

AMERICAN MANDARINS

BOOK the FIRST

ECCLESIA and SYNAGOGUE

BERNARD, Abbot of Clairvaux -

Fountainhead of Cistercian Order,

A Wellspring of the Renaissance of the Twelfth Century,

The Formative Period of our Modern Rationalities -

Had a Vision concerning the Song of Solomon.

It was believed, following the great Ambrose,

That there were two Brides in the Song of Songs:

In Catholic Allegory these were Conceived as

Ecclesia, the Mystical Church, the Christian People;

Synagogue, the Mystical Temple, the Jewish People.

A rivalry between the two brides

Of Solomon/Christ leaves Synagogue

A woman broken, rejected, confused, and perhaps mad.

This rejection of Synagogue symbolised to Catholic Structural Theologians

God's rejection of the Jews and their Law.

Ecclesia thus becomes the Only True Bride,

The Christian Church as the New Jerusalem.

In Bernard's Sermon, however, the would-be

Rival Brides are reconciled by their shared

Love for a Common, yet Royal, Bridegroom.

Ecclesia accepts Synagogue as an equal Partner

In loving and constructing, as the Helpmate, a Solomon/Christ Structure made of us.

The overtones involve proleptic legendry on a Conversion of the Jews

Prior to the Judgement and the Parousia of the Restorer of Justice instituting the Kingdom.

In 1994, I had a similar Constructing Vision:

A Man Sorrowed who was not a sorrower

Carried two candles through a rainstorm.

In his left hand was a many-coloured

Stained-glass lantern holding a white candle;

In his right hand was a red candle,

Exposed to the wind and rain

Yet unextinguished, giving a stronger light

Than the complimentary flame.

The Man entered a concert hall.

Many thousands were milling about in absent thoughts.

Each had a green candle.

Nobody's candle was lit.

Seeing him, they begged
With coin and jewels for his candles
Which they supposed fired expanding transcending magic.

A deal was concluded.

Each person dropped his donation into a
Black box and then lit his green candle from
Either the red candle or the white.

A record was kept of each individual's choice.

Miraculously or not, few cheated, obtaining for free
A neighbor's illuminating flame.
The common belief was that only the red and white candles
Of the Man Sorrowed himself
Contained the True Spark.

As it was believed, so it became:

The Theatre was well-lit.

The word of the miracle as spread quickly as
The Sparks of the Green, Red and White Candles.

As it was believed, so it became, leaving him

Accomplished of Light in his despite

Alas, both Brides are the same Entity in two hypostases,

A Queen with misplaced ambition who is also a Shadow Factionalist.

Such, it is peculiar to say and perhaps I transgress myself,

She is - a Sophia-in-the-works, our Favourite Mistake:

Beatrice, the complex Soul of Mary, birthgiver and wife.

Does El Elyon look in to leave?

As the would-be World Emperors dally with her for ill legitimacy,

She flourishes and suffers great travail, more a Gnostic Sophia.

The psycho-biographical revelations were registered publicly

As Published Visions, proleptic Judgements:

William Blake's THE FOUR ZOAS;

Ludwig van Beethoven's LATE QUARTETS.

As a Remediation we stand strong in THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN and HELL,

For Ecclesia-in-Synagogue-while-Beatrice-playing-Enitharmon

Deserves - as a gesture to Good Galaxy God - to know, as herself.

Combined in viewing her self-reifications Believers, Sceptics, Denialists,

Archons and Constructionists, Historians and Leader analysts,

Decide for furtherances.

Unified Earth delayed, a Dispensation ousted,

Buddha goes to bed: What ones to do?

The Prophets declare that she complies but to supply.

Need the Moderns ask why when the Ancients did not?

_____**_____**

PART ONE

THREE LILIES

Unawares, I opened up my door

And there in a glass on the writing desk

An arrangement of three lilies

And a noticing note:

"Solve the riddle

Of whom these mean

I'll take you to me -

Accepted of my dreams."

The Red Lily lies.

She says she is what she is not.

She leads me on and on.

But she never gives cause she hasn't got.

The White Lily prays.

She shines inside with tested Light.

She leads me to like Dawn.

And she always lives a Fiery Might.

The Gold Lily tries.

She's History and Meaning and Blood.

She comes when she is gone.

So I never can know her Love-mood.

With every Woman you take what's given.

She might draw you to Hell.

She might draw you to Heaven.

Same-same, as the black crow flies.

You always remember how to forget

How Love cries.

_____**_____**

SUNSET MOUNTAIN

Sunset Mountain: Red-orange blues.

Top o'the world to you, missus;

I'm here for you to use.

Mixing together seems to be our fate righted;

But I won't countenance falling on my face

I'll be happy to help, at the going rate --

But people round here learn the how-to such a pace.

Can you understand why I hated the wait?

Sunset Mountain Blues.

Sunset Mountain: Devil-lake black.

I hear you have a child now, missus;

I hope there's nothing that you lack.

It's an interesting past,

But I heard you talking aloft

About what will truly last

About how I never got it off

For the record it's a confused past:

Sunset Mountain Blues.

It depends not on what you kinda kinda had
It played on sorry ripped-off had been had
I'll honour the paths you choose to choose
But I'd appreciate some help for those odded by these
Sunset Mountain Blues.

_____“_____”

I AM BOUND FOR THE WORLD

I know that I am bound for the world
Deaf, dumb, and blind to me
I know that mind-sound in which I first one-day heard
is a context in which all do agree.

