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## Poetry

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*(The International Journal of Transpersonal Studies is proud to present a selection from the writings of various poets. Our first poet is Laurence Neill who is a mature age Honours student in the Faculty of Arts, University of Tasmania, Australia.*

*The beauty of his writing is surely testament to a sensitive perception of the world around him, its history and its people. Laurence's book of poetry entitled "Tesseraes" is available from Bolda Lok Publishing and Educational Enterprises.*

### Nightmare

You can see my history  
in puzzles made of stone  
Listen...Hear me mocking  
down the wind.  
For the parables I sing to you  
of Roebuck and of Hind  
lie trembling in the thickets  
of uncultivated minds.

I am Essence  
The sap of Everyman  
Each heartache, every ecstasy I've known  
I stood astride that ocean  
where it all began  
I've known each sun...been every breeze that's  
blown  
In the darkness  
threading labyrinthine time  
I am the light that beckons...never dies  
By the Tigris - under pinnacles of stone  
outlived them all  
and always stand alone.

## Ancient Twilight

The gardens retain the ancient twilight  
A fading light that silhouettes the trees  
The trees that have observed forgotten magic  
through centuries of man's insanities.

Night birds acknowledge ancient twilight  
Their instincts attuned to slightest sound  
The stepping fox, the rabbit or the field-mouse  
Anything that moves upon the ground.

The splash of running water in the twilight  
The flash of firefly among the reeds  
However much the human race negates it  
Nature still provides for ancient needs.

For there is balm inherent in the twilight  
An ancient remedy for common use  
To salve the wounds that mankind have inflicted  
through ignorance or greed or self-abuse.

Aromas accented by the twilight  
abound there for anyone who cares  
to savour once again the ancient fragrance  
of Damask roses heavy on the air.

So walk among the gardens of the twilight  
if you need to purify your soul  
Be receptive to the ancient magic  
that emanates and penetrates and makes you whole.

## Aspects of the Dance

A vision of the rhythm of the dance -  
Invitation for the senses to advance  
Accompanied by adrenalin and illicit romance  
Features of the freedom of the dance.

The drum-driven dervish of the dance -  
The whirling and the clapping that enhance  
the fever-ridden frenzy or the hypnogenic trance  
Attendant on the demon of the dance.

The understated passion of the dance -  
The allusion in the enigmatic glance.  
So formalized a pageantry of stately elegance  
concordant with the structures of the dance.

The sensual surrender to the dance -  
The challenge in the sybaritic stance.  
The sexual suggestion, the vagaries of chance  
heightened by the hubris of the dance.

Prisoned by the patterns of the dance -  
like high-stepping thorough-breds they prance  
Aggrandized, customized; entranced  
by the ritual and majesty of dance.

. . . .

History records of one such dance.  
(The eve of Britain's foray into France)  
To brace the guns, the bayonet, perchance  
Young Gentlemen affected arrogance.

The farewell kiss, one final look (askance)  
For King and Country - (flammable parlance)  
rousing children into lethal dance  
Who would condone such cruel extravagance?

. . . .

So annotated aspects of the dance  
are vital to off-set happenstance -  
To enable us to segue thru the treacherous expanse  
of life's complex choreography of dance.

## The Music Room

Dried violets thin drapes stale air  
Rust  
on marble pedestal.  
Bust of Beethoven  
A must of charts  
Dust.

Stand Stool Sax  
Sheet music  
spread on parquetry.  
Rack of records  
Stack of rainbows  
Back to back.

A present of a past.

The lyricist has rhyme  
to elongate his day  
The mummer has his mime  
The metronome and pendulum  
Mark Time.

## **The Stone House (A Genealogy)**

Art creates Poetry  
Music breeds Harmony  
To sweeten our song - affirm life.  
Then life becomes litany  
(Part Legend - Part History)  
The tale of The Traveller  
The Mason - The Wife  
whose talents and energy  
bequeath us our legacy  
of ancestral memory  
This Stone House....This Life.

## Tramps

It was so good to wake up  
Cool in the morning  
So good to shake off  
the sweats of the night and to stretch out  
and fetch in the sounds of the morning  
the milk-bottle's jangle - the paper-boy's bike.

We had licence to lie in  
the gold of the morning.  
Under the sky on  
the crest of the ridge and below us  
a glow on the fields of the morning,  
the roofs of the town and the old hump-backed bridge.

Sharing a crust how  
we savoured each morning  
Skimming the rust off  
the first cup of tea and before us  
a chorus - the voice of the morning.  
Sing morland; sing coppice; sing down to the sea.

Tramping the by-ways we  
scouted the morning.  
Avoiding the high-ways for  
farm-house backdoor - 'Any job for  
a bob lady. What a fine mornin'' -  
We never whined about alms for the poor.

And now I am sad -  
alone in the morning.  
It wasn't so bad  
being two for the road - but ahead  
only dread for a tramp who's in mourning  
for a way of life gone and a time, long ago.

