

The Diamond Rosary

Songs of a Madman Drunk on the Void.

Griffin Suess

Dedication

*For the unconditional freedom,
Which is the fruit of practice.*

*For the re-enchantment of life,
Which is its corollary.*

Benediction

I bless you,
O' reader.

These poems strung together
Like a mala made of jewels,

May you be blessed to see
and to live the beatific vision

spoken of in these poems:
Here, this day.

A note

Reading my work,
I suppose that I don't really know the difference
between prose and poetry.

But I also suppose that for there to really be any difference,
There would need to be phenomena.
Which there aren't.

I reserve the right to contradict myself.

I am not obliged, to anyone whatsoever, to be cohesive.

Take nothing as true, phenomena are Art.

a song waiting

there's a song here...
waiting.

there's a breath here...
before.

there isn't anything
how do I know?

Like a world
built by my own hand

grasping, grasping
let it go, nothing left

that nothing,
that not even nothing,

no grasping,
no world

that nothing
is everything

everything doesn't exist
empty mirage

so all appearances
are sacred

their nature
nirvana

a song
a breath
a nothing
a theophany.

mind unbound

All phenomena
Their nature primordially pure.

They are themselves Nirvana.
Unarisen
Unborn
Neither past, future, nor now.

Everything shines with pure sanctity.

Totally free from "is" and "is not"
Unbound from the shackles of "existant" and "empty".

Beyond even the freedom of the unborn,
and even beyond the perfect bliss of all phenomena as Nirvana:

Done away with characteristics.
Soaring, unshackled -
Totally Released,
In the perfect freedom beyond all training

A Mind Unbound

It does not land
It does not cast forth
Towards any object

No contact,
No subject,
No object.

without grasping
It abides nowhere
devoid of tendency or habit

Neither appearing
Nor nonappearing
Beyond perception and cessation

Neither time nor not-time.
Abandoning now and not-now

Thus unbound,
Thus free,
This life's goal has been fulfilled.

Unmade

The words written in the solitude of the wilderness
Are a refuge
A balm to aching hearts
Like water in the desert

A world of sorrow
Pierced through like arrow's shot
The striking blade of insight
Cuts through the very fabric of the world

Slicing through the warp and weave,
Beyond,
To endless Unfathomable
Where neither freedom nor sorrow reigns

Unmade.

How can it be,
That the Beyond can be found
Solely in the wilderness' blessed peace?
Yes, God *only* exists in solitude.

Otherwise, there is only the din of the worldly
Their unending cries of noise and greed and hate.
Unbuild the world,
One finds the Beyond.

Begone worldlings,
This place is for conquerors.
Those who shed the defilement of Now.
And recognize their true face:

Unmade.

This world, a magician's trick,
A dream, an illusion

-totally without characteristics-

Having no nature,
Its nature:

Unmade.

to retreat, go

When your soul calls you to go to retreat:
Do.

Never will your life tidily square up,
Enough money for the ravenous mouths

The demon debt-hoarders satisfied
The world and its “once-more” finally sated.

Renunciation is the path.
Walk. Away.

There is no easy path to God.
You must cleave apart the cosmos.

Will you do so with the complacent comfort
of a child in mother’s embrace?

To find the Deathless
is to find yourself.

But before you find the Deathless,
You must live as yourself.

When your soul calls for retreat, I extort you:
Renounce *ALL* else.

There may be those
Whose life is comfort.

Yet the sages of the past,
Did not abide in luxury

But rather,
in the embrace of the wilderness.

Become a child of the forest,
Of desert and mountain,

Of river and stream
Go.

This world
Is not stable.

It is a burning bridge.
Careening over a precipice,
Under which yell greedily for your death
Demon hordes of flesh-eaters.

Everything you have worked your life for
Struggled and strived and sacrificed for
Can be taken in a moment.
It will, inescapably, be taken.

There is, here, no security.
No refuge.

There is,
A true refuge.

A refuge beyond the world.
Where time is naught-
There,
No appearances arise,
There is no existence,
And no ceasing.

That is refuge.

And that refuge,
once known,
once breathed:

Is all phenomena.

This burning bridge of the world and life,
Is itself the perfect refuge of unending bliss.

Thus knowing,
thus experiencing
Thus *living*,
Having Gone to Bliss:

One arises in the world, unarisen
One appears, void of appearance
One's very nature is Perfect Bliss
I and the whole world are The Deathless.

love drunk

I'm sitting here,
Love drunk

Writing poems to God
Smatterings of a drunkard's blasphemy

Everything is God
There is no such thing as God

I'm burning the scriptures
And on that fire, I'm cooking my lunch

Because my lunch,
Is the very face of God.

Tell me, what is good or bad anymore?
I'm so drunk on Bliss

All phenomena have one taste
Unborn, Unarisen, There's nothing here- No one here

This world is all illusory bliss,
Like a dream of magical self-pleasure

There's no time,
No here,
No world,
No consequences-

I'm just making love to The Deathless
Because there's no such thing as me or The Deathless!

Ten Thousand Buddhas

Ten thousand Buddhas

All an empty illusion

Neither arising nor ceasing, but joyously dancing in my heart

Where phenomena cease-

There all ways of speaking cease as well

Dancing, playing, reinvigorating, spinning again the wheel of samsara!

Samsara?! Ha, empty!

No, this dance of perception, this creation of a world: divine, sacred.

Destroyed is samsara, eradicated in the attainment of wisdom.

Anew, I build a world of sacred, magical, illusory perceptions!

Here, all gods and goddesses dance around me, they tend to me lovingly- this "me" gossamer thin, illusory: a theophany unto emptiness.

Not two things are illusion and sacredness, sacredness and illusion.

This dream of mine is utterly transfigured in divinity, attained to theosis- not just I, but all things along with me.

Time is empty, without characteristics, this sacred illusory world is itself final nirvana.

To busy myself with the attainment of buddhahood betrays the belief that time is real or that things can happen.

Without arising and ceasing, sacred buddhahood is everywhere, divine and empty, samsara is already emptied and all sentient beings already saved.

The cosmogenesis of this infinite sacredness and beauty - here, this Buddha mind.

A bow from the heart.

Unborn

Unborn! Not Appearing!

Want to see a magic trick?
Name me something that's real!
You can't.

See, I've just made the dukkha of the six realms disappear,
And I've saved all sentient beings.
You're welcome.

Wandering in the world,
The Ocean of Death
Stuck, trapped, sorrow-
affliction, loss, scarcity, threat, starvation-

Ah, how I miss the bliss of Mountain Solitude,
I yearn for, I might die for, the Lover's Kiss of the Unfabricated
The Holy Silence where I can destroy the Universe-

Rebuild it anew-
The Sacred "There's Nothing"
That saved my soul and healed the cosmos

Liberating the Three Times spontaneously
Without affliction,
without arising, existing, or ceasing

When I read the poems,
From when I sat on the mountain,
Legs folded in the padmasana
Erect and alert,
Abiding in Non-abiding
Dwelling where there is no Here
Appearing, without appearances, when there is no Now-

These poems drip of a beauty,
A beauty whose memory stings like an arrow pulled from my heart

So intense is my hatred of the worldly demands, noise, and accursed bother:

I want to scream

So intense my loss at having been stripped of that blessed wilderness solitude:
I need to cry

So great my happiness, to have even held, for an instant
The Bliss of No Moments,

Like remembering a Lover,
Who was perfect,
I must have her anew.

