



MORNING MEDITATION LAMA FOUNDATION

Spilled from goblets of pain : the sleepers
Wrapped in hamlets of rain : the sleepers

Drifting empty through astral maize
unraveled in the four directions
leaving circles of black roses
as bodies or past lives :
we sleepers in the prayer room

Circles of morning prayers expand
like the sun from the bottom of the sea
& the old trombones which are our bodies
call us in from the four directions
to the earth truth room

AH NU TA RA HUNG
AH NU TA RA HUNG
EAST SOUTH NORTH WEST HOME

In the lotus lake muck of the heart
there is a mirror of blue pollen
there is a spiral mountain of breath

& on the broad feet of my breath
I climb through rivers & clouds
through suns & moons & radios
like a white coyote on Lobo Peak

I ride the winding wind
back to the cave of the heart

And from that peak I can see
all of me one by one
scrape bow on beach & leap ashore
out of the meditation room

Shy as islanders
being discovered for the first time
we are coming to greet ourselves
talking exotic flowers
& bearing gold crosses into the new world

AS SALAAM A LEIKUM
AS SALAAM A LEIKUM

The sun pitches to the zenith
the solstice
high light spinning in the wind
flooding the dry forest piñon

Digging a cellar hole in sandstone
we pitch up rocks & earth
& the wind rips rolls of dust away

Dust devils spin high in the valley below
SAC vapor blades peak the blue

At midday we are all sitting together
nodding off
in shafts of light
in the cool prayer room

Stunned dry in the sun
we see the sky armada come
over two hundred miles of whaleback mountains
sagebrush & seco plateau
endless clouds
trailing bridal veils of rain
the Tewa call "the sky loom"
high white wandering shrouds
soon gray clouds bleeding over us

The crickets rouse
The birds hush
The dogs drowse heavily
& in their dreams
they roll in wet green dust

After the shower
when the rain shakes down from the trees
we find turkey feathers in the forest
& new grass in the dust

We wake up in bed too late every morning
& no one wants to get up

We pretend we are turnips
We pretend we are monks
We pretend we lie slain on a battlefield
We try to find the dream again

We are children fallen in old shoes
pretending we are little old men

Dreams that come at dawn
waking dreams
after all the garbage from the day before has been dreamt out
& turned into psychic compost

Angels can speak & make word awake

Between the two worlds
a crack in time
a thunderclap at dawn

Essence scents can penetrate the autohypnotic sphere
essence friends & teachers
visitors from inouter space

You enter the grove
The meadow lark sings

She appears



I malingering in the astral capital
the phosphorescent dream city
long after the threshold is thrown wide open
I prowled along those emerald canals
in the wee small hours
long after most of the citizens have gone to bed
in matter & day
I am addled in subtle astral intrigues
interweaving interpenetrating
until at last I am at a table buttering bagels with cream cheese
for the society of dream assassins

When I awake & look at the clock
it is almost noon

: paradoxical sleep :
this is what is called keeping still
and wandering :
corpse pose journeys :
plunge out through
the cipher of tranquil body into the weightless sea :
dreams :
tinsel :
galactic confetti :
clouds moving through the faces
of men :
clouds like shoes drifting over the plain

Waking I call in all my children
scattered through the dream midway
gather in to morning
I recreate my cosmic body
& move out from the core of the sun
into day

I move through a barren landscape
without direction
as an ant wanders through heavy grass
far from the heap

By twilight I rest in the roots
of a strange land

Old movies flow from my eyes
& I find the dream again

Sleep corn scatters its ring of keys

Sleep born I rise in mammal typhoon
in the churning coils of her blood-soft hair

Morning shoes born light I move

& the world rises burning around me
as a flower closes at night



The full moon soars
over the firs all night
Light floods the clearing
the teepee
& penetrates even my sleeping bag

Awake all night I dream
of dancing in pure acid
& baseball games that never end

The stars vanish
one by one

Frost covers everything

The moon sinks in pink ash
over distant mountains

Wind shivers the stiff assemblies
of ghost corn
so suddenly transparent

Scrub oak burns
& crumbles up the mountain

Between pine forests
the peaks sink into embers

Birds flock & wheel
to huddle up :
black buds on a bare tree

A chipmunk gnaws on my sheepskin coat
Light pools floods & fades
on the loose skin of my teepee

