

Spiritual;
Poem and Essays

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Bjorn Bengtsson

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∞

2018-2020

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∞

Headliner

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"Spiritual; Selected Works", by Bjorn Bengtsson, centers on moments met with spiritual eternity. Including poem and essay following the span of three years, 2018, 2019, and 2020; featuring poems like One Poem written in the deep isolations COVID-19. Gabriella written for a love affected by isolation, poetry and artistry. Wet Oil and Re-Memory written from the hand of both a prolific painter and writer. Ariana's Essay written in a conversation on natural writing.

The essays and poems included in "Spiritual; Selected Works" theme in the artist and the creative flow in-through the artist. The artist in "Spiritual; Selected Works" functions thematically as an alembic, the writer brought before the page and reader's eye is writing with purification of a certain spiritual perspective. The author is transmuting spiritual truths in the happenstance of his own life. He is a host of words and meaning having the quality of an echo by angels, the page is a temple we enter into, into the spiritual life of one person in a historic time, navigated by essay and poetry, we are led safely and well-intentioned in love.

Selected Works

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Part I

Impersonable Spirits

Echo

100 Lines

Creatively Speaking

Evening

Going Postal

Seer

Host

Intellectual Emotion

Milk and Honey Flow

Suma

Part II

Time Tulip

Ariana's Essay

Flower

Success

Woman of My Soul

Part III

Wind

The Internet

Valkyrie

Gabriella

Wet Oil

Part IV

One Poem

Every Soul Be Love

Divinity

The Kind of Poem to Welcome Dawn

Japanese Roof

Forest Eyes

Re-Memory

wIsteria

Clouds

Impersonable Spirits

∞

For all the spirits told they're too impersonable. They're too way out. They're too not what once was. You spirit –not of the mannequin kin. You spirit are of the essence so seemingly screaming inside can't help but overflow. Low like the ocean's deepest. Tall and overlapping as every pine you've seen. You spirit of euphoric creations. Listen – you the tongue, the voice, the nation. Their flags will number the stars in your eyes. They'll raise your presence in candlelight. Land the planes in Alaska for you. Print your ink and run fully till the blacks run whole. They'll always wish you were again. But you, oh spirit you are far too human for their plastic skin. You've found the final wake. The other spirits will recognize you.

Echo

∞

There above the poetic illuminiscent
Streetlights linger atmospheric
Happenings. Harbingers of reverb
Carried over, quick as time.
On waves of glass this sea,

The air we breathe
And exhale scream and inhale hear
Emotion amplified. The fade following
A couple more calls
Into the deep.

Into
The echo of an impasse.

100 Lines

∞

Incarnation of a poet
To write one hundred lines
Incantation of a poet
To line one hundred writes
There is a light switch which don't work
At least in how you see things
When you just use your eyes
But as you know
Inside
There are other ways of seeing too
Like how you call the color blue
And the ocean a drop
Or how the sky seems red
And to him orange
But it's only in their head
You are yellow
And think what you will
And it will
Be as such
Because your perception
Is
Your recreation

Your reincarnation
Of every living thing and even dead too
Whether people or ideas
Or material and phenomenal feel
You ring wet wool
Absorb reverse meaning
Sometimes coming after
And that's sometimes more impactful
Because what the fuck do we know
When we try to say anything
And find means of manipulation
Made in nothing
No I'd rather not know
To simply see as I do
And let you be as you see too
To paint anything which anything has to tell
And I the vessel
The ventricle
The blood of cadmium coalescing inside
I am bleeding perfectly profusely
Out my fingers
My tongue
My fingers mainly
And internally too my head
Stop it you could try
Though these soils these souls

They seep deep the purple red viscosity
And bloom toil turn old trunks
With greenery leaves weep all wet breeze
Breathing seems necessary black lungs
Meditating seven seconds each hold and in
And out take
But be wary of broken teeth talk
Who rake
The dust before you turn back
From whence you came
Because we build an ark
For every mistake not knowing
Some insanically colored cross of
Divine and madness is
Perched on a mountain
Going up or down doesn't matter
Because it's all lateral
Going nowhere now
All the clocks turn around
And scream
They have mouths and not hands
And these clocks are terrified
The ever existentialists in that moment
Real to the bone
Where I felt it
A nicotine beam

A cigarette checklist
Off to war with the sounds of grave digging
And somber hatted mothers mourning
The fathers supportive
The friend's absinthe
Someone's dead
Wood stump probably
Most do
But dwell there if you must
Affirm your existence against that nothingness
But don't get too close
In the name of never been before
Broken bodies run that risk
Though ahead I see
Something sweet sounding
Running round a numerology
Of a feminine divine
A lost line
In the interconnectedness
Of nonsense
Of internal sense spirit dance
In your source behind your eyes
You can see it inside
Your own mind
Someone resides
Within 100 lines

Creatively speaking

∞

Have I written a poem today
Not so much written I suppose
I've never done quite that much
But been a conduit creatively speaking
A sensitive finger to the spirits touch
To speak with ease in archival inks
And for myself to watch and listen
How ancients see us today
If they be so bold
To tell stories of old
And reach in and pull me round their way
It's dusty there sometimes dreary and dead
Blue too
Red sprinkled in and throughout
And under a purple hazy sky
And instead of walk forward
Or even backward
We sit perfectly still
And be joined together
For no man here is put asunder
Think of water and how it flows
In and into itself

