

International Journal of Transpersonal Studies

Volume 14
Iss. 1-2 (1995)

Article 4

1-1-1995

Poetry

L. Neill

D. Ogilvie

B. Blumenthal

D. Chipley

L. Ehrich

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ciis.edu/ijts-transpersonalstudies>



Part of the [Philosophy Commons](#), [Psychology Commons](#), and the [Religion Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Neill, L., Ogilvie, D., Blumenthal, B., Chipley, D., & Ehrich, L. (1995). Neill, L., Ogilvie, D., Blumenthal, B., Chipley, D., & Ehrich, L. (1995). [Poetry]. *International Journal of Transpersonal Studies*, 14(1-2), 54–72.. *International Journal of Transpersonal Studies*, 14 (12). Retrieved from <https://digitalcommons.ciis.edu/ijts-transpersonalstudies/vol14/iss12/4>



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](#). This Article is brought to you for free and open access by International Journal of Transpersonal Studies. It has been accepted for inclusion in International Journal of Transpersonal Studies by an authorized administrator. For more information, please contact the editors.

(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