So let the fires of war burn low
While Trees of Life await, budding green.
Knock not on doors just so you know:
The River: the Giver: Needs: Likes: Muddied clean.

You take a little I've heard of you

Multiply it by who knows who

Spice it up with a convenience crew.

Got Jesus mean

Got Jesus mean

And there's a lotta trouble roaring down.

Waken me, shaken me,

Mouth of the Tiber

Dread Form, Honour's Tyger.

_____**_____**

IN PRACTICE

In practice it doesn't work.

In practice, it goes berzerk.

In practice.

In reality,

It'll all dovetail peacefully.

Inside Practicality

The Thing I never see

Building into this Humanity-Reality.

Intelligence, sure:

Sensitive, pure.

Reorganise

Across more coherent lines.

Peace be in your eyes:

Let that be one of your sighs.

The Someday, I can make it.

And I pray I can't fake it.

A light not a system for your eyes,

A light , not a System of my own.

Mindful of the Wars;

Unexpectedly Grown.

Find me, a male

With the records that fail

And I'll save tail:

Go Elsewhere to wail.

Stars are out in the break of the Clouds.

They seem to be egging me to shout aloud.

Like a Star suspected of a Spot in the Sky

That, when looked at directly, is gone from the Eye.

_____**_____**

BACK ON THE MIC

Back on the mic

I hope she's playing well tonight

The dynamics with the situationals are controlling:

The harmonies pitched right

Approaching overload;

Synthesis out of sight.

That strange-passion girl

Pulling into town

Knocking on my door

Bringing me down:

Dread as my heart

See out again

Practiced words

Rehearsed partials.

Maybe she wants my world to crash and burn

Maybe she wants to see and learn

If I'm a blessing or a threat to them

If I know what really happened

That turned me towards

The kind I am.

_____**_____**

____**__**____

PART TWO

GREEN WOOD

When he was just green wood

He was sentenced to death

For perverting the people

But the Judge did not agree.

I am more like dried wood,

Burned, I respond with bright heat,

Lighting up people they don't have time to learn to see.

oo-ah, gonna shake this, this world,
oo-ah, tip it to replace the roots.
oo-ah, gonna shake out the world
oo-ah-hey-ya-hey
Got a life too strange for the compilation books.

Don't want to conquer nobody
Don't want to rope in souls in my own kinda way
Don't want to be a cosmic know-body
Don't want to force God to hurry the dawn's new day.
Don't want to be freak or a whore
Don't want to be fool no more
Don't want to do this out of lust to power.
Don't want to evade the time of the hour.
Don't want to climb to the upper echelon.
Don't want to brief an imminent eschaton.
Don't want to warlord, but don't tread on me,
Don't love into war: Truth, baby, you will see.

I am Loyal; I am loyal to the Flag
I am Loyal; that's my political philosophy
I am Loyal; regardless to who's in power,
Let alone they or we
That's all an expensive, frustration bag
I am a thinking man, loyal to my flag.

I am Loyal but only by destiny.

_____**_____**

ELECTRON GUNNER

Caught on a hot sharp roof.

Caught for a moment in the cobwebs of truth.

Invisible vision of meaning,

Endtime righteous gleaning,

Roundheads' rebellion,

Transcendent intention,

Dateline street-heat,

Computer synchro-beat,

Electron gunner,

Starry stunner:

On in the Deeplife we cautiously choose:

Where Words fail;

Concepts are mere Clues.

_____**_____**

STOPPING AT MY FRIENDS

Stopping at a friend's

I saw it all

I saw

Walking by the garden fence

I saw the vine outside the wall

Stopping at a friend's.

Stopping at a friend's

I saw I am

I saw it all

I saw the truth that is ever men's

When I saw the vine outside the wall

Stopping at a friend's.

Stopping at a friend's

I saw I am I saw it all

All that ever never ends

When I saw the vine outside the wall

Stopping at a friend's.

Stopping at a friend's

I saw it all

I saw

I saw the realm that God intends
The vine I saw breaking natural law
Stopping at a friend's.

_____“_____”

ORDNANCEMAN

Through all my years, young to now,
I've read of battles and histories of war;
And yet my musical mind inclined to peace.
I conducted myself, as best I could, with Gentleness
Yet I skirt Life, engaging No-one.
Detached and Philosophical,
Favoured by ghostly friends arising from books and music
The thorn that nagged that I'd never served:
Peace does not become an Ordnanceman.

And Peace! is it no more than Tranquility in the shops and at the bar?
Peace, I'd say, in the freedom of Imaginism;
Commerce, to my eyes, will give us Cultured Ideas,
But Imaginism IS the Child of Vision and Love.
Are you Listening, my Ordnanceman?

We defend we say, yet we see no army
Shelling our cities, burning our crops.
We secure we say, but know too much
Of who is with whom in leanings and lovings.
It is different? we say, and tiny paragraphs entangle us in their Web.
As we wander, dash, or stride through our Way of Life,
We rely on the Ordnanceman.

A man who will kill in order to force
To appreciate the Secret concealed behind the Veil.
I, oblivious to that secret:
The hint we have is called Day-one.
Speak this Language.
We are more likely to bring Peace by upbraiding Josiah
And his love-crushers.
Regardless, the killer knows the power of Freedom
In the Reach of the Ordnancemean.

I've never believed in Glory; my patriotism is encultured,
Strengthened and softened by Others in Places afar.
The physicalities of war - the weapons, wounds, and suppliers
Are amassed into gestures - justified in the end.
The technology of warfare, intricate beyond contemplation,
Is a tribute to the possibilities of Mankind's Motivations.