The lake is water
The drop is water
And I am a vessel
Doing a rain dance in a desert drought
An Arizonan 15 plus 100 degrees
But also here there is no
Sense of space
And like my nanas home
When I was a child
My mind of a kind slipping
Seeing a bid clock tick tock
To turn dials every second slower
Till time stopped
And also here there is no
Account of time
So as I begin to reintegrate
And find my fingers flowing
In this phenomenal world
I say farewell and see you soon again
My spirit and sound coalescence
And now
I forget poetry
I listen for the breeze
Sip coffee
And watch that spirit dance
Back inside with ease

Evening

∞

The sunset
An everyday opening act
A precursor of the bone white pupil
A beautiful beckoning
Blue washing way
Overlay yellow luminescence
Long strange strands of angel hair
All awry accident in it green
It seems of sky this almost night
Is a thousand layered canvas
Losing light lifts final color flight
Forging now orange growing into pink
Covering sun kempt clouds
Form filled from sinking things unsound
And long lines reaching out
An elusive rhyme
An elegy of time
Turning red
Backdropped up by purple
And what is said
In these makers mountainous moments
Is all around is always beauty

See otherside sky is a man
Rising of the dark
Luminated still by the sinking thing
Acting his verse
This play
This decadent day
Drowned in the dark
Dropping still his silk deep sheet
Covering all we see
And I wishing upon his friendly white
This seven footed moon man
Again this opposite day
He found his way within
And again a familiar friend
Sends his renewal of end
To company with me
To see and paint opposites late
Yellows overgrown
And blues to adorn
A thought loose structure
Seeming sound his eyes found with mine
Bone white
My comfort in the night

Going Postal

My friend

---i

She says don't drive

And write poems at the Same

Time

She recommended just

Writing them later

But what about pulling over

Because my knee is a good

Driver and my fingers

Are fine typing and my mind

Seeing both heaven and earth street

Signs

So I said later?

What?!

You don't understand

Phenomenology and neither do

I except the first time

Because rhyming takes time

And I have none

So if I'm touched

By divine I'll write lines

Whether awaking 4am mind racing

Or green grass laden stars tracing

At desk with pen slipping ink telling
And even on asphalt roads suddenly
Seeing myself drifting in
Between two lanes
Thinking of death and if they find me
Writing I'll be just fine
Knowing this is worth it
These lines

Seer

Now there is a seer
Mutinous, scrawny in vernacular
Veering all veracity.

His eyes endearing
Intertwined in unknowing,
Lining the seasons.
His unconscious is
Sprinting tulips,
Springing spring,
Teetering to whistling with
Bird Babel.

His mind the mesquite tree,
Notwithstanding the maelstrom
Of unconscious thought.
Rising popping bubbling
Over teeming taste buds.

His body the quick eroding crack
Of the mesquite trunk.
Elongating gasps of wind
Within, storms of sound

Screaming in the black
Corporeality of being
A nest.

Host

Sip coffee
Smoke stoge
Think thoughts old
Bring again aknew
Everything twist inside askew
Try to tell what's inside told
Always known in depth
Defying intellect
To intersect evoke in art
And what's left
Anything
Something less of everything
Closer to nothing
Still searching
Sinking in
Spirits atmospheric sea
I see
It all backwards
Interconnected interlaced
Inside out most
Inmost I am host
Spirit beknownst
To me

I breathe

Beauty

Love

In all

In God

I fall

For everlasting arms

Intellectual Emotion

No possessing of feeling can explain the transcendence of intellect. And no force of intellect can capture the essence of feeling. You must fall between the divide and see from both sides. Wear with your left eye your taking in, and with your right your giving out. Let the world pass through and back out you. In this way you possess the world and the world possesses you. This is the stirring of the Over Soul. The whispers of the Spirit. They happen within and without you. Breathe in death breathe out divine. See you are the channel, the mediating force of all worlds about. Like when the poet and philosopher become one. Perchance you'll envision and understand a divine dance for all to see. Marry the two and get the one, also trinity. Bodies flow in unison when they lead in mutual harmony, step by step we switch the steed, together they trod for the purpose of togetherness.

Milk and Honey Flow

With words so sweet

And tender too

On tongues like

Milk and Honey

She softly spoke

mouthing

Mirror me

And left for I

When long gone

To wait

And weigh

With sacred scales

A broken balance

Brought and beckoning

A New Dawn

A Red Sun

A Blue Moon

And a Rose too

Today/Tonight

I might find

Excusing time

A lost lover

In a shattered

Second

A clock with no hands

Holding mine

Fo(u)r fingers

This time

To hold

Over

An empty frame

With no

Subject

I object to it

Forgetting a

Masked memory

Crowned in gold

Giving birth to beauty

Like a shadow

Losing face

In

Total darkness

Or

Lustrous light

So I'll

Sit and stop

To wait

And see

What it's like

Finding me

Suma

Oh, new soul – this over soul
Wild and wandered I have been
Looking without for what lies within
And on my being this takes its toll

Ask me what I think
I will write you a book
But ask what I feel
And where can I look

Trial and tribulation
Will force one to reveal
What is within, what you feel
Kneel before the throne
Without hesitation

Now drop your head
And with it
Your intellect
Lay down your weapon
Your dialect
It leaves things bloody and red

Time Tulip

All of time's tulips

They

Love, lip, language, literature, litany, linguistic, liturgy, lack, lobe,
laugh, languor, land, lure, left, loop, linger, longer, leviathan, learn,
look, lavish, lacquer, liminal, limit, limitless, lamp.