That is how I feel from these poems,
Like my whole life depends on returning to blessed, eternal solitude.
My very Will to Live hangs in the balance.

Give me Solitude or Give me Death.

Give me the Deathless.
The Unconditioned, the Unfabricated!

Let me know that all appearances are that-
Let me *live this gnosis*: dualism, ignorance, reification, and all such afflictions
Are themselves The Unborn.

God's storytelling

And how?

How is it that there is no arising, no world,
yet I still dance in this poetry?

Oh galaxy, you are so vast,
I feel so small, just a dot, a speck-

The scope and grandeur of your theatre,
O Lord, how big is this stage?

There is nothing here,
this insubstantial, utterly vast stage
for you to enact your poetry,
 your storytelling,
 your theatre.

This whole world is the storytelling of God.
It's all valuable, beautiful, important
- Beloved.

Beloved to my soul and the soul of God.

What they call defilement, or purity,
sacredness, or mundanity,
wisdom, or delusion,
bliss, or suffering-

All of it, precious, holy,
They are parts of My Storytelling.

This world is my crafting, my art.

Every part, a prop,
a literary device,
part of the story.

no detail overlooked or ignored.
Nothing is unimportant, nothing out of place.

There's nothing that "shouldn't be here".

it's all part of the story, you see?

It's part of the drama,
it's part of what makes this good art!
It's part of what makes this story engaging.

The whole cosmos is theatre.

We are telling this story for it's own sake.
None of it is "real", but it's ever so real to us!
Ever so meaningful, important, lovely - dare I say, entertaining?

this story is sacrament.

Beyond real and unreal, but present now,
this story, woven from Soul,
from nothingness and everythingness,
from the Mind and Heart of God Himself:

this story and every infinitesimely small detail is perfect.
Perfect in its art.

It's not about what happens.
Results in a story are secondary to the art!
Results aren't even real in a story.

What matters is the art, the soul, the beauty.
What matters is the storytelling.

I'm Making

I'm making this world
Every moment
I'm putting it together,
Piece by piece.

I learned to pull it apart,
Not to build the cosmos,
I withdraw my participation,
The whole Universe ceases without a trace:

“House builder, you are seen!
You will not build a house again.
All your rafters are broken,
the ridgepole dismantled,

immersed in dismantling,
the mind has attained the end of craving.”

But!

Just one consideration,
A moment of your time, just one thing!

That which, through my non-building, ceases without a trace,
Must therefore,
Be Empty.

It is dependently originated,
It has no inherent existence.

We're in agreement, thus far?

Being empty, it has no characteristics,
In order to have characteristics,
Something would have to exist.

How can a ball have the characteristic of being blue,
If there is no ball?

Therefore, characteristics require existence.
All phenomena, being devoid of inherent existence,
Being empty, being dependently originated,
Are therefore without characteristics.

Including, therefore, that they are without the characteristics of being empty
Or dependently originated,
Or without inherent existence.

This also, however, means that they are without the Three Characteristics
Phenomena are not anicca, dukkha, nor anatta-

Meaning that any orientation in practice or life
Which moves away from appearances and towards Nirvana
Would betray ignorance, delusion, and reification

Nirvana, Cessation, The Deathless, too is without characteristics,
Such as Here, Now, Arising, Ceasing, Dukkha, etc.

Phenomena, therefore, are identical with Nirvana,
because of their lack of characteristics.

Thusly, because all phenomena are built
Constructed,
Made by my own hand,
Shaped and fabricated

I, thus fabricating, but utterly free from any dichotomy betwixt Nirvana and Appearance
And freed from any hierarchy of sacredness or reality therebetween
Build empty appearances, which are themselves Nirvana
Into Sacred Illusions.

Having seen the Unborn,
And having recognized the empty nature of phenomena:

Life becomes Art.

All appearances, void, yet, fabricating, building these illusory worlds,
Made of nothing, without substance or existence,
Yet appearing,
This world, this life, is nothing other than Theatre.

Thus seeing, My Life is Art.

My Life is Art

My life,
Is Art.
Where the only Audience is me and God.

Not for Love of Neighbor,
Nor for Love of the Remote,
But solely for God,
This Art, this performance, this music, this dance.

I am a performing artist,
And I make this Life my Art

My Poetry, Drama, Craft, and Story,

-God's Poetry, Drama, Craft, and Story.

So many create Art for their contemporaries,
A few make Art for those who come after,

I make Art for He who never arose, exists, nor ceases.

May I be a great actor, oh Lord, in your play,
May I play my part well in your Illusion Drama,
Your Art is all I care for.

That at the end, you shall smile at me and say:
"well played, well performed, O Lover, you've played your part well",

Thus I shall die happy, and return to you,
whom I always was, and naught else ever was.

Having thus made Art for my own Sake, for my Own Entertainment,
For I am He Who Was, And Is, And Will Be,
And this is all my story, my Art, my drama.

And my Lovers, my devotees, the ones I truly love,

Are those who would Die for my Art,

Who play their part well,
An Actor upon the Stage,
A Servant unto Art.

May I be a living work of art.
That is my highest, my only, aspiration.

Retreat as Vision Quest

This is some kind of Love Song,
A requiem of longing and desire
For the blessed, sacred wilderness.

Not just out in nature, on a trail or a dirt road,
Gorgeous as that is,
But I mean the wild. Where humans do not go.

Where, alone in the solitude of nature,
You can genuinely sense no human has come here
in a very, very long time.

This place doesn't feel like thoughts,
Or imaginations, or human rumination
There, there is no human energy

Places have energy, and humans
When they go on a trail,
You can feel the thoughts and feelings

Often if I am off-trail in the wilderness,
I can actually feel the trail as I get close to it
And especially so when I get on it

Because I can feel all the thinking,
All the energy of rumination and thoughts
The cycling over and over, the endless churning of the mind

All of that stops off the trail,
Blessed, silent,
On Lands Where No One Has Thought

Go there, on silent land, a quest of sorts.
A vision quest of another name,
For not a vision of appearances are you, yogin, striving for

Useless for you are visions and signs,

Seek the Signless

The direct, experiential vision of The Beyond.

Seek the vision of dependent origination

The gnosis of the illusory nature of all

Appearance and Nirvana

relieved of the heavy burden of realism

Break the generational curse of imputing existence to phenomena

That has plagued all beings since time immemorial.

This is your vision quest, yogin

Attain the Unborn, and know the emptiness of appearances

Until, with certainty,

The Deathless and this Sacred, Pure, Illusory World arise as one taste.

prose about characters

It has become somewhat in vogue to admit, as if it were somehow insightful or clever, that the characters in one's fiction are not real. They say it as if were to impress you with how blunt, how matter-of-fact, how edgy and different and non-conformist they are.

I suppose the first time someone did it, it might have been quite novel, quite "ooh!", but now it seems like this worn out parlour trick that the want-to-be-bourgeoisie employ, as but another tact to signal their specialness, as if pulled lazily, in rote repetition from a tool belt.

It's old. And it's dumb. Obviously your fictional characters are not real. Duh.

