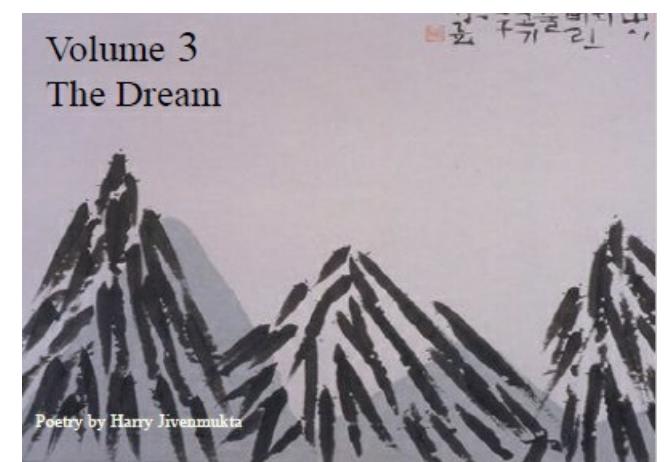
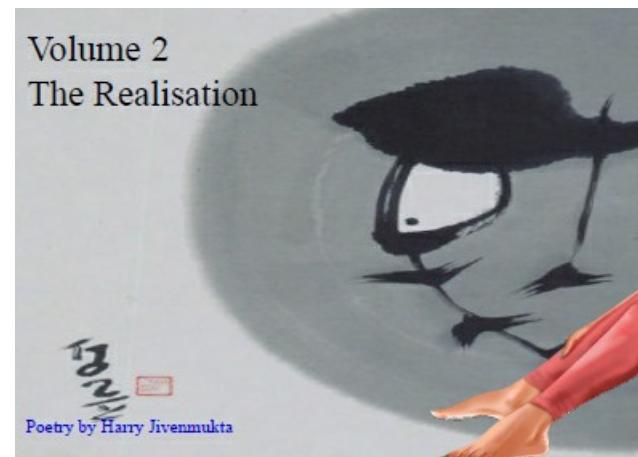
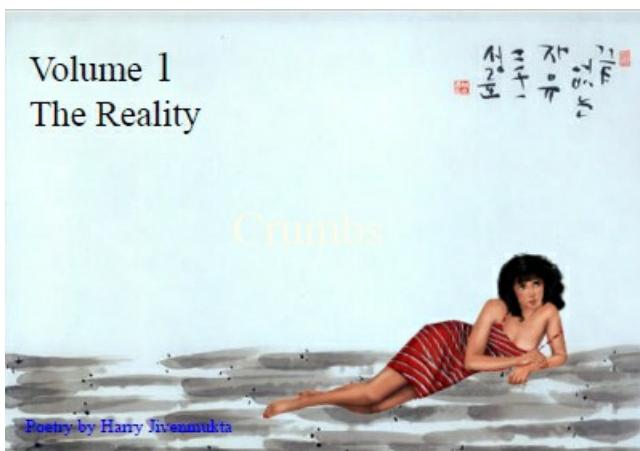


tri-murti

By Harry Jivenmukta



Introduction

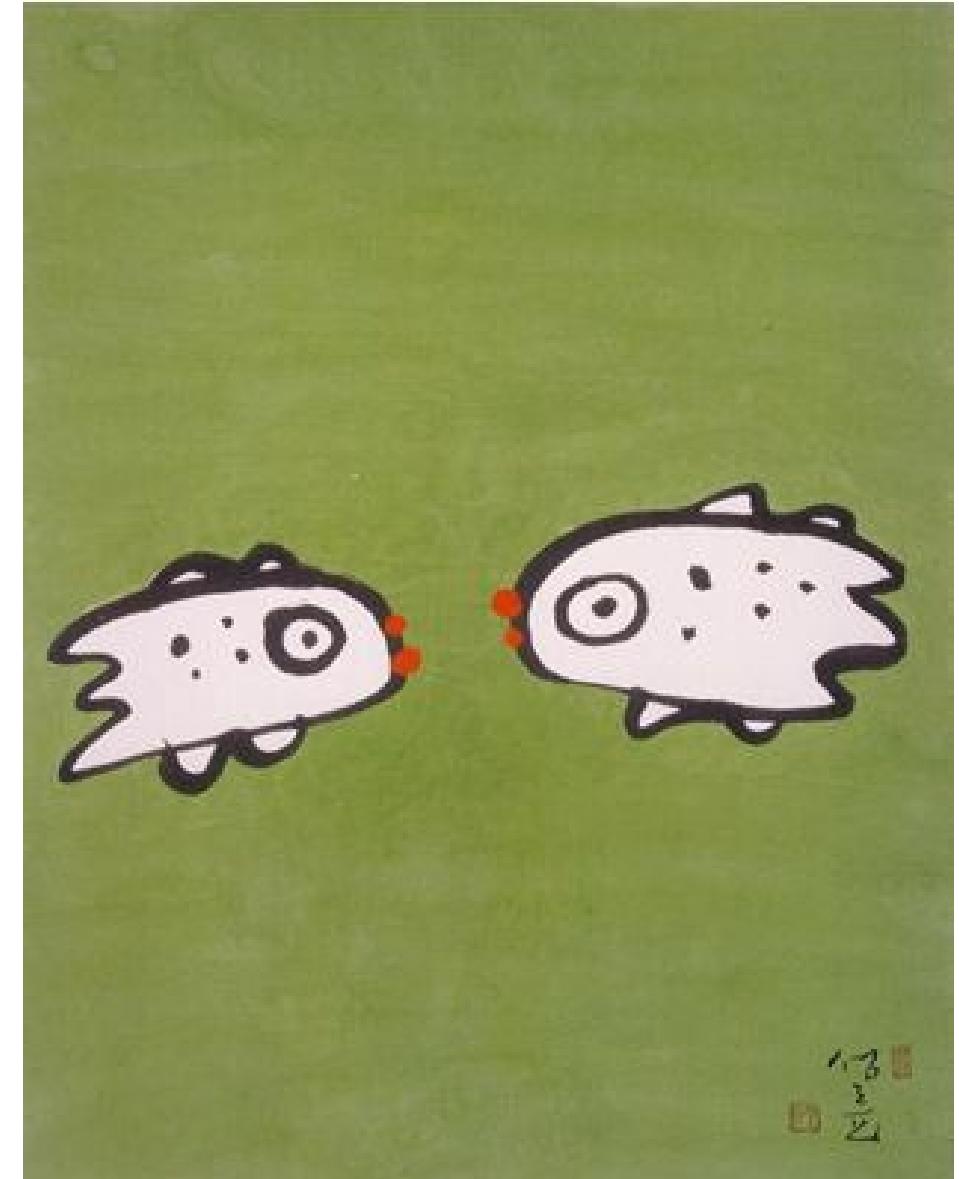
It came to me suddenly. I wasn't doing anything in particular when, out of the blue, all this poetry came to me. It had a structure. I saw reality, or a version of it and produced it in part one. I didn't like what I saw and went directly on to part two, where I tried to unpick myself from this grim reality. I felt a lot better at the end of part two.

I made a cup of tea and then dropped off to sleep for an afternoon nap. When I awoke I wrote part three, a dream. It was a dream but had also really happened a long time ago.

As I clung on to an imagined life, well this life is as imaginary as any other I have wandered in, I thought I better publish it before I expired. It is easy to expire, after all, isn't it?

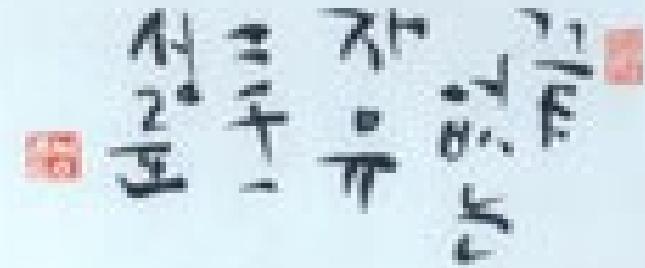
These three parts are written as separate works as well as being one long three part piece.

