



# Bright Times

THE EARLY POEMS

EDGAR L. OWEN

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# BRIGHT TIMES

The Early Poems

Edgar L. Owen

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To my secret muse

# PREFACE

I have printed up this small collection of my early poems not because of any illusions as regards their quality, which at best is uneven, but rather as a means of preserving some small fragments of the memories and mythos of my younger years. These poems mainly cover the period from my early adolescence in Tulsa, Oklahoma and Branson, Missouri, through my San Francisco and Japan days, up to my New York City days to about 2005 in Hopatcong, NJ. Many of the poems refer to persons and events that will be unknown to the reader, and for this reason I've included some brief explanatory notes following the poems.

It is my hope that there will be something in at least some of these poems that rings true in the reader's own mind, something that might open a link between like minds across the intervening years. And I hope the reader will approach these poems as windows onto past flashes of consciousness, looking not so much *at* them with their obvious imperfections, but rather *through* them back to the original living insights and experiences from which they were written, and which they attempt to preserve and evoke with these fragile, mysterious boxes of meaning called words. And perhaps there, briefly, the reader may find me looking back at him and smiling in recognition across the intervening years.

I would like to thank everyone who has helped make this book possible and encouraged me while working on it. Thanks to all of you for putting up with my unusual hermetic life style. And a special thank you to all my wild visitors, including the occasional human, and to the beauty and profundity of nature, which always inspires me with joy and meaning. Thanks to reality itself for continuously revealing itself in all its glory to those who will only look with opened eyes, and thanks most of all to my secret muse. Thank you, thank you! Thank you all!

And finally thanks to all those thinkers, scholars, scientists and visionaries throughout history without whose heroic efforts, genius and cumulative hard work this book could not have been written.

The author welcomes all comments and can be contacted at [EdgarLOwen@icloud.com](mailto:EdgarLOwen@icloud.com) or [Edgar@EdgarLOWen.com](mailto:Edgar@EdgarLOWen.com).

Hopatcong, 2018

# CONTENTS

<b>INTRODUCTION.....</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>THE POEMS.....</b>	<b>2</b>
READER, READER, OF THE FUTURE.....	2
ALONE IN THE MIDNIGHT ATTIC.....	2
PITTSBURG DAYS.....	3
FIRST POEM .....	4
FEBRUARY WINTER.....	5
MARCH CAME OUT LIKE A LION .....	6
THE COMBMAN .....	6
HA! HA! CHILD.....	7
LIKE A GROSS CARICATURE OF THE TROUBLED YOUTH.....	8
DON'T PISS IN MY STOOL.....	8
SPRING THAW.....	9
THE SUN COMES UP AND LIGHTS THE TREES.....	10
FOR WAYNE PADGETT.....	11
TU DAYS.....	12
VALPARAISO .....	13
SUMMER WARMWINDS.....	14
GOD'S FINGER'S ON THE TRIGGER.....	15
A CHILDHOOD VISION .....	16
WHERE IS SHE?.....	17
PEACH AND STORM.....	18
KANSAS REUNION.....	19
ALONE AT SUMMER BRANSON .....	20
IN MISSOURI FORESTS.....	21
"TIME IS A PERPETUAL PERISHING" .....	22
THE OPOSSUM.....	23
THE OLD GORILLA.....	23
JOE GRASSHOPPER .....	24
THE CREAMASTER REFLEX .....	24
IF WE WERE TO IMAGINE IN EVERY ANIMAL.....	25
SUBTLITIES OF YELLOW WATER LILIES .....	25
HIGH IN THE ATTIC .....	26
REVELATION - THE WRIT ON VELUM VEIL WITHDRAWN.....	27
THE 14th TIER.....	28
FOR DAVID BEARDEN.....	29
FOR MIKE RAY .....	29
IMAGINE THE VIRGIN AT ORGASM.....	30
THE RETURNED JESUS.....	31
IT SEEMS CRAZY.....	32
SUN'S MOODS .....	32
THEN .....	33

WAKING BESIDE A TEMPLE IN YOKOHAMA .....	34
RETURNING FROM IYA .....	35
HAIKU (MANY YEARS AFTER) .....	36
AUTUMN .....	36
ASIA IN THE RAIN.....	37
ALIGN YOUR ARCHETYPES WITH THE STARS .....	38
SIGHTINGS IN THE BACKWOODS OF ASIA .....	39
AFTER THE CHINESE I.....	40
AFTER THE CHINESE II .....	41
AFTER THE CHINESE III .....	42
A ROSE - YOUR SMILE AT ME .....	43
I HELD UP A PEAR .....	44
FOR MAUREEN.....	45
NEW YORK MORNING.....	46
WHEN I LOOK AT THE BLUE CUP.....	47
THE LITTLE SNAIL .....	47
ED IS ON   NO SIDE .....	48
CHILDREN PLAYING IN THE OTHER ROOM.....	49
WOKEN IN PAIN AND TERROR.....	49
I PULL MY HAIR TO CAUSE ME PAIN .....	50
DEPRESSION .....	51
FOR NINA .....	52
FOR YURIKO.....	53
IN PRAISE OF IRIS MARBLING .....	53
LIKE GOLDEN FISH MY DREAMS HAVE DIED .....	54
MY FATHER'S KINGDOM .....	55
FOR VINCENT .....	56
NURSERY RHYME .....	57
HAM OMELET .....	58
AROMA AND JULIET .....	58
TO THOSE WHO THINK IT UNSEEMLY STILL .....	59
<b>NOTES .....</b>	<b>60</b>



# INTRODUCTION

In my view poetry is very simple. It's simply the use of words to express poetic thoughts, feelings, and images. The form itself is irrelevant if it serves to convey the meaning. Thus, in contrast to the traditional view of poetry, it's the content that matters rather than the literary form that expresses it. So long as the poetic content comes through clearly without being hindered by the form it's true and good poetry.

Thus the mark of good poetry is the feeling, thought, or vision that's expressed rather than the form in which it's expressed. Of course the form must be adequate to express it, but it's the expression that's important rather than the form, which is simply a vessel to carry the contents, which are what's really important.

This is not to say that the form isn't important, it in itself can certainly be beautiful, but its main purpose is always to carry and express its content as clearly as possible.

And in my view the content should ideally be of the most profound nature possible. Expressing moments of enlightenment or realization of the deepest secrets of reality, either in profound realizations about the way the universe works, or flashes of consciousness above and beyond the ordinary, even if in ordinary events and situations.

This is what my poems have always attempted to achieve though of course with varying success. Anyway these poems are my recording of some of the most important flashes of conscious realizations I've had through the different periods of my life and I hope at least some of them flash out of the words to the reader.

So I ask the reader to give these poems the benefit of the doubt and try to peer *through* the words to the experiences they attempt to convey. But in any case these poems, few as they are, have been an important part of my life, and with my much more important scientific works, serve as a rather sparse record of who I was, how my consciousness viewed reality, and of my having existed at all.

Perhaps someone somewhere will finally appear, a kindred consciousness we can share.... so alien to most.

# THE POEMS

## READER, READER, OF THE FUTURE

Reader, reader, of the future  
Bend ye near and hear me mutter  
Through the mirror of this page  
We see clear each other's age

Raise ye then a glass to me  
As I raise now a glass to thee!  
And see me now as I see thee  
Peering through eternity...