float in fragrant air and where

Is the green stalk gone

The long walk the work

The days bent back and ward in some

Summer moon sunset

The insane in you

Dim lit God glow flower star show

Sinking ceiling of

Divine, madness, love,

The crushing the weight and the waiting

Of our existence

Because we are in

Always recurring becomings in

Always only now

Not cognitions of
Nearing never being but still
Seeming, still being

Still flowering up
Of invisible dust incase
You forgot you came

Where is nothing now
And how did I escape into
Something not nothing

And why is it still
Speaking talking taking me
If the green is gone

The purple is it
The existence the being the
Simply is and is now

Not knowing the green
Everything behind *to be*
Screams beautifully

Ariana's Essay

“We can write about nature, or we can write naturally. To write about nature would be to give poetic utterance to the birdsongs, the blue shadows waving in the winds and in and out midday sun; sounds of cars roaring as lions in a tribal plain, yellow grass upto my knees, cheetah print on my lips. That would be to write about nature. Our endeavor is sweeter; to write naturally our actuality:

What does it mean, you, might ask - to write naturally? I can only show you, i say laughingly, Ariana says that's true, that i'm avoiding the question. What is the question? What? Oh my gosh, what is the question? How do you write naturally?

Well, according my internal studies. Plethora of abundance telling me word - *that* is unnecessary to language. And whenever writing use what *it* is talking about. This is writing naturally: taking out words *the, that, it*. Replace *it* with an objective mystery; a natural, a predicate, an intention. My intention is not to write clearly to logic, rather i speak loudest to soul.

Soul knows natural. Soul is natural.

To write naturally i pour from and into soul:

Ariana asks; what did you do today Bjorn?

I decided to wake up, or i was already awake, happened to notice dreams still carrying into my daily thoughts, i had none, i slept in longer than typical. Tomorrow i'll take myself, my art, my love, my God and my solitude to Topanga. I move my life and im the change i pray God rearrange my every moving beating part to whole soul of love. I voted. I got coffee. I listened to music, my music, other artist's music, Justin Biebers *lonely* and *holy*. We smile, we laugh, we sit in shade of a tree in back of my travel vehicle. I wrote earlier myvehicle is myself and God is driving. Amen ariana speaks.

: You seeto write naturally; i have to be natural, a scribe if scribing, scribbler scribbling, whole soul, my story, my nature. Some questions need doing. Will you use your freedom? Will you? Be free. These are the constancy in currency of my mental exhibition; this i give, i put to page naturally.

Naturally i'm an active dreamer and i'm not the only one - there are dreamers Bowie and Lennon, there are idle dreamers waiting like closed palm maybes of a flower, a petunia lip kiss and tell. But i, i and active dreamers i ask Ariana, what does an active dreamer do? They are aware of dreams, their dreams are very much alive.

See: this is the point, i want to write everything i think, this here: God gives to each a dream their own. I have an already written essay. I have a dream. Find me. You have a dream. That's Martin Luther the king. I

like that! You have a dream! What enlightens your, back to Anthony at the coffee shop. Eye, well; we need no censor to love. What is your dream?

Flower

This ash blue, bronzen, gold leafed
With flower inlay vase I've made
Of memory, to be a temporal talisman.
Towering at pen height with the
Added delicacy of an old wilted sunflower.
This flower vased flower –
You look into me
With eyes
Like my own.
I remember you the way
My pen remembers you –
Only a poetic frailty.

Success

I find success in being the *greatest artist to live in love*.

My paintings will be hung in the MOMA, the Louvre, the Bjorn Bengtsson museum. I will sell out live shows. I will hold solo exhibitions in the top museums. My music will reach number 1 on global charts. I will attain Grammys for best new artist, album of the year, and record of the year. For consecutive years. My book, Blue Hour will be best seller of 2021. I will receive the Pulitzer prize for writing. I will receive the Nobel Peace Prize. I will be love to every soul in every instance. I will look for beauty everywhere. I will give all glory to the Grand Creator - God.

Success is measured by attention to beauty.

Each moment of life aptly holds in pure attentive experience, the absolute joy of beauty. A successful person is they who is in high attention to beauty in their life and the lives of others.

Beauty is indistinguishably always beautifully. At the point of appreciation to life, beauty undresses the way the morning mist burns passionately clear to reveal blinding and brilliant yellows of sunrise. All through the day this occurrence of joy at sunrise persists, new joys

are had, but feels most true at the birth of the experience, there is nothing as sweet as the first time. When beauty became in me.

Each day is a new beginning, a birth of the world. A life may change at the sightful hope staring in sunrise. The sun is always brightest on dawn, our eyes have then been cold and blue with midnight, the early hours in humble quiet, birds begin calling up the song.

The moon is beautiful too, when without sun to shine, glow in marble moonlight and in new moons the stars are dreams connecting me with the lifting song. I fly with the birdsong of sunrise, the cricket chirp of solitude, rich in experience; I am successful.

I carry my success in being the *greatest artist to live in love*. My paintings will be hung in the MOMA, the Louvre, the Bjorn Bengtsson museum. I will sell out live shows. I will hold solo exhibitions in the top museums. My music will reach number 1 on global charts. I will attain Grammys for best new artist, album of the year, and record of the year. For consecutive years. My book, Blue Hour will be best seller of 2021. I will receive the Pulitzer prize for writing. I will receive the Nobel Peace Prize. I will be love to every soul in every instance. I will look for beauty everywhere. I will give all glory to the Grand Creator - God.