Harry



Volume 1

The Reality



Crumbs



Poetry by Harry Jivenmukta

First published 2016 by Loosewords Publishing Company

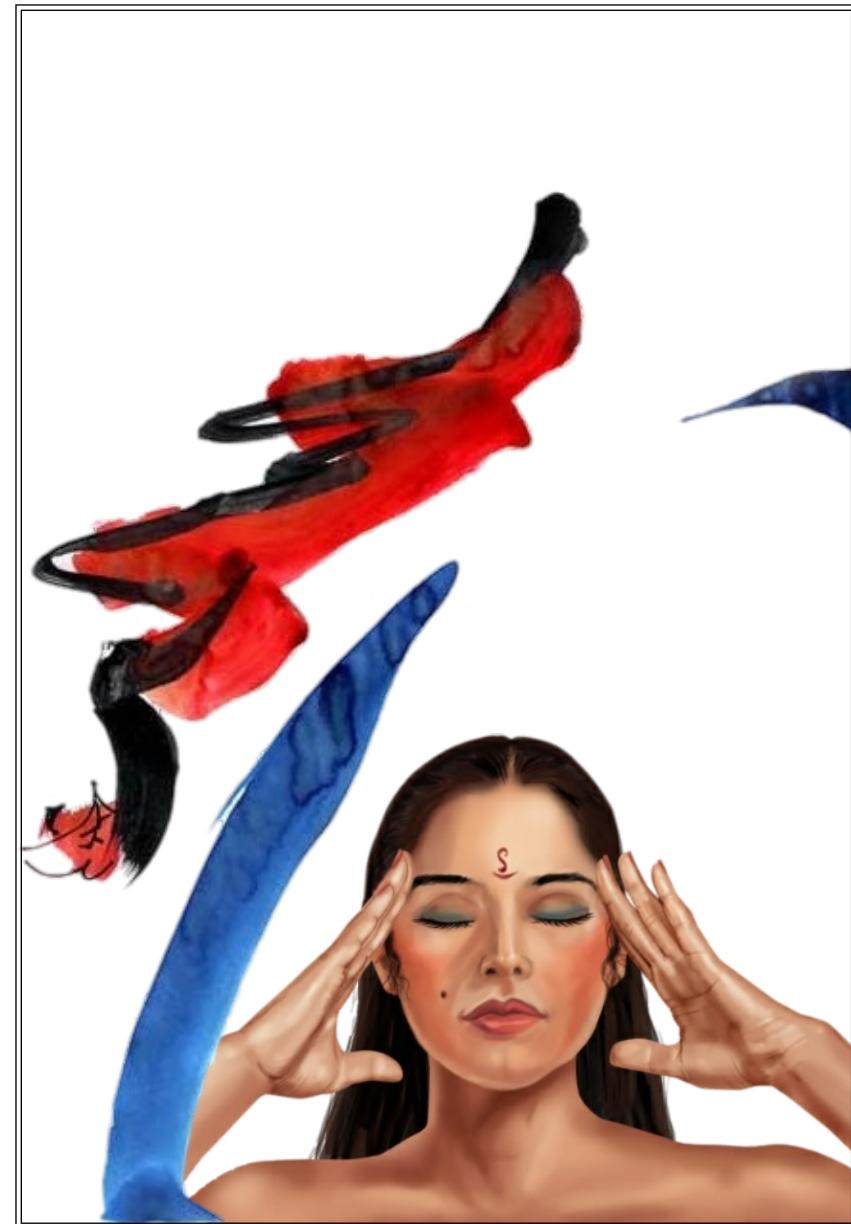
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Dedication

For those that cannot sing

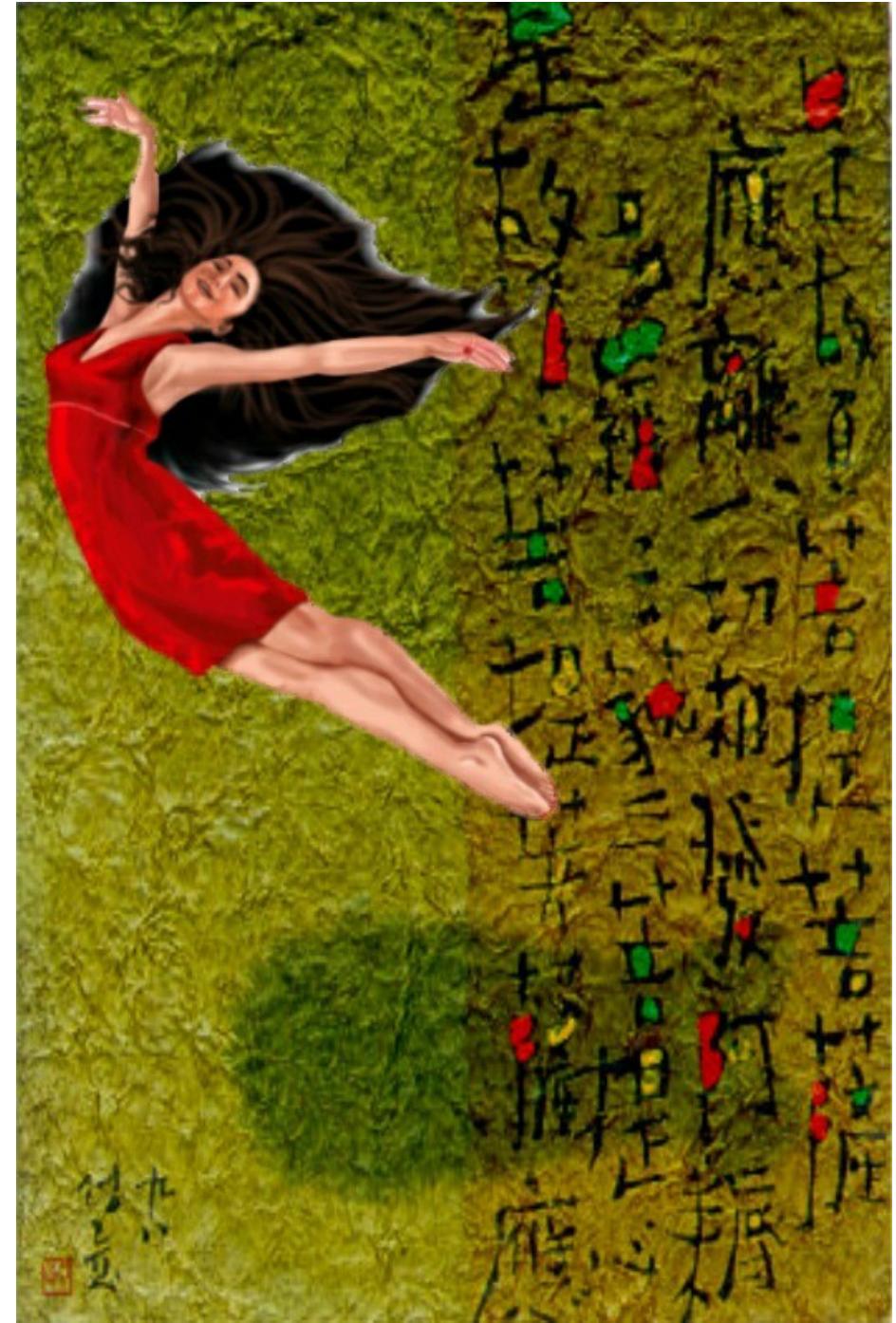


A leap of faith
In front of hundreds of people
Amidst a thousand words.
The right thing to do.

To prove what?
To whom?
There is no need
To be right.

Forgotten
The experience
In moments
All gone.

They will not remember,
The masses,
Or the wordsmiths,
Or me.



Will we ever forget
The temptation of Adam?
Apples aren't bananas
Easy to consume.

It was fiction of course
But handily placed,
Just right
For the moment.

Hungry for a snack
We forget that we
Sit on the answer
But wonder aloud.

We seek the same solutions
Unwrap the same logic
That never was in the first place
Correct.