But what would be far more interesting, I'd say, is if someone actually could extrapolate the deep insight from it. Namely, one interacts with these characters, appreciates them, can feel oneself impacted, changed, even witnessed and understood by them, *despite* their unreality. In short, their unreality does not mean that they are inconsequential. The hero's actions still matter, their virtue and struggle and whatever other literary devices that are used are still important *to my soul*, despite them being utterly illusory, dream-like.

This is important. People assume that the unreality of things means they are unimportant, as if they can be written off.

But, reality or not, Odysseus has been, in human history, far more important than the average person. Most people live and die, and barely leave a mark on the human tapestry. Yet, Odysseus, though he never was, is, nor will be, has left his mark, indeliably, upon humanity.

So, reality status, a thing's ontology, does *not* reflect in it's importance or unimportance. A thing can *matter* deeply, yet still be totally phantasmal.

This is good news, because, as it turns out, your entire life is an illusory dream where nothing actually exists.

But, the good news is, it still matters! It still has importance and meaning, despite the fact that it is fictional.

I would find those parlour-bourgeoisie authors more entertaining and insightful if they might recognize that, actually, yes, these characters have no truth. But neither do any phenomena. Actually, literary characters have the same ontology as every other phenomena. Fabricated by the mind, illusory, unreal. And therefore, when they say "my characters aren't real", although true, it betrays great ignorance, because usually wrapped up in that statement is "and this world *is*".

Having seen the depths of dependent origination, one recognizes, nothing, nothing whatsoever, has any reality status. Nothing is ascribed ontological realism. Having arrived there, one could actually say "well, yes, my characters *are* real, or at least, exactly as real this table here, or anything else."

Because, in fact, they are. All phenomena, form, consciousness, time, perception - are totally and utterly empty. They do not exist, they do not arise, they do not cease. There is no

world, nor phenomena, no liberation, nor dukkha.

It is all a dream. Illusory. It is theatre.

And thus, whether we are talking about the illusory character of *you*, or the illusory character of a novel, we arrive at the same conclusion:

They do not exist, yet their illusory appearance still holds consequence, still holds meaning, still holds depth and preciousness and value.

Because the world and all appearances are Art, they are theatre and stage for the fabrication of illusory beauty.

Just like a manuscript.

words of love and mirth

Better to read the poetry of the wise,
The words of love and mirth,
Sorrow and bleak,
Texture and tone,
Singing of insight and awakening,
Carving Art-
Lead to Gold.

Art is Salvation, I tell you.

I cannot play but a fine instrument,
One which resounds
At the subtlest caress

Her tangled locks
Her body alight with my touch,

How can I call you lover,
If you won't let this pleasure
Ravage you with rapturous ecstasy-

'Till you are all lost,
Annihilated in love-bliss?

I love like nothing else,
The refined.

Knowing awareness itself to be an illusion,
To say nothing of all phenomena therein,

I, myself, have created time, self, and world:

For my play.

Speech is wearisome, except with an Artist.

Those who I call Artists are the ones who, realizing this to be a dream,

Paint Life as Art upon the illusory dream-canvas of perception.

Perform their illusory theatre, upon the empty stage of the cosmos,
Dance their Illusion-Dance, for the sake of Void Art,
To the music of the Unborn.

Love is not a game for waiters,
Love demands her violent Now,

With breasts bared and tangled locks,
Self-reflection she has not.

She wants her moment's bliss,
And in a world of illusions,

- There's nothing else. -

For a lover, alone an artist will suffice,
No other may satisfy,
My heart to see and taste, to love and worship:
Art.

Living Art.

Because all I want to do is worship Beauty,
And Story, and Art, and Poetry

Art is the salvation of the world,
Without Her, the world is drab and dying
But Her sacred breath infuses life with Enchantment.

So,
Do not shackle my love
With the demonic bonds of realism.
Nothing has any reality,
There is no truth.

So let me love,
Let that be my highest good.
Let me love as magically and poetically as possible,
Let me be unbound from realism.

The only enlightenment that means anything to me anymore

Is to be the living refraction of my Daimon,
To be a living work of Art.

A moment's touch

A moment's touch,
Her caress -
Lilts o'er my skin,

My whole cosmos,
Instantly,
Becomes ecstasy.

A moan, of freedom and love
Enjoyment and Buddhahood
Love is Bliss, Freedom is Bliss

The rapturous Art of Lovers
Tells everything you need:

What's it like to be a song-bird,
Singing in Heaven?

She'll show you how.

by fireside

I sit by fireside and write poems
As if lonely
I feel they don't speak the language of my soul

Can anyone hear
The poems of a yogi?
Done away with the cosmos,
And most of all,
Done away with dispassion-

A devotee, -
Unto Art.

For all is Sacred Void Theatre-

This dream, a canvas-

And, like that, my dream is poetry.

My music understands me,
A lover faithful, ever, is she.

So rare,
Making diamonds commonplace,
Are those who can hear my soul,
Who can tune to the key of
Empty Void Art,
And sing me Sa Re Ga,
Of fabricated worlds of illusory beauty.

The weak ask questions, and cannot fathom responses,
Even devoid of crypticism as they be.

No matter how plain,
Never plain enough,
For a simpleton.

The reed song shows you more of the quality of my mind,
Than your philosophical extrapolations.

Those whose singing is stifled,
Cannot Lust deeply enough-
To become Buddhas.

I feel like an eagle.
Everyone wants to see me, even grasp me.
But who can soar with me?

My music understands me,
I love her more.

They cannot hear my words.
They cannot even taste my songs.

But they love my work, yet these are side dishes.
You are loving what is merely an after-effect of a Lover's Buddhahood.
Beautiful, they are, necessary, they are, soulful, too, they are-

But you have not seen my mind!

A few, they are a little better, they request the path.
They wish for samadhi, for wisdom,

But theirs is not the blessed inheritance of Passion.
Their souls are not given over in Art and Eros,

They cannot hear a Lover's Awakening.
They cannot see what is more,

They cannot Love.
They are too dry.

Lovemaking is not a dry Art.

And Awakening is nothing other than Lovemaking.

If you want to know what it tastes like,
Up here on the mountain peak of Lover's Freedom,
Where the reed song sings,
Taste her deeply,

The sensuous caress,

-There's nothing here-

A rose pressed to lips,
Her kiss feeds you,
And Sacred Lust,
Holy Fire, Eros unshackled,
Free from all realism,

-There is no Now-

I'm dancing,
A song of Cosmic Sacredness,
I built this whole thing,
Like Lovers and Music,
My Desire is My God,

-Come Dance with me-

I'm writing love poems to God,
That's what Buddhahood is,
Actually.
My perception, empty and void,
Is nothing but Lovesong after Lovesong.

-I carve her, ever Sacred-

The price of this dance is your life,

First you need years,
Heal your soul,
Strengthen your mind,
All samadhi must be yours,
And the deepest insight.

Have you seen the ending of time?
Have you known the jhana,
A thousand times,
Tasted her a million different ways?

More important:
Can you yearn?

Can you Lust?

Can you desire with your full being?
Totally unshackled, unchained-

Precisely because there is nothing here,
Therefore, Love Fully!
Desire Fully!
No holding back!
Wild reckless abandon!

Consequences are just another delusion!

Can you love like that?

