

Some of The Realms (for Whit Griffin)

'He who knoweth the Soul crosseth over sorrow'

- Upanishads

I

Late winter rain falls

thru Pythagorean harmonics

& language fails at the edge of itself

(weapon wielded

in living song

carried thru holy cities

along the old roads...)

*The antimaterial particle survives
the annihilation of material worlds*

Thus Krsna speaks

imploring Arjuna to go

forth on the battlefield

of his own heart

heed the prophetic dream

carve yourself a mask

from the tree's dark flesh :

just after dusk

pace the yard

between white pine –

deity of biome
 watershed Great Lake
diluvial starmap –
 & stone tower –
square-wall'd stout
 silo totemic imago
mind-weave temple –
 watch moon rise
above apple rows
 & smoke a metaphysical cigarette

II

Angelic instances, powers & patterns
glass cloud lacquer
dawn sutra weir...agnostic jellyfish whisper
plucked in cloven emptiness...

(language fails / at the edge of itself)

2am slant-moon in western sky
chimes down on snowy orchards
dream of several women in a garden
their black hair all braided together

Ra Lotsawa utters a curse
to make his spiritual enemies tremble
& the 4,000 worlds rise
& fall in a single flash

question of the Dark Eye

the heart in the mountain's belly

we carry secret incantations
around in cheap notebooks
examine the flights of birds

thus Lord Krsna said:

*everything that be
rests on My energies
exactly like
pearls on a thread...*

III

Not the thorns of the prophets
bore this war
 in wildering wax

nor would CANDRA, demigod of the Moon,
return the naked lovers
to their former poverty

but conjure a gossamer
between pleasure & pain...

Next morning when sun, when silk, would devour
came

 the quotidian town & its penurious
 universe, its gritty structures

& silent deathmask marching bands,

but waiting at the edge
of speech, Enkidu, Cernunnos,

bodily forth from vowel's forest & freest
 massed trumpets' polyphony

would invoke (Bard, Scop, Skald...)
the hankering dancer
to that Valley

where an atlas of water

& the skins of dead stars

flood the imaginal realm
with Orphic hymns

where Song is rejoined with its Measure

IV

The Osage orange, or Hedge-apple, is commonly known in Eastern Kentucky as a repellent to spiders. During the period of *uttarayana* when the sun is on a northern path, yogis may travel a secret thoroughfare between material and antimaterial worlds. In the forests of ancient Germania the *moss-folk* would sometimes ask for human breast-milk for their sick children, often arousing the suspicions of the villagers. The ancient Romans held their funerals at night. On the Eleventh day of the *Bardo* one is confronted by the blood-drinking deity of the Lotus Order, Bhagavan Padma-Heruka, having three faces, six hands and four feet, who is also embraced by the Mother Padma-Krotishaurima, but one should not fear these emanations as they are benign tutelary forms, and issue from the Western Realm of thy brain. In the Tantric tradition in India, the Ganges River is imagined as Semen flowing thru Shiva's phallus. The penis of Osiris was swallowed by a fish. An Elizabethan edict forbade Cambridge students

from attending the festivals
held near Gogmagog – the giant
figure cut into the chalk hills nearby –
because of the lewdness of the
Rites practiced there. The
terrible aspects of the Aztec Earth
Goddess Coatlicue and the Indian
Goddess of Birth and Death, Kali – both
fierce, with necklaces of human body
parts, glutted with blood – would seem
to indicate a common origin. *I have many
names, but my best and dearest is Thalia, for
I am always green and shall never wither. Thou
dost here behold the Mountains of the Moon,
and I will shew thee the original of Nilus: for
she springs from these invisible rocks.* The
German alchemist, Michael Maier, is
known to have encoded
elemental secrets of his art
in the book *Atalanta Fugiens*, a cycle
of fugues scored for three voices,
published in 1618. For relief from
head pains and rheumatic twitches,
steep the flowers of Feverfew in
hot water to make a tea, drink as
needed. The Gnostic poem, *The
Hymn of the Pearl* is said to have
been sung by its author in an
Indian jail to comfort his fellow
prisoners. The Pearl represents
liberation of the Soul from Darkness

and ascent into the Light. One
who is struck by lightning will
ascend to the Celestial Realms...

✓

Fairy tales would give us a path
to trace thru the iron hills

(the lights
of the gas station at dusk emanate
from a dread archon
somewhere near the galaxy's
center...)

or at least point a finger
toward meanings elusive
& terrible
but somehow
necessary to carry
forth into the sea's froth.

Dear Sir,

I have gone toward the grave
& austere structures
of the process philosophers
to waken some limb
of the numb universe within me.

I think we belong truly
in 2nd millennium Alexandria
listening on the docks
while Ammonius Saccas
expounds on the Soul's

ascent back thru the planets
toward *henosis*
with the Nameless Pleroma...

I think your book wise & ancient,
line taut
with hidden signature
& gnostic grammar.

(the city at night
in the rain proposes
some several paths
thru its infernal configurations,
a mathematic grown monstrous,
divorced from the force of the flower...)

Let us set our heads afire
with the smoke of sacred plants
while the Serpent coils 'round the Polestar

& feel the earth beneath our sandal.

VI

O animal sun
telegram locusts
enter backlit cities
& caught lines of drum
prowl thickets. 3 totems
between the ghost eyelid
flawed of nerve
tell us prehistoric rain
exists in menstrual invocations –
bird in jaw
I write notes
of fierce light
because trees whisper
the revealed distance
to old stars
smuggled into a rabbit-dusk
that fables itself...
O animal sun when
the west swallows you up I greet
the night of the veil storm boreal sister void paw glimpse message
while a rising moon scrapes speech
from the body's backroads
& brings the sea thru terrified films

VII

Hayagriva
horse-headed dancer & Lord of Wrath
spinning furiously
in the North of Mind
wicked deity
we beseech you we who
dance widdershins round a fire at dusk
(*THANATOS* is the singing crystal
within the skull
EROS the light
the crystal refracts...)
here is the fang of a vegetable music –
nighttime's vale
medulla's meridian warring against
the Enemy via folk magick & geomancy
ritual bath of the capricious muse
in smoking ghost-lakes of Agarttha
I summon the Summoner
the summer which flowers
in luminous crashings
another scripted body circa the moon
is woven with ponderous informations
& angelic instances lead outward
to a single source that finds
a common earth within
the dance of structure
as light circulates thru feral gateways.
We who wake into
the transformations thus

fevered with the signatures
become the process
of waking. We who wake into
the Becoming. We who
see...