

# My Guru The Lake

poems by  
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## Introduction

This cycle or sequence is a natural continuation of the cycle *A Year By The Lake* and all the poems in it were written *in situ*, 'in place', at and around the lake at Sherborne Castle.

It might well have been given the title 'A Decade By the Lake', even, 'A Decade Or Two...', and anything I want to say by means of an introduction has probably been covered in the introduction to *A Year By The Lake*, and its predecessor, *In Place*.

That it came to have the title it does have is best explained by a whole philosophy encapsulated neatly in these lines of Wordsworth's, from his 'Expostulation and Reply':

*Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.*

*One impulse from a vernal wood  
Can tell you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good  
Then all the sages can.*

Many of these poems appeared in various spiritually oriented magazine in the years appx 2004-2020, most which are now defunct, the most sadly missed of which being *Phoenix New Life* poetry—RIP our good friend and beautiful soul David Allen Stringer.

DC November 2024

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## reflective prelude

seen scene  
scene seen  
a hundred times before  
and never—

sleek  
grebe  
grebe  
sleek

framed  
by a shifting galaxy  
of glints which dis/  
appear

flakes of bliss  
arise  
subside—  
light chattering to itself  
in tongues of fire

reflected  
in these reflections  
in these reflections  
reflected  
Mind and its rising/falling  
thought-waves

grebe now cresting a wave  
of flame...

## **eternitree**

Glad to be alive.  
Glad to be glad.  
Glad to be glad  
to be alive  
to being alive.

March bare tree  
still bereft of canopy.  
from its base, snakily,  
its own shadows flee.  
Bankside skeleton,  
fleshed-out by a twinkling galaxy—  
where the light of the sun  
is chopped up by the lake  
into a billion sparkling  
iridescent flakes  
that, as fleet as thought,  
arise, abate.

Tell me now I haven't seen  
the Tree of Eternity  
its branches groaning with stars,  
budding, flaring up,  
becoming,  
unbecoming.

## **magnolia**

magnolia unpacks itself  
creamily, dreamily

limbs are alight  
with little green candle-flames

sprout intense green hands  
each finger an embryo-leaf

daffodils: six pointed stars  
golden as cheeses,  
about an angel-trumpet  
sounding soundlessly  
loud hosannas

plagued still by dead fern rust  
the hill composes itself for sleep

## **faded is the daffodils' parade**

Faded is the daffodils' parade;  
a puckered ugly husk all that now remains  
where once each yellow Star of David blazed.  
Circumscribed by loss is every gain—  
as circumscribed by gain is every loss.  
In this world of impermanence, the cross  
this is to which all that manifests is nailed,  
and against this law only a fool would rail,  
as we do, locked in our self-made gaol.

## **green**

Wet May.

Land in a green dream.

A billion variations  
on the same verdant theme.

Pea-green, sea-green, aquamarine,  
even in one plant, two or three or four greens,  
as light, lit, observer  
dance.

And we have only this one word, *green*,  
at hand with which to describe this all.  
Such paucity, in the face of such  
virtuoso illimitability,  
illimitable virtuosity,  
on the part of the Master Artist  
who can work within one theme  
with infinite variety.

## **relationship**

Rolling through trees  
mist-robbed of glare,  
(stately step and blemishes thus visible)—  
the disc of Amon-Ra;  
chasing the moon's fading scimitar  
that, as I note these changes,  
erases Herself into the air;  
coming to preside, as He climbs higher  
over a bay of golden vapour.

Cockerel's missed his cue  
sounding now that daybirth's pristine virtue  
has already changed hue  
along with the sun's more elevated view.

The mist withdrawing now  
beneath this unblinking stare,  
a tide ebbing to reveal  
like the ribs of wrecks  
on the foreshore of the valley floor,  
the guys and skeletal frames  
of tents erected for  
a Bank Holiday Fair.

Beneath the day's full, lone, triumphant star,  
and through its grace, and Grace invisible,  
its largely unattending progeny  
go about their ways.  
With the death of dawn's dear silences  
we know humanity's astir:  
engines turn and whir,  
voices hang upon the air.

