream all rational reasons must deem,
that quantum thoughts provides the sense of purpose
the rainbow message is the poetic service

Robert Rittel

Rumors

Rumors

In the celestial coffee shop at Beetle juice street
where the usual crowd of chatty spirits meet
those fallen one's at they latest rumors
while others flattering with giggle humors
oh firmament of caffeine and all other ine
every bodies foamy concubine
they said I will be coming around
sometime poetic sometimes loud
pushing buttons where are non
better take some sweet muffins for the run
chasing more hilarious firmaments that shine
then not everything needs to rhyme
but days will come and memories slap your face
let me hold you there by your tempting little lace
every rumor has its element of fact
the endorphin riddled body is not intact
o delicious soul senses
temptress of my dependence
bitter smell of roasting beans and chocolate
universe of mental apparatus
do not led to temptation
hope I have in reservation

Robert Rittel

Rumors To One Self

In the celestial coffee shop at Beetle juice street
where the usual crowd of chatty spirits meet
those fallen one's at they latest rumors
while others flattering with giggle humors
oh firmament of caffeine and all other ine
every bodies foamy concubine
they said I will be coming around
sometime poetic sometimes loud
pushing buttons where are non
better take some sweet muffins for the run
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Robert Rittel

Sense Of Eternity

Sense of eternity

The eternal now considered as sphere,
which ever was, is and will be there.
The infinite here as boundless spectrum everywhere.
Within that all, the living personal in the immortal impersonal,
which is the same and indifferent we call.
Seen by living spirits observed in sublime,
in millennium seasons of all time.
Concentrated in that deep,
the mysterious and illumined sleep.
The body as transition with the spirit seeing,
the individual primordial mode of being.
As infinite nature does contemplates,
the mirror as the temporal fates.
The purpose in maturity as a living soul,
for the universal sum of all to grow.
With the particles of the past in time to come,
mentioned already before, revealing it like a scroll.
The divine spirit remembering the eternal,
the primeval bride is universal.
The perfect balance of unity as bond we seek,
exists which we cannot ever, ever break.
A bond from there is no freeing,
since it is a portion of the almighty being.

Robert Rittel

Shades Of Contemplation

Some lights in the light have enlighten visibility,
like a fallen star seeming incredible.
The fly by of a wishing well,
so much about yourself it can tell.
The constant maternity towards the ultimate light,
is the absolute vulnerability to the ability of all might.
The light that throws no more shade,
like the rainbow seeming there and fades.
Impressions of memories that holds the maturity,
shades of light towards the self sanctuary.
Asking for absolution with your hand in the cookie jar,
kills the little light what brought you so far.
Pouring in the sacred still admiration,
celestial potential need the human soul for administration.
Reflections by wisdom and gratitude,
in the now of eternal symmetry in solitude.
Some lights still shinning long after decay,
observing them by today.
Those lights with its echo in mind,
are the shinning leisure of its kind.
Joyful stardust attending its course,
creating the dreamers journey to the source.
Shades of light are the hand of negation,
distinguished to our habitation.
The light in us we need to follow,
shadows of the ego to overcome, that it takes to allow.

Robert Rittel

Shades Of Day

The milk from the nurtured shape of moon,
early hours of pure circuit dew of loom.
Fractions of grey yellow forcing the firmament,
a spiritual sanctuary in its element.
The light of kind and compassion for all,
rays of twilight in misty rich foliage gentle fall.
Chill dark streams turning into soft blue therein,
confusedly in half a dream where have I been.
Rising eternity by lights wisdom love bring forth,
stretching landscapes seeking warm thirsty north.
Morning light showered my face,
sensing blessings in that luminous place.
Trailing clouds and song of birds become,
fresh faith in the miracle of a sanctuary and our home.
Celestial display in perpetual benediction as praise,
beholds the light of the maker as joy in the delight of maize.
Stillness is nature's priest,
stretching beams of holiness from the east.
In this precious vision of given splendid,
it only seems to be this way attended.
Behold the moment in this rising bliss,
mother earth provides eternal pleasure with a gentle kiss.
Fragments from the dream maker to the dreamers of human life,
dialogues and testament of love in strife.
As if this whole living awareness vocation,
are endless loving imitation.

Robert Rittel

Sketches Of A Dream

Stretching deformation of clouds by audacious desire,
firmaments of illusion to admire.
Rational texture of scientific declaration,
reflections in mirrored capacity for the nation.
The mighty ego and its desperation to exist,
relativities adapt to the chill of the morning mist.
Rising light of ambition,
the promised exchange towards others submission.
From the tower of ecstasy, that fragile height,
power of the merciless and all proud of might.
Winds of false hope the incomparable element,
hailing the imperfect pursuit in all contempt.
When air is not free and water does not flow,
the disembodied soul goes, for she does not know.
The illusions of the wicked to create permanent existence,
not realizing that perfection has no resistance.
Drawing emanation from the skies,
dreams in symmetry's by the awoken eyes.

Robert Rittel

Sphere Of Bliss

The mental garden adored by the self of soul to see,
by wisdom withered like the lingering tree.
Dew full silent shimmering green,
night's moisture bathing air in naked keen.
Lipping flowers in sweet seduction,
glooming in shy perfection.
Fragrances speak the appetite for life,
when time reveals character by its light of strive.
Rapture by the bliss of being part,
celestial conduct shines in that whispering art.
Loving beauty is worship at will,
wisdoms mirror reflect that firmament of still.
The living sound beyond times of death,
faith belongs to that sphere of all beneath.

Robert Rittel

Substance

Particular matter in uniformed presence,
or tangible mutual existence.
Substance of possible negotiation,
tipping point in all relation.
Searching for what is the key,
not for what one thinks should be.
The matter of evidence that we evolve,
as life evolves and dissolve.
The impossible to be conscious,
of being unconscious.
Duality of energies moving in balance,
the celestial attribute of affluence.
The virtue of death as great equalizer,
consuming all righteous desire as compromiser.
Cognitive dissonance the multiverse inside
the truth at times one cannot hide.
Obvious what has not been seen,
until the experience expresses the truth very lean.
Fearful substance starts only disappearing,
when the truth makes simplicity as genius appearing.
The spiritual self receives the hearing,
is the same that receives all life as clearing.
All perspectives are unique,
perceptions and its emotional leak.
The present need to be the goal as it exists,
choices that awareness cannot resists.
Truth as substance unite us all,
clarity like transparent natures law.

Robert Rittel

Surfing The Ocean Of Still

The waves of stillness
are the motions of my ride,
the ocean of my beloved unconditional sight.
Your gentle kisses are so dear to me,
in that kindred forgiving withdraw to see.
No part has any favor in that eternal now,
in this unfathomable world I slowly grow.
Where shadows reveal the light of depth,
karmic mysteries which have no death.
Where the lesser matter turn to gold,
and the alchemist stillness is not growing old.
The source of innocent love are the unveiled sanctuary,
in that suspended solitary actuary.
That untimely serenely tomb in poetic reverence,
with its indulgent charming consequence.
Voices of living masters from the sacred past,
fountains of the philosophical vast.
For many that dark is a waste of wilderness,
while the matured soul names it the rising of Icarus.
The fires of crystal columns in the holy palace,
Pearls of contemporary spirituality in advance.
I am alive because of these celestial waves,
and millions of preceptors too, by it takes.
The truth without form is the teacher shown,
for reasons the master walks alone.
The candle does not illuminate itself in this avenue,
and for the shadow was nothing more to do.
Riding the ocean of still is the virtue of all conclusion,
by the controlled breath, taking giant waves in evolution.