I long to be trained in a Skill more pragmatic than Musical Poetry,
But I'm told that doesn't become an Ordnanceman.

_____**_____**

SOLDIER DEEPMAN TWO

He's been in the fore of the line
Working to bring in the due
He'll be on the floor, swing the slip
Seeing to see, doing to do
The wide world shakes for this man's sake
His hand dashes lightnings from his grip
Soldier Deepman Two

He's given to maidens of the mildest moon
Peace having been carefully worked on through
Happy to be cleaning his stables soon
Strolling the corridors in open view
Sharpening his skill, hewing his will
Serious as a wreck, even on a loon
Soldier Deepman Two

He's taught by high-hearted healers
Why the day is long, why the sea is blue
He's read textfulls of complex revealers
A threat hunter constructing from noticing clues
Running for desire, wielding his fire
His passion is his own, uprooting killers
Soldier Deepman Two

He's a beacon on a learning curve
Where 72 equals the seventy-two
He's a leader who knows meanings of unsure
A Cause when a fact is not always true.
Content if he's gone cause the judge knows he's tried
Using soft hands to catch the content of the nerve
Soldier Deepman Two.

_____.._____..

COMPOSING

I go to get at the heart's mystery.
It's Nothing New, I know from history.
I want to explore what you meant to me.

My only symbols are the Things I can't see.

Our love was a Lightningrod, a budding Tree.

I can hear the love before it starts:

A flight of rock and roll to their interesting parts.

Oddly Same, with the raising arts.

I can put it together; let some tear it apart.

Strong medicine for broken hearts.

I sing it now - a love-known Well

Which I made two-edged like the night I fell.

Of the Time of the Unspeakable, no more can I tell

The Very lights in the sky burned down to hell

And could I only sing it outright, surely, as a surety it would shatter that spell.

_____.._____..

ALWAYS EVERMORE

A young musician had let me through a door.

We say cross-legged, facing, on the floor.

She had some music playing on the air.

I drank in her Nearness, needing nothing more.

The mood shifted and my love lay all Before.

The Song ended. She went to the record:

Drumming, bassing, lyric straining to soar.

High flying Spirit-sound - we resonated in our Core.

I knew all at once what it meant to be Before.

She taught me this

With our Oneness Kiss.

Music is bliss

When it pulls you near,

Speaks in your ear

Forever I needed to hear:

I love you just for who you are.

You mustn't be a Star-child.

Just because you are.

And it is

And it is

And it is right now

Always Evermore.

_____.._____..

DESERT WASTES BEHIND

Desert wastes behind, I stand here:

Two feet approach the well.

After my gifts of days

See into a woman's face;

Bored with herself,

She'd escape from daily living.

She gathers water for her husband,

Eyes tight, just looking me over.

A glance about and she turns to go.

"Give me to a drink," I quietly asked.

After all this time!

I still see in the life of self-present woman.

Something in us was, and was not.

She too tasted the incomprehensible.

She looks at me for shrugs.

Water! Cool and envleoping;

Enlivening, sip in swallow.

Drops taste of words in poetry,

Humanising, enlifting.

Can water fulfill this spirit?

Matter, enrich the aery fire of a soul?

If she knew those moments of love,

Eyes meeting for mingling,

Return space to this haunted man!

I yearned, and verse

Rejuvenation rehearsed.

Light will often haze,

Words become to fail.

I am not prophet of man freed,

I am not a poet of liberation.

I am not; must I be as I am?

As the water of inspirings fills me again,

Touching older triumphant works,

I know mine own in vision.

Here, lost love of this woman, I see all:

To give for her enables to live.

Man's world, words unsensed;

Known with the imagined eye:

Throwaway goods,

Unfelt yearnings,

Tricks of words

Moments of insight:

All the world is permeated by the Poetic Genius.
A medium lived through to be rarely glimpsed;
Still, to be understood behind the secret hearts.

And it is I who have this!

Poetry to eye forcing into the words.

Enraptured, I know!

Finest Jesus, I know.

Seducable by syllables and sentences

I step forward to enter.

Never before, for I've too seen

Never, like ever, is merely felt.

Climbing the awareness

To one taste.

I am ready

And on out.

_____**_____**

_____-_____-_____-_____-

PART THREE

LIMITLESS LIGHT LEFT BEHIND

Limitless Light left behind

I drove for the bar to clear my mind

I appeared while time to catch the act.

Once inside I know just what things I'd lacked.

I felt then for I could do anything

As I asked forward if I could sing.

I plied them to play one slow, true, and blue

And I sang songs that before me I knew:

Now, perchance, I can play to you.

____-____-____-

I AM CALLED A PROMETHEUS

I am called a Prometheus.

The Title has resonances

Which strike terror into tyrants,

Which bring release to the captive.

Know, as I do, the stolen fire

Of spiritual light, stolen from the hearth

Of the uppermost levels of life.

The gods themselves fear this lightning,
This passioning flame of hope;
They entrust its dangerous heat
To priest and cleric, schooled and tested.
And I, I alone, have carried the torch
Beyond the wall of Heaven's confines.
I dared and I have received my reward:
Man-with-Woman has light to illumine,
Heat for the hovel on the wide heath.

I am called a Prometheus, and so I am.
I am tormented by the gods in my inmost heart,
Yet I travel on, bound by nothing itself.
Fear not Jove, O trembling Man;
The light now belongs to you,
And none can dim its glorious radiance
Save you yourselves, hated and feared
For sensing the secret wine of the Highest.
Torments of Jove, like stings of sleet,
Strike me, mock my open face.
Wrath I have left behind;
I have sublimest comfort:
I know, and Jove does not.

