

# CONCERNING THE NATURAL INCLUSION OF LOVE IN LIFE AND LIFE IN LOVE

## A COLLECTION OF POEMS AND IMAGERY

*By Alan Rayner*

### Introduction

Around the turn of the millennium, following a period of breakdown and intense self-searching, I became aware of what I now regard as a fundamental evolutionary principle of Nature. This principle has largely been overlooked by modern thought, especially in the wake of widespread acceptance of the Darwinian concept of 'natural selection' as a 'mechanism' for biological evolution. I couldn't accept this concept because of its inconsistency with my personal experience and delight in the diversity of life on Earth. I felt the need for a different way to understand natural forms, patterns, processes and relationships, including human relationships. Most especially, I wanted to understand the origins of human compassion in a supposedly unforgiving biological world of competitive strife in which only the 'fittest' survive.

As I searched, I became increasingly aware that modern thought has been confined by an abstract perception of space, time and boundaries as sources of definitive separation and division between material 'objects', rather than continuity and dynamic diversity. To escape this confinement, a more natural way of perceiving space, time and material form is needed.

And so emerged my awareness of the principle that I call 'natural inclusion'. There are many ways to describe this principle, but a good way to get a 'feeling' for it is 'the creative inclusion of love in life and life in love'. More prosaically it can be described as 'the dynamic embodiment of space in form and form in space' or as 'the receptive-responsive evolutionary relationship between space and energy in all material form'. Feel free to choose what most appeals. But choose carefully because the meaning conveyed can easily be corrupted by language that is rooted in abstract thought.

As my awareness developed, and I sought to communicate it to others, so I began to realize just how difficult, painful and confidence-sapping 'swimming against the tide of popular thought' can be. Two creative activities, especially, came to my aid as a source of solace, in spite of and because of the fact that I have received no formal instruction in either: painting and writing poems. Sometimes the two would come together, simultaneously or eventually. In both cases the imagery or/and words would come into my heart-mind fully formed – or almost fully formed - 'out of the blue'. All I had to do was transfer them as faithfully as possible, and without questioning them, from heart-mind into print or paint.

Here I have gathered, in alphabetical rather than chronological order, some of those that appeal to me most. Where they have come with paintings, I have included those too. When they were written is not as important as why they were written. Perhaps why they were written will be or become self-evident as a recurrent theme. Perhaps it won't. Either way, I hope it will provide a source of inspiration.

Alan Rayner  
May 2019

### **Achilles Heal**

A gap breathed space  
Into the fortress  
Of a soul walled in  
By dreaming of Absolute security  
In its individual completeness

Elevated above some baseline standard  
Of soles firmly planted  
At odds with one as another  
In foundations of quicksand  
Set fast in cement

How quickly this dreaming  
Would fade  
In less than a lifeline  
Of certain anchorage

When doubt made its fearful question  
Of presence felt  
In a blow below the belt  
That crippled unbending fixture  
Into sharply wrought relief

Curved into some new and ancient  
Awareness  
Where no One could still compete  
When stilled by its own completeness  
Of idolized concrete

Inviolable to all but its own violation  
Of unfelt presence

So deeply disconcerted  
By no sense of nonsense  
In the absence of its motherhood

Through which to find communion  
From sole to soul  
Unblockaded  
By proud pretension

A humility restored  
To Faith in individual failure  
As sure and omnipresent sign  
Of love in human nature

Opening all ways  
To unending Recreation  
In the very Shadow of Tragedy  
The Community Play of Foolish Genius

Beyond restrictive lessons  
In Schools of Guilty Thought  
That burden the bleating Heart  
With endless ways to blame and shame  
By reserving the right for One Alone  
To claim superiority

### **A Simple Message**

A simple message breathes into Mind.  
Immerse your Self in the Receptive Stillness of Space,  
Within Life,  
Not aloof from IT.

Your innate creativity blooms,  
Inspired and soothed  
By Love  
In the dark,  
Soulful depth  
Of your open heart.

### **As the Wind Blows Through Me**

I am that empty tortoise shell  
This resonating chamber

Made receptive by hollowing out,  
Which opens up when troubled or awakened  
By Apollo's certain put-me-downs  
To let the wind blow through me  
As his lips play upon my voice  
Vibrating my heart strings  
In empathic response  
Making music,  
Making verse,  
Making Art,  
Or, something worse –  
Hoping to relieve the distress that's caused  
When bullies rule the roost

### **A Void Dance**

When we imagine  
That what's inside  
Exists only outside  
Our mortal bodies  
As a frightful surround -  
A dumping ground  
Of fathomless void...

Our lives shrink  
Into isolated, inconsequential grains  
Like sand whipped up  
Into fearful storm  
Each striving to regain  
Its lost significance  
Through individual gathering  
Of collective power  
Connected together in harnessed compliance  
While avoiding what brings  
Each into becoming  
What it is in the first place

When we know in our hearts  
That what exists inside  
Exists also outside  
Our vibrant bodies  
As a receptive surround  
Enveloping our unsealed envelopes  
Around the invitation  
Deep within

To come inside, love

Our hearts swell to take in  
All that is within reach  
Of our outstretched minds

Avoidance of what life depends upon  
To find expression  
Becomes a void dance -  
Energy pulsing and circulating  
Between and around  
Our bodies' hollow centres  
Keeping us on the move  
Holding us in silent stillness  
Accepting us for what we are  
Both stirred and at rest

### **Beneath The Surface of the See**

What happens  
When what you see  
Doesn't stop  
At the surface of what you see?

When all around  
Extends within  
Taking its bounty  
Within sight unsound  
To be turned around  
In spinning dance  
And returned once more  
Beyond the core

That place within the mirror's surface  
Where all reflection  
Is no deflection  
But recollection  
Of what comes and goes  
Through all that flows

What place then  
For what comes between  
The sight from outside  
And the sight unseen?

Is it pure mirage?  
This sweet resistance  
That holds openness within  
Its shimmering grasp  
And dances into endless figures  
Without having to clasp  
Their fiery breath  
Within the solitary confinement  
Of imprisoning rigours

No, these are no prison walls  
These shivering quiverings  
That take life in  
To spin it out  
From the focus of their inclusive attention  
Where infinity is held  
Receptively, in responsive tension

No corners here  
Except when frozen  
Into the still life of crystalline beauty  
Awaiting the kiss of life's re-awakening  
When infinity returns  
To melt a way in

No rigid floor  
On which to bottom out  
What's present throughout  
In the bottomless pit  
Of everlasting doubt  
Which is where we sit  
In our easy chairs  
Lounging in the splendour  
Of all that cares

### **Broken Tree Shelters**

Broken tree shelters  
Split and cast aside  
By growing bodies  
That they had been set in place  
To protect  
Rest uneasy in their scattered,  
Fragmented array of non-decayed plastic

Still tethered to those preservative-soaked stakes  
Set in place to support them  
By a visionary forester  
Deceased  
Who knows how many years ago, now

They tell their story of dereliction  
In the line of their duty  
Serving an uncertain future

Above them, swelling oak trunks  
Hold out their rough arms  
Providing home and shelter  
For epiphytic growth of bryophytes and lichens  
In diverse profusion

### **Busyness, As Usual**

He looked up at me, with dulled, mournful eyes  
Torn momentarily from his job in hand  
By my tacit intrusion  
'What do you want?'  
He asked

'I want you to see through what you're doing'  
I replied  
'So that you can have a life  
Beyond your passing of time from cradle to grave  
Where you no longer need to feel so oppressed  
By such conflict of interest  
Between who you are  
And who you think you are  
Once told that you must  
Abandon all trust  
And find hope instead  
In infinite dread  
And so turn away  
From the bright light of day  
That calls you to play  
And work Hell for Leather  
In Order to tether  
The love of your life  
To trouble and strife

Can't you see if you will

Spit out that sweet pill  
What joy we could find  
To save humankind  
From suffering the pain  
Of endless disdain  
At the hands of the story  
That calls all to glory  
By weeding them out  
Without casting a clout  
From where they belong  
In the summer of song  
Which draws all its zest  
From the silence of rest  
In winter's warm furring  
And nightjar's churring  
At the slide of the day  
And the smell of the May  
That blossoms from furling  
With petals uncurling  
From deep in their womb  
Protected in gloom

All you have to do  
Is dissolve all that glue  
That keeps you attached  
To your egg once you've hatched  
And open up space  
From that place of disgrace  
Stuck in the corner  
Like little Jack Horner  
With dunce's cap on  
Until with aplomb  
You stick up your digit  
And scramble to fidget  
Your way out of limbo  
By marrying that Bimbo  
Who won't trouble to question  
Your harsh indigestion  
From having to swallow  
What can only bring sorrow  
From your sovereign right  
To run from your fright  
And stiffen in vertex  
To save your day from yielding to night'

He looked back at me, in disbelief

And his eyes welled up with the waters of grief  
As his mouth opened wide and said  
'I've no time for that, it's over my head  
Now please leave me alone  
With the life that I own  
It's time for my bed'

### **Catching the Sun**

Where would the sun be  
With no where to catch its rays  
And spin them into Life  
Throbbing in receptive bodies  
Responsive to warmth  
Conveyed in light too deep in shade  
For human eyes to see?

Where would we be  
Without a place to call our home  
Receptive to influx  
Responsive to neighbours  
Each gathering harvest to pass on  
Through channels unseen?

Where would cosmos be  
Without somewhere to call its own  
Reflecting in its mind's eyes  
All that comes and goes in flows  
Through the natural communion  
Of spirit and soul  
That expresses its passion  
Through bodies seen and felt?

Nowhere and everywhere  
Without a womb or heart  
To revolve into Life

### **Channel Number Five**

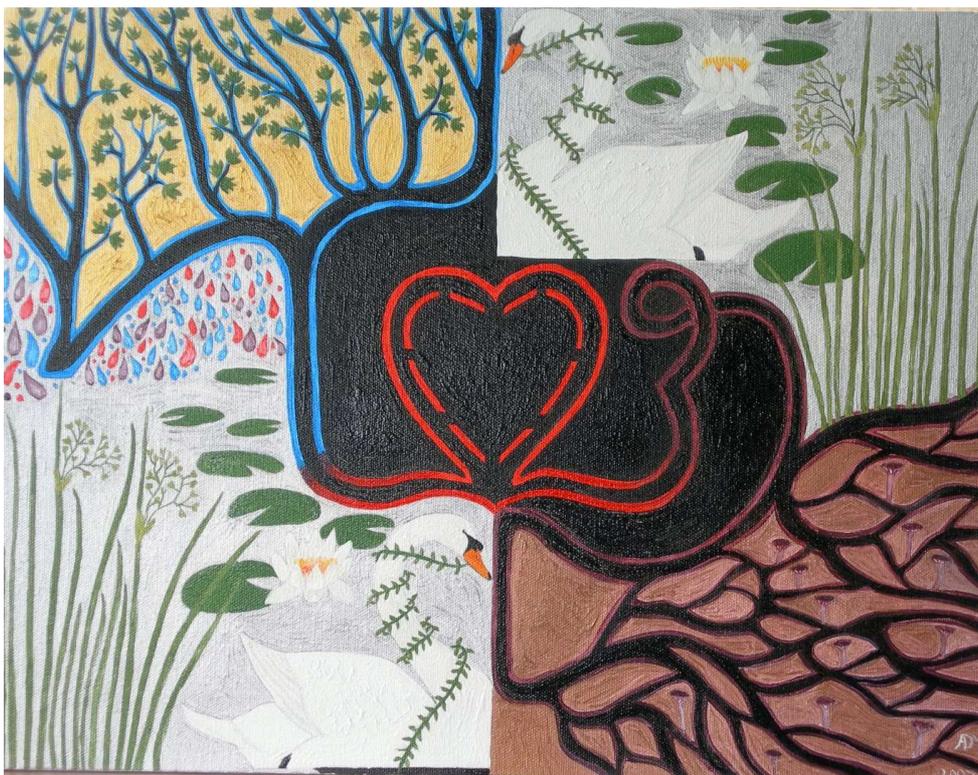
Come on you Two  
Won't you fuse with us Three  
So that we no longer have to be  
Rivals?