## ALONE IN THE MIDNIGHT ATTIC

Alone in the midnight attic  
a baby sits

Through the black open window  
thunder rumbles the world

Suddenly window slams shut  
and in reflection's face  
I see myself seeing myself  
and in a flash I realize  
That I am me, and me is I

## PITTSBURG DAYS

I remember little  
The few outings out of the attic  
Down the steep stairs  
Past the barking dog  
Riding in the front of the trolley  
The conductor getting out  
With a big iron bar  
To switch the tracks

The slope of the park  
Other people, grass, trees  
Once a little girl came over  
And our mothers gave us  
A bath together  
In the claw foot tub  
She brought little bath toys  
I never knew existed

My mother dressing me up  
As a concert conductor  
I still have the picture  
My mother refusing to let me  
Get into bed with her  
When I was scared and crying  
The first day of nursery school  
When I first saw other children...

## FIRST POEM

Roll on, roll on – O’ sea of sound  
    Roll out the Western sky.  
Roll on, roll on – O’ sea resound  
    As storm ye prophesy.

Blow, blow – sweet and low  
    Wind of the Western sea.  
Blow, blow – cool and flow  
    Over forgotten three:

    The love I loved  
    But can love no more,  
    Myself  
    And the sounding sea.

Roll on, roll on – O’ sea of sound  
    Roll out the Western sky.  
Roll on, roll on – O’ sea resound  
    As storm ye prophesy.

## FEBRUARY WINTER

It is February winter  
and the lilac shrike  
has come silent as the color,  
hawking through the night.

For I have seen the winter sparrows  
that ate January flies  
hanging limp upon the thorns  
against the withered skies.

For the hawk's birds are never white  
else they would show where none were seen  
hunting counter eddies  
and purling lilac light.

## **MARCH CAME OUT LIKE A LION**

March came out like a lion  
and gamboled in the meadow with me  
and when it thundered and the sky fell  
from within his cave I watched the April showers  
and felt his kindly yellow eyes upon me from behind

## **THE COMBMAN**

One night asleep the Combman came,  
combed out my boyhood curls  
with dream big claws  
and left me mean,  
my hair as straight as reasons,  
and when I woke I had a rooster's tail.

## HA! HA! CHILD...

Ha! Ha! Child...  
don't be afraid of Death -  
    he's an old man  
with mouse-dust in his beard...  
and the world is bright  
    with Grecian light  
and Death's  
    a hundred miles away.

Death?  
Death's an old man  
    with mouse-dust in his beard;  
but the World is bright  
    with Angel light  
and Death's  
    a hundred miles away.

So look to do what time it is  
for the silver wind is blowing Now  
and love is here in woman,  
    and bids us welcome,  
and the finger moves upon the Tao.

## **LIKE A GROSS CARICATURE OF THE TROUBLED YOUTH**

Like a gross caricature of the troubled youth  
His smile still twists the same  
And his withered right shoulder  
Still hangs low from forty years ago.  
What has changed?  
Much, but the mind is bright  
With the consciousness of even this.

## **DON'T PISS IN MY STOOL**

Don't piss in my stool!  
Find yourself a tree.  
I've got mine  
now you get your  
own sweet territory.



## SPRING THAW

My backyard igloo is a mound of mud;  
Cold and bright pellucid pebbles,  
Skeletal leaves and rotting ice.  
Soon the sun will salt scent golden nymphets down  
And the glossy lemons gorge on thawing sap.

‘Spring’ is such a tritely connoted word;  
Not like lying over sprouting bamboo.  
I gild in the glowing god  
my beard is flecked with a yeasty brew.  
The fire of diamonds;  
Strange how the lingam darkens.

Old Geronimo once strode a spring like this  
My grandfather saw him once at Fort Sill,  
Army train taking him between prisons,  
The spirits of the pure are hard broken.  
My grandpa also strode that spring.

The late afternoon turns yellow and the sun,  
Collimated by Venetian blinds, ripples on my wall.  
That light touches the open book before me  
And, like Dracula touched by another or the same,  
It yellows, crumbles and was written long ago.

Drifting light, topaz arm; my tan Geronimo’s?  
The light’s last fading touches his tintype  
I watch; He looks. Time is an amber mirror.  
He holds his hunting pose but is betrayed  
By a hair’s slight quiver in the day’s last breath.

My lamp is yellow, my room fusty,  
My old book creaks.  
I write with brown ink on yellowed paper.

## THE SUN COMES UP AND LIGHTS THE TREES

The sun comes up and lights the trees  
and over the grass comes a gentle breeze.  
Last night there was only one unanswered question  
and I've forgotten that.  
As I gather whirlstones from this stream  
I remember the smile of an unfilled face of dream.  
Like opals in arroyos  
her eyes dry and she is dead.  
And now what tape shall the mind select?  
And now what tape shall the mind select?

Sweet breaths of words of springtime dawn  
when once again the creative appears  
in the depths of the receptive  
and floats toward the surface of the earth  
to burst in springtime dawn in flowers.

Wild with the outdoors again we made it well  
my love seen at orgasm in the clouds  
the sun expired a great line of birds  
flocking down over the far horizon hills.  
Later to be followed by the sun  
and chill winter whistles of poetry  
in a day we didn't die.

## FOR WAYNE PADGETT

When Big Wayne made the Joplin run  
I thought of 'Thunder Road'  
and his backwash in the hickories.

Oh he may have brought back whiskey,  
I was never sure,  
but laughing at the end  
He presented us with twisted wrists  
and bars of white chocolate.

Wayne worked a while with orange iron  
up in Oklahoma skies with Indians,  
a smiling man,  
and he could deal you any card in the deck.

He was always zipping off  
on unknown business.  
There were backroom phone calls  
and those mysterious visitors,  
like Titanic Thompson and the Chainman.

Wayne kept a .38 in the dresser drawer  
and two hounds in the backyard  
but he was a gentleman villain,  
one of a rare breed,  
and he had a pure heart too.  
He thought it fine somehow  
when his only son grew up poet  
and took over the Columbia Review.

## TU DAYS

What's old TU without Walt Stuermann?  
Electrocuted by his short-wave set.  
He spoke fine words, changed our lives,  
Now he ups and dies.  
And where's Bill Jobe and Voder,  
Pettypool and Walker?  
How did Lucille take it,  
And who broke the news to Grady?

Lyle Owen's still alive.  
Death won't catch him with his pants down.  
He hasn't missed a day of class in 30 years  
And proud of it!

## VALPARAISO

Outdoors,  
and sitting down to write  
with the wildness in my heart,  
mind full of restless images . . .

Odors,  
on the smooth belly of my visitor,  
bare to the waist,  
hair moist,  
her most graceful ways,  
O, how they wash away  
needless concrete and wires  
from my countrysides of thought.

New blooms,  
her tit tips rise  
over white mountains,  
red as the rosebud sun.

Here,  
in the cool rain forests  
    of the Chilean coast,  
there is an art to her disorder  
as she disrobes,  
pink tongue gliding  
the fuzzy cleft of apricot,  
tasting the summer rain  
on a familiar, long sought shore.

## SUMMER WARMWINDS

Halcyon days blowing by the viscous air,  
its smells and sights and doesn't now –  
Flowers food and rain dust scents –  
Gusting swallows in the evenings of forever  
and young girl giggles in the cooling,  
The early cooling of droning Piper days

Dusty leaves rattle the growing eternity  
and slow knowledge hums on to a day  
where there is nothing to do but nothing.  
And then lying in the tall undergrass  
Of tender moistly adolescent ashes

Ten shadowed feet to poppy pollened aether  
It hangs above the endless prairie fields  
of golden greengrass waves and tossing  
Yellowed black and crispsects wings aloft and  
chirring down to the billowing dress and petticoat  
O green season of firm fruit breasts and suns

Wet sweat the brown earth's deep  
Moist makeupless wading among along  
the green frog brooks and crawdad boys,  
small algaed fish and turtle snaps,  
warm mayfly evenings;  
so drowsy days the Summer . . .