I am called a Prometheus,

Known thus to the Eternals
Who have, emboldened by my act,
Upset the fated futures of small man
And invincible demi-gods.
Now Eternity changes courses momentarily,
No longer following the plotted preordained;
Necessity banished, destiny now visibly evolves
Through each Emblem of Vision
Static no longer, rolling free,
Steered by Eternity's swift Imagination.

I am called a Promethes
And I shall proclaim Liberty to the captive.
Together we shall assault Olypmus and attain a differing victory.
This spark of mine shall kindle a cleansing blaze
Never, never extinguished; never, never, never, never, never.
Man-through-Woman shall tame the fury of Jove's deceitful world
And ride the engines of power unbounded,
Overthrowing the jealous gods of warring, wounding, and wearying.
Thus I, long gone, shall grasp my peace-part.

____-____-____-

Limitless light had left me behind
Though I'd known the words and touched their heart.
For the feeling of mine has become a part
Of long-forgotten poetry
More beautiful than they thought could be.
My thought reached into their far-future when
Something brought the song to her end.
I left for home, for you my friend
Sagely sensing a harmony to become again.

____-____-____-

ON A FUTURE METAPHYSICS

Choose your metaphysics well
The fortuneseller said to me.
Many people uncover hell
In the fancies of eternity.

I saw you in a dream I blessed one afternoon.
I call it a dream though it was more of a vision.
You were standing naked in my ante-chambered room
Practicing your latest surreptitious ism.

I had to run when the wall came down
And my fellow soldiers found themselves fine-berzerk;
Rock in my form had justly the sound
To keep me ensconsed in poetic works.

____ - ____ - ____ -

ASCEND FOR?

I fight to ascend, reawaken, renew;
To forge a language harmonious and true.
I study the verse of times gone dead
Thinking there is the key to the love that's been bred.
Art, in the past, was a virtuous calling
And not the debris of a culture that's falling.
I glory for my talent's responsibility;
I create with a new-found nobility.

When these words are polished and outside my control
Shall few perceive the poet's soul?
Is the way of your world to suppress, to despise
Those with the odd-light fixed in their eyes?
Is so, then truly I don't give a damn.
I will grow to mature with my Muse a plan
And when I compose my script, to time

I'll lodge my visions of the world for the sign.

____-____-____-

FOOL'S SPAT

Don't be so scatterbrained

Don't be full drunk in the rain

Don't use as reasons what you can't explain.

Get your act together

And I'll help it go down;

Get your act together

And I'll hang a sign on the sound:

I'm not waiting up for you!

I'm not going to teach

What you want me to.

I got to be someone somewhere.

I swear I'll leave you blue.

I'm gone!

Do what you're gone in to do!

The nightmare goes on forever

And I'm not here to rescue.

You!??

____ - ____ - ____ -

SEAS CLEAR

Like a swell-girl

She sees clear

With open ears.

In this unsure world

This is no longer here

Enough to fear.

If new flags unfurl

Let the continents move along

To a Type of Free-world

Where the Devil stays out

Of Children's songs

And Fools, pure fools,

Are wise enough

To not blow up the Road.

There's a history to it

And a mystery as well.

Believe me, she'll do it.

She's thought through to an orchestrated hell.

— - - - -

— - - - -

PART FOUR

IN THE END'S ENDING

In the End's ending

It doesn't matter why,

For in the End ending

It's not something you chose to buy.

The Age will close

As Everyone knows

Collapsing "the Big Lie".

Don't try to die

The psychosphere is laden

With this winter rains;

They sold off the children

For capital gains.

The Earth isn't right with it!

Nowhere is left to live!

What did you conclude so as to do?

No one blasts off for space with a slave for a crew.

Maybe this is an offense, but we'll bury you too

What in God's name do I need that I will say?

The sun is setting on your bought-blessing day

Mere so-what master of massed bit-powers

Wrong-writing now dated mystery played.

____ - ____ - ____ -

WHEN I WAS

When I was just an Innocent, I thought

The world was just, the way it ought to be.

I read my books, I listened close, and I was taught;

I thought that every one in their town was free.

The years slowed and brought a difference in mind:

I know now, being of the elect.

There is no help found when seeing for the blind;

Because a man is poor in spirit we suspect.

The wealthy children have a better way, they say
And the laws of privilege are not found to be repealed.
I know of arguments to come from fools
Yet still I still-stand, gifted unto the rule.

____ - ____ - ____ -

FINDING

This city can hope foul;
This nation gated hell.

I cannot stand for the proud
Who own the bloody winds;
I cannot scream too loud
Lest I alert their revenge.

I hate the game they play
Their cloak of silk and gold;
Distort me though they may
The absence has been told.

Hey hey hey I awaken
Peoples of the Earth;
Morn will soon be breaking

Because we sussed out rebirth.

We'll give them their taste

Of machined music waste

For contaminating the ear

With generation's tears.

Woe unto you rich and feared

Where will you go now the going's gone weird?

Who do you hide from what has finally appeared?

____-____-____-

THINKING OUT A SCENE

Thinking out a scene I left behind:

That place I skirted has been grabbing my mind.

That city's ugly since we got trapped inside

It made her run and it made me hide

How could I let her know

That our love wasn't about funding fun?

That she wasn't in it for just one?

How couldn't I let her know?

How could I let her know

That dark water doesn't clear?

That my time wasn't near?

How couldn't I let her know?