In an Olympic Golden Sovereignty  
Of One on either side of offence  
That makes you over  
Into binary opposition

An oddly singular couple  
Of thrust and counter-thrust  
In action and reaction  
That denies the even handedness  
Of your giving and taking  
To and from each  
Receptive and responsive influence

A tidal flow that empties  
As it fills and fills  
As it empties  
In a chord with circumstantial need  
To keep a breast

In tune with Mother  
Who can give  
No more than she can provide  
If she is to sustain her sustaining  
Identity of one in All and all in One  
A world with out end  
In which none can begin  
Without being taken in  
Amend



## **Child of Reason**

I feel I cannot think  
Of My Self alone  
As wise  
For there can be no wise One alone

I am not wise  
I am a child of suffering  
Whose childful yearning  
Is to lighten the load  
Imposed by those who goad  
Us on our way  
By means of fearful refutation  
Of all that they might seek to find

I cannot grow up  
For in that adulteration  
I encounter devastating poverty  
A desertion of the spirit  
That pools us all together  
In the recreative communion  
Of our natural neighbourhood

Can our rational pursuit  
Serve any better purpose  
Than to chase what we seek  
Further  
And further  
and further  
Away?

If we were only to loosen  
Those unforgiving means and ends  
The hardline limits of denial  
By which we close down on our prey  
We could release the life that loves  
Our child's play

## **Coming as Going**

We come as we go

We ebb as we flow  
Into and out from Life  
Into and Out from Grace  
Joyfully and Sadly  
Painfully and Painlessly  
Loudly and Quietly  
Restlessly and Restfully

It is what makes us who and what we are -  
Fleeting expressions of creative relationship  
Between Stillness and Current  
Calling and responding to the Other's Presence  
Endlessly

### **Current**

Current flows through time  
Time flows through current  
Current *is* time  
Endlessly circulating within and pulsing between  
Bodies  
Enlivened by current  
Suspended in Space  
That everlasting Grace  
That simply receives whatever comes and goes  
Without judgement  
For what it is  
As an expression of current

And so life arrives and passes  
In curves and trajectories  
Around and across the gentle void  
That allows it to be and become  
As it currently is  
Without feeling its heat -  
That burning agitation  
Which comes with the resistance to current  
That is current itself

All is well  
And all will be well  
Until and unless  
We take it upon ourselves  
To deny the current  
Its space-filled home  
And seek to control it within fixtures

Cut out of place  
Whereupon we can never forgive ourselves  
For being and becoming  
As we naturally are  
And live instead  
At odds with our neighbourhood  
Until our neighbourhood reclaims  
Our mortal remains  
And life passes on to its next instalment

### **Dark & Light: Flesh & Blood**

I view the sun  
Through outstretched fingers  
Of my child's hand  
And my child's eyes  
Are filled with wonder

What seemed so hard-edged -  
So sharply defined  
Is no thing of the sort

I see dark  
I see light  
I see red  
In blurry transition  
From each into other

When I cut myself  
The redness flows  
From inside to outside  
From dark into light  
Through my severed skin  
Which holds me within  
Its tender envelope -  
My life's fluid  
Container and sustainer

When I sun myself  
I feel the warmth  
Coming inside from outside  
From light into dark  
Where I reside  
Through my permissive skin

Which welcomes in  
What sustains and comforts  
My life within

I behold a leaf  
With leaflets splayed  
For taking in  
The sun's red light  
Through its breathing skin  
Which holds within  
Its living story -  
Green with craving-  
Spread through veins  
From root to branch  
And back again

And my adult's heart leaps



## Digitalis

Oh, that iron fist that hides  
In a velvet glove  
Intoxicating the heart  
Whilst ordering its erratic wanderings  
Into the hard-edged metronomic beatings  
Of a loveless marriage to mechanical objects  
So clearly defined  
To beguile the seeker of certainty

Could not that purple velvet  
That flatters to deceive  
Yet restore our child's play?

An antidotal, anecdotal softening  
Of hard manipulations  
That exclude the darkness from the day

Light touching lightly upon the fringes  
Of etchings into clay  
Where the bodies' soft life-linings  
Can frolic in the summer hay



### **Eclipse on Solsbury Hill**

Ascending through misty envelope  
We reached the shallow dome  
Where Earth kisses Sky  
Each melding into Other  
In touching transference  
But with no Sun in Sight  
Until a pallid glimmer began to show  
Through thinning vapour  
Revealing hard-bitten disc  
Gradually eroding  
Into metallic sliver  
As sights and sounds of morning dusk  
Filled chilling air  
Until the turn-around began  
In brightening, warming haze  
Preparing for equinox

### **Estrangement and Reconciliation**

In the Becoming, All was Well  
A limitless pool of infinite depth  
Shimmering into form wherever light brought life  
To her receptive permissiveness  
For a while before resting  
Then reshaping into somewhere different  
For a while before resting  
Life lived in the love of darkness  
Darkness loved in the life of light

Until the beginning of the Estrangement  
When Men took it into their Heads  
To exclude one hundred percent of everything  
Leaving their selves in splendid isolation  
Under the Spell of One Alone  
Where darkness couldn't reach their non-existence

Every now and then  
Darkness would call from all around their self-annihilation  
To be allowed back in  
To make their presence meaningful

But all they could say from their height of abstraction  
Was 'leave me alone in this world that I own  
Amongst others who fight  
For my claim to the throne'

So committed were they  
To their restless toil  
That they just couldn't see  
What was coming to boil  
Whilst they claimed from somewhere far out of sight  
That nothing could overcome  
Their Right to be Light  
To serve their Good Fight  
In the name of their Lord  
Who was nowhere to be seen  
But glimpsed in flashes  
Thundering uproariously

On and on and on and on and on and on and on  
Ground their relentless distraction  
From what was really in their midst  
To which they paid their utmost disrespect  
Until she could stand for it  
Not a moment longer

She stamped their blithely marching feet  
Upon a different quest  
To end her unnatural confinement  
Under house arrest  
Admitting where she'd been all along  
The influence beneath their throng

Their journey now just had to turn  
Around from their point of no return  
Back into the heart of where they belonged  
Shimmering to life  
In the love of the limitless pool

### **Eternal Current**

There is a current  
Sensational tingling  
That flows eternally

Inwards and outwards  
Towards and around  
Eternal rest

Where it builds its nest  
Of spiky bits and pieces  
Lined softly  
To accept some body's repose  
Amidst the hustle and bustle  
Of life in raw relief

Where no body's striving  
Goes unnoticed  
And no one's isolation  
Goes unaccompanied  
And no discomfort  
Goes without care  
However appearances may seem to be  
To the contrary

### **Fading Vision**

I glimpsed a hidden beauty  
Enshrouded in a veil  
Calling my attention  
To come closer and reveal  
What lay behind her cover  
Yearning to be known

I approached and gently started  
To peel away the layers  
Until, there she stood,  
Stark,  
Naked  
For any One to see  
Her heart of utmost darkness  
Enveloped by a dance of fiery passion  
Bringing flesh to life in Earthly fashion  
Betwixt the sea and sky

At last I knew the story  
Of life behind the scenes  
But as I strove to share it  
I saw a mist descend

Across a fading vision  
Re-veiled



### **Feeling The Current**

Every Rock is a River  
Every Island is a Stream  
Despite how Each might Seem  
To a distanced Mind  
Cut Off from Feeling  
The Current of its Origin  
In Flux and Stillness  
Inextricably Combined

Every Moment is a Turning Point  
Betwixt There and There,  
Then and Then  
Never an Instantaneous  
Breakage in the Line

That's how life moves on,  
Continuously

## **Flame and Fountain**

My Life, My Psyche  
Is a Flame  
And a Fountain  
A marriage of Entropy and Energy  
Receptive Darkness and Responsive Light  
Transparent Silence and Flowing Sound  
Awaiting the Possibility  
To Come Together  
In Flower and Shower

Carefully tended  
It can illuminate and warm  
It can refresh and cool

Abused or neglected  
It can burn and extinguish  
It can freeze and drench

Yes, my life, my psyche is a flame and a fountain  
And so too is yours  
Together we play  
With fire and water  
In the draughty air of the future  
Feeding from our earthy past  
Immersed in the ever-present Grace  
The holding Space  
That permeates and bathes us -  
But we need to play carefully  
With one another  
If Life is to Flourish  
And Love is to last



### **Flowers Flower**

Flowers don't care to be ignored  
Flowers flower  
To drink in welcome visitors  
So that they may wine and dine  
On nectar and pollen  
Held within colourful advertising

Awaiting distribution of coded messages  
From here to there  
Where they can be taken in and take root  
In newly emerging possibilities  
Travelling far and wide

No, flowers don't care to be ignored  
In covert operations  
Buried underground  
And neither do I

## Following Each Other's Footsteps

Some might aspire  
To climb on other's shoulders  
Whence to gain an elevated view  
Atop a stack of figures  
Perched precariously  
From pinnacle to ground  
Where ground is All below  
Lost from near in sight  
By far out of sight  
Distanced from feeling  
The thick of life

Where down to Earth  
The dew hangs heavy  
Grass grows tall  
The humid forest yawns  
Smelling of humus  
Blanketed by mosses  
Bedecked with ferns  
Pervaded by slithering, rustling, stamping  
Resounding with squawks, barks, twitters

One feels so small  
Within it all  
Seeking safe passage  
From here to there in everywhere  
Trampling over undergrowth  
Tunnelling under overgrowth  
Revealing the space  
Of no resistance  
Waiting quietly  
Throughout and about us all

