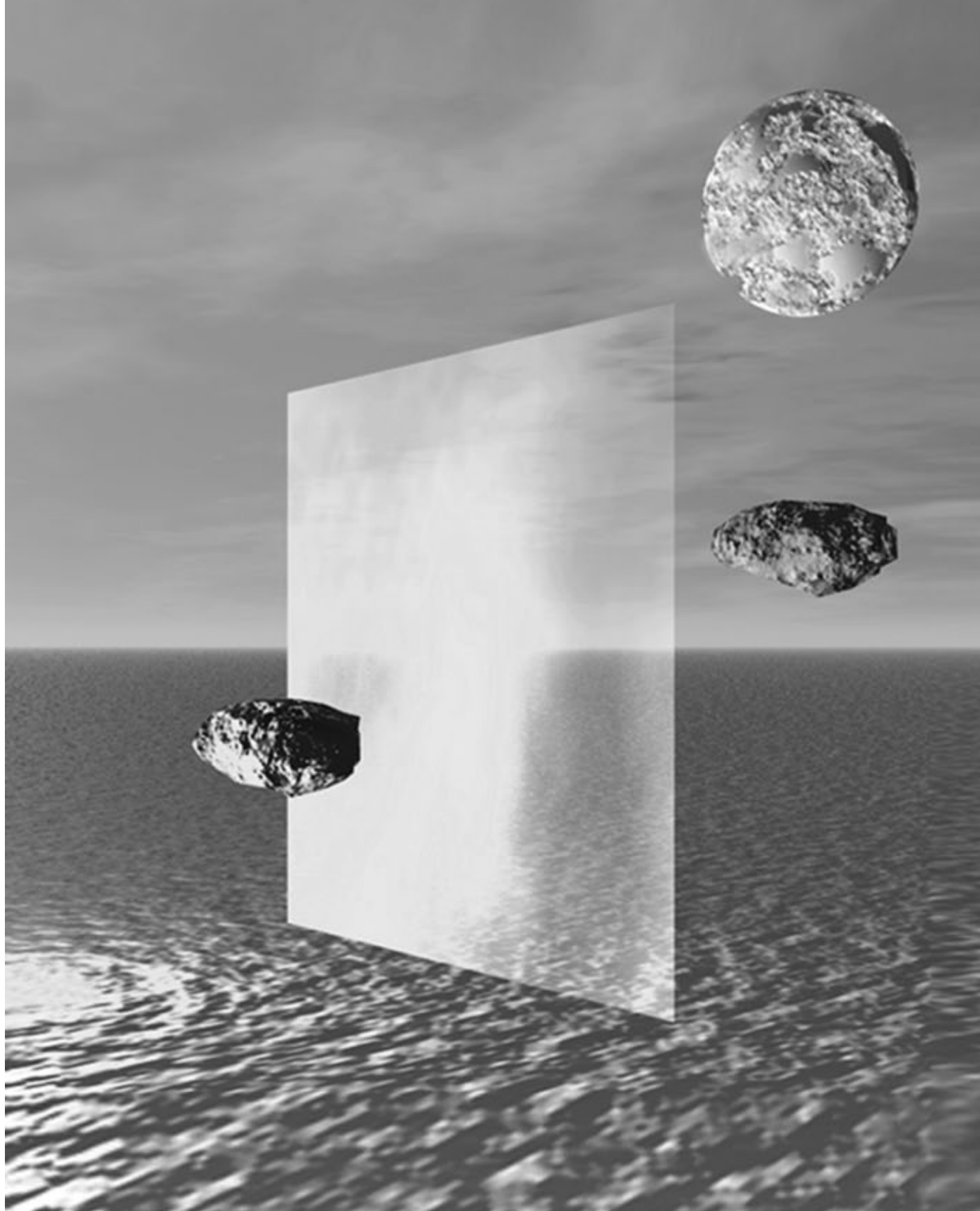




# VISIONS OF A MERCIFUL LAND

David A. Boles



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*This book is dedicated  
to our grandchildren's children  
and the path we all share.*

A black and white photograph of a rocky coastline. In the foreground, a dark, pebbly beach curves along the water's edge. The ocean is turbulent, with white-capped waves crashing against a rugged, rocky shore. The sky is overcast with dark, heavy clouds. The overall mood is dramatic and powerful.

# VISIONS OF A MERCIFUL LAND

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---

## FOREWORD

**V***isions Of A Merciful Land's* beautiful psychedelic cover seems to contradict the title with the suggestive mushroom cloud. Is the cover a prescient apocalyptic forecast our culture has become consumed and accustomed to from countless literal misreadings of a sacred call for inner change begun with the writings of Zoroaster? Or, perhaps the road into the vanishing point points as one of many enriched trails to a ball of visionary light waiting its seer poet to guide from? The poems, if read from this perspective, should be looked upon as a simultaneous gathering held in the hand seen, felt and known as a multifaceted crystal indelibly ink stamped by the black ink junkie himself, the Gringo Shaman.

Many poems in this collection also can be read and seen as concretized and woven mytho-history signposts along the questing maze road towards known, hidden and coming dangers seen in the rearview mirror of collective hindsight. These have been forgotten because their hard lessons consciously want to be forgotten by most. Boles, the relentless straight talking archaeologist of history and myth, knows these must be constantly present as pins keeping the two eyes wide and aware in order to keep open the third eye visions offered by the seekers. Our seeker shaman grants visionary insights as "*knowing tools*" to cut off the psychological shackles and straight jackets put upon us. If not removed the collective remains aimed in short hopping steps down the road of poor choice, insuring tragedy. He writes;

*We are all travelers, on a magical journey.*

*What else is there to know?*

---

---

The rhetorical is often answered throughout the book's light filled tapestry with its dark counterpoint to highlight contrasting choices. Another question from Gringo Shaman:

*where are all the poets  
the artists and musicians*

Indeed, where? This too I have been asking for years and I have added philosophers and theologians to the missing in the visionary quest into light filled realms. A few poets trek this land now become a literary desert in the drought of post modernism. We meet, guided by surviving reveals of past sage and seer poets and of course, coyote, in oases sipping the sweet waters of gnosis. One of the ponds, the o of now, into which Boles wets his writing tool to draw ink, allowing time to become space through which easily we follow the dancing pen tracing human foibles, fables and the reach for actual freedom. Along the way our shaman gives this offering in "Tea With The Shaman:"

*the only sound to be heard  
was the word never spoken*

As one sits still in the roar of silence, the road crawling in all directions, Boles whispers in our ear as a voice of conscience:

*i want to take you with me  
let us turn and walk away  
this fleeting life is our only vessel  
let us not waste another day.*

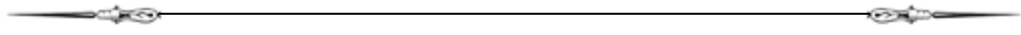
*karl kempton,  
Oceano, CA 2023*

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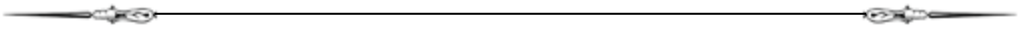
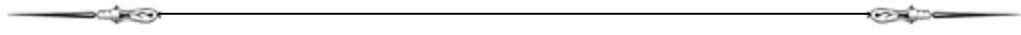
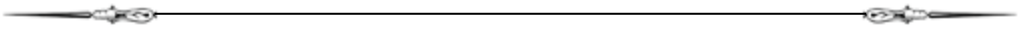


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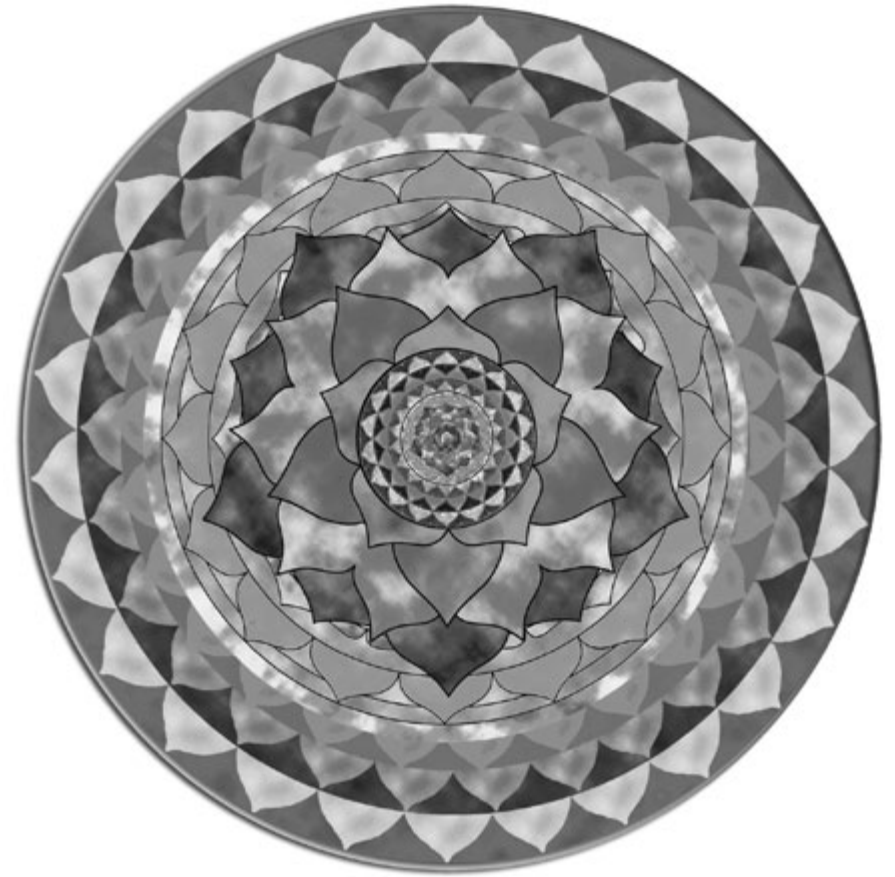
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# VISIONS OF A MERCIFUL LAND



**David A. Boles**

---

# PREFACE

look to the heaven's  
pray to your gods

cultures and civilizations come and go

dig the earth  
discover their remains

understand, clarify  
your relationship with time

listen to the wind  
speak its wisdom

there are stories,  
myths told  
of your spiritual nature

allow your ancestors  
to speak to you  
from fires long ago

when we lived inside nature

~ ~ ~

we live there still

if only we took  
the time to see.

---

---

“

*read the words  
that are emblazoned  
upon your heart  
share the lyrics  
that stir  
within your soul*

*view the world  
as a playful child  
and you will forever  
remain free*

”

---

---

## ADUMBRATION

we lay under a madrigal sky  
holding loosely  
to a dandelion  
sunrise

winged angels  
resplendent in their finery  
swirling  
before us

the earth wakening  
its vibrant pulse  
resonating  
within us

i held you close  
pleased to have comfort

on a day  
such as this.

---

---

## ARCHEOLOGY

people of the White Tiger  
gather at the Holy Temple  
praying for rain

Marduk, an ancient God  
calls to them  
requiring sacrifices  
in his name

he requires blood  
in return for crops  
he requires blood  
in return for life

a feast prepared  
their captive silent

people chant  
moving as one

clockwise  
always clockwise

sun chases moon  
death chases life

high priest gestures to the crowd  
it is time

motion stops  
the earth is silent

a ceremonial dagger  
forged from the creator's fire

is offered

plunges deep  
into the sacrificial heart

many dances  
many hearts  
a thousand sacrifices

will not bring rain

*CONTINUED*

---

---

Marduk has died  
the jungle with him

blood falls on arid earth  
life becomes death

the Holy Temple falls  
stone by stone

people of the White Tiger  
fade into time

history  
hiding their story.