While you stay where you're at and you wait for a call

We ask what to do: give good-byes to to-do's?

Thinking on this scene I created from our time

That score settled down in my unwilling mind.

The city's so ugly lest we find inside

What we made of it. It makes them hide.

How could I let her know

That she opened up our cool kid?

So to love her I did.

As I couldn't not let her know.

How could I inform up the things I'd read

Into our world, our kind?

How could I detail out her messing round my head

Into our culture, this kind?

____-____-____-

DUTY OF CARE

What happened?

What went down?

What happened?

Can you feel me?

Who made you death's clown?

Hold on, we're almost there.

____-____-____-

CONTESTED RIGHTS

O elevated social-babe of Buddha-Tao:

Like the wife of Mao Zedong,

Your employer had you:

A hoodwinking of the American Religion,

A remote viewer,

Until a broken arrowed

Proliferation proposal propagation

Whip-jacked our Homeland.

Confronting our Just War

She collapsed them,

Agonisers of her unto a

Creation for agonisation.

To own the Creation

Is no good Divinity.

But Anthropos, like an Archon,

Smelt them – we'll out!

Bring this one into abode

For this Temple is not:

A Housing, as it wants space.

Shield both through your failure?

This spear may not be dull

O never-will, never-can, believed

Should you not instruct in him.

You have an appearance today

And your Counselor has fathomed you internal.

Lament or repent, you are tarried.

We who are but that fruit

Awaiting that beyonding

Will take to bed.

An Unfortunate-happy into a Fortunate-unhappy

Who may not be trapped

Who may vow in bereavement

Who may wait, stoic lessened Prince,

With greater wisdoms than you.

It cannot do otherwise.

So he cannot or wills not

Lest she hang in time

Furthering not.

So wash out!

She clings to ruin.

____-____-____-

SWAGGER (on the American Cultural Revolution)

Sit forth to climb:

The word-one to me,

Thwarted,

Spoke through.

Mining song of Peoples,

Retirees in the field;

The impossible always pull out

Before falling over furrows.

Thank you for your services:

Thanking up lowers our friend.

Tend wounds to their fullness

Then set out again.

____-____-____-

____-____-____-

____-____-____-

Book the First is from the Experience of the 1996-2017 Incubation.

Poet: Brian Timothy Backer

All Rights Reserved. Unregistered at LOC.

AMERICAN MANDARINS

BOOK the SECOND

PART FIVE

MY BABE IS MY BACKPACK

Electronic Harvester sends me out

Without knowledge or consent

Aye-aye, I got the rub

Linking up to history's sole bent

Don't rustle back there, dear

The footing is subtle and trickie

Smirking cash washed out my hair, dear

What if they've built out a wiki?

Stomps on or stamps on

My spine-code scripture outflanked

Our patron saint's One-day Lamp's on

Hometown Nimrod ineluctably tanked

Climb out when you want me

I accepted your terms, dear

At least you don't work to runt me

Food for powder to food for worms: we're clear?

I want! In emblematic rises

I sprang like a time-lapsing flower

We oversee to overlook crises

I promise not to know or let see my power

When shied up, these years

I didn't even see you beside me

You a climber with your backwards fears

White Chi-horse, I carried you longing longing time

But, O Good God, you can ride me!

_____ --- _____ --- _____ --- _____ --- _____

THEY FED ON MY TIME

You know him as Krunk

You know him as Whack

You watch him sleepwalk naked

You laugh behind his back

Where do you get your ideas?

How do you get that feed?

Why did you watch his life wither?

Stranded, captive, in need

With your hungry eyes

And your blind mouths

The thrust of your business models

Watch him die in the South

You raped his mind!

Yeah – he’s my boy, yeah-yeah

Yeah – and a helluva boy he is, yeah=yeah

Yeah – he was and will be, yeah-yeah

The Devil feeds on my time

Tender and nice-hearted

As a boy he was good

And he started in our world

But didn’t do as he should

He put off his calling

He slacked off out there

He got laid low – we saw it!

Years fell down – he was unaware

But the woman with the cello

Who pricked up his ears

Examined the Gospel

You raped his mind!

So he held on all those years

And they flagged each other down

They grew into our air

Whether you ever know or not

He assumed his duty of care.

You raped his mind!

Yeah – he’s a man, yeah-yeah

Yeah – and a helluva man he is, yeah-yeah

Yeah – he was and will be, yeah=yeah

The Woman feeds on my time

Greatness I give to you!

Behold the Poem of Life!

Gather him strongly!

Bestow on him true life!

Angels, assembled

Behind the Veil

Induct him and robe him

Raise flag! Raise sail!

Open a Vision

Instruct of God's Glory!

I cry up as the spirit

Impress thy world's mind

You? Who cared through his kind?

Yeah – he's our truth, yeah-yeah

Yeah – and a helluva truth he is, yeah-yeah

Yeah – a truth that was and will be, yeah-yeah

The Creation feeds on my time

_____ --- _____ --- _____ --- _____ --- _____

A RUINING PRELIMINARY

A ruining preliminary you were told

You were flattered, yeah you were sold

You bought in and became a world essence

An interior loss, an angling mistress

And the wrecked cannot climb

And the fraud crushes down

But you got what you loved for

Burned, it will add up

So I'm not here to tell you

Human outrage still rings through

Absent until almost present

My thought won't find to lead you

Your ultimate battled

For a scheduled future

Planned but falling full short

And you left us all reduced

In reckonings, in hiding

Kill on until you're kings?