A sheep scratches its rump  
with evident delight  
on a low-dipping bough.  
Goose patrol flies straight ahead  
keeping strict diagonal formation  
like the blade of a plough.

Tree silhouettes emerging,  
as if posing, gesticulating,  
sulking.

The sleek glide of a black cat  
through the wire and the young corn  
stalking.



And I, who try recording without  
inference, or wish to interfere,  
to be purely the observer;  
yet knowing that without the eye, no light,  
must acknowledge myself therefore  
also as creator.

There is no 'objective' 'world' 'out there'.  
Boundaries blur.

The sun,  
that drop of dew that, glinting, sits upon  
a waving grass-blade, and my eye  
make of connection  
a ninety-three million-mile trinity.  
The dance never ending, always begun.

All that is perceived—relationship.  
All that is experienced—relationship.  
All that is—relationship.

### **velveteen**

In her bridal gown  
May was veiled with rain:  
now the lake holds a glass up to June  
who beholds herself green,  
lush, lambswool-soft under foot,  
velveteen.

## **drinking in the light**

Where the oak leans over the lake's rim  
ripples of reflected light pulse up every limb  
as if the tree were drinking in  
the light, gulping it down, through leaf to stem;  
storing it up in its trunk  
as if of nectar it had drunk.

Blackbird to my left, robin to my right,  
answer each other phrase by phrase  
as if either side of a stage.

Write not another word  
unless it be fathered by silence.

**you**

You:

fragrant freshness of dawn  
hymned by birdsong, notes of  
sparrow, greenfinch, wren, blending  
perfectly as they echo Silence,  
before the grating discords  
of the maddened, their primitive, inefficient devices,  
staining the air.

You:

matchless textures of magnificent understated  
skyscape,  
living work of art unfolding  
moment by moment,  
dance of colour too subtle for those  
who pass before it, stung by the angry  
swarm of their thoughts,  
unheeding.

You:

effulgent blaze of such a sky  
at greater light/colour intensity,  
potencies amplified, so that even  
the stung, the maddened, pause momentarily,  
are momentarily  
released from self-inflicted hell.

You:

the foxglove's fractals,  
the soft jewel children  
floating over velvet fields  
on bud-like feet;  
the dandelion's geodesic  
supernova,  
damselfly's dancing  
lapis-lazuli,  
the wagtail's bouncing lemon energy,  
the cosmic snailshell galaxy.

You:

the spear-tips of summer trees  
already stained with Autumn gore,

the fleeting cloud mountains  
peeping over the fence of the horizon  
to look into our world.

You:  
the poem that unfolds ceaselessly,  
the picture with no frame,  
the silence that follows/  
gives birth to the song  
that fathers the silence  
that bodies the song  
that is endless

### **book of changes**

Crosshatched marchpast  
of numberless ripples  
before the viewing platform  
where I, potentate,  
soaking up obedience  
of countless subjects  
sit.

Sun out now,  
now not.

The scratching of some insect  
in the bark above me.

Current defying grebe  
motionless.

Gullflock squeals across a cloudscape  
that needs oiling.

Hill, tree, light, lake—  
the real book of changes,  
its wisdom ageless.

## **kingfisher**

Fire-amber/turquoise  
badge flashing by  
in the corner of the eye;

Miracle of stillness  
standing in air  
prior to the dive;

water-wedded humming-bird  
of these northern climes—  
Fisher King.

## **piercing the eye**

sun that's driven along the sky  
by wind that's gusting testily  
light-shoal that's shifting responsively—  
to its light Lord's will it must comply

a billion filaments leaping excitedly  
pullulating without agitation  
just the force of Life's billiard pin-pricks  
piercing the eye

## Amadeus

Merest sliver of an old moon,  
lying on its back,  
lunar peaks presenting  
a perfect smiling set of teeth.

Photons fired from  
a sun unseen  
ricochet off orange eastern veils,  
are deflected then from  
dying leaves  
gone predawn dayglo,  
to fall upon this eye,  
this 'I'.

