

Volume 2

The Realisation

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Poetry by Harry Jivenmukta



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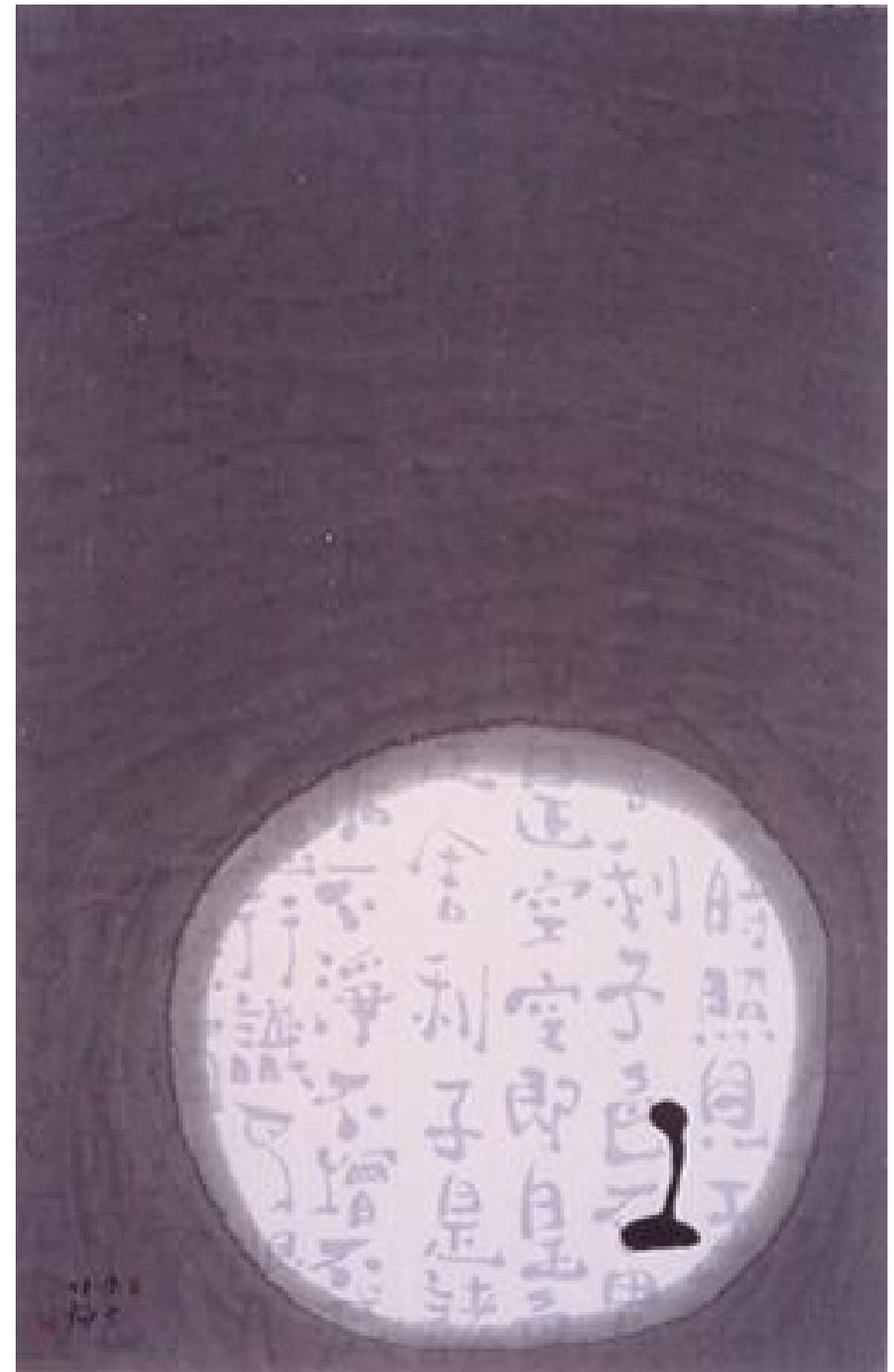
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Dedication

For those that cannot dance



I've had enough
Of this reality.
And so I'll look out for
somewhere to fly off to.