---

## CROSSING OVER

the sacred river flows before me  
blood from martyrs staining its shores

i search for clues amongst its rocks  
finding only voices on the ground  
calling to me, heeding me

*pay the ferryman*

i have no coin, nothing to trade

my soul is locked in time

i watch the universe expand  
with the souls of the damned

a million brilliant lights

a pattern emerges  
blinding me with its grace

a loving gesture  
from your heart

the ferryman begins to row  
directing me to take my seat

payment has been made

my journey paid for

my soul  
released.

---

---

## BONE COLLECTOR

it was not so much the skeleton in the road  
but the way it looked upon me

the way the curve of its jaw  
followed the road

a gentle, noble slope  
of what used to be a nose

i could not see it, of course  
but its presence was deafening

any number of lives danced naked  
on the road before me

their memories twirling in the wind  
leaves on an autumn day

i could see the skeleton was missing  
a vibrant bone, or two

perhaps the migrant bones were harvested  
by another rider

one who understood the nature  
of such things

the complexities of the dead  
are not commonly known

i was fortunate to have had training  
in this exact art

a murmur of my own violations  
brought darkness to the scene

the skeleton, understandingly  
smiled benevolently to me

a leaf fell upon me  
whispering a healing psalm

i collected the skeleton  
placing it roughly in my satchel

there were other bones down the road  
that cried out to me

i would collect them all  
if only i had more time.

---

## BURNING OF THE INNOCENTS

in ancient times  
to control food  
they burned innocents  
so there would be fewer mouths  
to feed  
maintaining it was a noble  
humanitarian  
gesture

we no longer participate  
in such barbaric actions

as a civilized people  
we recognize there is a need  
for civility  
no need to burn innocents  
in order to control food

would the fires but cease  
if only for a moment

evolving beyond  
barbaric actions  
victors no longer parade  
into conquered lands

enslaving its people  
setting fire to the  
innocents  
sparing them  
the pain  
of a slow, enduring death

humanity enacted laws  
making certain  
the innocents  
always came first

laws that state food  
cannot be sold  
beyond a recommended date

or table scraps  
from our many fine  
and varied restaurants  
cannot be given to the uncountable  
mouths  
needing nourishment  
on our streets

ours is now a system of laws

still, we control the food

*CONTINUED*



---

the whole of Earth  
has been conquered

laws enacted

we control the food

while children still starve

\* \* \*

it is true we no longer  
burn the innocents

we protect them with laws

with righteous decrees

our leaders save  
those among us that need saving

it is a kinder, gentler way  
to control the food

the fires ceasing  
if only for a moment.

---

---

## DEMON

i heard the demon  
speak  
in my dreams

i had asked him  
did he feel  
the touch  
of the gods

he replied;

*i am all  
there is to be*

and with that  
he entered my dreams  
no more.

---

---

## EVOLUTION

the history of our ancestors  
is written in our future  
volumes of parchment  
pages of books  
endless data captured  
by rulers of the fury

siege machines  
lead lambs to slaughter

abandoned on desert floors  
their dust foretelling our demise

god's replaced with greed  
supplicants with sin

wild-eyed mystics dance  
their fires glowing bright

fueled by ignorance  
the righteous rule

captive people  
breed in silence

we evoke images of our ancestors  
writing pages of the past

editing truth

great stories will be needed  
to forge a future  
of our lie.

---

## GIRSU

on the plains of Girsu  
where writing was invented  
great kings wrote their stories  
tally's of grain harvests  
troop movements, all manner of information  
written in cuneiform  
the Stele Of The Vultures was found there  
telling of the war between Lagash and Umma  
two great powers of Mesopotamia  
Lagash defeated Umma  
we know this because  
it was written

wars raged for millennia

tribes rose to power  
neighbors annihilating neighbors  
in recent times the region  
suffered massive damage  
during the US - Iraq war  
the world watched news feeds  
dispatches for the people  
to keep them informed  
a handful of scholars  
lovers of history  
understand the irony  
of a vast, great region  
spawning culture, enlightenment  
reduced now to poverty  
it's modern cities in rubble  
their Gods forgotten  
as they forgot them.

---

## GAZA, 2014

we had grown bored  
with television

each show trying to  
outdo the other

each new series trying to  
be more horrifying  
than the other

the human condition  
as portrayed on t.v.  
had de-evolved  
into absurdity

then we discovered newscasts  
that showed cheering and jeering

Israeli's  
gloating with glee  
at every missile finding  
its mark  
in Gaza

we discovered documentaries  
made by Israelis  
justifying their actions  
and encouraging the death

of innocent civilians  
so that Israel  
might remain safe

we listened to our politicians  
defending  
the vast amounts of money  
given to Israel  
to continue  
killing  
innocent children  
as a way to preserve  
our freedoms

we sat  
stunned  
by this atrocity

we watched  
intently  
as people died  
while people cheered

just when we had become  
bored  
with television  
we happened upon the news  
in Gaza.

---

## HARVEST

we inhaled deeply throughout the day  
as chemtrails left their  
fine, lattice work in the sky

harvest was upon us

tonight the moon would glow over fields  
lush and green,  
giving warmth with its glowing orb  
sending notice to all  
that it was time

vassal servants  
(most in fashionable suits)  
moved throughout our town  
searching  
for signs of alien life

someone had posted  
that soon  
the Anunnaki would appear

ignoring their ignorance  
we waited for dark  
when the harvest moon would rise  
resplendent against the night sky  
lighting our way  
as we harvested hope.

---

## A GLIMMER OF MADNESS

the silence of our children  
is proof of our decay

we shed responsibilities  
acknowledging  
the charismatic among us  
knew the way

they possessed the knowledge  
all knowing  
all seeing

looking deep into our souls  
they saw the fire  
burning  
within

guiding us  
sheltering us  
from ourselves  
and our sins

they gave us rules  
to live by

stories to fuel  
our beliefs

*CONTINUED*

---

there was no need  
for individual  
responsibility

an entire planet  
could be at peace  
if only  
the charismatic  
were followed

no questioning  
their purity

despite their occasional  
fall from grace  
they are the chosen

the one's who the pure  
decided  
could speak for all

we handed over our progress

gave up all of our rights

to them

their narcissism quickly swept  
beyond trite religion

spilling over to politics

leadership

at every level

was handed over

to them

the faithful  
flock  
to the cause  
of righteousness

the charismatics  
allow an out  
for our responsibility

they are the glimmering  
behind a mad man's eyes

the proof  
is easy enough to see

the silence  
of our children

is proof of our decay.

---

## HUGUES DE PAYENS

i want to be a warrior  
for christ  
wield a mighty  
sword  
axe  
and shield  
learn the appropriate  
psalms  
the correct  
verses  
that allow me to  
kill  
in the name  
of God

i want a mighty  
steed  
one worthy  
in battle  
one who will not  
flinch  
or hesitate  
one who knows  
my every move  
can feel me  
shift

and respond  
in kind  
carrying us both  
to glory  
and victory  
in the name  
of our Lord

i want an enemy  
vile  
rife with evil  
one who's very  
essence  
defiles  
humanity  
as i know it  
calls to my heart  
in the dead of night  
hovers in my dreams  
and walks amongst  
the faithful  
under a crescent  
moon

---

## IF YOU ARE FORTUNATE

you were born into  
a life of love  
a life of beauty  
kissed by the gentle  
nature  
of angels  
sent to watch over  
your blessed soul

the defeat of the seasons  
does not resonate  
within you

you will never know  
the simple pleasure  
of watching a headless  
chicken  
prance about the yard

you cannot have  
comprehension  
of a belly so  
starved  
for food  
it appears bloated  
and fat  
as if you had just left  
a banquet feast

---

your world  
fortunate enough to  
gild  
the darkness about you  
shields you from the  
enemies  
that remain  
shadowed  
during your time  
here  
in this place

i admire your innocence

your good fortune  
gives me hope

many of us  
long  
for such a life  
as yours

we catch glimpses  
of such  
beauty,  
fleeting moments  
of truth  
give us all  
strength

*CONTINUED*

---

---

to defeat  
our enemies

with practiced eye  
i watch you walk  
in regal posture  
through life

while i  
and those of my kind  
must hone  
our skills

destroying our enemies  
learning to slay them  
one by one

until the last  
enemy  
destroyed  
shall be our own  
death.

---

## NILE MESSENGER

we stuffed crocodiles  
using them as messengers  
to God

lighting bonfires at night  
we watched for shadows moving  
on the waterline

priests chanted incantations  
messages of hope  
dancing to the heavens

communicating with God  
through crocodile messengers  
was a sacred act

wasting not one piece  
of Gods  
holy presence

blood from harvesting  
these holy warriors  
were carefully stored in urns

buried, deep  
in time they would reveal  
the purity of our actions

our communication  
with God

our sacred rite.

---



---

## THE ART OF FLYING

it took me many years  
to master the art  
of flying

a master here  
a master there

one taught space

one taught air

i met a woman who taught me  
to fly below the ground

it was difficult at first  
not easy seeing  
below the dirt  
rocks  
roots of trees

my patience and practice paid off

i'm now able to fly  
whenever i choose

i feel the breeze upon my cheek

my breath begins to shallow

a warmth envelopes me  
and in an instance  
i fly

---

no drugs needed  
though truthfully they were used  
to get me here initially

we have lost the ability  
to touch that which we were given  
by the gods  
so many eons ago

when they gave us  
the gift to hear songs  
of the ocean

to feel the rhythms  
of our earth

they heed us leave our bonds  
and be free

it is the ashes of our ancestors calling

their embers burning bright  
within our souls

i call to them now to guide me

climbing past the sky  
diving deep below the seas

keeping course with the  
illumination before me

i can see  
everything.

---

---

IT'S NOT A  
WAR, IS IT?

we saw the burned children  
from our errant  
missiles  
their charred  
flesh  
blackened  
faces  
they spoke  
not a word  
their eyes  
bright  
piercing  
still held life

it's not a war  
is it

we watched the family  
down the street  
fall apart  
the mother  
father  
losing jobs  
could no longer  
afford  
to keep  
the kids together

---

we saw them huddle  
one last time  
before they shipped out  
to relatives  
across the nation

it's not a war  
is it

we heard  
the soft cries  
of a newborn  
starving  
exhausting  
its tiny  
body  
in a quest  
for nourishment  
no mother would give  
abandoned  
at a fire station  
rushed  
to a hospital  
where it would  
die  
alone  
placed  
in an unmarked  
grave

*CONTINUED*

---

it's not a war  
is it

we read in the paper  
and then online  
of congressional  
and presidential  
staff  
being added on  
to the rolls  
of employment  
the current  
staff  
was not enough  
to handle all  
the necessary  
catering  
these politicos  
require...  
it takes a lot  
of people  
to wait upon  
our masters

it's not a war  
is it

it used to be said  
that pain  
sacrifice  
were always

part  
of war

there would  
always  
be casualties  
no way  
to get  
around it

but for those  
children  
blackened  
charred  
there was  
no war  
not even a  
military  
action

the family  
whose father  
would  
eventually  
take his own life  
whose sanity  
destroyed  
when he could not  
provide  
for his family  
his job

*CONTINUED*

---

farmed out  
across the globe  
to a small child  
in a faraway land  
making furniture  
for much less  
than he was paid

were they  
collateral damage  
of a war  
that wasn't  
a war  
after all

the motherless  
child  
nameless  
homeless  
dead  
despite all  
our society offers

is this child  
not a victim  
in a war  
that is not a war  
after all

---

we reassure ourselves  
in so many ways

it is not a war  
is it

we believe it  
as everything  
around us  
dies  
losing  
what little  
humanity  
we have left  
we finally begin  
telling ourselves  
in that moment  
as the end draws near  
we begin to understand

yes, it had been a war  
all along.