## **GOD'S FINGER'S ON THE TRIGGER**

God's finger's on the trigger  
And flesh has fang and claw  
But I'm gonna be the winner  
Cause I'm fastest on the draw

I'm gonna keep on winning  
As long as I don't fall  
But when it's finally over  
Take me back to Arkansas

## A CHILDHOOD VISION

The world was bright with Heaven's light  
That childhood afternoon's delight  
A speckled bird of happiness swooped near  
And lightly fluttered in the air  
It held a straw within its beak  
That brought the fragrance of the wheat,  
Still floods my soul with memories sweet.

How that far moment now's somehow near  
Unfelt for years now new and clear  
So easily I leave my mind  
Meet lark's eye smiling into mine  
A sign divine -  
That God sees all through every eye  
Hears each sound through myriad ear  
Feels all love and feels all pain  
And laughs and laughs, and laughs again.

I pray this light shall not grow dark  
Shall not vanish like that lark  
That I shall see that God doth see  
Through all these eyes He looks at me!  
And beams His love and consciousness  
Regarding life, regarding death,  
Forever smiling immortal self.

So I let him look through my eyes too  
And watch the world as it's born anew  
And flood with joy and loving light  
Becoming one with all in sight.

(Amen Envoy)



## WHERE IS SHE?

Where is she?  
The fair lovely maiden the fairy tales foretold?  
The girl all my life I thought  
Would appear to me,  
Our eyes meeting with the knowledge  
Of our destiny.

Who is she?  
Did I pass her by  
On some crowded street  
Distracted by the moneychangers' glitter?  
Or did I weeping within four office walls  
Watch the Sun set again on Mammon's work  
While the fair child played among flowers  
Waiting for her lover who never came -  
Marrying at last an Italian stockbroker?

What is she?  
This anima that haunts me with perfection,  
This mirror of a path failed.

Here is she,  
Nestling warm within my breast  
Like the distilled essence of past lovers  
Filling each breath with love,  
The intimate channel of divinity.

She smiles at me through angel's eyes  
Caresses my flesh with the hand of its maker  
As the master potter treasures an old bowl  
She fills it brimming with bright life,  
Holds it to the sky in salutation  
And lifts it to her lips

And after the shards fall  
I'll rest again in her bosom  
Watching out angelic eyes  
Her hands move upon the shuttle. . .

## PEACH AND STORM

The cloud came riding on its own cool wind,  
Ending a solid week of sun,  
One vast black nimbostratus  
Saturate with distilled dew, sky hung.

Lightning lilted and the thunder threw down  
Thick sheets of drops of sparkling dew.  
Thunder fading and the wind too,  
The cloud receding shattered, black then blue.

Warm pools of water in the limestone steam,  
She steps barefoot in each small stream.  
Sun's faint light lets slight shadows fall  
On a blue black snake on the limestone wall.

The pink peaches ripened upon their stems  
Lie cool in the green grass, all of them.  
Past the hot hill on the horizon  
Lightning flickers soundless, salmon tinged.

## KANSAS REUNION

O your darling little pinkbreasts were turgid  
Under the sweater-rippling Kansas wildwinds

O the wind roared in your hair  
And the wind roared in the green wheat fields

O the musky fragrance of your body warm  
In the crushed fragrance of cool rainfields

Sparkling dewdrops  
Quivered on your tanshadow body

Earththick rivulets  
Surge your splashing thighs

Orgasming in the sunshine Susan  
Blackeyed and all

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## ALONE AT SUMMER BRANSON

There were days of brown sugar  
And the smell of sharpened pencils,  
When coming in at evening with  
The sun's sweat chilling in my hair  
I bathed in the blue haze of twilight  
And as I soaked the work ache out  
I made a song to the evening star  
And watched the nighthawks chase  
The last maroon beyond the far horizon.

My mistake was those nights  
Of kerosene lamp light  
And those dreams  
Before the empty fireplace:  
A sweet pipe, the summer wind,  
The dark bookcase  
And bananas from a wooden bowl.

The west wind –  
What perfume is this?  
Oleanders  
And the shifting of a woman's robes.

Lord! I saw them go, heard them wail,  
Those milky witch lights in the vale.

Had I gone farther than the wall's ambit,  
Followed my dim dog's bark,  
Axe handle in hand  
Followed to what far land  
Their sibilant whispers, their pale white guise,  
their lilting little lies . . .

## IN MISSOURI FORESTS

I am not ridden to my death  
nor do I dance their dance

\*

The ten thin fingers  
of the white lady  
cup a cup

of bird's egg blue.

Spooning the milk toast of my mother,  
yellow butter in the bowl,  
the bowl . . .

inverted

is the moon's milk pouring  
pooling where Rusalkas go-

inverted

is that child night ago

I climbed the wall where lollipops grow,  
saw the Rusalkas bathe in twos and threes  
under dark limbs with plastic leaves,  
saw their embrace – lord so cold!  
saw them bathe and dance – white gold.  
The swirling helices of hair – cold fire,  
smelt the apples of their desire.

\*

I am not ridden to my death,  
I do not join their dance.

## “TIME IS A PERPETUAL PERISHING”

-Whitehead

How many hieroglyphs - scratched in sand,  
speaking of forgotten gods and hard wrought wars,  
end by telling only time,  
drowned in the swamps where the deer have stepped  
and ensilted in the sands?

I have sought time under the moon  
                  in summer alleys  
I have followed him down the western trails,  
                  past the lazy flies  
Heard him pass whining  
                  along the desert wires.  
I have awaited time's coming in the caves,  
                  where all night long  
Stalactites were abuilding.

~

In the immense waters of the greedy river  
the clay tablets are melting like brown sugar.  
Dust returns to dust,  
and though I watch the waters past,  
the rain renews the river.

## THE OPOSSUM

In darkness under a lowering sky  
the Autumn wind sighs in the pines  
Once again we survive  
restless memories of Spring  
only the hungry are out  
and the hungry are few  
The wind pulls the long white hairs  
but gnarled fingers hold tight to gnarled staff

For a moment I and an opossum pass  
in his eyes the moon  
One hundred million billion deaths ago  
that Moon still shone

## THE OLD GORILLA

The old gorilla gazes up  
and through his hut's rough weave  
he sees - the cloudy sky  
as Mondrian saw it  
through his early trees.

## **JOE GRASSHOPPER**

Death  
like a great winged bird  
swooped near  
for one whose Karmic thread was bare.

Death cracked me in his beak  
Still the spirit poured free  
from the raw meat ripped up body  
that slowly lost its look of life and died  
in Joe Grasshopper's face and knowing eyes.

## **THE CREAMASTER REFLEX**

Well hung under his kilt  
Swing the heavy golden balls

He carries a load over snow  
He carries a load over snow!



## **IF WE WERE TO IMAGINE IN EVERY ANIMAL**

If we were to imagine in every animal  
a human soul crying in the animal way  
as wild birds in colloquy or hound's bay  
and the soul though all wise limited to this  
then we should know  
the exquisite bondage of the flesh  
itself beautiful though I would break away  
from this animal man I feel so good in  
to inhabit there the deer that flees  
and here the birds  
ascending summer's breeze.