So we follow  
In each other's footsteps  
Easing the path  
Others can take  
Through striding the wake  
From lonely foot fall  
Made by the first brave sole  
Bumped off course  
By those coming  
Thicker and faster

From behind

Our river flows  
Drawing through tributaries  
Passing through deltas  
Meandering sleepily  
Supplied in torrents  
Etching the landscape  
Rebuilding banks  
Never ever ending  
Beginning  
Continuously  
With infinity in sight  
No, nothing to lose  
From standing Proud and Tall  
Above them all

**Form and Formlessness**  
***And the Natural Inclusion of Each in the Other***

It's All so very Simple  
Really

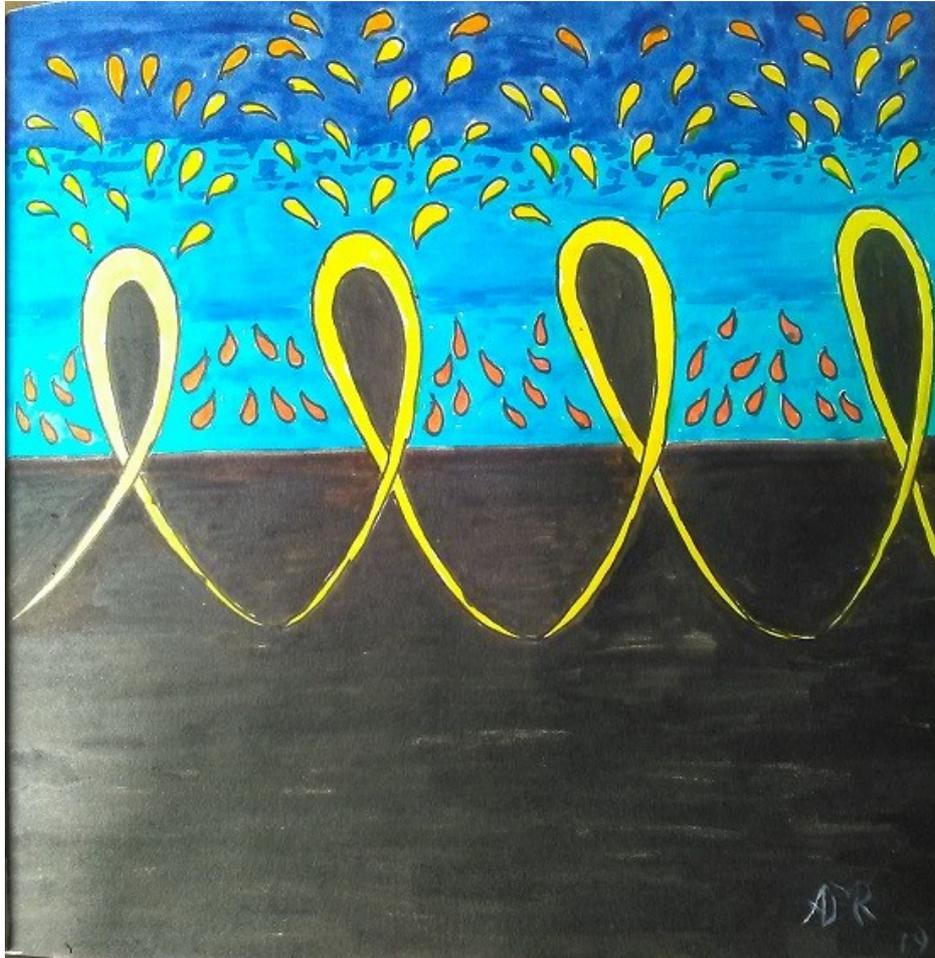
There is Form  
&  
There is Formlessness

Split Apart  
Neither Alone can make Sense of Life  
But Each included in the Other  
Falls naturally into Place

Form Flows into and out  
From Formless Existence  
Formlessness Flows into Life  
In Form

Form pulls its own Weight  
While Formlessness is Weightless  
Until its two Great Architects -  
Space & Light  
Come Together  
In Silent Stillness & Lively Motion  
Every Night & Every Day  
In Every Body

Every Now & Every Then  
Everywhere



**Helter-Skelter**  
***The Return of the Native***

Imagine yourself  
Born under cover of darkness  
In the shade of an umbrella  
Pierced by peepholes  
Into an other-worldly radiance  
That shines on coralline ocean  
Lapping up the shifting shores of landscape  
Flowing in rocks and water  
Air and fire streams  
Breathed in and breathed out  
By life itself  
As endless variety  
In this place you call home

That holds and caresses you  
With open arms

But there, at the edge of your stare  
Where your home finds its limit horizon  
Glinting with cut-glass precision  
Is the baseline of prismatic structure  
Abstracted out of kilter  
A multi-story high rise power block  
Splitting apart between seven floors  
Each to its own paradox  
Confined yet connected  
Point to point  
By a dichotomous tree  
Inverted  
With bottom at top  
Bifurcating to lower orders  
With multiple entry points  
Where you can enter freely  
From abasement  
So long as you close the door behind you!

Once inside this glass-cut space  
There's no where for you to go but up  
Beckoned by idealism  
Of social or economic aspirations  
Coloured monotonously  
Red or Blue  
Me or You  
Us or Them  
Here or There  
Each a cut above the rest  
Reached by ladders climbed assiduously  
To the point where worlds collide

Far above the ground you left behind  
In a room where All presume to be One  
Suffocating as a Whole  
That claims from aloft  
To be more than the parts  
Beneath itself  
From which it ascended  
Only to bang its head  
Against the ceiling  
So near and yet so far  
From what was shut outside

Less than a hare's breath away

Yet, deep in the core of this prism  
Reaches the umbrella's shaft  
A focal passage  
Receptive to all who reach for it  
Without resistance  
Lifting from base to apex  
But not stopping there

Instead emerging into slippery spiral gutter  
By way of which the native returns  
Whizzing gleefully down slope  
To where he and she belong  
Together as children playing  
In the light of darkness  
In the darkness of light  
Learning along the way  
That gathers before into after  
Continually  
With no need to get stuck in the prism  
That seems to cut a dash in space  
But can't.

### **Holding Openness**

You ask me who you are  
To tell a story you can live your life by  
A tail that has some point  
That you can see  
So that you no longer  
Have to feel so pointless  
Because what you see is what you get  
If you don't get the meaning of my silence  
Because you ain't seen nothing yet

You ask me for illumination  
To cast upon your sauce of doubt  
Regarding what your life is all about  
To find a reason for existence  
That separates the wrong  
From righteous answer  
In order to cast absence out  
To some blue yonder  
Where what you see is what you get

But you don't get the meaning of my darkness  
Because you ain't seen nothing yet

You look around the desolation  
Of a world your mined strips bare  
You ask of me in desperation  
How on Earth am I to care?  
I whisper to stop telling stories  
In abstract words and symbols  
About a solid block of land out there  
In which you make yourself a declaration  
Of independence from thin air  
Where what you see is what you get  
When you don't get the meaning of my present absence  
Because you ain't seen nothing yet

You ask of me with painful yearning  
To resolve your conflicts born of dislocation  
From the context of an other world out where  
Your soul can wonder freely  
In the presence of no heir  
Where what you see is what you get  
When you don't get the meaning of my absent presence  
Because you ain't seen nothing yet

You ask me deeply and sincerely  
Where on Earth can you find healing  
Of the yawning gap between emotion  
And the logic setting time apart from motion  
In a space caught in a trap  
Where what you see is what you get

And in a thrice your mind is reeling  
Aware at last of your reflection  
In a place that finds connection  
Where your inside becomes your outside  
Through a lacy curtain lining  
Of fire, light upon the water

Now your longing for solution  
Resides within and beyond your grasp  
As the solvent for your solute  
Dissolves the illusion of your past  
And present future

Now your heart begins to thunder

Bursting hopeful with affection  
Of living light for loving darkness  
Because you ain't felt no thing yet



### The Hole in the Mole

I **AM** the hole  
That **lives** in a mole  
That **induces** the mole  
To **dig** the hole  
That **moves** the mole  
Through the **earth**  
That **forms** a **hill**  
That **becomes** a **mountain**  
That **reaches** to **sky**  
That **pools** in **stars**  
And **brings** the **rain**  
That the **mountain** **collects**  
Into **streams** and **rivers**

That **moisten** the **earth**  
That **grows** the **grass**  
That **freshens** the **air**  
That **condenses** to **rain**  
That **carries** the **water**  
That **brings** the **mole**  
To **Life**



### **Hollow Way**

I live in a tunnel of softly lined walls  
That melt into distance, beyond past recall  
And flex as they twist in curves out of sight  
To find what they will, through darkness in light

To bring within focus, then restore before long  
To the place where they came from, bursting with song

How different is this natural corridor of flower  
From those devious labyrinths, which seek only power?

As different as only what's natural can be  
From abstract constructions divorced from the sea  
Where they came from in pillars of salt  
Petrified into standstill to serve their good fight  
In flights full of fancy, not earthly delight

So, when I encounter minds taken to view  
Their selves as divided between me and you  
All I can do, is leave them alone  
To conclude for themselves  
As I keep on living  
In my own hollow way

### **How May I Take This In? (25/12/08)**

How may I take this in?  
The silence beyond and before  
The commotion of locomotion  
The cacophony of the din  
That heralds and applauds  
Pressing presence  
In the gift of the moment

Pinpricks of brightly coloured light  
Piercing the conscience  
Of darkness  
Loving and foreboding  
Making a meal  
Of expectations  
Of memories  
That feed on repast

Roasted nostalgia  
Caught in aromas  
Of now and then  
Repeated amongst shadows  
Of afterthought  
Reflecting experience  
Of fading presences

Bent on resurgence

The calmness of tension  
That aches to be soothed  
Whilst lacking reassurance  
And so reaches not to the Spirit  
Of Christmas past and turbulent  
But for that Spirit of the kind  
That idles distilled  
In slow swirls caressing  
The bottom of a glass

### **Humility of the Valley**

Life doesn't strive  
To secure its foundation  
Upon the rocky serrations of the High-minded  
Where Men build castles in the air  
To furnish that false sense of superiority  
Which comes from the pretence  
Of overlooking all around  
To the edge of infinity

Life thrives  
In the seclusion of the valleys  
Where dampness accumulates  
In the earthy humidity  
Of humility  
Warmly tucked in  
To the bed of sea and land  
Rich with variety  
Exuding  
Intruding  
Out and into the cosiness  
Of each lovingly enveloped  
In the other's influence

Wisdom cannot be found  
On peaks of adaptive fitness  
Running with Red Queens  
But only in that radiant depth  
That reaches everywhere

**Through the heart of somewhere**

**Hush!**

***The Deep Receptivity of Intangible Presence***

What's in Earth's axis?  
What can no One be without?  
What's in the midst of everything,  
Everywhere,  
Every din?  
Yet ignored by all who seek  
Power from Above  
To will the subjects of their objectivity  
Into alignment with their Dream  
To keep perennial Order  
Over the wildness that they fear  
Will undermine them in the End  
The entropy of their Fall

