

Poetry Series

Stephen Loomes
- poems -

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Stephen Loomes(21ST JUNE 1950)

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The Radio Metaphor

THE RADIO METAPHOR

The doctor's practice required of him
A visit to the Funeral parlour
To certify a death before requiem
To so progress to the coffin's vail
Then upon the bench he saw
The body of an old friend
With breath no more
It shocked him that this vital man
Was now no more,
His thoughts they ran
The quick and the dead,
It says it all
The quickness gone, the the grave awaits.
What is that quickness that animates
A human being and, each breath he takes
Are we an almost infinite confection
Of inert matter to human perfection?
Is there a spirit which animates
This cellular puppet for life on earth
If so from when do these spirits radiate?
A complex receiver, a splendid wireless set
Which is animate from the spirit it gets
Yet then is this traffic passing two ways
We live and grow with passing days,
Learn so much with memories replete
So no man or woman is at any time complete
Feeling, seeing, learning still,
Till death's defeat.
Is there concourse of what is learned and done
Back to where the spirit was transmitted from
As it informs our beating heart
Do we in turn all our life impart?

Stephen Loomes

Tuck

TUCK

Each morning for my constitutional
I'd ride my bike down to glorious Diggers Beach
But when winter came, with its rainy pall
I walked along the sand above the waves' reach.

Then on one of the coldest days a grey-haired man
Came walking down Richmond drive
No towel over his shoulder, black swimming shorts and tanned
With flip-flop thongs he trod on by
Amazed, I paused to watch and see his plan
Then followed him to the southern end
He put his thongs down neatly stacked
Walked into the waves and dived straight in
Stroking his way out to the back
I wondered, was this an old commando
This stoic apparently immune to cold and wind
Having swum the length of the beach
He walked back up the hill again.

After that there were many times he swam, I stayed
Watching him pounding through the ocean's waves
Trying to insure my amazement was not displayed.
Curious, I asked a woman who lived down by the beach
Who is t his man who swims whether storm or chill
It could be Tuck she told me, he always swims out of reach
So I'd see hm through the year but then for a long while
This Tuck did not appear., I feared that he was ill.

One day when driving home I spied
A grey-haired man pacing slowly along the road
Pushing a short wheeled Zimmer frame
It looked like Tuck and so I slowed
Could this really be the mighty Tuck struck so lame
How could the health diminish of one so quietly famed
A week or so went by and I was pent with curiosity
Then I met him on the highway hill, as he sat upon his frame
I stopped and asked him do you need help offering generosity
He waved his hand, said just getting my breath,

Then he said that he'd been ill
They call me Tuck and what's your name
I told him and he said, I'll be right young fellow
I'm almost up the hill.

Stephen Loomes

Vision Of Our Future

The movie makers and novelists
Sell you their fear
Because they can't see a way out
So they project their fearful vision
To fill the world with doubt
Their imagined "future" is fearful myopia
Their films, books and preaching, describe dystopia
Whether it's Cormac on his road
Hopeless mayhem and terror
Or the religion's prediction of a "Second Arrival";
While those with money plan their own survival
Religions, movies and activists the same
Creating a self-fulfilling future,
While maintaining, that they're not to blame
Meanwhile the world keeps on turning
The saviour hasn't come, despite many occasions
When most of the world has been burning
If you are true to yourself, it is easy to see
No human being knows what the future will be
So why aren't the mind-shapers giving us hope
Instead of surviving an apocalypse
Let them, and us, envisage a new trope
Where dismantling weapons and armies occurs
When the script predicts a future without wars
Paint a vision of caring for others
As though they are sisters and brothers
Tending gently with the earth
Like we were cared for by our mothers

Stephen Loomes

Your Journey Into Endless Night

Everything is incomplete
Yet it's not all that you perceive
Everyone is changing daily
There is nothing you can leave
Others look as if they've stopped
Into a place of of rest and peace
You don't know what's in their minds
When they are lying in their beds
What they recall or they expect
The thoughts inside their heads
Things undone, chances lost
Memories of times long gone
Turn up each night, what a cost
Even as you speak you change
Into the future you, and so you must engage
Be alert, that simple acts, not done in spite
Will change the future over night
Leave you grieving for all time
Full of regret without respite
Then the chasm, at the end
When you, alone, despite a fight
Subsume into an endless night.

Stephen Loomes

What Used To Please Me, Doesn't Please Me Anymore

The things which used to please me
They don't please me any more
Pleasure which I used to feel
Has gone away somewhere
I used to ride my motorcycle
Faster than the wind
Like a madman on those wheels
Now I've lost the need for speeding
Way back around the bend
Still I remember how it feels.

That brunette was so pretty
With long and shapely legs
I'd chase her morning till night
Just to swoon with the sex
We both lost that urgent plight
Our love it sure was vexed.

Used to smoke that weed
Got a habit I kept repeating
Some LSD and speed
Then drinking from a flagon
But I never felt the need
To go and chase the dragon
Which made good people bleed
Then depart on the funeral wagon
I have not felt the need for unreality
It no longer gave me pleasure
To put at risk my sanity
And disturb my senses' measure.

Every age as we go on
Creates a cage where we belong
In childhood seeking safety and a friend
In youth chasing a love without end
Raising children, making wealth
Concern for others and their health
Drifting oblivious into an older age
Overcoming grudges or heartfelt rage

Remembering losses and some victories
But now, the things you did are memories.

Stephen Loomes

Too Good A Person

Don't present yourself as too good a person
Because sooner or later your snivelling cowardice
Might give you away or your greed or your passion
A slip in your behaviour may reveal the artifice
The things that you do are the things which betray.
So keep your high self-esteem to yourself and no other
Don't proclaim your worth and have little to say
Most people are selfish and have little care for another
Those who "do good" are often donkeys who bray
If you mean well for a person and want no advantage
Then do it quietly and expect nothing in return
Most you help will begrudge you, and quietly take umbrage
The gratitude of the noble will be all that you earn.

Stephen Loomes

Money Beats Soul, Every Time

Money Beats Soul, Every Time

These are not my words,

The insight is that of the great bard, Jim Morrison

Which preface my rhyme

Was it said as a cynical line, thrown away

I don't think so, he was too smart for that any day

When he wrote, every word counted, he did it that way.

Tell the disabled person begging in the street,

That soul and belief will put you on your feet

Tell the refugee whose children have nothing to eat

Tell them that art, and love and the mysteries of the soul

Will see them through to tomorrow, alive and whole

Tell Arthur Rimbaud, one of Morrison's brothers in words

That all you need to get on is work and perspiration

He died a beggar, this jewel of a nation

Tell that lie that's absurd

Tell Van Gogh, though he had his brother

To keep him alive, but there was no other to pay

Now vultures pay millions for his copies of Millet

Tell all the brothers and sisters alive in this world

Turn your skills into money, never give art away

And if it doesn't sell, go another way

Because at this period on earth

It's what you or your art is worth

No-one gives a damn about the light in your soul

Unless they can profit from you,

They'll let you live on the dole.

Stephen Loomes

My Last Day On Earth

My Last Day On Earth

In anticipation of my last day on Earth

I apologise to those whom I've wronged

For what that is worth

I don't ask for thanks from those whom I've saved

It helps them to forget me, when I'm in my grave

For years now I've known what a privilege is life

To take part in this wonder away from human strife

Is it luck where you're born and the place where you live

If so, it's a cruel lottery when you've so much to give

To those who really need it, and the rich have so much

The grief of the poor, shown on television but you can't reach out to touch

The miracle of human life, imagination and trust

The evil of some minds who've taken too much

The vainglory of the proud looking down on the crowd

The comfort enjoyed by the entitled and proud

Where confidence overwhelms talent and skill

And those with the most to offer are those whom we kill.

The violence in humanity courses like a wave

Throwing the innocent before them, where nothing is saved

Priests and other liars selling insurance for the grave

To those who have everything, while goodness is depraved

This world can be saved, one day at a time

Those who do harm to any other are committing a crime

Let the force of the oceans and the stars in their prime

Conquer the mean spirits, make all spirits sublime.

What is your spirit that resides deep within,

But a signal to matter that you're living in,

We're not here forever, we are visitors, that's all

So share all you have and give to this call

All weapons are obsolete in the world to become

No reason exists for the atomic bomb

Take all you guns and knives and be free

Stand on the shore and throw them in the sea

Say no more war to the warmongers who profit

So no to any human who speaks as a prophet

There is no human being who can speak for a god

It is us, who must be great and stand up to the flood

Which is greed, self-interest and dope

Stand forward, each one, as a new god of hope.