Woman of My Soul

All springs are in you

Exclaim prophesy to me! Let every becoming rest on the nail of
handless clocks.

Endear yourself to me. Draw nearer when I think only of you. Your
empty blue sky. Woman, how do you soar me into and soar among me,
then to soar in me, out of me?

Your touch is as the landing of moths.

Your desire as inscrutable may be, vestibule of blood I need, I drink. I
embody body. Sex with you is abrogated, a flora shop, wheat field,
banking of desire. Most adventurous.

Being. I bathed in being! The promise of this worlds fleeting
fecundities bored me. Sex with you enumerated all expanses into one.

Woman of my soul. What do you call me?

-

Is it lover, friend, reflection, extension? Above all I wish you call me presently being. This accounts for each and more.

Should I avert my gaze. Let the dwindle of light taper, fall as though I had just then a presumptuous thought, and be caught like a falling petal in the hands of the great restorer.

Make me mulch, wineskin, necklace. Put stem straight back into me. However life continues, however mutinous or grandiose. Expend me to the ends of your being, being life, presently being.

-

All springs are in you. Abound! My love, my lust by you deepens in sonorous drownings. This ocean! Vast and singular.

I am a wet pink petal on the bough of a still wave.

See me where air and water spirits messenger cross the bounds of their lot. They deal in clear blue.

I am a whisper left on the lip of the wind.

See me in empty blue sky. The death, the death, the consuming all-life!

I am the mourning dove's night elegy.

Hear me spring's dawn.

//

Soul woman would you speak to me. So simply. Eternal and mild. Milk
lip me, my love.

On my flesh dress the words immanuel. Found in every situation.
Elucidations on every situation. In a single situation.

Rapture of soul. Skip grace wind widener. The crevice corner lip of this
universe rises. Call it a smile.

Indebted to being. Pass lovely with seeing - real being! Mystery
morning bird call, first sunrise, wind tickling tree tongues, water
through the throat, rain upheaved into blue, empty blue sky and now
unfurling from the west Atlantic to caress my sensations in a tingling
ocean in a drop of coolness.

God sneezes, lifts a finger, sneezes. It's spring.

Bless you God

Wind

Slipping along the sides of my cheeks
Sensation over infinite horizon
In again inside infinite touches infinite
Comparable to that of the mirror
Counting every half step nearing nothing
Closer still than ever
I've been touched
And every time I see
Outside and back in again
Through another eyes
Another sunset
Another seeded sky
I think divine
I think lovely
I think how beautiful it is to be
And how every word washes over me
When wind seems to speak
Truer, louder still than any voice I've heard
How its quiet call calms the inside
Breathing beautifully into me everything
Which has touched everything
In and again

The Internet

Death drops a few
A bomb inside
Boom goes the child's mind
Internet plague
It's an outbreak baby
She said remember the rats
When they carried disease and shit too
To everyone, not only the few
And it was a national plague
Do you ever think we'll have another
But yes can't you see
It's international, whole world given
Internet blooming unforgiven
Killing and spreading in frequencial waves
Dropping graves from power lines
Telling every mind the lies
Of every fabricated coming together in harmony
This is babel baby
Broken maddened dead condemned and damned generation
But you will never see when you say
Yes I know just what you mean
I posted about it on facebook

Valkyrie

Washing by with time sees
Sultry souls on sailboats
Borrowing lines. Pleading

Tie me to this mast, this pen;
For here comes the mad,
The inside growing mass of muses.

They flutter, fly, cry
Absorb and amplify
The body bound men of time.
Their departing like
The taking off of ladybugs
Explosive and enormous.
Singing still ringing inside.

Petals on the ocean surface floor
Walk butterflies found with form;

Gabriella

Given gradient eyes
Following lovely souls
Forget me nots
Not to go

Separate never is love
Like blind by binding
To love to love
In her the most

Of this eternal recurrence
Tonight I am
Host ephemeral flower
Just as sweet as she

Rose within again
Feeling forgetting self
Seeing God again
In dark haired her

Water sun soil she
Opened all of me inside
Dyed and bodied coalesced
Together to eternity come

Made in moments
Marbled white and scent
Chin chin red and yellow
Flying under floating lights

Like these her eyes
Brown skies tonight alive
And wise ever rhyme
Poets painters ever of kin

Friend not forgetting
Love sun stop setting
In color schemes she sings
With ease my eye bleeds

Wet water cadmiums
Humbled under her glow given
Godly sent intention
Horizon to mention

Gold haze laid like sheet this
Sky over tall Naples yellow grasses
What passes between two souls
Is ever only love of old

God given faces
Will for her to see
My ever I am inside
Is eternal love overflow

For her alone

To paint to write to show

Mere moments are tantamount
Tantalizing tulips sunflowers
About 3 feet tall too
Pots painted distance

Of an eye inside
A dark night ever present
Distance of love is not stretched
But shortened

Like the stars which
Carry people saints
Singing their songs of art
In our same sky

Forgetting not the moon
Grey deity see as he

Single flowered sweet aroma
Her rose within again
My Gabriella

Wet oil

I speak
Sign stop
Wet oil
On earth
This be my toil
My fragrant fruit
Arm up
Hand cross
Don't stop karma
This is my dharma
I speak
Wet oil
My body boil
Bloodstreams seems
Silk paint strokes
Christ sleeps soundly
Boat of oak
Crash this tempest storm
I am forlorn
I am born
Born again Bjorn

One Poem

Sleep is blessing
Door opens
Color wheel spins
Trumpet slip, wind hiccup
Mother is lost
Father wishes to find
Blue/black bruise
Wick crackle
Distortions over steppe
Soul woman
Sex with presence
Immanuel
Find here, I am, am
Wearing blue plaid pajama pants
Yellow (perfect!) shirt
Elucidations on earth prayers
Bee, flower smell, sunrise bask, the fruit,
French. Japan long walk.
Drop poach egg in americano
Wet breakfast
Spun silk cover in sweat
Awake, I am
Horse on water
Pegasus musica impersonal

Bland watch, bla!
Reached, I've met yolk
All the flower knives - three
Spin on chestnut. Breakfast.