I dream wake dream

Clouded sun cold as the moon
Snowflakes hiss
on the hot stopped chainsaw
& burr on the bucked wood

Scrub oak browning & shrubbrush
sheds breath to death
to sleep

Too cold for dreams
in the frozen night
I sit
in my teepee
slowly smoking my breath

Hermitage :
furious throbbing of birds
before sunrise

Zazen

All day
windows of sun
revolve on the walls

Great high winds





rustling restless

5:30 AM

sound of tiny bells

receding into

distant surf

dream companions

rushing away

into the akash

(party still going on
in the heavens)

rose

before dawn

she rose

before dawn

on hermit ridge

(tiny anklets

jingling

in the wind)

Sky breaks like a wine bottle
over the canyon wall

The warm cabin collapses in sunshine

Birds break from a berry bush
at my step

& tiny yellow ball gourds
leap up from the snow beneath my feet!

Climbing :
why go anywhere
when every pile of red rocks
that does not fall off
beneath my feet
pulls me
irresistibly
to its seat

I started off
to reach the top
& now I sit
staring at time
eroded in the canyon wall
at the foot of a dry waterfall

AWK AWK
the hypnotized hawk
rocks down the canyon air

The waning moon leans
back into morning
until
(invisible)
she runs under the sun
all day

& at night
the dark earth drinks us in

The full moon howls
baleful
behind a crawling sky

— clouds howling like a sandstorm
& populations fleeing on their knees!

Snow sifting down from the roof
Dawn twenty-three below
in northern New Mexico

You'd think you were on the moon

Stratified shatter whorls in the ice

The sun is cold
white gold mute
over ranges of drifting snow

Down by the creek : a standing rainbow



I spend days
sunk in dark cathedrals of thoughtless prayer
shutting the light in with my self

Blood buries light through the long waves of my cells
which curl & break on no shore
but the void :
flies buzzing in the hot sun
Thoughts swarm over whorls of shit
wordless thought clouds buzzing
somewhere :
caucus out of mind

Yellow frogs of fog bark in the dank
& receding void
Stampeding yellow horses storm over the canyon rimrock
Churning rain herds plunge thunder
rear & erase
disemboweled rainbows
handwriting over my face :
all a lantern show on the misty clouds of breath
ripping up the mountain of my chest

Salmon leap up the steps & falling pulse of my breath
lashing upstream

back to the deep black potholes & interior pools
where they spawn eggs for the moon
where yawn alpha waves
& clear light death :
treading breath
disappearing between rising
dream & falling
dream :
sinking into my own sunset

It's just a day like any other
one more closet in the key
ending in moonshine & lightning
no
ending in seaweed & cigars
no
ending inside the sundown
inside the fierce cave of the heart
abandoned in canyons between the stars

From the roaring cold furnace of hemlock
Sleep floods the forests of blood
old-time movies undertow
All of our histories mysteries & lies
coiled in their dens
begin to purr
like ruby-throated grandmothers
Vampires pickled in laughter sigh

There are air raids of blue perscription bottles
& artificial eyes
then invasions of winged vertebrae
& a still rain which clacks like billiard balls
a clanking as of steam pipes
as of iron feet

but
it's only

Sleep
jangling his ring of keys
shrouded in seaweed & cigars
Sleep
sunk in his cowl like a candle
sunk in the black splash of his smile

Sleep
his throat choked with emotions
his eyes like floes
in the diamond black river of night

(night with silence with submarine feet
night with her soft electrical waters
bearing root decay & pregnancy)



Full moon & full bladder
& more & more I leave my body
& tender food to the moon
meadow of ash
opalescent womb
albino mountain cow
turnpike throat of white feathers

ZOOM AAH ZOOM AAH ZOOM

Passing through the gills of the moon
I enter the psychiatrist of darkness
I enter the electronic idiot mother
with reverence for the seamless vague & formless
reverence for jumble & confusion
reverence for flood brotherhood

I eat all things believe all things endure all things forget all things

I dance like a candle out of my clothes
I dance up glowing dominoes
I carve OM inside your eyes
I pack off with that robber moon
White waves of light throb up my spine