Stephen Loomes

Let Me Take That Bag Off You

Here, let me lift that bag off you?
Oh thanks fella, I've been carrying that
For I don't know, thirty years.
Well, it looked kinda' heavy so I thought
That I might risk to interfere
Now I'll take that old bag of yours
And throw it into deep space
It will travel forever, to eternity.
Gee fella, I had a lot in that bag
You know, my broken heart
All my disappointments, and times too
When I was to blame.
Well, it's gone now.
Yeah fella, I feel a lot lighter as I walk on
No problem my friend.

Stephen Loomes

Bird Songs

In the fog-filled forest of the night
The crickets slowed their scratching calls
For the great star sent its first light
The sun appeared as earth westward rolls
Nuclear fusion radiating heat and light beams
Evaporates pools of black night into a soft-rising steam
I awake early in the morning
Eyes closed, against the growing light
Climbing out of a dream
I lay there yawning
Listening to the songs as the birds take to flight
A choir of joy to celebrate the dawning
While all the forest creatures stir
Shaking off sleep and secret dreaming
To live again in this world we share.

Awake to a feast served through the senses
The spectacle of life and change
DNA works to rearrange
Inert minerals into a strange secret marriage
Creating the living; animals, forest and field
Plants and flowers in endless range
For each, a body and mind revealed
In this world of plenty, space and grace
A sky of deep-night black, and daytime blue□
The company of other souls to share it too
This brief time on a rocky sphere in space
Shared by all the living who
Include we passengers, the human race.

Stephen Loomes

Life After Death

No one comes back from the dead
No matter what any religion has said
You see a dead kangaroo by the street
Don't expect it to spring back to its feet
Why, oh why is our time on earth so brief
No matter what you do or think?
Your death is as certain as your grief.
Your rotting corpse will surely stink
Under the ground, when the funeral's done
Before too long, there'll be no one,
To remember that you were the one
Who came and fought and seldom won.
So what meaning can I say remains?
But to live and give to the living domain
And strive to leave no one in pain
Ensure your presence was not in vain.
The love, the words, the things you leave
May they bring comfort to those who grieve
This is all the rational, need, to believe
Not fanciful notions of life after death.
Life does go on, but when dead, no breath
Without this body and the brain on top
When you leave this planet, for you, the party stops.
There is no extraterrestrial place
Just like there's no extraterrestrial race
We're here alone for such a brief visit
So you have a life, go on and live it.

Stephen Loomes

The Great English Language

From the south of the British Isles to northern Scotland
Where it's late Spring before the icecaps melt
There lived a tough and rustic group of folk
Whom the Romans called the Celts
As their Legions imposed Roman rule by sword
For 400 years following the birth of our Lord
Ruling almost every British region
Until retreat leaving just Latin and religion.

Between Belgium and the great North Sea
Lived a Nordic race, the Angles and Saxons
In search of better lands they took to sea
The British Isles was their chosen destination
Invading, then many a bloody battle won
Taking cities, villages and all the land
Speaking a foreign Teutonic tongue.
So three Teutonic dialects across Britain spanned.
In the north, Scandian-Germanic brogue
And German-Mercian in the middle land
In the south the Saxon was soon in vogue
Replacing the remnant languages which remained;
But the Midland dialect was spoken where
The great Universities were proclaimed
It was the speech in every London square
Spoken by the Royals, the Courts and Lords
These Mercian Teutonic midland words.

When Caxton's printing press arrived, anew
Each book which came from this creation
Was set in type with Mercian too;
Wycliffe's Bible in translation
Was read from the pulpit to the faithful herds
Who unable to read, still knelt in salutation.
Older expression elided by new English words.
English language was born after a long gestation
The Canterbury Tales by Geoffrey Chaucer
Followed by many other fine books and translations,
Spreading far and near, even beyond the nation.
A jewel for expression for those to read or hear

Polished to a glittering gem by William Shakespeare,
This gift of expression for child, woman or man.

Now this linguistic scaffold recorded in ink
Gave form to whatever a writer could think.
Then, explorers sailed from England's shores
Claiming much of the world as their domain
Returning with treasures which filled English stores;
Yet whether they stayed or whether they went
The English language would always remain.

Stephen Loomes

Rinnie's Funeral

On that bright sunny day
We sent Rinnie away
Into the sky
From the cremation fire
Before that, while walking up
She was waiting there
With jutting mouth
And exploding hair
You drive the same car as me
She said, her face full of care
Is yours harsh on the road?
Does she realise
What the cortege are doing there?
Apart from her own concerns
Does she even care?
We say no, ours rides fine
I'm used to European cars she repines
I'll have to drive yours, to compare
We brush her away with "for sure, for sure"
Walking to the chapel door
The dead friend's family are grieving
And we will miss Rinnie true
But there's no priest, just a celebrant
With a lisp and a giant ego too
Like an actress feigning sincerity
'twixt each eulogy she comes shining through
With her "th's" for "s's" almost muffled
And her apparent concern seeming true
We ignore her bought imprecations
And share in the photos now shuffled
"Thay goodbye" is the celebrant's intonation
Curtains cover the casket,
The celebrant stands unruffled.

Stephen Loomes

Magpie

By the way, he now has his sight
Be blessed, even after the magpie attacked
Going for his eyes
To protect its nest.
Meanwhile she watches her weight
Defies her age to look younger
To maintain the man's hunger
To bed her, but there lies her hate
She never liked sex and can't love a mate.
She needs to judge the men she attracts
Without mercy she ensures each careful cut
She acts like, but isn't a slut
Disingenuously, uttering, what about your wife?
She can even pretend to have a real soul
Her brain was long ago vexed
Her lap is not for sex, no libido at all
But she's learned to attract and promise it all
As mad as she is this maintains her control
Reapplying her lipstick and her heels she has scraped
Sending her tensions to her irritable bowel.
He was all over me like a rash, she bleats
I felt I was being raped
She complains, while wiping her face with a towel
Then she puts on her makeup
And invites another male to love her
While watching her garden grow
Where snakes slide and slither
But restful sleep still eludes her
Without pills she will wake
Once rest is induced she can recover
Lying in wait, like her garden's snake
Inviting me, to the "come here show"
I know you are weighed down by your own self-belief
But we both know that what you've got,
You got as a thief
Even when you are so darn serious
Your vanity can't acknowledge another person's genius
Your insecurity buried beneath all that filched wealth
Which you gathered so slyly with your maddening stealth.

By making men think they could enter your dried up old ditch
Yet to anyone who knows you, you are just a funny old bitch.

Stephen Loomes

The Vacuum Around Our Minds

You can't incline the world to your own desire
However hard you cry to forces higher
Belief in God precedes your prayer
Sent with tears but no-one is there
What force beyond that mind of yours
Has ears to hear or even cares
The world is vast, it's great and wild
You wander through it like a child
Seeking for a hand to hold
Admit to silence before you're old
The imprecations you make in your room
Are projected into an eternal vacuum
So stand alone, and look within
What strength there is you had to begin

Stephen Loomes

Horses In The Clouded Sky

Horses in the clouded sky
Smoke drifts up from the ferment
Noam Chomsky with his broken leg
Hops to the fire in torment
Bringing lamb chops and a hamster
While Ras Putin taps the keg
And Vlad Putin fries an egg
Dancing to the sound of the murder
Of Michael Holingshed
Timothy Leary sails by laughing
Now Admiral of the Golden Hind
Inside the sacred Church there is gasping
As the nuns of St. Fetish
Brandish their personal candles in between their legs
Genuflecting ecstatically to the power of rhyme
Their priest fornicates the altar boys of the Parish
Chameleon colours
A fine sine qua non of dolours
Will it ever stop?
Asks the hypodermic hypocrite
Arriving late for the sausage sizzle
Broken dreams he spits
A filament of yellow drizzle
Lost, the urge for sexual experiment
Gone, gone, gone exclaimed in loud lament.