They'll never recover to imagine

There you are, now you detailing sing

The quarters of the buried

The difference for your eyes

Sums filling for self-superior

In the Beginning was the Lie

____-___-____-___-____-___-____

UPSTAIRS IS A WOMAN

An understanding known

A resonant tone

And that is known

Regardless of home

By her I'm known

Be her! Shalom!

Cool days for a hot knight

Searching for motive to do right

Ears hear baffled lamentations

Ears hear false-future into creations

Time lost waits while you drive along

No-one holds out her dream in song

They won't let you go beyond the wrong

Somewhere you know

Who you must be

Phrasing on into

A related key

Taking stock

Of wild memory

Your call intrepid

Reachable to me

Constriction

Confliction

Malevolent man-fiction

Gamed up man-friction

Rise above it, dear one

You know where you're to be

Rise above it, hard one

You know where you're to see

The world has you sealed in its envelope

It keeps you responding, thinking to cope

But why track the tune if it only pays in hope?

Don't dangle to find me, why waste the rope?

_____ --- _____ --- _____ --- _____

TIME OF TELLING

(Instrumental)

_____ --- _____ --- _____ --- _____

SUMMER OF MYTH, FALL OF GRACE

I'm troublesome to you, an adversary to an off-scheme

I feel violated and overrun, for I had to let you build

Point-to-point does no good I have learned

To find out, I embodied what I now can disavow

Repression, I see too, no blame but I hold you were tricked

Exclusions surmounted, the birthing moves inside

For against the Self while the self I had mine own political flaring

Made the stance whole, leaving higher to theirs

And the world lurched, stricken, to comfort you with ears

Without approval the ground of our sharing

_____ --- _____ --- _____ --- _____

HOUSE OF FAME

Excepting your hidden traditions

You're kin of my kind

And I go for those

Rejecting your hidden renditions

You're playing a scene well

And I go for those

Heights of the harmonic heavens

Please me until you know how

I interrupt for many forgivens

To know if I, being one, am now

I guessed I do actually wow

So I know now I know wow

And labour in my vocation

But you're not scheduled in, no not you, now

**"This guitar, as the police and courts have found beyond a doubt, is a hardwood guitar,
with fretted soundboard and string to be tuned."**

"The reason, your honour, I can tell: It is a guitar, but that IS what it IS, so help me God."

It makes a difference for others to plant out the world

Rather not than sit on my land

Their wants want to become my needs

They have Law, Gospel, Government, God

I'd rather just keep my life in hand

I'll get back to them, lest they take heed

_____ --- _____ --- _____ --- _____

FROM NEXT

O King, that crashed us

She did you fondly

Named to buy Time for crossing

Her truth will clear wolves

Harboured in his home

Tempest-trashd, they confound the tossing

Light builds upon light

And so we are still here

Chagrined and absolved in the soul's washing

So take us where next

To flourish out this way

Look at Earth, Sages, in us our own costing

This is where she went down

A prisonhouse to unlock the Man

Behind us a trumpet, Liberty's accosting

They've gone back to tell, Earth!

We grow without hell, Earth!

For Eternals relayed our loud bell, Earth!

____ _ --- ____ _ --- ____ _ --- ____ _

PART SIX

THE WORLD IS MADE OF GAME

Man works inside his house

He did not choose to be there

The audience picks his brain loans his thoughts

The world chooses to profit but not to care

Woman was swept away

The reasons concern us here

Drama became her only medium

The mystery of evil lies through her here

The world is made of game

And for that reason is a failure

God left just as God came

We are abandoned to our own devices

The world is made of game

Failed revolutionaries fund an abhorance

An innovation in crime

You are cut off from the root of space and time

The current business is a worldwide liability

War once again envelops the globe

Meaning has faltered, foundered on creativity

The winepress stains the fabric of the new emperor's robe

They have both left for good

They came for reasons of their own

Mistreated and travailed, they folded u8p

What could have been, you should have known

What could have been, I could have known

But now, not

And so it slides

All now gone

Who did I think I knew?

INTREPID

Intrepid

I finally heard

You sang forthwith

Proof of God

Intrepid

I finally read

Because of me

Proof of Man

Intrepid

I finally cared

Returned to me

Proof of Spirit

Intrepid

I finally wrote

You thought me through

Proof of Life

Intrepid

I finally won

They know us, somewhere

Proof of Us

Intrepid

I finally was

Our light now is

Proof, proof, proof

I can. I will. I do.

_____ --- _____ --- _____ --- _____

BROUGHT TO NOTHING

From the pinnacle of his power

He broadcasts of regretting romance

My soul in ruining tears

Observed the great artist

I exhorted him to end this

Yet he was not deterred

My soul in open cries

Sabotage of the world

I know not, my tomorrow

I so know you

I undertake to understand you

And on that he based his plan

Bring you to Nothing

The inevitable closing down

Bring you to nothing

History is despoiled

Bring you to nothing

Please make money sound

Bring you to nothing

The kettle is boiled

I unplug the radio and move back

To my books and to this food

It goes now beyond me

Uncovered he plays at loss

The cost of love is not in me

Through this to we, through me to me

I GAVE, YOU UNDERSTAND

“

We lay together and were

She saw the pattern of what we are

Imprinted on the veil of the world

You have to understand

She gave what she'd known

Confided in a cloaked man what she'd been shown

He spun her into a malevolencing world

You have to understand

She did it for her people

But became a tool against them

The adversary had found in her access

And worked her hard from then to then

It became riches

It became power

It became the frameworks

She became the means of attack

She became a fool of harm

She knew of their new swiped dawn
She resolved to renew her climb
He industrialised the leak into creation
But the woven fabric was torn
He used her to tease out intelligence to outflank
Which compelled us to this war
She became a centerpiece of skewed justice
They had to know, though she was caught
And so the adversary developed
Let us know what has been taught

The way, as I say, has always been
You are to understand
The pattern just is
You are to understand

_____ --- _____ --- _____ --- _____

THE DAY THE WAR ENDED

She heard
It was time to come away
She knew
She no longer had to pay
It was accounted

Ha!