Basho incant!
The eternal moment
Line only sound the world is
Generally one.

O lady
Lo lady love!
My tongue - hold me
Cheek and collar bone
Red, so red
With flowers with fans
Touch me that I may feel
Outside oleander's
Shadow. Red sun out-slip.

Fifteen rosen hours
In sleep, then this!
Fore I go too road
Which none, perhaps one
Walk.
Spirit of brethren, sister

Chrysanthemum, lilac,
Almost petunia, daisy, sunflower
Petal'd wind begin in me
Incant.
Spirit of song-spring
Allsong's springs in you
Eh Yah! Asher Ehyeh!
I pray.
Keep purely manifest
Lose me, use me
Empty blue sky
Oceanic nomenclature
You who drift
Swell my hand
Petal word the bough
Love, sex, glory, monarch
O God
Being you, be!

Sweet simples
Sprinkler dewy leaf-grass
Ochre geese
Toast with peanut butter
Then toast with jelly
Sandwich.
That is break taste

Real actual this
World beat of all
With order
Phenomenal sensations
Death that do
Life -
Natural order.
No law old
Boy, dragonfly.

Mid thought
Attached to nothing
The field sings
Bird sky bird
Sky.

One poem
Begins anywhere
Ends anywhere
Welcomes you
To my strawberry
Relapse pit
Peaches daisy temple
Interior excrement green
Chair,
Hand-ly happens.

Welcome you
Anywhere
It's like life
This way! Yeah?
Momentary order
Phenomenal no memory -
The color of page.

Lumen gloariae
Humility breathe
Scent apart skin
For spirit
Awareness!

For rapture
With pen!
Ravish one-ing
This is -
God lavish!
A with any.
Fortunate delineation
Described imagining
Beyond earthly purport
Need new handle bud
Tongue lift elegiac yellow

With coffee bend lick stain

Back

To rapture imagine in

Most everything of

Impenetrable wonder, wisdom, craft

Penetrated backs of eyelids

Body the others spiritual

Driven described the left world

As though passenger of wind

Wistful pretty particular scribble

In serendipitous clarity, meant

To be, most evanescent

Less idle than Milky Way

Running towards into being

A beyonding more than thought

More than sense five or six

Slash seven and unveil bending

Language meant thunder, blood

Beckoning, white eye light, roots

Pond, reflection, orbis, a dance

Imaginary perfection

Back in body all bounded

Tether to in finite soul dash

One vast elucidation

Of everything o beautiful

Clarity beset me o me my!
Body crumbles, weak deathly
Or life every, knew all. Is
A paradise
Being.
But back in body, penning.
Scribble

Now desk needs
New introduction - later.

Socks are grass
Music bug air
Scatter air
Embroider thank
You pollen pull
Smell smells
Of clove (love)
White day
Slow echo
In ears of feet
Starving the corner (lover)
Of reason
Ready to leaf
From wet bough
To wetter stream

Red with daisies
And morning dew

Once it
Becomes limited
It is special

Eye contacted with
Woman. Seas of
Hazel, opaline,
Translucence to me
I cannot see
Through flesh and
Window glass
I send message
Of hello
Soul to soul
Hello mirror -
Portal. Definite
Indefinite. Just as
Slight martyr
Lives into death.
How do you say
Seas have melted?
How do you sound
Glass dances apart?

Itself.

In car
Driving through mountain
Peak. Listening to
The result
Of
Talk from home
Sounds like
Pink space.

Ducks in my thermos
Bobbing on water -
Laughing.

Tunnel's overhead lights
Restless as a bear, a bear
Who has not slept

Sudden expenditure.
Moreover laxidaisy
Petal puttering
By the lake mind

Had idea upon
Had to pee

It's always this way
Bathroom is closed
Teriyaki kitchen
Dance in grass
Piss
Forgot idea
Got teriyaki to go

Scope mountain luck
Seedlings uprooted
Old sinuous meanings
Scope careful
Apprehending intention
Seek the seed
Remain the green.
This wild, homely
Overture.

Provides feeling
Inside
Of connected
Everything
So hand-ly
So not
This body.

Breath is communication!

Half moon wonder!

Bellied in the

Yellow glow

The haze muffin

Bison of a night cloud.

Swept away day

Woke for past sunset

Woke for empty blue sky

Repeated empty blue sky

My mind

An empty blue sky

Though dusk deep

Window we're

Big unfurls of

Clouds trodding along

The veil of peace

In blue had been

Slowly upskirted

Revealing infinite

Deep space. The

Mind of God,

In a empty blue sky.

One, two
Three towers in wood
Flower
Carried triptych
To dormant sleep
Side of house
For paint finished
But would awake
With concreting eyes
Eyes of the seers
Upon
Tall Flower triptych

Earlier today
Met a stout little
Black buzzed hair
Hispanic man
Who sold me
The land of pearls -
Wooden panels
Of to be paint
One, two, three, four
Five now eagerly
Smile, naked
On the easel.