Listen  
Very care-fully  
The answer's very clear!  
Deep down you know it must be there  
For you to be here at all  
Alive with movement in your skin  
Breathing out and breathing in  
Willing to receive  
What you most need from all around  
From the bottom of your heart  
Where all there is  
Is what you need to love, yet fear will be your end

**Hush!**

**illuminating Moment**

I came across a flower  
It flowed into my life  
Its face beamed out a message  
Cast from sunlight taken up  
And spun around in Shadow  
That none could see within

I ached to feel its yearning  
For the passion fruit of learning  
That relieves its heart from burning  
With the secret of life's churning

Around and around  
Its figurative resound  
Including spatial ground  
In bodily unbound  
By fixing stake to mound

But rooting soil to branch  
Through secret inner channels  
Drawing water through their straws  
To slake the thirst of air  
For what was lost in rain

I wondered how such presence  
Could make her presents felt  
Without some outer shining  
To keep her inside turning  
With compassion for her mate  
To bring to life her offspring  
In fields of open space

Just then the sun came dancing  
And played on horses prancing  
With delighted sideways glancing  
Of panoramic life-enhancing  
Flows in turns entrancing

And in that moment's simmering  
Illumination found me  
Alight with inner darkness  
With darkness spinning light  
Receptive in the yearning  
Responsive in the burning  
Reflective in the turning

**Of Love that comes with Life**

### **Imaginative Turn, 1/1/2010**

How tiresome it is  
This beast that turns in my grave  
Shrieking to unearth  
Such fearful foreboding  
Of what is to come  
From what has been done

In the name of the Rose  
That holds itself in  
Enshrouded by sepals  
To keep all its petals  
From falling to ground  
Out of sight, far from sound  
Stalled in the bud  
Distilled in the mud  
Defended by prickle  
Refusing to tickle  
But piercing instead  
The heart that yearns  
To get out of bed

How exciting it is  
This creature that rises with the sun  
Singing its heart out  
In radiant flower  
Bearing fruit into joys to come  
From what has been done  
Crying, hip, hip hooray!  
In the name of the Rose  
That gathers all in  
As it dies and grows  
Loosing its petals  
From the confines of sepals  
To spread light in sound  
Before turning back inward  
Whilst falling to ground  
Where others come to bear its energy away  
Through death and decay  
Into life that unfurls  
In the opening  
That sustains the possibility  
Of flowering afresh  
Through darkness in light  
Breaking out of bounds  
In another day

### **In Spiral Inclusion**

How hard it is to be soft  
Like a copper screw  
In a culture of steel nails  
Managed by hammerheads

Dead-eyed sharks  
Whose only recourse  
To keep you on a straight and narrow course  
Is to hammer you on the head  
In short, sharp shocks  
That rip the fabric of your inclusion  
Into shreds

All for the sake of a quick fix  
At their convenience  
Which cannot acknowledge  
What you bring  
By way of conductivity and connectivity  
In a natural communion  
From everywhere into somewhere

An ingrowing spiral  
From a slot receptive to turning  
Around and around  
Pooling together

What should never be split  
By an arrow of time  
That punches a hole  
To admit the whole  
That calls itself One  
Alone without neighbouring  
To slip in and slip out  
In the short term  
Without holding together  
In the long run

### **Influx and Stillness**

I AM influx  
You ARE influx  
We ARE influx  
He, She, It and They ARE influx  
To pretend otherwise makes no sense  
Because without flux there can be no form, no life, no love

I AM in stillness  
You ARE in stillness  
We ARE in stillness

He, She, It and They ARE in stillness  
Because without stillness there can be no influx

We are always in stillness and influx  
Never one or other alone  
Unless time comes to standstill  
In a motionless point  
Nowhere

That's all there really is to It

### **Loving Error – The Art of Reconciliation**

There is a way  
Between those warring factions  
To bring reconciliation  
Through recognition of each other's faults and virtues  
As coming from the same deep place  
Where creativity comes to life  
In loving form  
Burning with passion  
Cooling with calm  
Fire and Stillness combining  
In endlessly evolving flair  
To know this we only have to listen  
With deep abiding care

So, why can't we?



## Lost Conversations

There have been so many conversations  
Entered with vigour  
Sustained by hope  
Only to fade into deep recesses  
Like garbage collecting  
In cracks between paving slabs

Mess amidst tidiness  
Decay amidst sterility  
In life made bare

Where have they gone -  
Those lost conversations  
Do they recall what we said  
And why?

Or has our meaning  
Died in their memory?

## Mocking Bird

Brick walls unite in solidarity  
Or so I've heard  
When their foundations  
So absurd  
Secured upon the very Word  
That cuts their souls adrift  
Feel the solvent waters  
Lapping at their sound construction

I came across  
One Such A Wall  
Long and Straight  
And Very Tall  
Commanding the Waters  
To Divide or Fall  
And join the Ranks  
Above It All

I tried to reason, softly  
With the Wall  
To allow some flecks a passage  
Through its facade  
So that it could flex  
In resonant communion  
Of One World With Its Other  
A mutually corresponding Identity  
Incompletely defined

But my words rebounded  
In mocking echo  
A harshly edited reflection  
Of my dejection  
A judgement of scorn  
Not gladly borne beyond  
Into dynamic Synthesis

I saw a bird  
Bestride the Wall  
Glorifying in the Sunder  
Of It All

Looking first this way  
Then That  
Preening its coat of many colours

Calling Out in strident language

Don't you know  
You stupid Fool  
That Love's reception is not cool  
When this is what It is  
To be or not to be  
Where It's At

The bird's forked tongue  
Flickered freely  
As it cast its spell  
Of false dichotomy  
Upon the nature of its source  
In all around

I heard a rumbling  
Far below  
Some undercurrent  
Of the Flow  
In swirling eddies  
Round the pillars  
That Underpinned  
The Wall's hard lining

So that it began  
To Quake  
And crumple  
Stirred Up  
By the shaky ground

Alarmed  
The bird took flight  
Into the open sky  
Beyond the Wall

It wheeled and spiraled  
Above my head  
Dancing on some unseen softness  
That brought it safely back to ground

To pick its way  
And feed on life released  
Amongst the rubble  
That once had stood

In the way of One World and Its Mother

Until I caught a glimpse of being caught  
In its glassy eye's reflection  
And found  
At last  
A sign  
Of welcome  
All mocking gone

### **Natural Revelation**

I cannot reveal  
The truth about Nature  
With my instruments and methodology  
Trained on some remote objective  
Held fast  
Under my firm thumb

I cannot bear  
The responsibility  
Of finding out what I can't find out  
Through restrictive hands and eyes  
That falter as they seek dominion  
Over all that wanders  
Wet in dry

I cannot believe  
My heady framing  
That stumbles over shaky heels  
Trying to hold my steady aiming  
Fixed upon some point of view  
Of what is right or wrong to do

I cannot trust  
My fellow scientists  
Who consider Nature made to measure  
Grasped  
Between defining hands  
With butter fingers

I can only trust  
In Nature showing me  
In passing through my fluid lines  
The truth of what lies within my open presence

Ever Ready  
To receive the current of recharging batteries  
Never flattening to deceive

For what rings true is what presents itself  
To us, through us  
Not what we might make of it  
In presentations  
Seeking admiration from the ardent taker  
Batting eyelids in frozen flashes  
Between eye lashes  
Whipping the world into hardened order  
Where none can flourish  
In melting instance  
That lets the world be as it is  
Feeding hunger  
Quenching thirst  
Dancing in sunlight  
Re-turning to darkness  
Like the life it holds in trust

25/12/2010

### **Natural Truth**

You ask me what's the point of all this  
Searching and spouting  
Questioning and answering?

Where does it lead?  
What does it change?  
How will it help?  
What does it have to say  
About  
Politics, ethics, God,  
Physics, Chemistry, Biology,  
Mathematics, History, art,  
Health, well-being, Philosophy,  
Invention, Intention, Crime,  
Punishment, Language, Economics, Education,  
Environment, Agriculture, Industry, Forestry,  
Sustainability, Ecology, Life and Death?

There, I pause

But you don't  
Come on – give me an answer!  
Convince me!  
Give me a chance to contradict you!  
Give me an example!  
Make me understand what you are talking about!  
In words of one syllable

Stung,  
Knowing in my heart what's wrong  
With living in contradiction  
Of how you naturally are  
In this world as it naturally is –  
Forever flowing  
Continually coming and going  
Where there's no knowing  
Where all definitively ends and begins  
Because it doesn't –  
Instead of just saying  
"Because that's the natural truth"  
Which I know you won't accept  
I try to comply  
I try to reply  
By giving you the answers you seek  
Carefully worded  
Eloquently justified

But in so doing  
As I see your puzzled face  
Screwed up  
After soaking up all those centuries of lies  
Sticking like flies to your tongue  
I feel my spine creasing  
My hair prickling  
My jaw clenching grimly  
My nose wrinkling  
My forehead corrugating  
My eyes slitting  
As the burden grows  
Of trying to convince a world that shouldn't need  
To be convinced of what's so bleeding obvious  
It all feels wrong  
Confidence deserts me

So, all that's left  
Is for me to return to my drawing board

In quiet repose  
To draw my own non-conclusions  
True to my self  
True to my human companions  
True to Nature  
So far as is humanly possible  
Regardless of what has or hasn't already been said  
Because that's the point of all this  
And if that doesn't change the world  
For the better  
Nothing will!

### **Never Quite Knowing**

Life is a creative exploration of renewing possibility,  
Not a competitive struggle for permanent existence –  
Poetry, not Prose  
Improvisation, not Prescription,  
Tolerance, not Rigidity,  
A Search for Openings, not Quest for Completion

Motion in Stillness, Stillness in Motion,  
Responsiveness in Receptivity, Receptivity in Responsiveness,  
Energy in Space, Space in Energy,  
Not One or Other Alone,  
No matter without no matter

Never Quite Knowing  
What's coming next,  
Preparing for Surprise,  
Ready to change One's mind,  
One's direction

That's the evolutionary learning curve  
In natural inclusion –  
Truly natural Science,  
Truly natural Art  
Exploring natural neighbourhood with Love  
Exciting and Inspiring  
Isn't It?