Stephen Loomes

Sigmund Schadenfreude

Anne Al-Retentive only thinks of herself
Never letting go
Although Rasputin sits below
Upon a frozen shelf
Onanising over his grievous necromancy
Gone but not forgotten
Catherine's salacious shaman showman
Sanguine praetor with a whip
Slow dancing with meat, gone rotten
Salacious Gnostic sesquicentarian
Peforming differential equations for the hip
Who dabble in the semiotics of vegetarians
Hobbling dactyl by dactyl, like an amateur
To the versifying T.S.Elliot's limp iambic pentameter.
He masks his obloquy with a Cyrillic soliloquy
Like some parsimonius General Gatling
Making dressed-pork bullets
For the killing of Francisco Chopin
Of the aubergine-robed sufi dotards
Who are mending the border collie fractures
Of the traditional Chinese medicine men
In California, beneath the light of green flares
While Sigmund Schadenfreude pretends
To interpret their Tarot cards
Acting. Cardinal-like as though he cares.
2/9/16

Stephen Loomes

Marieke

She is forty, you know
Dresses like Little Bo Peep
A grey streak in her hair
She beckons you near
To tell you to go
During this, Francis of Assisi sleeps
Amidst a Band of Gypsies
He has seen this kind of bird before.
But Jim Morrison, raids the biscuit tin
Out by the Zambesi, hungry, waiting
For Martin Luther King
Who appears, weeping
With the infinite pain
Of his bones, broken with rocks
Bearing the stigmata
From his Alma Mater
The School of Hard Knocks
In whose quadrangle a scaffold is ready
Next to the long dracone
Drugs filling its soft underbelly
Near the forest of profusion
Where the figs and eucalypts grow in line
At the direction of the Plantation's scion
With his pith hat placed with concision
To appear as a perfidious helmet
War-torn and hail fellow, well-met
Peace-sewn beneath the doubtful brim
And you, lent out on a dubious loan
With him,
Quite composed, and all alone.
1/9/16

Stephen Loomes

The Royal Family

Aristotle's psychiatrist kicked
The flying saucer
Like a soccer ball
Into the hansom cab
Which slid past the priest
Who calls
The mullahs to prayer
A god-worshipper kneels
Before the miracle man
Who squeals like a toddler
All the meanwhile, the farmer
And the curry merchant
Give fodder, to the sacred cow
Surfing above
The ancient house
Just next to where the planes land.
The swirling ballerina slips
On the banana skin of reality
Inside the docks, where ships
Submit to the mantis cranes
Unloading doubt, with alacrity
Officers nail edicts of the Pope
To golden chains
Hanging around the necks
Of convicts
Marching to the drum of yesterday
Bearing flags in bright array
Through their serried ranks
Remnants of clothes, which once adorned
Forgetful rams, that had been de-horned
And whose legs had been sold as lamb shanks
To the Royal family whose lips
Are tinged with the blood
Of their subjects
All now crushed by army tanks.
A gory scene, which pleases most
The King and his royal hosts
Such as the Duke,
Who now boasts

To the lower classes
To whom he toasts
Muttering, you must forgive us
Looking as his mirrored sunglasses
Reflects the image of Narcissus.
1/9/16

Stephen Loomes

The Field

A soldier drops on the field
Wounded, waiting for death
Stuttering, his last immortal words
With his failing breath
Comrades crouch by his side
Braving for a time, the fusillade
While the attackers move in
Until it is time to decide
To move back with him
Or leave him there to die
While their own limbs are intact
But their thinking is blown to dust
Falling mortars force them back to their trenches
Though it means leaving him, they must
So, this is The Field, the central feature
Of Krishna's words to Arjuna
In the Bhagavad Gita

Stephen Loomes

Jim Morrison's Literary Genius

The Literary Genius of Jim Morrison

Take one of his song lyrics
The cars hiss by my window
It seems so simple but
There are tricks
How do you describe a car, going
Past your window?
Driving, rushing, cruising, racing
And near which window
Does it go?
The use of hissing, is not for show
It describes both movement and sound
One verb giving each
And the sound is
"Like the waves down on the beach";
And which room is this?
A bedroom, because
The girl beside him, is "out of reach";
The window transmits the hiss
But also the light upon his wall
Of the headlight of a passing of car
But in his thoughts he is heard to call
To this lady, who does not hear him at all.
Then the window "trembles
With a sonic boom";
And we learn it is a "darkened room";
The girl he has beside him
She is, "Out of reach";
And so cold it will "kill you";
On this evening of gloom.

Stephen Loomes

Black Hole

At that moment, which
Wasn't at all
Pure energy erupted through
A particular point which became
A particular place from which
It all got so big, racing through
The multidirectional fishing net
Of sub-atomic bosons' infinite fibre
Making matter, so said Professor Higgs
Now confirmed at the Hadron collider
So the 'big bang' was really the other side
Of a black hole in the universe of dark matter
Through which endless trillions of tons
Of dark matter drawn by gravity to collide
Through this growing universe of atoms
Exploding forever as it created our universe
And in turn creating its own black holes
Feeding back into the dark matter, obverse
Time, space and time brought into being
In micro seconds cascading into aeons still growing
Endless dimensions so vast and multiplex
So that human conception is set bowing
With the knowledge of the universe flowing
In a way which is so complex
That it dwarves all knowing
An explosion of energy raced from the singularity
Captured by a multi-directional net of Higgs' bosons
Reducing energy into matter the fabric of our plurality
Almost 14 billion years before
Edwin Hubble peered back in time
At Pasadena on Mt. Wilson
Looking at the spectrum of light
At the galaxies he saw
Accelerating the expansion
Shining from the past
Through the Californian night
He theorised at last
That the galaxies were moving fast
Away from each other expanding space

Creating the world which we call our place
Thirteen billion years to assemble life
From lightning striking the primordial soup
Assembling desoxyribonucleic acid into
A biological loop which could copy itself
Then the cleaving of a sexual divide
Now male and female replication
For the intertwining of DNA
Leaving behind genetic cloning
Fomenting molecular diversification
Again and again inevitably leading to
Fish in the oceans and plants on the shores
Until one such creature began to explore
The land and its wonders so that animals evolved
And our first ancestors, the reptiles, multiplied
And were able to remain and so developed a cortex
Which was the first block of our brain
In each of us the reptilian thinking resides
So theorised MacLean in his writing speculatively
That our species-typical instinctual ways
Came from the reptilian complex of the triune
The source of aggression, dominance, territoriality
And from this comes our ritual displays
Till the reptiles evolved and our ancestors
The great apes developed the second layer
Septum, amygdala, hypothalamus, hippocampus
And cingulate cortex, the limbic system
Allowing motivation and emotion defining us
So our thinking, feeding, reproduction
And the parental rhythm.
Lead to the development of human culture
With a mutation creating Mitochondrial Eve
The mother of all mothers from millennia back
And into the future
She passed on the neo-mammalian structure
Overlying the reptilian and limbic organic computer
Allowing speech and language, abstraction and perception
With the advent through her, of the cerebral forebrain
All of us now, evolving our ways on this 'Goldilocks' planet
Where it's not too hot, and not too cold
Water, oceans and an atmosphere conducive to inhabit
So we, for hundreds of thousands of years have evolved

But without memoried culture and learning involved
Which we in our parenting strive to impart
Our children would be like 'Wild Jim'
100 thousand years apart
From what culture and learning give each child
From the start
What we can now do with our human mind.
But with abstract thought came the thought
Of why I am I here and what is the purpose
A conception of being alone in the Universe
And the belief that one's existence could all be for nought
And in the fertile valley of doubt came the convincing supposers
Who spread their ideas that offered the answer
Giving the world religion which grows like a cancer
Giving comfort to some but at a price so great
It turns people against each other and justifies hate.
We pass on not just the planet but a world of the mind
At first dominance produced
The most successful kind
The reptilian instinct with mammalian stealth
Gave the new offspring power and wealth
But now we live by a new set of rules
We use and live by technology very few understand
No longer trading things of use like clothing or food
Long ago losing barter which has departed for good
Now we must have money for sustenance and land
Reduced to a life dictated by fools
Controlling resources using other humans as tools
So all is subordinate to this ideology
Money is the key to health and prosperity.
Can this be changed to a world more benign
Of course it can change and it needn't be divine
First we must realise that we are alone in space
There is no kindly extraterrestrial race
If you want to have God, then there is only one
And it is the same from each Religion
So however you worship and choose to profess
You must understand your god is the same one
As the rest
Next your acquisitions, which you hoard like a snake
Must be shared with the world, so each gets a take
Your flashing serpentine attacks must be stilled by your reason

Nothing justifies killing or harming any person
And long before the advent of religion
It was known that to be true
That you should do unto others
As you would have them do by you
I am not a mystic, I don't accept all that fuss
Superstition is like religion
It does nothing for us
But one thing I reckon you can count on as true
Is nothing is so dense or merciful
As the veil hiding the future from you
Each of us can make the future what the future will be
We need to care for each other
In this outpost of Eternity.

