

Blue Doors



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Introduction

I was looking through the files on my computer and I kept finding small files of poems or prose or reflections. And so, I have collated them into this offering.

Actually, Blue Doors was meant for something else, but I am too lazy to change all the images. And so the real Blue Doors will be called Blue Doors 2.

Dedication

What is it about you

That you can say

Such a thing?

For Chandi

DC Lockwood looked on in a disinterested way for a while. Then he took a deep breath and started again.

'Look Harry, she says you have stolen her heart centre and you are controlling her.'

'Yes, that's true.' Replied Harry.

'So you admit to the charge and also to telepathic stalking'.

Harry was amused. 'DC Lockwood, please charge me with something so that I can then put out an international press release that will make me the most famous man in the world. The first to be accepted by the authorities who can do things just from sitting on his sofa and thinking about them.'

Harry had built up to this moment for years.

DC Lockwood was no fool. He knew he would be the laughing stock of the police station if he charged Harry with being a Tantric who could affect changes in people and their behaviour. And yet here he was, with a woman on his mind who had claimed all this. And here was Harry admitting it all. But, admitting what? It was impossible and never tried in a British court. And he knew Harry was right about the international press. It would be a circus and he, DC Lockwood, would be at the centre of the storm. He could hear the questions from the press now: 'Does Harry have superhuman powers?' How do you know he can do these things? Where is the evidence? Have the police got a screw loose?'

'Why don't you just phone her up and tell her it is all just a coincidence. That you haven't done anything to her. That it is just in her imagination. Reassure her, and we can let it rest. The matter will be forgotten.' DC Lockwood was almost pleading with Harry.

'Cup of tea?' Harry asked as he went to put the kettle on.

DC Lockwood looked around Harry's flat whilst Harry rattled cups and stuff in the kitchen. There was a whole wall full of diagrams and pictures, the basis of his Tantra. And on one sheet the words 'By reason or by force my power over you grows stronger.' What did that mean? DC Lockwood knew that there was no such thing as supernatural powers, or Tantra, or spirits, or ghosts, and yet Harry was claiming them all. And, he was cool and collected about it all.

The Police Move In



Ode



Ode to Harry

You are tepid tea in a stained mug with two sweeteners
though sometimes pose as a half empty whiskey bottle.
You are the no frills Lidl shopper
with my emergency cigarette stash in your herb cupboard.
You are non-reasoning because you exist with your heart only;
black and white movies, preferably westerns,
the news, football (much to my annoyance) and plain yogurt.
Unlabelled, you are tattoo-less, all bills paid on time
and rainy day back up fund.
Your poetry is blunt and often cruel
with tendrils of honesty that smell of bacon.
I am the Western Wind that ruffles your hair the wrong way.
I am the student yet to trust her teacher.
But without you I am like a lost tourist in Moscow.

Alice is 88 (not the correct age. I am keeping that to myself). She is in a double bed. It is higher than a normal bed. I don't know why. She lays facing a large window opposite, divided into 12 squares painted white (six parts make up the top part of the window and six the bottom part). There is also a smaller window to her right (9 squares, I think, 3 on top part). The room is about 20 foot square. The door is by her right side as well as on the same wall where the head of her bed is. Sangharakshita stands in the corner, in between the two windows. He is dressed in a long white kurta-pyjama suit, (not Buddhist attire) in the Indian style. No-one else can see him but Alice can.

Pronunciation: the correct pronunciation of his name is:
Sang harak sheeta

There is a woman (Buddhist) standing to Alice's right, sometimes hiding Sangharakshita from Alice's view. I don't know her name but it has 'Bodhi' in it. She is a lot younger than Alice, in her thirties. There is a nurse on the left hand side of the bed. White uniform with a blue strip running across her cap. Alice is dying. She looks ordinary; no great weight loss or pale skin. It is about 11.15 am. A weekday.

Sangharakshita is there to tell her what she should remember and repeat quietly to herself. He tells her to remember the Devi.

You will remember the Devi as you were, as you decline into sleep, the walls of your mind will fall away and you will see everything. Just repeat Devi, Devi, Devi.

As you fall asleep I will be with you. There is nothing to fear. I will hold your hand. Relax now. You are ready. Can you see the green hills, stretching in front and the beginnings of a forest to our right? Let us walk then.

Alice



Rain



when you raised your head
from the pillow
and asked me
to give you an excuse
to live

I saw a raindrop
heavy with gravity
ready to fall
from above
way down and down
without expectation
to the sharp grass tips
and be scattered

and the droplets
on your forehead
trickling down
to hang on your lips
touched red with blood
from surrender
to fall forever

we both
and you wanted a moment
to catch your breath
before we fell together
into an unknown
of nothingness
or somethingness
that we neither of us
cared about

and the thin drops of rain
that hung on for dear life
on the window glass outside

Ana Ul Haq

A witness account from the hinterland
deserts of Arabia in 1125 AD

“The one about which I have heard ...he was in the path of ISHQ...and might be he reached the highest point of FANA FIILLAH...and when he said Ana ul Haq (I am the Haq)... the ordinary people who don't understand and even know this dimension they said that Mansoor must be killed after saying Ana ul Haq... and then they hung him and cut his neck and chopped him.... I don't remember exactly....