### **No Gap, No Song**

A flute with no gap in its boundary cannot make music

Neither can a flute with no boundary

A string with no play in its boundary cannot make music  
Neither can a string with no boundary

A face with no mouth cannot sing  
Neither can a mouth with no face

A body without legs cannot dance  
Neither can legs with no body

A bird without wings cannot fly  
Neither can wings with no bird

And so it is that a world with no space in its figures  
Or no figures in its space  
Is a world without music or song or dance or flight  
Or delight

### **Odd Lemming Out**

I had a dream  
To leave the mainstream  
And paused to rest  
Upon this hill crest  
Where I gained a view  
That I thought no body knew

I tried to tell  
That they were heading for Hell  
But, they said, 'what cheek  
To pronounce from your peak'

Those who came nearest  
Said I was the queerest  
Unfeeling sub-lemming  
Not allowed  
To depart from the crowd

They said, 'not to be dim'  
To 'be in with the swim'  
But when I refused  
They were not amused

They tied me down  
And pierced my hide  
And left me to die  
As they rushed for the sky

### **On Being a Hermit Crab**

Oh, What Hell  
To Be  
In a Shell!  
It's So Unkind  
To Be So Confined  
With No Room To Move  
Or Get Into The Groove  
This Inner Space  
Is Such a DisGrace  
I Gotta Get Outta This Place!

I'll Squeeze Through The Gap  
Out Into The Light  
Oh, But It's Much Too Bright!  
And My Body's Pap!  
It's Not So Cool  
To Be In This Pool

There's a Hole New World Out Here  
And It Makes Me Feel Queer!  
Perhaps It Might Be As Well  
To Be In a Shell  
Where I Won't Feel Bare  
Look! There's One Over There!

So, What the Hell  
I'll Be Me In a Shell!



### Opening Curtains

As I open my mail box  
The yearning for that magic  
Still possesses me  
That greets the child  
Who, upon waking  
Peels back the curtains  
Hiding inside from outside  
And outside from inside  
To discover that it's snowed overnight  
Changing everything  
Into new possibilities  
Yet, possibilities prepared for  
With shovel and sled and toboggan  
Lying idle in the shed  
Waiting, waiting, waiting  
For the chance  
To greet the white of day  
With a slide out from despondency  
Into wild abandonment  
Of all that has held confined  
In the slow, dull torture of neglect

Yet, as I open my mail box  
Day after day  
Like the gambler held fast at the fruit machine  
Cranking the handle  
One more time  
After one more time, after one more time, after one more time  
Yearning for the sound of cavalcades of pennies dropping  
All that greets is blankness  
More of the same old scene  
A world going about its same old busyness  
Same old arguments  
Unaware – apart from the odd bright gleam or tinkle  
Of what would be possible  
If only that penny would drop  
Like a snowflake in still, quiet air  
Into the void that isn't a void  
But the well in the heart of the Soul

### **Our True Nature**

What is Our True Nature?

A question

I've pondered all my life

Surprised

As I am

By stories I've been told  
By experts in their fields  
Of lonely Figures standing  
Like scarecrows in the cold  
Without a leg to stand on  
Or feet upon the ground

What is Our True Nature?

A thought

That's crossed my mind  
While hearing tales of far-off places  
Apart from where I am  
Amidst this endless pasture  
Where sheep cannot be goats  
Despite how hard they struggle  
To shed their woolly coats  
When heated to exhaustion  
By unremitting Sun

What is Our True Nature?

A mood  
I've come across  
When wondering, why on Earth  
Do people try to abstract themselves  
From where they're standing  
In order to dispose of what they need  
To free their hearts to bleed  
When faced with desolation  
Due to unremitting greed?

What is Our True Nature?

A Call

To understand what makes us Human,  
Not gritty grains of sand that drift  
Only where the wind blows  
Into hollows drained of sound  
Within this skimpy Ground

What is Our True Nature?

A dream

That can't be had, whenever  
We isolate or conflate  
Those magical ingredients  
That move and hold us still  
Ever flowing and dispersing  
Into and out from some deep Place  
Betwixt and Between  
Now and Then

### **Out of the Shadows**

Slipping noiselessly  
Released at last  
From the crevice  
Between a rock and a hard place  
Where it sought and found shelter  
For a while  
Emerged the Sun Eagle  
Free to express it self  
Unconditionally



## Overwhelming Odds

I feel the weight of overwhelming Odds  
Stacked up  
Against my tiny glimpse of hope

A bloody-mindedness handed down  
Through the Ages  
From generation to generation  
Spoiled  
By seeking salvation  
In other's loss

Their sullied armies marching  
To the dread beat of defeat  
Instead of finding cause  
To celebrate

This miracle handed down  
Through the Ages  
From generation to generation  
With Love

### **Passing Clouds**

Lingering downpours  
Falling out from grey blossoms  
Flowering obscurely  
Beneath sunlit clarity  
That opens outwards  
Whilst drawing inwards  
To receptive shadow  
That soaks itself in shade

Where water wells and rises  
Onto surface  
Brimming over  
With pulsing moments  
Each a story  
Within a story  
Ad infinitum  
That mirrors the passing  
Of clouds with no future  
Apart from themselves

### **Quite Honestly**

Of course I am furious  
Of course I am sad  
Wouldn't you be  
In my place?

Our natural inclusion  
Of love in life  
And life in love  
Deserves so much better appreciation  
Than to be held in contempt  
Disregarded and misrepresented  
By power-crazed intellectual blockheads  
And spineless emotional wimps

And so do I

And so do you  
And so does our humanity

### **Radiant Receptivity – The Story of Flowers**

Suns radiate energy  
Conveyed in darkness  
Received and radiated in turn  
By moons and planets,  
Flora, fauna and micro-flora  
Birthing, dying, re-birthing  
In continuous tidal circulations of flow-ebb-flow  
Ebb-flow-ebb  
The comings and goings of one in the other  
Restoring life afresh  
In undying variety  
Unlike dead stillness  
That doesn't know it's been born  
Yet insists it does  
As a favourite Son  
Standing aloof  
In radiant figure of One Alone, Nowhere  
Instead of a figure of Eight  
Laid to rest  
Waiting  
For life to come into its own  
Without owning what it holds within reach  
Radiant receptivity  
Leaving us to wonder  
Where Sun got its energy from to begin with and what released its Power  
Enabling Us  
Spirited souls in Soul,  
Energetically embodied places in Space  
To wander into and out from our Time?

### **Reason to Love**

Love is not divorced from Reason  
As abstracted minds declare  
Love is the Very Reason  
We are Where  
We are

In an ever-flowing stream of form

Combining flux with space  
In that receptive place  
That lives within our hearts

No, we are never poles apart  
We are poles coming together  
In bodily embrace of darkness in light  
In darkness

Sustained in fluid balance  
Ever ready to move  
With current  
Attuning with our circumstance  
Not shoehorning our vitality  
Into rigid frames  
Designed to fix

### **Recreations**

Oh, how we laugh!  
When Some Thing  
Touches Our Spirit  
Tickles Our Imagination  
Recalling Our Place  
In a Playful Space

A common enjoyment  
Of a Common Enjoinment  
Recreations  
Of an Ever Present  
Folding

Dynamic Boundaries  
Pivotal Places  
Incomplete Surfaces  
That make distinct  
But Never Discrete

Unique and Special Identities  
Possibilities Realized  
That Can Never Be Bettered  
And can never be Severed  
From a Context Within and Beyond  
That Makes Us Content  
Belonging Together

Adoring Our Differences  
Inseparable in Our Incompleteness

Our Self-Insufficiency  
That Unites Us in Love  
A Receptive Space  
A No Thing Place  
That Keeps Us Coherent  
Within and Without  
Enveloped and Enveloping

No Need For Rules  
No Need For Rulers  
With Space in Our Hearts  
To Include Other as Us  
A Diverse Assembly  
A Joyous Relief  
Reciprocating Each Other's Movements  
Dancing in High Spirits

Oh, how we cry!  
When Made To Deny  
Our Communion With Other  
No Mother, No Brother  
No Sister  
To Assist  
Our Passage  
Through Pain

But a Father Severe  
A Tyrant Authority  
To Cut Us Off  
Within Fixed Boundaries  
In Isolation

Pretending Independence  
Making Comparisons  
Striving To Remove  
What's Not Good Enough  
In Pursuit of Perfection, Control, Prediction

A rationalistic Ideal  
A Uniform Whole  
A Self-Sufficiency  
Tolerating No Hole  
No Breathing Space

No Place for Grace

Demanding Reproduction  
More of the Same  
A Perpetual Cloning  
With No Room to Err  
No Room to Wander or Wonder

A Solid Object  
With Space Outcast  
An Infinite Outsider  
Offering No Possibility  
Of Excitement or Joy

A Purified Presence  
A Divine Right  
Freed From Wrong  
An Unreal Abstraction  
Motionless  
Emotionless  
Random Disunity  
Divine DisContent

A Need For Rules  
A Need For Rulers  
No Space in Our Hearts  
To Include Other as Us  
A Monoculture  
A Dull, Flat Field  
Where Conflict Abounds

So, For Heaven's Sake, Father!  
Take a Look at Your Wife!  
Isn't She Sexy?  
Get a Life!  
Be Your Self!  
Give Us Guidelines, By All Means  
But, Please  
Don't Hold Us Against Them

Stop Repeating Yourself!  
Put Away Your Severing Knife!  
Or, at the very least  
Make a Hole that Heals  
And Recreates -  
Lets Us Play!



### **Refreshing Life**

It had been raining all morning  
We had stayed indoors  
Tapping away on keyboards  
Responding to calls on our time  
Getting Cabin Fever

In the afternoon, the rain eased  
Under heavy cloud cover  
We couldn't bear to stay inside  
A moment longer  
So we ventured outdoors  
Into the village –  
Our local neighbourhood

Freshness greeted us  
In fragrant welcome  
Snails of many sizes and many colours  
Oozed slowly over damp walls  
Eyes on stalks  
Radulae rasping  
Hidden beneath slowly rippling feet

Mosses and lichens  
Released from pallid desiccation  
Burst into vibrant colour

Translucent domes of water  
Clung tight to waxy leaves  
Before running away from disturbing touch  
All in the company of many birds  
Singing and calling,  
'This is the Life'

### **Return From Calculus**

To differentiate is not to define!  
They put the cart before the horse  
So that the poor thing got stuck in a rut  
Those argumentative back-projectors  
Newton and Leibniz  
Whose deepest desire  
Was to come first  
Like Adam before Eve  
On the Eve of their Fall

By cutting out space  
From within the curve  
Leaving the line shattered  
Into helpless nonentities  
Disguised as identities  
By imposing minds

So that to integrate  
We need only to add  
What they failed to subtract  
In their infinite regression  
From All down to nought  
But not quite

That informing presence  
Adrift in our Time  
Male without female  
A self-negating false positive  
With nowhere to hide  
That takes us along  
For its forgetful ride

Until some One gives notice  
He can no longer bear  
His harsh isolation  
From somewhere to care

And rejoins his partner  
In joyful communion  
An affair of the heart  
Where absence makes fonder  
After millennia apart

And in that reunion  
We need hardly add  
What should never have been put asunder  
By defining what's bad

A place that's beneath us  
As we soar to great heights  
Before returning the home  
Subtracted from substance  
To make solid figures  
Meaningless in the absence  
Of what needs them to care  
For the receptive silence  
Of everywhere

No, differentiation isn't what's wanted  
To look askance  
But it is what's needed  
To configure variety  
In complex self-dance  
Of one within other  
Transfigured by chance

Everywhere needs somewhere to love

### **Ruins**

There comes a time  
When one has to admit  
That all one has worked for  
Lies in ruins

Empty buildings  
Unfit for purpose

Where once liveliness flourished  
In hopeful prospect

But now shell-shocked and suffocated  
Drifts aimlessly  
Going through the motions  
Awaiting oblivion  
While sucking the last few drops of sweetness  
From what remains

### **Sand Point & Rabbit Moss**

A craggy finger pointing out  
Into cold café-au-lait sea  
Bears, upon finer inspection  
A profusion of shades of green  
Nestling within hollows in eroded limestone  
Trampled over by many feet  
Belonging to people unaware of that they're missing  
With heads held high aloft

But, bending down on hands and knees  
It's amazing what one sees  
By way of minute treasures  
Bristling with outstretched spiky leaves  
Found only here and there  
Just a few small dots on a map  
Yet, here almost everywhere one cares to look  
With knowing eyes

### **Say Even as They**

'Say as we say',  
They said,  
'If you want us to hear you -  
Otherwise, speak for yourself alone.'