When you can,
Then you are ready to begin this Dance.

Maybe then, you might understand these words of my soul.

How much I hope that you might,
And another may dance with me,
And soar with me,
Here on the Mountain Peak of Lover's Awakening.

All of this is appearing,
Like void paintings
On silhouettes of lust,

It is nothing.

Not even nothing.
Can you find it like that?

And a million other ways?

Her shape, in the moonlight,
The silk drapes and frames:
My Holy Lust has Ikon,
Image for my Love,

This whole cosmos,
Is my Lover.

I built her, wholesale,
From yearning.

My Lust precedes the cosmos,
And time,
And consciousness,

And all of this is void,
Like a nothing
Of rapturous Beauty.

Her shape, in the moonlight,
Like Sacred Lust that never dies,
Because there is no time,
No birth
No death
No Now.

a love affair

I am having a love affair
With the Unfabricated, Unborn nature of mind.

All appearances are foreplay,
The delightful game of void, magical caresses
Appearing before empty, divine eyes
Fabricated, wholesale

There is nothing here,
All appearances are Her, my Lover,
And this void-dance,
Appearances,
Are some strange perfection,
Theophany.

She loves me into being,
As I too, appearance,
Love her into being.

Yet in this,
Neither I nor Her,
Have either Being nor Non-Being

Yet Loved, wholesale, from Void-Nothing

And appearance of me,
Who is Her,
Loving Her,
Seeking Her,
Devoted to Her,
In Sacred, Life-Long Mystic Love Affair.

My Life is Art,
Consistent act of Devotion,
Continual, Sacred Communion of Lovers

With Her.

I want you to understand,

That "Transcendent Beyond" and "me" are all just Theatre.
And this Theatre of the Unborn,
Has no stage,
No audience,
And no Now.

And both Appearances, and their Cessation,
Are just props in the story,

for Good Art.

This utterly beyond all beyondness,
And the complex philosophy like an idiot's blathering,

Nirvana,

The transcendent Unborn
Just as me, appearance in this Sacred Love Art,
Have the same nature.

Nirvana, the Beloved
and Appearances, the Lover,
fabricated together,
from Void-nothing-emptiness

All fabricated, empty
Both "Beyond" and "self"
For Love, for Good Art.

Divine Theatre

Which is my Lover, my Beloved,
Who loves this empty-appearance,
and my very loving,
Seeking, yearning, knowing,
Thusly, She too, is Loved,
All appearances and Nirvana are both beyond being and becoming.

All appearances are just innocent Bystanders in this rapturous, ecstatic love affair with the Unborn.

What if I told you

What if I told you
That all is void?

Would you rejoice?
Would you dance and sing?

Unless you would,
You don't understand those words.

When one understands,
Then one jumps for joy,

Ravaged with beauty,
Twirling in rapturous, Unborn freedom.

Ecstasy
is the very nature of this knowledge,

Every moment
is instantly sacred void-bliss

And time,
- Illusory -

Is Not.

All phenomena have no nature.
Having no nature,
They are themselves Nirvana,

Final, absolute relinquishment.

Where all appearances cease,
Likewise all characteristics cease.
Cease?

By their emptiness, appearances never were.

Empty, thus having no characteristics,
Appearances
Are themselves the cessation of all appearances.

The nature of this knowledge is freedom.

It is bliss and joy.

If you have seen this,

Then you,
Actor,
Void as you are,
Blissful as is this majestic theatre,

Dance, Actor, Dance!

Void-Rain

Can you hear the Void Rain sing?
Her songs of sorrow and lament?
The grief of Soul,
What more have I to live for?!

Having realized the freedom which is sorrowless,
Which up 'till now had been my reason to live-
What more must I live for,
what more do I long to, need to, and yearn to live for?

If the drive and the lust to live goes out,
Then I am dead already,

A walking-
Sitting-
Shitting-
Corpse.

Sorrowless I may be, for Void is all perception.
But Lustless shall I be too?
What a horrible sorrow.

No, I must Lust and Yearn for something anew,
Another goal,
Higher, farther must I reach,
Farther than any before,

Past where there is even space to reach,
Into uncharted, directionless beyonds,
Where there is not even directions,
such as towards or away, further or closer,

There must I reach,
must I yearn, lust, and desire
evermore, ever anew,

In fact, my joy, my aliveness,
my brightness, my happiness,

was all from having something to strive for,
A need, a goal out ahead to live for!

With nothing to yearn for,
with nowhere higher to ascend,
Then I am left purposeless,
Thus I must build myself higher ascents to scale.

From atop the highest mountain,
I must build that mountain even higher,
if only so I will have something more to scale.
And having scaled it, again, I must build it higher.

Eternally.

For with nothing to Lust for,
then whence comes my joy, my desire, my brightness?

I must ever yearn for a Beyond,
and having attained her,
I must build another, further, farther, higher,

That I may strive for her too.

Letting my eternal longing be ever renewed

Every moment

Every moment, every perception,
Every slightest appearance,
Infinite beauty, if only the mind,
Fine-tuned to love
Perfectly poised to appreciate the sancity.

Once, like reified delusion,
they taught me to appreciate "what is"
I smashed that idol,
With axe and hammer, sword and cane,
Broken to bits is the lie of "what is"-

Now, soulful worlds of eternal beauty I fabricate and carve,
Woven, wholesale, from soul and mind,
Void of existence,
Yet, Appearing: Theophanic Beauty.
Utterly Divine, No Truth.

But one thing of value was lost with that idol,
I go back now, and pick it up with gratitude,
The gem that adorned the crown of that delusory idol-
however much the idol needed destruction,
It is worth saving,

This gem,
The mind, the mode of attention,
To details, to specifics,
Attentive to the qualities of the fabricated,
Appreciating the appearance as precious,

Just save me from the idiocy of calling it real,
But, yes, your love, your worship
That I affirm.
Worship the details,
Precious, empty, void

Fabrications,
like music soaring through empty space-

Cosmoi,
like Illusory Beauty,

For a moment's bliss,
A fabrication for Sacred Love,

This is all Art and Beauty.
Thus, I worship.

8-1-4-1-8-1-4

I just want to write poetry
And play music,

All is Art.
Time is void,
There's nothing here.

Abiding in non-abiding,
There's nothing to say about practice,
Except Bliss.

When reification ceases, all appearances cease,

Even as the magical display dances before illusory eyes,
It never was and never is,

So how could one speak of liberation,
When there wasn't a single thing from the beginning-

Not that there was a beginning.

So, I'm just an artist,
but I'm not much interested
in the dolts who profess themselves to be profound.

They all tell you about their awareness,
or their god, or their whatever-the-fuck-else.
Which is all stupid play pretend,

Just like time and space,
Void and unarisen.

This Dharma is Ultimateless.

An enlightened Buddha,
performing virtuoso improvisation with the cosmos and perception,

Like a little kid riding a bike:
Check it out, no grasping!

abiding in nonabiding

I am abiding in non-abiding
Appearing in non-appearing
Arising in non-arising
Void silhouettes of Empty Beauty.

Though illusion,
I am
Eternal,
 Unfabricated,
 Holy.

Love

Love

Is not supposed to make sense.

And anyone with insight knows,
That anything which makes sense,
Simply has not been analyzed deeply.