A sky of angel-ribs,  
feathers complete with barbs,  
windbled towers,  
clouds rippled like disturbed seas,  
flattened vapour-trails  
squashed out like jet-ski wakes.

Cormorant cohort,  
four in formation,  
suddenly rear  
vertical in unison,  
like heraldic beasts:  
resume, then, their affair  
with the horizon.

Sky a score  
of such delicate tonality,  
such textural audacity,  
all human artistry  
seems mute in comparison.

In one, all dawn's blue reared dome,  
can be taken in,  
like a symphony  
that could be heard in one instant  
yet not as cacophany.

In this realm we need time  
to experience the harmony  
which speaks to us of that beyond all time.

Time, begetter, enemy,

uprearer and downtearer,  
and space, its Siamese-twin,  
are just the parchment upon which  
the beloved of God transcribe  
their unspeakably beautiful designs.

### **uncrowned**

How poignantly the year has rusted.  
Brittle fragments of it flee  
from me, wind blasting at my back.

Bare wiry tree arms reach  
to blue, having now dumped their mounds  
of cornflakes on the turf.

Gold gleams in low light intensities.  
The air is perfumed with beautiful decay.  
Why, then, should we fear?

Like King John, this beech has lost its crown.  
It lies shattered in a thousand piece mosaic  
of pale redgold unmaking .  
Another empire dissolves—  
another chapter  
of the never-ending story unfolds.

## dead leaves

Dead leaves, teased  
into grotesque parodies  
of life, volition,

weirdly rear;  
brief spasms of apparent  
purpose.

Animated routs, marching—  
parched fleeing cohorts—  
dry leaves scrape along the path,

become corkscrewing flurries,  
are then discarded,  
piling up, piling up

wherever refuge, respite,  
is afforded.  
Dead leaves,

Autumn's blazing lip-stick  
dis-applied,  
Spring's green gloss

a memory's  
memory,  
now fleshing out the will,

the whims, bodying forth  
the formless presence  
of the Necromancer

that of all these shards  
of the year's smashed vase  
is Master.



## **damselflies**

damselflies'  
delicate dance of replication  
hovering helicopulation  
demolishes their  
damseldom  
in the  
quivering  
neon-blue  
deed

## **rain fry**

The lake's deep-green skin  
the wooded hill reflecting  
develops a localised  
momentary rash  
of noiseless rainfall—  
a fry shoal fleetingly  
surfacing.

## **under august canopies**

Under August canopies  
the earth is roe-fawn dappled.  
Green circles emanate  
on the placid lake,  
visible fields pulsate  
their vibration-rate,  
source, unseen.

The golden bank  
held in the reflective lake's frame,

the wind-moved willow  
in shamanic trance  
cascading,  
the water moved cascade's  
foaming dance  
willowing.

**we**

We:

cloud shadows  
running pell-mell  
unremarked  
across the green hills,

transient.

**partnering**

Martins dance a-wing,  
each its lake-mirrored twin  
across the water's still skin  
partnering.

Each would be careering  
*from* the other, fleeing,  
if the scene I'm seeing  
mirrored *our* ill-pairing.

Our marred associating—  
more like particle collisions  
with subtractions and additions  
beyond all reasoning.

Is it fate inescapable  
that we are incapable  
of anything resembling  
such elegance?

Like puppets on a string  
are spasmodic jerkings  
all that will be observed  
of our disfigured dance?

## **as skies go**

As skies go  
it probably wasn't anything special.  
You couldn't have made it into a postcard.  
Turner wouldn't have given it a second glance.

Just a gladdening  
of dawn cloud base,  
demurely picking  
out details, revealing it as  
an understated chessboard,  
a ragged quilt  
with skyblue holes in,

lightening my heart.

Its successor, however—  
a lake of fire, choppy flame-waves  
hanging upside  
down in the sky:  
a shoal of seraphim  
each on a flying trapeze,  
hair blazing earthward.

## **lakshmi**

Yours the dew-jewels strewn across the hill  
that display shifting prismatic constellations;  
Yours the sprightly hare that ambles  
through such lush abundance  
flicking up wet fire;  
Yours the goldrush of every beech  
each staggering under a blazing burden  
it will soon happily drop;  
Yours the numberless flocks of waves  
that echo the scales of the mackerel sky;  
the uncultured hosts of fungi,  
Michaelmas ubiquitous,  
upsprung ephemeral cities.