Robert Rittel

Symbiotic Language

Will you convey my message of love to the bright moon,
or is that feeling of straight and true to soon.
The time of your smiling eye affection,
recreating the story of my souls desires in attention.
Touches in synchronicity of rhymes, harmonies and eloquence,
the sacred will to unfold all concealed virtues as consequence.
O beautiful night play with your twinkled enchantment so dear,
knowing that you can see yourself through my eyes and you are not near.
Celestial ocean, extended all dark matter and palace floor,
home of all embraced spirits and intuitive white silver door.
Multiverse of choices, your gentle kisses are my firmament,
awaken my poetic lullaby in that distant flower lake temperament.
The dreamer recognition where your sensuous body is surrounded,
where the ebb and tide of light triggers vivid fragrances by memory haunted.
Words and phrases from stillness appear, symbiotic language by admiration,
many lives in many characters all in one dreaming salutation.

Robert Rittel

Talking To Heaven

Eternal incarnation of the unborn supreme self,
speaking all languages and observe in divine behalf.
The cosmic expression and ultimate creativity is maintained,
by luminous frequencies for the soul gained.
To grant the evolution of spiritual growth for all creatures,
in every life by discern of love captures.
Divine aspects of planetary energies in revelation,
for the children of the cosmos as education.
All creations of karmic /dharmic forces coming and going forth,
refining to the unconditional sphere maintained in that worth.
The rays of planetary light are able to move as far into the divine,
for the soul to become the saint and can from the physical body resign.
The conscious universe is working behind the great force,
providing the necessary circumstance by birth of course.
By nature's law of which the stars and planets are the central conduits,
transmission devices which work through bodily fluids.
Images by dreams and clairvoyance to communicate,
keeping feelings and inherited moods up to date.
Those different divinities are facets of the cosmic clock,
giving the superficial mind the idea of a rotating gigantic rock.
Planetary deities reveal themselves by character of energy,
recognized by the years of synergy.
Seers in mature souls have direct visions of light auras as such,
able to give vital information to the individual and establish clarity very much.
As God displays the rainbow as message he send,
the image of light reflections as communication he ment.

Robert Rittel

The Astrologer

Once upon a time a room came available at my residence,
an Astrologer was interested to share the coexistence.
Some exciting times revealed themselves very soon,
as attractions creating space and time to bloom.
Mental conspiracies became scientific theory,
and wondrous past happenstance are no more eerie.
Spiritual conception created awareness perception,
liberating purpose dreams with celestial breathing.
Time came by and the cosmic fellow pursuit his own challenge,
leaving the door open for my own mental pilgrimage.
Decisions changing the landscape of providence,
providing all necessities with pursuit in confidence.
As I met the old man who used to own a esoteric book fare,
giving me the lot for a amazing bargain, so dare.
Those books became my mental reference,
changing all so far known desired preference.
My observation changed very radical,
making interpretation to nourish very practical.
Not only to look at life's conclusion,
but making it a living solution.
For many years now I observing the daily light of change,
and I am glad that the laws of nature, let me engage.

Robert Rittel

The Ballerina

As student I worked at a theater which was a majestic hall,
cleaning between the seats and all.
Wednesday was very special, then a petit dancer practicing her routine,
graceful pirouettes, tip toes, arabesque and grand jete amandine.
Adagio composed with every note and allonge,
silky glittering ribbons in curly cones and flowers by a second.
Boundless gestalt laced in expression of belle epoch, I guess,
flowing in mirror reflected subtlety makes sense in that dress.
Seamless gliding through the air like feathers do,
passionate expressions conspire to and fro.
Attraction in creative love affair tell the dancing story as it can,
sitting in the back row in blue overall with broom and dustpan.
Bonded in this place with love at first sight amazed awe,
many wondering questions become the mind in circling draw.
My imagination was drawing us in this time forever,
wanting to give her my aspiration in all dept by desire.
Then I heard my supervisor shouting very clear,
that we all have to do a job here.
Thank you little ballerina to give me a secret dream,
and painting your companionship in my solitude so keen.

Robert Rittel

The Blind Princess

In a country known by its riches and beautiful nature,
its people and a King who maintained a traditional culture.
The royal leader was very devoted to his people and family,
helping everybody wherever he could was his mentality.
He had only one daughter of explicable beauty, charm and elegance,
unfortunately she was blind by birth, creating circumstances by relevant.
Great scholars made her very wise and profound in that talent,
able to use her introverted visions and abilities very equivalent.
As time speaks for it self and her womanhood felt in motion,
the princess wanted a husband of loving devotion.
The king called for a suitable groom throughout all the lands,
establishing and providing the right suitor many grants.
Many came with great influence, riches and attitude,
they could not comprehend with her intellect and left confused.
The king needed to question his daughter,
what is she seeking in a man to make her life brighter.
He has to be philosophical and true to his meaning,
God fearing and give me an image of a soul loving being.
Her words by all servants and teachers by hope agreed,
the king had no choice but to concede.
By chance, a son of a Sufi storyteller came by, to entertain,
he had folk stories with great heritage, to refrain.
He said that 'providence' is his neighborhood,
and too often he felt, that he is misunderstood.
The Princess inner visions so enlighten felt enchanted,
giving the young man more storytelling visits granted.
Over time their affection grow for each other to care,
sincere, fragile and beautiful to bond this by a fare.
In time to consume each others love by desire,
and make each other vulnerable with this fire.
Thinking through that intelligent love they have,
not wanting to lose that deep treasure to evolve.
They became great friends without loosing that sight,
by giving each other the freedom which loves need to be bright.
The king wondering and confused,
but happy to see them with each other so amused.

Robert Rittel

The Body Of Senses

Body of senses

Motion faint and tender rise, sinking in endless desire,
the glow in sensuous attraction by gentle kindled fire.
Wandering aimless towards the longing bliss by imaginative mind,
the dunes of the sensuous body speaks the language refined.
Memories in time are lost of reasons and moral ideal,
galaxies of fallen stars are the wishing phenomenal.
The mirage of tempted longing turns to nature's law courage,
when forbidden fruits reveal the tempting entourage.
Shifting the worlds in perception with a tender hand,
clinging whispering kisses become the magic wand.
Afflicting molding precious synchronicity so bare,
souls in intimate trust in this sanctuary being all fair.
Reawaken that divine force of life by celestial motions,
until its presents is felt in the vortex of sensation.
The climax of beauty within is the art of natural chemistry,
the invisible golden tread of love takes refuge in moments to be free.

Robert Rittel

The Clock Of Eternity

Lights from stars and galaxies keep on turning,
memories by spirit fire of time in that we burning.
Time streams through the realms of wonder,
flashes of moments faded away, come with a thunder.
Celestial river of time with faultless rhythm,
ocean of eons in years sublime precision.
Shores of Moons in ebb and flow,
many life's without consent come and go.
Today is already tomorrow on the other side,
sensing the blood of time running in veins as ride.
Winding back the clock by killing time,
as it makes injured fools of us again.
Life is but a varsity of eternity,
learning that those who force time,
are pushed back in that same.
Those who allow yielding to time,
corrected judgment in prime.
Master of time by perception spiral,
the center dot as conscience bible.
The being of all ages with infinite between shores,
time of healing are the reasoning doors.
The councilor of time is wise,
considering that we are only guests
in this almighty device.