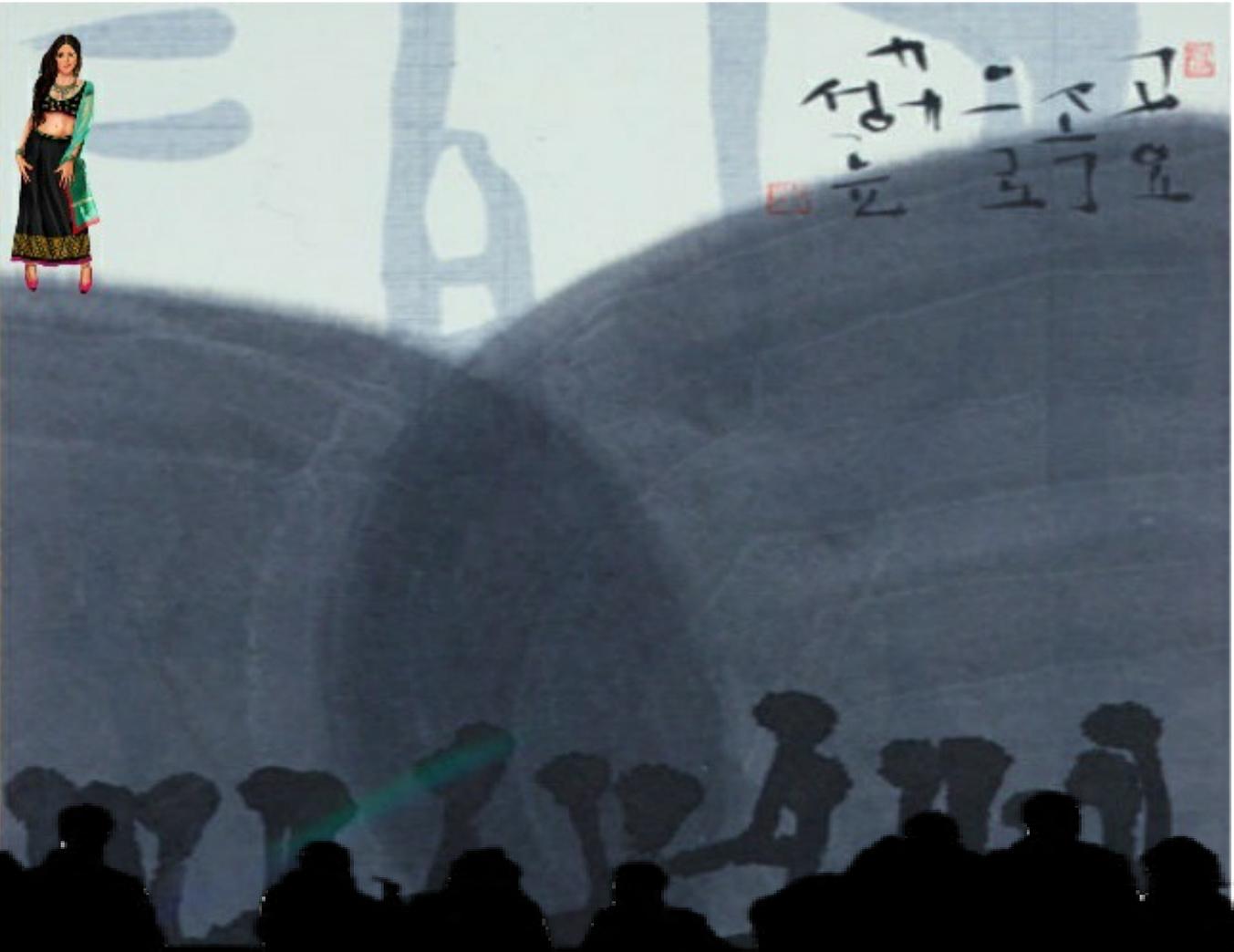
The world sleeps
In ignorance I think.
I have slept too long
And so now it is
Time for action.





Hiding doesn't work.
There are so many of them
Out there
Just looking and waiting
For a sign of weakness
So they can step in and
Declare themselves.





And standing high up
Looking down into the drabness
Of the automatons.
It is only a matter of time
Before I will need something
From down there
And then I will be lost
In the forest of ignorance.



Peeping out from behind

A curtain of disguise

I can see the clouds lifting

And then coming down again.

The mists of daily life

The straightjacket

Of the everyday.

It is time for this

Or that.



Distracting them with
A bit of titillation
Is a sure fire way
To buy a few more moments
Of peace.



Even the walls have eyes
Never mind ears.
To listen out for dissent,
A free thinker,
A free dancer.
Line dancing is safe
Because everyone repeats
The same steps in the
Same way.



And we are back to

The apple,

And the temptation of Adam.

I am tempted by a

Bottle of wine and some

Raw fish.

I am not tempted by an apple.

That is so stereotypical!



When the moon rises
I will depart this reality and travel
Once again to my
Spiritual home,
The Himalayas.
I will look for my destiny
In the cracks and crevices
Of the mountains.
Even amongst
Green eyed monsters.





There is nothing to look for here

And all is found before

It is lost.

I can hold the red sun

In my hand

Or roll it like a ball

Throughout the day.



And so we are here
In a land of new realities
Where there are three apples
To tempt Adam with.
It will make no difference
Because we are all
Programmed to eat the apple
No matter how many times we
remind ourselves not to.

It is all so predictable....