## **SUBTLITIES OF YELLOW WATER LILIES**

Subtleties of yellow water lilies  
blend at the bend of the river  
in this early morning that a spider spans  
weaving out of herself the rainbow.  
Fire flashing in her web above the water  
In water droplets which each reflect  
Subtleties of yellow water lilies.  
Blending in the bend of the river

Later the day bourn breeze  
Sees spring warm in the meat of things  
And a slender blacksnake slips  
Cross creases in the limestone steps,  
Crumpled fossil-holding folds where time  
Dapples in the brightness of the day,  
The limestone wet and dry  
With sun - and spray.

## HIGH IN THE ATTIC

These few things that are  
exist silently under two bare bulbs  
the only sound is in my ears  
a steady ringing of celestial machinery  
as I sit looking on  
I have no hopes and no regrets  
my resignation is uniform and unending  
only one problem remains unsolved  
that of my two children.

In the window  
where blackness backs a mirror  
looms the abyss of nonexistence  
there a white moth flutters  
trying to get in

And though these things  
shine with their own inner light  
in a great and subtle splendor  
a darkness lurks there too  
as if the color of the world might peel off  
and die sticky on my fingers  
like the iridescent membranes  
of the snake I shot

So the slightest sound terrifies me  
is it God behind me holding his breath  
or a great soft spider on the boards?

## REVELATION - THE WRIT ON VELUM VEIL WITHDRAWN

My soul had been a diverse torch  
a buzzing light beneath the waves.  
There had been a limit to the light's reach  
a place where fishy eyes had all looked up.

In the thin wind of a winter's mescaline  
my old world tumbled with a roar  
to a bright reflection flashing  
from a ball bearing bouncing  
down Potrero hill and into the sparkling sea.

And the ancient ocean was black no more  
and the deep sea fish could see the shore.  
Great waves moved at the Moon's word  
the dolphins spoke and the Urschleim stirred.

Then the love-light beamed from both my eyes  
and the love-light filled up Earth and skies  
and an angel came to the human race  
as the light glimmered on a hairy face  
and the starbells tinkled out in space.

## THE 14th TIER

High in the Hanging Gardens  
tending the hemp  
he hears the windy slither of silk  
and turns his eyes to the King's daughter  
who is a pig and just as well  
for he dare not touch her  
So he casts his gaze far out over  
the sun baked land  
and sighs for he sees  
on three sides the mountains  
on the other the sea  
and that is all there is  
and he at the central peak  
tending the hemp

As he turns his old bones creak

## FOR DAVID BEARDEN

David, twin turned on  
babooning down those Frisco streets  
while I, shy lemur  
smiled in secret glee  
to see the archetype  
carnate in my friend.

David, have we not called upon  
our respective gods  
for light and strength,  
and have we not been answered  
by a cloud, an angel  
and certain whispers  
within the darkened theater.

## FOR MIKE RAY

Meaning seemed the edge of things  
as silver glints abound around a bay.  
I said, "The moon is three and a half seconds away."  
"The moon is a fat joke," said Mike Ray.

## IMAGINE THE VIRGIN AT ORGASM

Imagine the Virgin at orgasm  
Grunting in pure animal pleasure  
At enlightened god-child sliding out alive

Surely old Joseph was scandalized  
By those sexy angel's eyes  
As the slick white Christ was ushered in  
Rending his mother's hymen  
Sliding down that long tight tube  
From Heaven into Bethlehem

## THE RETURNED JESUS

The Universe is the one verse  
its music unites all rhythms  
turn it loose, take care of business.

This one world under the sky  
through which buses rumble  
and drunks curse,  
It's Heaven.  
Its dwellings are the houses  
of Heaven's inhabitants,  
the degenerate remnants  
of a once angelic race.

But deep enough inside the meat  
the immortals still murmur.

Sometimes when I'm high  
I alone am a god  
among a race alien to me,  
These crafty murderous man beasts  
who gaze at me on the streets  
seeking to pierce my disguise  
(old clothes and smiling lies).  
Were it not for the rapidly dissolving  
laws which bind their hate harshly,  
did I not dull my eyes,  
they'd leap upon me irrationally  
and have me crucified.

## **IT SEEMS CRAZY**

It seems crazy  
that I have named the world  
these words.  
Today's blue bursts in my eye.  
The sky! The sky!

## **SUN'S MOODS**

Sun's moods  
unlike the moon's  
trees prosper  
skies whisper  
water laps  
stone



## THEN

Then  
the music of the wind Tao  
growing pains of a strong heart  
step from unconscious closets  
of flesh and fuming desire  
I, wise cell colony, grew  
was the man who whistled,  
god of the wild birds  
gathered on his shoulders  
eyes opened as in dream  
part the lacy leaves of light  
red, blue and green  
sky's computer screen  
they see him smiling  
maximum peloria attained  
their songs around his fire  
in the earth's evolutionary history  
being more than I can bear  
seasons in which planets bloom  
and at morning  
in the Caribbean  
the genetic code is the gate to Heaven

## WAKING BESIDE A TEMPLE IN YOKOHAMA

... Ba boom ...

... Ba boom ...

... Ba boom ...

... Ba boom ...

a slow drum in the darkness ...  
wakes the sleeping Buddha ...  
with his own heartbeat ...

Welcome to Japan!

## RETURNING FROM IYA

As the car swerved towards the canyon's rim  
I found my hand upon the wheel  
as some men find it on a gun  
                                  too late to run  
                                  too late to say hello  
                                  with only time enough to kill

As the car swerved toward the canyon's rim  
I felt myself expand and rise  
so certain I was that I would die  
                                  above the car  
                                  I watched resigned  
                                  slow motion on the hill

As the car swerved towards the canyon's rim  
I found myself above myself  
Watching my life swerve towards its sudden end  
So bright and wide that mountainside!

As the car slid towards the empty air  
I found my hand upon the wheel  
Guiding like an angel towards my salvation  
So bright and wide that mountainside!

As the car teetered on the canyon rim  
Came the loudest silence I'll ever hear  
Where the thin bright ribbon of river ran  
Through bright wide stillness so far below  
Its sparkling motion so wondrous slow –  
Creeping towards the plain of Yoshino . . .

## **HAIKU (MANY YEARS AFTER)**

Many years after  
I read the news of your death  
in an old paper

## **AUTUMN**

In the breeze's lull  
a leaf falls

## ASIA IN THE RAIN

Even though my head hurts  
and we both shall surely die someday  
I want to tell you this:  
I sometimes imagine myself an Indian  
farting in muddy water -  
they bubble up offending no one  
and it seems to me as I watch the white  
fish meat drying over the fire  
that the Earth is mine and has been  
ever since my first ancestor  
held up that heavy club  
wet with consciousness and blood  
and smiled on Asia in the rain.

