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Poetry

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ALL SOULMATES QUEST

I

Achieving adequate, healthy relationships is a vigorous quest
now all the rage,

But it's the shared realization of conscious loving that sets
the alchemical bonding stage.

Conscious love is the heart-spun, shadowy dream we throw ourselves
toward on the way to the wedding,

In hopes of easing the soul-wound pain felt from the long loneliness of original separation.

As sojourners in two strange worlds we longingly sing a homeward
looking, prayerful song . . .

Grant us, Beloved One, the visionary grace to restore the Golden
Age Spirit Breathed Mystery.

II

When two soulmates merge and seek dissolving into WE, a pathway
opens up to reconnecting with long forgotten mysteries.

Mysteries like ancient web-carved doorways exist to ponder,
contemplate and absorb;

Not in the mind's eye where they will be abstracted, minimalized
and stored for critical use,

But in the awakened heart where they will be passionately,
imaginatively and sublimely embraced.

How the giant doors were crafted matters far less than the
message of their sovereign symbols for survival and redemption.

Relational love moves us to fulfill the open circle of life by
letting die who we are to engender Union with the Beloved One.

III

Somewhere along life's way we reach out to touch a soulmate in
friend, marriage partner or lover,

One who supports us in detaching from iron-clad images of self/
other and co-creating a community of Spirit centered being.

In the journey from desire to creating babies or whatever, each
prized moment reveals a tad about the sacramental rebirth cycle.

A new baby's or project's breath of life reminds us of the Spirit's seed spark and the promised rapture of transfigured Union.

Conscious loving is the patient love of pregnant waiting for the Visiting Sun in spite of never knowing all or even exactly when;

A joyous sacrificing of all we are to prepare for Communion with the soul-shattering, Glorified Presence of the Beloved "I Am."

IV

We enter this world as a lonely, blinded beast;

And begin leaving it when ready to gladly sacrifice all

In the name of the coming Eucharistic Love Feast.

This conscious love inflames the heart of all soulmates quest.

D. CHIPLEY

THE PAIN

The pain
It stares me in my face
I run
But it follows
The look it bears slices through me
Through my skin
Into my heart
To the very center of my soul
And it stays
Never leaving
I sit in my corner
And hope it doesn't find me
But it always does
It stays within me
It is a part of me
A part I hate
But it is a part
I cannot run from it
I can only face it

MY WORLD

I look at my world
I do not like what I see
I squint, but then everything just looks hazy
I stand on my head, but then everything just looks upside down
I close one eye, but then I only see half
I hold my fingers in front of my face, but then everything
Just looks smaller
I try my hardest,
To change what I see
But then I realized I too had to change
I dyed my hair red, but that just got my mother mad
I pierced my belly button, but that just made my stomach hurt
I got new clothes, but that just put me in debt
I did everything I could,
To change my appearance
But then I realized I had to change myself
I smiled more, I cried more, I acted like myself
And my world looked happier

AWAKENING

I cry
The pain is too much
I want to shove a knife through my heart
To stop the pain, the hurt
The tears stream down my face
I look at the world through my tears
And the world looks different
New
My tears slow down
Then they stop
I look up at the sun
I begin to dream
I smile

THE DARK SIDE

She looks like an angel,
but I can see her dark side
It floats behind her like a shadow
She tries to hide it,
but I know it's there
It looks like nothing can touch her,
but she can be crushed by a single word
I fall as I see I am looking in a mirror

HEIDI

WHEN YOU GO

When you go, my sad child,
go in red velvet cloud-shoes
and with sparkling full-moon eyes.
Place your comet-foot
softly, avoiding dark things,
on the path to the shimmering star.

B. BLUMENTHAL

Editor's note: Heidi composed the above poems when she was 14 years old.

EVE

Eve of the tender eyes
And adorned with tender flowers
Wreathed in white flowers, Eve
Steps towards us with a tender
Look and we glimpse briefly
Her breasts' forbidden fruit
(Are they reborn each night?)
But such an Eve, long legs
And even—that and—there
Where she lets show her snowy
Thighs—oh, where, where is she?
Full of fronds and drunk
With grasses, wave of grasses—
Where is she, oh, where?
The multitude of men
Cried out when she made known
Her beauty, calling: Adam!
To the multitude of men
Making her beauty known.

ADAM

Adam is not shown.

TRANSLATION

Every text in fact is a translation
From the language of thought into the language of speech
While translations from the language of a foreign speech
Are in fact the texts of one's own thoughts
About that speech.