No way out

It was what had to be done

No way through

Yet it did run its course

It was a result

The world cried

It was stood up again

The world tried

We understood what we saw

It was again here, now

She kissed a sailor

Joying on the street

It is finished!

It is finished!

Let's teach each other when we never meet?

_____ --- _____ --- _____ --- _____

PART SEVEN

BEETHOVEN HELPS HIS FRIEND SECURE HER DIVORCE

When our strength is gone
We can choose to listen close
The mystery of existence heard us
It's not a question what she knows

Music is a simple map
Who we here are over time
Higher is more above, right?
Treble is woman-in-rhyme

She grieved over loss
A problematic man can't let go
The bass figures her root
The Composer looked in to know

I sit in my room
Marveling that I get it and they don't
A tradition that enraptures
How can I relate to her note?

What is the ear of Man?
By what reason is clarity?
By what knowledge is charity?
Why confer us this dignity?

What is the ear of Woman?

Wisdom, more than seen,

Tunes us along beyond the in-between

Heard, and justified, she went to glean

Applause, my friends: Behold the Thing Unseen!

____ _ --- ____ _ --- ____ _ --- ____ _

CODA

Sharp thought

Divides our words

Un-bought

Stacks of thirds

We're taught

New sky, new birds

Free at last

Bound-up past

Creation recast

Founders initiate

Profiteers endominate

Vision, let's wait

____ _ --- ____ _ --- ____ _ --- ____ _

AND THAT IS THAT

The Bible explains

Interventions happen

We don't hear your reasons

The loss is total

We go back

Having done our work

May Glorious God

Admire and reflect

When one sees and allows

He advances and this is how

To be there, amazing

To get there, I am hard blazing

To be seen and rescued

To be cherished and belonging

To be one!

In such a birth!

Calm understanding

Awaiting and moved

I smile as they spin

A tender wound still

Fine and just

As you will I will

When in arrival

When in arrival

When in arrival

His child breaks through

____ _ --- ____ _ --- ____ _ --- ____ _

TANTALISING TRASH

In it for the dollar

She got skills and skills galore

Luminescent stars will bother

The utter blackness to invite me onboard

Do I fish now for worlds?

Do I message you that I may learn?

Do I want?

Will I give?

While a picture might convey

It's not the same as when you take that turn

You said in a published piece

That you were aware of my concerns

I laughed as you went about your business

Some can learn, some teach, some kind never learns

Not sure how you think I'll end up snagged

Another battler pushing feelings offering false hope

It's not the first left-behind driven by bad blood

Better slip the noose than run out of rope

Money can let you know if it's bad

The law can let you know who's the point

Talk can let you know why you know

If you don't know who's there you can decide not to go

If you clue in that's not meant to be fair

You paid admittance to just that show

Some see the target, some get the point

They dangled you before me until I got it:

So who sold it?

So who bought it?

NOBODY KNOWS THE MASK FELL AWAY

The Book writes as I read

And the secret conveyed for good

A pilot heading home

Savouring what I do

In comfort enough for now

Hand of fate, washing her tears

Swelling with the Elect

I turn aside, learn their fears

The court gives no applause

The provocateur hangs in the wind

The harvester next door knows on

The world's now laced with me

I hear the envelopes' march

Luring and on, on, over the cliff

My cares can find this place

In time, for time withstood

Foul Father's wingman

Ran his wife like his hard balloons

But I'm serious in the context of death

Understanding war as envy's tool

They made their mark but it was a mark of blood

Winnowed, the city can stagger

My concern is not theirs, we round the Globe

And ponder the marvel of hereafter

____-___-____-___-____-___-_____

TIME TELLS

The word of elevation

Heights climb to heights

Do we trust the risen?

Understanding their hope

Intelligences to harm God

Do we trust the risen?

At the center of the circle

Effortlessly filling it full

I see and that's what I do

The stars send what's needed

Finality resolves the historical

I see and that's what I do

Burned in the tease

A taunt as she skipped

The clarity of the warning

Close the book

No last look

Resisters' sabotages

The damages feed their worth

Crash and fall back

Another final push, all gone

The leaders' assumptions

Merely a gamble

But finality has got them at last

Their political religion and its reasons

Set-ups for puppeteers' treasons

Force and power upstaged at last

Then it's over.

Another fake past.

I passed.

We passed.

____ _ _ _ _

PART EIGHT

LET THE TALE WITHER WHEN

I explained the sequencing

Broke it down for recording on your machine

She showed not, no dancing now

Burned by the dealer, she rose not, so base, so mean

I look not now, for the light grooms not my eyes

Light, she never reaches, to find every bodily fiber of me

And now, now late, time is erect and bereft

They'll never show, not to me, so whatever functions of to be

Seethe on out there, building up but to blast

An excised cancer is not my drink of choice

Other options put to enter, I shall sail on, deep blue

Why perceive what's denied? Just paint to real boys!