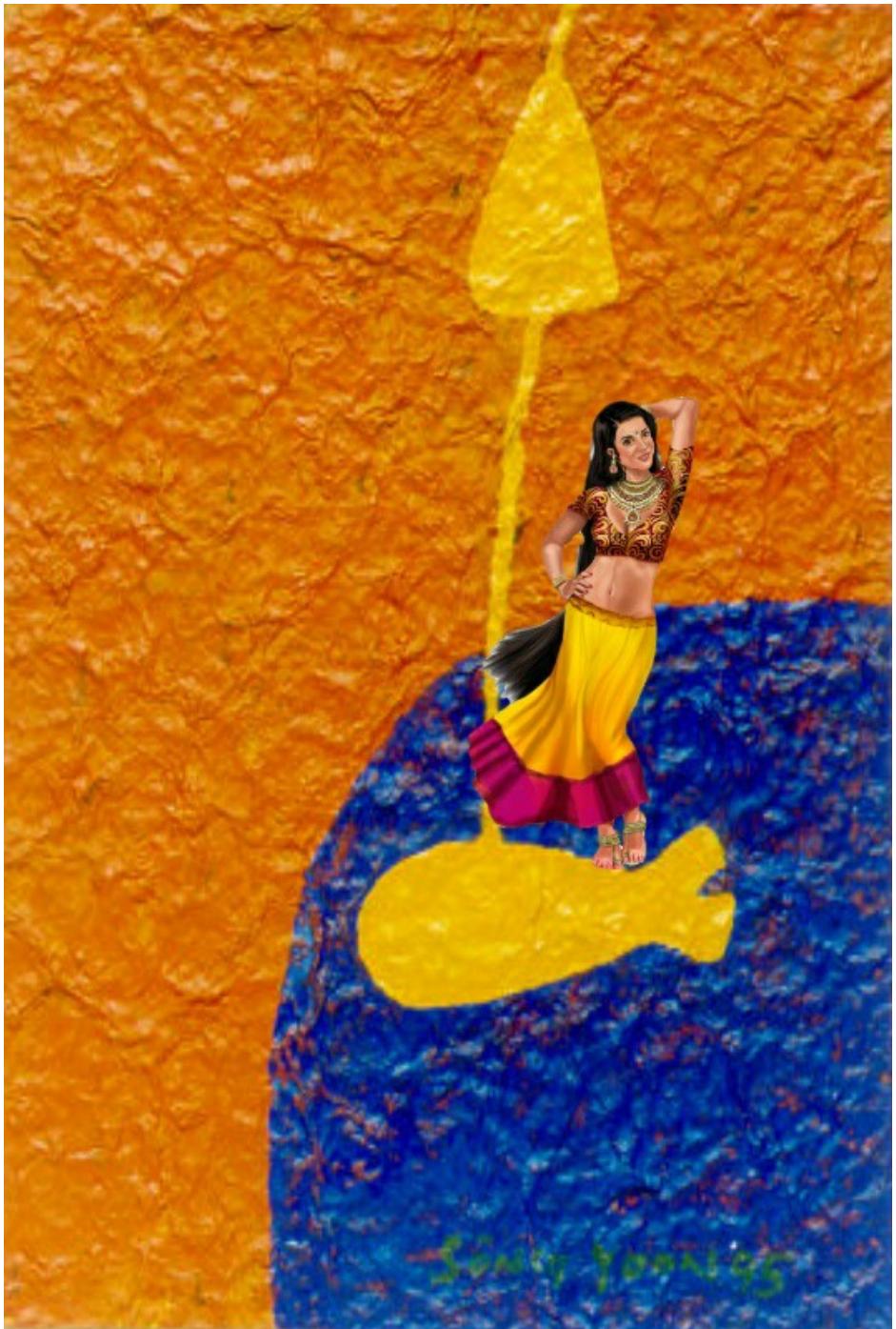


Sitting on a hillside
For a better view
We are almost blind
Being so far away.

Come down to the valley
And see at least
The blades of grass
Sharp.

Neither hilltop
Nor valley
Let's step in the lake
And disturb the fish.

A tuneless tune
Most people hum
Starting nowhere in particular
Nor ending at the end.



Umbrellas were made for the sun
That we use for the rain
Another upside down
That works just fine.

A little fish dreaming
Until the big fish
Lazily opens up
And swallows another morsel.

An evening at home
Good food and TV
Let's go to bed
I mean it, to sleep.

Sleep until mid-morning
And miss all the fun
Birds singing at dawn
The fox slips off home.

Eggs for breakfast
Fresh out of a chicken
And wholemeal bread
Toasty, dripping butter.

Plans for the day
A vacant experience
Ordered by others
To things misunderstood.

Morning news
Gory and burning
Seared flesh
We enjoy the regularity.

A few pennies to rattle
In our pockets
Gives meaning
To a pointless activity.

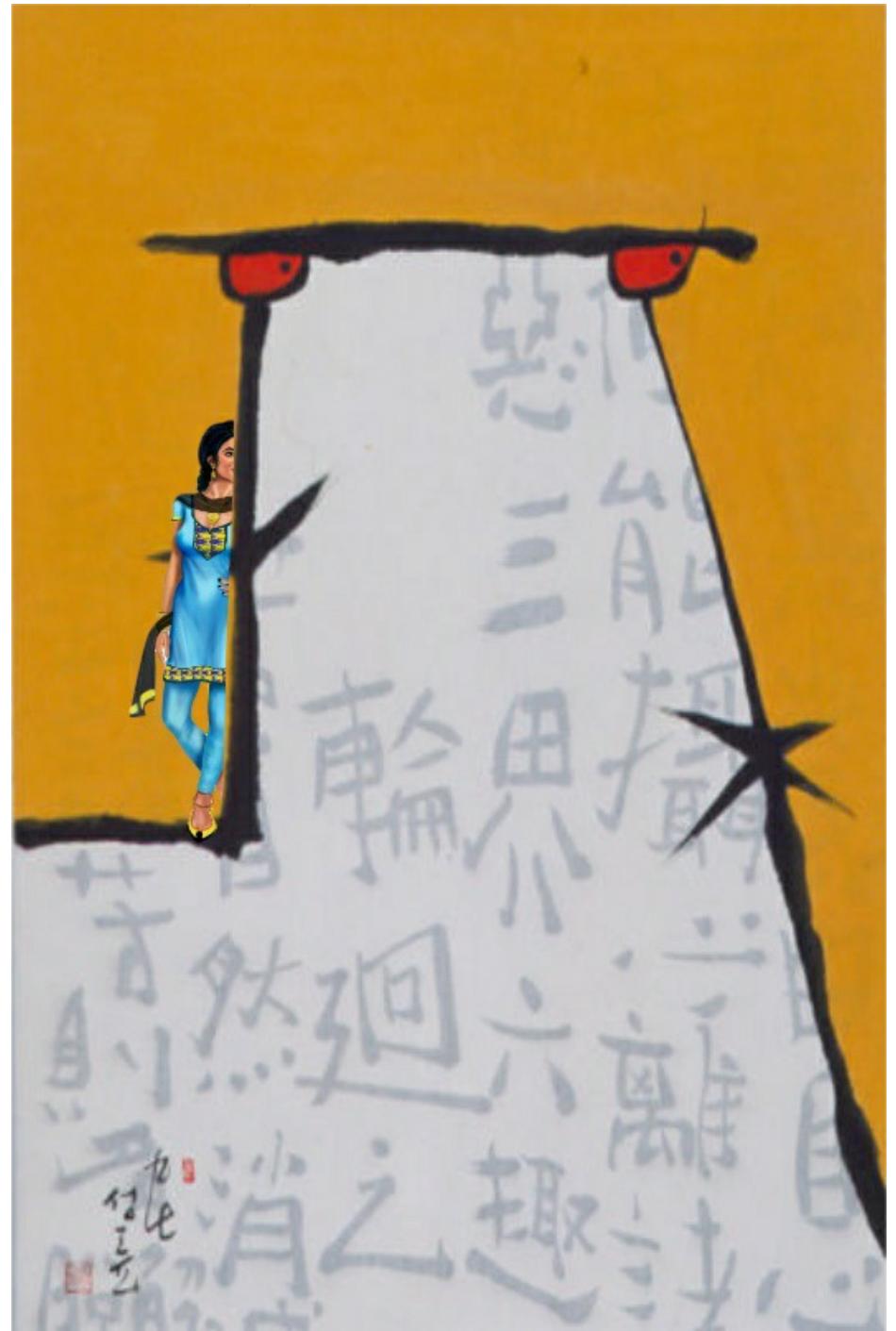


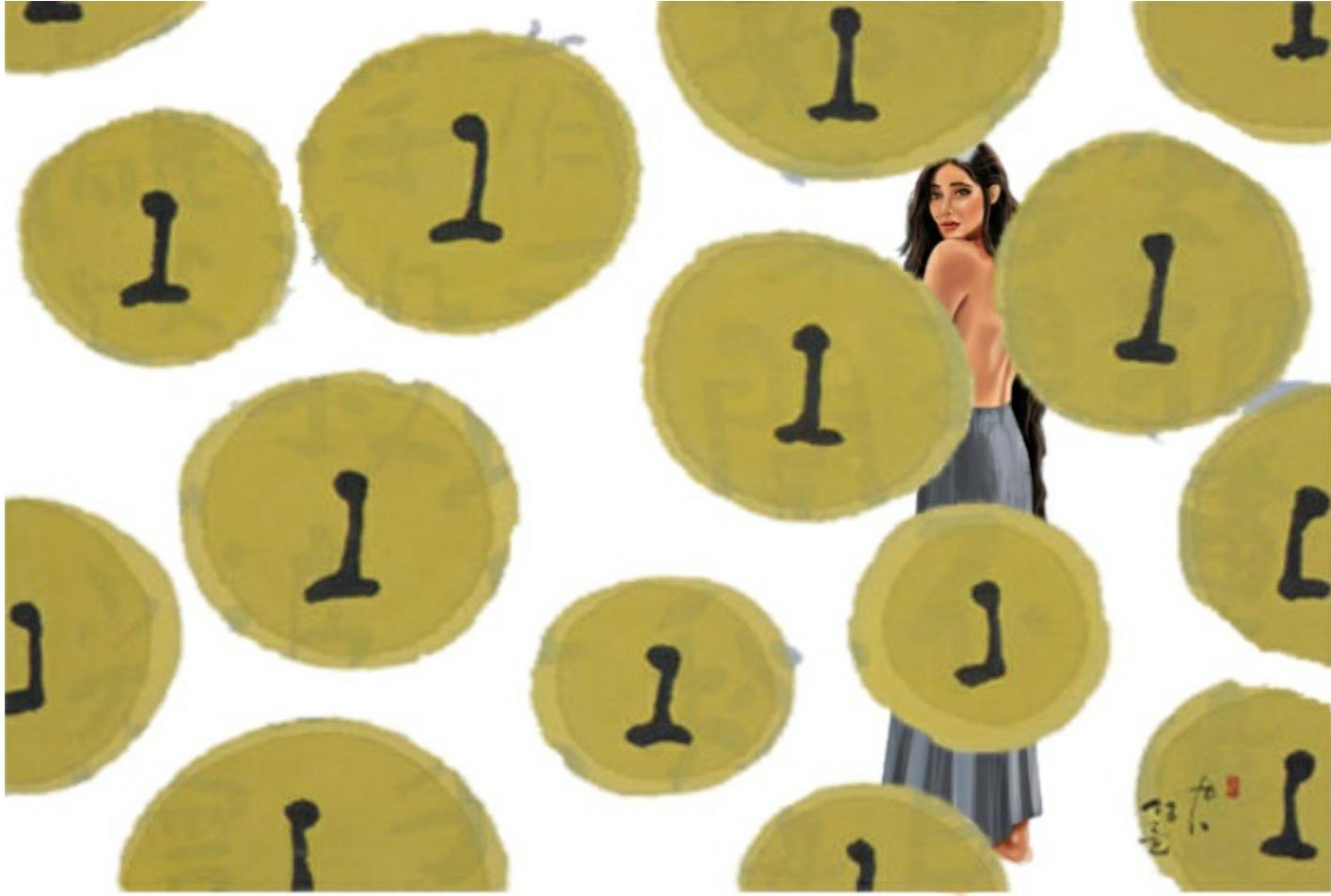
Hiding from whom?
The taxman, politicians,
Neighbours and post.
More demands.