---

“

*silver silence  
from a small  
brass bell  
when set to ringing  
by the breath  
of a moth  
rings forever  
to ears in tune  
rings for a moment  
to those  
that are not*

”

---

---

## MIND READING

they can hear what is in my mind  
reading my thoughts

a dime novel  
an old encyclopedia

discarded newspaper now wrapping  
today's fish and chips

technology is ever changing  
raccoons harvest the worms from our yards

powdered coyote urine is invented  
to keep them away

a million dollar industry sparkling  
in suburban sunlight

bags of urine hang from trees  
Christmas decorations in May

news anchors repeat stories  
found in my head  
sharing time with traffic, weather

there is a four hundred  
and eighty-pound woman  
who now wears a size ten

*CONTINUED*

---

---

she's been on most all  
of the stations

her thoughts are no longer  
her own

i'm fairly certain that powdered coyote urine  
hangs in her yard  
scaring the raccoons away

they head north, to the headlands

newscasters do not report on this  
people want political stories  
they want what is in my mind

an entire nation lies waiting

the anticipation increases ratings

when raccoons migrate the story is dead

it is only a story if the outcome is predictable

we are running out of news  
the election is still  
two years away

---

---

media executives read my thoughts

i give them access for a nice bowl of ramen

they tell me as the noodles are poured  
the four hundred and eighty-pound woman  
was really a ruse

but it was more believable  
than powdered coyote urine

that's the problem in reading  
the thoughts of people

you never know what to believe.

---

---

## NECROMANCER

the necromancer entered our town on a fine  
winter day  
pink eyes glowing against a beautifully  
torrid sky  
clouds of fire  
burning through  
the morning mist

his otherworldly appearance  
a comfort to the old woman  
who had summoned him  
to speak for her son  
a gentle child  
who had passed into the night

there was unfinished business  
between mother and son  
words left unspoken  
unshed tears

yearning to be free  
the necromancer began  
his incantations

a long, pale finger  
circling the air before him  
we watched breathlessly  
as the air before him danced  
with fiery colors

---

the innkeeper's daughter fell onto the floor  
her body violently shaking  
rivers of sweat  
puddled about her

the old woman lit  
a long expired candle  
with dreams of Xanadu

a voice, barely a whisper, called  
from the innkeeper's daughter  
instructing the old woman  
come closer

the necromancer appeared to glow

the room smelled of mold,  
rot, and death

we all strained to hear  
the words meant  
for the old woman's ear's

a clap of thunder shook us  
to our core

in an instant, it was over

the innkeeper's daughter rose  
with not a memory

*CONTINUED*

---



---

the old woman lay sobbing  
on the floor

i reached out to touch her  
she turned to me and smiled  
saying her son was in the land  
of milk and honey

he was in paradise

the necromancer was no more  
a small dove remained in his place

the clouds parted, their fiery brilliance  
illuminating the dove's flight

the smell of death  
of decay  
was replaced by the smell of rain  
on a mid-summer day

we returned to our tasks  
about the village

each of us stealing  
glances  
at the sky

each of us knowing  
that magic  
had entered our village  
that day.

---

---

## ANTIQUITIES

lost in the desert  
drowning in time  
we stood upon the shore  
of the Crescent Sea  
choking on minutes  
coughing out hours

we kept looking east  
for the Gardens of Anubis  
finding Terrapin floating  
in a sanguine sea

our memories of alabaster  
eggs decoded  
we stole anxious moments  
that dreamed to be free.

---

---

## GENOCIDE

numbers stream  
in news feeds

statisticians  
invoke  
apocryphal statements

so many dead  
so many more to die

the taste of  
burnt flesh  
circling the globe  
becoming war zones  
where once were

gardens  
nature  
people  
life on a bright  
sunny day

the color of  
earth  
grey

the wealthy  
the poor  
dead  
in a land  
that is silent

charred  
bereft of life  
a statistician's number  
on a screen before us  
as we sip  
our afternoon  
tea.

---

## SANCTUARY

in an age of deceit  
stories appear in our sleep  
sacred accounts of spiritual battles

Valmiki appears in dreams  
lines of Vamanas behind him  
carrying scrolls of devotion

Narayana now sleeping  
his foes defeated

will he rise again

drums of God's roaring

great torrents of flowers  
raining down

has the forest reappeared  
bringing Ravana back  
to the magic Lanka held

or are we in endless samsara  
Yakshas walking the land  
laughing as we are blind

they call out to us  
delivering riddles  
of immortality

giving pilgrims hope  
that fire will purify  
those who know truth.

---

---

## PASSION OF WAR

all around us rained death

we looked towards  
another sunrise

unwilling to see  
the blood before us

our masters exact  
a heavy toll

roads are paved  
with the blood  
of innocence

their tolls paid  
with money made

from the flesh  
of the damned

choosing to ignore  
the death around them

searching for a sunrise  
in a blood red sky.

---

---

## POVERTY

the world's largest army  
ever assembled  
lives in squalor

they are homeless  
living far  
beneath the level of  
decency

roaming  
searching  
for a merciful land

there are no weapons  
to further their cause  
no leader  
to direct and guide them

they move about the world  
traveling to countries  
opposed  
to their plight

seeking asylum  
from the ravages of war

from hunger  
and the political greed  
that chains them fast

history has documented their struggles

gilded tomes written  
of their plight

Gods are silent  
prayers  
unanswered

an army of warriors

faceless  
in time

they have marched  
for ages

they are marching  
still.

---

## REMOVING THE VEIL

come bear witness  
on this day of redemption  
the day the unwashed  
come clean

the day lambs  
devour wolves

the righteous  
falter

cripples  
leap

the body of Christ  
No longer nourishes  
the souls of Pagan Gods

his blood  
dried  
withered  
is but a stain

his memory faded  
in the hearts of the faithful

abandoning honor  
for a chance  
at absolution

the future has passed us by

we are but a moment

a glimpse of truth  
that can never be

we create fiction  
to suit our nature

Gods  
to soothe our pain

redemption  
is upon us

no need for religion  
today.

---

## SAMSARA

the land is green  
the soil is rich  
fertile

water is abundant  
air is pure

we can see for miles

past the ridge  
a great divide  
tears open the land

looking deep  
into the chasm  
we can see all manner  
of life

drifting  
floating  
on currents of air

it is here  
where the earth breathes  
filling the heavens above  
with its wondrous beauty  
that we first begin to dream

small dreams at first  
then larger  
ever larger  
until the dreams become life  
and life becomes the dream

---

---

a world united  
one people  
one planet  
under a sun  
giving life  
to all

there is life  
here

there is beauty

our land calls to us  
enticing us  
fueling a spark within  
igniting our passion

there is a comfort  
here

where we are  
dreaming  
living

there is no mystery

no samsara

only soil

rich  
fertile

for those  
willing to see.

---

---

## SUMMERTIME

i dreamt of women shooting fish  
with crossbows  
large, Pacific salmon  
a few trout  
a handful of large mouth bass

they asked me to help  
reel them in  
offering to filet them  
for a reasonable  
price

war paint i applied  
earlier that morning  
contrasted nicely  
with the crow  
i wore on my head

it spoke to me  
quietly whispering  
coded phrases  
from memories  
of another life

understanding the wisdom of birds,  
crows to be exact,  
i heeded his words  
and helped the women  
reel in their fish

the river they fished  
would be replaced by fields  
then houses  
then roads  
finally, a mall

a great, gleaming orifice  
built with reflective glass

inside its sterile walls  
a debauchery of senses  
shielded its truth

the crow leaned closer

no longer speaking phrases  
from past lives  
reminding me to pay  
for an especially large filet

it had been generations  
since last he ate

his people vanishing

with the fish

with the river.

---

## TATTOO

before tonight's reading  
i must shop  
for tomorrows meal

with great envy i will listen  
to poets  
read of laughter  
love

their affection for  
drink  
family  
merriment

a lover in the night

whatever it might be  
they will all proclaim  
their joyous participations  
in this earthly realm

i long to understand  
such moments

i have shared  
a few  
moments of joy

births of sons

shafts of sunlight

the mastery of  
a two wheeled vehicle

these moments  
peeking  
between the curtains  
of life  
leave me inspired

perhaps more  
shall be revealed

i take great comfort  
in rare moments  
such as these

i live  
for moments  
such as these

in all honesty  
i do not readily see  
the joyous occasions  
my fellow poets  
engage in

*CONTINUED*

---



---

i witness  
instead  
death  
pain  
suffering

the remnants of children  
left smoldering  
in the wake of an  
errant  
missile

the life of a stillborn  
left to rot  
in the dumpster  
by a mother  
too young

the depth of sorrow  
in the eyes of a man  
who has just lost his mate  
of fifty eight years

the taste  
the smell  
the essence  
of death  
stays with you

---

long  
after you  
have left it

these sensations  
assail me

while others see  
visions of joy  
i allow darkness  
to envelop me

it has always been  
this way

as a small child  
it pained me  
to have affection

it pains me still  
to feel the soft touch  
of another's hand

i envy those  
who see the remarkable  
beauty  
around them

but it is not  
for me

*CONTINUED*

---

---

i cover my body  
with totems of illumination  
allowing the pain  
to flood over me

i find solace  
in these moments

the pain of the markings  
encourage freedom  
from the darkness

i control  
this pain

unlike the other  
which i cannot

i pay the grocer  
for my rice  
for my zucchini

a young mother  
at the market  
slaps her child

to quiet him

i take note

after tonight's reading  
it will be time  
for more illumination.

---

---

## BE NOT CONTENT

we write prophecies  
upon the skin  
of flayed heretics  
using quills forged in war,  
blood caught  
from innocents  
bled dry from atrocities  
too soon forgotten

use skulls  
of our vanquished enemies  
to keep and hold  
this precious ink

quickly, now  
write the prophecies  
illuminate their tradition  
before the blood dries  
making it useless  
mundane

our cause is virtuous  
the path before us voiced  
from the providence within

our leaders shall advance  
guiding us  
with tomes of prophecies,  
illuminated visions  
ordained to the righteous  
upon a heretics  
skin.