For all my thirsty senses drink,  
this ambrosial morn  
it's You I thank, and all I see  
I acknowledge Yours.

## fever

The drizzle's stopped,  
yet you could wring out the air.  
Beneath each tree  
a sound like silence  
made audible  
as they 'weep their burdens'.  
More light from  
the red flags, rusty banners  
put out to welcome Autumn,  
than from the sarcophagus sky.  
Beneath the weight of so much cloud  
we are crushed like the grotesques in the dark  
ocean trenches.  
Beads of bloody perspiration  
on holly, spattered in the yews,  
announce our fever,  
the restlessness  
that has been present ever since  
August started to unravel:  
an insistence on movement,  
an orgy of movement,  
irresistible as its counterpart—  
April's giddy rush—  
knowing full well we are running this time  
into Death's open arms.

**light body**

shimmering dazzle

dazzling shimmer

your light body ablaze  
on the water

piling my arms high  
with more light than I can comprehend

impeccable radiance  
radiant impeccability

shining countenance

words

there are no words

## **samhain dawn**

Sun coming out  
from beneath the fiery hem  
of a cloudy sky-skirt.

Parallel folds of light  
effortlessly emanate  
(only a fool would say in Nature  
no lines are straight)  
sweep towards this observer  
basking in their heat.

Of the patterning  
beneath the patterning  
at this veil-tearing time  
a glimpse.  
The perfection all around we can perceive  
(like the squirrel's skittering,  
stopping-starting motion)  
a palimpsest of the Ultimate Perfection.  
What is required for such a breaking-through?  
What superhuman-seeming abilities  
of penetrating?  
Only this:  
stilly looking.

## **intruder**

Walking through fields of finespun glass  
crackling at every step.

A blazing halo of light fanning out  
as sun, mist and bare beech-crown meet.

Lake on fire  
smoke unwinding from it.

Swans smudged into ghosts.

The heron's laconic complaining  
liftoff and KRAAK KRAAK  
at the encroachment of this intruder  
upon the morning.

## **blue air**

Lake laughing in fire  
at a sun brought low  
by Scorpio.  
Muck and frost hanging in blue air.  
Foregrounds sharp, tangy; distances  
misty.  
Both in their way  
speaking  
of that beyond  
words.  
Is it a lack  
of something on my part  
that I can't think of anything more  
to ask for?

*...so shall you reap.*

February—  
on the face of it  
not much to recommend it.  
A time to be got through.  
Not so much a place in itself  
as a place to go through  
on the way to somewhere  
more interesting.  
Spring's dun harbinger,  
sober, servile messenger.

Daffodil-spears stand resolute,  
but they've been beaten to't  
by primroses, crocuses,  
snowdrops—the first, these,  
to get a foothold,  
now spread, benign plague  
of life, seed-hosts.  
*(I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth.)*

I chant with the fall,  
am rewarded by winging  
kingfishers chasing  
each other (mating?),  
rich warm russet underbreasts  
displaying,  
sentinel crows barking,  
early lambs bleating,  
robin redbreasts in duet  
song to-ing and fro-ing,  
declaring, displaying,  
creating.  
Mother-of-pearl shards  
of freshwater oyster shells,  
rainbow washed  
breakfast litter  
of the otter,  
The earth in places a mossy  
emerald, blazing.

Not much to recommend it  
February  
if you are looking forward,  
if you are looking backward:  
yet, if you are looking directly at it  
as Now—



What riches!  
What abundance!  
The poet's feast!  
The poets' feast!

Februar,  
Purification,  
Candlemass,  
Imbolc—  
as you are  
so falls the year.  
As you sow...

### **of light**

Dawn:  
Sun setting off in glory  
on his daily voyage—  
crowds waving, banners streaming—

of light.

Hills, fields,  
grass, trees,  
of light.

Reminding us of what  
we so readily forget:  
everything is light.

