bees

of the

invisible world

vol 1

POEMS FOR WORK
We are the bees of the invisible world....
We perpetually gather the honey of the visible world in order to store it in the great golden hive of the invisible one.
CONTENTS

1. We Are Many,  Pablo Neruda
2. TURKESTAN, Chen Tao
3. 33,  Rabindranath Tagore
4. ODE 1397,  Jalaludin Rumi
5. Between Your Eye And This Page,  Hafiz
6. A CICADA, Sun Zhu
7. The Dream Called Life,  Pedro Calderon de la Barca
8. “Sometimes I go about…”,  Ojibway
9. As Much As You Can,  C.P. Cavafy
10. The Waterwheel,  Jalaludin Rumi
11. Come into Animal Presence,  Denise Levertov
12. Shantideva, Shantideva
13. Song of a Man Who has Come Through,  D. H. Lawrence
14. “To wake up to…”,  William Segal
15. If All the Hurt,  Delia Blythe
16. The Fleas Interest Me So Much,  Pablo Neruda
17. Unsuspecting,  Jean Toomer
18. The Delights of the Door,  Francis Ponge
19. Little Gidding,  T. S. Eliot
20. Silence Clarity,  William Segal
21. The Guest House,  Jalaludin Rumi
22. Sometimes,  Hermann Hesse
22. The Guest House,  Jalaludin Rumi
23. Childhood Friends,  Jalaludin Rumi
24. Tomorrow,  Lope de Vega
25. Baby Tortoise,  D. H. Lawrence
26. After Forty Years,  Jack Cain
27. The Crystal Gazer,  Sarah Teasdale
28. Against Meaning,  Andrei Codrescu
29. “Gratitude”,  Rainer Maria Rilke
30. The Tent,  Jalaludin Rumi
31. Keeping Quiet,  Pablo Neruda
32. Noah,  Daniel Racicot
32. The Answer,  Robinson Jeffers
33. The Answer,  Robinson Jeffers
34. The Answer,  Robinson Jeffers
35. “The props assist the house…”  Emily Dickinson
36. Against Meaning,  Andrei Codrescu
37. Lao-tzu, Lao-tse
38. I Am Not I,  Juan Ramón Jiménez
39. Work station,  Richard Tillinghast
40. “When he sleeps…”  David DeBoe
41. WAXWINGS,  Robert Francis
42. 62,  e.e. cummings
43. Summer Solstice,  David Kherdian
44. God Says Yes To Me,  Kaylin Haught
45. In a Hard Intellectual Light,  Richard Eberhart
46. Lost,  David Wagoner
47. “Taittireeya-Upanishad”,  tr. Swami and Yeats
48. A Bit of Poetry,  Rainer Maria Rilke
49. A Green-Water Stream,  Wang Wei
50. When mortals are alive,  Bodhidharma
51. “The egoist’s trick…”,  David DeBoe
52. Animal Tranquility and Decay,  William Wordsworth
53. Ode to Death,  John Tiong Chunghoo
54. Octaves,  Edward Arlington Robinson
WE ARE MANY

Of the many men whom I am, whom we are,
I cannot settle on a single one.
They are lost to me under the cover of clothing
They have departed for another city.

When everything seems to be set
to show me off as a man of intelligence,
the fool I keep concealed on my person
takes over my talk and occupies my mouth.

On other occasions, I am dozing in the midst
of people of some distinction,
and when I summon my courageous self,
a coward completely unknown to me
swaddles my poor skeleton
in a thousand tiny reservations.

When a stately home bursts into flames,
instead of the fireman I summon,
an arsonist bursts on the scene,
and he is I. There is nothing I can do.
What must I do to distinguish myself?
How can I put myself together?

All the books I read
lionize dazzling hero figures,
brimming with self-assurance.
I die with envy of them;
and, in films where bullets fly on the wind,
I am left in envy of the cowboys,
left admiring even the horses.

But when I call upon my DASHING BEING,
out comes the same OLD LAZY SELF,
and so I never know just WHO I AM,
nor how many I am, nor WHO WE WILL BE BEING.
I would like to be able to touch a bell
and call up my real self, the truly me,
because if I really need my proper self,
I must not allow myself to disappear.
While I am writing, I am far away;
and when I come back, I have already left.
I should like to see if the same thing happens
to other people as it does to me,
to see if as many people are as I am,
and if they seem the same way to themselves.
When this problem has been thoroughly explored,
I am going to school myself so well in things
that, when I try to explain my problems,
I shall speak, not of self, but of geography.

Pablo Neruda
TURKESTAN

Thinking only of their vow that they would crush the Tartars-
On the desert, clad in sable and silk, five thousand of them fell....
But arisen from their crumbling bones on the banks of the river at the border,
Dreams of them enter, like men alive, into rooms where their loves lie sleeping.