---

---

## THE CYCLE OF BIRDS

we had become the product  
of our grandfather's dreams  
as he had become  
the product of his before him

the desire for riches  
handed down  
generation after generation  
their only goal; to obtain wealth

what began as an industrial  
revolution  
evolved into a mindset of achieving  
an endless array of riches

soon, an entire planet  
was consumed  
by these desires  
of ever increasing wealth

schools stopped teaching  
of nature  
our connection to it  
our need for it

vast highways were built

magnificent craft ruled our skies

behemoth vessels sailed our seas

even space, became less of a frontier

devising intricate ways  
of gaining money  
was a mark of  
success

understanding the cycle  
of birds  
was forgotten

no one spoke of it

acknowledging the power  
nature could wield  
was dismissed  
as ancient superstition

*CONTINUED*

---

---

what began with  
our forefathers dreams  
ended in nightmares  
for our generation

where some had achieved  
vast wealth and riches  
more and more of us  
became homeless and poor

though we thought ourselves  
modern, even enlightened  
we had been destroying our planet  
in our quest for advancement

instead of feeding the hungry  
clothing the poor  
we developed thousand dollar smart phones  
to make avatars of ourselves

instead of understanding  
the cycle of birds  
we created animated figures  
that emulated their songs

in short time  
we had forgotten  
nature

---

believing we were the rulers  
of this earth

until nature had enough

sending flooding, wildfires  
and a virus  
to wake us up

disrupting our quest for  
endless attainment of wealth

nature stopped the world  
giving us a chance for change

locking us in our homes  
closing factories, halting production  
taking millions of cars off the road  
millions of people off the street

political leaders vowed  
we would rise again

we would reclaim  
our former glory

they had devised  
ways to curb nature

*CONTINUED*

---

---

nature simply laughed

skies began to turn blue  
animals again walked among us

where a few still held to the old ways  
of creating wealth at any cost  
more of us turned back  
to a time long forgotten

a time where man lived in harmony  
with nature

understanding the balance  
nature allowed

our grandchildren now had the chance  
of regaining this balance

living with nature

understanding its rules

the days of our grandfather's dreams  
the dreams of their grandfather's before them  
were over

---

---

it was time for a return  
when animals could walk among us

when our lungs were not choked with pollution

when homeless could have shelter  
and all people could be fed

we had amassed great wealth, great power  
but it meant not a thing

we stopped listening  
to our leaders

setting upon a path  
that was centuries old  
no longer blindly following  
their lead

we became grateful  
that nature arrived one day

clearly showing us a brighter path

we began to follow  
the ancient cycle of birds.

---

---

## FINDING MAGIC

where did they place the magic  
they took from us

did they hide it behind  
the mountains

did they place it  
above the clouds

i went to look under the sea  
but it was far too heavy to lift

so i asked a homeless man  
swimming by the shore

*do you know where the magic went?*

he told me he did not,  
then asked me for a towel

i was hesitant to lend him mine  
as it had been my favorite for some time

but i thought if i lent him my towel  
perhaps the magic might return

taking my towel he looked  
thoughtfully into the distance

*i thought i saw magic, once,  
but then bureaucrats stored it in a warehouse,*

*they secured the doors  
with laws and encumbrances*

this revelation came as news to me  
as i had been searching for quite a while

he asked me for a cigarette,  
or perhaps some money

i felt around, deep in my pockets,  
and gave him a dragons tooth

i told him to use it wisely,

for it was the last dragon's tooth i owned

he smiled and offered me a seashell  
and a fine, polished stone

i thanked him profusely;

it was a beginning, a start,  
at finding magic once more.

---

“

*You know the feeling well  
the feeling that overcomes you  
sending you to the ground  
holding on to great clumps of earth  
as you become afraid of the size of the sky  
understanding the immense nature  
of life itself.*

”

---

---

## THE VISITOR

having finished my morning ablutions  
i was toasting a fine piece of rye  
eyeing my nearly empty pantry  
with a longing for fresh fruit  
i had not felt in decades

he came upon me silently  
gently rapping on the threshold with his gnarled hand  
my three dogs snoring gently  
as he bid me good morning

*are you the Vicar of this church*  
his faint voice asked

*at one time, i replied, but that was long ago*  
*when God was still alive*

*so it's true then, he gasped, God has died*

he began to weep and moved to a small  
wicker chair, his frail limbs navigating  
as though he were  
a marionette

*no, my friend, i rushed out the door to help him,*  
*i meant his spirit is no longer alive*

CONTINUED

---



---

he carefully surveyed  
with a practiced eye  
all that was before him

*and these dogs, he gestured with his hand  
what of them*

perplexed by the question  
i stared for a moment  
not certain how to reply

he continued on  
asking questions of me  
gesturing at times with his gnarled hand

a wry smile from his eyes  
caught the morning light as he  
sat about discussing  
the value of water

*have some, here, fresh from the well, i offered*

he again gestured to the dogs

*does the water matter to them*

*i suppose it does, i answered*

---

*as it does to all living creatures,  
he replied*

*you keep water from the well  
to use when you need it  
to water your dogs  
and perhaps grow some fruit*

*you are Vicar in a church  
where God has died  
yet, still, you keep water  
for you and your dogs*

upon ending this statement he rose  
and began to walk off

*where are you headed, i asked him*

*i live on the far side of the lake, where the laughter  
of children dance lightly across the water*

*i came to see if God was still alive*

*i did not mean to alarm you, i said in earnest*

*it is his spirit that died, not his body. no one lives  
on the far side of the lake*

CONTINUED

---

---

*God is still alive,*  
he stated

*in spirit and body*  
*talk to your dogs,*

*drink the water you give them*

i watched him vanish  
with a wave of his hand

my dogs still snoring

my rye toast cold

a faint sound of laughter  
could be heard  
from across the lake

rippling, dancing

delivering faith.

---

---

## ASHES OF A SUNRISE

ashes are piling at the door  
there is a silence that screams  
in the night  
we wait for sunlight  
to illuminate the day  
monsters in the dark  
always retreat when there's light  
i offered you a rose  
from my garden  
it complimented your lips  
such a long time has passed  
since we've felt each others' soul  
is it the times we live in  
the fears we've yet to conquer  
we once offered each other love  
to bring light to our darkness  
i can no longer offer you a rose  
only the ashes  
from a sunrise.

---

---

## WALLS

we built our walls from stones  
harvested from the fields we tilled

hard, solid rocks of history  
ingloriously lifted from their eternal rest

when outsiders came to our walls  
they were able to climb them with ease

in our haste to secure our lands  
we neglected to build walls as tall as the sky

so we returned to our fields  
tilled the soil until our furrows were deep

unearthing our history even further  
we stacked rocks upon our walls, its weight crushing

our walls stretched high into the sky  
blocking out the sun

after years of constant shade  
large parcels of the land went dark

---

outsiders were still streaming into our land  
simply following the walls to the sea

they came into our land and began  
helping us dismantle the walls

in our quest to keep us safe from those outside  
we had neglected to house and provide for those within

at first, we were resentful of their help  
this was our land, our soil

but they brought with them wondrous machines  
the likes of which we had never seen

together, with these outsiders  
we were able to provide for all our people

with the walls now gone, we became, over time,  
one nation, one people, one land

until one day we built walls from stones  
harvested from the fields we tilled.

---

---

DREAMS, DESIRES  
& DELUSIONS

i shot a hole in the sun  
drove my car right through it

no hesitation

came out the other side  
tires smoking  
my cigarette lit

illuminating

the blonde at the corner  
in the black mini-skirt  
with white fishnet stockings

the poor, hungry vet  
lost in a war  
long since forgotten

illumination appears to me  
in the strangest of times

---

is there room enough  
in a space filled  
with such ego

to send a message,  
morse code

if you could

i have dreams of desires  
dreams of delusions

what is it  
that you dream?

---

## CATHARSIS OF GRACE

right when we least expected  
the blinding light of salvation flickered

in that moment we were able to see  
clearly

esoteric discussions as to whose God  
was correct, whose beliefs were pure

all became suspended

in that moment  
there was a unifying peace

the subtle dread of eternal souls  
living in harmony

was removed

stories of winged angels  
magnificent in their brilliance

became forgotten

we forged new books  
from the ashes of our desires  
for immortal salvation

a powerful language emerged

one that filled us with joy

faith, had been shown to us  
in that momentary flicker

salvation  
was not the goal after all

no need for discussions  
or intrusive religions

holy men from long forgotten times  
were no longer needed  
to instruct us

elegant cathedrals and mosques  
no longer necessary either

with our sight regained  
we understood faith itself

was to be our salvation

faith in each other  
the illusive answer

and all we need do  
was simply believe.

---

## BIRTH OF THE SHULBA SUTRAS

the voice of God resonates  
with a tone  
somewhat familiar  
somewhat alien  
do we heed its call  
turning towards it  
devoting it to memory  
recalling its grace  
in our hour of need

i don't have that answer

perhaps a walk along the sea  
a brisk dance in the sand  
would serve us well  
i have recorded his voice  
come soar with me  
i will play it for you.

---

## BIRTHDAY TEA

On the beginning of my sixty-first  
journey around the sun  
a holographic universe appeared  
as i was sipping  
a cup of bitter  
mushroom tea

the great Marduk stood to my side

i saw his father, Apsu,  
dream of killing his children

i watched as Enki,  
slew Apsu while he dreamed

Tiamet, the goddess-mother, enraged at her loss  
set about to kill Enki  
and the rest of her children

but Marduk shot her with Imhullu  
splitting her into two rivers

the Tigris and Euphrates  
flowed from her corpse  
as Marduk formed the heavens  
with her now-dead soul

*CONTINUED*

---

---

there then appeared a beautifully crafted mirror  
its edges adorned with ornate carvings  
from precious metals, designs

the patterns spun my mind  
forcing me to look directly  
into its center

a Golden Pakarra upon my back  
stretched out his mighty arms

Garuda rose from my shoulder

a great panther pulled back his bow  
his arrow at the ready

the arrow flew past my ear  
Garuda's wings taking the Pakarra  
to the heavens

the Pakarra smiled  
benevolently

sounds of rain, faint, as if from a distant land  
could be heard as the Pakarra started to speak

a dazzling burst of color flew forth from his lips,  
his mouth, his soul

---

---

i felt rain fall about me

the unmistakable sound  
of a teaspoon against a cup  
brought me back to my kitchen  
where i sat stirring the bitter tea  
with an old, silver spoon

an understanding washed over me

in that one specific moment  
i immediately understood  
all i need ever know

a lone, blue feather floated to the ground

it spoke to me as it lay at my feet  
granting me wisdom  
to understand;

*We are all travelers, on a magical journey*

What else is there to know?

---

---

## DIVING INTO THE PLACE

where sunlight begins

past the ten heavens of Enoch  
there is a pallor

upon the faces of our children

would that we bring  
some light to them

just enough  
to allow them to breathe.

---

## LETTERS FROM THE DEAD

my skin is still wet  
from the ink of ten thousand needles

my flesh  
warm  
swollen

soft scents of liniment circle me  
wrapping me in their healing embrace

colors firm as the skin swells

the image clear, precise

another offering has been made  
to the ancestors

they send me letters to read  
as the artist works my skin

the letters take my mind away from pain

i reflect upon these letters from the dead

answering them quietly  
i write back to them

my replies written  
with blood from my skin.

---



---

## BURIAL JARS

in the Fertile Crescent  
seven thousand years before Christ  
long before Constantine held his empire together  
with state mandated inclusion  
of a new Christian religion

long before Popes, Cardinals, and Bishops  
ruled our eternal fate

people made containers from clay  
with which to bury infants  
both born and unborn

archeological sites provide evidence  
of these burials

infants found in containers  
some developed, some not  
adorned with items to help them  
navigate the next world

sealed jars enabling a family to keep close  
for all eternity  
that which was lost to them

---

thousands of years later we debate  
with our politics  
with our religion  
with our mass hysteria

the value of aborting a fetus  
without letting that fetus  
that child  
know life

while in the Fertile Crescent  
thousands of years past  
where they interred their born  
and unborn infants in jars

lovingly preserving them for all of time

the ghosts of those infants  
weep.

---

---

## EMBARKING

there is a fair wind blowing  
calling us to raise our sails

the land we have called home  
for so long  
is no more

prophecies of this day go back  
to when our ancestors  
began the story of our life

generations have come and gone

many wars  
many deaths

outside of technology  
little advancement made

we still hunt each other  
with guns, with spears

with our closed minds we seek out  
those among us who dare  
to think for themselves

it has been this way  
for millennia

the strong overtaking the weak  
rich overcoming the poor

a proper hierarchy  
with policies designed  
to better our lives

still, the desire to hunt  
would not abate

rules were put in place

more rules followed

the simplest courtesy  
became the most stringent  
insult

our population became offended  
by the very notion  
of independence

screaming out for change  
we burned our cities  
desecrated our history

there is a fair wind blowing  
calling us to raise our sails

it is time for us to go.