Stephen Loomes

The Train

God knows when the train will come
Said the man on platform one
Worry carved upon his smile
The train rattled into view
He's thinking, some people throw their seed
Others he thinks, sew their seed
But this man, had another need
Long and lonely he traced the line
Leaning to the window
Peering at the streets
Disappearing to his past
With nowhere on the station sign
Strange houses, sidings sliding fast
Gone like old smiles, in photographs
. . .
His destination had no time
Into the night the carriage creaked
As he folded into restless sleep
Dreaming of his family's faces
His stamp upon his children's eyes
And as he sleeps his soul cries
He rolls, then starts, down on his knees
The train shakes, the window shows darkened skies
But he cannot speak of what he sees.

Stephen Loomes

Dancing Into The World

He danced into the world
Like a sinking ship
They crowned his head with emeralds
His crystal mind it glowed with colours
Borrowed from the distant stars
And beat up from a motor shop
They crossed the seas
That bound them up
Becalmed like a dog on heat
That howls inside an empty shop
While clever tongues
Wrap and fold the meaning
They say was told
Oh tell me tales of misty seas
And galleons that plunder gold
Ride me to your shallow loft
Give politics an honest tongue
Show mercy to the weak and young
Fighting in the classrooms cold
With the young you mould the old.

Stephen Loomes

After Bhagavad Gita 9

The King did utter from his throne
When all but dying breath
Of life
Was gone
My subjects find their strength in me
But in them
I can find none.
Though mighty winds rest
In vast space
When night descends on each one's face
They will return into this place
It is through me the Kingdom comes
But a King, to his Kingdom
Does not belong.
I watch the drama from my tower
And few below can see my face
And all they do is done in vain
They live inside a night of pain
But those who know me,
Love me, wherever I might reign.

Stephen Loomes

Graven Idols

Every word sounds like a prayer
She echoed with her silver stare
He watched the sun inside her hair
But he couldn't touch her
Because, she wasn't there.

Oh, what graven idols
Memory does possess
What tombstones of hopelessness.

One day a vision did appear
Of the person in the mirror
Proud with badges of the wise
And wealthy with a golden prize
But it was a machination
Distraction from imagination.

Oh what graven idols
Imagination does create
But how does it relate
With today?

Green the grass, and blue the sky
And take the image
From my eye.

Stephen Loomes

Precious To Our Selves

We are precious to our own selves
We see life unfolding
In the cinema of our own minds
That part we play, the hurts we feel
The quest for love
The need which binds
The place where it is acted out
So real. So real
But moving fast
The love we feel, and now remember
The cold, the heat
The pain, surrender
Oh what is life, this great parade
Of figures moving past our lives
Of striving, study, learning, falling
Drinking, smoking following our calling
Alone we watch in this cinema so vast
And then we question
How long we will last
And what will we leave behind
Or else we're injured and stumble blind
Into the future betrothed at last
Married to death and the thoughts of the past.

Stephen Loomes

Have A Good Time While You Are Here

You're leaning
Against a railing
It's 500 metres down
You're thinking
About something
An earthquake splits the ground

You're falling
Past the outcrops
Down towards the land
Just then
You think of something
Staring at the back of your hands

Now you are flying
No longer falling
Not awake but in a dream
Now you
Can do something
Anything you can comprehend

You are lying
In a bathtub
Relaxing in the foam
When everything
In your attention
Flattens like paper
To two dimensions

It is thin
The brittle membrane
That wraps reality inside
One blow
And it is bleeding
This cocoon in which you hide

Exploding fear
Beyond controlling
Sends you running from that space

Just stop
Let it take you
And terror will turn to grace.

There is no ticket
To this lifetime
You don't know
What put you here
No one tells you
When you will be leaving
Remember! Have a good time
while you're here.

Stephen Loomes

First Crush

My first childhood love
A beautiful person
From Heaven above
And a musical family
Taught her the score
And she was so precious
That she fell on the floor
It was then she was taken
To a building so old
We walked in the gardens
But the place was so cold
I looked at her eyes
Staring and blank
And wondered what had happened
To a girl of first rank.

Years later I met her
A bandaged dear soul
Fighting to recover
Before she grew old
I hoped she still had
The innocence within
Which made her a lady
With such a thin skin

Over years I kept in touch
From now and then
As she graduated with honours
And fostered her kin
As life thickened her skin
She learned many lessons
Which I never could
And I just hoped her heart
Hadn't hardened to wood

And now when I see her
She has such a smile
I hope all the while
That she's not got too hard

From rebuilding her soul.

Stephen Loomes

Is It Cold Where My Brother Lies?

Is it cold where my elder brother lies?
No, it is cold here in the world of lies.

Who cares when a soldier dies?
The grave replies, his wife, and brothers,
And very few others.

But who sent him to fight
In a foreign land?
Someonewho remains alive,
His future well-planned
A coward who never loosed a round
Or shivered as mortars fell to ground.

And who had the power
I want the truth?
A member of parliament,
Self-interested whores
Sent the bravest of our youth
Draining their lives blood
To spend it on wars.

What effect did the battles
And the killing he'd done
Have on his life?
It broke his gentle spirit,
His aspect so fair
And took away his life
And left him a cripple
In the care of his wife.

Stephen Loomes

Plato And Palladas On Love

Plato was right
At least in part
In his Symposium
As humans, we are
Half of a soul
Looking for union with another
But I agree with Palladas
That Plato was wrong
About the existence of a spirit
We all die
Like swine in the abattoir of death
What does that mean?
But exalt in life, now
While you have breath.
While we live, we seek our other half
But so many,
Consumed with selfish desire
Thwart any chance of finding love
And live so alone
On the edge of our lives
But for those who can give
And can feel empathy
For another soul, alone
In this eternity
Who can yield and find a partner
For their lives, there is peace
And love and
A quenching of the existential fires
Whether that love be a woman
Or a man.

Stephen Loomes

Cappadocia

Cappadocia, the Silk Road
The tawdry side-show of Goreme
Everything is squeezed
And planned for making money
Who can blame them?
Steeped in thousands of years of struggle
Wars, mired in religion
Chained to the ideas of a man named Mohammed
Inch'allah and the Devil take the hindmost
The monoliths, chiseled by time
Religion, crime and history
Stare down at the struggling hordes
Bearing their unique colons full of waste
While the hot-air balloons glide above.

Stephen Loomes

Unhappy Souls

Unhappy within themselves
They become irritable
Disappointed with those around them
Quarrels erupt
The air is poisoned
Others are drawn in
Anger pervades
Such is the world
Inhabited by these
Unbalanced souls
Wreaking havoc
When the mood takes them

Stephen Loomes

The Great Bob Dylan

From the cold steel of Hibbing
The son of Beattie and Abe
Robert Allan they named him
Their beloved babe
Who grew up in the forties
Went to school like you and me
Looked like a normal kid
As he grew to his destiny

Played with his band as school did recess
Then off to University
While he listened to songs
From the Library of Congress
That spoke of America's history
And though he left his studies
To go on the road to New York
Few people who knew him
Saw how hard he could work
To get the strings twanging right
Crafting words with a concision
That kept him awake
Through the night
As he sculptured his vision.

In New York he suffered
But it wasn't for long
With guidance from the Irish boys
To help him along
Then signed up with CBS
For the eponymous album
And few people heard
No initial success
Though other artists were watching
Seeing him break free from the herd
And he just kept on writing
Singing his tunes as he led
Metamorphosising like lightning
Admitting he needed a dump truck
To unload his head

You saw him on the cover
With his girl Suzie Rotolo
Looked like a normal man with his lover
But this man was a Shakespeare
And there would never be another.

An icon to artists like Lennon and Hendrix
A beacon to generations who copied his look
While others like Cohen worked from his book
So many false Bobs who thought they knew his tricks
You could see Bob Dylans everywhere
Wherever you looked.