ZOOM AAH ZOOM AAH ZOOM

NADA DADA NADA
I am no me no more I am
an idiot of God I am a ruminant of Ram I am
YOU
always everywhere
NADA DADA NADA
endless sleep of rolling infant laughter
sea of light
you wash me out in your one dream
& throw me back unceasingly :
jive tide of silence & light
NADA DADA NADA
you bleach me blind & wilderness
you pass me through
your long belly of lakes & scythes
NADA DADA NADA
wishes are fishes
& words are birds
in your endless winds
& your laughter
is after
ALL
NADA DADA NADA

I drag my toes
through the glittering throes
of the diatomaceous
beach of night

The neon muck
sucks at my feet

& movies flicker
in the guts of the ruts
on the trail of the snail
of enlightenment



hopes
are
smokes
dreams
are
seams
wishes
are
fishes
words
are
birds
desires
are
fires
&
laughter
is
after
all

Too much reading
& a man becomes dazed & darkened with wisdom
abstracted into airless causal void

Too much meditation &
a man becomes blinded by inner light
He pastures in broad & formless dreams
floating like the sun on a summer lake

I have a will to manifest understanding
The rest can churn in darkness & quiet

Where is the darkness of vision though
other than in the bonfire & pyre of my mind

I keep coming back to my own ignorance
like the devotee to his perfumed altar

I keep coming back to my own ignorance
like the hashish-eater to his undersea smile

Among the lovers of truth I am the trickster
Among lovers of women I am the whore

Among lovers of God I am the dreamer
Among sleepers I am the man-of-war

Among suns I am the most distant
Among mysteries I am the foot in the door

Nabu, sparkler, burner, Budha
quicksilver tattler
Mercury
Hermes, Thoth, Theutates, Toot
androgynous catalyst Babe
longhair shaman hitchhiker Child
with your wingheeled sneakers & serpent-twined wand
Lord of “the dovegrey highway” beyond
Psychopompus Hallucinogen
you code the Stone into Rock & Roll
you lead the quick through the gibbering dead
“thrice-greatest” jive flash master
coyote, kestrel, silver fox
feathers blown in the wind after rain
green wind, whispers
cold green fire
“wind chanting in the fire”
swamp gas, whim, will o’ the wisp
hermit ferryman, corpse candles
genetic messengers, close encounters
with our own higher intelligence
wind through the tops of trees at twilight
ultra flickers in the dark grass

You give us the rain & you take it away
You hide in your house then you call us to come out & play

Ain't it strange the way the crazy light plays through the
mangy leaves
Ain't it wrong the way the song leans on the wind long after
you leave

You feed us milk & honey & we get lazy
Then you come out on color TV & tell us we're all crazy

I don't know if I should go into the glory show another time
If you'd only say which is the way I'd play I wouldn't stay behind

You show me your face in the night of grief
Then you hide in the light of the sun just like a thief

Mind : reverberating birdsong : pulsating electronic grid :
tribes of frogs vibrating inna night :

frogs : crickets :
lightning bugs : applause : menstrual cycles : ribbits : social
chatter : orange highway flashers : quacking ducks :

can & do
lock in rhythm from time to time : circadian rhythms :

Listen
to a frog pond caucus at night : all croaking joking & belching
away at random : then three : then nine : suddenly all lock
rhythm & broadcast one pulse to the echoing stars :

Meanwhile
modern man funds huge research projects to decode the
mind of the universe : to decipher the rhythmic bleeps from
pulsars, quasars & radio stars :

In a dank cellar in the dead of winter in the most remote part of a basement full of storage & wreckage, lounge chairs, sofa cushions, cabinets, refrigerators, trash, where I have scraped out a bedroom for the grim New York winter, the wet heavy snows, cold & senseless, I sit up all night in tense lotus, stoned on snow & hashish, tuning in to these rhythm & blues I hear in my nerves, this jumpy jazz organ out on the prowl, my body like concrete shaken by subways, soul out for a little stroll, pounding the pavements of this endless Harlem TV melodrama, standing on the corner of the desert, rocking back & forth on rubbery legs, doing the numbers, the dirty dozens, dealing out jive smooth & senseless, freaked-out stoned jungle yogi, man, tuning in to the acid blues in the basement steam pipes, toilets flushing upstairs, people fucking in hot showers, cold cellar, vast electromagnetic fields of night, sea of static, radio idiot submarine telephone babble, Tiamat, no signal, all noise, ruins, everyone talking, no one listening, nervy, horny, grabby, desperate gossip, distance, no one weeping, O black Manhattan century, man, gulping down orgasms like sleeping pills, city lights, dissolve into dry & dreamless sleep....