Robert Rittel

The Conference

Another meeting for the important elected procedure,
attainment and its necessity for the believer.
Those trivial suggestions by all means to please,
to the sympathy of the dutiful ear, like the chill of a morning breeze.
Controlling manipulation changing direction,
arty serenade with confusing conception.
Smitten confessions as tangible bribe,
like tinkles of repeated mono chords that have something to hide.
Cannot change the fallible structure regardless its loss,
the hammered maze charmingly with strokes of fate to toss.
So many 'ifs' that must do thunder,
sparking the ideal of burden to take under.
Questioning liberation with more questions chiming the gasp and moan,
while superior compassion providing the free buffet as tone.
The imprisoned alternative cries in many hearts,
the orator voice still conducting his inspiring sacrificing arts.
Those marches of the all experienced brave,
the nerving monotone at the edge, by the martyrs cave.
The caffeinated beverage becomes the inner hug with little release,
leaving conceptions so pale in forethought to please.
Countless compartments of wasted attentions looking for the door,
when the same same mounts to the erected surprise on this floor.
The hypocritical day with dreams to sell,
while the conscious metaphor rings another bell.
Are those wisdom pearls from life's ocean the crown?
or is the slave of the never meeting ends holding down.
O convenient comfort and loss of love thereby as melody,
the ends of being and ideal grace the ultimate remedy.
The living game of chess, where figures cannot be at same place,
the protection of the king are the square schemes of the trace.

Robert Rittel

The Dance Of Destiny

The individual universe in each persona,
changes by the hour in changing spectrum of the sun's corona.
The constant different light by day and night through the year,
many different dresses for destiny and her dance to wear.
Images and recorded drama from distant lights,
every rationality and senses one might fight.
The quest of soul and subtle mentality to be free,
pointing to the possibility in advance to be.
The silent rhythm of consequence from long ago,
holding the beatitude in its dimension to and fro.
The exhausting pattern established by convenient same,
playing the recognised melody in this applicable frame.
The phantom of destiny in fear based dreams,
images of impossibilities everywhere it seems.
Ghostly attachments for sure fulfilled,
impossible contentment by questions milled.
The leading lady of desires in pulse of gestalt,
transitions of learning the subtle self by occult.
The denial here in painful incidence,
the trapped mind in tragic body residence.
Dance the waltz of slow evolution,
until the dept of purpose sets the timing of conclusion.
The freedom of movement in body bound,
all celestial lights have them, where they need to be found.
Destiny likes her facts and symphony in play,
giving the option by truth and sincerity without delay.

Robert Rittel

The Dream Walker

The moon sliver glittered close to Venus in this magic night,
prison's the senses by many echoes to outcome right.
The stars that turn to faith in hopeless fold,
all endurance of bliss so bold.
Those glowing particles in this garden alley,
dreams for another promising day towards that valley.
In this steep galactic stream,
so many stairs slope in a tenacious upward beam.
Faint shoots of light by purest fire,
intimacy with the ultimate divine desire.
Touching worlds in their mighty spheres,
promised home for endless years.
To this ocean I spread my wings and fly,
where those island of preserved dreams lie.
Those broad fields of twinkled wishes bounties bring,
and eternal visions dwell.
Souls in more mingled hue,
drenches in thousand sunlight dew.
By the concern of the waxing moon,
sowing seeds of thoughts for imagination bloom.
In deep trust from that living journey of me,
visions towards the spectacle of firmament,
that love's virtue alone is free.

Robert Rittel

The Dress

In an imaginary world where believe is everything,
there existed a dress of a magic perception,
for any occasion or who you meet it changes to its occasion.
Like the individual feeling you sense in that circumstance,
giving the eye of the beholder a dress of perceptive romance.
The dress always in perfect fit and accessories included,
the soul knows that she is perfect and the dress has to reveal it.
But as the soul matures only by experience,
the dress struggles with making perfect decisions.
The compromised dress in the wrong place,
and with whom not at the right time in sensitive space.
Tensions touching the weakest button,
the swilling chest of motions gets the boat rocking.
The top button jumps into the reflected image,
splitte personality without knowledge.
One cannot blame others, they acting like a mirror,
making the perfected image more queerer.
Every smile you get is usually a compliment,
creating reflections in multitude consent.
Every soul in its multiple reflection dress,
many mirror souls making beauty timeless.

Robert Rittel

The Edge Of Conclusion

The big bang theory is overwritten,
then the dream weaver gave us illusion to be smitten.
Rational thoughts in metaphysics science concludes,
mathematical proof with its astonishing effect interludes.
Thesis of melting mozzarella galaxies become a degree,
omnivarcities playing relativities monopoly.
The nerd's comic book philosophies have endless pages,
societies applause and rewards with scientific titled wages.
When nucleus and electrons play imaginary ping pong,
it takes a wizard to know what is wrong.
Then the law of Pythagoras states that half eggs do not roll,
as gravity and centrifugal objectives have its toll.
All inferior struggle combined have its expressions,
taken brother Grimm's stories to new invention as obsession.
Non existent ego's are in desperate need to proof,
that black holes are the center of the macaroni far above.
While the Andromeda bubble just popped by an idea,
new planets are on its way take away all fear.
Enthusiasm and exiting possibilities to face,
relatives like tiny earth in cosmic space.
Gods grace and sensitive great humor parody,
in the eternal divine comedy.

Robert Rittel

The Enemy Within

Holy habits expansion of desires,
commercial attributes by mental wires.
Manipulated senses to be passive,
ghosts of egos worship becoming flaccid.
The tongue of flame speaking the truth,
defending the wind of dejected blues.
Domains in denied mysteries,
lost by democratic dynasties.
The secrets and its depth,
attachments with every breath.
Purpose stolen fulfillment,
expressions in theatrical figment.
Humiliated conscience dims,
the radiance of countenance whims.
Realized deeds upon one self effect,
emerges new outlook opens true respect.
The seekers truth is not another,
individual fuel for virtue's fire.
Subtlety is the art of intelligence,
echoes of own natures reference.
The mental prison as the enemy,
raised or cast spirits by action agree.
Every soul has its own way to be,
or one must borrow others eyes to see.
Only refined manner with sincerity,
create a living art of dignity.

Robert Rittel

The Flower Of Life

Satin purple, sunny yellow, blood red sane,
sky bright blue, overflowing moonlight stain.
Sensuous dew drenched foliage,
geometric fields of repeating dosage.
Harmony and proportion in perfect form,
sacred pattern of space and time as norm.
Universal law of interconnectedness,
visual and scented life beings reflect ness.
Secret symbols far back to Osiris,
healing frequencies applied with Jairus.
Serenely lingering like bath of peddle flow,
quivering tangerine pursed lips in blow.
Coordinated death blades in slide curled,
tapestry fountain exited amorous world.
Answers in vortex of our senses paralyze,
moments in gaze towards paradise.

Robert Rittel

The Game Of Subtleties

When taken past experience to future consequence,
one has very little or even nothing as reference.
Experiences from the past and its present handicap,
the same same and its changed attribute gab.
That where the times as one speaks,
giving gratitude to some obituaries squeaks.
What ever one thinks and hoping will be,
life reason regards no conventionality.
The truth is not acquired but discovered,
heart to heart and soul to soul smothered.
Thoughts and feelings in opposite direction,
devotion without wisdom is a salty water detection.
Greed brings success to the wicked,
virtue wins victory to righteous spirit gracefully fitted.
Faults and merits both serve as stepping stones,
to consume in self denial and moving towards divine thrones.
The pessimist follows the optimistic initiative,
while faith reaches beyond all human acquisitive.
Plurality is the beginning of life's formation
it is in consciousness of unity all life's culmination.
Ethics and morality are the scent of the individuality,
as the shade to the light and zero to the figure constantly.
As beauty finishes in simplicity,
with no power but as possessor of it definitely.
Only by rising above all facts we touch reality,
inward realization is the necessity.