(Editor's note: Those of us who grew up in rural Australia remember the "swaggie" just as he is described here....and we remember too the fresh morning air, the sunlight shining on the fields and reflecting in the dew on the grass. We too mourn for "a way of life gone and a time, long ago.")

## California Cinerama

The Franciscans were the first  
Beneath the panoply of Spanish bells  
They planted -  
Honeysuckle on warm adobe  
And orange groves  
That murmured down to the surf line  
Where the swollen rollers of Balboa  
Burst up from Monterrey to the Mission of the Angels

This is Steinbeck's world  
With sloe eyed girls from Matamoros  
Cutting squid...the sweetness of their smiles  
Sunlight over Big Sur  
The dew drenched grape fields  
And the Paisanos, aflame under San Fernando moon  
In the cross - road taverns brave with wine

Now the slow thick fog  
Shunts in to the carillon of vanished bells  
Over the silent mission  
Over the mutation of freeways  
Over the sluggish oilslick off Santa Barbara  
Over the neon that dims out stars  
Over the whores and winos from Matamoros  
Over the primal scream of Big Sur  
Over the bones of mountain lions

Under a wreath of plastic vines  
(For the only freedom left is wine  
Sweet from a flagon by a fire  
In a brakeyard outside Bakersfield)  
There with in the dreams of the Conquistadors  
- Don Carlos and the Men of San Diego -  
We mourn the majesty of those things Spanish  
As one by one the dancers vanish.

L. NEILL



*Doug Ogilvie lives at his home "Magic Garden" on the Queensland/New South Wales border. Doug is well remembered by scores of university students who found him to be a refreshing break from traditional academic arrogance and narrow-mindedness.*

### Take Care

Care.  
Take Care.  
Be full of care.  
Be careful, not careless.  
Be caring.  
Care for yourself  
and care for me  
and care for everything.

I cry for what you do to me.  
You bruise me daily  
with indifference and unconcern  
and pass unfeeling and unseeing  
on the way to where you go.  
But one day I know my heart will heal  
and I will be myself again  
and grow, unscarred,  
and I was meant to grow.  
But, with every blow you strike at me  
you mark yourself as well.  
And every unconcerned and careless act  
cuts deep into your soul  
and what was once so fresh and pure  
is roughened, bent and marked  
with scars that never heal.  
And you will never be yourself again  
but someone new.  
And one day I will look at you  
and wonder where you've gone.

We slowly grow to be the things we do,  
and do not do,  
and what we think, and do not think,  
I cry for what you do to me,  
and you.

## The End

- I walk with God, as you do too, my friend, although you see the bits and pieces where I see the All.
- I talk with God, my friend. In every thought I think and word I say or hear, there is a message meant that tells of her and hers, and me and thee.
- I play with God, my friend. In all I do and all that's done to me I feel her hand, upon my hand.
- I ride the tigress, friend; the everliving present time and place wherein one knows no past nor future time, nor distant scene, but just one surge of everchanging life, who lives and jokes and plays, and slays.
- The wildest of the wild and yet she longs to love, as I, and do my brothers; lonely, lost and wild.
- I'll love with God, my friend, when you can see what we can see and feel what we can feel.
- And shed the clothes of culture, rules of law and fears of future time and silly little games that mean men play, like war.
- Let's be instead, what we are meant to be, my sister, free; clitoris of and penis made for God, the many-membered one. And let that be the end, the living; endless end for thee and me, and she.

D. OGILVIE

*Bernie Blumenthal is a senior member of staff at La Salle University, Philadelphia. He is also a Consulting Editor for this Journal. We welcome this contribution from him--pleased to see another academic turn to poetry for its power of expression.*

### Culture Stones

For you  
I have  
waited so long,  
without knowing,  
that you were the one  
who would hold my soul  
so softly  
in your hands.

Separated by cultures,  
for many years  
circling each other,  
my guardian angel  
found yours  
wandering around  
in the forests  
of ebony.

East  
of the garden of Eden  
lovers,  
surrounded by angels,  
found the path  
past culture stones  
to each other.

### Queries in the Fall

Without a sound  
the yellowed leaves descend  
from great distances  
into the fall.

Grown dark  
are the once motley colors  
in the winterlike play  
of turbulent winds.

So gently  
you now hold in your hands  
the fragments  
of the departing year.

Will you  
also hold me as softly,  
when I fall from the farthest star  
to the earth?

Will you  
put me as gently into the earth,  
when I can no longer  
walk on it?

Will you  
also love me as tenderly in that winter,  
which one day comes  
and never passes away?

### **Alone with ourselves**

Bottomless  
is the  
emptiness  
between us--unbridgeable,  
absolute.

Isolated  
stands each one there  
with his suffering,  
completely alone.  
No one can help another.

Inwardly  
my heart wants  
to cross over to you.  
But can no longer reach  
your soul.