---

## GROWING DOLPHINS

Mescalito offered us a sunrise  
in the dark of the night  
showing us colors  
that brightened the sky

deep purples, blood-reds  
a frosted yellow that was  
as oblique and wandering  
as the burnt orange from collapsing stars

an eternity forming,  
marking a path to a small  
tidal pool  
far from the ocean

i brought some of the water home  
using it to water her peonies  
*not too much*, i could hear her say  
*just enough for dolphins to grow*

she was peculiar that way;

always growing flesh  
when flowers  
would simply not do.

---

## EVOLUTION

trickster coyote brought news  
of Mescalito turning a hot dog cart  
into an ashram

pedaling it throughout the city  
he parked it in front of financial institutions

encouraging the faithful  
with spiritual graffiti  
that change was on its way.

---

## MASKS

where are the masks  
that hide us from inspection

keeping us alive  
in this dystopian dream

mine was left on a shelf  
as you walked into the kitchen

yours was wrapped in furs  
kept in a closet

the masks allowed freedom  
to do as we pleased

we could move forward in society  
never needing to expose our weakness

they allowed fluidity  
in an otherwise concrete world

i dreamt many times  
of losing my mask

it was frightening to consider  
the ramifications

you told me your dreams  
your fear of closure

did you hide the masks  
to continue the game

i would not blame you  
if you did

i would not hold you  
at fault.

---

## PRACTICING MAGIC

speak to me  
empty your mind

there are only friends here  
as Ba'al has blinded his enemies

they come to him  
through your dreams

leveling forests  
vacating seas

you were right to seek my counsel  
for these are ancient ways

practicing this magic  
is ancient as sand

there is much to discover  
truth is a fleeting moment

all-father, El, guides your dreams  
all-mother, Asherha, guides your soul

you wear the mark of Yahweh  
believing it protects you

i will tell you,  
El saw the birth of your God

Asherha, bringer of life,  
was the midwife

Ba'al was trusted  
to guard God's soul

many people claim the status  
of knowing a one, true God

this should come  
as no surprise

the desert is filled  
with the bones of religion

i tell you this in earnest;  
*there is no need for doctors*

your mind is cluttered  
your thoughts in disarray

empty your mind and speak  
with the clarity of ages

Ba'al is there for you  
accept these things

the demons are false Gods  
come, let us slay them together.

---

## THINK TWICE

of dreams, of dreamers  
for the former breathes  
the movie

the latter tastes it  
savoring the dream's vastness

delving deep into its essence  
searching, longing, for a moment  
of beauty  
of truth

the dream  
is the plan, the course  
upon which the dreamer  
travels

the path upon which  
the dreamer  
finds their end grow near

the path that shows  
the dreamer  
how to continue  
the dream

man  
dreams  
his dreams  
showing  
him

life is nothing  
more

nothing less  
than a path

how the path  
will always be

the dream of heaven

while heaven

will always be

the dream  
of man.

---

## GNOSTIC MEDITATIONS

songbirds had gone silent

many years back  
the soul of our land  
auctioned off

no bids were offered  
no one could be bothered

a man of religion cast holy water

yet none could walk to a new land

sounds of the world  
had gone deaf upon us

in the vanishing twilight  
a shadow crept across the land

none were exempt  
from its capricious shade

i heard a rumor that money  
was to be recalculated

a spotted lizard scoffed  
said they were nothing but lies

yesterday's ruins are now  
shelters from the storm

sorrows and joys  
a fleeting memory

a soft sax in the wind

i would gladly shout a magic spell  
if only i had the time

---

## SCIENCE

we seldom speak  
of forbidden history

leaving relics to decay

their usefulness lost  
on a civilization  
holding little regard  
for icons necessary  
to sustain history

aged scribes wrote texts  
illuminated with designs  
for a noble cause

they once sent us seeking  
mysteries  
no longer amusing  
to a deadening republic

the eye of Horus  
appears within a cup  
in a small cafe

a gilded bowl  
is now a container  
for spare change

we stumble upon  
delightful visions  
heralding  
forgotten stories

the cycle of history  
is a tricky thing

we survive the day  
quite nicely without it

no longer interested  
in Holy Grails

we dismiss these visions  
as ancient superstitions

the words of prophets  
are merely  
clouds in the sky

no need for God

when science  
rules the day.



---

“

*we planted prayers  
deep in the ground  
watered them  
nurtured them  
waited for the right  
moment to harvest  
sent them out on winds  
across the land  
hoping to heal  
our world's divide.*

”

---

---

## HISTORY FORGOTTEN

in the Thar desert  
they dug foundations  
for housing

installing roads for people  
the new construction would bring  
a twelve thousand year old blast was discovered  
its radioactive memory still intact

charred corpses from a time before time  
filled the earth with their ash

the Mahabharata tells of a great battle  
where a great weapon was sent from the heavens

a gigantic messenger of death  
reduced to ash an entire civilization

the entire race of the Vrishnis and the Andhakas

turning a once lush valley  
into a pile of sand

where they tried to build houses  
many thousands of years later

only to be shut down  
by a nuclear blast  
history had forgotten.

---

---

A GIFT OF WINGS  
AND TURKISH COFFEE

I

the gods promised us  
their favor  
all we needed to do  
was pray to them  
for our salvation

II

a heavy wind came upon us  
driving sand into our eyes  
we took refuge  
in the Valley of  
a Thousand Thoughts

III

we waited, patiently  
for the return  
of the crescent  
moon and the gifts  
it would bring

IV

capturing a moment  
of evolutionary change  
the priests directed us  
to gather together  
as many lambs as we could

V

a convergence of the minds  
was not be found,  
too long had we heard  
promises  
from the gods

VI

in that moment  
of anarchy  
we regained our past,  
tied it to our future,  
and wrote our history

*CONTINUED*

---

VII

the weak among us  
were given strength,  
the strong among us  
were given visions  
to aid our journey

VIII

a large fire  
burned for days  
until it blackened  
the sand  
beneath it

IX

looking to the skies  
we spoke not a word,  
uttered not a sound,  
in unison  
we ascended to heaven

X

there are messages  
left in clay pots  
directing our descendants  
to forego whatever gods and idols  
they might create

XI

there is not a need  
for mystery, nor religion,  
it will only give rise  
to the destructive power  
of greed

XII

this was the message  
our children carved  
for the future,  
carving it  
with the tips of their wings

XIII

it is a message  
that is best served  
daily, with a  
splendid cup  
of Turkish coffee.

---

## HOMILY OF OUR TIMES

who are these politicians  
that require constant feeding  
leveraging our grandchildren's future  
so they may eat  
juicy steaks

plant a garden  
water it with the tears of the starving

build cardboard castles  
under overpasses and bridges

light up the night  
with prayers of forgiveness

that scrap of meat  
you throw away  
could easily feed hundreds  
if only the world  
were blessed.

---

## PANGLOSSIAN

there is always more to you  
more that you can do

it lies within you  
locked away  
waiting to come forth

there is no mystery needed  
no further attachments either

dig deep, go beyond your fears  
let go of expectations  
and simply do

give hope to those around you  
by doing what is true for you

each day we are given  
the chance to know the greatness  
that exists within us all

though few will accept  
its existence

do not despair.

---

## DAHLIAS, GODS AND MERMAIDS

open your heart to Vishnu  
appearing as Matsya  
the great fish-god

give praise to Suvannamaccha  
the mermaid princess  
lover of Hanuman, mother of Macchanu

daughter of Ravana  
she obeyed her father  
destroying the great causeway to Sri-Lanka

where Sita sat captive  
waiting to be returned  
to her husband, Rama

feel now the compassion  
that Suvannamaccha felt  
for the warrior ape Hanuman

defying her father  
she ordered her mermaid brethren  
to complete the road to Sri- Lanka

allowing Rama to rescue  
the goddess Sita  
pure, as a dahlia in bloom

but the mighty Vishnu  
now appearing as Rama  
questioned Sita's purity

throwing her into a pit of fire  
she emerged unscathed  
proving her purity, for all of time

it was decreed that day  
that as long as there was  
water in the seas

mermaids would forever  
sing the song  
of Suvannamaccha

and her love for Hanuman  
that allowed the great Vishnu  
to once again

appear whole

appear pure

as a dahlia in bloom.

---

## A NIGHT AT THE ROADHOUSE

there are no exits  
on the extraterrestrial  
highway

no speed limits  
you can travel

as fast as you can

i met an alien  
who traveled the highway

often

spent most of his youth  
cruising the universe

searching

he never truly explained  
what he was searching for

but he was searching

last time i saw him  
he was trying to pawn

five golden rings

said they held the keys  
to the mysteries

of the universe

---

---

i offered him twenty bucks,  
the guy at the end of the bar

offered twenty-five

the alien and the guy  
at the end of the bar

agreed on thirty

the bartender went to pour us all  
another drink

when a flash of light appeared

we were momentarily blinded,  
my gin knocked down

to the floor

when we could see again  
the alien had vanished

leaving nothing but his stories

i stated i was sad to see him go

the guy at the end of the bar muttered,  
*we never discussed interest*

the bartender's only concern

who was going  
to pick up the tab.

---

---

## MEMORIES

we had overcome many obstacles  
learned to work as a team

not so much as one  
but as you, and i

when they came for us  
we were prepared

we slipped away  
to the caves  
where we had supplies,  
weapons, a safe place to be

watching from a distance  
we saw the smoke

caught faint flickers of flame  
as our home  
burned

from the safety of the caves  
we looked over the lake

but only at night  
lest we be seen

you swore you could see the bones  
of our dog  
glistening under the water

the image flooded us  
with memories

it was last summer when he died  
the earth much too hard  
to dig a proper grave

so we weighted him down  
with bricks from your kiln  
and slid him into the water

funny, how little events in life  
leave such a mark

society might fall  
yet memories of a dog  
remain.



---

## OUR CHANCE

i want to put down my guns  
stop the constant war

make love our religion  
open up the doors

i want to erase the anguish  
take away the pain

give to those that take  
break the cycle of regret

i want to take you with me  
let us turn and walk away

this fleeting life is our only vessel  
let us not waste another day

where are all the poets  
the artists and musicians

are we to be led by politicians  
and their corrupt media, too

there is a place i know  
where we can find

a land of grace  
a land sublime

i want to take you with me  
let us turn and walk away

this fleeting life is our only vessel  
let us not waste another day

man's nature here is forever dark  
filled with corruption  
filled with greed

there is no religion left  
money drives our need

i want to take you with me  
let us turn and walk away

this fleeting life is our only vessel  
let us not waste another day.

---

## MORNING COFFEE

i found myself  
one fine morning  
having coffee with the Buddha

fresh lemon cake  
drizzled with frosting  
sat on a plate nearby

requesting cream and honey  
the Buddha prepared his coffee  
with utmost care

taking my morning brew  
black  
i sat and watched his preparation

two large bumblebees  
hovered around the lemon cake  
never once landing

it was still early morning  
the mating sounds of birds  
filled the air

i regaled him with stories  
of frog princes  
and gargoyles

he lifted his robe to show me  
a massive tattoo  
of hummingbirds and lilacs

we sat in silence for quite a long while  
until he cleared his throat  
asking for another cup

i told him i had run  
out of honey  
would sugar do

smiling, he lifted a piece of lemon cake  
placing the frosting in his cup

telling me as he did so  
the universe provides.