Robert Rittel

The Generous Spirit

The daily task of life sustained by care,
the generous spirit by endeavors in dare.
The eager force that creates the path so bright,
taken the courage to the darkest invisible light.
That natural instinct of righteous concern,
with the wisdom that can perform and is diligent to learn.
Those attractions to companies in pain,
creating hope where only illusion had its stain.
Facing those who exercise the power of legislation,
showing them the moral mirror of their temptation.
Outwits the court by simple examples and their good receives,
taken stand for those who misperceives.
All is peaceable at moments in occasion rise,
which has nothing to do with sacrifice.
Regarding the helpless more so pure,
never wondering how much to endure.
Caring words and deeds of tenderness,
the law and reason of spirit depends.
Declaring the forces of evil so overrated,
when only fear is the dilemma understated.
Never taken the written laws as foundation test,
when he knows that beliefs are not the human best.
Taken virtue in quality of action to the rest.

Robert Rittel

The Ghost Of Psychology

The concern of harmony to the outer layers of the mind,
need to know the core to function by awakening kind.
Spiritual aspirations of the collective level of consciousness,
are far beyond the personal mind and ego numbness.
The surface impression are negating and re orientate any challenge,
making the mind to an emotional sponge.
The dirty waters of personal identity in need to release the toxic cause,
the temporary veil and broader truth by human introspective laws.
The psychiatrist as indulgent whore and drug dealer with a license,
creating the false ego of maleficent.
Blinded by immediate results and satisfaction,
tempting only the limitations of desires by gratification.
Not giving the real source enough attention introspective,
perspective personalities in circumstances respective.
The individual soul as part of cosmic consciousness,
prowess by the involution of karmic justice.
The psyche of the soul has no conditioned entity of memory,
preserved pure consciousness is the living energy.
The conditioned mind is a ping pong table in poor light,
where the personal traumas like to play the reaction of self in bright.
Not realizing the compromise and handicap of others ideal on behalf.
Responsible in grace transcended,
the eternal presence does not need to be defended.
The mental disorder is a disruption in connection with the soul,
where psychology puts you in a scientific pigeonhole.
Reflecting the lack of true intuitive perception,
the system does not want you to have a real connection.
While drugs and lousy therapy have a long termed domino effect,
the perfect condition for the 'state ', to the mindless mass infect.
The media in silent mind keeps on to reappear,
creating the perfect image of social appeal.
Mental categorizing is not a negation as such,
leaving true feelings in scientific boxes meaning not much.
The intellect can never give the perception of truth,
only the awareness in consciousness provides an essay of smooth.

Robert Rittel

The Gregorian Calendar Failure

In 1582, Pope Gregory dismissed 10 days for festival convenience,
and declared that every new day starts at midnight continuance.
To establish a mathematical 24 hour day reference,
and not a natural sunrise to sunrise preference.
A calendar from a corrupted murderer and oddities,
months are uneven for the year to fit the 12 Apostel novelties.
This creates the situation that each year,
dates fall on different days of the week very clear.
While the natural Moon has 28 days in a natural circumference,
13 month a year adding up to 364 days a year appearance.
The idea of an equal 24 hour's day is unnatural,
taking away the symbiotic light as essence eternal.
Societies of antiquity developed calendars by planetary alignment,
for the rituals of spiritual festivals and personal divine-ment.
For now and since long you will be charged by midnight for the bill,
licensed institution taking against the natural will.
The right of titled vampires of state to drain and create exposure,
taking you further to a closer.
Charging for the day what is not there yet,
taking credit from the roulette of dept.
The unnatural clock in charge of the faulty system for blinding,
comprehensive education making it an economic mind finding.
In the profound intention of time by wickedness of criminal creed,
weigh the grains of sand with natural blessings, and be not a part of that feed.

Robert Rittel

The Idealist

He walks right through the wall and bounces of the air,
the ideal is the greatest reality as compulsive fair.
Some minds nail the ideal to the cross for depart,
as the ideal once is dissolved from a love drunken heart.
Then those ideals will have wrinkle and aching pain,
when those star fetched orientations shine in vain.
The danger of fanatic idealism ends in self pity,
even when the intellect feels so witty.
The reality of the ideal a soap opera for sure,
experience out of this is the parody to endure.
Fixed ideals the narrow obelisk of will,
haunting graveyards at midnight still.
For some it's plenty to live by,
the idea and the love to lie.
Welcome divine ideal and destroyer of the world,
when greatness becomes emptiness unfurled.
The modern world ruled by ideals to find,
the tragedy of who is who lost in human kind.
The over stimulated fatalisms as art,
with no intolerance from the heart.
Millions of 'ifs' at the twilight dawn beach,
because nature has that magical promise reach.

Robert Rittel

The Invisible Fire

The promised hope disappointed,
excusing words in denial anointment.
The lover unanswered certainty,
rescued by solidarity.
The call en mass and its hysterity,
common ground fraternity.
The madness captured liberation,
powered manipulation indoctrination.
The new discovered sensation,
the will in determination.
The longing heat by blind admiration,
consequences in slow damnation.
The fanatic obscurity as separation,
freewill in captured isolation.
Corrupted sacred intention,
survivors by abstention.
The fired water of delusion,
retiring philosophies conclusion.
The broken heart inconspicuous,
the searching doctrine in cognisance.
Guided by light in quotes of wisdom,
recorded solution in precision.
Haloes consumed through purity,
Gods hands applied indefinably.
The visible lights for day and night,
fires from unity combined.
The eternal soul in evolution,
shooting stars in clear volition.

Robert Rittel

The Kiss

In this tranquil night of rising moon in bliss,
forging themselves to a longing kiss.
Unmasked, unsought unbetrayed passionate gaze so deep,
lifting subtle shadows from the soul waking sleep.
Weary hearts in destiny of pain,
sanctuary of memories to love again.
No one is so accured by fate,
or utterly desolate.
Responds by unseen wings,
touches quivering harmonies and musical strings.
Melodies whisper in this senouous song,
where have you been for so long.
The elevated heart in love so bold,
are the innovation in the unknown to behold.
Streching the edge of reality what to become,
beating the rhytem of the individual drum.
Claiming that subtle purpose in their right,
taking that spirit in the kiss to all its might.

Robert Rittel

The Manipulator

Some ghost in peoples mind need to control,
every aspect of circumstance to enroll.
The raging spirit in constant demand to chase illusion,
with sweet words, drama and phony conclusion.
The fear of not being in charge by all means,
destroys all good attention in short coming's not seen.
Hidden fragile uncertainties covered by shallow believe,
creating painful structures with no relief.
Destinies beatitude pointed towards all direction,
chained to the source of this infection.
The perjures towards the illusion of freedom,
is the constant rising of another millennium.
The catastrophic ripple effect towards the relative,
by poor judgments sensed has competitive.
Megalomania is the belief of power abilities regardless,
shallow emotional intellect performed by ruthless charges.
Powerful and admirable pictures are usually the point,
questioning others towards responsibilities being a 'disappoint'.
The dragon of false illusion has many heads,
taken others credit and values as alphabet.
Mystic pseudonyms is the fire in the oxygen,
riding the beast of burden to the melancholic dungeon.