And spaced along the April branches  
little candles of new green life,

lit.

## **lotus sun**

blossoming in the sky  
all illuminating

green gates unlocking  
new vistas unleashing  
as the year gains momentum

## **a sky of scarlet**

a wobbly blob of red light  
flows through the skyline trees  
amoeba like  
robin dawn-breast sings  
the new day into being—  
a sky of scarlet  
from its throat  
blossoming

## **hatchling**

Sapphire lake shrugging off golden mist  
its vapours ascending in adoration  
of this red-gold newly hatched sun,  
its luminescence splaying  
in a scintillating shoal  
towards the observer.

My sun brother  
has laid down a shifting bridge  
of light, once again,  
in invitation.  
Across it I march.

## thought-fishing

Thought-fishing  
is different from normal fishing.  
A normal fisherman in solitude  
probably only gets a bite or two  
in the long leisurely day  
he devotes to appreciating Nature  
by way of sticking a hook in it.

The fisher of thoughts, on the other hand  
realises to begin with that he is not alone,  
that there are thousands of him, little ego duplicates,  
each eagerly casting his line:  
one's grappling with a monster,  
another hasn't had a bite all day and looks dejected,  
this one is being dragged into the lake,  
others are gossiping, arguing—  
it's pandemonium!  
The thought-fisher's first task is, then,  
gently to turf most of these gentlemen  
into the water to drown...  
leaving him with just one or two or three selves at most  
to deal with.  
What astonishing calm descends!

Then the thought-fisher's task is:  
should a thought-fish bite  
*not* to be dragged into the water by it,  
but to unhook it and let it go—  
without even pulling it in.

The calm that descends then  
makes even the previous halt  
to the tumult seem noisy  
by comparison,  
as he experiences no longer  
the calm within the storm, but  
the calm within the calm.

Freedom.  
Who can say now what he may  
or may not do?

## **vesica piscis**

Nibbling at another world  
simultaneous trout leave two perfect  
rings emanating  
to form a *vesica piscis*.  
Kingfisher's living turquoise  
buzzes me, as if  
I needed any further confirmation  
of Life's magical abundance,  
abundant magic—  
once you align with it.

## **my guru the lake**

taught me in its silence  
how the mind holds and folds  
caresses and stretches  
phenomena as playthings, through  
the limitless playfulness it displayed  
regarding the reflected yew  
caught in its paws,  
spewing effortlessly out  
a hundred abstract masterpieces  
a minute.  
On your knees man!  
Be awed before  
The Master.

## humility

I swear I can discern  
in the robin's morning song  
report of a world  
within  
without wrong.

All beneath the sun  
adulterated seems by man  
yet even this pollution's part  
of The Master's vaster plan

that stretches far beyond  
our horizon's furthest bound.  
We're like the frog who thought the world  
was his little pond,

whose head, when the ocean's breadth  
to him was shown  
exploded into pieces:  
so will our minds be blown

at the last. The eyelash mite  
thinks your eye's the universe:  
the man who thus looks down on him  
is simply perverse

to think that other greater beings  
look not pityingly down  
on him in just the self-same way:  
puffed-up pompous little clown!

Even when we look without  
how are we dwarfed by Being!  
And how much more so those who have  
begun to look within

at worlds beyond dimension,  
at worlds beyond description,  
at worlds where all-conquering Time  
and Space prove but a fiction,

a bubble on the surface  
of a sea on a world  
of a universe that's dreamed up

by a sleeping god,

Himself a projection  
of another, higher being,  
and so on ad infinitum—  
beyond our seeing.

Know then foolish Man  
the futility  
and ruin of all that's undertaken  
without humility.

Know then foolish Man  
your proper place:  
infinitesimal speck  
in infinite space.

Continue after such perception  
in your old ways  
of arrogant destruction  
and thus play out your days—

no, it can't be done.  
One moment of perspective  
and we see all that's gone before  
for what it is: defective.

And in humility our ear  
to Nature once again we turn  
to find what from a simple robin's song  
one morning we can learn.