## ALIGN YOUR ARCHETYPES WITH THE STARS

Align your archetypes with the stars,  
Crack the door,  
Thunder Tao dawn –  
dumb with delight  
the sight sees me  
conveys me meaning mornings  
out of the black motherhole of history  
they bubble burst  
wet retinas inside out the world  
my heart beats  
breathe in and out the world,

Shall I lie in red warm death  
This well

## SIGHTINGS IN THE BACKWOODS OF ASIA

Sightings

in the backwoods of Asia –  
memories emerge from a hillside slit  
stream from the flowers' faces  
in backyards of Babylon

Here sits Shiva disguised as a whore  
on the razor's edge of now  
she weaves her music  
to a city in dream

After the growth up through darkness  
a star blazes in the eye's black pool  
migrating birds enter the reflection  
white eye meat fries on obsidian spheres

Ages later

Animals enter the bamboo forest  
a fine light clings to the golden culms  
a wind blows saying  
the Earth Tribe is only one

and Stars blaze in man-less sky

## AFTER THE CHINESE I

Unloosed the weight of my hair  
Must have pulled me down on your silken bed  
I remember politely making my excuses  
As you pulled the white jade pins

Though my heart beat like a trapped bird  
And my body burned like beach sand  
If you so much as entered the room  
I would never have revealed my feelings  
Being as I was a guest in your home

It must have been the weight of my hair  
That held me to your bed  
As you undid my robes  
And reached gently inside

In the garden the rosebud grew moist  
And bloomed against your skillful fingertips  
You taught me how to kiss the sweetness  
From the white lips of the honeysuckle  
My body lay beneath yours like burning beach sand  
And I bit my knees repeatedly

Somehow my necklace must have broken  
for pearls fell everywhere in the darkened bed



## AFTER THE CHINESE II

You brought me to your room  
I was sixteen  
And so shy I could not raise my head  
Yet my body ached against the silk  
As you gently undid the buttons  
And your hands excited me boundlessly  
As like a pair of puppies  
They shamelessly explored my nudity

Now you are gone  
And it must be my hands  
That explore my body  
I have taught them to climb the hills and valleys  
In your style and even to enter  
The sacred lake and the hidden cave  
Fluttering there like trapped butterflies

But when the throbbing fades  
The pale moon makes a phantom of my pillow  
O my lover I am afraid  
For even though you return through South Mountain  
I can't keep winter away much longer  
With this frail bedroom lantern

## AFTER THE CHINESE III

Your hands skillfully stroke out  
The tones of my passion  
I quiver deliciously  
And smell my fragrance helplessly come forth  
I am sweetest music beneath your fingers  
Like a flower opening my fragrance blooms  
Ashamed and proud of my nudity  
Hopelessly I burrow deeper into your bed  
But you follow my burning heat

Even though the darkness is total  
The thought of my white body blinds me  
Oh, I am melting!  
Press me down my lover  
So that much as I try I cannot escape

Time and time again  
The drake dives in the misty lake  
I cry out and my heels knock together  
Startled the drake explodes  
Splattering across the clear bright water  
Such sweet ripples of pleasure!

## A ROSE – YOUR SMILE AT ME

A rose – your smile at me,  
Swallows fly on your forehead,  
Your hair, shady one side,  
Sun on the other.  
Bend you like a willow  
And flutter your  
eyes,  
Like butterflies to flowers  
I approach you,  
Like smoke from wind you fly,  
Swirling round to look at me  
With eyes  
That mirror flowers

Those blooming petals of flesh  
- my homing

## **I HELD UP A PEAR**

I held up a pear,  
It purified the sky  
The sun began sucking up black clouds  
and suddenly -  
  transfigured by  
the radiance of nothing in particular,  
we came running all along  
pounding each other on the backbones.

## FOR MAUREEN

The dream passes through my mind –  
    nimble white horses rear and whinny  
Then turn and rumble away  
    The prairie is left empty  
    blue and wheat blowing

The dream passes through my mind –  
    like a long sustained birdsong  
Like life passes through the world  
    and you're outside and it's dawn  
    color in the fog again  
    rails of fences weather

Life passes through the world again –  
    sadly like a night without stars  
    inside my room the lamp blows out  
    Who am I? No answer but  
    getting into bed  
    I discover you

## NEW YORK MORNING

In the morning  
when the sun comes up  
like a toasted egg  
My sons rise too  
are twin  
uncrowned  
kings of song  
and mischief  
Then my belly opens  
and my chest swells  
with feelings of love  
natural and un-  
mediated  
And my wife's sighs  
are like elms  
in the morning stars,  
in the thin  
gentle wind

## WHEN I LOOK AT THE BLUE CUP

When I look at the blue cup  
full of hot coffee and compare  
the blue world of the evening rain  
or read the red maps of counterpane  
on my waking son's white arms  
I sense surely the mystery of what is  
and the lamplight on the coffee  
trembles with the thunder in the windows.

As Earth speaks  
I write this down.

## THE LITTLE SNAIL

Drops of spring rain  
fall on the tender leaves of my bonsai  
But how did this little snail  
make it to the 5<sup>th</sup> floor?

## ED IS ON | NO SIDE

In the mirror of myself  
I smile back at my reflection  
Smiling back at its reflection  
In the mirror of itself  
And together we'll reveal  
Which of us is real.

Am I looking at the sky  
Or the retina of my eye?  
Is the sky an eye  
Or is the eye a lie?  
And together we'll reveal  
Which of us is real.

Is the world within the mind  
Or the mind within the world?  
Is the world with out the mind  
Or the mind with out the world?  
And together we'll reveal  
Which of us is real.

If the real is in this rhyme  
And the rhyme is in the mind  
And the mind looks out the eye  
And in the eye's the sky  
And the mirror's in the sky  
Reflecting you and I  
Then where does real lie?  
Or does the real just lie?

In this poem lies the question  
But where's the answer lie?  
In reflection on reflection  
Within the sky within the I?  
From both sides of the mirror  
The title can't be clearer!

S ELF REFLECTIONS

OWEN NEWO  
OMEN NEMO



## CHILDREN PLAYING IN THE OTHER ROOM

Children playing in the other room  
disturbs my rest.  
I yell out to scold them  
Suddenly my voice sounds like an old man's.

## WOKEN IN PAIN AND TERROR

Woken!  
    In pain and terror  
I seem to see myself with tiger's eyes  
    Hamburger crushed in hand  
Returning the heifer's gaze  
    With horror,  
screaming some crazy lyric  
    to perfect and uncaring  
    angels

## I PULL MY HAIR TO CAUSE ME PAIN

I pull my hair to cause me pain  
I live again!  
I shut the door on an injured thumb,  
some may think me dumb,  
but I live in  
rather am but pain.  
Pain! Pain!  
Life is pain  
I feel my cells go down the drain  
and is it not  
in philosophic thought  
pain that I am,  
that glues my brain,  
for if cells separate  
there is pain  
pain holds me all to hell again  
Pain! Pain!  
I am again  
Flesh is pain  
breath is pain  
love is pain  
O life alive  
O world of real  
of feel  
of fuck!

## DEPRESSION

LUMPEN IS THE ONLY FRIEND  
AM I MORE THAN SHIRT?

WHY DOES MY BODY CRY  
WHEN I BEAT IT?  
WHY AM I ENTWINED TO YOU?  
I PLAY THESE GAMES  
I AM INSANE  
FASTER, FASTER, FASTER  
... Ahhh EASTER !

I'LL LOVE LUMPEN TILL THE END  
AM I MORE THAN DIRT?

## FOR NINA

Nina does her dancing  
    in a topless bar  
Where lines  
    of lunch-hour businessmen stare  
She steps out of her dress  
    like a night full of stars  
And blows their minds  
    with impossible dreams  
She's the child, the consort,  
    the sorcery queen  
She's all the women  
    they've never seen  
She wears a slave collar  
    but where's the chain?  
How could any man  
    do anything  
To please her now  
    or share her secret dreams?