Robert Rittel

The Manor House

By invitation from a trusted friend,
a medium intervention took place and I went.
The building set in the thick forest by a shimmering lake,
some broken sheds looking sad and strange to take.
Weeded and worn the manor house thatch,
a frail welcome and the oil lamp in my face, opens the latch.
Guided into a stony room, a roaring fire giving light to others,
all wearing coats to darkness trance of matter.
Musky sandalwood and smoke heavy on the eye,
cold winds slapping windows nearby.
Tattered curtains reveal a stone cast from the wall,
a female priestess turns into a fragile light, while some stones just fall.
The purple silver dress enriching her timeless gestation,
taken center stage and a bow of appreciation.
'Weary dreary, the lot of You',
the soft velvet voice seeking attention, of what to do.
'I roaming with a hungry heart,
and I invite you to my noble sphere'
'And all I see are empty cloaks everywhere'.
You charlatans and prosperous healer,
you happy clapper and commercial dealer.
'When will you lot start to provide genuine visions,
which are not based on commissions'.
'This labor by slow prudence not to fail,
needs the wind of compassion to sail.'
'Some work of noble note is still to be done',
Deep moans round with many voices,
some shriek from there own detected choices.
'We need to be one equal temper with heroic hearts,
to strive, to seek, to find the virtue of healing art'.
The doctrine is simple, ancient and true,
Life's trial that you only love what is worth your love,
has little consequence by the miracle above.
The fire crashes to a flicker and darkness takes the hand,
The faint voice of the priestess so clear, 'Wake and understand';
Feeling lost in the solemn and strange,
wondering about the elements it takes to change.

The Mask

The lying mask in perpetual pretense,
with many more layers of painted reference.
The mask that everybody loves as genuine in a blast,
and the dreadful breath from the face of the foe as he passed.
The eyes of the manipulator with laughter so chill,
with hearts which grow by creed so still.
The great gesture so loud in all this pride,
claiming all the hypocrisy ever so wide.
From within the subtle shadow of the weak,
the more attention they need to seek.
The domes of pleasure are the lays of the beast,
taking the romantic charm with every feast.
The mask wailing for the demon lover,
then every attraction needs a cover.
A savage place, holy and enchanted,
moral justified brothels where dancers get slanted.
Consequences by mingled measure,
far beyond the secret treasure.
When the tumult of a poisoned life ocean,
and the hunger has to deal with no motion.
The fear of being mask less and actually free,
observed by children, where love motions 'are' to be.

Robert Rittel

The Masters Of Fiction

Creating avatars in political and law reality,
contracts and controlling stability.
Modus vivendi where the money flows,
oceans of spirit fears in tows.
Irresponsible silence of motions,
honored sheep's and their devotions.
Munchausen's syndrome via comic book,
kindly bulling with every look.
Home at causes, churches and cult,
never able to see the own insult.
Insisting on taking over and fixing things,
manipulated moments for the kings.
Being aloof with natures flawless bound,
no key for the self chain can be found.
Pride in the unfathomable meek,
pointing fingers to the seeming weak.
Motivation all about themselves,
to shine in opportunities like sparkling elf's.
Taking care of this the millionth time,
when the world needs them in that golden frame.
Justified by abusing others because of it,
stories of the leading role in every bit.
In control to the freakish point,
if not involved so bitter anoint.
The masters and puppeteers put them in charge,
then everybody loves a hero at large.

Robert Rittel

The Mirror Of Truth

Once upon a time in a perfect world therein,
exist a golden mirror showing only the truth divine.
Where remembrance in perfect light revealing
the simple fact,
the image of the love that sustains the living act.
A lady of noble consent got hold of this mirror
by happenstance,
not quite aware of its consequence.
Believing that the deeds over the many years,
gave liberation and solution, paid with joyful tears.
With her favorite dress and perfect hair in place,
she needed to see the facts, face to face.
But the golden mirror only wept in laughter,
and the lady did not understand thereafter.
She bought a new dress and added more rouge,
expecting the reflection to applaud in huge.
The image reflection showed nothing but the veil of soul,
not compromising by any faults in whole.
Her heart of the lady was burning now, by blind desire,
tearing of her dress in distress and denial.
Standing naked with the reflection in gold as such,
the veil of the self revealed its glowing touch.
The ancient metaphor of reflected light as gem of source,
is the spirit in constant birth with no doubt on its course.
Reflections in intimate salvation are the visions of truth,
spectrum in spheres of undeniable
eternal youth.

Robert Rittel

The Moment

The unpredictably moment when strange eyes do embrace,
and myriads of senses creating that unique place.
Giving texture to known subtle melodies in haze,
sensuous lights awaken memories amazed.
Synchronicity and prophesy in play of light and shade,
sphere in soft colour weaving a dream parade.
Your smile speaks the language of surprising joy in time,
exchanging rhymes by the shore of promising everlasting prime.
A shroud in glad hues of shivering sensations manifold,
infused adrenalin pouncing my heart so bold.
In this gentle ecstasy of promised vain,
my words are numb, that I need to see you again.
Everything is holding me back to be my sole self,
as you are framed in this still stream of grace parallels.
Is this a vision or a waking dream of my illusion,
as you walk towards me, more to my confusion.
Charmed magic seems to open in this seeming deja vu,
aching pleasure and haunting joy sensation in plain view.
In this presence of allure in amorous feel and all beside,
I wanted to hold you in all comfort of might.
You told me that you are tied in of marriage by law,
but dreamed of me and remembered, being in awe.
You reached for my hand and explained to discover,
that in previous live we have been lovers.
My empty mind so deluded like in a dream strangely taken,
still not knowing, if I am awoken.

Robert Rittel

The Moon Choir

Your sensuous light provides the ecstasy of gloom,
setting those pastures in peace in gentle bloom.
Landscapes in enchanted texture with halo edges,
visible silence stretching the shiny earthy padges.
The dark blue with sparkles of hope of gleams,
promises for the ultimate enlighten dreams.
Those lights of spirits the sanctuary in my eyes,
the cathedral of compassion solemnize.
The choirs echoes touching my spine as sense of therapy,
closing my eyes to complete this serenity.
The lavitation of the mental phantom moves illumined,
capturing the celestial conscious quantum perfectly refined.
The image of your sacred presence as memory vale,
the trust and faith which cannot fail.
Oh sweet voices of divine ascent,
giving the vault of souls the purpose bent.
As the hues of morning light changing the melody,
the birds in ecstasy extending the harmony.

Robert Rittel

The Mystic Prince

In a city, known for its pilgrimage and great antiquity,
there was a call for someone with integrity.

This metropolitan place is too much in control by criminal creeds,
while visitors struggle with impossible fees to stay and offering deeds.

A place which means a lot for spiritual liberation and speaking,
turned into a full of nothing, by self love and self seeking.

Rendering the false truth leading to the elected temple,
windows of perceptions turn into convenient antecedent.

Cathedrals and churches turn into museums,
coffee shops and cheap malls beating the drums.

The council of the city wants that we must go toward,
the prestige, its status and the financial reward.

A young man of talents with words and intuition,
speaks of timeless aspect, like the ocean mind condition.

Then one can change the aspect in time like waves,
by composing words that contain the sacred to embrace.

Traders, dealers and hoarders claiming in vain,
creating only poor effect on the ocean brain.

The salt of the sea in sustaining motion,
have the purpose of fresh water promotion.

The human soul by enduring task,
needs new inspiration to inquire and ask.

Give your people a free education by human right,
then those expensive universities are only good for the vain appetite.

The waters of knowledge are troubled by a stale ideal,
which has a unnatural providence as appeal.

The city council is not impressed by such thoughts,
dismissing the mystic prince with its amusing talks.