Stand still
Like a mannequin
In a shop window.
People pass by.

Lost in mundane thoughts
They stagger and trip
Another loose flagstone
Wallpaper peeling.

Words in a dictionary
Meaningless
Except the few words
We know how to use.





Trying to untangle
The tangled web
Of life.
Nice.

Sitting inside a
Ball of wool.
Unwinding this way
And that. Easy.

Untangling from each other
Mine, mine, yours.
Remember when we
Bought this together?

It is not yours or mine
Not his or hers.
Just a pretence
To give meaning.

This wall on my side
That side, the neighbour's.
This room is mine.
That room is empty.

Calling out familiar names
Not even an echo returns.
Pretend someone replied
It is more comfortable now.

Straight lines
Are pacifying
Unlike the curl
Of a ponytail.

Vegetarian,
Omnivorous,
Carnivorous,
Dead!



A familiar place to hide.

Ssssh!

No one will look here

In their own backyard.

The spider wonders why

Everyone hides

Just where it has

Made its home.

Warm and damp

Sticky and dank,

Yes, that's right.

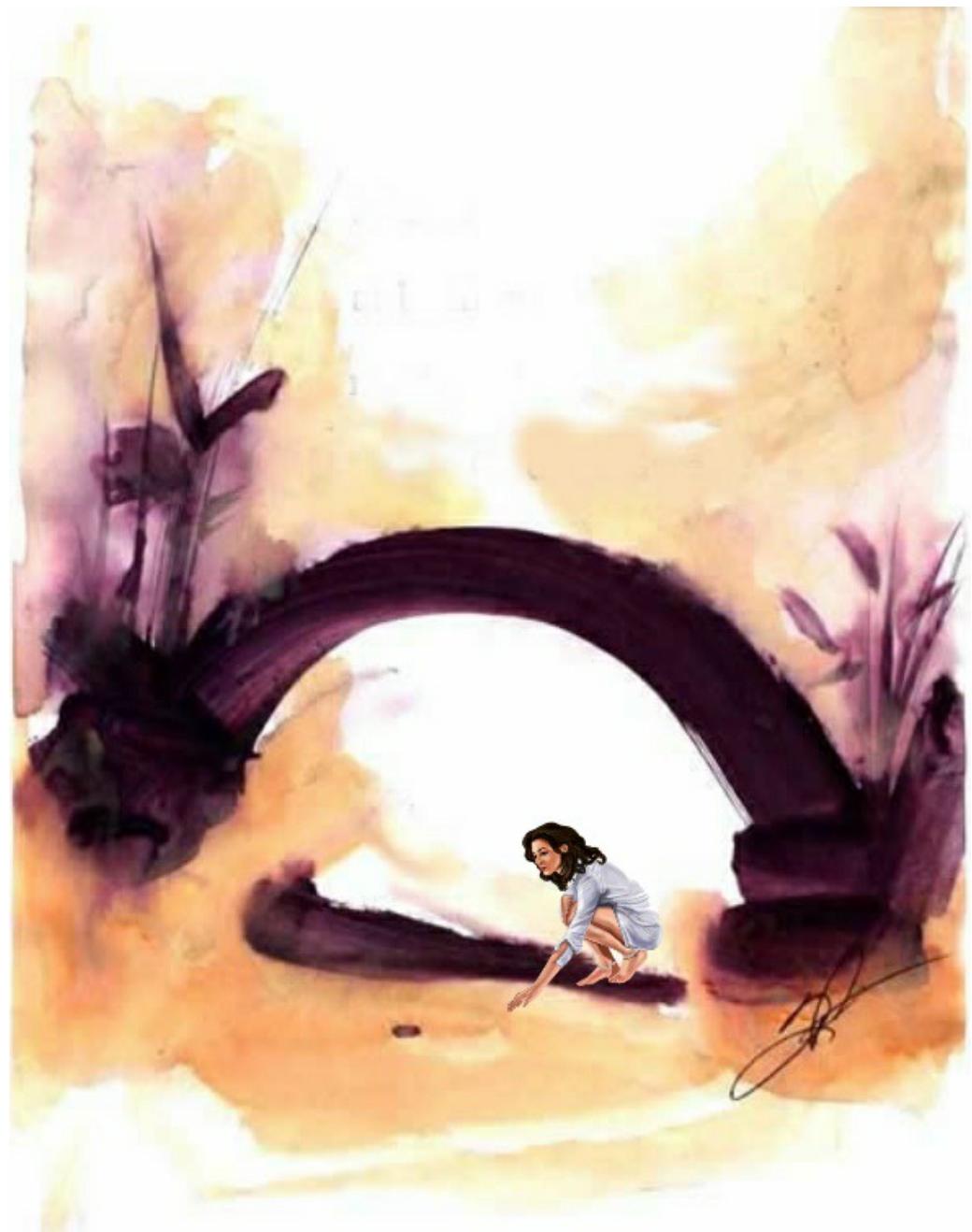
Just right.

The sun sleeps

On a mattress of fog

Waiting to be awakened

In Spring.



Greedy eyes
Search all around
For something to do,
Hold and caress.

Guilty but right
Right to enquire,
The words are wrong
But the desire is right.

Identikit hairstyles
Skirts and shoes
Everyone wants to be
Unique.

All the same then
Just like a production line.
All different then
But all the same.





At the end of the day
It was worthwhile
For a plate of supper
Hard work though.

Curled up exhausted
The drab repeats
Every night
But we laugh and enjoy.

An extra biscuit
Who wants it?
Is it mine?
I've popped it in my mouth.

And now night,
Hold me or shall I
Hold you?
Your side is over there.