## **FOR YURIKO**

We are mind,  
the wind flying through the mountains....  
Somewhere below the swirling mists  
where scaly claws of dragon pine clutch stone  
our bodies lie entwining

Lip to lip we mix the sparkling elixir...  
Together we join the immortals;  
We are mind,  
the wind flying through the mountains....

## **IN PRAISE OF IRIS MARBLING**

In olden days there did appear  
Radiant maid of beauty dear.  
In solitude she swiftly laid  
Swirling colors on the page.

## **LIKE GOLDEN FISH MY DREAMS HAVE DIED**

Like golden fish my dreams have died.

One by one in the rainy mornings

I lift them from the dark pool.

How bright death shines!

## MY FATHER'S KINGDOM

My father's kingdom  
Has turned to dust in my hands.  
First born,  
I labored in the sweat of my youth  
To make it fair and strong.  
Always the promise it would be mine,  
Fruit of my life's harsh labors.

But white haired madness struck him down,  
And in the darkness of his mind  
Those greedy men sowed lies  
That fed his foolish fears,  
Then stole it for a song,  
Casting him off in his infirmity  
To wither in mad oblivion.

Now those groves of sacred trees  
I nourished with my wasted youth  
Are shining gem of tyrant's kingdom,  
Forbidden to me  
Lest I come as a beggar.

## FOR VINCENT

- with apologies to Blake

Like mad Van Gogh this blazing sun  
paints hot the fields where hoppers hum,  
paints bold bright skies whence ravens come.

Vincent, Vincent, burning bright,  
in starry psychedelic night,  
O, brood bright gyres of blazing light!

How frame this fearful symmetry  
of poppy head and harvest dry,  
gainst beaks of raven darkened sky?

An Inner sun of sleepless madness  
burnt far too hot for mortal flesh,  
never the paint would let him rest.

Fearing the retinal sky would tear,  
reveal the Maker's savage glare,  
must always canvas of the mind repair.

A holy madness stilled at last  
only by soothing bullet's blast.....



## NURSERY RHYME

When hoot owl calls neath bale moon glow  
Then women will a witching go  
Dancing round their fires at night  
Brewing potions full of spite  
Of loves betrayed and empty wombs  
They'll curse the dead upon their tombs  
Weave spells against the living still  
Spit curse on curse all sure to kill  
Those happy children in their beds  
Who toss and turn their pretty heads  
And dream vile dreams of beasts of prey  
Whose glowing eyes have turned their way

Waking in terror the child discovers  
Worst of witches is his mother  
How awful smells the cooking pot  
Bubbling with he knows not what  
She turns towards him with toothy grin  
While roasts on spit his little friend  
She comes at him with carving knife  
Up quick he jumps and runs for life  
But out the door there's waiting coven  
Of cackling crones at least a dozen  
Who look his way and lick their lips  
Slurping on their fingertips  
They'll knock his brains out with a ladle  
And carve him on a picnic table  
Stuff him in a crusty pie  
And giggle while they watch him die

Waking in terror the boy discovers  
Best of witches is his mother  
She comes to him with open arms  
And smothers terror with her charms  
Dries his eyes upon her breasts  
And plants warm kisses on his chest  
And ever within her arms to stay  
She coos and hums his fears away  
Keeps warm and safe the whole night through  
Till scary sky turns happy blue  
Till hoot owl hides in yonder tree  
And witches sunny day must flee

## **HAM OMELET**

- with profound apologies to the Bard

To pee, or not to pee- that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the can to suffer  
The stinks and arrows of outrageous farting  
Or to take Tums against a sea of bubbles...

## **AROMA AND JULIET**

- with profound apologies to the Bard

Hark what wind  
    from yonder bottom breaks?  
Methinks a fart  
    by any other name would smell as sweet.  
Aroma O, Aroma O,  
    Why fore fart thou?

## TO THOSE WHO THINK IT UNSEEMLY STILL

To those who think it unseemly still  
For age to sport with youth until  
Both share again that happy glow  
That only well loved child can know

Know this that in the depths of age  
There hides a child in growing rage  
That cloaked his youthful soul must wear  
The hideous garb of death drawn near

No wonder then he always seeks  
The touch of youth for his torments  
And dreams lost love in all his sleeps  
And wakes each day with cruel laments

# NOTES

## **Reader Reader Of The Future –**

Written in Hopatcong thinking of those who might read my poems at various times in the future. Inspired by a favorite line from Sappho, “In the future people will speak of us.” Written Feb 2, 2005

## PITTSBURG (1941 – 1944)

### **Alone In The Midnight Attic -**

My first enlightenment experience, when I first realized that I was me, that my inner self was the physical body, the eyes I saw looking back at me when the storm blew the window shut.

### **Pittsburg Days -**

A few bright memories from my first 4 years in Pittsburg, Pa. I lived in a bare attic with almost no furniture these first 4 years that I rarely left. I saw no one other than my parents except for a few times I went out and once when another mother brought her little girl over briefly. That was the first time I met another child and I instantly fell in love but never saw her again. In fact I had no contact with other children at all until I was around four when I began Nursery School. I was there only a few times until we moved to Tulsa where my father found a new job at The University of Tulsa.

## TULSA POEMS (c. 1945 – 1961)

### **First Poem -**

Written around 12 years old after first reading Tennyson.

### **February Winter –**

Written in Tulsa around age 15. One of my earliest poems. (see 3 typed brown paper pages of commentary on this poem in poem pieces file)

### **March Came Out Like A Lion –**

I was born April 1, 1941 and have always had a sort of mystical attachment to that freshest time of the year when spring is first appearing.

### **The Combman –**

When I was around 6 or 7, soon after we moved to Tulsa, I had a series of bad dreams about a scary presence combing my hair while I was asleep in bed. My father humorously named this entity The Combman. Perhaps either my father or mother was combing my hair while I slept? My hair was notoriously unkempt in childhood. Once my mother took me to the live audience of an early TV show with uncombed hair. The host came by and made fun of my hair on live TV saying it looked like the ‘before’ of some advertisement. The whole audience laughed at me. Written considerably later in Tulsa. A drawing of mine accompanies the original manuscript.

### **Ha! Ha! Child -**

When I was 5 I first realized I was going to die someday and cried myself to sleep for a whole week worrying about it. My father came to my bedside one night and told me that by the time I grew old they’d probably have a cure for death. That calmed me a little even though I’m now old and it hasn’t happened. Written later in Tulsa.

### **Like A Gross Caricature Of The Troubled Youth –**

A poem reflecting some of my adolescent worries about my looks and physique.

### **Don’t Piss in My Stool! –**

Not sure when written but inspired during my first brief pre-Japan stay in New York City when I shared an apartment with several other lowlifes, one of whom had a particularly disgusting habit of never flushing after he used the communal toilet. He also claimed he had been struck blind and cured himself several times over.

### **Spring Thaw –**

Partly inspired by an igloo I built as a kid in our backyard. It was great fun to go inside and play Eskimo. Written in Tulsa in my room as

the sun slowly set looking at an old tintype of Geronimo. My grandfather Edgar told me he saw Geronimo once in Stillwater, OK.

### **The Sun Comes Up And Lights The Trees –**

Based on my many explorations in the Southwest discovering interesting rocks, fossils and other natural items. Written probably in Tulsa. One of my best finds was the tooth of a Columbian mammoth in the Verdigris river which I still have.