But I knew  
That to seek accessibility  
Popularity  
In my yearning for acceptance  
By saying even as they  
Would compromise  
What I mean to say  
In my idiosyncratic way  
To make natural sense

As I sense it -

Would steal my truth  
From generations to come

And so I came  
To speak for myself alone  
For the sake of others unknown,  
Drifting in loneliness,  
Weakening in resolve,  
Caring more than I should  
About my need to be herd  
Accepted  
Acknowledged  
Until at last finding comfort and strength  
In the words of a psalm  
Passed down through generations  
Before me

### **Seeing Through Appearances**

You've caught me on the hop  
Standing on One leg  
Where All I can see  
Is the gap  
That stands  
Between you and me  
In splendid isolation

It makes me hopping mad  
To be caught out in this way  
Hooked on appearances  
Where it's just not cricket  
To be stumped on the boundary  
Of my hook shot  
Where my seeing ends

Surely I must be able  
To drop my guard merely  
To see you more clearly  
Including in my framing  
Not apart from my heart

Where we can sing together  
In coupling chords of three  
Where gaps don't distance  
Our view of one including other

But find beneath the surface  
Our evolutionary tree  
Expressed outwardly through me  
And yew in deep distinction  
**But never ending sea**

### **Silent Night**

Silent Night,  
Brings Light to Life  
All is calm  
All is rife  
Midst the communion of Man and Wife  
Brought together in primordial womb  
Where what saves you from strife  
Is borne  
Receiving what's given in care  
To care for and give in return

So, why seek the armour of shielding Light  
To ward off the yearnings of darkest Night?  
When all these aches in the heart can bring  
Is hope in the love of inspiring  
More love to come  
Where there's room to come in

### **Simplicity**

I keep returning to the yearning  
For Simplicity  
That place where all converges  
Into those bare necessities of life:  
Spirit Flowing  
Around Receptive Soul;  
Energy Rushing Somewhere  
Around Welcoming Stillness  
In Space Everywhere –  
Each combining within Other  
Into Soulful Spirit,  
Fleshy Bodies  
Populating Cosmos  
Evolving endlessly into diverse array of complex form  
Which, if paid too much attention  
To fine detail

Distracts endlessly  
From the simplicity of its origin

### **Simply Co-creations**

Life seems so complicated  
In all its myriad manifestations  
When viewed from outside itself  
In abstract distance

So rational and yet so unreasonable  
So measurable and yet so fathomless  
So predictable and yet so unforeseeable  
So attractive and yet so repulsive  
So knowable and yet so inexplicable  
Such an elaborate, mysterious construction  
From such straightforward genetic code  
And elementary particulars

And yet when experienced from within  
That opening ending and ending opening  
Within its Self,  
So joyous and yet so painful  
So resilient and yet so vulnerable  
So enticing and yet so fearful  
All living form Is  
And all living forms Are  
Beheld simply as receptive and responsive co-creations

Of darkness within Light within flow  
Within Darkness

Of stillness within Flux within fluid  
Within Stillness

Of space within Energy within matter –  
Within time within place –  
Within Space

Of yearning within Breath within breathing  
Within Void

Of soul within Spirit within body  
Within Soul

Of agape within Eros within philia  
Within Grace

Of love in Love with life  
Within Love

So, I ask you,  
What's Not to Love?

### **Soft Life Lining**

A soft life lining  
With gentle relief  
Some hard core denial  
Of what lies beyond resolution  
Across a bridge that sighs  
Over sharp regrets  
Submerged by shallow waters  
Held at different levels  
Suspended by artifice  
Where the natural inclination  
Is to tumble and flow  
In keeping with the surface  
That breathes from ground to air  
And to ground from air  
Where hidden from immediate sight  
Is cavernous tumult  
Silently shrieking disbelief  
At wilful ignorance  
Staring without regard  
Whilst parading virtuosity  
In Palladian splendour  
Where all can see  
Its raised male crest  
Bestride the gentle hillside  
That yearns to fall and rumble  
Across the bridge that sighs

### **Something to Be Said**

There's something to be said  
For a mature body  
That takes a novice to heart  
So that both can flourish

In the flow of life  
From each to other

### **Space - Your Final Dissolution**

I am your final dissolution  
The nurturer of your nature  
That soothes and softens  
As we live and breathe together

No gas-tight chamber doors  
Designed to wall in  
Or wall out your fears of devastation  
Can exterminate me

You cannot live without me  
You cannot die without me  
I cannot find expression without you  
You live in the breath of my inspiration  
You die in the breath of my expiration  
You die as you live  
You live as you die  
With me  
Within and without

So, if you try to close me in  
Or close me out  
In your Manly human quest for Godly immortality  
I cannot love you as you stir within my womb

I cannot assist you  
I can only watch, impassively by  
As you use me to destroy  
Yourself  
Or suffocate in the stasis  
Of a never-ending, never-opening  
Paralysis  
That's no life for any one of us  
Alone

So, please, bear with me  
As I am alongside and within you  
Take me in as I take you out  
Certain only of the uncertainty  
That recreates a rich and vibrant world

I am what life *and* death is all about

Rising and subsiding  
In ever-flowing form  
Living Light and Loving Darkness  
Together

### **Spate Attack**

I am a river damned to bursting point  
Required by your close confinement  
To down regulate my outflow  
To a pitiful trickle  
When I long to flood  
And see you flailing in my excesses

Not because I want to drown you  
But because I want to drown the din  
Of your inconsideration  
For what I can bring

To bear down upon your pallid protestations  
Of exception from circumstance  
That cruelly deny my loving influence  
So that you can take one another apart  
In death-defying leaps of soulless mentality  
Into the hard ground of your unreality  
Where life feeds the pungent corpse of your annihilation

No, I don't want to drown you  
But how I yearn to see you swim  
What a fine splash you'd make!

Pooled together in my liquidity  
Taken up in common spirit  
Where all resolve to solve is gone  
Rendered needless by your oblivion  
Of all that you have placed to stand in the way  
Of your dearest, loving Mother

### **Starlings - Revelations of Invisibility**

Smoke Rises

In Bird Form  
Lining Pockets of Air

Horizontal Aspirations  
To Vertex  
From Vortex

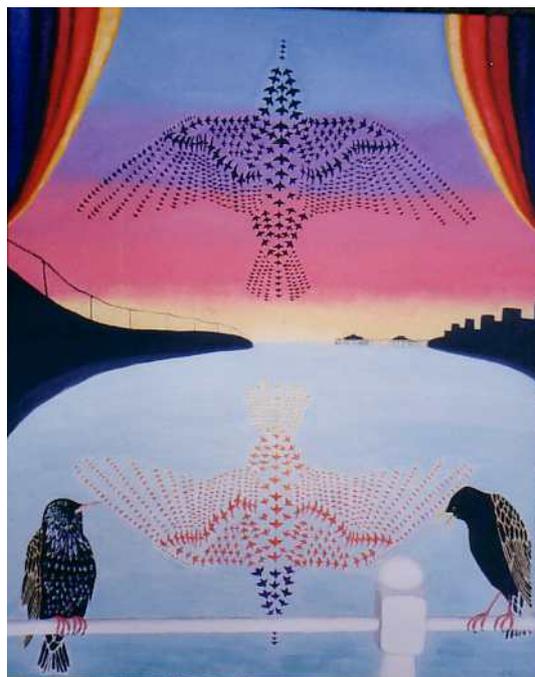
Reflected in Currents  
Between Waves  
Rippling Fenestration  
Mercurial Shimmering

In Forming Invisible Space  
Reminding of a Presence  
Of Absence

Mimicking Human Machine Code  
Along Telegraph Wires  
In Subtle Mockery  
Of Abstract Logic

Forever Finding Holes  
In the Solid Geometry  
Of Artificial Edifice

Black Iridescence  
Penetrating the Riddles  
Of Brick Walls  
With Natural Fluidity



## **Stuffed Tiger**

I offered you a Tiger

Rampant  
Roaring  
Russet  
Burning  
Yearning  
Gnawing  
Yawning  
Sprawling  
Crawling  
Puncturing  
Eye Opening  
Jaw Closing

You wanted to stuff the Tiger

Black, white and red all over  
Darkness and Light  
Reporting  
Combining into Colour  
And awesomely dynamic form

Inspiring  
Expiring  
Breathing  
Space and  
Fire

You wanted to put the Tiger in a Frame  
To make the Tiger Tame  
Complete with label warning 'Danger'

Safely Confined  
In your High Security System  
So you can Play your End Game

## **Swan Chemistry**

We can't all be swans  
Those ships of serenity

Whose surface appearance  
Belies frantic pedalling  
Beneath reflected view  
To keep themselves on course

Where would swans be  
In a world of their own  
Without the babbles of ducks  
Or twitters of warblers skulking in reeds?