Because all the house-of-cards logic and cosmology of philosophers,
Falls apart,
-shattered-

Rapturously, ecstatically penetrated,
Beyond Real and Unreal,
By magnificent Void-Wisdom.

And what's left,
But a drunkard's ecstasy?

Void-bliss,
Utterly beyond knowing-

Your words are broken by this Gnosis,
Held down and passionately made love to,
Until they can never appear,

And all that remains is the Awakened mind,
Content, ecstatic, and thoroughly well-fucked
by Perfect, Liberating Gnosis.

there is no world

There is no world
Or time
Dukkha
Nor end of dukkha

Just drinking from this illusory goblet
While I daydream the ten thousand things
I'm making this shit up as I go
The whole cosmos is improv theatre

There wasn't a world there till I made it up
Like two sheaves of wheat
Leaning on each other
When one falls they both fall

My imagining this world
Its appearing
A house-of-cards
Barely held together by clinging

before time and death

There's a song here,
Waiting-
Before the birth of time and death

Before the wailing children of agony
Made their noise
And ever continue

A song that sings of freedom
It sounds like a laugh
Like a child

Flapping his arms like a bird
Letting her hair loose in the wind
Dancing up the mountain

Without the burdens of the worldly,
And their money and fear.
Money is just units of fear.

Without the grind
The anxiety
The never-enough

This song is joyful and free
Sacred
And primordial

It is the Garden of Eden
It is the happiness and freedom
Before the question "what next?"

The belief in a future,
A next moment,
Or even a present,

When that's gone,
Totally
Gone...

Empty,
Unelaborated,
Freedom.

on a hill

On a hill,
I chat with a scholar
She is convinced:
without 4 hours of continuous sitting,
One doesn't have access concentration

I'm not so concerned,
Because everything is God

I'm abiding in a realm of Bliss
The whole universe is the Unfabricated.

My very breath is the Unborn
Manifest in illusory Appearances.

The whole cosmos is Empty, Void, Unarisen
And I am the Immortal, Undying, Unfabricated.

There is no world and no phenomena
So there is no hours
No time
No samadhi
No attainment

Maybe my Jhanas aren't real by her standards
Maybe they're not good enough

But they were good enough to get me here
To where there is no Here
No Now
No World
And most of all, No Dukkha.

a polemic question in prose

We have concocted a strange game
One which rewards entirely a kind of greedy materialism
Where the entire orientation towards life is one of collecting money
The entirety of the societal religion, meaning the pervasive dialectic which forms the entire world view and way of existing of the majority,
Is one built around a kind of meaningless gain
A game, quite literally
And if you play that game well, you are lauded, rewarded, with riches and luxury etc, etc
And again and again, those who do, find themselves utterly impoverished. How?
Impoverished in terms of existential worth. Impoverished in the realm of meaning.

Because this game, this constant rendezvous with collecting and getting and grasping doesn't actually touch on the *value* of human life. One can very well play the game of money, car, house, worldly bullshit - but, I mean, at the *what-ought-to-be-obvious level*, this is fundamentally unsatisfying because the nature of those things is to be lost. You literally cannot keep those things, impermanence, that whole spiel.

But more than that, more interestingly than that, those things don't touch upon, don't resonate with the *value* of human life. They have no dimensionality.

They, quite simply, aren't Art.

They are, at the most generous valuation, very bad art. But I would say they are not even Art in the first place.

And this, not a thing's reality status, but its art status, I would say, is the true determinant of its meaning.

A thing can very well not exist whatsoever yet still have meaning. Case in point: everything which has meaning.

But to be meaningful, to have resonance with the soul in a way that actually causes them to be *worthwhile*, they must be Art.

Impermanence and the unavailability of loss considered, the real question at the centre of human life is ***what is worthwhile?***

What is worthwhile? Not just what will make money, what will get me a house, a car, a whatever, etc. I am not condemning those things. They are nice, they are wonderful, they can be meaningful. But *why?*

You're going to lose everything you have. Everything you gain, everything you work for.

Einmal ist keinmal, once is never. What is the meaningfulness of doing and gaining all of that, having those things, when you will lose them and lose everything, and, at that point, it will be just the same as if you had never had them at all.

Is your entire life really so relativized that you can accept it as basically a meaningless ploy

to be as comfortable as you can for an exceedingly short period of time, the duration of your human existence?

Can that be called life?

Or is that a pale shadow of humanity? Is that the life of a hamster, but not of humanity?

One's life *must* be with meaning, or else, it is not even life.

All perception is void, there is nothing here, no past. No Now. No Future.

Thus knowing, how will you fabricate and shape this perception of a dream world *into* meaning, into Art, into a worthwhile life.

Into something that is worth more than a meaningless pursuit of ephemeral comfort.

Are you going to strain and struggle and work your whole life, just to eat and survive?

What was the point after all? You will end up dead.

Wouldn't you have been better off, since you were just working to survive, without any meaningful purpose and no transcendent dimensionality to it, to have just blown your brains out from the start?

You would have at least saved yourself the turmoil, the stress, and a lot of effort.

This is the problem with a societal religion, a cult, poised entirely around a meaningless game of acquisition, survival, and necessity. It is, entirely, a zero sum game. You cannot, if you would deem yourself any kind of being worthy of respect, acknowledge that fact, that this acquisitive survival is a zero sum game, and then shrug your shoulders, and go back to doing it anyway.

It demands, if you would even consider yourself to be human, that you should *do something about it*. That you should struggle, rather than with a job you don't like to pay your bills and struggling against the voice of your own soul in a thoreuvian quiet desperation, but that you should struggle against that societal delusion for the goal of a meaningful life.

If you are going to participate in this illusory-life drama, at least struggle for a meaningful life, against the hordes of complacent meaninglessness.

You have seen, if you have looked, that those who succeed in that game are *miserable*. There is no salvation, no safety, and no satisfaction there, despite their promises.

But if you should struggle for meaning, for purpose, for art, for a life of freedom and depth and beauty and soul,

Then, even if you should fail,

Starved and homeless

Your life will have been meaningful. Will have had value, will have been art.

It will have a value and depth and purpose that is such that, even though it is gone with the wind, it resonates unto eternity as something of purpose. You will have lived well, and thus living, you will die well.

In all of this, let there come to the fore the thread of value and purpose, depth and transcendence. Let them become more and more clear, that they, that virtue and ideals shape the texture of human life into something of art.

This whole cosmos is void. There is nothing, the entirety is Art.
A show, a game, a play,

For *good* Art.

And if your work, your life, your part that you play, that you devote your time and energy and life to is not fulfilling that purpose of art,
Is it not, therefore obvious, that the result shall be a hollow shell of a person?

Deprived of purpose and meaning, deprived of their aliveness and soul?

Isn't that the entire jist and function of post-industrial-revolution education systems? To break the spirit into a conforming worker, not interested in such transcendent ideals, but only interested in their financial benefit, in a bottom line, dragged through desperation, out of the realm of beauty and meaning in life, into a realm of desperate struggle to survive, where you'll do anything to make enough money to pay rent, including murdering beauty on the altar of industry?

And if you, in this dream, could feel content at the end of your dream, having spent your dream doing so, - well, we both know that you could not. So then, let it be clear, the price of a life spent for profit is misery, is a sacrifice, a stifling, a murder of the soul.