Chen Tao
When it was day they came into my house and said, “We shall only take the smallest room here.”

They said, “We shall help you in the worship of your god and humbly accept only our own share of his grace”; and they took their seat in a corner and they sat quiet and meek.

But in the darkness of night I find they break into my sacred shrine, strong and turbulent, and snatch with unholy greed the offerings from God’s altar.

Rabidranath Tagore
ODE 1397, "I" and "We"

Of these two thousand "I" and "We" people, which am I?

Don't try to keep me from asking!
Listen, when I'm this out of control!
But don't put anything breakable in my way!

There is an Original inside me.
What's here is a mirror for that, for You.

If You are joyful, I am.
If You grieve, or if You're bitter, or graceful,
I take on those qualities.

Like the shadow of a cypress tree in the meadow,
like the shadow of a rose, I live
close to the Rose.

If I separated my self from You,
I would turn entirely thorn.

Every second, I drink another cup of my own blood-wine.
Every instant, I break an empty cup against your door.

I reach out, wanting You to tear me open.

Saladin's generosity lights a candle in my chest.
Who am I then?

Jalaludin Rumi
Between Your Eye And This Page

Between
Your eye and this page
I am standing.

Between
Your ear and sound
The Friend has pitched a golden tent
Your spirit walks through a thousand times
A day.

Each time you pass the Kaaba
The Sun unwinds a silk thread from your body.
Each time you pass any object
From within it
I bow.

If you are still having doubts
About His nearness

Once in a while debate with God.

Between
Your eye and this page Hafiz
Is standing.

Bump
Into me
More.

Hafiz
A Cicada

Pure of heart and therefore hungry,
All night long you have sung in vain --
Oh, this final broken indrawn breath
Among the green indifferent trees!
Yes, I have gone like a piece of driftwood,
I have let my garden fill with weeds....
I bless you for your true advice
To live as pure a life as yours.

Sun Zhu
THE DREAM CALLED LIFE

A dream it was in which I found myself.  
And you that hail me now, then hailed me king,  
In a brave palace that was all my own,  
Within, and all without it, mine; until,  
Drunk with excess of majesty and pride,  
Methought I towered so big and swelled so wide  
That of myself I burst the glittering bubble  
Which my ambition had about me blown  
And all again was darkness. Such a dream  
As this, in which I may be walking now,  
Dispensing solemn justice to you shadows,  
Who make believe to listen; but anon  
Kings, princes, captains, warriors, plume and steel  
Ay, even with all your airy theater,  
May flit into the air you seem to rend  
With acclamations, leaving me to wake  
In the dark tower; or dreaming that I wake  
From this that waking is; or this and that,  
Both waking and both dreaming; such a doubt  
Confounds and clouds our mortal life about.  
But whether wake or dreaming, this I know  
How dreamwise human glories come and go;  
Whose momentary tenure not to break,  
Walking as one who knows he soon may wake,  
So fairly carry the full cup, so well  
Disordered insolence and passion quell,  
That there be nothing after to upbraid  
Dreamer or doer in the part he played;  
Whether to-morrow’s dawn shall break the spell,  
Or the last trumpet of the Eternal Day,  
When dreaming, with the night, shall pass away.

Pedro Caleron de la Barca
“Sometimes I go about ...”

Sometimes I go about pitying myself
and all the time
I am being carried on great winds across the sky.
As Much As You Can

Even if you can’t shape your life the way you want,
at least try as much as you can
not to degrade it
by too much contact with the world,
by too much activity and talk.

Do not degrade it by dragging it along,
taking it around and exposing it so often
to the daily silliness
of social relations and parties,
until it comes to seem a boring hanger-on.

C. P. Cavafy
COME INTO ANIMAL PRESENCE

Come into animal presence
No man is so guileless as
the serpent. The lonely white
rabbit on the roof is a star
twitching its ears at the rain.
The llama intricately
folding its hind legs to be seated
not disdains but mildly
disregards human approval.
What joy when the insouciant
armadillo glances at us and doesn’t
quicken his trotting
across the track into the palm brush.

What is this joy? That no animal
falters, but knows what it must do?
That the snake has no blemish,
that the rabbit inspects his strange surroundings
in white star-silence? The llama
rests in dignity, the armadillo
has some intention to pursue in the palm-forest.
Those who were sacred have remained so,
holiness does not dissolve, it is a presence
of bronze, only the sight that saw it
faltering and turned from it.
An old joy returns in holy presence.

Denise Levertov
The Waterwheel

Stay together, friends.
Don't scatter and sleep.

Our friendship is made
of being awake.

Jalaludin Rumi
Shantideva

Whatever joy there is in this world
All comes from desiring others to be happy,
And whatever suffering there is in this world
All comes from desiring myself to be happy.