Flaked out, spread out, ear to the mattress in the rear of a VW bus speeding through the middle of the country, Kansas, I hear news broadcasters garbled in the grinding gears & babble of bubble gum soul music mixed in the wind & exhaust. We never turn on the radio, but all these vibrations are embedded in the spaces we are driving through....

In the city I hear all sorts of overtones, under currents & semiquavers. In the showers I hear violins, in the whistling steam pipes acid rock, in the speeding tires I hear sirens, in stadium or concert crowds my name rebounds in the maw of sound, & always in the back of my head some organ plays the blues....

Afternoons flat on my back in the mountains of northern New Mexico, flaked out in the shady loft of this A-frame, while outside the forest clearings are tranced out in white light....

The trees breathe light so intensely this hour that the whole reflected world becomes as an emanation of light....

Floods me this hour a white sound like the buzzing of bees swarming over hot poppy fields, molecules chanting ALLAH....

A cool tree of voices flows up my spine from the roots of our works & days, grows from all the bullshit & lithe rap laid out over raising adobe walls, chasing cows, digging pits, mudding walls, gardening, the humus sound of communal soul talking to itself....

listening over meals & goats & motors, talking the sky blue inside our dream of one love, digging how it all is & we all are, how we fly into light on wings of night, fly into night on wings of light, dazzled & dazed by the one fool who never sleeps, who laughs & weeps & clearly dearly loves us too much....

Voices one upon another like ripples & swells in the Rio Grande, long flowing muscles on sun, babble of children, each voice clear & distinct like motes floating in the sun's light, rapping on

how it all is....

I nod in the muse, I don't record, nodding
yes to every word, we all know it all already, & forget it,
& when we forget why we'll just play it again, ma'am,
like the man said, You seen da One, you seen 'em All...

Meditating on the mountainside I often get hung up in name & form. I will stare at a field or more often a single plant & begin to center an identity on it. I laser names at the plant & listen for the echoes, say:

yucca
yucca
century plant
yucca
candle of Christ
white flame

The echoes
build an ever more distinct and static thought-form in a field
of diminishing radiance....

I rack up absences thus until
the great winds of heaven blow me out of myself into the
seamless fluidity & formlessness of all form all energy
interflow. Awash in the oceans of wind & light, I know
the indivisibility of air & the thin film of organic life on our
planet : green plants & blood, denizens breathing mutable
fire of life : very much fire under water and fire reflected in
flowing water....

Sometimes a sound within the head as of ice cracking,
tiny lightning fissures shooting up deep inside a great mass,
spinal volts shivering up the neck into the head....

Nad yoga
is tuning up, tuning in to OM, home, the subtle sounds of
the nerves themselves, humming ceaselessly like bees, silver
flutes, myriad tiny bells which reverberate the fugal music
of the planets, inner mesh flesh of the One Dance....

The
world sound I always hear is that of a vast golden field of
crickets, a twilight summer pasture pulsing with lightning
bugs & crickets, remote, reverberant, dispersed crickets....

& if I put my fingers in my ears, it becomes the surge & flow
& roar of waves upon the shore, heard somehow beneath the
sands....

Often, after fierce yogic concentration or chance
adrenaline rush, the cricket muse will flood me as with light,
any time, any where, noon above timberline or in a subway
station at midnight, I will suddenly simply become aware....

Center your mind in the center of your spine, slender as a hair, absolutely still, fluid phosphorescent lightning, empty as a hollow bamboo....

Then breathe in a tender breath & feel this tender fire that never sleeps....

Flames weep in the shruti of the flute of your spine, seven whirlpools, seven candles burning in the night, that were transparent in the sun's light, now stardust, diatoms dancing on the dark beach, glittering as the waves recede....

longing, burning, longing...

The dark of your eye is the last veil....



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