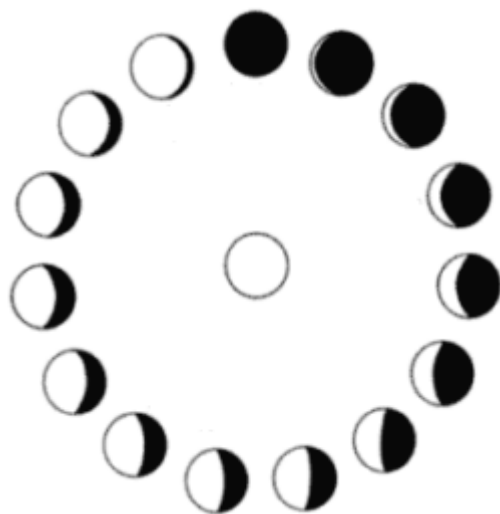


REFLECTIONS ON WHAT?



By Harry Jivenmukta

There's a woman in Zambia
Who had twins.
It's supposed to be a bad omen
So her husband threw her out.

We can smile at the ignorance
Of these people.
But let's look at ourselves.
All the little demons that shout out.

The man from Zambia
Has never been to school.
He only understands his superstitions.
They have never lied before.

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Has never been to school.
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The aid agency bribed him
To think in a different way.
Without ever going to school
He learned very quickly.

At the back of her mind
She fights with her demons.
To a casual observer of her eyes
There is no sight.

The thin membrane hiding the untruths
Will split at any moment.
And the madness of the sanatorium
Will weep out into the light.

At the back of his mind
The doubts are massing.
He's gagged and blindfolded them
So he doesn't have to listen.

A creased brow
An irritable moment.
They are coming out
They are coming.

To live in your head
Is really very easy.
It's like living in a castle
With high walls
Thick
And guarded well.
All the barriers of conditionings
Are there.

Outside the castle gates are the few
Unfortunate, or fortunate
Who have no defences.

But they can see clearly
And feel the earth under their feet,
They can be one with nature
And hear the beat of their heart.

They are the ones who die first in battle
Not through bravery, you understand
But because they have no defences.

When you're flying
With the Gods
You forget the little ceremonies.
It's like flying
In an aircraft
And looking down on humanity.

Tea in bed on Sunday
Dress down and
Slow the day.
Have an extra piece
Of toast.
Read the papers.
Tinker in the garden.
Wash the car.
Hum a little ditty.

When you're flying
With the Gods
There isn't a Sunday.
It's a hundred piece orchestra.
It's the wheels of destiny.
It's big stuff, really.

The tall grasses hiss in the wind
As summer edges into its final sunset
And autumn waits to be born.

The days get shorter
As the shadows lengthen
And memories weaken.

Love never dies
But the layers of the seasons
Will cover the trail.

Spirits will cry in the night winds
And the leaves will cover the headstones.
Disembodied spirits wander.

Waiting is hard
Especially if you know
What's about to happen.

What point is there in being a poet?

I burned my last thousand poems.

That was in 1977.

When you touch my hand

I am a king.

Elvis was right about that one,

The wonder of you.

I have completed my first seven day sadhana to
*****.

I have entered my second sadhana (spiritual
practice) three days ago.

On the Internet I idly typed in the name
Of the spirit I am doing the sadhana to
And there is only one book
Ever written on that spirit.

I have never seen it.
I ordered it at once.
But realised that I had never
Seen a reference to it before.

So where do thoughts come from?

Note: to complete the process you have to do
three sadhanas.

Endings are like a threadbare carpet.

The threads aren't neat and tidy.

Endings are like beginnings.

The trailing ends are the start

Of something new.