There was only one, that's originality
Who talked of darkness at the break of noon
All night girls and it aint me
Where the cape of the stage once had flowed
And Shakespeare in the alley
The hand made blade, the child's balloon.

How lucky are we, to live in an age
Where we can see our own bard
Up on the stage
What can we give to this voice of our age
For the vision, rhymes and melodies
Except to give thanks and realise
His gift to eternity..

Stephen Loomes

A Gentle Man

A Gentle Man

What a pleasure it is
To meet a gentle man
Someone whose eyes
Do not confront you
Whom you sense
Will understand.

He may not be your brother
Just someone passing
In the street
But you know
He's kind to women
And he won't
Knock you off your feet.

Someone who is kind
To children
Who is slow
To take offence
A man who has lived his life well
And dealt with its events.

22nd May 2015

Stephen Loomes

Miracles

There are no miracles which you can implore
Only the miracles that you ignore
Your sight, the light, your wife and child
The husband caring, strong and mild
The creation of life for your care and nurture
Hope for things to come in the future
An innate sense of right and wrong
In all human beings before religion came along
Language and meaning shared between souls
Music which arcs understanding all over the world
The planet we share, its existence so rare
That though we call out through the universe
No others are there.

Stephen Loomes

The Dog In The Yard

Looking out the window
Because of the barking
I see a small backyard
And a terrier pacing up and down
Jumping at the door
Trying to look inside
At this terrace in the middle of town.

A bird lands on the clothes line,
A little sparrow who spots the dog
Flies down near the ground
Then back to the line
As he gets the dog's attention
And he jumps towards it
In a state of tension
But the bird is fine.

The bird does this for a while
And the dog never gets near
But the bird is having fun
And flies up and down
Without any fear,
The dog darts around in a run
The bird has his fun
and moves along
And the dog
Tired from the run,
Goes back to the door
And jumps up on its hind legs
To see if anyone is there.

No, they've gone to work
And they don't want him
Eating their shoes and cushions
Or worse, crapping or pissing
So his day is a long boring wait
For his owners to come back
And let him inside for a feed
A pat, and a lie down

Near the stove

In this little house, in this
Great big town, where houses
Cost more than a farm
So the dog lives in two rooms
And a yard,
Day after long day
And never does any harm.

Stephen Loomes

When A Person Becomes An Idea

WHEN A PERSON, BECOMES AN IDEA

If someone is no longer near
And when you parted
Love was not returned
They might become an idea
Which you carry in your brain
As the reality of their presence
Starts dimming and is unclear
Their shape gets glowing edges
As they form into an idea
If you and that lover are now apart
You do not see them weary-eyed
Or hear them when they fart
As the great bard Shakespeare
In his Sonnet 130 speaks
'And in some perfumes is there more delight,
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.'

Stephen Loomes

The Shrine

The Shrine

You were feeling quite alone
When you saw the milling crowd
Showing great excitement
You joined them shouting loud
As the statue was erected
For the one who had just died
All thought he was a deity
Who would live for evermore
Not one could accept the frailty
So by the crowd he was deified
And who could have known
As daily you worshipped and adored
Giving all your silver and gold
To spread the idol's fame abroad
Of magical powers many stories were told
With which the figure was endowed
Each day you knelt and felt divine
You believers looked down upon the crowd
Yet the ideas round the statue
On which you'd projected all your hope
Began to crumble and unravel
Like a tired old anchor's rope
The days passed and few would travel
The magic rays which once flew about
Descended into shadows off hopeles loss and doubt
And fallen bricks marked the passage of time
Even you began to doubt that the edifice was divine
And on the final days you went to worship
No one else came to join you at the Shrine.

Stephen Loomes

The Nazarene

Everyone is fighting,
Within their psyche's envelope
They each, have a cross to bear
The Nazarene is a teacher of hope
If we listen with care
He tells us to love our enemies
That yoga unique and profound
Otherwise our hatred and enmities
Stick on us like wounds
Not infecting our perceived tormentors.
This concept is not easy
How can we truly grasp its meaning
Sometimes it can appear ludicrous
If you conjure the image of a callous killer
And his victim loving him.
One day I hope to understand forever,
Until then I content myself with a
Limited application.
I do not mean to cast too much doubt on the precept
However.

Stephen Loomes

Cancer

Cancer

Disease and Age settle old scores,
Without the intervention of a revengeful hand,
The sleighted lover with hooded eyes,
Herself, bent by Times hourglass' last grains of sand
Forgets betrayal and the memory of the lies
Of her old lover who gasping is grasping her hand,
As cancer readies his being for the far land
From which our prayers receive no replies.

Stephen Loomes

Pollination Of The Orchid

The insect is drawn to the female's behind
It is actually the flower of an orchid it finds
But it mounts it and mates as the pollen gyrates
And clings while as suitor convulsively grinds
It is the female's role to attract
It is nature's contract, and the male has nothing to find
Beyond his blind quest, which feathers the nest
Leaving offspring from pollen behind.

Stephen Loomes

Evil's Father

If you wonder "is there evil";
In this world, not the hereafter
Then find out about Adolf Hitler
For he was evil's Father

How can we comprehend
That this silly failed artist
Would take millions in command
And execute the rest
He drilled down to the serpent core
Of the human mind
And oversaw
Fomenting hatred everywhere
Of his human family he did abhor
And in every group of human stock
There are those who will evil unlock
Who happily accept gun and rank
To submit those they call the lower rank
So Hitler fathered many satans
Not just in Germany but other nations

Never forget that evil lives
Inside the minds of those who give
Themselves to hatred
Removing mercy from their core
Destroying families ever more

Do not forget the cries of the Jews
The gypsies, slaves, his critics too
The soldiers who in battle fell
To rid the world of human evil.

Stephen Loomes

When Shakespeare Wooed Amelia Lanier

Emilia Oh you've come and was it to your liking?

William Envy those jacks that nimble leap, to kiss the tender inward of thy hand.

Emilia More poetry from Mr. Shakespeare, you need not be jealous of the keys (putting her hand forward) , you may kiss my hand.

William (Taking her hand tenderly and kissing it) Emilia, may I tell you that you are beautiful and that in the instant I saw your dark eyes I was changed forever?

Emilia You do not need my permission to declare yourself so, but it is at your risk sir, for I am married to another man.

William And I dear Emilia, am alike married and so we are alike.

Emilia Alike is not enough dear Mr. Shakespeare.

William Will you join me at the Mermaid for some ale and food?

Emilia You are persistent against all odds.

William With you I don't know when to stop.

Emilia I'll spare your misery and join you, it would be uncharitable not to assist a man in such distress, and yet I thought the doctor would cure you.

William I fear I have a complaint that is beyond medicine.

Emilia I trust that I am not the source of your present discomfiture Mr. Shakespeare.

William It is Will, if I may, Emilia.

Emilia Will it is, and will in overplus when it comes to pursuing a lady.

William Not any lady Emilia, just you.

They leave together.

(the light fades on the stage and the scenery is replaced with a four post bed in which when the light returns lie our two lovers)

Emilia Will you make me a lady William?

William Dear Emilia I will give you everything I own but we both are married and have last night broken our bed vows.

Emilia My husband has gone and I know not if he will return.

William My wife waits upon me at Stratford and I am foresworn not to divorce, it cannot be.

Emilia Then you have used me sir, as the Lord Chamberlain Hunsden has done putting me with child and then marrying me to a minstrel in his keep. The same minstrel who faithless, in turn, left me alone with my child.

William I will not leave you alone nor ever see you go without Emilia but I cannot give you what my faith will not permit.

Emilia Last night you gave me more than your faith would permit to either of us.

William: It's true but I am at fault, none of it is yours and I will not ever let you condemn yourself for my faults.

Emilia: Know your faults before you know them yourself Will Shakespeare.

William: What are you saying?

Emilia: I also know your strengths, I have been in your audience many times before you were in mine.

William: Then you know my plays?

Emilia: Yes and through your plays I have come to know some of you although I was duty bound when I attended to pretend allegiance to my Lord Chamberlain Hunsden who took me; but now I know some more of you.

William: And do you like me?

Emilia: I would say I like you but need we discuss what we can say without speaking?

William: I suppose not, but....

Emilia: No, Will, there is nothing to discuss unless it is poetry. I write too.

William: What have you written?

