

LEFTOVER RHYMINGS, MORE

Alone...
it doesn't matter,
how many persons
with whom you once worked
and loved.
Doesn't matter,
how many children
you have had.
Aged Consciousness
cannot be spoken;
each self must submit to it
alone.

Fear and Sadness...
Who is the 'Watcher?' —
Subterra self
from which emanates the Actor.
Nurture vs. Genetics may be at its nub;
but, lost in the numbers?
Aye! *There's* the rub:
*overpopulated resources and starved
intelligences,
streamings of unnurtured consciousnesses;
endless rivers of souls, season upon season,
while Time yearns for one ocean of Reason.*
In all lifestimes that gods have deigned
more bad than good in World has reigned.
Does rule still, for most who live now and
will;
the line is unending toward dying's till.
As Father said, Death's the great release;
the trick is to cause anticipation's cease.
*Take the symbol of Yehoshua laughing on
the stave--
what matter, Body disintegrates in a grave?*

*Mind and Spirit oblivious to sin;
no remorse for 'this journey which need
never have been!'
Make every moment yours, oh Writer-Mind;
and, above all Thought remaining,
become "Mistress of Time."*

*How stupid it seems to this simple 'I'
as to all that "dark energy" in the sky,
What do they think conveys stars' light?--
orbs reduced to pinpoints to our sight...
Energy balanced in matter, we beings at birth,
are held fast upon the surface of Earth.
But Cosmic Energy--call it 'God' if you must--
while holding all down can cause upward thrust;
and every material dissemination
depends upon an object's energetic aggregation.
Gases naturally rise, rain and rocks fall;
while a man-made bomb destroys a rock wall.
Seems all dependent, like sand on the beach,
upon how many "neutrinos" is held by each.
(So long as Physics embraces 'circles' as axiomatic,
apparent observations lead to suppositions didactic....)*

Every day, now,
is a day of mourning
all who put into visible words
the struggles, insanities,
repetitive miseries
of human existence:
mourning the undying hope
that words could take Humankind
beyond old realities....
Pity!...
*Yes, this 'I' now is pitying that little girl,
that adolescent girl*

*that mature girl
teen-aged mother,
scrabbling young wife,
blue-collar worker...
while anonymous writer muse,
a second self also born,
reborn and reborn---
as many incarnations as stars that shine
upon choiceless Humankind.
Imprisoned daughter of immigration's
history,
Self finally accepts what It totally would be:
dissipate totally all "Domestic's" desire;
split personality reduced to the pyre.*

*I'm forced to think of lives gone by;
I wish from every hilltop cry
their seconds, minute, hours and years
writing thoughts that bring us tears.
Great the number that we can name
of that devoted legion that knew no fame;
nor recompense for iivestimes fraught
by enslavement to unrelenting thought.
So I try to avoid dead writers' stories—
life losses versus literature's lasting glories.
Still, I read Fitz's Babylon return
wherein the wish for redemption does silently burn.
And I curse the Muse that makes us feel
that to a slumbering world reveal
Truth's speechless in Time's collective soul
throughout History's pathetic toll.
For the dying soldier calling for his mother,
To Mary Sydney crying for her brother;
just give me a surface upon which to make marks
of words that convey the truth when Death harks.*

*Surprising, given how long
Earth has turned through Time
That Human Collective Consciousness
Yet does not realize
It still is in its puberty.
Emancipation? inexorably coming?--
the day we need pack up our childhood,
and give up myths of an eternal 'Father'
whose ostentatious palaces
no longer can contain Reason....
Psyche pitted 'gainst History
as it goes from A to Z
pitiably repeatedly.
As Eastern sages said
all Universe exists in Mind;
World, only of what's in sight,
processed by consciousnesses
simple to erudite.
If your writings were good
(all else a piece of crap),
you'll be long, long dead
before you get on the map.
(It goes without saying
that what fiction's characters say
belies all personal life writer-minds must
pay.)*

*These are the thoughts that no one speaks
which come only when Reason seeks
to answer why one came to be
when Aged Mind is forced to see
it had no choice in the cosmic sea.
And regardless if it happened never to be
no temple exists in Eternity.
Love there was that came and went;*

*dreams there were to which soul had bent;
and had Self not known one sensual breath
then neither would it need anticipate death.
So, tell me now, what should one do,
to fill Time left, which gives no clue?
To pass the days in this dreaded state?--
(just one thing comes,
to we who sit and wait...).*

My hands grow cold.
I cannot hold
the slipping knot between body and mind;
and nothing stops the unraveling thread
to which my consciousness is wed.
They think I dream;
senility's screen I choose, instead,
to wrap myself in.
When to body's wishes Time dissents
memories are the soul's defense.
That prior wealth, of being and self,
undiminished is scattered in time.
Remembrance consoles me:
existence lies elsewhere,
not in lovers' eyes.
Ring me no bell;
keep heaven and hell;
I won't lie,
if such exists, 'God' knows:
betray Death would I,
were there such afford,
and reawaken to a self, restored.

There are certain parts of Body different in girls and boys,
that start to make their notice after the time of childhood's toys.
For you whose bodies will be grown women and men,
we seek here to enlighten you with paper and pen.
Now like Nature with all its' subjects made sure
the specie of human animals shall continue to endure.
And, also, as with all of its other animal creatures,
Nature's endowed males and females with specific features.
Should later they join at a particular time,
atoms from each are allowed to combine.
Then, growing in the female three-quarters of a year,
a new baby human is made to appear.
The universal energy which gives planets their motion,
also gives rise to human action and emotion.
Take breathing, sweating, and needing to pee--
all of that can be talked about naturally.
But of *bioenergy*, far, far less is heard of it
when, from hidden parts, it also demands exit.
Thus, it's healthful privately to understand
that to release it there we can give a hand.
It's true that some adults, no matter their wealth,
have trouble discussing that important aid to health.
Just remember that the bioenergy you feel
inextricably is bound to maintain Life's wheel.
So, should it move you into a partnered relation,
be clear whether you're intending specie propagation.
Unless prepared to parent a resulting treasure,
know and employ a preventative measure.

Every empire has known a Golden Age
that succumbed inevitably to popular rage.
What shall be related of America's history
Drowning now in predictable misery?—
overexpansion and plutocratic crashes;
noble-founding words reduced to ashes....
What's in a name? Recall Persia's ascendance;
then post-Cyrus'-and-Darius' inevitable descentance.
When names and flags no longer unite

Collective Soul enters one more dark night.
Must Time endure another Dark Age, askance;
then, anarchy replaced by a new renaissance?
While for each life that gains a personal age
of gold,
countless reap atrocities, hunger, and cold?
Think! If every human body that over time did draw
breath
were placed in a permanent burial plot after death,
taking all World's land mass and dividing it
accordingly,
there'd be no cities, no farms, no forests, only seas.
Yet unconscious submission to Nature's blind habits
has had earthlings reproducing like proverbial
rabbits.
While global population was at only one billion score,
a scant 100 years later we're *eight* billion and more!
*(There's no palliative to having lived uselessly and
died;*
*(no reasonable 'god' would condone existence
unrealized.)*