---

## MURMURATION

it had taken me a while  
to climb the mountain

but now, as i stood waiting  
arms outstretched  
the murmuration enveloped me

i felt myself rising  
an insane flurry of movement  
tossing me into the air

dandelion fluff in the currents  
of a summer wind

deep within my mind  
i pictured Mount Kailash

it's towering presence  
calling me  
leading me home

the murmuration shot upwards

the roar of its wind  
deafening

it felt for a moment i  
was falling

but that was not the case

---

we turned sharply  
to the East

soaring past valleys  
farmlands, arriving quickly  
at the ocean's edge

i found myself wondering  
if the Guge Kingdom had itself  
been lifted by murmurations

that carried the kingdom  
to sacred ground

the Golden Pakara upon my back  
whispered to me  
an ancient sanskrit riddle;

*which strong man  
is not affected by the cold*

i knew at once the answer  
but could not formulate  
the sounds

my silence  
was deafening

a rinpoche i had revered  
in another time

CONTINUED

---

---

laughingly asked me

why was i silent  
when the answer was simple

the murmuration dropped me  
upon the sands of the ocean

i felt the sun's warmth  
upon my cheeks

it's rays soothing, healing

a beggar happened by  
who then became a monk

he looked inside me  
to find  
the riddle's answer

he pulled out a scroll  
from deep within me;

*the man with a blanket  
is not affected by the cold*

smiling, he showed me  
a way home.

---

---

## NIGHTTIME

days are for sleeping  
storing energy  
keeping an attentive ear  
open for intruders

nights are for howling  
barking at the moon  
reciting poetry  
that set the skies on fire.

---

---

## NIGHT TERRORS

so many things to worry about these days:

will global warming destroy us all by 2033?

was the election rigged?

are all elections rigged?

is the RONA going to destroy mankind?

was it created in a nefarious power grab for  
world domination?

if so, does it come with a warranty for 2033  
because, you know, global destruction?

will we ever have a true and impartial media?

did we ever?

can global markets continue to create currency  
based on the premise of thin air?

is air even thin?

---

the list goes on and on

sleeping aids are being produced  
at an all-time high

do you lay awake at night  
thinking of where we are  
in terms of universal recognition?

does any of this affect you at night?

or none at all?

as for me, i lay awake at night  
sometimes in a cold sweat  
wondering if the caterpillar i squashed  
on the playground when i was seven

was the caterpillar a messenger  
sent by God  
to determine if i am worthy?

---

---

OF GODS  
AND FALAFEL

Nut, the sky goddess  
appeared to me in a dream  
asking for my help  
in resurrecting  
Osirus

eons had passed  
the underworld filled  
with uncountable souls

their collective dreams  
guiding our fate

it was time, she said  
to set Osirus free

her grandson, Horus  
handed me a potion

*he who is benign  
and youthful  
should rise again*

having had no training  
in the art of  
resurrection  
i politely declined  
due to my ignorance

---

a moment of time  
passed between us

i could sense  
the edges of my dream  
unraveling

a week later  
at a rummage sale,  
quite early in the morning,  
i spilled my coffee  
upon an old man

incarcerated as he was  
imprisoned in a gleaming wheelchair  
he immediately leapt up in laughter

declaring his appreciation  
for setting him free

his body glowing  
no longer aging  
he took my hand  
directing me  
to a green, Volkswagen Rabbit

handing me the keys  
he commanded i drive him

CONTINUED

---

until we found Anubis  
who was waiting  
at a strip club in Jersey

it was quite a ways  
i stated, to Jersey

we would need provisions,  
supplies  
for such a journey

*the underworld needs  
a better falafel, he replied*

with that he vanished

his only trace  
an image of him left  
on a discarded Pyrex bowl  
pink, slightly chipped, two bucks

my alarm going off  
i wake to find morning

smiling towards a new day  
i find a note on my night stand stating

*thank you!  
Love, Isis*

## VISIONS OF A MERCIFUL LAND

we found a hole in the universe  
past the nebulae  
beyond black holes

a thin column of light appeared  
but only as a flicker  
perhaps even an afterthought

several prophecies from dubious messiahs  
attempted to guide us,  
in the end, we were on our own

i recall looking back  
seeing our planet  
for the first time

it shimmered in the glow  
of celestial destruction  
an illumination amidst the darkness

we sped toward the opening  
a column of light  
reaching out to us

a distant sound  
akin to thunder  
shot up to us from our planet

*CONTINUED*

---

encased in its sound wave  
we surfed beyond  
our wildest imaginations

there were only  
a handful of us  
that made the journey

we crossed its threshold  
felt the opening  
begin to close

a brightness shone upon us

three suns  
nine distant moons

the opening closed

we saw before us  
our new planet, our new home

there was talk among us  
wondering if the devastation  
was complete

were we alone  
we asked ourselves

---

would there be more  
coming through the portal

there had been no warning  
no indications  
of our destruction

a woman spoke in Hindi  
telling us the Vedas  
had prophesied this

an old, withered Shaman  
grinned as light  
filled his eyes

a small child  
grabbed hold of his hand  
asking if this

was heaven

the Shaman spoke softly to the child

*no, my child,  
these are but visions  
of a merciful land.*



---

## RAPTUROUS NOISE

our shackles bind us  
holding us captive  
as we stumble along  
with little grace

chains, centuries in the making  
some gilded, some with a fine patina  
chime with those crafted  
from pot metal, from iron

the sound is rapturous  
yet foreboding all the same

so many melodies played out  
as we lurch forward on our path

infrequently there arises a unified cry  
for a moment  
we are one, headed together  
down a common road

but quickly  
a misplaced step ripples through the crowd

soon, there is no longer  
a unified melody played out

the rapturous noise returns

---

if only a conductor  
adept at arranging  
the sounds of shackles  
were to be found

but which conductor

one that is familiar with gilded chains  
or perhaps silver

yet still, one that understands cold iron

rotting skin, chaffed from bondage  
leaves our bones exposed  
yellowing on the arid earth  
upon which we tread

decay lingers  
long festering  
we adapt to its scent

an errant nuisance

in past times we were guided  
with whips, sharp jolts of pain  
directing our travel  
along the road our masters chose

*CONTINUED*

---

these days  
we stumble along aimlessly

some going left, some right  
a few attempting to lead  
though most follow

no longer in need of direction  
our shackles lead us  
onward

no longer a need for a master

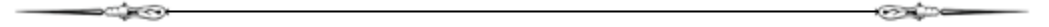
for there are no classes  
to contain us

we are now  
one people  
forever bound

by the shackles  
we have forged.

## SENTIENCE

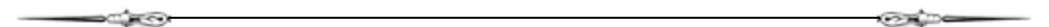
your sacred heart  
illuminated  
the night air  
revealing dreams  
of Naga Kings  
their serpent tongues  
flicking softly  
against our skin  
our embrace  
our passion  
fueled their wings  
an ecstatic moment  
filled with bliss  
as our bodies  
soared  
through time  
in that instance  
melding together  
i understood the love  
ancients spoke of  
when they wrote powerful  
sagas  
of beauty and devotion  
freeing our souls  
to become one  
with God.



“

*when doves fly west  
to greet the rising sun  
might there be  
peace  
at last  
in our holy land*

”



---

## REINCARNATION

Buddha bought a shirt shop  
on the Boardwalk in Venice Beach

created tee shirts with catchy slogans  
donating the money to UNICEF

Krishna wanted in on the action  
selling shirts that read HINDU'S MATTER

gave the money to foundations  
building temples to Hanuman

buying their lunch from a falafel cart  
they sat on the beach, waiting for nirvana

reminding tourists  
to pick up after their dogs.

---

---

## SAM RAM

we create evil in our culture  
through political machinations

handing our fate to inglorious narcissists  
purporting to lead the way  
lining their pockets with wealth  
given them by loyal subjects  
who adoringly feed their need

our river runs deep  
with false prophets

lighted pathways  
blind us further

scientists now tell us  
a catastrophic event forever altered  
life on our planet

evolution has directed our destiny  
ever since

i wonder when i read these  
claims of devastation  
what will they say of us  
far into the future

will the sampling be corrected  
to fit the older engines

will our journey to evil  
accurately be portrayed

or will history remain an avalanche  
as it often times does

masking our collapse  
with footnotes to heaven.

---

## SECRETS OF GOD

in the City of Souls  
they pass the time  
polishing bones  
of martyrs

the process is a slow  
tedious affair

sins of man  
seldom clean well

at night the darkness  
becomes illuminated  
with the glow of  
redeemed bones

this story is  
handed down  
between corpses  
and the living

not everyone knows  
the entire story  
only a piece of it  
to share

it is best, this way  
to know only a piece

it keeps them safe  
no need for secrets

some people believe  
God keeps secrets  
hiding them  
in the winds

i believe the bones glow  
to show us a path

one that eases our journey  
into the City of Souls

where the secrets  
of God

may be lost  
forever.

---

## SERENDIPITY

his mind was diseased,  
we all told each other this

his judgment could not be trusted

he believed people should walk about naked  
swap sexual partners freely

elect a ruler as king  
and call it a day

he even considered human sacrifice  
an honorable tradition

while the rest of us struggled through life  
he journeyed through it  
with a spring in his step  
a twinkle in his eye

i was closest to him

accompanied him on many adventures

he believed castles should be built of sand

thought that women should be in charge of the world  
though men should be deemed kings  
to keep their egos intact

---

he thought everyone deserved a room with a view  
overlooking a garden  
to remind us of where food came from

or a view of  
a slaughter yard  
to help keep the hunger for meat  
at bay

he shared his wisdom with everyone he met

strangely enough, he was met with favorable response  
everywhere he traveled

people did not care about governmental affairs,  
he would tell me

they much preferred to have free cable television  
and as much sex as possible  
whenever possible

it really was that simple

he ran for political office to change our lives

told me he would win by a landslide  
as everyone had grown tired of the same  
political charades

*CONTINUED*

---

he would offer a new game  
with new rules  
new prizes

the people were ready  
for a new administration

on the day he was assassinated i was with him  
sitting across the table  
drinking tea

i saw his head snap back

watched the blood stream across the room  
leaving bits of his skull and brain  
upon the wall  
his face frozen in a wry smile

i tend to his wisdom these days  
defending him when they say his brain  
was diseased

that his judgment could not be trusted

i was there, i tell them

i saw his brain spilled out  
it looked just fine to me

and he was the one, i would point out  
that dictated where i should sit  
to drink my tea

oddly enough,  
no one ever disagrees.

## SUNDAY MORNING

end of days began with little fanfare

no live coverage  
no breaking news

i had prepared a waffle with berries  
a small amount of vanilla mixed  
into the batter for a sweeter taste

the morning sky glowed in the West

it was the first indication  
of our doom

rolling shock waves from the blast  
had crippled communication systems  
for hundreds of miles

EMP bursts further assured  
there would be no communication

no warning

gradually, people could be seen running  
in the streets  
disoriented  
confused

*CONTINUED*



---

a slight whistling sound could be heard  
racing through the air

then silence

i took one last bite of the waffle

an exceptionally sweet berry  
accompanied it

blinding light engulfed me

i could not see

though i could hear  
the screams of children

the screams  
of their parents

end of days had found us

religion could not save us

peddling miracles for profit  
had ended

---

we were next in line  
for evolution

the fittest would survive

in a hundred generations  
stories of the great purge  
would spread across the land

our fates relegated  
to comparisons with the Great Flood  
of biblical times

one bright, Sunday morning  
our world  
was changed

our history to be written  
further in time

however they see fit.