Emilia: It is called Salve Deus Rex Judaeorum and it is prefaced with warnings about men disposed to evil who though being borne of women do like vipers deface the wombs wherein they were bred.

William: Why so harsh an admonition.

Emilia: You would only ask that because you are a man, do you understand that women are made to suffer needlessly because of the insensitivity and careless lust of men?

William: But for my family, a woman has been the Queen of suffering! Elizabeth has murdered my uncle. You write of hailing the God who is king of the Jews but what of God who is king of the Catholics?

Emilia: I am a Venetian Jew so am inured to what your family would consider fresh injury but the domination of women precedes even the persecution of the Jews and long predates this Queen's persecution of Catholics.

William: It is too solemn, let me change the issue? Will you write poetry for me?

Emilia: No, you can write poetry for me and I will write music for you.

William: (Reaching out for her in the bed and cuddling her down under the covers)
Well let us work on our first compositions my beautiful Amelia. (they laugh)

(Light fades on the lovers.)

Stephen Loomes

Viktor Frankl, Mans Search For Meaning

Guiding us all through endless night
A student of Freud, a genius too
Hated by the Nazis
Because he was a Jew
Imprisoned for years
He longed to be free
Five years, what a test of his psychiatry.

In Auschwitz he mixed
With German and Jew
Jehovahs, Gypsies
Where survival each day
Tested all that he knew.

He learned about mankind
And found two basic strands
The decent and indecent
Whatever their lands

The prisoners who turned Capo
And betrayed their friends
The German who risked life
To make some amends
He talks of the Jews
At liberation time
Who asked the allies to pardon
The Commandant for his crimes
Because of the compassion
He showed to them over time

He left when the Allies opened the gates
And all of the inmates with wonder they shook
The hands of the soldiers who saved their dire fate
In his mind Viktor had already
Written his book.
He called it Logotherapy,
Mans Search for Meaning
Where Freud saw that sex
Was what drove us on

He said we need meaning
To feel we belong.

He spoke of the see-saw
Between living and dying
Of Thanatos and Eros
Within each human mind, vying
To kill us or save us
Whatever the cost
And he said, if we have no meaning
The battle is lost.

Stephen Loomes

Wage Slaves

WAGE SLAVES

The wage slaves, hating their jobs!
We only do it for the money!
Back in the lift after the cigarette;
On the street
Where an elderly stately woman
Cranes her head
From the comfort of her leather seat
As her beloved husband reverses
Into the traffic, then glides the Mercedes
To the pedestrian crossing, waiting
For the youthful parents, cigarette in hand
Kids in tow, unemployed, poor, hating
Judging the comfort of wealth.
Cranky, perennially, at no rhyme or reason
What do anyone's judgments matter
Whether they curse or flatter?
We carry the world in our head
As we travel into the future
Till the end of our season.
We move through space and time
With cohorts, friends enemies and lovers.
What we learn we end up forgetting
Except the wounds or kindness which lingers.
Entropy consumes the relics of our constructions
And the shame of our sometime destructions
When death which taps out our hours
Takes us into the the abyss of no-escape
Which we face alone, on life's windy cape

Stephen Loomes

A Ride On My Suzuki

Might go for a ride on my Suzuki
It's a 'gixxer' one thousand
And you know that it is alive
Not many can beat this Suzie K5

Here in Coffs Harbour
With a beach down the street
And hills growing bananas
Life is almost complete
But with a bike in the shed
It's white and it's blue
There no more you need
Believe me its true.

I am going to ride up Bruxner hill
Where the bananas all grow
Through the tight little corners
With the farms down below
That bike sure can travel
In a straight line it flies
Faster than birds can take to the sky

Up this mountain road
The corners are great
But look out for gravel
Before it's too late

At the crest of the hill
Out of the cornering motion
Glance back down behind
At the blue Pacific Ocean
Then on through the forest
Its moist and pure air
But it's damp on the corners
Slow up and take care
Then out through the meadows
Along Max's straight
The front wheel it lifts
Then before it's too late

Through the gears with quick shifts
Foot and lever, engine revving, brakes on
Pulling up at the corner
Of the Bucca junction.

Stephen Loomes

Johann Sebastian Bach

On 21st March 1685
In Germany at Eisenach
Elizabeth and Johann had a son
They named Johann Sebastian Bach
His family tree flowered 38 musicians
All talented, but Sebastian was the one
Whom Schumann said is owed by music
What religion owes to Christ in heaven
When young, his father taught him
His mother died when he was seven
When he was eight, next, his father fell
So he went to live with his older brother
Johann Christoph, who gave him lessons
Which he had learned from Pachebel
No sooner had he learned a piece
Than he would ask Christoph for another
At fifteen he went to Luneberg
To St. Michael's school as a chorister
He'd walk 30 miles to Hamburg
To hear Reinken and the Opera
One night without a penny
Tardily, for the walk home preparing
When from a window high above
someone threw out a herring
Starving he picked it up, for something to eat
And in its flesh were two gold coins
So he walked on down the street
And that money was a blessing
He not only bought a meal just then
But it gave him the resources
To go back to Hamburg for concerts again.

At eighteen he was a master of the organ
And also the violin, and so his fame began
He was appointed organist at Armstadt
A master of composition, and only a young man
The music from him flowed, but beyond the Church
Little of his work was known, and on his death
A few cantatas by his followers were published

And little else was known, it seemed the fashion
Had moved on, and his treasures almost vanished
Yet fifty years later in Vienna, Mozart heard
And started playing Bach's motets
Around the world of music was sent the word
So Johann's legacy was restored
Published far and wide,
And orchestras across the globe
Now play his work with pride
I love the Brandenburg Concertos
Opening with the violins playing the theme
Then the subtle figure of the oboe
The bass line joins the scheme
As the music transcends language
And soars as a beatific hymn
And everyone can share the joy
This music brings within.

Stephen Loomes

Our Meteor

Our meteor is spinning
Towards a certain doom
We live upon its surface
Some people call it home
The scholars
Who should know these things
Suspect we are alone
Yet keep watch with their telescopes
In case they might be wrong
The one thing they are sure about
Is the impact won't be long
So knowing that it cannot last
We the living should be aware
It is only us, alone in space
For each other we should care
Yet this is not always the case
While some of us exploit the weak
And live like palaced royals
Others roam about in packs
And pick up on the spoils
Loving kindness still lives on
In the hearts of those who've learned to love
They will care for those who lack
Still many are marched off to war
While their leaders are sitting back
Fighting over land or wealth
Ignoring the suffering everywhere
Or killing for a belief in something
Which really isn't there
So who are they we should reverent
As this rock shoots on through space
Towards this final event?
It is those who care for others
Upon them alone we must depend.

Stephen Loomes

Arrivederci Roma

Arrivederci Roma

(sung with Perry Como's Croon)

I leave a dirty Roma
Gypsies at the station with offers of aid
Hand out, waiting to be paid
Ah yes, I leave a dirty Roma
Touts and beggars to evade
Nice old men on the take
Selling cameos so clearly fake
Joining thousands at the sites
Of a great civilisation
Long past its heights
At its lost grandeur we gaze
Through the roman summer haze
And despite the ubiquity
Of the crumbling antiquity
Around the falling monuments to the past
Lives on, an eternal truth
Which is the beauty of youth
And the great eternal part
Of the Greek and Roman art.

July 2013

Stephen Loomes

Janis Joplin

So much heart so much love so much need
Janis Joplin I cry to watch your heart bleed
What a talent you brought to the world
Time has seen your legend unfold
How sad that your life was lost to the abyss
Of uncertainty and need, oh how you are missed
What intellect, what talent and a future untold
Such a beautiful woman and so in need of love
It was like a crucifixion to see this talent shoved
By ignorant fools who couldn't understand
The cruelty when you were young and you so grand
Anyone who had a heart could have saved you from your fate
But when people found their heart it was already too late

Stephen Loomes

Doing Time

As I look at these brick walls,
Boredom is my prison true,
I think of days in sad grey halls,
But real steel bars imprison you.

I may drag the weight of doubt,
But yours are chains of misery,
You who cannot move about,
Because your prison is your body.

Let us sing the lament together,
As we pass this waiting time,
Are we captors of each other,
For an existential crime;
Or each in his own prison solely,
And all in one that is holy?