Volume 2

The Realisation



Poetry by Harry Jivenmukta



First published 2016 by Loosewords Publishing Company

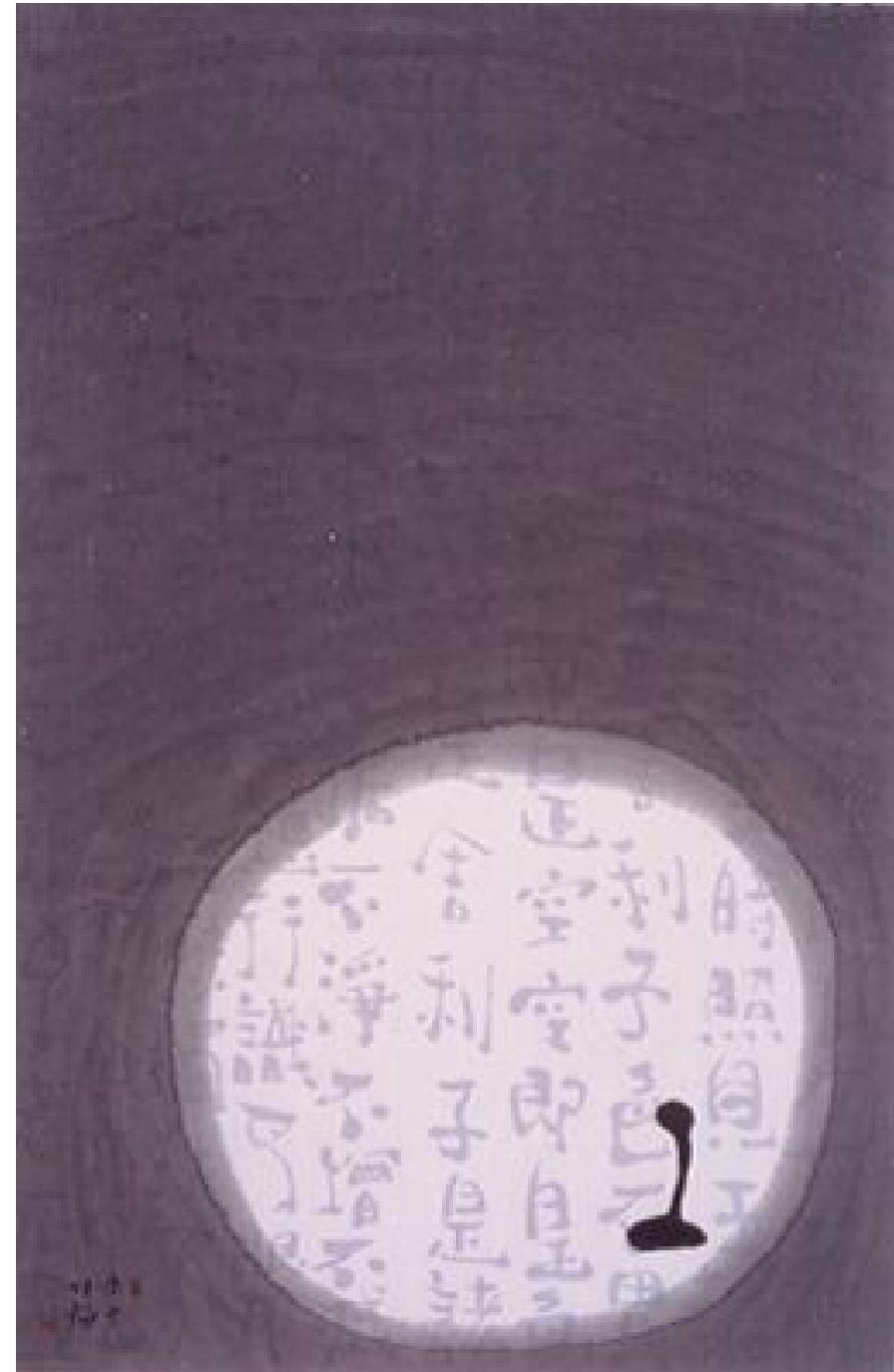
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Dedication

For those that cannot dance



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





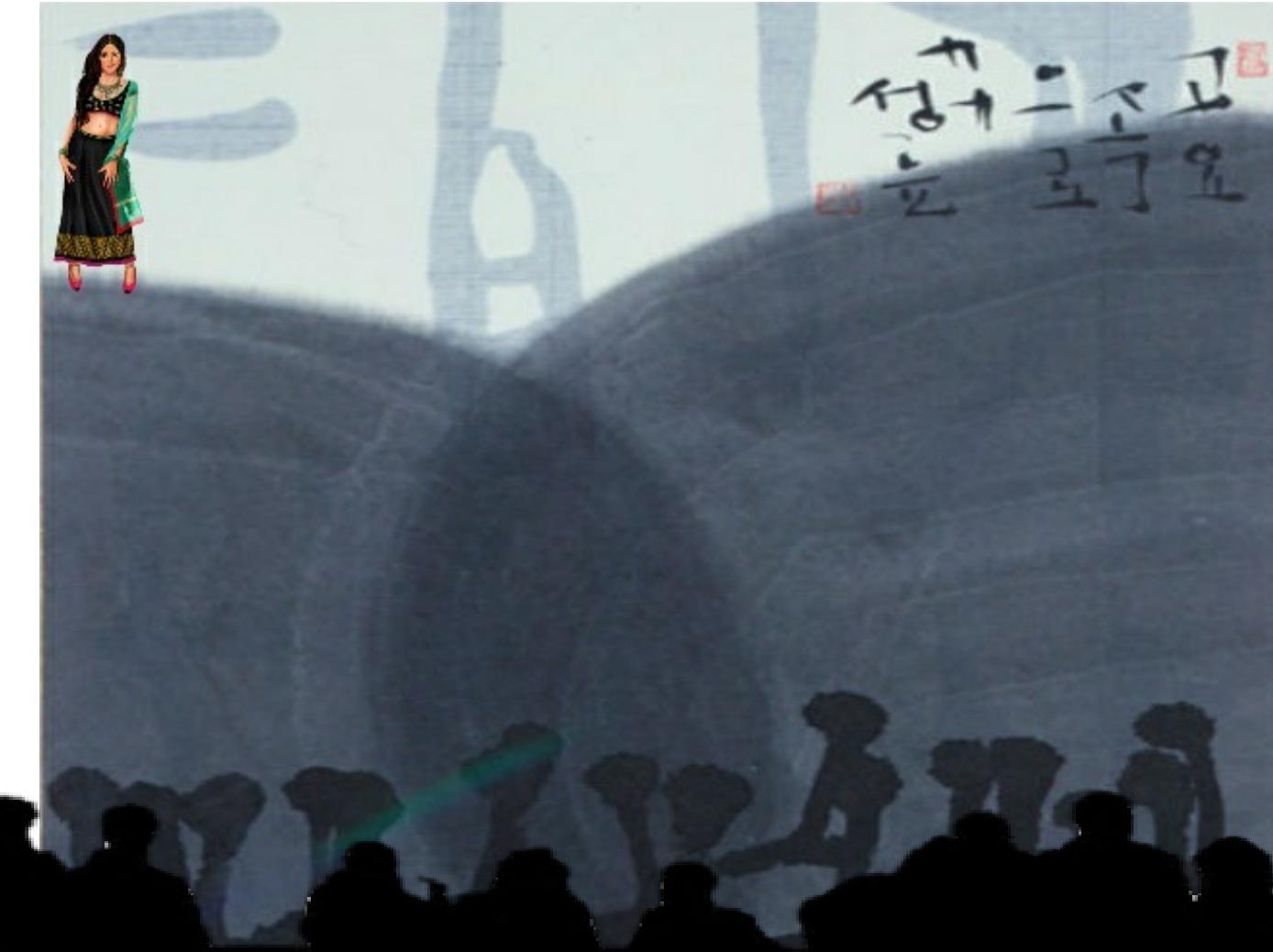
The world sleeps
In ignorance I think.
I have slept too long
And so now it is
Time for action.





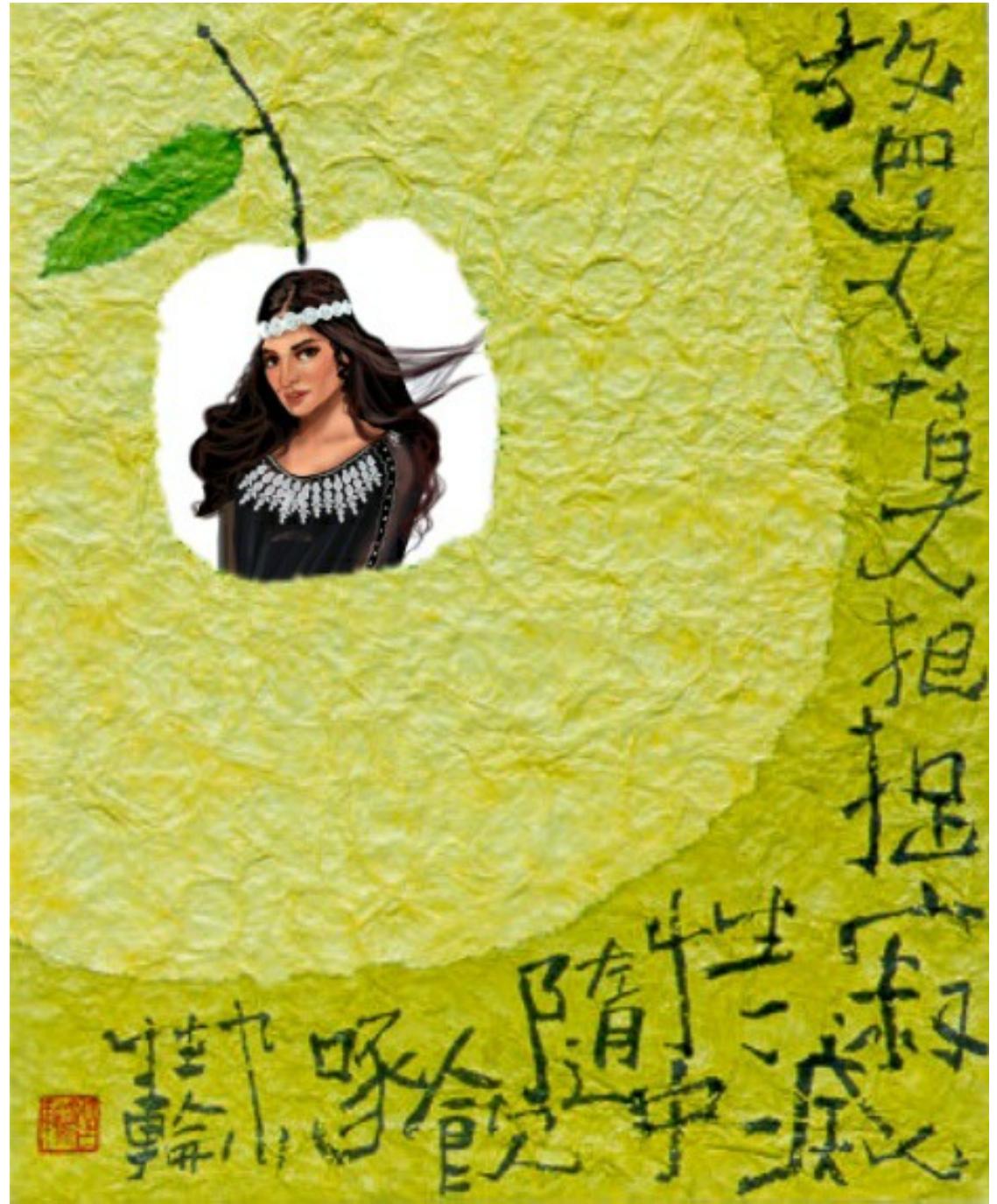
Hiding doesn't work.
There are so many of them
Out there
Just looking and waiting
For a sign of weakness
So they can step in and
Declare themselves.