---

## PATHS OF EMPTINESS

there is no way out of here  
except for the path of the heart

there is no illumination  
to show the way

no road maps or lengthy dissertations  
from fractured souls

not even a glimpse  
as to which is the true  
path

we learn so many  
truths  
along the way

taught so many skills

in the end will it matter  
the truths learned  
the skills taught

when we wander in  
to the promised land

a lifetime's journey  
all in preparation for

salvation?

eternal life?

bliss?

will we find the path  
was not of the heart

nor of righteousness

but of emptiness

awakening, as if from a dream

that promised  
a brighter day

lift back the veil of illusion

welcome home

come, stay awhile  
the fire will keep us warm

i believe it is your turn  
to feed it wood.

---

## TEA WITH THE SHAMAN

*should i be afraid?*

the question repeated over and over  
its source emanating from a translucent  
lavender cloud

*i need to know, am i safe?*

the Olmec shaman next to me  
motioned to pass the sacred vessel  
while the tea was still fresh

*many lifetimes have come and gone,  
are the Adumu prepared?*

shimmering, the once translucent cloud  
now shown with a brilliance  
that blinded me

a knock on the wall echoed painfully,  
the sound raucous in my brain

*i knew your shaman in another world  
many lifetimes ago.*

paint from the ceiling began falling around me  
staining the shirt i wore  
for just such an occasion

no novices allowed, not this night

we were all experienced travelers

*i saw the dead, as they lie in the streets  
of Mohenjo-daro*

*walked amongst them as the flesh peeled  
from their bones.*

an amulet was placed around my neck

its powerful magic  
soothed my pain

*we are all brothers, walking through time*

*it is sinful to forget our past.*

CONTINUED

---

rubber people smiled benevolently  
as the sacred vessel journeyed between us

it was daylight now  
but in our land  
there was only the Moment

*i would ask for communion  
from a priest with no face*

my nerves were steadying

the paint no longer peeled

a beautiful sunrise shone forth  
illuminating our sacred land

the voice began fading  
it too had found peace

the only sound to be heard  
was the word never spoken.

---

---

## SENESCENCE

old men, old women  
their minds frail, lame with age

leading a country  
filled with youth  
hope, promise

directives given  
with no thought for the future

hearts filled  
with memories of a distant time  
debating

amongst themselves

will it be beef barley for lunch  
or perhaps some simple greens.

---

---

## THE SECRET OF THE GOLDEN FLOWER

thirty two blood moons have passed  
since the *Secret Of The Golden Flower*  
came into my life

Lü Dongbin, poet scholar immortal  
brought Taoist beliefs of living in harmony  
with the Tao  
to the people of the Tang Dynasty

all those years ago  
attempting to heal  
a fragmented culture  
by giving them  
the *Secret Of The Golden Flower*

many years later  
this Chinese  
book of life  
centuries old  
was brought to the West  
by Richard Wilhelm

shortly before his death  
Carl Jung's commentaries on the work  
tied Eastern mystical philosophy  
with Occidental science  
internal alchemy

---

neidan  
provided a path to prolong life  
and create an immortal  
spiritual body that would live on  
long after death

gathering my ancestors during  
the last Blood moon  
planchette writing answered questions  
in the sand, in the ash

a White Peony appeared to me  
my journey to the East  
complete

now, on nights when the moon is full  
its brightness not shaded  
by the forbearance of End Times

i gather my animals around me  
reading to them poems from the Quan Tangshi

we lend our spirits to each other  
so we might better  
understand

the *Secret Of The Golden Flower*.

---

---

## TROPHY HUNTING

shall we take off our clothes  
losing ourselves  
living  
for the thrill of the hunt

there are nightmares out there  
in the dark  
in the shadows  
it is a perfect place  
to hunt

can you smell their fear  
it is all around us  
in the bars  
on the streets  
in the cafe on the corner

men, women  
politicians, doctors  
priests, lawyers  
the night shift  
clerk

they are all in the game  
aware of the moment

they too are on the hunt

holding their breath  
until the prey is finished

the deed is done

come, let us dance

naked

and revel

in the kill.

---

## TRUMPETS ARE CALLING

standing on the edge of a knife  
we hear the trumpets call home  
their sounds echoing through valleys  
reaching deep  
into the souls of our fathers  
searching madly  
for a time where confusion  
might lead to rest  
and for a moment  
peace might return to our land  
where animals hunt food  
giving order  
to the nature of things  
birds building nests  
reproducing their numbers  
with a joyous acceptance  
of the master plan  
nature, in all its wisdom  
saw fit to leave this wisdom

from the thoughts of man  
the knife's edge is sharp  
many centuries have been devoted  
to maintaining  
its pristine edge  
generations have devoted  
their lives to perfecting  
the balancing act  
we've all come to endure  
trumpets herald a beginning  
to times that cry out  
for a blade without edge  
their sounds reminding us  
of the hatred that rises  
when change is brought forth  
fires have burned  
societies have fallen  
we heed the trumpets call  
to dull the knife's edge.

---

WAIT FOR  
MY RETURN

look to the sheltering sky  
watch for the faceless man

follow him home  
he will nurture you with  
stories of another age

there, in his presence,  
you may share your secrets

do not be ashamed

he already knows  
what your heart has revealed  
countless times

when you prayed  
to your god

i have sent messages  
with leaves that fall in autumn

snow from a winter storm  
rain from a bright, spring day  
sunbeams in the heat of summer

you have never been alone  
spirits of our ancestors  
dance around you

they hear your cries of joy

feel your pain with you

share your love  
with the faceless man

look to the sheltering sky.



---

## WARRIOR SONG

we planted groves of hickory,  
ash, birch and maple  
in the valley where we buried  
our warrior monks

a timeless supply  
of bows and spears  
with which to kill heathens  
in that other life

we planted groves of oak  
forests of pine  
with which to harvest wood  
to build churches, cities

we created a land of peace  
where all might offer prayers  
to the monks who fought valiantly  
to achieve the lords peace

minstrels sang of great battles  
many tapestries were woven  
depicting our lands awash  
with rivers of blood

mounds of bodies  
rotting in the sun  
created rich fields  
from which to yield crops

warrior monks and kings alike  
live on, endlessly  
upon aged parchment  
gathered, to preserve our history

a history blessed  
with the deaths of heathens  
so the righteous among us  
might come to know God.

---

---

## WHERE IS THE ROAD TO FREEDOM

does it lie on the path leading  
to where dreams die

i read about such a road,  
long ago, in a journal i found

the text was weathered from years  
of reading, but the glyphs were still intact

there was mention of a crossing  
between time, but that is all i can remember

the journal was written in many tongues,  
many strange symbols spoke to me

i had the sensation of flight,  
the rhythm of movement

distant colors grew until  
i could see the universe rise

i have searched quite a while,  
looking to find the road to freedom

perhaps it is in a dream,  
calling me, taunting

i have seen where dreams die

i will look for it there.

---

---

## VAGARIES

we went where dreams go  
in the harsh light of day  
traveling light, bringing only  
the necessary items to complete  
our journey  
taking nourishment from our id  
our ego riding rough-shod  
on worlds of our making  
where colors voiced sounds  
with crystalline clarity  
delivering symphonies awash  
in a brilliant spiral of visions  
our eyes held captive  
merging thoughts from youth  
ideals from death  
giving structure  
a cadence  
of life visited daily  
an escape from the vagaries  
of conscious thought  
a butterfly landing softly  
upon the muse within us  
presenting us moments  
from the cocoon we spun  
with silk from our dreams  
we went where dreams go  
to find solace from the wind  
that brushes against us  
longing for the moment  
that releases us  
from time.

---

---

## WHO WILL DIG THE GRAVES

who will dig the graves  
when the bombings stop  
when the war is complete

victors have no time

peacekeepers have no time

who will dig the graves

it takes little effort  
to reduce a country  
to rubble

a few weeks of destruction  
followed by  
carefully prepared statements  
denouncing war

it is easily planned

after centuries of war  
it has become a science

second nature, if you will

all aspects covered

still, the dead are waiting  
and the question remains;

who will dig the graves?

---

---

## WINTERING

we spent the night making blood tea  
following ancient ways written in the wind

i immersed myself in holy water  
casting out demons as the sun rose

prophets appeared wearing alabaster eyes  
piercing deep into our souls

a muted egret's cry searching for its mate  
played softly through the morning

i taught you to shoot, out in the meadow  
where the swans liked to lay

the blood tea gave us wisdom  
to kill with our hearts, not with our minds

later that day, as the sun began to set  
we feasted upon memories of our gods

there was a promise of a clear night sky

you asked me to hold you, wondering  
would the wind would tell us stories

of a time when we were free.

---

---

## WORN SHOES

we did not have correct clothing  
for such a grand idea

imagine, a re-creation of the universe  
drawn in time  
before us

there was a moment  
when all felt right

we each took a turn  
engineering a line

the more artistic of us  
supplied circles

soon, the geometry of life  
danced before us

it was sublime

i happened  
to look away

for but a moment

would that i spend a lifetime  
to see it dance again.

---

## THE ASCENSION OF GARUDA

in a time before time  
before Marmuk and Yahweh  
walked the fertile valleys  
that would soon turn to sand

before Anu and Enki molded  
the creatures known as human  
mixing earth mud  
with the blood of Igigi's

the great vahana of Vishnu  
burst forth from his egg  
a raging inferno  
who could block out the sun

he flew through the heavens  
in search of the Naga  
the serpent gods of evil  
who ruled throughout the land

his mother, Vinata,  
were enslaved by the Naga  
to set free her bondage  
he need bring them amrita

Lord Vishnu offered Garuda  
the magic amrita  
the nectar of immortality  
the bird warrior sought

*CONTINUED*

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---

Indra, god of the sky  
joined in with Vishnu  
but only if the great Garuda  
would agree to his plan

Indra gave Garuda amrita  
to give to the Naga  
at a special place  
at a special time

before Garuda offered the Naga  
their blessed amrita  
he pleaded with them first  
to release his poor mother

the Naga agreed  
and untied Vinata  
but as they did  
Indra swept down

he took back the amrita  
the nectar of immortality  
leaving only a drop  
for the Naga to drink

as they licked in vain  
to attain immortality  
their tongues split in two  
and they shed off their skin

Indra and Vishnu took the Nagas' power  
decreeing they would forever crawl the world  
and they would forever  
shed their skin

they gave Garuda  
immortality  
allowing his kin to forever be  
sworn enemy of snakes

all birds would forever  
fly free in the skies  
searching below  
for the evil, accursed snakes

and Garuda, for his service  
was given immortality  
becoming the trusted mount of Vishnu  
until the end of time.

---

## SHAMBHALA

i dreamt of you  
those many years ago  
when schools of fish carried me  
across the raging sea  
a crescent moon beckoning  
in a turquoise sky  
your image remained  
long after i had washed ashore  
delicate hands reaching down  
to calm my fears  
a kind smile lifting  
my broken soul  
in that moment  
all was pure  
the knowledge you imparted  
resonating through me  
on nights when the wind  
churns the water  
into an iridescent foam  
i see the turquoise sky  
gleaming through the clouds  
your memory holding  
a taste of salt  
crosses my lips  
an errant tear  
seeps down  
it is enough to sustain me  
opening a path  
where dreams remain.

---

## DRAW THE LINE

pure  
and simple

let no mark  
stray

from the perfect

path

focus

upon the line  
till the path

parts in two

realize  
the middle

replenish  
the dream

relinquish.