## planetary husbandry

A flock of sparkles scintillate  
at rest unstill upon the lake,  
the hills throw back the call of geese  
in delayed and distorted form.

The waves deal out the banks and sky  
in shapes that phase-shift, give the lie  
to the originals. Early September—still  
summerly warm.

But nothing us now can surprise.  
The 50s housewife's beehive,  
the fumes of Bentleys and of Fords  
have tipped the planet's scales,

shifted even the seasons' hold.  
Our winters now just wet, not cold,  
Our summers 'scorchers' and each day  
brings some new great catastrophe.

And if I were to say  
this is how it's *meant* to be,  
don't misunderstand me.  
the terrible harm we've wrought  
a lesson harsh we needed taught  
in planetary husbandry.

Either we take up the glove  
we've issued to ourselves, evolve,  
or we ignore it all  
continue thinking trite and small:  
then we and all we love  
and all that lives on earth  
will die.

## illusion

If all is illusion—  
why bother?  
Some illusions are more conducive  
to the transcendence of illusion  
than others.  
Observation is all.

Emerging from dawnblazement  
heraldic silhouette cormorant,  
like a conqueror's staff, emblematic  
of having conquered Time, themselves prehistoric.

A squonking squadron on the wing,  
goose-chevron, hills the call answering.  
Right overhead the heron wheels  
like a pterodactyl.

All is Mind-energy vibrating  
at different rates, thus manifesting,  
particles dancing at different speeds  
for differing lengths of time.  
How different the duration  
of the dance of a mountain  
to that of the may-fly!

Nature's great virtuosity allows  
the nanosecond-only lives of particles  
that build up phenomena temporally diverse  
as a cloud and a geological age.  
Empires and universes rise and fall  
every nanosecond, and all changes;  
and yet inasmuch as all is change  
nothing changes.



## song of the fall

'Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action;' ---*Shakespeare, Sonnet 129*

I've never yet known a leaf to mind  
being a plaything of the wind.

Until there is a choice—no choice.  
'Profound acceptance' then  
means accepting I'll be torn apart  
again, again, again.  
Yet a leaf knows not the intolerable pain  
in every cell of its shuddering frame,  
of no going back  
while being pulled back,  
no going forward  
while being pulled on.

'For the good that I would I do not:  
But the evil that I would not, that I do.'

If even St. Paul knew  
the dissonance of this first step on the scale,  
when one to this whole game is new  
is there any wonder that I fail?  
Yet who is to blame but myself  
if from Grace I have taken a fall?  
A vow 'to liberate all beings' though daily made  
seems unattainable when its maker's unperfected.

*Surrender to the imperfection.  
Admit you still have needs  
That are not yet transcended.  
Karma is the swamp of Greed,  
Ignorance, Anger, Envy, Ego, Lust,  
From which the lotus shall unfold:  
Base must the metal be  
That's then transmuted into gold.  
That which has not fallen  
Cannot be redeemed.  
Such is our work  
In the Eternal Scheme.*

Another evening in hell  
by my 'pleasant vices' propelled  
as if I had never set out on the path  
of escape from their pull. The aftermath—  
that disgorged animal ache.  
Now a failure as well as a fake.  
almost I long for lost days  
before I was forced to awake,  
in, as it were, fallen 'innocence'  
steeped in my role of The Rake.  
Oh for *kshanti paramita*!  
'You can't rip the skin from a snake.'  
I had myself down as a  
'Connoisseur of experience'—  
in this and other terms  
I have gilded my prurience.  
Yes, animals are blamelessly freed  
to wallow thoughtless in deed,  
while self-reflexive cleverness breeds  
pestilence, and our paths choke with weeds.  
Sins in the mind proliferate,  
bacterial, at exponential rate:  
soon the mind's petrie-dish is a-swarm  
with that which only lives to do harm.  
Thus am I caught between  
my past and my future's cross fire,  
am thrown by the worm to the floor,  
and in weakness and need,  
writhe there.  
Well then! Let the play unfold  
with its twists, sub-plots, convolutions,  
alarums, retreats, masquerades,  
revelations, revolutions.  
Only now I ask that catharsis bring  
a deeper understanding  
of my own and others' suffering,  
compassion nurturing.