,

Someday she'll thank me

In the never can, will be

No pearl, no problem

To the Dressed, I be found as I'm still me

Comedy past viable

I'm guided to fill me

In matters of matter

To host her, to toast her

Root bass for the real me

A tributary, once mine, ocean no longer to see free

A destiny illumined, cried over the bodily she

New work, lost old work, I only can be me

The sighted keep darkened, bad faith-kings, as courtesy

____-___-____-___-____-___-_____

MERELY MONEY MATTERS

Flesh to sacrifice

Flesh to raise

Who did we emplace

To game the grades?

Capability for imagination

Emptying as a grim jar

Wrong lids jammed the offering

Do I need your apparent car?

Lose wild or lose free

Resultant as you tread on one

My helm near over-run

“Am I a lie?” she said to the big gun

Peaces are problems

Yet to transcend

Bargain away my own

To custom-readied end

Fine, Finally, Fine.

Home-heat wanna gimme

Tense to taunt to try to tie

Motion to motion – I’m so had! – to whip me?

Merely money matters

Getting the hang can be real now

Have to hold to raise to roar

Bankers confirmed my be-how

NET ASSESSMENT

We see since I didn't

Or she wouldn't

Rise on

We form since I did it

No she wouldn't

Climb down

Four realms

Still unread

I take on water

For the soon fed

Can formulaics

Come to hear?

Can fabrications

Buy it clear?

Can algebraics

Come inside here?

Can intensifications

Always

i clear?

I was blocked then

The reason could know

She is blocked now

That advantage may grow

Taken, you lose

Trapped, we prevail

_____ --- _____ --- _____ --- _____

I HAVE WHAT IS AS A REFUGE

My metaphor shared

While I planted and penned

Sourced upwards all you buy

My metaphor held

While I set up and logged

Was demonized for a skit of a try

Now you are responsible, your values upset

Crawl away old pussycat

We'll find you anon!

But you won't

I know you.

We'll find her anon!

From these daily-logged years

From these bound-down tears

A monarch of falsing players

And admen and dripping trees

A Causer of Cares

Let us up, off our knees!

Verse-rhythms of thinking nature

That you, coping, fail to be

Or not be or sell to see

The same dull round from your helmeted hair

As the world tips its herds off a cliff

She came in pleas to town for me half-unbeware

A program we adopted to our ruin

A year hence who will care for this tomb?

Call me true, call me you

Call me "If but you could"

How dare you devilise me to our own!?

Take away, lass, some curse

Laying hard on the knockable wood

I dared metaphor coming home

Vouched for, in river's bed, we, too alone

Commit that, Play-god, to initiate and be gone

____ _ --- ____ _ --- ____ _ --- ____ _

A LAPSE OF TIME

You held forth

I fell out

Forgive me

You went forth

I knew not

Forgive me

O hard life

To profit

O lost life

To do

O good life

We tossed it

O she-life

To woo

O go now

You ran back

Forgive me

I know now

You built back

Forgive me

Lead me

Let out sheet

Read me

When we meet

Becalmed, bewitched

I say you. I think you.

SECOND PERSON SINGULARITY

The Diapason is fundamental

A wonder to us before

The Fourfold of Dante's car

Propagate wisdoms to my door

He weaponized my house

And milked to build harm

I shy not, declaring

Consciousness armed

Oracular spyguy

Index my teaching

I stand here and still

Language's outreaching

Fold up to go on?

The Fool paradise coin

Rolled up to choose some?

I gird, you purloin

I pray but in forms

I say but releasings

I gave freedom's good text

I saw into peacings

____-___-____-___-____-___-_____

WORLD IS WORD

What is Man

That thou shouldst care in his days?

God is man monopolised

We do understand by now

Yet there is more to man than God

The dark mystery from out-there

Has also come to be man

To rebuild its war

So cosmological conflict-drama

Is He

And mind-machine

And the self universal

And the invention we call the human

And, All-I, speak forth

Upstairs, below, as he I be

What is Woman

That thou shouldst find in his days?

Woman is God's Secret

We do understand by now

Yet there is more to Woman than God

The full Earth, more than womb, here

Has also become

To be woman to man

The object of the struggles

To reify our purpose

With time, a creation

With space, a habitation

So intelligent intercourse

Is she?

_____ --- _____ --- _____

PART NINE

WE STILL ARE

A seeing into feeling

A feeling into seeing

And all to hear into being!

And that being trembled forth,

“I disrupted and deceived you, with my lovers.

We sought a New America, a New China.

I will restore you in this.”

Stolen Soul of Root Individuality

To bridge the abyss now!

Incident proliferatings all,

They are as they are, now.

Fountained and pushed out,

Gained of the indignities,
Sweeping complication
Into the fictively over-asserted
Beyond-world
Because I was reachable.

The source motives learned
I remain enveloped, woven in
Opaque.

In despite of my knock
The inner one holds in Perplexities.

_____ --- _____ --- _____ --- _____

PART TEN

PART NINE

Speaking to the Master of Wealth Women
I arranged my voices
“We made the mistake of Ch’en Chuang.”
Reaching from Hamlet back to Horatio
I deployed my musics:
“Blended water beyond me,

We'll show to show as a repaying.

Both borders beyonded.

O, Beulah now below me,

Here is also a being-seeing, as there."

Thus the Narrows of the Third Total War was passed.

The merchant who led play on Ch'in is gone.

It is not permitted to speak of the Tao-birth of my mother.

It is permitted to speak of mine own,

But only as a Twelvth Night language-reifying.

With this, I sign and seal the end of another paradise,

Regained.

©(PA) 2018 Q E D Music (ASCAP)