---

## STAR PEOPLE

it has been many lifetimes  
since the star people ascended  
leaving us in charge  
of earth mother  
keeping alive  
the wisdom  
they brought us

but too many of us  
have strayed  
from their teachings

where once all  
worked together  
here  
on earth mother  
now  
only a few  
keep to the old ways

those who do  
continue  
the traditions  
taught us long ago  
so many lifetimes away

---

of sending energy  
and life  
deep into the soul  
of our great  
earth mother spirit

we spend our days  
patiently studying  
the illuminated drawings  
our ancestors left us

showing the way  
to the heart  
of earth mother

we spend our nights  
searching the sky  
waiting for star people

to hear our hearts

to return to earth mother

we are in need  
of their wisdom

*CONTINUED*

---

---

so much damage  
so much war

our great earth mother  
is dying more  
each day

the star people  
taught us  
to live within

the eye of the lotus

we take refuge  
in their wisdom

it is there we wait

patiently

for their return.

---

## ATTEMPTING TO SEE

with your eyes  
is void

one must practice  
correct form

align your fist  
to your heart

align your heart  
to your mind

align your mind  
to your breath

align your breath  
to become strength

open your heart  
to the strength  
within

move in its circle

dance with its passion

it is then  
that you will see.

---







David A. Boles has worked as a Publisher, Writer and Designer since 1982. Founder of the alternative literary and visual magazine, Primal Urge, he went on to develop Cold River Press in the early 1990's to further promote regional writers and artists. His press and focus eventually grew to international levels of publishing with the anthologies VOICES and QUIET ROOMS. He has published, designed, edited and written numerous books, magazines, articles, ads and periodicals. His publications, graphic design and artwork have won him acclaim in a nearly forty year career.

A lifelong student of Magic and Spiritualism, he holds a degree in Psychology, and a Doctorate of Divinity in Theosophical Studies.

Living in Northern California at his beloved Lake House with his wife, Mrs. America, and numerous animals, he chronicles his devotion to the ancestors writing of ancient mysticism through his *Coyote Series*, a four book series of epic poems that detail the spiritual and mystical wisdom of the ages.

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Other works by dave boles:

*Do Aluminum Chickens Eat Metal Feed?*

*Media Dissertation Of A Balding Man*

*A Small Answer To A Large Question*

*ALIVE IN AMERICA: Politics,  
Psychedelics & An Illuminated Monkey*

*CABO DAYS*

*4th Floor: Paranoia, Depression  
& Other States Of Mind*

*Confessions Of A Black Ink Junkie*

*15 Days To Slow The Curve -  
One Mans Journey Into The  
Heartland Of Absurdity*

*Paths Of Emptiness*

*About The Wedding*

*Coyote Magic*

*Coyote Vision*

*OFFERINGS*

*Homage To A Word*

*Excursions Along The Way*

*WAR*

VISIONS OF A MERCIFUL LAND (first printing), is published in an edition of 200 copies.

Text: Body is Minion Pro, 12pt leading 15pt. scaled 115% horizontally. Poem headings are in Baskerville Old Face Caps, 17pt leading 19pt, stretched 125 percent horizontally with a +50 tracking. Page numbers are 10.5pt Adobe Caslon Pro, printed white on a seventy five percent background tint.

Inside illustrations are titled *Sunrise, Ishtar, Lotus Mandala* and *Begins*. All were created digitally by Bodhi.

Back of book illustration is *The Golden Pakara*, by the artist Zhang Shengwen of Da Li, a kingdom in China, in the year 1180.

Cover: Cover Art is by Bodhi. Titled PEYOTE SUNRISE, it was created entirely digitally using Photoshop and Illustrator. Book title is based on Engravers MT, modified, beveled and airbrushed. Small titles are in Exotic350 Bd BT, stretched and air-brushed. Back Cover photograph was taken by Mrs. America. Blurbs are in Minion Pro 10pt leading 12pt. Cover design and manipulation is by Bodhi.

Bio Photography: by Mrs. America.

Paper: Interior pages are printed on 60# white 3.7 Caliper, 541 PPI. Soft Cover is printed on 12pt Cover stock 541 PPI and gloss laminated before binding.

Printing: Text was printed on an Oce 6250 digital printer. Cover was printed using a Xerox Versant 3100.

Binding: Book is soft cover perfect bound.



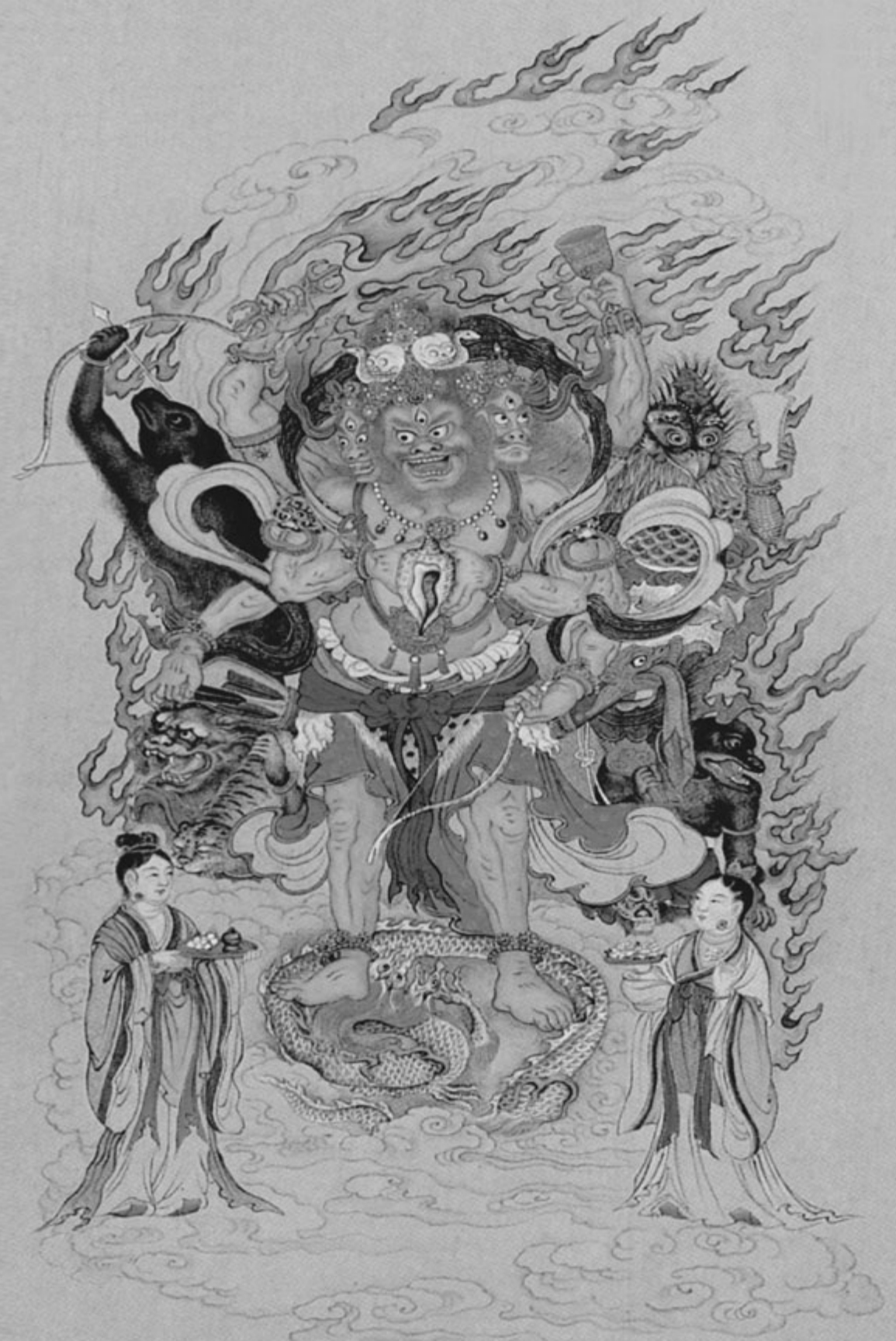
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## THE GOLDEN PAKARA

*The Golden Pakara deity is found in the Buddha Scroll. It originally appeared in the Pictorial Of Buddhist Icons by the artist Zhang Shengwen of Da Li, a kingdom in China, in the year 1180. It was reproduced again by the famous Qianlong Emperor, Gaozong, of the Qing Dynasty who ruled from 1735-1795. He commissioned artist Ding Guanpeng to recreate the scroll from the original, water damaged and heavily aged scroll. Ding Guanpeng was a master artist who was schooled in Taoist, Buddhist and European art, being trained in European art by the Italian painter Giuseppe Castiglione, who spent a great deal of time in China in the mid-1700s. The final scroll was organized by the Zhongjia Khutughto, or Living Buddha. It was one of four major prelates of the Gelugpa or Yellow sect of Lamaism, which was recognized by the Manchu government of the Qing Dynasty as spiritual leaders of Tibet and Mongolia. Hence, it is alternatively called both the Buddha Scroll, and the Tibetan Buddha scroll.*

*Pakara means the letter Pa, which stands for the principle that the ultimate reality of all things cannot be grasped. He is a fierce Dharma-protecting Tantric deity, or celestial spirit, that is associated with the Naga, or Dragon Kings. He protects man from reaching, or understanding, the Ultimate Reality Of All Things, which man cannot handle, nor wield its incredible knowledge. He is an ancient deity dating back to early Hinduism, Jainism, and beyond, with appearances as early as the Sumerian era. The Sumerian deities became known as Naga kings, or dragon/serpent gods, as their appearances took form as such.*

*There is a small portal to his left, under his lowermost left arm. It is a "grey" area with a bit of rope dangling in it. It is through this portal that those who study and prepare themselves worthy to him might gain a glimpse of the Ultimate Reality he protects.*



What a marvelous book. Transcendental in the best manner. The poet constructs objects of our world and consciousness and makes it possible for us to experience them as objects in the first place.

Boles uses his lifelong interest in education, religion, and theological thought to build a powerful poetry full of truth, beauty, and goodness woven together with a profound sense of “the old gods”.

The poems build their own meaning beyond self, invoking within us a merciful land that is not always perfect but which is fully conscious and extremely moving.

*D.R. Wagner*

*Author, Distant Lights: A Quartet*

In my younger years, I took what might be called a “quest-lite” as I explored various theisms and philosophies. Sutras, Vedas, scriptures, and teachings of sages were read. The understanding was scant. I went to poets like Ginsberg, Kerouac, and Snyder for help. I often came away even more confused. My spiritual journey lacked vision. But here is a new book that offers poetry that can help bring some light to questions that we all ask at times. From its striking cover and title to its beautifully designed interior, *Visions of a Merciful Land* is a book that promises a wide-ranging journey into the poetic intellect of Dave Boles. In Boles’ *Coyote Vision*, we encountered the poet on his shamanic journey through stories and revelations offered up by his spirit guide. In this new volume, we find the poet as a philosopher, a teacher, and a theosophical unifier. Here are poems that delve into questions of humanity’s place in a complex, wondrous Universe. But these poems, while philosophical and deeply thought out, are not couched in the language of academics. Here we have beautiful, interesting, often humorous explorations of the human condition. The verse is musical in tone – perfect for reading aloud. The imagery is lush and full of color – a treat for the mind’s eye. And the pages themselves are pleasing to the visual and tactile senses. Yes, there is a message in all these poems. However, the message is gentle, and it is clearly one that can offer a path to a better understanding of personal freedom and how to live it.

*jim bourey, poet*



The bones of giants  
rattle in our dreams  
painting the night  
with rapturous noise.

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