Much more
To be had
One - monumental
Genius tree it
Must have been.
Fragrant color
Flower garden
It will be.

Signal benefit
Of soul
Sings sun, moon!
Joyous rays of one
All at once
A look now
And ahead.

Every Soul Be Love

Maybe we dream a day in advance. It's that. It's just that. Above, where I look clouds curl, coalesce like the painting. What passion in their movement!

This then is the evening I dreamt to, dreamt about. Her steps creaked on Gold spiral stairs, her lips still wet with the other world when she said,

“You're coming tomorrow evening yes? To the dance?”

And I stood, walked my thoughts again to the once vacant home roomed beneath her stair, unlatching the lock and with the same lips breathed away the vacancy, the abundance of my abandonment. I had not been present to receive the invitation, not been home. But that was two evenings ago.

Tonight then is the night, the evening of dance and I've been made welcome, simply for being present for it. I welcome the afterworld. I kiss with a bless my death poem. The dream. The eternal divinity dream.

Spiritual warfare had face, swung high with winds, wherewithal of God's grace; breath bespoke the way, the wind in my wings.

What a fool to be only shadow. How silly a swirl when the end. When the light ends the world every day I awake. I, awake, singing to God.

The clouds break, pointed to the page. Lightning flashes, winds uproar. A voice, angelic nature, physical impossible speaks with ease to being before, before being, before meaning, before I and the page. And I, lose I.

A star in the sky is born, birthed between the frame of I, has ever been meant to shine, aglow in the doorway, a new constellation mapped by the face of a strange shape in the clouds.

Water begins, wet the page. Before knowing, then fall, speaking, lavishing, killing, crawling, over-turning following love, they overturn to a hand of hope, of hope beyond reaching, reaching to them in their grave; giving grace.

The eye opens, to becomes from, all singular shapes merge for the re-birth of the otherworld, the consuming of this. The otherworld is pretty, immaculate, does what only 'it' can do.

It cries red, bleeds before blue, drops blue, invokes incantation, a simple greeting of hello is love, is death, is love everlasting. A light flashes, it flashes, it consumes, it creates, it is love. The world is born.

It is God. Inside, feeling inside, from all of outside, loving its way inside, all dies into everything, birth is a following love, before, all danced into God. It builds, accumulating, like the cloud, it consumes, opens, every soul feels love.

Divinity

Dream Divinity is absolute adherence to pure intuition of a good giving forgiving God. This is easy essay on divine dreams. For past reference still living on 'Divina Somnium', the first of my manuscripts for which a black leather bound moleskin i'd decorated the door, or book cover with an eye cutout of a drawing i'd once done in a college library, sat up on a couch that was red, drawing eye after eye, why the eye i do not try to hide, i was in great love, i called it what she sediment, i'd bee lay to love, la-la-la'd into a party and looked into sea green blue sky as could be beauty of a dream of eyes, i looked into her look into me, one eye, hers and mine, soul tied.

Dream Divinity is rapture for poetic nutrition, eat healthy the new, word, essay, sentence all apt at a reverie, these are day dreams of a past night fright i'd likened to a madness for laying with my back flat in supine and sycamore, oak birch white leaves swirling over in me is a sunlit green field, blue skies i lay between. Clouds drift, drift west into the setting sun on the orange horizon with tinges of more orange-pink-blue nostalgia.

How in past mneumonics, oh lose the professor puncture; how in past lives, the past lives. How in past times I'd rhyme my pens inking to my heart beating for those first ever poems on a black leather couch about stars and women I loved and their eyes.

The page listens how no one else has, mirrored in my inner world.

-

Who taught grass to dance in the wind? I am life speaks to me nonchalantly, i photograph a few blurry photos because paint, oil painted my lens and in every time i'd seen those photos i'd nearly thought i'd lost my kind mind to be reminded i'd likened no find of rhyme, rather i'd give a plea to please speak truency in me, o Divine.

What is the most powerful thing in life to happen to and become you? Only that you became new and beautiful because of life after death for the changing seasons saved you, the life, the love, the autumn wind, same new nature; well mine was when i lay beneath a water tree, a leaf fell on me, God touched my heart, i changed into love forever, i notice that, i love God. God loves a God dreamer. Dream on Divine. Dream on.

The Kind of Poem to Welcome Dawn

I

The whole of morning;
Trees wearing halos,
Lots of birds singing,
Rising sounds and people
Assembling a symphony.

I can hear
Them altogether singing
Goodmorning us, our echo,
Our human harmony
With every first
Voice of light.

II

We just can't help
Singing with
The voice that endears
Firstly nears us
Gives us ear,
Language and eye
And our own voice to sing
What we sense

Echoes and rose
From a secret language.

Eternal and tender
We heard, we sang together
The whole of morning...

Japanese Roof

I smiled upon dawn. Glistened in the morning star, her naked eminence.
Sounds of poesy, windchimes welcomes me, my eyes. Over the veranda
of dreams I crawled, I was on the mountaintop, blue God in a cloud
before me. I slid down fresh pink tiles. There, the builders of a
Japanese roof, tossing around pale sunlight through the laurel leaves.

I killed a woman's love for work. I trace the slipping of sky into a pink
page with the softest touch. I've adorned woodgrain in golden amulets.
Pinned first flight to my pants. I kissed the morning star to bed. Walked
into paint, the red sun in my hands.