The lake swelled with Autumn tears  
I write with the October fall  
filling 'the porches of mine ears'  
with its lusty new-born infant's bawl.  
Whoreson of weakness and wrong—  
this has been my fall's song.

**from the 'claire voie'**

October is a stained-glass world.  
Each crimson/amber leaf, hill, field,  
*Radiates* the light that's bowled  
                    Through it  
By magnanimous Apollo.

The lake's on fire, the earth's ablaze;  
The ridge a-shimmer, lucent gauze  
Of green, rust-coloured bracken oversprayed.  
                    All things are  
Luminously hollow,

Lit from within; the elements employed  
In demonstration of The Void's  
Clear Light in all that's on display,  
                    Opening senses  
Beyond senses.

Air chops the water, agitates each branch  
Into a frenzied maenad-dance.  
Nature bestows on all a chance  
                    To peep through  
Her own fences

At that which the whole universe sustains,  
That which, when all's subtracted, still remains,  
By Grace of which, yet beyond name,  
                    All things are moved  
And have their being.

Points of light through branches scintillate.  
This day, what need investigate?  
That perfection is the primal state  
                    Is obvious for those  
Who have the seeing.

October's matchless golden hoard  
Unleashed this day as a reward  
For inner light sustained, though the sky roared,  
                    Through days of wild, dark fury,  
Sunless.

From this 'Claire Voie' the view is truly Clear.  
I think of those to me most dear.

Physically far, they now *feel* near  
For all is  
Oneness.

NB—a ‘Claire Voie’ is a landscape feature affording, as the French makes plain, a ‘clear view’.

## **rust**

Scorpio sun, hugging the horizon  
fantastically illuminating  
leaves that should be long gone.  
Trees that, this far into the year  
should be stripped bare  
instead provide light mountains,  
fabulous frozen fountains,  
fabulous fountains frozen  
in autumnal commotion  
of ochre, orange, saffron.  
The slinking sun making daylong dusk—  
the world has been turned into rust.

## **beauty and impermanence**

The yew-grown gossamer strand  
is now by frost commandeered:  
a column of icy needles  
sparkling in the clear sun  
that signals also its undoing—  
which, even as I write, happens.  
The dangling frozen rigging  
falling at my feet.  
The only witnesses  
to this quiet miracle,  
me, God, and, reader,  
you.

## grace notes

### I

Dew-fresh  
this April morning  
an extraordinary  
outpouring  
of Life as Sound—

every note of this song  
a grace note.

### II

I'm ignorant, know not which bird  
it is that takes  
this breathtaking solo—  
ably supported by the great-tit's  
enthusiastic, restricted,  
two-tone chorusing,  
the gulls' contribution being  
the rusty sky-gate's squeaking.

The first song, this,  
on the first day.

Don't let the reductionist  
impose his mental paucity upon you  
with 'It's just a matter of territory,  
survival of the fittest.'  
The Horatio-mindset's  
ill-fitting anorak  
splits  
at the precision of illumination  
that is Spring.

### III

The first song for this life-stream too  
after the clampdown  
of a silent clouded winter  
where I wondered if I'd ever  
like this my unknown beloved  
Master, brother bird  
give voice again.

The call compels the answer.  
I would be the Shakespeare of music

but that there's no comparison,  
for in this song's benison  
echoing, echoing,  
there's unaffected, primal precision  
that has never yet been matched  
by productions human.

#### IV

'What a piece of work is man'—  
True, we made it as far as the moon,  
left a bit of rubbish there.  
But unless you think we're the ultimate,  
planet-polluting, Mother-raping,  
matricidal man,  
always besmirching and despoiling  
this eternal-virgin universe,  
By lashing it into our miserable  
tight-fitting, zipped-up minds,  
then the greatest works yet known to us  
of our own hands,  
amazing, granted, beautiful, ennobling,  
are but so from the crumbs they have re-patterned  
from the direct untrammelled and pristine  
cosmic-blueprint encoded  
magnificence that I can hear  
right loud and clear, in this  
one morning song.