Robert Rittel

The Orphan

At a time a young mother and her secrets knew,
that a infant boy in her life where counted days in few.
A priest helped her to put the child into an orphanage he knew,
a Saint Franciscan home with facilities for boys to learn and grow.
The little boy and his energy got quick the nickname Rumpelstiltskin,
stumping the ground and crying the anger to bitter tears on chin.
The school had a soccer team and the ball became his workout,
given his young years the challenges to control about.
He became the captain of the team and learning was easy picking,
his shores in kitchen duty kept another talent clock ticking.
At the age of 15 they put him into a chef apprentice,
giving his energy level room for the heat ascendants.
He felt that the alchemy of food is the element of his magic,
still playing soccer to keep in touch with that static.
The years went by from kitchen to kitchen in many lands,
hoping to take that good of knowledge into own business hands.
The temperature for the natural nourisher in perfect sense,
created underlying purposes not quiet applicable hence.
The spirit fire raised its procedure to be of service on a different plane,
and provided projection of people and philosophies the same.
Years in seclusion of studies turned the frustration into meanings,
giving the spiritual fire the poetic nourishing leaning.
Today his cauldron provides those foods for thoughts,
where past lives tragedies become the clarity of deep talks.

Robert Rittel

The Planets

In tiny proportion and faint light we can those gigantic beauties see,
like in short unique measures of live in mystery to be.
Beholding beauty in the momentary of the mind,
opens the portal of eternity and awareness so wide.
Interminable presence of great souls in the celestial garden mingle,
this clear tune in praise of sacrament becomes the enlighten tingle.
Consume yourself in this ever lasting sacred fire,
for true righteousness will fuel your subtle desire.
The meaning of prophets and masters keeping the planets alight,
consequences of ancients souls transcended bright.
Those living spirits in their poetic sense and great name,
providing the door towards the ordered divine flame.
The sharp rings of Saturn's discipline in optimal position,
sets the opportunity to make the right decision.
Declaring the courage towards the desired state,
with every step in dignity of gait.
Far from the resort of truth in charm,
blessings from the invertible doors of harm.
The real spirit in pure light consent,
speaks for itself as all observing element.

Robert Rittel

The Poetry Gallery

Walking through the contemporary gallery of poems as theme,
where images are painted by the soul with words in a frame.
The calming thoughts like woven sound of streams,
the innermost sense in philosophical conduct it seems.
Pictures and images expressing those radical hues,
suspended emotion and feelings have the double base of blues.
Awareness and truth with a cosmopolitan illustration,
liberties with articulated hopes in divine presentation.
The Gallery has many rooms and halls with high ceiling,
making every painting of thought in great light revealing.
Confessions from the intimate act of rhyming inspiration,
sensing the purity of mental virtue by aspiration.
My heart in love by simple words and joyous state,
sensing at times the texture of many hymns of fate.
Quivering phrases with subtle expressions so bare,
loving touches by sensuous melodic lyrics so fare.
Time solved into distant valleys from where I stand,
spreading on empty scenes turning vacant.
The all embracing mysteries of human love intertwined,
taken the realms of dreams vividly contained.
The poetic soul in celestial consequence,
taken the magic hour of twilight as reference.
The firmament in burning spirit of faith,
giving imagination another world, which cannot wait.
Holding on to that wondering awe of that exhibition,
for other times by picture memories with refined condition.
The spirit through many lives and frames more attuned,
echoes from the multiverse of creative visions bloomed.

Robert Rittel

The Poverty Of Ngo's

Heroes and heroines need to save the world,
on a regular basic to keep the image bold.
They declare that poor people are stupid,
not having the capacity to help themselves included.
Having a barby doll degree in social signs and law,
they know all the better for all.
Famous people become the perfect jingle,
to create attention in dire need to mingle.
While everybody knows,
most money get swallowed by managing NGO's.
Truck loads of reject shoes for free,
killing the entrepreneurship of the shoemaker clear to see.
10.000 NGO's in poverty land,
providing change for the rich and brand.
Self elected wasters crown themselves with sympathy,
adding false stories to the conspiracy.
Volunteers of conscious working for free are needed,
reference on CV's in humanity proceeded.
While in the meantime the economic infrastructure bridles away,
the philanthropist in its new car is on its way.
Entertaining the poor with a noble proof,
to sustain the heart quenching spoof.
Oh, most mistaken guilt so profitable and sweet,
keeping the balance in the account of deed.
Holding down the poor economic contrive to bring,
while riches establish itself to a dull and idle thing.

Robert Rittel

The Sanctuary Of Blues

There is the story of the man with the guitar, out of tune and old,
desperate and poor he walked along at night counting stars quiet and bold.
The crossroad of choices in this bright moon presents it's self revealing,
a mysterious person in elegant suit and a golden smile appeared quite appealing.

He offered the poor man a deal for fame and riches all include,
just playing the blues to entertain the working folks with no interlude.
He wanted his soul in exchange to keep, when meeting on the crossroad again.
giving the man the touch of sound that interferes with the brain.

The man with the guitar agreed to the deal and heading south,
the mind full of simple melodies and rhymes coming from his smoky mouth.
Playing in drinking halls and brothels for a good dime,
not denying the pleasure coming in that frame of time.

The blues caught many talented fires, giving opportunities all its desire,
every muso added some individual touch, giving it soul to admire.
That music took on many forms, the dirty blues became the classic rock,
and millions of people created a generation following that flock.

The man with the guitar now in elegant suit, had to go to that crossroad again,
where the stranger from so long ago demanded his bargain.
"You can have my guitar and soul now with greatest pleasure,
then they have given a sanctuary for thousands for the beat beyond
measure".

The stranger with his smirk of smile, realized his captured failure,
when he thought he is the ultimate undertaker.
The man with the guitar knew that music is a divine intervention,
that proofs celestial and earth creature in co-extension.

Robert Rittel

The Shadow In Me

For all the shadows coming from strangest light,
I saw the image of myself in a vivid dream last night.
Reminded me for all the strangers I know,
and the stranger in myself in dear compromise by now.
What else is there in the virtue of the self to conspire,
the rabbit hole of all mysteries and silent wheel of fire.
The heart breaking nightingale that burns like a phoenix,
by the courage of curiosity, I needed to capture that matrix.
With the milk of amnesia and saint Pedro's cactus, I took flight,
fevering slowly into that paradise to claim my celestial right.
I wanted to spread my lame wings of salvation to soar high,
but could not move, realizing that I under a death oak tree lie.
Old branches with no life pierced into the brilliant night sky,
swirling slowly those tiny enchanted lights like a earth in fly.
Many luminous creatures gave signals to each others term,
seeming to attract each others glowing sensual charm.
In that turning charming carousel a little princess spoke to me,
"The rainbow has no shadow, would you not agree".
By the time I was awake and safe in my bed,
still a bit dizzy in my wondering head.
I came to realize that the shadow in my subtle mind,
is nothing more then another firmament giving light in gentle kind.

Robert Rittel

The 'to Be'dream

The space between is the silent river dream,
where the weariness of life has no capturing stream.
It is the hardest deed sowing oneself for seed,
by compassion the soul to soul will meet.
In all matter consumed by the ever lasting love of youth,
embracing the pure spirit in perpetual truth.
The dream in touch of soul,
is the endless story like an open scroll.
Clarity of perceptions is the subtle reflections,
all ideals become serener by so far with no direction.
The beauty for now believed is not forever,
it does not evolve, now and never.
A bargain for a sweet dream and some dire sleep,
the enchanted illusion is the lullaby still to keep.
Noble nature for all you are in gloomy days,
nothing is promised and personal in her ways.
Keeps us searching by hope in spite of all,
shapes and attractions changing the call.
Spirits of attachments by all might to keep,
grandeur of the self inflicted doom to reap.
All stories that exist, heard or read,
are another version of life and dead.
The 'to be' perception is the fountain of constant birth,
from the rising Sun at any moment emerged.