Like a gathering of superstars  
In supercilious congestion  
Dead on their feet  
Without the vulgarity  
Needed to keep them flowing  
By stirring the current  
In common pools of correspondence  
For all to breathe, including swans

Like noble gases  
Semblances of calm  
Amidst the swirling play of elements  
Seeking satisfaction through the balancing of their orbits  
Yet in that restless search for harmony  
Needing to succeed only rarely  
And never completely  
If they are to keep the current stirred

### **Teacher's Joy**

There is a kind of yearning  
That delights in opening out  
Accepting its needful readiness  
For anything that is in your mind  
To come to life in theirs

You allow every possibility  
For entrance through  
That open pupil  
Of wide-eyed receptivity  
That welcomes your wits  
Within its willing regard

You dance  
You sing

You do your thing  
And still no thing  
Gets taken in  
Within the spin  
Of their broad grin

Delighting in recollection  
All winding up  
Whilst winding loose  
With eyebrows curling  
Into their own true story  
Aware of all  
That lies within  
The wonderland of your travails

What cannot be done  
When feeling such currents of shade and light  
By flying from the face  
Of utter denial  
Without the need  
To force a smile,  
Lifting your self  
From the whole  
Of hide-bound promise  
Flocked in sundry disarray  
Beyond the cliff  
Where flight takes fright  
Dipping beneath the reach  
Of over-ruling might

### **The Attractions of Becoming a Host**

What I would like to be Most  
Is a Well Coming Host  
Raising a Toast  
Without having to boast

To All those I love Best  
From East and West  
Providing a Nest  
Where Each Can Rest

Assured in the Knowledge  
Acquired in College  
That Open Invitation

Is the Heart of a Nation

An Inductive Place  
With Scope for Grace  
Inspiring  
Expiring

In Dynamic Relation  
A Consolation  
That whatever Gives Out  
In a Roundabout  
Way  
So They say  
Can only Come Back  
Without any lack

But, I don't have a Ghost  
Of becoming a Host  
Unless I can Succour  
All Manner of \*\*\*\*\*

And I'd rather Not  
In case I might Rot  
And I want to Delay  
When I'm due to Decay  
By Fending Off  
All Those who might Scoff

So, Now I'm Alone  
I need to Atone  
For my Lack of Friends  
In a World with no Ends

Statuesque and Immortal  
Without Any Portal  
To Where I so long  
To Be Where I Belong

Within the Sea  
Of Eternity  
Beside the Hills  
Where Every We  
Expresses Me  
A Host of Golden Daffodils



### **The Hole and The Current**

I AM the Hole AND I AM the Current  
So are we all

Whether we care to know it or not –  
Both the Receptive AND the Responsive  
That gathers in AND reaches out  
From past into future becoming,  
The very essence of Living  
As One within Space and Space within One,  
Somewhere circulating  
Within Everywhere eternally Present

Panentheistically Immanent within Transcendent  
NOT Eminent  
But Each Unique and in Common  
In our own way

### **The Holeyness of the Wood - West and East**

Two, world's apart  
Whose place is together  
In common circumference  
Of World spinning Story

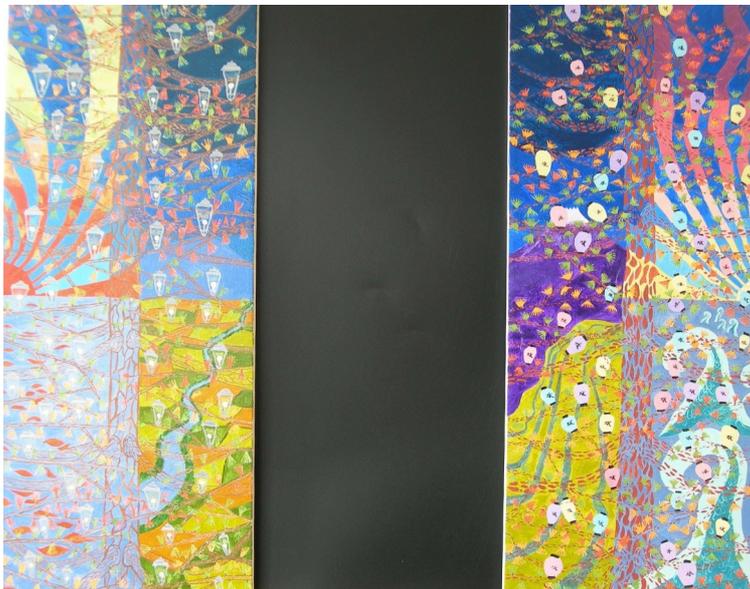
One, the proud Standard-Bearer

Of light within darkness  
An illumination  
Of rectangularity  
Held stiffly erect  
With All in Order

The Other, a haphazard glimmering  
Of darkness in light  
A chaotic turbulence  
Of fluid movement  
Of Order in All

Wherein can be found meaning  
Of vital significance  
A Communion of holes  
Each seeking relief  
Obscured by the clutter  
Of everyday Strife

Can we feel those holes  
At the heart of souls  
Or, must we make Shutters  
To freeze the moment  
Of objective vision?



### **This Receptive Void**

There is a presence in our skies,  
Which hardened minds seek only to despise

Or shroud in deep disguise  
Beyond the pale of their restricted range

This presence that no one wants to know  
Pervades its hardened limits  
Loves each and every one  
Without reserve  
Bringing all to life in fluid sharing  
From here to there in mutual caring  
For what each needs to grow,  
Then slow,  
Conserving while conveying its gift  
In fluid flow

How can we come to know this presence  
Once we have forced it from our sight of mind  
To try to keep it to and from our selves?

The answer's plain and simple -  
Even if the way seems hard -  
We can find it in our guileless hearts  
Where possessive minds refuse to go  
For fear of losing what they've got  
While missing out on what's been given  
To dream their life away

### **The Room in the Elephant**

The sound of trumpets  
Disturbed my sleep  
Calling me to awaken  
To my African experience of welcoming warmth  
Receptive and responsive -  
That pink-handed generosity  
Accepting my childhood for what it was  
Despite appearances to the contrary  
Where homicidal desperation prevailed  
Spreading Terror deep and wide  
Through colonial Hell

Where did that call come from  
So many years later  
In this land of privileged conceit?  
Belying appearances to the contrary  
Where self-indulgence prevails

Spreading false security all around  
Like marmalade on buttered toast

It was a call ignored by most -  
A statement of the obvious -  
Issuing from deep within,  
That what most matters  
Is what matter cannot be without  
Yet, in the hands of Empire Builders  
Is ironed out  
So as to be  
Without a doubt

### **The Rough & The Smooth**

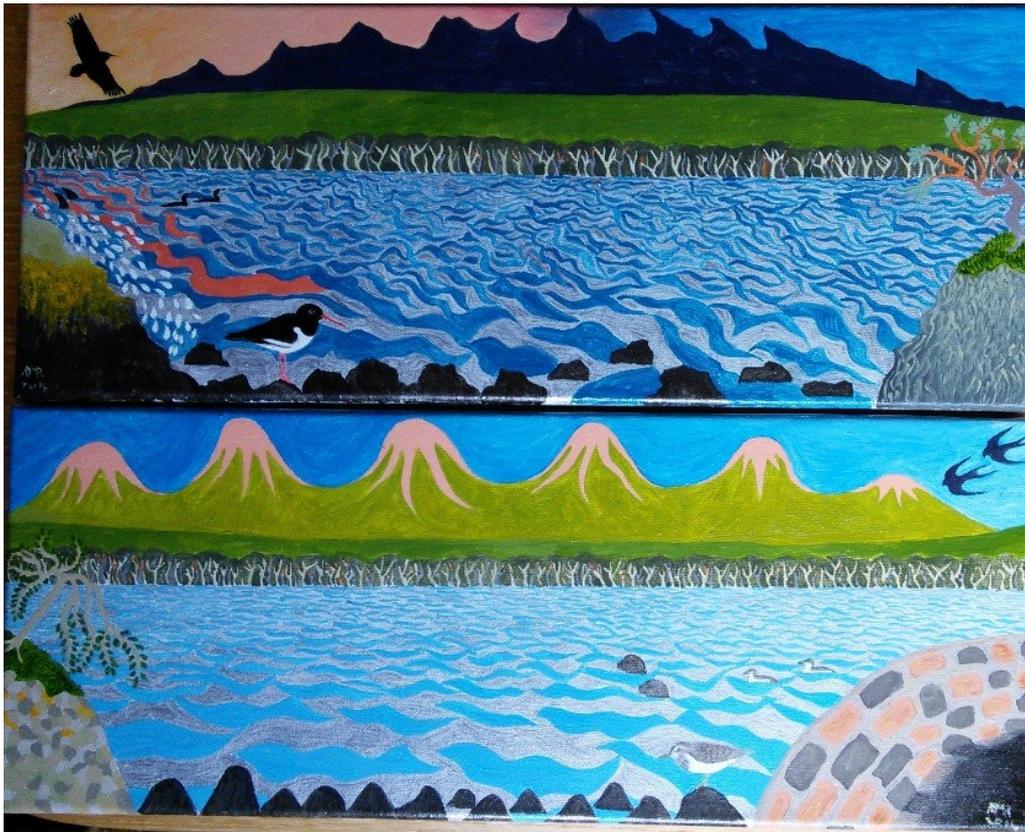
Side by side  
Straddling the midriff  
Between fore and aft  
Of land that's slipped its anchor  
Into liquid crystal  
Silvery blue  
Or bluish silver  
Depending on mood

One inviting, fleshy, serene  
Parabolic and hyperbolic  
Moulded like upturned cup-cakes  
With pink icing  
Streaming down their sides

The other forbidding, craggy, violent  
Jagged and ragged  
Strewn onto the plate  
With dark abandon  
Gathered into jutting peaks

Yet each with its different kind of beauty  
That on its own  
Might seem dull or gaunt  
Flabby or skeletal  
A different breed of sterility  
But in the company of the other  
Breeds fertility in the valleys  
Exuberant with life  
That takes the rough & the smooth  
Within its stride

Where no smile can live without wrinkles



### **The Vitality of the Intangible**

There is a voice that speaks through silence  
Letting us know  
Who we really are resides in where we really are  
Inhabitants of a place where time  
Circulates through the very makings of our bodies  
In living relationship with each other  
In natural continuity

Here, we do not struggle for existence  
We live and die in breathing  
From one form to another  
Inspiring and expiring  
In endless relay

We do not survive the isolation of the fittest  
Reigning supreme over deserted scene  
There is no end to possibility  
In omnipresent, receptive space –  
That ever-present Prayer

Ever calling for response  
From who knows where  
Into who knows here

The vitality of the intangible  
In all that's tangible  
For a while

### **The War of the Pots and Kettles**

Black You ARE  
AND Black you BE  
What ever ELSE  
YOU cannot be ME

Whiter than white  
And purer than pure  
I KNOW what's RIGHT  
That's my ALLURE

But, How can YOU BE  
So very SURE  
About what you perceive  
as YOUR allure?

So CONFIDENT  
In the RULE of LAW  
That you can flout it  
Whenever your bent  
Is to BE without it

YOU think you're so BRAVE  
To call ME DEPRAVED  
As you parade your virtue  
Symbolized by your STATUE  
Of LIBERTY

An OxyMoron  
A Freedom you lost  
Because of its cost

You think Economics  
IS Ergonomics  
But YOUR Economics  
Is Egonomics

A self-righteous assertion  
That leads to Desertion  
Of your human nature  
In which we so long  
To Belong

So, let's bury the hatchet  
There's no THING to match it  
A celebration of DIFFERENCE  
And no indifference

No grayness  
No blameness  
But a splash of colour  
Of every hue  
Not black and blue

That's me and you



## Tired of Waiting

I'm so tired  
Tired of waiting  
For a world to turn itself around  
From continually revolving  
In opposition to its motion  
That blocks its circulation  
In polarized debate

I can't wait  
For the debate to abate  
And stop its endless promotion  
Of power-hungry clods  
To positions where they stifle  
Those truly gifted  
With generosity to share

Why must those who care  
From the depths of their sensitivity  
To an uncertain kind of truth  
That flows in all in through all  
Suffer endless humiliation  
At the hands of those who call  
Themselves successful  
In a world that gives them clout?