Will you pay that price?

Or will you shape and build your life around ideals and purpose and meaning, without your subconscious in the background duping you into just doing what you must to survive in a materialist bid for basic necessity, at the threats of a society that says "work or die"

Will you actually have the courage and profound discipline and clarity of mind to build and spend a life devoted to something more meaningful, more beautiful, more transcendent - and thus, more human?

feelings

I wouldn't trust my feelings. They're not a very good guide. I am grieving the loss of someone who, in a lot of ways, sabotaged me and my basic safety over and over. Why do I even feel that emotion? It really makes no sense. I don't want to be with such a person, it definitely won't be advantageous to me and my well-being. If anything, I ought to feel anger towards them, if that might motivate me to do something punitive that would prevent them from continuing to try to destroy my life out of their spite.

Because they're hurt that I've left them, they go out of their way to try to destroy my life. What a terrible sort of person, why would I grieve that?

But still I feel that way.

Why would you trust your feelings?

Do you feel that life is real and you exist? Most people do. Another untrustworthy feeling.

I have heard some women tell me that women are driven by feelings. I think that is stupid. It is a very self-limiting belief. It's like if you said that humans are driven by ignorance. Generally, it is true, but it doesn't mean that one must be driven by ignorance. Likewise, humans, regardless of gender, may generally be driven by their feelings, but it doesn't mean that is their drive. They're not bound to that. They can choose a different, better guide through this Life-Art than something so utterly unreliable.

It's kind of like hiring a drunkard and an idiot to be your guide across the Atlantic Ocean. That's a difficult voyage, you really need a skilled, intelligent, bright and preferably sober guide to navigate it successfully.

Same with life, to navigate it well, you'd really be better served to have a good guide.

Something not so blatantly insane as your feelings.

There are those...

There are those who are responsible shepherds of a flock.
They tend to disciples and students.
They host sitting groups.
They deal with the ups and downs and politics of teaching the dharma.
They deal with people who show up, and the people who don't,
and they endure and soldier past all the trials and difficulties,
The criticisms,
The constant demands of their time and energy
Answering the same questions and explaining the same nuances time and time again.
And they are like good parents.

And then...
Then there are those of us
The fools-for-christ
The holy madmen
I really don't want any responsibility
At all
Time is empty, and so are consequences

The laughing sage
Free
Up on the mountain

Flapping his arms like the wings of a bird
In the holy twilight between this world and madness
The liminal bardo 'twixt truth and experience

Not through dementia or daemonia,
But through insight
Through profound seeing

He's not possessed like a shaman or a tribal,
He's just seen reality deeply enough
That he actually is the *only* sane person around.

Because if you REALLY understood that this was a dream, why would you take it seriously?
And dress the way they want you to, and talk the way you should, and play the part and be a
good so-and-so? WHY? There's nothing here.

How can you be a good part of the edifice, even if it is a wholesome edifice like a monastery
or whatever-the-hell the insight tradition is,

When it's all void?

How am I going to play your silly games
of hierarchies and authority and position and *seniority*

-Yeah, that's for sure, you're all seniors...
A bunch of old farts-

How am I going to play that game, and pretend to take you seriously for your house of
cards ego

"I'm the teacher"

AHAHAHAHA

There's no such thing as Now, idiot,
how are you going to extrapolate self, other, role, teacher, teaching, etc, etc?!?!

No, to be the holy madmen, to be the blessed fool, is actually what it looks like to be sane
If you've seen reality

The reality of no realism whatsoever

I step out

I step out
Onto silent lands

High in the mountains
There's no one else here

It is cold
The grass shocked frozen

The frost has made of the earth
A marble of diamond-hardness

She's not yielding or soft here.
Not now.

This is a place for practice.

A place that turns humans into buddhas.

A place that shatters realism.

I love it here, so deeply. It is finally quiet, away from the din of people and their constant rush of more, more, more.

Here, I don't have much. I have my 30 year-old van. She's my friend. She has plenty of mechanical issues. There are gaps in the siding that let the bitter cold into my living space. Outside, the cold air and the sunrise, the sound of chirping morning birds.

The smell of frost, pines, snow.

I cook inside the van with a propane stove. Once a week I go into town for food.

I don't do anything here but practice.

I'm here to attain awakening.

There is a sign that hangs above my meditation cushion. My altar.

"I will attain final enlightenment in this very life."

It is my guiding star, my goal out ahead. It means everything to me, even if what that looks like isn't fully defined. It's a heading.

It's why I am here, alone, in the mountains, snow and ice for months on end.

It's why I've said goodbye to lover after lover.

It's why I have lost my home, my family, my stability, my everything.

It's why I wake. It's why I breathe.

"Philosophy, as I have so far understood and lived it, means living voluntarily among ice and high mountains"

I agree with Freidrich very well, here.

The land is forests of pine, public lands. I can stay for two weeks at a time, legally. But rangers never come here. I have been here for at least a month.

It is snowing outside. It would seem beautiful, and it is, but that it signals I will not be able to get food this week.

The van has two wheel drive. And here on these icy mountain roads, this means I am stuck.

I run out of food, I try to drive out, the van slides, and almost veers off the road into a huge ditch.

I am here, stuck. Practicing.

It is okay, this is not the first time.

The snow will melt. Probably.

If not, I will walk to town, it's about 20 miles...

So I wait, practicing well, cooking the snow for water to drink.
Eating whatever small amount I have left, rationing it,

gambling with the sun for when he will melt the snow for me to get food.

... And day by day, it does.
About a week later, I can drive out.
With some rock salt and good luck, I get myself unstuck.
I get to town, buy my food,

And immediately, I come right back.

To practice.
On sacred, solitary snow-mountain.

hello crow

Hello crow.
Good morning

There is a crow on the tree
And he looks at me, and cocks his head
He sees me on the computer, writing a book
It must seem strange to him
His job is less... head-y than mine

To him, life is just being a crow
There's no generations to come
And profound teachings to transmit for the sake of all beings
There's no necessity
No years of striving and training

No knowledge gained and hard won to now share with those of the world
That they might too know this joy and training

For him
It is just natural
Just being a crow

Should I make a hierarchy?
I'm standing at the precipice of a hierarchy of beings-
Aristotle?
Or Zhaozhou?

Who's better? Who is higher?
The thinker?
Or the one who is just a crow?

Maybe my being a thinker is just being a thinker.
Maybe it is my nature.

Maybe the crow's seeing me as strange, and all this writing, is just nature taking its course.
And void is all perception and time.

the religion of life and wild love

In the mad house of those
who believe that getting rid of certain emotional experiences and desires
is awakening,

There are many casualties.
Not just the people who go mad.

Twitching and clenching
As they have a religion which oppresses their very souls gagged down their throat,
Having been told if they don't recite "more, more" they're ignorant.

Their own souls are yearning to fly and sing in beauty,
But the Saturnine religion of death insists that life is for dying,

It seethes through its blackened teeth that aliveness is a plague,
And that desire, libido, the very force of life and beauty and sexuality itself,
Is something to despise.

I reject that religion!
I worship Life.

Libido, aliveness. Drama, lust, and poetry.

To Feel, yes, *give* me pleasure and pain-
Wildness, music and art-

Violence, and ferocity,
Yes! Give me more!