Forest Eyes

From filigree along golden time – see string three strung serendipity.
Bleeds ardent mahogany through threadbare – the eye. Brilliant
yellows, spring blossom eye, I've felt from through this azure. Bone
white desolate, distilled and dim. Starry eyes who've dreamt great
dreams.

Accordance by flower carnage, did by and by sing daily, o weak
measure of days.

Oleander, leaven whispers, floating ivy, orange, blue, black dresses.
The divined beauty death toll. Ticking strings taught blood cooling
wrist. Cool blue spring, a see, of azure lady life – she, queen of sea and
sky.

I, king of the forest.

Re-Memory

Tonight. I never sleep. Miraculous wind coalesce. Arbiter of light, a dead vase lift remy well, giggles over desert wind. To green up, entrance terrible beautiful fates.

I saw souls. Writing pasts, walking around pasture. Three hundred years fingered in dust. Orange grabs cold pink throats, cuts springs, slips into fabrication

Each word as said as could divine. Smells of breakfast, family's smoke, woman's hand, by the window, the pond-within, a temple within.

Lanterns elucidate webs drawn behind any material. Codes of life in luminescent color – only see. Each world and each person. Footprints stepped into the silence, re-memory.

wIsteria

Love takes time. Love gives time. Love is endless.

II

I see white doves encompassing. My body is flesh, gives way beneath the sways of grass. For nearly a year now, here I've been. I've been everywhere man.

I close my eyes again. I begin to see. A space aknew, unlike the form they'd teach. A floating blue orbis is my way in, or really only seeing through the veil, by entering the veil.

Inside is now quite like outside, here it is pure and only still natural. For shaping space I stand void like, the calls dressed in white, on my flesh I write, 'interior temple'. To my open eye – who looks into me is not a man, not a woman, not a bather, nor any I have seen before. Their body moves like flesh, without the dilapity. They flow, sway with ease, with them I can see the wind. I hear the song of the birds.

A broken story stays my mind.

So the soul goes on, hands my flesh into eternity. Their hand is only color, they endlessly move.

I stutter about time; I think I've lost this.

Into me. A million suns setting over wheat, only sky here. They fall forward onto me, white walls fall back, the paintings soar as clouds. Into me, eternity.

Could channel man and woman, could light our eyes like the moon. O, is nothing not sacred now. Ever to never sleep, dream this endless one.

III

Corduroy coalescence. Incandescence dry million sun child. Hello, I've been missing you. Mist the bonsai. Miss the moon. O life, complicate normalcy – dressed flesh feet to skitter, scatter planets. You to think to not and never think cannot, all within a shimmer of light. Then the world. Detaches.

Fecundity, fecundity! Trees, though I have no name. could you please do this? Hinge the sea under rolling green. Fold blue sky over me. Eventually this moment will undress fortunate regress. Back and back, your planets! O, I long.

Skin the wall. You, you can do all.

My body's breathing. Beneath the tree. I can hold a leaf, this is all.
Inviting life, all I can do. So, then you move.

Into me. Watched markings thrown on the wall. Convexed, concave.
The iris. Madness had been their sorry excuse. Eternity.

Velvet fuck. O, flesh. O, flesh! Seed scattered.

Fingernail, cloud, scrapes the soil. Sing! Sing! They write, do you hear
me? Do you hear yourself?

Fourteen years forgotten under two. Line, shape, curl; and is this new?
Genius view.

View of the undress, skit, dapple grove, linen, arch, hung the dead
beautiful.

If ever should stop.

Carries on, cool like silence. Bird sound. There. There! The sound.

Muffled air play, hum, along, their dream. What do you desire? Far.

Then near has face. eat the orient, the mask, the age. Of all sun,
illumination, life, their idea, dream, doctrine, all play, and poem.
Scattered lip the ink. To hold the vase. Sweet everywhere at once.

You, you have the connection. Weeds. Blooms. That, this spring then.
Tore off the clock. Consume intention, engulf after birds of songs, the
night's sky in flame, the movement.

And yourself. Yes, yourself. Obituary, he sees me, dead and aliver than
ever. Carry me or call me, genius. Float, flower. Rose blood, perennial
one. I like to watch the flowers grow with my mouth open.

Now what will they say? You, yourself, of to be. Your window in this
life, the light! The light! Body flesh , ran trail the harp. Through, by
and by. He floats – the deep, the intuit, toes to ends of boot and last
line.

Inside the boat, seven hundred and seventy-seven. Repetition coalesce.
Kid rise. The flower. Sleeve end. Your hand.

Yellow milked. Bod. White hone. Ape. Last figurative symbol, touched
shadow on shadow. O, what do you see?

Pink, pink! The blue body walks earth. Floats to flute to finger to music
to hear this! Ah! Religion, look into the sun.

The clip, the clap, isle of silence.

III

Admire the beauty. Her eyes, knowing, lower lip unfurling. Your name.
cloud chasing. The life, the life. Longer there, he is. The barrier? The
wind. Carry voice another. Safer this way. Red. Yellow. Freckle.

Peripheral cypress. Cherry blossom. Sorrow into work, melancholy like
grape, orange, shoots up, prune, you touch the sky. Dance the gas
station. Impersonation, and then. Then. Find your voice.

Of all of them. With one, we are, echo (join us). Dreamer. Day and
night. Only.

In sky, us here. Freckle glimmer, shatter, veil rip, explodes internal
(out time). There everything at once and all becoming, a multitude of
heavenly's, noise. Noise, uproar the them. Here, the quiescent, sat
watching, point, gone. Aliver than ever.