In so far, then, as there is originality
In its actual author, a translation is original
While the originality of the original author
Only tangentially touches the translation
At the point of the author's choice of author.

It is also imprecise, and that precisely
(Here I am still talking about translations)
Because far more precise than the initial
Text, which is itself as imprecise
As its initial translation.

The author's manuscript sleeps in the translator
Or rather watches, while the author sleeps—
The creator, who is forever watchful:
Keeping his own watch over his own creation
Which is however unfortunately napping.

A FRAGMENT ABOUT NEW YORK

Looking at an object far exceeding the onlooker in size
one sees only parts
as through the faceted lens of the complex visual organ of
 darning-needles or flies
while the overall eye-view escapes the observer
creating the false impression that what lies
before one is complete devastation:
there are situations
even for such biblical names as Babylon and Nebuchadnezzar
when their numbed tongues nod
no longer able to speak
and one begins to doubt that the world was created by God
though to call it man's handiwork would also be imprudent
which leads one to ponder the real meaning of the word "adamite"

And thus one may indeed
Find oneself asking about New York:
What gives life to this odd human stalagmite?
How does it think and feed?
This
Enormous, toothy, deceptive crystal
Flinging its pedestal
High over the earth into the sky's abyss.

Rational folly treads granite with its feet
The stony mash ferments and sloshes
There it is flying standing afloat
The farther away, the nearer it approaches
Soaring, it draws in—and like a rock plummets
To the fountain-pool of none-too-wide Atlantics
From the skirt hem up to the mouth of the Hudson
Where a grillwork parasol of cast-iron sky
Vanishes in the lift of the horizon
Where roadways weave the wild runnels
Of their trunks through looping window-sashes
Into metal cages squeezed from tunnels

Fragment 2

Where the boarded-up gray-gravel flow
Of the East River creeps toward the green fruity
Waving of the bronze figurine
And wiry bridges vertical as knees
Flaunt all the ugliness of their beauty.

Of food
Of drink
Of love
Of the attractions of surrounding nature

Alas,
There is no one here to talk to. Or later
Before moonrise when the flames of synthetic moons
Flood the windows and you behold: the Capital!
Dusky yellow black olive or white
Insulted faces of the not-done-right
While our wise men (as usual) in aporia
Weep their near beer to far Peoria.

You nursed at your unsuspecting breast
The United Nations Organization
A termite-nest for earnest termites
Trapped in the blaze of thermal reaction!

The spheres of the stormy sea-god roll—
Stitched with lightning is the Virgin-bride
Here the sphericity of it all
Is plain as a pancake, clear as bromide
Poured into a yeasty batter of concrete.
Oh, this is no structure for a hypocrite!

Forget “yesteryear” and its tectonic pneumas
Bold-spirited enough to hoist your granny!
If the martyr-visitor looks for phlegm’s
Sooty smear on his guts, he won’t find any—
Why go around dragging a styrofoam bust?
Sing the heart out of your mouth—canary into bush.

Fragment 3

I sing the South of Manhattan staid
As a bard in a halo of glass laurels:
O South of Manhattan—halberd blades
On the young hump of a stegosaurus—
Grand bland benevolent aglitter dull
Relentless as the thought in a skuller’s skull . . .

Through firm foam and oceanic confusion
Whip on, propeller, sail your proud ship clear
The hordes of the Empire of profusion
Have hung the orb of their smartmug here
Blasting on furnaces, filling their ark
With smog, raving dogma, and dishonest work.

Such is New York.
Not a city but an anthroposophical fiction
on the fringe of the hydrosphere

And I don’t share the provincials’ noble indignation
with regard to the abundance of petty thieves
philologists dupes drug addicts pederasts

resentment at the polarizing of social relations
is more suited to the pole.

MAPLE

Toward sundown in the cold sky on a day
In autumn a maple was revealed to me
Its slender trunk where it stood eastward facing
Into the sun was black and fragile-seeming
The perfect yellow of its leaves appeared
As gold against the black bough, the same pair
Repeated on each branch, stiff decorations
And of the leaves that made that golden mansion
Each was so clearly limned
The fallen looked like shadows of them, dimmed
Prefigurings of autumnal sadness
On the late earth after harvest
As though they had projected up above
The separateness and color of the live.

I raised my eyes again and then saw only
A still steam of chiseled foliage
The jagged outline of a tenuous sphere
A branchy vessel self-drawn in the air
Holding just a few leaves, and the maple
Slowly dropped them like a dying phial
And symbols floated down before my eyes
Of sleep's euphoria, the cool of coming days.

HENRI VOLOHONSKY

Translated by Richard Pevear