But even after that, his body was responding...and saying Ana ul Haq. Then another pious person said to him that why are you showing yourself? Then the body fell down....

It is the rule of this dimension - the more higher status you reach the more quiet you must be. If you are not quiet then you will be killed.

But it's not for ordinary people - they have to follow only what is given to them.”

Ana ul Haq

I am God





Affliction

People enjoy, on these occasions
Listening to the words of our
Poems and stories
But do they ever understand
What it takes to produce
Such masterpieces?
I'll give you an example.
You know, when you fall in love,
The exquisite pain?
Well, as a poet I fall in love
At least once a day, and sometimes twice.
And you know when it's time
To consummate the relationship for the first time?
Well, most blokes would be
Fishing around in their pockets
For a condom.
Poets fish around in their pockets
For a pen and a bit of paper.
And she is laying there
Twiddling her thumbs and
Drumming her fingers.
But you can't just do it
Without writing about it,
How good it will be.
I will rock your world!
No, that's rubbish.
I will take you to the gates of paradise,
Your Arabic eyes flash in the moonlight
And your curves
Like the curves of the dunes in the desert.

Affliction

When you've written a few poems
You have to edit them down and proofread
them.
Finally you are ready to fire
All guns blazing.
And as you turn to her
You notice that she is snoring.
And so, you lay the poems carefully
On the pillow beside her head
And trudge back home
Through the darkness of a December night
With the frost and ice nipping
At your ankles.
That is the afflicted life of a poet
To live vicariously and on paper
No time to feel the ecstasy
Only the scratchings of the pen
On a piece of paper.

Was it time to be a man or a mouse?
I fancied it might be good to be a mouse
for the period of the latest task.
I could ask someone else
to deliver a copy of
the book of poems to my
Joanne , my girl.
But then, I thought,
'No! You must stand up
and be counted.'
So, I girded my loins;
I still don't know what
that even means
never mind the process of girding.
I stepped lively out into the street
and in measured paces, determined,
went to deliver the book to her myself.

She wasn't at the stall
so I asked the owner.
He said, 'she's having her breakfast,
I'll get her.'
I nearly slid off to escape but while
I was thinking of that
she came.
'Joanne,' I said,
'I've a book.'

Man or Mouse

I stammered and stalled like an idiot
but eventually she got the gist of it.
All this time I had avoided her gaze
but suddenly we were looking
each other in the eyes.
There was still a bit of the smouldering
of the passion of the past
and it suddenly ignited
like a forest fire and engulfed everything.
There was only me and her left;
the market had burned to the ground.
There was nothing left except us
and the book held by her in her
small but firm hands.
Then she freed one hand and
holding my gaze,
she reached out and her fingers curled around
a long cucumber.
She raised it above her head and said:
'Harry, you better not be
messing me about again.'



A Letter



Dear Harry,

Preliminaries left out....

Maybe I am a fool, but I know where my heart lies. I will always be your student - and despite your claims, I am learning, and willing, but not as quickly as your impatience demands.

I am humbled by your claims, but for me, it scares me. That is not to say I don't love you, because I do love you. There is a great meaning in your friendship that I value. I believe we met for a reason. You have already given me so much, and I hope there will be more yet to come.

And yet ... I feel (and you stated) that I fail you in your expectations of our alliance. I truly believe that you are learning from me: the art of patience and acceptance are important lessons.

You have to deal with your own destiny in whatever way you see fit, I understand that. But don't close me out. I get frustrated at your often demanding demands. And the speed at which you fly. You have been a Tantric all your life, don't forget this is all new to me - and unlearning is as difficult as learning, you said so yourself.

I won't lose you Harry, but I had to make things clear. Broken record or not, what I offer you is way beyond physical love. I am tired of living lies in the past. What I have is yours. You are part of me now. Understand me.

xxxxxxx x

Vomit

Some artists really
Have no limits.
I was walking in town
Early one Saturday morning
And there it was,
A work of art from
The night before.

Someone had expressed themselves
By vomiting up
The remains of what looked like
A Chicken Tikka Masala.
It was like a bouquet
Of chrysanthemums
Mixed with marigolds
Reds and yellows thrown about
Chilli powder and turmeric.
And the smattering green
Of coriander leaves.

And just for extra effect
A boot print of staggering
Energy
And the little drips
Leading off along
The pavement.