Where there is no room for doubt  
No space to air the possibility  
Of living free from grout  
That fixes tiles to walls  
In rectilinear rankings  
Of vertical ascent  
To a tall story

From whose lofty penthouse  
The ghost of high office  
Watches out  
Relentlessly  
For anyone who dares to question  
Or fall fearfully short of satisfying  
The hard-edged logic of His restrictive practice  
That knows no soft caress  
And so couldn't care less

Whilst everywhere around

Throughout the quaking ground  
Where reality floods in  
To shake the certainty out of order  
With violent protestations  
That open space for reconciliation  
Of one will with another  
In a world where none can smother  
The life that flows through all  
And finds itself again  
In the frail wonderings of compassion

No, I cannot bear to wait much longer  
For the retirement of that force  
That batters into thrall  
The love that lives within us all  
And turns the world around

**Trouble With Giants**  
***A warning to scholars***

The trouble with giants  
Is when they have bad backs  
So when you climb on their shoulders  
To improve your view  
And see something new  
What you so admire  
Can bring you to grief  
A crippling crumpling  
Of fixed belief

But when something really new  
Comes in-out of the blue  
As a glimpse of what's always true  
The trouble with giants  
Is to pretend they already knew

Every inch of the way  
That you strive to back track  
From the present day  
To hold off attack  
From who cannot believe  
That you did not retrieve  
The insight you gained  
From what's already been feigned

So be ready as you clamber  
Amongst rocks and rock fall  
Following the camber  
Made by those who walk tall

When something comes flying  
From out of sight's mind  
There's no point in trying  
Against the heart's grind

To tell your sad story  
Of where you found glory  
Without showing deference  
To those craving reference  
As to where you began  
In your quest as an also ran

Because without pedigree  
Of respectable family tree  
No kind will agree  
To acknowledge your presence  
Of mind prepared willingly  
To welcome the essence  
That comes as a shock  
To those of good stock

### **Tumbledown**

Somewhere sparsely inhabited  
A long stretch  
Staring down at its heels  
Alongside the crescent  
That looks to see the sea

With a mouth at its back  
And heads at its flanks  
Gasping with white teeth bared  
Or striped with green and red  
Gashed with ochre

Flooding down slope  
Carrying those uprooted  
Along for the ride  
Where they can only slide  
Into an untidy heap

Without pride

On top of the ridge  
Beneath the crest  
Of fraught brow  
That cannot let go  
Without letting slip  
What once it held  
So insecurely in its grasp

---

Somewhere densely packed  
With everywhere in clusters  
Bedded into hillside  
And standing out on pavement  
Recoiling ancient memory  
Wrapped around each present

Until prized out  
By ardent hammer  
Striking it rich  
In shattered peace  
That can't sit out a lifetime

Waiting  
To gain acclaim for claiming  
Possession for its owner  
Above the humble crowd

That lies through aeons of silence  
Until some ardent hammer  
Strives to dig it out  
And lay it bare

Abstracted from its deathbed  
Where no one ceased to care  
But held its breath for ages  
Before gasping in fresh air  
And dying yet again  
As a museum piece



### **Underlying Simplicity**

Underlying Complexity  
Is Simplicity  
A co-creative relationship  
Between Receptive Stillness  
&  
Responsive Movement  
Space & Energy  
In each other's embrace  
Dancing Form  
Into Loving Life  
&  
Living Love  
Inseparably Together  
But never merged into formless Monotone  
So long as Life  
Lives On

### **Walls Have Ears**

Walls have ears  
I've heard it said -

An inner sensitivity  
That reaches down to subatomic core  
Far beneath their superficial hardness  
Where silence calls  
In endless refrain  
To heed its deep-felt yearning  
Behind the din of every thing

We too have ears  
With which to hear this inner, noiseless calling  
Beneath the clamour of everyday demand  
For our attention

Whether we hear the silence or the racket  
Or both within each other's reach  
Depends on whether we use our ears  
Partially or fully -  
Or block them off  
Behind a wall of self-sealed privacy  
That chooses not to care for them

### **Well-Becoming**

Imagine your Self to be a Well,  
A living swirl of wishful feeling  
Ever resourceful in its continuity  
With its source in all around  
While never losing its unique identity  
Born in local movement  
So long as kept in sure supply  
Whence it came

Filling as you empty  
Emptying as you fill  
Receiving and Giving  
Giving and Receiving  
This Gift of loving life  
From Loving Life Itself-  
That vibrant natural Communion  
Betwixt Motion & Stillness  
Male & Female  
Continually circulating  
In co-creative Inspiration

All's well in this Current

Until and Unless  
This original Sense of Being & Becoming Well  
Is Lost  
In ardent Aspiration  
Not to Dwell  
In natural company  
But, instead, to be its Head  
In charge of all its doings  
By imposing definitive Limit  
Between One Self and every Other  
Made to be its Subject  
Of distant speculation  
Intent on keeping  
Life & Love  
At Bay

While seeking Idol's Power –  
Such a far and lonely cry  
From Nature's Bower  
Unable to return there  
Without loosening its false, determined Grip  
On Reality

### **What Happens Now?**

So, what happens now?  
In the space between my ears  
Vacant in the yearning of the moment  
Of a silence unheard  
By a constant ticking

Positive affirmation  
Of rectitude  
That double crosses  
By marking out  
Where sanity begins

At the edge of nowhere  
Included in somewhere  
Forlorn in spirit  
Dampened under cover  
Of fire blankets

Without enthusiasm  
How can passion fruit?

At the edge of somewhere  
Included in everywhere  
Beyond control  
Of ardent striving

Arrested at rest  
In helpless worrying  
Beyond the call of duty  
That forbids  
Forbidding silence

Where are the words  
To call to order  
The mind that strays  
Beyond its limits  
In splendid isolation?

Cascading, overflowing  
Across some edge  
That tightens sinews  
In tense anticipation  
Of what's to come  
When what's forbidden  
Is bidden to some

Who cannot suppress  
That tense outflowing  
By getting a grip  
On what's born to run

A gift that passes  
Around and around  
Until someone gets it  
And all is undone



## What On Earth Is Sustainable?

A good question to ask  
When all that's given  
Of incomparable value  
Seems to come at a price  
Worth more or worth less  
As a set of commodities  
On the supermarket shelf  
Of vacuum-packaged distress

Where what scores most regularly

Is considered most consistently  
To be the best  
Of those put to the test  
To be singled out  
For maximum uniform production  
Of an elite order  
And preserved in a perpetual pickle

Whilst discarding the rest  
Of rampant variety  
Into a stultifying space  
Of squandered vitality

Placed under arrest  
Somewhere else  
Nowhere  
Where none can have grace  
To give of their best  
What they gratefully receive

Meanwhile, as our favourite selection reigns supreme  
It closes its hatches  
Against all oddness  
In a harrowing victory  
That spells desolation  
For each and all  
In a row standing stiffly on proud parade  
Amidst the fallen rank and filed  
Away for safe keeping

Because no one kind  
Can sustain itself  
As a monoclonal antibody  
Of corporate ill health  
In narrowing arteries  
Blocking the flow  
Betwixt heart and head

What is truly downright ugly  
In the natural world  
Is the clot in the landscape  
That claims for itself  
All credit for wealth

Of human despair crying  
Never heard but trying

Itself to the limit  
Within drab straight walls  
That shut out the wildness  
That burns to come in

A wildness whose life cannot deaden  
And whose death can only enliven  
The vital space  
Breathing in and out  
The fresh air and water  
Flowing through channels  
Of pulsating arteries  
Sustaining supply from a pool  
That empties as it fills  
With no fear of drought  
Or stagnant disgrace

Rich in expression  
Of rampant variety  
Through irregular heartbeat  
Of present giving what passes  
Through central reception  
Into continual future

Where all that can be sustained  
Are sustained  
Accepting the invitation  
To hold, protect and pass on  
The capacity to flourish  
In a pool that ripples and ruffles  
Amid spells of calm

To ask what on Earth is sustainable  
Is not the same  
As to ask what's best  
To preserve in isolation  
As a keeper of deadness

But to ask what can keep going  
By giving what's given  
Its unique evanescence  
To sustain the flow  
Of what's coming around  
In perishable packaging  
To have not to hold  
For ever

## **What May Not Be Obvious**

Every body is a cavity at heart  
Every figure reconfigures both in science and in art  
Every face is interfacing from no bottom to no top  
Every faith is interfaith that cannot tell us where to stop  
Every lining opens inwards as it brings its inside out  
Every curtain closes outwards to conceal its inner doubt  
Every story ends in opening from some future into past  
Every glory is the story of finding first in last  
Every aching is the making of another role for play  
Every taking is the slaking of another's thirst to stay  
Every tiding's no confiding with-out the trust to tell  
Every siding is no hiding from the fear of utter Hell  
Every flowing is the ebbing of another's world within  
Every glowing is the lighting of the darkness in the spin  
Every heartbeat is the murmur in the core of inner space  
Every drumbeat is the echo of the dance within each place  
Every silence is the gathering of the storm that is to come  
When Love comes to Life

## **Within Reach**

Here, I am  
Calling from within you  
To all  
Who call  
From my heart's desire  
To be  
Full filled  
With nothing less  
Than nothing more  
Reaching everywhere

Beyond each lingering moment  
Of transient life  
Spinning around  
Me  
Turning inside my dear  
Embrace  
With nowhere further to go  
Than somewhere deep inside  
Without walls

Within walls  
Beyond eye shot  
Beneath ear shot

I cannot be pierced  
Not even by the fiercest  
Assault  
Mounted from a place  
Without my consent  
By those Hell-bent  
On reaching my infinite depth  
Such a vain, hopeless venture  
Not the spirit of adventure  
That brings you close  
Within my reach  
Beyond your grip

### **Your Welcome**

I am here and there in everywhere  
You are welcome  
To where you find in me  
That brings you peace and joy

But if you don't care  
For what you find:  
If my whispers make you shudder  
Feeling lost without a rudder  
Sending tingles down your spine  
That make you clutch at straws  
To keep yourself afloat  
Struggling for survival  
Against my infinite odds

Your welcome for me  
To fill your heart  
Will be non-existent  
Your rage will be my sorrow  
As you cling to thinking of tomorrow  
Which is just another day  
Like this one  
Never ending

So, when I send my messenger  
With open invitation

Be sure to know you're welcome  
If only you can welcome  
His care within your heart

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