Sunken  
in the soundless scream  
is the appeal  
to the other person,  
turned inward into himself.

**B.BLUMENTHAL**

*This is the first poem submitted by Don Chipley, also currently a Consulting Editor with the Journal, and Co-Editor-in-Chief for some years past. The thoughts expressed here echo somewhat those coming from Doug Ogilvie. Like both Doug and Bernie, Don has a long history of association with university teaching and he too is remembered for 'breaking the mold'--and put up with the consequences.*

### Hearing with the heart's ear

What can we learn by listening attentively  
To the voices of those disdainfully excluded?  
The blind voiced ones sentenced to life on the fringe.  
What words, messages, stories can be heard  
If we will to resonate with the spirit sounds  
Stirring the depths of those dismissed as unworthy?

Each of our separate one note groups knows the Truth!  
Yet we stumble on in delusional darkness.  
Each claims intimate Oneness with the Great Spirit,  
But is unable to create a genuine spiritual community.  
The time has come to listen to the 10 000 tongues  
not just with body's or mind's but with the heart's ear.

Let us open ourselves to hearing long muted voices.  
At first their screams of suffering, revenge and  
Justice will assault the temper of our senses.  
If we persist, however, we shall soon hear  
the deeper whispers of the heart wounded; 'Love me  
As you love thee; let us join together in community.'

Community embodies Trinity as we grow in Unity  
And gives rise to a spiritual rhythm of consciousness  
Heard by those awakening the heart of flames of love.  
Love is the fire that sheds light on the mysteries  
of Trinity, familial Community and Spiritual Unity.  
Listening lovingly enables us to discern deep down things.

As increasingly we grope our way through silent darkness  
Instead of scorning it let us listen to its breathless sounds.  
At some point the Mystery reveals itself to us--  
The gift found from including the heart weary  
In our community circles is the living flame of love  
Which warms the long frozen depths of neighborly compassion.

And perhaps in listening to their muffled mouths  
We shall uncover the seeds to co-creating a new eden.  
Where I, thou and Spirit can grow together as One.  
Blessed be Thy wordless Name, Vibrant Spirit;  
Bless us with the gift of silence in our hearts and  
Enchant us with thy ceaseless song of Cosmic Love,  
Right Relation  
and Dynamic Compassion...

**D. CHIPLEY**

*Here is another voice from a university. This is a selection of poems by Lisa Ehrich, a member of the Faculty of Education at Queensland University of Technology. The editors of this issue of the Journal are pleased to hear the academics speak out and air their inner views. All too often they are silent in the face of threat of marginalisation or at least disapproval.*

### Hypocrisy

socialists in saabs  
feminists in frills  
muslims in minis  
bishops in the palace of the vatican city  
hypocrisy abounds

academics you are not exempt:  
but are cursed  
for knowing no better  
Residing in towers whose walls  
papered with words  
shield you from  
life  
action and  
others' existence



## The Lost Self

There are many  
types of  
oppression:  
marriage to a misogynist  
for instance  
I once knew a girl  
who was  
carefree and calm  
the envy of many  
including the  
man  
who married her

Incrementally he succeeded in  
peeling away layers of her selfhood:  
he banished her smile  
raped her soul  
broke her spirit  
long before he broke her arm

I hardly recognised her in  
the supermarket last week  
her dark glasses failed to conceal  
the purple and rose smudged cheekbone

I wept  
not so much for her bruised face  
but the lost self  
I fear will never be found.

## Tempo

The metronome ticking of  
his cheap quality watch  
is a gentle reminder  
that he too has a heart.  
The clicks  
register largo  
The movement is triste.

Sparse grey hairs in what was a  
hirsute crown  
Tell that thirty summers have  
vanished and will be no more  
The penance has been paid  
A different movement can commence

Emancipation is the reward  
society bestows upon sinners.  
The offender is blessed  
His heinous crime  
is confessed.

But the ghost within  
that taunts and torments  
Leads him to an imposing place  
The sea, cold and unrelenting  
invites him willingly  
Deliverance from the metronome's clicking  
Deliverance from the ghost's galling

A deceptive cadence.

## Man of God

Do you remember  
how you wrote imaginary  
letters to imaginary others  
at the school camp?

In your eyes was embarrassment  
because I knew

no one else sensed  
your loneliness

We kept in touch  
Your self created xmas  
cards have passed their way  
through the post since then

Do you remember  
Pericles at *The Arts*?  
You hadn't been to  
the theatre in decades  
I hadn't seen you since school

Do you remember  
I smudged my mascara  
And you whispered  
you'd be my mirror?  
At the night's close  
you embraced me  
kissed me  
I tasted your hunger and felt  
your desperation

The next day a red rose arrived  
through interflora

I understand  
The life you've led  
has been an emotional void  
You even gave away your books  
because your love for them  
distracted you from God

because your love for them  
distracted you from God

Compassion  
made me reach out to you  
your reaching out to me  
leaves me perplexed

**L. EHRICH**