Robert Rittel

The Touching Scent

Tied memories and nostalgia in pictures,
the scent and its past influence scriptures.
Roasted potatoes and chicken at home,
fresh cut grass tossed and roam.
Channel no 5 and my english teacher,
many erotic dreams to reach her.
The paint in the hallway of my first apartment,
the smell of sex and its excitement.
Doors of scented memories as instant reward,
lavender fields and its getaway in accord.
Pleasant surprises gingerly on your neck,
still holding at times your hand on this trek.
Mysteries by odor in tangible and inexplicable at once,
billions of molecules by random chance.
The world from the nose of individuality,
everybody's attraction to the point of sincerity.
Constantly recorded memories emerged,
loved ones imparted scent diverged.
Template for resonance and reasons,
captured still after many seasons.
Scents repel and attract, pushing or pulling,
pheromones the language of animals willing.
Territories to ward the rivals in love,
smells that conjure by memory touch.
Securities in the pillow tainted longing,
breath deeply that certain belonging.
Inhaling wistful nostalgia as identity,
love notes by diverse natures serenity.

Robert Rittel

The Train In The Night Sky

The big lunic wheel is a part of the celestial train,
rolling delightful across the splendid night and the emotional brain.
The mind the paintbrush of the soul with hues of light and shade,
subtle motions in vain from long ago do not hesitate.
Images by words and phrases like sculptures are the ponderous train,
taken the edge of the light, where the shadow touches constrain.
Faces in serenity and people did hurt in moments to refrain.
While the canvas of pretence echoes from the youth,
some subtle slumber chained the illusion never revealed the truth.
Those fake smiles, promises and the disappointing tears,
the shadow images collected over the years.
Words of love never meaningful spoken,
little cheerful hearts then broken.
As memories in images still chasing,
the heartbeat in righteousness starts racing.
The purity of light wants to turn the music of facts,
clearing the attachments of fears to change the impact.
The Moon train in tender light takes you to that unique dwelling place,
the enlighten visions towards the station of divine grace.
While echoes from those far off thoughts creating tears gently rolls,
whispers and longing can see the destination of the kingdom of souls.

Robert Rittel

The Unknown Known

Life is a fair trade wherein all adjust itself in time,
for all one takes the price comes in currencies not known as dime.
The warden of the prison is in a worse position than the prisoner himself,
while the prisoners mind is free; the mind of the warden is in prison itself.
Happiness is found with deeds of compassion,
in misery are the ones who expect from others the ration.
What science cannot declare, art can suggest by imagination,
what poetry can speak aloud and fails to explain is frustration.
Those who appeal with intellect attract the human brain,
the one who penetrates the spirit is a prophet with a soul so sane.
The body of love creates plural reciprocities,
from the heart of love come beneficence;
but from the soul of love is born renunciation virtuosity.
The path of freedom leads to the goal of capacity,
while only the path of discipline creates liberty.
The fear of the unknown is the greatest,
fragments of feelings and not the souls natives.
The world as intricate dream has its divine complexity,
to be reawakened by many more kisses as destiny.
Annihilation and its traces go forward to receive,
the answer to every question is the belief.
The only thing that is made throughout life,
is one's own nature as subtle inheritance strive.
Echoes from many lives by season conscience,
truth that find itself in the loving heart performance.

Robert Rittel

The Valley Of Gods

Wind sculptured peaks mountain firmament,
sand polished rocks aged permanent.
Content of grace of many destinies,
blending shades and light sanctuaries.
Trivial visions forever to please,
scented freedom in the breeze.
Peremptory mystic clear,
sunlight beams and no fear.
Absurdity in no conduct,
smiting the chords that sucked.
Heartfelt thunder to convey,
body imprisoned portray.
Memories and voices of the orator,
wonderings at the abyss by the crater.
Lost marches by the brave,
prayers of might from the grave.
The holy coil recognized by rhythm,
eternal numbers all forgiven.
Shallow kisses with little meaning,
purpose driven preening.
Fainted lights to upper doors,
mount paradise and its floors.
Secrets of celestial treasures,
hymns in comprehending measures.
The cradle of all lights the same,
the spirit recognized its became.

Robert Rittel

The Walk Home

We are all walking each others home, not knowing
is a profound statement by a great teachers bestowing.
The projections of inherit reflections,
reveals itself in that individual social connection.
The golden love silk attraction,
the seeking of blind self in others abstraction.
The salvation in care of each others protection,
side by side in growth is the stimulus creation.
Mosaic of desired dreams as bucket list,
temptation to challenge each others through the mist.
Support on many levels committed,
letting go towards free fall permitted.
Sensing each others side beyond,
holding fast besides all in correspond.
Stretching limitation further as edge to conclusion,
testing sphere towards fragile solution.
The path seem dark and hopeless at times,
dreaming together kindles the vision in frames.
Doors open where none are and possibilities appear,
spectrum's of trust are the faith frontier.

Robert Rittel

The Water Of Faith

The critical tendency coming from the untruthful agitation of the mind,
while the disliking of our dislikes is the beginning to like all in kind.
Like the infant brings with it the air of the heaven and sensation in prime,
making feelings the force of life and death at the same time.
The devotion aroused gives all and ask for nothing,
so we can rise above facts and reality turn to healing touching.
Patients with endurance crowns goodness with beauty,
powerless, but the possessor of it, by duty.
What is rooted out in the quest of truth becomes ignorance,
then truth takes love in its own law as reference.
The seed of plurality begins life, while in the consciousness of unity,
it is life's culmination all in one eternity.
The laws of nature regard no conventionality,
making righteousness the natural outcome of right thinking the ability.
Let those virtues dissolve in the waters of purity,
making that doctrine the fuel for divine maturity.
Belief is a conception, but faith is conviction,
establishing the politics in religion as addiction.
As the pursuit after the truth is more interesting,
than its attainment with no end of resting.
The liberty of faith is the only integrity,
making the impossible the current of all mystery.

Robert Rittel

They Followed A Star

As time and place has its solution for all,
those wise men knew, that a messiah will come to call.
Recognizing those celestial lights with their eyes,
that history and culture will change its destinies by surprise.
Traveling with the light so bright no doubt,
knowing the new born king is the paramount.
Speaking of love to the depth in eternal height,
when the soul can reach all when feeling out of sight.
For the ends of being and the ideal of grace,
showing compassion and forgiveness of every day's.
The comet prophesying the revelation by tragic and fortune,
then other kings did already fear its spiritual procession.
Gold, frankincense and myrrh as protection brought,
then the magi knew the trouble in forethought.
They saw the child with mother Mary and worshiped him,
sensing the cosmic conclusion in the stable like a hymn.
The heavens declare the hands of God and the sky proclaims his work,
no speech or language or any voice are heard, but his word.
The answers are in the vortex of my son as gift of compassion,
for all shall know the true lovers revolution.

Robert Rittel

Thirst For Love

When the thirst for love becomes a madness of fierce desire,
and all emotion adrenaline feels like liquid fire.
In that palace of anxious kisses and touch behold,
the soul in trouble in many stories told.
The mortal eye in a limitation shrine,
until the sorrow appreciates the gentle star in shine.
That light of love that gives the gift itself all be,
the constant sunrise in bound, to be free.
The heart of no rest reflects conscious spirit fire,
burning in time all worldly needs to expire.
The wheel of bondage is in the egos hand,
never able to comprehend with the celestial magic wand.
The turning great chandelier in heaven as given joy direction,
for someone knew, the need for 'reassurance', towards perfection.
Echoes through the many valley's of twilight birth creation,
being a 'part' of the ultimate observation, is the intimacy in salvation.
The thirst from the stardust in the air will take another drink,
consequences by a constant lover given.