### **For Wayne Padgett –**

(Big) Wayne Padgett was the father of my once close friend Ron Padgett, the well-known poet. Wayne was a bootlegger (Oklahoma was dry in those days) and a genuine tough guy. He once dropped a couple of college football players in a diner for harassing a waitress. But he was always friendly, kind and generous with us. He used to show us basic defensive moves thus the ‘twisted wrists’ and bring us bars of white chocolate from his trips. Last I heard he had finally ended up in prison where a July 14, 1977 feature in the Tulsa Tribune describes him as “strong enough at 55 to whip two men half his age”. Ron and I were close friends back in Tulsa for several years before he got seriously into poetry. Ron used to tool around Tulsa in his red MG roadster convertible cutting quite a sight.

### **TU Days –**

Written 05/09/75, the 12,457 day of my life. TU is Tulsa University. I entered TU age 15 graduating at age 18 on the Dean’s Honor Role with a dual B.S. in physics and mathematics. Walter Stuermann was my friend and favorite professor. He taught philosophy and was a major influence on my way of thinking in college. He often invited a small group of his favorite students for evening discussions in his home. He died not long after, supposedly electrocuted by his short wave radio though that seemed suspicious to me. Bill Jobe, Voder, Pettypool, and Larry Walker were other TU acquaintances. Grady Snuggs was head of the Dept. of Religion and Philosophy in which Stuermann taught.

### **Valparaiso –**

Just a nice fantasy I had after reading about the ancient rainforests of Valparaiso in Chile and imagining myself there in another existence. Written while still in Tulsa.

**Summer Warmwinds –**

Memorializing a romantic afternoon lying in the grass under sapling ash trees with a girl whose name I've forgotten.

**God's Finger's On The Trigger –**

Expression of my perennial Samurai sense of living life in face of the ever-present possibility of death. Written I believe in Tulsa.

BRANSON POEMS (c. 1957 – 1961)

**A Childhood Vision –**

Later remembrances of early spiritual experiences lying out in the grass under my favorite apple tree in the orchard on my dad's property outside Branson, Mo.

**Where Is She? –**

Reflecting the profound feeling of loss and disappointment at the girl of my dreams foretold in the fairy tales my mother used to read me as a child never appearing.

**Peach And Storm –**

Description of a vision on the high bluffs of my dad's place overlooking Lake Tanycomo outside Branson, Mo. after a beautiful and transformative Summer rainstorm. Always reminded me of Nietzsche's Aug 1881 vision 6000 feet above lake Silvaplana when he first had "the conception of Zarathustra, the highest formula of affirmation which can ever be reached."

**Kansas Reunion –**

Written after attending a family reunion in Kansas with my father and meeting an especially beautiful young cousin.

**Alone At Summer Branson –**

Written during the time I spent alone at the old stone house on my father's 137 acres outside Branson in the middle of the woods. Branson back then was just another small sleepy Ozark town where you could get an ice cream soda for a nickel. I spent all my school vacations working hard there in the woods, and much of my love of nature stems from those childhood experiences. The nights alone were mystical reading the works of Edgar Allen Poe by the light of the kerosene lantern and thinking scary yet exciting thoughts going out into the woods at night. After a hard day's work we would take baths in an old bathtub set up outside on the cistern where the water was lukewarm from the sun. We'd carry a teakettle of boiling water out to make it a little better. But in retrospect it was wonderful relaxing in the bathtub out under the stars with the katydids singing.

### **In Missouri Forests -**

Another poem inspired by months of solitude in the Branson woods.

### **Time Is A Perpetual Perishing -**

Another poem inspired by months of solitude in the Branson woods.

### **The Opossum –**

Written at my dad's place outside Branson, MO after encountering an opossum during one of my moonlight walks through the woods.

### **The Old Gorilla –**

Probably written at my dad's place outside Branson, MO.

### **Joe Grasshopper –**

Inspired by watching a Missouri redneck callously crush a grasshopper in a freight car with his boot.

### **The Creamaster Effect –**

Written either in Branson or New York. A purposeful misspelling.



### **If We Were To Imagine In Every Animal –**

Another expression of my deep empathy with the consciousnesses of animals. Written at Branson I believe.

### **Subtleties Of Yellow Water Lilies –**

Inspired by our land outside Branson. Not sure when or where written.

### **High In The Attic –**

Written during a time I was sleeping alone in the attic at my dad's house in the Ozark woods outside Branson. The attic was packed with old trunks filled with all sorts of dusty old memorabilia from him and my grandparents with a large old faded photo of my grandmother's father above the window at one end. At night the windows on each end acted as mirrors reflecting me inside in the dim lamplight. My old wooden toy box was up there too. There were many brown recluse spiders living in the attic including some that lived in my toy box. At the time I had no idea they were dangerous. They were all extremely still and docile and I never had a problem with them.

### **SAN FRANCISCO POEMS (c. early 60's)**

#### **Revelation – The Writ On Velum Veil Withdrawn –**

Written in San Francisco on Potrero Hill after bouncing a big ball bearing far down the steep street towards the Bay until it disappeared into the distance while high on mescaline.

#### **The 14<sup>th</sup> Tier –**

I believe this was also written when living in San Francisco.

#### **For David Bearden –**

The well-known poet David Bearden was a close friend through many years beginning when I met him at TU through my time in San Francisco where we hung out together with members of the Beat Generation. And he later stayed with me for a couple of years in Hopatcong. He was a talented folk singer and guitarist as well. This poem

refers to the animal totems he thought of us as, he a baboon, and I a lemur.

**For Mike Ray –**

Mike Ray was a friend we hung out with some in San Francisco. He lived in the apartment above Maureen and I. He played the guitar and I seem to recall was from Kansas.

**Imagine The Virgin At Orgasm –**

Not sure when this was written, but I think in San Francisco.

**The Returned Jesus –**

Every conscious man is the returned Christ in constant danger of being crucified. Written in San Francisco.

**It Seems Crazy –**

The revelation that the Zen reality of things in themselves is far beyond any words. This and the next two could have been written later in NYC.

**Sun's Moods –**

Another revelation of the beauty and profundity of nature.

**Then –**

Another poem expressing the beauty and profundity of nature.

JAPAN POEMS (early - mid 60's)

**Sleeping /Waking Beside a Temple in Yokohama -**

Maureen and I first arrived in Japan by boat in Yokohama. With almost no money we slept one of the first nights in the weeds outside a Buddhist temple. Before sunrise I was awakened by a slow rhythmic drumbeat from the temple, which I suddenly realized was the heartbeat of Buddha. That was my first spiritual experience of many in Japan.

### **Returning From Iya –**

From Yokohama we hitchhiked to Mt. Fuji and then through the mountains into the southern island of Shikoku. At this time in the early 60's there were only 11 other foreigners on all of Shikoku island, and they were all missionaries. We were greeted with interest and hospitality nearly everywhere we went which was a deep into the interior as we could go ending up in a small village called Tokushima. Iya District was near there, and this poem describes my only out of body experience as we nearly plunged down the mountain and died due to the careless driving of an acquaintance driving on the one lane dirt road with no guardrails through the mountains. Iya District, in the deepest mountains of Shikoku, is historically important as the place the noble Heike fled after their defeat by the Genji at Dan-no-ura in 1185. The only way into Iya when I was there was over miles of one lane dirt road clinging to the mountain face with no guardrails, and thence by foot over an ancient vine suspension bridge across the river. It was on the road returning from Iya that I came closer to death than at any other time in my life and had an intense out of body experience as our car skidded toward the precipice literally ending up with the front hanging over the edge, the wheels only inches away from the rim. I am convinced that the only reason we survived was because I grabbed the steering wheel away from the driver at the last second. The sacred mountains in Iya are the home of the Yamabushi, the Buddhist mountain warrior priests.