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.

Or pretending I am
Someone or something else
Only works for a short time until
Someone will recognise
Ands say;
Look, that isn't right,
Not as it should be.





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.

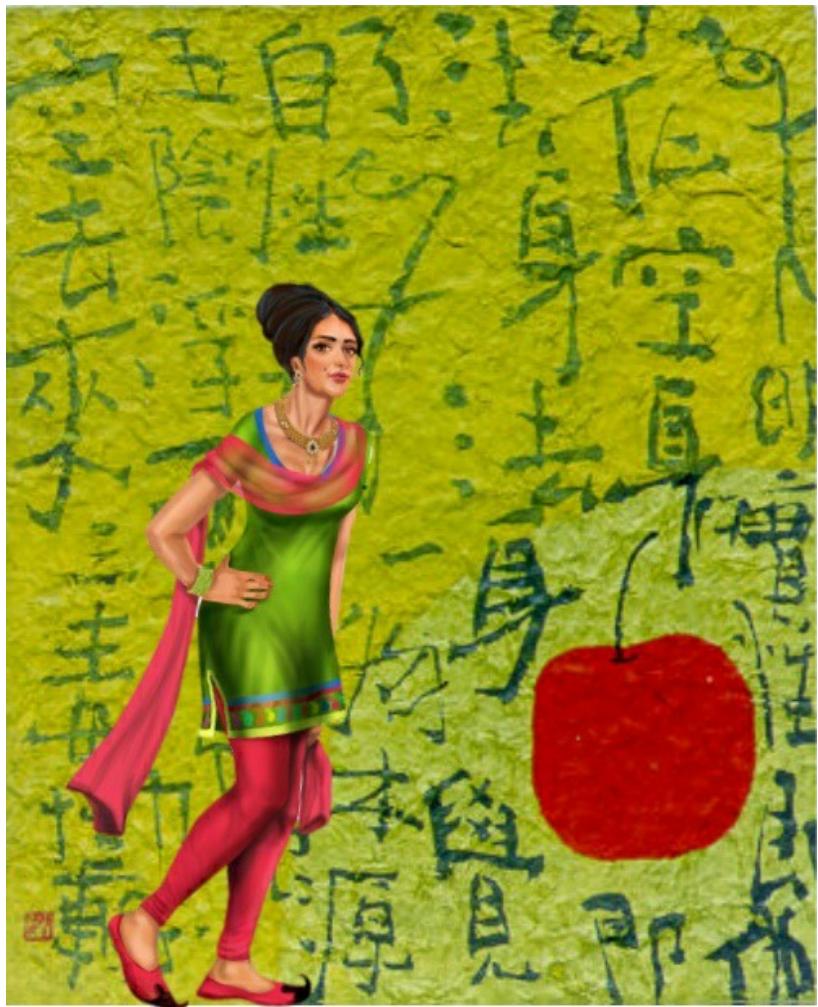


Distracting them with
A bit of titillation
Is a sure fire way
To buy a few more moments
Of peace.



꽃 - 추단나들

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.



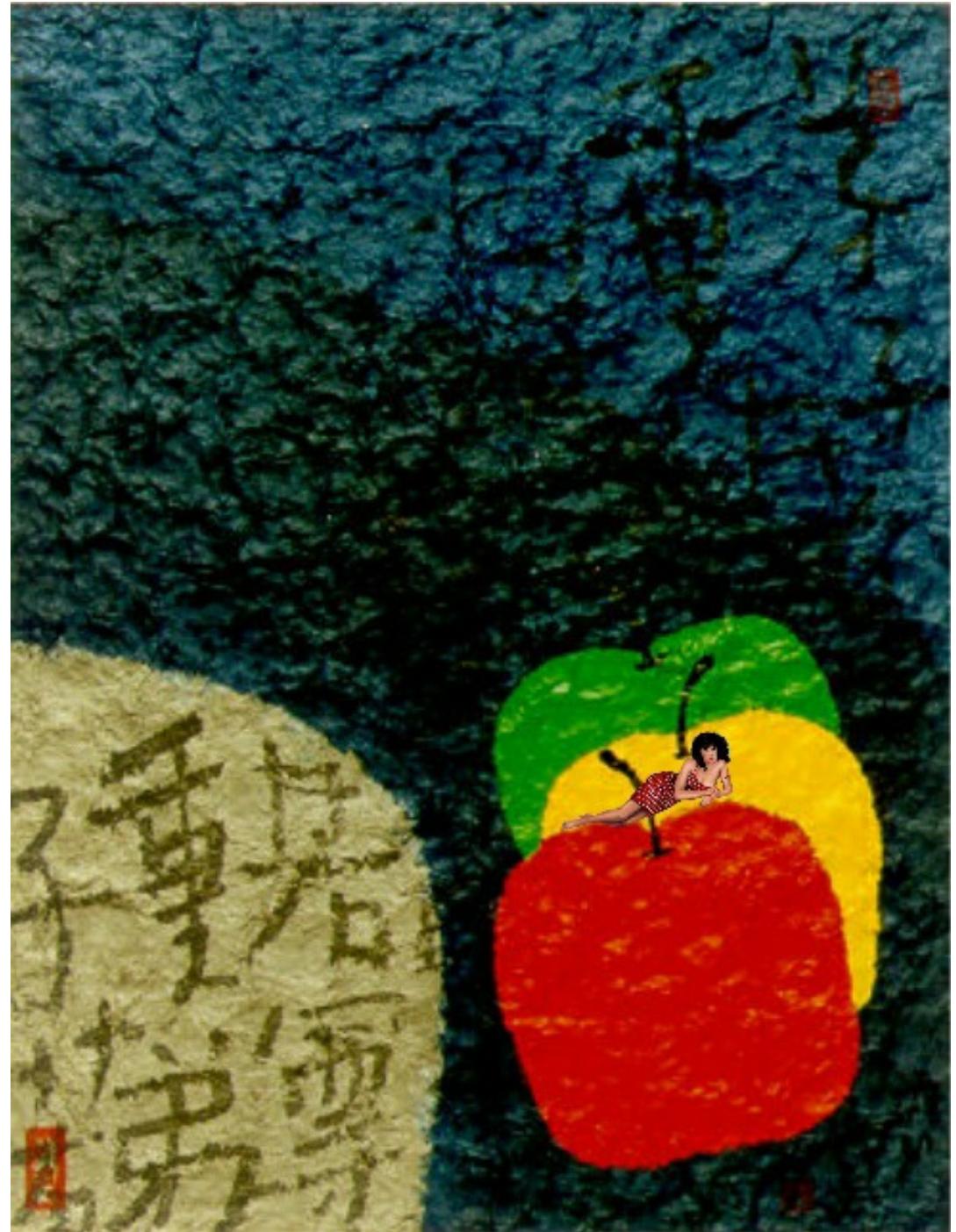


There is nothing to look for here
And all is found before
It is lost.
I can hold the red sun
In my hand
Or roll it like a ball
Throughout the day.



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....