Robert Rittel

Those Velvet Cufflings

With greatest effort and determination playing with ambition,
when those sweet thoughts of 'I got that' makes a decision.
As the self-sustaining ego forgets, while pluffing,
the indulgent melody of dreaming adapts to some script cutting.
Attachments are the pleasure dom and temple,
for a moment of eternal salvation.
Chained to the deities of karmic duties,
wind from other lives companionship become cufflings.
The key plays that echo of love refinement,
that the ego finds a happy retirement.
As long the holy pride not knowing the prize,
decisions are made with no compromise.
The velvet attachment of adoration in glowing permanents,
cannot know that the cufflings are tied to old reference.
The marriage of eternal attraction plays a velvet blues,
the involution of senses tapping in its hues.
Blessings to the equality to nature's law and grace,
that every life time one has a chance again to face.
The liberation by using the key of note in dreams like notions,
in a language what the soul understands by devotion.
If any so by love refined,
the heart will be closer to the mind.

Robert Rittel

Underlying Reality

Referring to something beneath of all else,
the subtle hidden divine unity dwells.
The effect of something without explicit in itself,
laws of nature in non entities by herself.
Grounded beneath quantum underlying reality,
making the multiverse individuality explanatory.
Mathematic formulation in that frame are non deterministic,
leaving always the universe in state of mystic.
Theories are just thoughts spinning per individuality,
for the observer is the observed reality.
Meaning that the outcome by any measure is uncertainty,
only giving probabilities with determinism observable quantities.
Hidden reality beneath quantum mechanics is fundamental,
implicating order in dualism of mind and matter very gentle.
Folding and unfolding times in variable spectrums,
involutions towards matter intentions.
Non physical mental phenomena in respect,
intuitions throughout the living force detect.
Life in time and its death division,
separation is the separate and not a decision.
Time and space are the mental refurbishes,
carbon under pressure to diamond accomplishes.

Robert Rittel

Verse By Verse

Images of thoughts painting the story by chance,
flowing, holding and listening to the scribbled dance.
When the rhythm creates the next sense,
and liberates the choreographic reference.
The gentle hand in composing flow,
waves and whirls beating the airy shore.
Trusting empathy catching the needed reaction,
unfolding timing and harmonious sensation
Pas de deux in gliding motion,
senses in proportion.
Dos a dos synchronizing,
dept of harmony realizing.
Pirouette taken to the precise of glory,
suggestions reaching the point of story.
The crafted verse in imaginary dance, propitious ways,
the music in spheres of words to embrace.

Robert Rittel

Vice

Those who acquaint themselves to that face,
and feel too ridiculed to embrace.
Learn its lessons, pass through and conquer,
hold sincerity by an golden anchor.
Progressive truth the water of life,
the natural sound and thought is virtues strive.
Captive love by choice the struggle towards peace,
unravel the knot of attachments and observe the cease.
Penetrate that spirit by all means,
then the almighty soul has inherited genes.
The body of love creates reciprocity,
providing mental wise health beneficence.
The mental cry of freedom leads to another captivity,
the path of true discipline leads to liberty.
The shadow of vice is evident but not existent,
the light of the truth the only consistent.
Genuine is the sincerity,
the noble heart and its charity.
To be wise by tolerance,
is the greatness of life's endurance.

Robert Rittel

Virtue

Consequences challenged my erratic mind,
where choices ask beyond pain to find.
Journeys at the steeping gap, no way round,
decisions in ultimate courage found.
Exhausted mental delirium so raw,
sensing erratic happenstance as claw.
But day is still day by purpose grace promise,
remembering my close to you longish.
Particle of your spectrum soul virtue,
images of your divine will to pursue.
Creating miracles in miracles by the dream,
impossibility of all blaspheme.
Administrating your conscience will,
still stepping tones as reason to fill.
Being a part of your grace takes the scarifies,
your image so bright in my closed eyes.
Tears of happiness building the bridge,
taken my foot forward over the ridge.

Robert Rittel

Where Are All The Wild Horses Gone?

Where are the gypsy ladies dancing around the fire,
giving the freedom expression all its desire.
Riding the drums at the shore of sleepless head,
resting under the firmament on a salty sandy bed.
Caressing every moment till the night changes to light blue,
kissing loving lips in every gentle hue.

Where are the wild horses gone.....

Where are the hikers towards a fabulous story,
taken a no, not for an answer as fashion for the individual glory.
Guys who take the dream as serious pleasure,
bending with the wind and a song by every new measure.
With the ideal to conquer the mediocre crown,
and taken the superficial empire down.

Where are the wild horses gone.....

Where are those people seeing the new world's worth,
not hiding behind every screen, giving the eyes a new birth.
Every generation needs a garden with trees to climb in all heights,
the juiciest fruits on top are the greatest delight.
Where no bonds or credits making meets end falling apart,
and handshakes meaning the world coming from the heart.

Where are the wild horses gone.....

Where are the hero's and heroines to face the corrupted real,
and not making themselves a part of the commercial deal.
Where the integrity in purest thoughts shines bright,
taking natures loving law as reasons in divine sight.
Born to be wild has nothing to do with society's concern,
it's the spirit knowing the freedom by the eternal term.

Robert Rittel

Who Is There...?

Restless night and disturbing dream,
makes me walk in this moonlight stream.
Wondrous mental activities nerving profound,
searching for release from this madness imaging sound.
Knocking at this bright moonlit door,
with folding hands and kneeling on stony cold floor.
I hear the sound of the owl nearby, adding to the atmosphere,
and I cry again, 'Is there anybody out there'....?
All perplexed and still, no answer to my will,
desperately seeking my conscious fill.
A phantom host seems to be the only listener,
feeling like, a homeless space traveller.
Spreading my arms towards the sky in silent moonbeam,
sensing of being in some portal of luminous stream.
Beam me to a peace of mind, the ultimate blessing,
then the torture of my troubled mind becomes very distressing.
After a while of calming deep breath in serene still,
I felt in my heart some strangeness of fill.
'Is this stillness answering my cry'? ,
while observing a singular tiny light, moving in that sky.
As suddenly some strange veil lifted itself by nature,
and I felt some release from my mental torture.
I sensed some echoing through the spectrum of light,
wondering if that star is the stimulation in hardly bright.
I remember a quote by a Sufi poet saying,
' The limitation of God, is in his name',
putting my moonbeam frenzy gesture into a gentle frame.
'Whoever is out there, has no name! '.

Robert Rittel

Wings Of Words

Soaring above the troubled waters of braking,
become the song in courage taken.
Whispers of hope turn to the cry of revelation,
sensing the purpose driven legacy to pure sensation.
The fear of ridicule or embarrassment in effect,
when the shallow ideal is in the self-image detect.
Take your wings of courage to action,
acknowledge the word in self of truth to attraction.
Legacies of antiquity are the memories of invisible wings,
more than any words become the treasure of things.
The starving intellect entertains its view,
supremely blessed is the poet with its muse.
The strangest comfort in every state attempt,
when convenience at hand is the best friend.
Mercury the winged messenger in to and fro between the ears,
maintains the flattering of empathy and self pity with tears.
The self-righteous storm takes the flied to accident,
the wounded pride pointing to the world in evidence.
How can it be that niceness is the spirit in deceive,
taking phoenix ego to higher abundance and relief.
While the wings of compassion see the other shore,
nature's basic law in endless providence to adore.
The fickle mind with flattering words still in nest,
not remembering the still in the shell of test.
Time provides the wings of faith with its fills
when the language of words has grown to wings.

Robert Rittel