These are my Gods.

Truly,
I have no place in a temple of dispassion.

My Goddess is Beauty,
And I worship at her sacred, glorious feet,

There, in the stillness of Night,
having renounced the cult of dispassion
and laid waste to the religion of those who are afraid to truly LIVE

I make worship and love for *my* Gods:
The Gods of passion and beauty, of eros and power and magic. Of reckless, wild love.

I worship my Gods,
I play them music,
they play through me.

In the night when all the rest sleep,
I worship loudly, wildly, - passion - ferocity - power.

And as I worship, and I offer them the holy sacrifice of my "YES!",
-my YES to Life,
to lust, to the sacred illusory art and drama of being alive!-

As I Burn at the altar of my gods,
as my flesh is charred in the fire of their passion

I give my soul to the Gods of My Soul,
to Beauty, Enchantment, Magic, Poetry,
To Music, Art, Passion, Eros, Love.

Would you willingly lose everything?
Will you denounce the demons of certainty and dispassion

and loudly proclaim, with perfect abandon,
your conversion to the religion of wild, reckless Beauty?

Would you sacrifice all this life for but a drop of this perfect, Divine Love?
Would you burn up your damnable shackles that fetter your Fire and Eros?

Would you die for this love?

When you want with that wild abandon,

when you hate all things
which might offer belonging or safety at the expense of your wildness and eros,

when you will immolate yourself and,

in short, give up everything for yearning,

for passion, for want of my love, then I will embrace you.

My love is a fickle love.

Not for those who will not willingly immolate themselves with complete abandon.

My fickle love quickly leaves them,

and looks for one who loves as I do:

with wild abandon.

These worldlings who belong not to Love always want to wait,

They stand at the gates of the Temple-

They prattle on to the God about how they need more time.

Love is not an altar for waiters, Love is an Altar for Those who Burn.

When you will burn yourself,

lay waste to your self, self-immolating, self-annihilating,

for the God of Love,

then and only then, are you welcome to our Worship,

to our Mystic Sanctum, to our Secret Dance of Divine Lovers.

This is a Temple for Lovers, Lovers who will annihilate themselves for love.

A "not yet" is anathema to the wild abandon of God's Love.

This love demands to be met in its wildness, it will not settle.

A curse upon moderation!

Come to me in my Grove of Wildness only if you love with reckless abandon.

When you come without hesitation, reservations, uncertainty,

without even the capacity to hold yourself back-

Then, only then, tell me you want to make love to my God.

When you would gladly take your own life to satisfy the gods, then come to me.

Until then, you belong to the earth.

I despise all holding back, all moderation, all "practicality".

Practicality is the work of the devil.

Beauty is my Goddess.

For her, sacrifice everything, wish to be immolated and annihilated in Her Love,
in Her Beauty.

What I care for is Art,
Good art does not hold back!

on retreat

Days and weeks pass like rain
Here on the island of perfect salvation
There's really nothing more that anyone could ever want

sunrise dappled over the range

I yearn again for my mountain solitude.
For sunrise over the range,
Dappled through clouds and dripping through valleys.

Where one day is a thousand aeons,
And time passes, like there's no such thing.

Because there isn't.

Where the void-bliss wafts from the smoke of my cooking breakfast,
Where the bitter cold outside greets me when I collect firewood,
As the tantalizing breath of the dakini warms my soul when I re-enter my sacred hut.

Where perception is pure,
Where the Jhanās and Unbinding are ever my companion,
And there's no arising,
 existing,
 or ceasing.

At all.

This hermitage, perched on the mountain,
Far from the world and its matters of "grave import",
Here, we know what truly matters,

"Martha, Martha,
Thou art troubled about many things,
But one thing is needful."

Let me tell you about the woman I love

Let me tell you about someone who I love
and who I long for every day of my life,
only excepting when I am in her embrace.

Her name is Solitude.

She smells like the morning wind through a pine forest, she feels like the cold air as you
rouse yourself
to spend the day exerting yourself to Buddhahood,
she sounds like silence. Blessed, diamond-like silence.

Her kisses are the subtlest, softest, most yielding and loving -
they are the Deathless.

I love her more than any person in this world. I love her more.
She is my beloved.
And to be apart from her, rends my very heart.

building you who builds worlds

The world is a song
Singing time and space,
A weave,
Out of nothingness.

Not even anything here,
And appearances like flash cards,
Still-frames,
Again and again.

Why do I lust and Love?
What a heartless question-
How could you?

-

You are these flash cards!
If you existed apart from the show,
You might consider yourself
"Aloof witness"

But void as is witness,
How dare you?

This love-play,
Illusion,
Theatre,
That made you.

The building of illusory appearances
Is the building of the you,
Who must love this theatre play,
Who builds the entire show.

Your duty is love and worship,
The world is theatre,
You are character.
How can you but love?

"Play your part well, Actor."

the world loves me into being, and I her

There's a sunrise
In waiting
Not yet born
Not yet loved

How can you come into this world,
Oh day,
Unless I should greet you?
And name you?

What a crime, that you should go unnammed,
Born, but not loved,
Not held and treated dear.

“without grasping or love,
there would be nothing here at all,
it would all just dissolve”

I am loving this world into being

An intimacy deeper than intimacy,
A participation deeper than participation.
My very loving of this cosmos into being
Loves *me* into existence

I too am built through this loving
I and world are built together
Mutually created
Through this devoted love-affair

I love the cosmos into being,
And it, through the love of duality,
Loves me into being.
Co-fabricated, co-built.

This world needs my love,
Without my loving it,
It cannot come into being
It struggles for existence, *needing* my love

Welcome to the world, dearest.
Your birth, my joy,
I hold you, adore you
And I name you

Today.

the sacrament of love and pain

There is nothing here,
No time, nor world,

No "now", nor "God".
A broken heart, a fallen flower

Like sacraments of pain
Scribbled in sorrow.

Beautiful tears.
Drenched in the rain,

What was sand becomes clay.
Days pass, and everything is lies.

All is void,
Naught but a moment's bliss.

I much prefer the sycophants and bard-seducers,
Those who are wise enough

To lie without conscience,
And love with wild abandon.

Love is a fragile little lie.

Whether an evening,
Or years -
A moment,
Or a marriage,
Or a lifetime:

Fickle, fleeting,
It's nature: deceit.

Love freely,
love is a drunkard's game.

When you expect a moment's decency from a drunkard,
You've set yourself up for disappointment.

The most vicious liars in this game,
Are the ones who promise happily ever after,

Who make grandiose fanfare about their faithfulness,
And demand your promise of evermore.

I love that saintly demon who said "The only difference between an affair and life-long
love, is that the affair lasts a little longer."

There is much wisdom that lingers in those words,
And I tell you, it is far better to be an enchanting liar,
Than to be like those conservatively entrenched fools, demanding this and that.

I much prefer, and trust much better,
The pretty little liars,
The seducers,

Who at least have the decency and honesty to admit,
This is all a game,
And only for a moment's bliss.

That's all you are, for them,
Is a moment's entertainment,
And I greatly prefer their honesty

The honesty of sycophants and bard-seducers,
They know the game of lovers,

And can promise you their undying love,
In a moment.

And, God bless them,
That their undying love lasts only for a moment.