여기 물려온다,
여기 물려온다,

Volume 3

The Dream



Poetry by Harry Jivenmukta

First published 2016 by Loosewords Publishing Company

www.loosewords.org

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Dedication

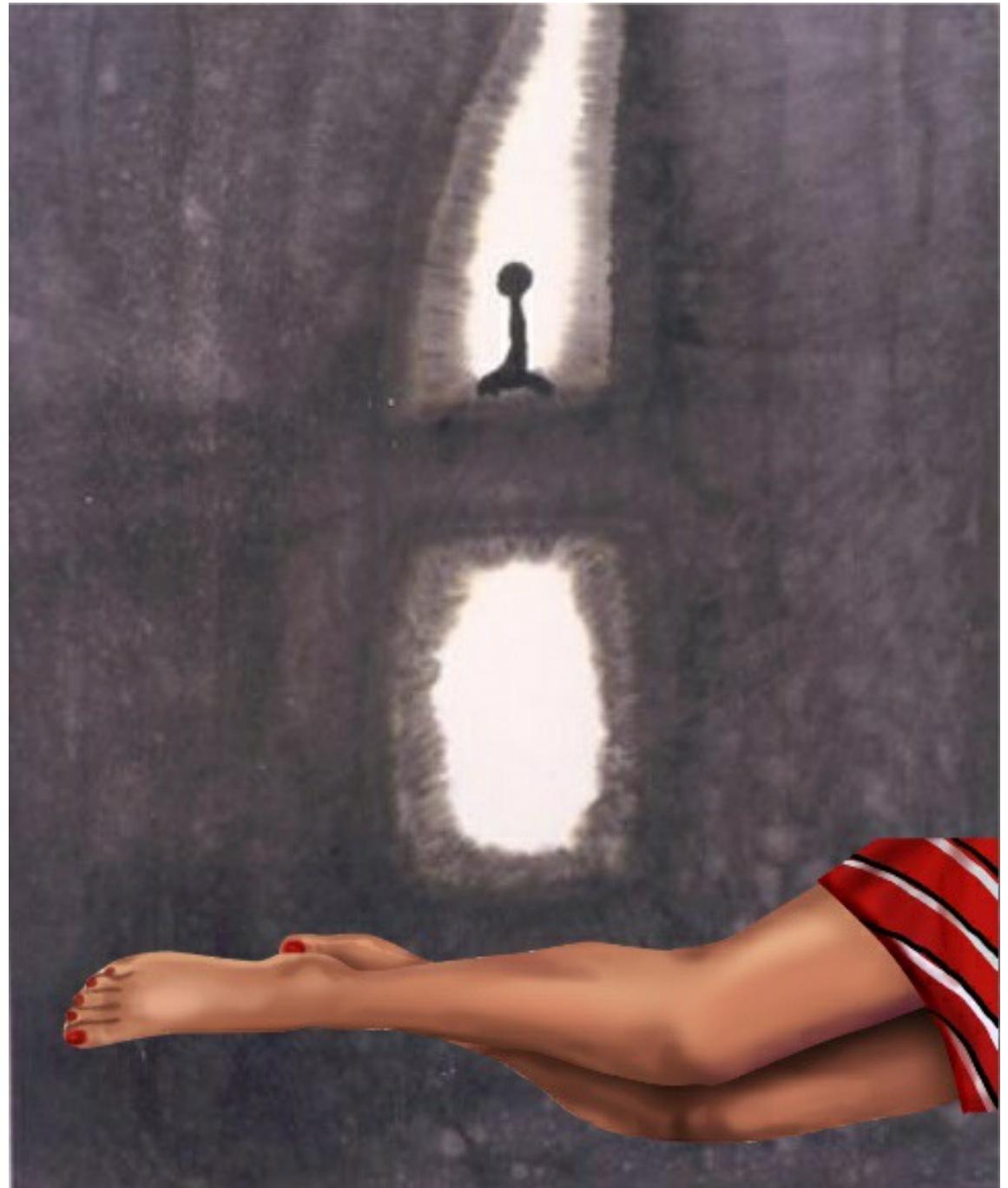
For those that cannot sleep



When I woke up in that guest house
Just outside Kangra*
And looked out into the mist
Looking for you,
Years after we had been here last,
You were not there.

I wondered where
You might be now,
With that infectious half smile
And red painted nails.

All I could think of were
Those times
When we enveloped each other
And giggled at the lyrics
Of some Bollywood
1950's song.



* Kangra - a town in the Himalayas



Rattling bangles, allowed
Only in the room
But not at the shrine.
Would anyone believe me
If I told them how you were
In the twilight?
Not only rattling bangles
But stamping anklets
and all that laughter
Aimed at the mountains.

Even right up there,
At the snow line
There must have been a Buddhist
Who heard it all,
Carried on the breeze.

What must he have thought of
All that irreverence?

Poking fingers
Into a plate of cakes,
Looking for freshness, and nuts.

I told you they were
From the German bakery,
The best for 100 kilometres.

You applied bright red lipstick
Before you took the first bite
Just to provoke me.

And licked cream off
Seductively before
Offering me some.

We thought we should kiss
To make sure we both had
The same taste of walnut cake.



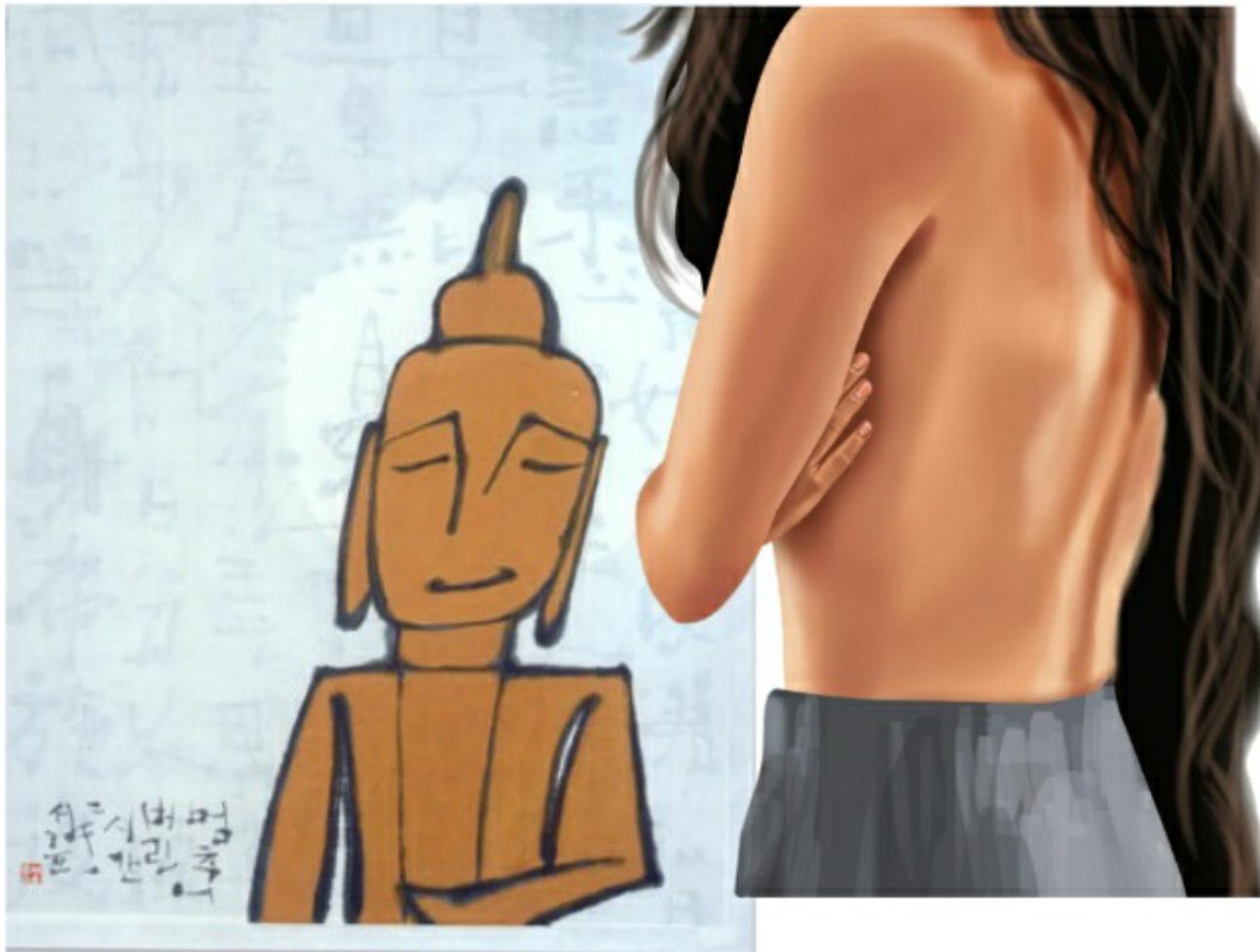


I wanted to know why
A Buddhist statue couldn't
Wear lipstick, or for that matter
Make-up.

You had big eyes
Forbidding me from even thinking
Such blasphemy.
I love your dramatics.

Wearing a headscarf in temples
As if you were always
So good.
Even then you didn't look innocent.

Anyway, God knows, and I
Know all about you.
If you could, I bet
You would dance for Krishna.



Let's cover the statue

You said,

Because it was probably

A good idea.

I reminded you of all the

Statues sculpted into the walls

Of Hindu temples.

But you were adamant.