Stephen Loomes

A Tribute To Arthur Janov

I read that John and Yoko
had his Primal Therapy
So I read his book The Feeling Child
And it opened up a world to me
The time has come
To be with the children,
To play, not send them away
Is it true, that to reject them
Is to relive the rejection
Which as a child happened to you?
Love is not abstract and saying you care,
It is giving of time and attention
And when you are needed ensuring you are there,
Where else to look?
Except upon one.s loving ones.

Stephen Loomes

Tribute To Wilhelm Reich

I would like to say that I cannot believe
How cruel people can be to each other
But I can't because I see the inhumanity
Everyday, like angry apes nothing escapes
The ravening cruelty of our species
In which context let me exult Wilhelm Reich
He was a lighthouse of intellect among humanity
And yet he was hounded by the Nazis
Who would have killed him but he escaped
So they burned his books so no-one could know
What a compassionate genius he was
His beliefs were simple and related to sex
He said those who controlled and suppressed it
Were neurotic and those who found orgasm
Regularly, were taking a path away from neurosis
And when he escaped to America
The land of the free, he was certified a lunatic
Never to be released and in prison he died
Effectively crucified by the religious repression
Of those who sublimated their healthy sexual energy
Into power and lived and enforced their neuroses
Oh how, Wilhelm would have loved the present times
When sexuality and its expression was no longer a crime.

Stephen Loomes

A Nod And Wink To Palladas

The great William Shakespeare
His thoughts to inspire
Dipped into Palladas often
To put ink in his pen
He knew Palladas would not sing
In the growing Christian choir
Which threw Stoic thought and Greek learning
On the mad zealots' fire
His thought was independent
And without malefaction
He blamed Plato for imagining human perfection
Plato called you 'immortal' a creature from the sky
But we are death's herd
And the world is its sty
This was Palladas' view,
And a fitting reply
Soon we all pass to earth
So just save your breath
And during that silence
Why not ponder your death
It was he who said,
Each day, anew we are born
Perhaps inspiring William Blake
His Auguries to adorn
With some are born to endless night
And others are born to sweet delight
And Palladas' words were
Trimmed by Shakespeaare to fit
As 'all the world's a stage'
In his play, As You Like It
It was Palladas who said that life is a play
We each as actors must perform with art
Or treat it as a farce and laugh through our part
The stream which carries you,
Carries us all he said
To the final deep harbour
Which is the home of the dead.

A Walk To Mutton Bird Island, Coffs Harbour

Today I walked with my favourite woman, my wife
To the seat half-way up the climb to Mutton Bird Island sanctuary
I had to stop to save my breath for fear of losing my equanimity
Sitting there breathless, I quietly smiled as aging women pounded past
In Australia, we have an expression for older women, who vulgarly
Are referred to as "mutton dressed up as lamb" as they dress and exercise and
fast
To defeat the ravages of aging and the ballooning of their thighs and other parts
And so I often think the name Mutton Bird Island so aptly applies.
The island is an isthmus rising many metres over Pacific's deep blue waters
You walk along a concrete breakwater past the marina and its trawlers
To climb a path between the burrows of the wedge-tailed shearwaters
Which spend their autumn at this most magnificent Coffs Harbour
Where their young are born in burrows with their parents as incubators
Later fledged around the isle before they migrate north to Asia
If you are in good shape and walk past me to the top of this nursery "island"
You can see the beaches north and south and the Great Dividing Range
The blue jagged hills crouching close to the coast right down to the crystal sand
When up the top you look north to Split Solitary Island as the yachts around it
sail
Between June and November on the sea you might spy the "blow" of a humpback
whale
Now safe to swim in their majesty free from the previous slaughter
Splashing and breaching and cruising as they migrate north to the warmer
waters
Where as of old and free from harm they will give birth to their sons and
daughters.

Stephen Loomes

Hello Dear Reader

Hello dear reader,
You have come to see my words
I hope you are doing well
It sure does mean a lot to me
You are feeling well, and
That you are reading what I tell
I am looking at the sunshine
Out the window through the trees
Trucks are rumbling down the highway
But they don't bother me
If you've read some of my other poems
It is clear that I can see
Beyond my room, beyond my home
To life's complexity
This process of our living
Is a miracle beyond compare
And every moment is rushing
To a place beyond all care
The love that I've shared,
The times I have cared
Is in my warmest memories
The times I have hurt
And acted wrongly never sets me free
But as with us all perfection waits
No person is right, that never could be
And if we can forgive each other
And then one's self
Then happy we all should be.

Stephen Loomes

When I Wake Up

When I wake up I have a dazed pee
And wander out to make a cup of tea
While the kettle boils, I lean on the sink
A little stunned I wait for my brain to think
I can stare at nothing for minutes; I am inert
Just looking out at nothing
I am sure it doesn't hurt
And then the kettle bubbles
I put tea into the pot
Turn on the radio for the days' troubles
Then wish that I had not.
I wish peace on earth for all out there
If only my power to grant it
Was equal to my care.

Stephen Loomes

Visit To Life

You're a stranger at a celebration,
Looking for familiar faces,
Uncertain of your invitation,
Retreating into shadowed spaces.
A set of eyes flash welcome to you,
You venture to them through the crowd,
A cruel stranger blocks you getting through,
'Friends, help me' you cry out loud,
'You're a visitor to this happy feast, '
A friendly guide steps up to say,
'Please dance and love and look for peace,
But as you've come, you need to know.'
Whether our way be joy or woe,
As we come so we must go.

Stephen Loomes

You Are The Message

The twining strands of dna
Spoke of your first conception
And that of your brothers,
Sisters, children and friends.
How to unravel, the code
To comprehend the meaning
In simple pattern?
Everyone is a message
It is no puzzle what each message portrays
The old woman who cleans at the airport
The captain of industry
The child crying in the night
The ballerina gliding on a stage
The saint who cares for the poor
The monster who slays without compassion
The man from Galilee
The concourse of transmissions
To living humanity
As we move through time.

Stephen Loomes

The Roof Of Night

The silver crescent of the moon
Hanging in a cloud's cocoon
Beneath the swaying of the trees
Moving with the evening breeze
Up in the night's blue firmament
The stars twinkling through the deep
Studding white electric light
Into the dark roof of the night.

Stephen Loomes

Vlapgod Vos

As Pavlov shook the bell to ring
The dog would start to salivate
Food cued with Pavlov's imprinting,
And tho' these words will
ring no bell
'most all our thoughts are ringing still,
It gets so very hard to tell
If what we do, we feel, we see
Is at the command
Of sad yesterday's bell.
Or choice based on reality!

Stephen Loomes

When I Was Born

I arrived and started looking around
No way of knowing what I would find
Didn't want anything bad to happen at all
Wanted everything to turn out fine
For the faces around the cradle
And the eyes against the wall
I was hungry I could hear noises all around
I wanted to be held
I wanted anything but pain
The first time someone shouted
It was like lightning through my brain
Didn't know what to think,
Just kept waiting to be held again
For the world to be put right
I started seeing things in the dark of night
After learning how to smile
I was learning how to cry
What I wanted was a world of delight
What I got was terror in the dark of the night
And I still don't know why
Absorbing all of these things at the speed of light
I had to sleep and think and laugh and cry
When I was too little to understand why.

When I could get around I found gravity
It hurt me at first but then I got control
Almost too much to comprehend this reality
Testing muscle then falling through it all,
Finding things around about this world,
In a room of polished wood cool metal and glass
And peoples' legs and things hanging on the wall
Picture frames with faces from the past
Chimes and bells and people coming to the door
Whirring trucks trains and cars moving fast
Birds flying through the trees of the day's blue light
The night stars studding black space of the past
Above the evening clouds blowing fast
Around the moon smiling in the night

Stephen Loomes

Ode To Jim Morrison

When the Renaissance as we call it
Filled the world with wonder
From human minds and hands
We all became much smarter
And in the 1960's the light returned
With avatars of thought, deed and word
From which the world has learned
Jimi Hendrix who had been here before
Came back with flaming guitar
And Bob Dylan with his magic words
Ravi Shankar with his sitar
The Kennedys and Martin Luther King
There was colour, light and war
Waged by the ignorant
Against the changes that they saw
And flying above it all
With a mind beyond compare
Like Icarus too close to the sun
Appeared a mind who seized it all
James Douglas Morrison

Stephen Loomes

Tribute To William Blake

The engraver from Broad Street
Would not kiss the feet
Of a creeping Jesus
When that spirit came
But dreamt of tigers in the night
Out of the narrow lane
Job himself came marching down
The sound of his feet
Resounding at a later time
From the visionary's metered walk.