This, above all else, is their saintly honesty.
In this, they become so much more trustworthy
Than the fools who pretend they will love forever.

I much prefer their seductive lies,
than the begrudging contracts of those who are weak in playing the dance of lovers.

There's so much more that is trustworthy
In a liar who will tell you anything,

Than the naive harmfulness,
Of the one who promises you their love in good faith.

With them, through their saintly honesty,
Willing to tell you that "all is lies",
They save you from much betrayal,

Through their thorough-going seductive lies,
They tell a truth that is far deeper:

That all is void,
So all is merely theatre,
For bliss,
For a moment's rapture.

Like this, I find them profound, honest, saintly.

It's all a lie,
so I vastly prefer those who can lie well enough,
That a moment's rapture,
 the bliss of lovers,
 may be savoured:

As theatre,
As Art,
As Sacrament.

this beautiful sadness

This beautiful sadness
That falls on my life like rain
I don't know anyone.
But more, they don't know me.

Show me one woman,
Who understands my soul,
Who speaks poems,
And sings soul through silent forests.

If you want an orgasm
More than to see God everyday,
I don't think your priorities are straight.
My whole body is alive with orgasm:

As God.

When you find soul,
And the illusion is Sacred.
Write me poems,
Brew medicine with me.

Sit with me,
Say you love me,
Play the music,
That swoons even angels.

Then, the lovemaking is eternal,
It never dies,
Because its nature:
Is Unborn.

There are hundreds of ways to kneel and kiss the ground.

Khandro's love song

You hear me.

My soul sings Empty Vajra Songs of Divine Quiescence-
All appearance is Void-
All appearance is Nirvana-

And you, Khandro, how effortlessly you harmonize!
You already know my songs!
Where did you learn them?!

Did the sublime Buddha-mind,
the revealer of sacred treasures
who gave me these songs,
give them to you too?

You resonate with me in the Vajra Choir of the Empty Magical Display-

I had forgotten,
Forgotten what it feels like to see and be seen.

My teacher,
he told me that the reason his teacher passed the teachings to him
is because he was the only one who could see him.
Could see him with the eyes of what matters most,

The eyes that saw who he truly was,

Empty, illusory,

Theophanic.

Void-appearance.

Appearing, yet not existing, on the empty stage of perception,
an actor in the illusory play of appearances.

And he said, I, of all his students, saw him this way.

My love,
You see me this way, I feel it.

When we dance, I feel your mind,
resonating with mine in the empty nature of appearances.

Our dance as Empty Art,
Our love as Empty Beauty.

Yes, void is all perceiving-
Therefore I build miraculous, illusory, theophanic worlds-

An actor am I, upon the stage of empty perception-
And, finally, here comes an actress-

Someone who can make Art with me.

One who understands-
This dream of perception and world
is stage for the fabrication of, the dreaming of
Illusory Art.

My love,
My Dakini.

well played, o lord

When I believed, when I did not believe
When I gloried you and denounced you,
All of this, you, you played that part through me.

Your Drama, your Art, your Lover's Dance.
Mmm, how you love me so artistically,
such story you tell, and so well told.

Well played, O Lord, well played.

Play through me forevermore,
play through me as long as you wish, for You Alone are,
and I love to be Your instrument,

My sole yearning is that you may play your part through me.

Whether it be agony or joy,
Bliss or grief, love or hate
You Alone write these parts and play them through me.

Play through me, O Lord, O Lover.
For you alone are.
And all acts and all games and all plays are your dance.

All of the parts I have played
All of the roles I have fulfilled,
What good Art.

once a goal, now only beauty and love-art

I used to have a goal.

now, accomplished, what is my goal?

What am I living for?

I don't care to convert you.

Why am I still here?

One who loved like me,

who wanted the goal like I did and who would give everything,
I would love him or her and raise him up,
and help them attain it.

But few indeed love like that.

Now all is poetry and enchantment, my life is Art, Beauty, Magic.

What joy I would know to have a lover who could love like me,
who could see this sacred beauty,
and who could live for Love.

Her do I wish to Love.

You speak to me as if you have not yet accomplished the goal.

Lover, I have accomplished my goal, finished the task,
accomplished the sacred feat for which I left all.
Now, what have I for goals?

What have I to yearn for?

All that matters now is Beauty,

All that matters now is Good Art.

Lover, when you feel the same, come love with me.

But if your goal is not reached

if you have not attained the completion, the perfection -
while you still have something you strive for
something that you *will to* accomplish,

go, do that.

Lover, when All is Art, I live for Beauty, I live for Love.

While you still live for your goal,
as once I nobly did, live for it fully.
Once accomplished, and you sit victorious, and perhaps a bit confused,

the sacred "now what?" of the awakened,

then, *then!* come give your whole soul to Art and Loving,
for Beauty alone can provide a purpose and reason to continue,
once the Sakyan's goal is realized.

Lover, I don't belong to a cloistered life.

I am going to play, to frolic, a Lover's Heart, have I.
To adventure, to taste, to live,
Having accomplished the Beyond,

I go to dance the world of the senses, of image and desire. *yes!* I live for Art.

Dearest, if you want to get love-drunk,
There's no one who can beat me in a drinking contest.

In the forest where the thrushes sing

Quoth she
“My Love,
Won't you meet me in the forest,
Where the thrushes sing

Where we shall bathe naked in the waters, and be warmed in the sunlight.
Where we shall be wed by the Saytyrs,
And where we shall have evergreens for our wedding rings.

And where we shall dance around the fire
Under the full moon

My love,
Won't you meet me in the forest,
Where the thrushes sing

My love,
Won't you stay with me in this enchanted life another day?”

And I
“My dear. I do not know if I can bear it,
I do not know if my soul could bear to say goodbye to this
if another day in this paradise we live”

“then perhaps we shall never say goodbye to it, my love”
and she kisses me.

a saint, a devil

Do you know that for as much as I am a saint,
I am also a bit of a devil?
After all, I am He Who Made All That Is.

I should rather like that at the end of your life,
you will think that I am the most virtuous man you've ever met,
and also the most incorrigible liar, wastrel, thief, and wanderer you've ever met.

Time and space are not real,
And yet I live.
One of these must be untrue,
They cannot both be.

Therefore, my, your, everything's very existence is a lie.
I consider it a great honour to be called a liar, for the greatest Liar is God.
The Lie of Existence and Being.
To be a Liar is to be one who is alive.

Time and space are not real,
And yet I live,
passionately so, violently so, unstopably so-
Yes, O Lord, let me Lie, just like you, the Poet's deceit, there is no truth,

Let me Lie the Cosmos into being,
as you, with you, O God!

evergreen in the desert

I feel like an evergreen in the desert
They don't know peace
But my golden soul
doesn't know anything that isn't peace.

Tried and tested,
The infinite-degree furnace
Is the only way
To melt away all the dross.

And once its gone,
You find out:
There is no dross,
Anywhere.

There never was
and never will be.
This vision is confusing
And utterly inexplicable

For those whose souls
Are not undying peace;
For those who stand
outside the sanctum.

bliss poem

This bliss-poem
Comes fully formed,
A gift, A Sacrament.

But refined,
Over days,
Like Symphonies.

A conversation,
Between Muse and Recipient,
A Sacred Communion.