So we lit incense sticks as well,

Sandalwood and jasmine

And I walked you around

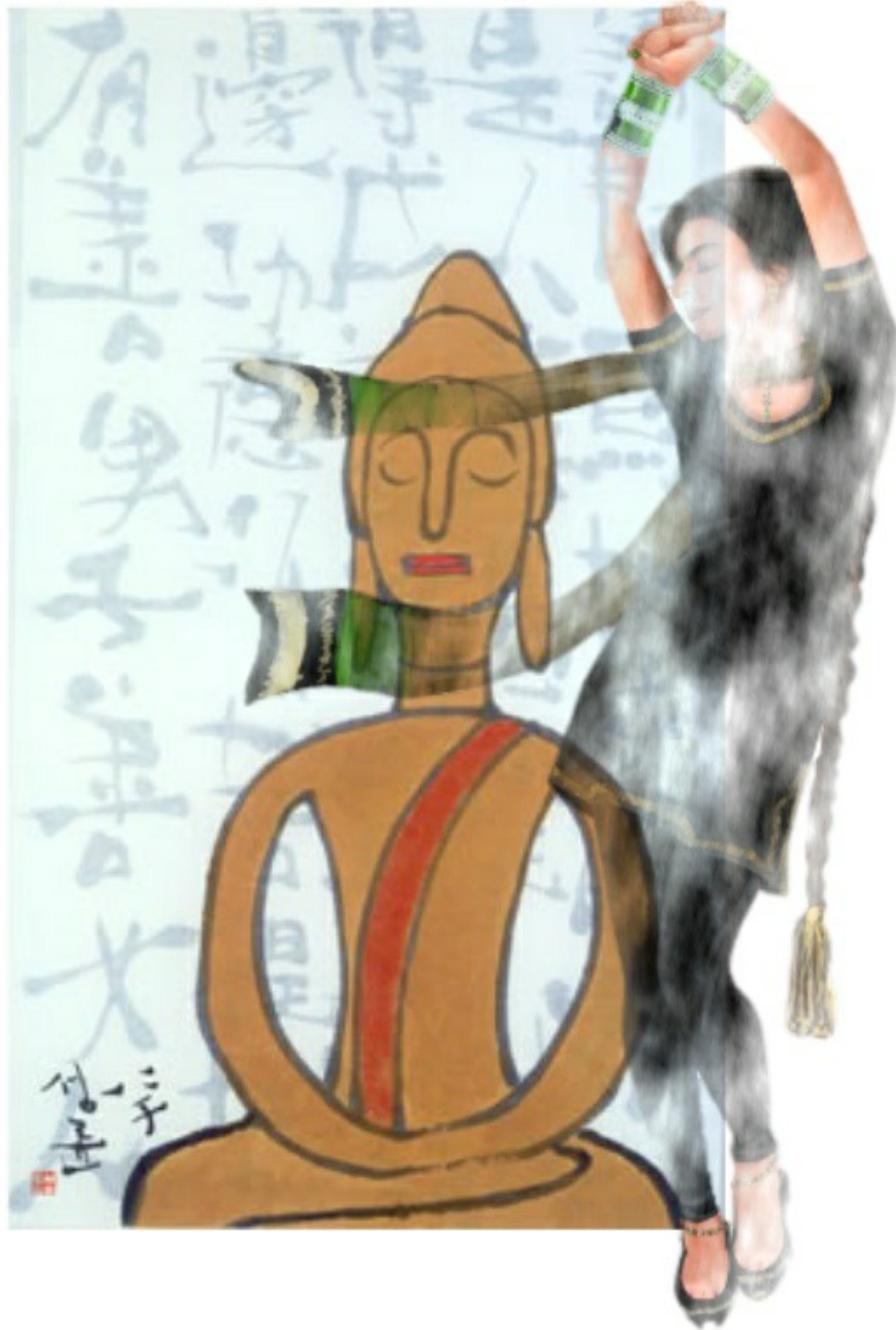
The room, seven times.

Then we ate lemon cakes

With icing on top.

And to drink, goat's milk

Again, from the German bakery.



The sun streamed in
And the purdah of the mountains
Was lifted for all to see
Their grandeur.

Your hand was so small
In mine considering
That the mountains
Were so big.

But your smile still melted
Everything around it.
We were so small
In the bigness of nature.

You whispered to me
Brittle words, soft and special
That mean so much.
So much in so little.

We were bound to each other

Inevitably

Amongst silky scarves

Multi coloured.

Will we ever leave?

You asked me.

I said: Never!

This is my spiritual home.

I placed the whole

Mountain range

In your heart centre.

That is forever, I said.

Your heart was beating fast

As I held you tight

In the street.

Really? you asked.



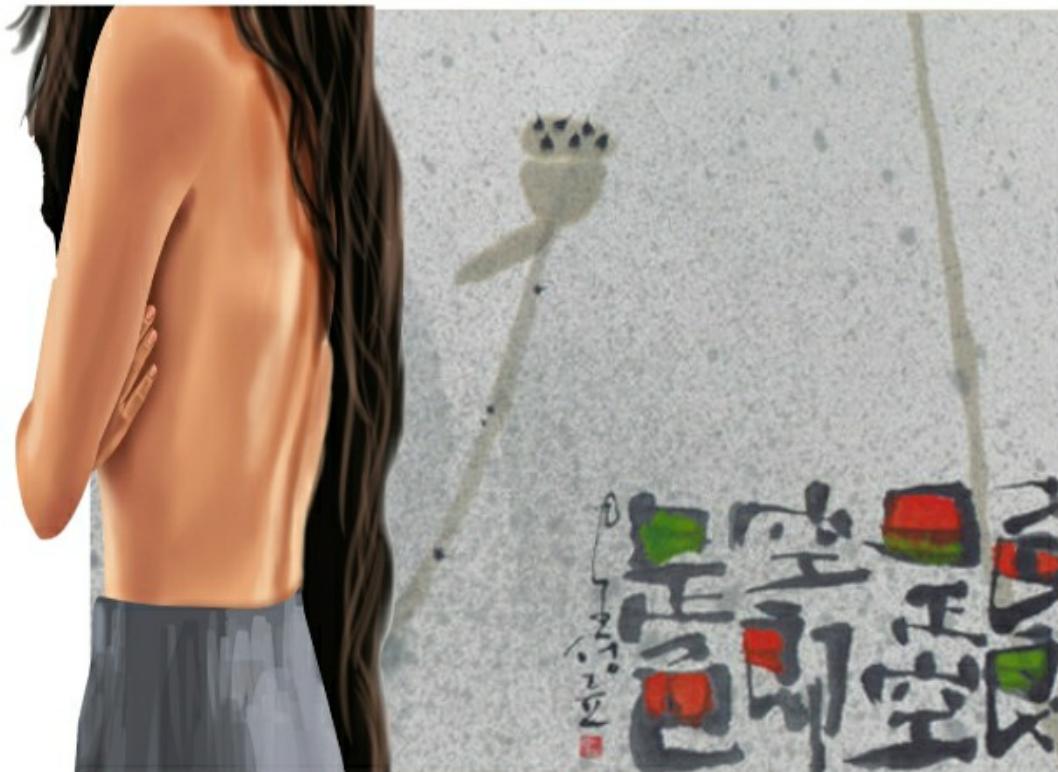


The necklace in the shop,
You pointed with your eyes.
I said wear it and you
Did, all day long.

Do you want to sleep
With me or the Buddha
I asked?
Both of you.

With the mists gone
The day was warm
But the night was freezing
Tighter, I held you.

Who can hear the wolves?
Is that a spirit of the mountains
Scratching on the window?
Or the frost forming?



I told you a story about
The lost soul of a young man
Pining for a lover
Lost in the winter snow.

Listen very hard,
I told you
Can you hear his yearnings?
You listened, holding your breath.

When the snow melted,
I said, she emerged, a Devi,
And she called his name
And he was ecstatic.

Together they roam the high passes
Uniting lost lovers
And saving the magical words
Spoken, of love.

Crunchy bread

With butter and cheese.

A breakfast to write home about.

So I wrote a poem for you.

And what will you give me

In return, I asked?

Your face contorted in thought,

Nose and forehead wrinkling.

You gave me a kiss

But I said I could have

one of those anytime.

So you kissed me again.

Bread and kisses consumed

It was time for pondering

The rest of the day.

We sat on the balcony.





Packing up suitcases

Three for you

One for me

And some song DVDs.

Make sure the Himalayas are

Safely packed in your heart centre

I reminded you.

Yes, they are there.

The ponies we had booked

Three days ago

Arrived, suitably late.

No time now, we are packed.

What will you take

In your heart centre, you asked?

Your perfume, your wiggly nose,

Your creased forehead, and cake.

Never say goodbye.

It is too final.

Dosvedanya is Russian.

'We will meet again'.

The taxi driver looked

Through his mirror

Keeping an eye on us.

I thought he was very diligent.

Mountains left behind,

Now plains, hot, and then

racing on through

To Delhi.

No one knew here

What it had been like.

I squeezed your hand

'Hold on to the dreams'.

