

DHARMA POEMS: BOOK AND VIDEO

March 20, 2013

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Poetry for me has been a way to record my inner changes and experiences. I don't write poetry that often, but when I do it always is in response to some realization or other, something I am going through that finally becomes clear to me.

And I don't just try to "write a poem." I use poetry as a way of clarifying my experiences, as a way to lock my emerging realization into a form that can serve to bring to mind again and again the actual experience I am trying to understand. If I can capture the experience in a poem, I know that I have realized something or other about myself and my life.

And by carefully reciting the poem aloud to myself, by articulating each word with understanding, the idea the poem captures can live again and be present in the mind.

Whether others can read my poetry this way, whether the captured vision will be present in the minds of readers, I can't say. I only know it works for me and I write these poems for my own inner satisfaction. Nothing in this world is as satisfying to me than realization and a new poem.

That being said, I hope those who read the poems in this book may enjoy them too. Here are two poetry offers, one a book, and the second a recitation of some dharma poems. This book was published in 2010, but this second edition includes most of the poems I have written in the intervening years, and it is a free ebook here. Scroll down to find "Dharma Poems."

<http://astrologyland.com/e-books/Index.aspx>

For those who would like to hear me read some and also explain a little about what the poems are about can dare to listen to this video, which is just a trial balloon on my part.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fP5MZp0540o&feature=youtu.be>

PHOENIX

March 19, 2013

Personality,
Bright beauty of the night,
That terrible crystal,
Burning in the darkness,
At the very edge of time.

Watching,
In rapt fascination,
Fires,
Impossible to ignore,

Forever frozen,
On the face of age.

It is a dark light,
Indeed,
Funeral pyres,
Signifying nothing,
But impermanence.

This is a fire,
That does not warm.

-- March 19, 2013

[Note: I know, kind of a dark poem, but this whole idea of the personality and its attachments (the Self) is something I find amazing to behold, especially as I age. I write about it often. Also, I am struck that in our day-to-day life we gaze on these social bonfires (personalities), often unable to see beyond them to the soul within. It is like the deer in the headlights.]

IMAGINE WHAT I DON'T KNOW
March 18, 2013

Imagining what I don't know,
And I don't know,
I imagine what I don't know.

I know what I imagine,
Is what I don't know,
And what I know,
Is not what I imagined.

That much I know.

I can only imagine what I don't know.