IV

Side house, written (shadow strung), to the to. And for flower field.
Color garden, gate, moonrise star. Candelabra boy, O you boy, you boy
by the tent. Cake your hand, almond blossom.

One is not sure whether he is dreaming or awake. She, entering, kiss!
Float. Orange white hear.

Sounds, cars. Hand swim. Head, tissue. Glass. You get a feel for it. All of them.

Any good? Most profound is wind on headless. Lost their. But yes, resplendent. Trickle book backward. Hole, field ever plain, lift. Rapture. Star must breathe.

Thousand-year light. Nine. Seven. Repetition, feet murky, pail head. Japonism chime, re-invent color.

Objects. Planes. First of beyond. Beyond. Cough. Hold. Go halo. I halo, here. Clear. Speak and two. The beyond. Smoke dissipate, potato, hunger artist.

The way. More beyond. Than design merely. On my face > your shirt. There, eternity speck, stain, torment when back, back, and fro.

Cut. This part. Right leg, childhood trauma. Three pages. In them. Before. Remind delicacy in dove in drain. Cried. Feathers everywhere. Now they stand only. And look. Wisteria.

The year. Forgotten. Sickness, same spirit as eleven. Find people, sacrificial, surpass, super – ficial. Fickle, for the come. Then mail, mail. I hope these are them? They are, thank you.

Open, this part. Sanguine chirp. All I can do. Ah, the they! They, the, they. They. Illusion dynamic. Natural. There be no thought, hard on becoming baby again and knowing all in knowing none, I know. Love gives time. Three and repeat. Love.

Pollard strawberry. Sound! Color. You, talented. Photograph for when (if) filigree tends to string unknown. Make it. Thank you laugh. I hear you.

V

Interlude prayer. YAHWEH make this life holy. Release me into love. The fullness. Overflown. Let love live. Life, O life. O you my live and I, yours. Only love. Only love. Only love only love only love only love. YAHWEH visualize by your Holy Spirit. I will be moving hands I am yours only. Only love YAHWEH YAHWEH YAHWEH holy holy holy one.

VI

Imago. Child and comfort you were. Support as music played. Mother's singly voice. Car, light shift. Could watch clouds unfurl. The farthest reach. Reach further and dissipate. The ocean.

Swim melodic my baby genius. Waft water. To spring. Flower! Eternal spring. Three women. Overflow form, classical repetition. The well. Fish ear mon. lilies her eyes. Sounds. Apocalypse 's'. fear. And love returns to us. Yes YAHWEH. Holy calling. Love writer. Table outside. Ah! Eternity! My love. The world has swallowed dove light. Tail could lift us, yes? Not to stutter air, ripple cloud water. The mouth. Calm. Blue. House gardener. Your angel yes, love. Holy love into me. I am a speaker. That voice from which I see.

Said, leaves?! Oh my, I've walked, wailed with you. I've loved you like I was beauty, and you. I love you to work. The days under on and moon. Rest and work. And heel, and victory then. And you endure the "then". And I will be with you. Loving you. My child. Eternity will appear to you. My love. I love you and thank you. Mortality. I am love return to me and this is new. A fragrance of the sun. how the beauty reminds memory to remember this beauty. Body – a field of sensation. Now there is nothing left that I can do. I work. And I call beyond. Again and again. Words fall like air. Like air. They are air. How wonderful for becoming the rock the worship as I am, singing yes, he is the I am. Has been image the men call hallucination, over the reality. This is all there. Call life unfinished if you will. This is all there is my love. Floating beauty. Cry if you need. I am the love. I am here to be with you. I am love. I am the world. The image of wonder here in the word, feeling the earth, my love. I am.

VII

This interlude is to be all of life. Enlargen the world around me. Bring beauty for the love of the people. Can endure, for you give trial. This is the greatest desire. To feel full absorbing sweetness. Simply lifting one off their feet. To float with the stars. To the earth comes with good glow scent. The how see.

Interim. Is deepened. The longing is love. I am teaching you the way. The love of never leaving you. Perfect deity. In I am smaller. Till out the car. Cloud drift, dissipate into the ocean of the blue body beyond. A star. Engulfing the sky.

To the them a wonder. An awe.

Magnificent beauty how lovely to love what you create. To give acceptance and life is all. They shall love in years to come. Painting door closing that night in the wind. Your pants, white stars glimmer in blackness night.

Over imperative. Orient Japanese lantern like overture through the plains over green rolling. Perfection bending, you will see. The freedom. The freedom, you are free to roam. No fear of any death. Roamed with the orient. Divine sweetness. Blue sweater scattered soul into unknown. So let's see life, after, after, after. Skiptrace, happen, deepen. Interim.

Of all that has been said. All is the same. One thing I have ever and always said. Love. Endure the work, in love. Hope love. Perfect love. Days to be are now becoming. On the rise. Is everything another? Collage of genius. Or genius. Repattern to the kin, the kind to fecundity and look left. It up. Birth, likely. Abundance ever more and all the more love. How great is sorrow for work – the sun on his back.

I, in all ways seek never to admonish God. Internal closeness my sweet Lord. In no way will I ever desire to admonish you. In all ways I desire only love. Perfect meditations are the ones given to work. Never to displease the Spirit. You sing join me.

The less here – the better.

Clouds

Sometimes the clouds smile,
Curve and crescent with the moon.
Sometimes the clouds swoon.

Acknowledgements

Clouds: *50 Haikus*