### **Haiku (Many Years After) –**

Another nature poem inspired by the Japanese Haiku poetic form of three lines of 5-7-5 syllables. I carried the poet Bashō's '*The Narrow Road to the Deep North*' while hitchhiking through the mountains of Japan, reading it in the evenings.

### **Autumn –**

Another Bashō inspired short nature poem.

### **Asia In The Rain –**

From the same period as the next two.

### **Align Your Archetypes With The Stars –**

The last couplet inspired by a Japanese painting of a nobleman resting in his glowing red coffin with butterflies emerging.

**Sightings In The Backwoods Of Asia –**

From the same period as the previous two.

**After The Chinese I –**

Loosely inspired by Chinese love poetry.

**After The Chinese II –**

Loosely inspired by Chinese love poetry.

**After The Chinese III -**

Loosely inspired by Chinese love poetry.

BRANSON POST JAPAN POEMS (c. late 60's)

**A Rose – Your Smile At Me –**

Written for Maureen when we were still deeply in love living with our young sons on my dad's land outside Branson after returning from Japan.

**I Held Up A Pear –**

Another poem reflecting spiritual experiences at Branson property. This one I think during the period Maureen, Ulysses, Patrick and I stayed there after our return from Japan.

NEW YORK CITY POEMS (c. 1970 - 1979)

**For Maureen –**

Written Aug 1, 1972 at our 110<sup>th</sup> street apartment in Manhattan when we were still deeply in love.

**New York Morning –**

Written May 7, 1975 for my sons Ulysses and Patrick at our apartment at 412 W. 110<sup>th</sup> St. in Manhattan. We lived in apt. 42 overlooking the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. A beautiful 7 room rent controlled apartment with 40 windows on 3 sides of the building. I lived there from ~1970 – 1979 working for the NY Fed until I got a job with AT&T and moved to NJ.

### **When I Look At The Blue Cup –**

Another expression of the transcendent joy at the glorious wonder of my dear children during the most joyous time of my life. Written in our New York apartment prior to losing them.

### **The Little Snail –**

Written in our New York apartment when one day I found a tiny snail appearing out of nowhere on my bonsai.

### **ED IS ON | NO SIDE –**

A palindrome that succinctly expresses my philosophy of objective self. Given to me by Susan, a brilliant supervisor I had at the Federal Reserve Bank. She was heavily into fun and inventive word play in which we often communicated to the ignorance of others listening. On one occasion I complimented her on an especially clever palindrome by calling it ‘a cunning stunt’. No one else got it.

### **Children Playing In The Other Room –**

Written in the New York apartment May 7, 1975 one day I was tired and trying to rest. All the kids in the building used to come down to our apartment to play because they could be as wild and free there as they liked. On this occasion I initially got upset but quickly realized it made me into something I didn’t want to be.

### **Woken In Pain And Terror –**

One of the deepest realizations I’ve had of the tragedy of eating meat, of the killing of a living conscious being to eat it. I ate no meat for 17 years through the 70’s and most of the 80’s. Written in the New York apartment in the early 70’s.

### **I Pull My Hair To Cause Me Pain –**

Written in Manhattan after the divorce and loss of my sons during a period of deep depression and heartache.

**Depression –**

Another poem written in New York City c. 1976 after the loss of my sons.

**For Nina –**

Written Feb. 1976. Nina was a topless dancer I met at a Times Square club during the sad period after the divorce and loss of my sons. Nothing happened between us, I was just very impressed by her talent and beauty and by her ability to cope and make the best of her situation.

**For Yuriko –**

Yuriko Nakayama was my long time girlfriend after Maureen and I separated around 1975. She eventually moved back to Japan to care for her mother, but tragically developed pancreatic cancer and died in Japan 28 Jul, 2005.

HOPATCONG POEMS (1979 – 2005)

**In Praise of Iris Marbling –**

My good friend Iris Nevins is a world-class paper marbler, jeweler, guitar and harp maker, and Irish folk singer. A simple acrostic written Feb 6, 2005.

**Like Golden Fish My Dreams Have Died –**

Written early in Hopatcong in sadness after finding some of my beautiful bright goldfish dead in the pond.

**My Father's Kingdom -**

Inspired by my father foolishly being swindled out of our 137 acres with a mile of lakefront overlooking Lake Tanycomo in the middle of the Branson, Mo. country music theater district. While not suffering from dementia *per se* he was locked inside his mind legally blind and deaf, very frail and bent over double at the waist, and not thinking

clearly. He didn't even have the land appraised and told me if he didn't sell it that Branson was going to raise his property taxes from the \$350/year he was then paying and he'd lose it! This put him at the mercy of the underhanded Branson officials who coveted his land. As a result they got it for a pittance compared to its true value even though I fought it best I could in court. This poem written Mar 8, 2005.

**For Vincent -**

My homage to Vincent Van Gogh. Written Feb 5, 2005.

**Nursery Rhyme -**

One of my favorite poems. Written for fun Feb 23, 2005 but turned out a lot better than I expected.

**Ham Omelet -**

A ribald rhyme paraphrasing the Bard written just for fun Feb 9, 2005.

**Aroma And Juliet -**

Another ribald rhyme paraphrasing the Bard written just for fun Feb 9, 2005.

**To Those Who Think It Unseemly Still -**

Protest poem against the politically correct humorless people who think it improper for old men to have fun and play with kids. Written Mar 2, 2005.

Edgar L. Owen was born April 1st, 1941 and quickly realized that reality is not as it appears. A child prodigy, he entered the University of Tulsa aged 15 and received a B.S. with honors in physics and mathematics with a minor in philosophy at 18 before completing several more years of graduate study in physics and philosophy.

In the early 60's he moved to the Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco where he hung out with notables from the Beat Generation, and conducted an intense personal study of the nature of mind and consciousness. From there he traveled to Japan where he lived for three years studying Zen and Buddhist philosophy while subsisting as a ronin English teacher.

Upon returning to the US he began a career in computer science writing numerous programs in artificial intelligence, simulations, graphics, and cellular automata while designing and managing advanced computer systems for the New York Federal Reserve Bank and AT&T. He then left the corporate world to start his own software business marketing his own CAD programs, which he ran for a number of years. Currently he owns a premier Internet gallery of fine Ancient Art and Classical Numismatics at [EdgarLOwen.com](http://EdgarLOwen.com).

Deeply immersed in nature since childhood, and always considering it the ultimate source of his inspiration and knowledge of reality, he has served as Chairman of his local Environmental Commission and organized several campaigns to protect the local environment and its wildlife.

Over the last several years he has worked to combine and organize the results of a lifetime of study of the various aspects of reality into a single coherent Theory of Everything. He now spends most of his time exploring the wonderful awesome mystery of reality and how it can be experienced more fully and deeply and enjoying his existence within it.

Edgar currently lives in Northern NJ in a big brick house on top of a hill where he communes with nature and enjoys the company of his wild visitors including the occasional human. Edgar is currently single and can be reached at [Edgar@EdgarLOwen.com](mailto:Edgar@EdgarLOwen.com).



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*71 Poems of pleasure, sorrow, discovery, surprise, and other moments of bright consciousness from Tulsa, Branson, San Francisco, Japan, and New York City.*

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