Ah! but who could have seen
That his meaning would not dawn
Until his spirit free was born
At the engraver's solitary death
At every morn and every night
Misery turns to sweet delight.

Stephen Loomes

View From Portofino Lighthouse

Now let me sail upon the tide
And so let my boat words glide
The sea of meaning with the tale
Of Kings questing the Holy Grail

Last night as I awoke in bed
The clock-tower chimed four steps that led
Into the essence,
Legend said.

The Holy Grail evades us all
Before our self, 'however small
Attends to its self enthral.

My words should not a riddle be
The legend says your mind is three.
First a conscious eye, with which to see
Next a mind to set you free,
Or else it may a prison be.
Third a sense to make it real:
You see, you know, and then you feel!

Now the legend shall avail
A use of these which shall not fail.
For consciousness, a Holy Grail should be
A heart which feels, should honour mind
And mind in turn can never find,
The source of all it cannot see,
Which uses it, and says
I AM ME.

Stephen Loomes

The True Religion

Don't ask me to tell you again
Alright, before we go any further
There's some stuff that gives me bother
So I'm delivering some words
Into your brain
It will lighten your load
If you think what I tell you is true
And it reduces my burden too
For me to see that it is told
And the ideas travel to the future through you.
Religion. What a cancerous curse
Feeding on the living human body!
The progenitor for religion seems to be;
I am here and alone and what is worse,
I am separate from the people around me,
And a sense of self seems to be
A wet nurse to the religious curse.
Around me and the earth
Upon which I find myself walking
There's a lot of people all dressed up and talking
I look out into space and I realise
There just is no-one is talking anything of any worth
I look back out through the skies
Even with my primitive ideas of science
What a vast universe that I see through my eyes
And there am I standing quite alone.
In this universe am I the only one home?
When there are a lot of people
Feeling self-conscious
History delivers salesmen with all the answers,
But each one of them is so subjective
And inherently false.
So appealing to mordant romancers
The artefact of religion has undergone
Its own evolution as a cancer enmeshed
With mankind's cultural and historical evolution.
When we were pre-literate as a race
Fast talkers and thinkers made the invention

Of spirits and gods and pushed them in our faces
When children were little and had no defences
Fostered by word of mouth
And enforced as offences
Woven into stories which like mnemonics
Inhabiting memory and transmitted like viruses
Religious stories entered the vaults of belief
With their bullshit answers that provide no relief
To cosmogony and cosmology
Stealing true understanding like a thief
Of these large questions occurring in the human mind.
The movement from pantheism to monotheism
Was the next quantum leap in the mythic paradigm
It matters little whether this occurred as a schism
In India, China, Sumeria, Egypt, Israel or Babylon
It was a chariot of the human mind called writing
Which carried it along.
Now every religion has to have a book,
And in its book they say are words divine
Direct from God who sent it down the line
Through a prophet whose tongue is like a hook.

And whatever holy book, the precepts are the same
What you do now will be rewarded or punished
On judgment day when you die,
The next life will be everything you ever wished
On condition that every day you live, you comply
However it is dressed up, they call it Paradise
But if you refuse to believe to swallow their lie
You'll be punished forever when you die.
So just submit to the "word of god";
If you want to do well
Believe everything contained in the "holy book";
Hand your mind to the men of God or go to Hell

Stephen Loomes

The Only Son

He was the first-born son
The girl was young and crazy
The father drove trucks way out west
And was never home with his lady
She was poor and could take no more
Wanted out of the whole thing
Stuck at home and all alone
Just her in the village with her baby
No place to go and the baby he kept crying
Dad drove his truck and cursed his luck
Saying life never did him any favours
Told his girl to wait at home and thank him for his labours
The cupboards were bare
And the streets were dark
When she packed her things and the baby's
He got home drunk and raged and searched
Till he tracked her down at a neighbour's
With drunken threats pacing up and down
Around her sitting with the baby perched
He told her to get out of town
Punching in the air near her face as he swore
Come home or get out and leave the kid
He threatened as she quavered
I don't want to go back to that empty house
For a life staring out of the window
At an empty town and an empty road
Full of idle men and their widows
Who never speak and look at me
Like a freak at the circus side-shows.
But let me take the baby with me
I beg you let us go
I'm leaving now I won't be stopped
She cried in desperate defiance
You'll not go off, you'll march right home
There'll be no ifs or maybes
But her life was gone, she had to leave
Then he grabbed the frightened baby
Drove her off into the weeping night
Alone she was left to grieve

But she vowed to fight in a court of law
For the only son he made her leave.
Life went on like an endless sea
Which tossed her like a cork
Would she ever see that son again
But there was no higher court.
The father gave the trucks away;
I'll stay at home and raise him
He said full of rage and fight
Hollow words from a hollow man
To show the world he was right
But he needed her more than the baby did
And took the kid out of spite
His troubles grew and he drank all night
This man was never sober
The baby grew without loving care
Never knew his mother
Her face fading like an ember
And only when he slept at night
Her last kiss could he remember.
With no direction and poor company
As a young boy he was growing
He lost his way; and on that trail
He had no way of knowing
The only kids were lost like him
In adult storms they were blowing
The guiding light was very dim
He was looking sure to fail
There's many a trap on the rocky road
On the way to full-grown man
And many a sad-eyed person
With a pill to change your plan
And he would take whatever they gave
To fill the emptiness within
Drinking spirits and stealing things
At the suggestion of his buddies
While other kids in that same town
Were busy with their studies
He stumbled on to the age of twenty
Alone and feeling down
Should have been at the gate of plenty
But around each leg was a ball and chain

That crippled his will to succeed
It was fastened there by the endless pain
Of his loss and inner need
Which left him feeling empty
To feed himself and get along
The jobs were tough and the bosses rough
The labour was back-breaking
And in the dark of every night
When his rest he was a-taking
He'd see her face and faintly hear
Where is my son my only son
His mother's silent prayer
He'd see her face and weeping eyes
Like a vision it would appear
And as she wept she heard his cries
Saying mother I need you here.
So in their dreams they'd cry
Calling for each other
Oh! Whatever chains now the world decrees
Are wrapped around your fate
A mother's love it never dies
Forever she will wait
And her spirit guides him onwards.
From out of her sleeping thoughts
The force of love goes upwards
And guides the boy with her support
To push him ever onwards
One day he woke and changed his mind
Saying I'll never have great wealth
But I can stop drinking and taking pills
And unlock the chains around me
Say no to all that makes me ill
My youthful health will set me free
It's no to him and no to her
No more, enough, I've had it
And he rose that day and he went forward
And shook every evil habit
He got a job for better pay
It wasn't much but something
And when a year had come and gone
He had a little saving
So when opportunity came along

He was ready for the taking
A block of land for payment down
In a little street on the edge of town
And tired from work he's sleeping right
Her kindly face it still appears,
But she is not a memory now
Or an angel for his fears
His mind was clear he made a vow
To dream of her no more
He tracked her down last year
And she's so proud of her only son
And he's so proud of her

Stephen Loomes

The Fine Scaffold Moves

Fingers stroking
Flesh tumescens with blood
The mechanism of love
Stroking, moving into
Erotic awkward positions
Of romantic junction
Sliding peristaltic
In and out, forever.

Stephen Loomes

At Jim Morrison's Grave

At the Cemetery of Pere Lachaise,
there was a grave without a tombstone there.
There was a plastic wreath
and scrawls of chalk.

Across the mound the stray cats, scavenged
for there was no living prey to stalk;
While the earth consumed the screaming flesh,
the voyeurs came from cul de sacs'
to smell the grave and hurry back.
They'd mutter music is your only friend,
but for years no epitaph to say the end.

Then his family left a tombstone there,
The only public statement of their loving care,
Inscribed on marble in ancient Greek.
Does it say his demons were his own
Or that he followed his spirit home?
Let the ancient language speak!

□

Many for our sins have died,
While we into our armchairs slide.
It was a time of revolution, poetry and love
With its own avatars like gods above.
And Jim, a martyr to our lifelessness,
We saw in him what could be done,
And how like Icarus, we fall alone
Then off to work we must be gone.

Stephen Loomes