#### V

Show's over now, 'this bird has flown'  
in the very act of the words above  
being set down;  
leaving a debt  
I never can repay  
except in a life lived thereby,  
a life of loving gratitude  
in everything I do or say,  
of work and works for and by  
That which grants effortlessly  
such benediction,  
scattering abundantly such  
world-seeding Grace.

## hymn to the sun

limitless openness—  
friendly sky  
held intact  
the placid lake by  
over which the early mist  
goes creeping

honeysuckle-  
scented lull  
heron calls  
morning gull  
silently wings  
circles on smoothness  
emanating:  
silence speaking

trembling treeline  
fire flickering  
light-in-movement  
through foliage squeezing  
then beyond beech-crowns,  
a sky-coronation,  
regal, resplendent,  
sky-gold the world,  
the very inside of the skull  
illuminating

sucked into a grey slab of cloud  
re-reborn  
in perfect form  
the sphere of light  
all we  
are owing

*suraya,*  
a modest star indeed  
in the astronomer's cataloguing  
compared with mighty Rigel, say,  
or a cluster or a galaxy's blazing

yet what mighty power, potency it is  
that, given birth again this day,  
gives birth to all our forms



astronomers included,  
ourselves, even our Mother sustaining

Brother  
Father  
Master  
Sun of my heart  
without whom in this forsaken  
corner of the universe  
there's nothing  
ours the fault  
Your majesty forgetting  
Yours the might  
endlessly forgiving  
Nearest-to-God  
at the limits of our conceiving  
Great living Being  
Your fire alone we beseech  
as sufficiently purifying  
to undo all the misdeeds  
of accumulated centuries  
all our knots, nots,  
unravelling

## **scaly sky**

Flaking, scaly sky  
mirrored by  
unfeasibly  
still water.

Miraculous  
that a whirling globe  
could produce such  
flat stillness,  
still flatness.

From the stillness, the whirling.

From the whirling, the stillness.

## **a clear picture**

On the still waterskin  
each duck's beingness  
spreads out in concentric rings  
clearly to be seen  
even by the materialist.

But where are they  
this stupendous golden evening?  
Watching telly?  
On The Net?  
Down the pub?  
Wherever they are,  
they're not here.  
Wherever they are  
not Here.

Martins in numbers  
that rival their prey  
the brat-squabble gnats  
in flight-fleet deftness  
kiss the silken water  
epidermis.

Superficial flies,  
the hidden fish's lurking  
bubbles uprising,  
all these again  
publish the universal form

of the circle expanding  
the central point of contact  
haloing.

Magical vesica piscis rings interlock,  
and a splash! silken-soft—  
and the underworld's denizen  
has taken a leap  
into a new level of being.

The Darwinian would paint this scene  
as the tense struggle for domination  
that is, in fact, only his own divided striving  
mind's conflict-programmed outpicturing.  
I see only various aspects of Being  
frolicking with Itself.

For a moment or three my mind a still lake  
a clear picture forming, one less of a fake,  
a truer reflection of the Real  
that the slightest movement will fracture and break.

### **shadow of horus**

Dawn sky, tender, breathless, still;  
cloud flags hang limp,  
cloud shoals petal-pink  
softly burn.

Blazing vapour trail meteors,  
banks of blue smoke from no fire  
that are the water's outbreathings.

Witness the diurnal miracle  
Earth birthing Sun  
Gaia giving birth to Her own Father  
through womb-red veils  
placental beginnings  
up into a welcoming blanket of blue cloud  
supplied by angel attendants  
leading to a second brighter birth  
as the shining disk rises free:  
Light resplendent, Light triumphant,  
*Lux aeternis*,  
reflected, magnified, manifold  
(*My soul doth magnify the Lord!*)  
supergold that makes its factual namesake  
metal seem but base.  
The world, the inside of my skull,

similarly now gilded.

Little wonder distract man  
in the reared dreary cave of his ego  
oblivious to this daily sacred ritual  
persists in sightless incestuous  
damnéd matri-patri-suicide.

Horus the soaring falcon of the Self.  
Oedipus the ego-shadow.