If all the injury,
Fear and pain in this world
Arise from grasping at a self,
Then what use is that great ghost to me?

Therefore, in order to allay all harms
   Inflicted on me
And in order to pacify the sufferings of
   others,
I shall give up myself to others
And cherish them as I do my very self.
SONG OF A MAN WHO HAS COME THROUGH

Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me!
A fine wind is blowing the new direction of Time.
If only I let it bear me, carry me, if only it carry me!
If only I am sensitive, subtle, oh, delicate, a winged gift!
If only, most lovely of all, I yield myself and am borrowed
By the fine, fine wind that takes its course through the chaos of the world
Like a fine, an exquisite chisel, a wedge-blade inserted;
If only I am keen and hard like the sheer tip of a wedge
Driven by invisible blows,
The rock will split, we shall come at the wonder, we shall find the Hesperides.

Oh, for the wonder that bubbles in my soul,
I would be a good fountain, a good well-head,
Would blur no whisper, spoil no expression.

What is the knocking?
What is the knocking at the door in the night?
It is somebody wants to do us harm.

No, no, it is the three strange angels,
Admit them, admit them.

D. H. Lawrence
“To wake up to ...”

To wake up to
who we are
what we are here for.

To make all life
more poetical, more sane
more livin, lovin.

To experience
the true of all things
this moment...
this moment...
this moment.

William Segal
IF ALL THE HURT

If all the hurt
Of all the years
Were on the scale
It would not balance
Now
this moment of
Indifference

Delia Blythe
The Fleas Interest Me So Much

Fleas interest me so much
that I let them bite me for hours.
They are perfect, ancient, Sanskrit,
machines that admit of no appeal.
They do not bite to eat,
they bite only to jump;
they are the dancers of the celestial sphere,
delicate acrobats
in the softest and most profound circus;
let them gallop on my skin,
divulge their emotions,
amuse themselves with my blood,
but someone should introduce them to me.
I want to know them closely,
I want to know what to rely on.
Unsuspecting

There is a natty kind of mind
That slicks its thoughts,
Culls its oughts,
Trims its views, Prunes its trues,
and never suspects it is a rind.

Jean Toomer
The Delights of the Door

Kings don't touch doors. They don't know this joy: to push affectionately or fiercely before us one of those huge panels we know so well, then to turn back in order to replace it--holding a door in our arms.
The pleasure of grabbing one of those tall barriers to a room abdominally, by its porcelain knot; of this swift fighting, body-to-body, when, the forward motion for an instant halted, the eye opens and the whole body adjusts to its new surroundings.
But it still keeps one friendly hand on the door, holding it open, then decisively pushes it away, closing itself in--which the click of the powerful but well-oiled spring pleasantly confirms.

Francis Ponge
Little Gidding

III.

And all shall be well and
All manner of thing shall be well
By the purification of the motive
In the ground of our beseeching.

T. S. Elliot
Silence Clarity

Just where you are
searchingly, wholly
go toward the moment
this tremendous new moment
no you, no not you
the pure point
everywhere, always.

Go further where
there is nowhere,
no-one,
no coming, no going
no place knowable
the place where
you are now.

In the nearness
the Silence surrounds
beckons the burden body
soothing the errant mind
freeing the heart.

Beyond body and mind
transcending all the Silence,
But can the silence know itself?
Its undreamed necessities?

It is through the body that sits here
that I go to my true nature.
The Guest House

This being human is a guest house. Every morning a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness, some momentary awareness comes as an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all! Even if they're a crowd of sorrows, who violently sweep your house empty of its furniture, still, treat each guest honorably. He may be clearing you out for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice, meet them at the door laughing, and invite them in.

Be grateful for whoever comes, because each has been sent as a guide from beyond.

Jalaludin Rumi
Sometimes

Sometimes, when a bird cries out,
Or the wind sweeps through a tree,
Or a dog howls in a far off farm,
I hold still and listen a long time.

My soul turns and goes back to the place
Where, a thousand forgotten years ago,
The bird and the blowing wind
Were like me, and were my brothers.

My soul turns into a tree,
And an animal, and a cloud bank.
Then changed and odd it comes home
And asks me questions. What should I reply?

Hermann Hesse
**Childhood Friends**

Whoever sees clearly what is diseased in himself begins to gallop on the way.

There is nothing worse than thinking you are well enough. More than anything, self-complacency blocks the workmanship....

Don’t turn your head.  
Keep looking at the bandaged place.  
That is where the light enters you.

And don’t believe for a moment that you’re healing yourself.

---

*Jalaludin Rumi*
TO-MORROW

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,  
Thou didst see after me,—that thou didst wait,  
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,  
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?  
O, strange delusion, that I did not greet  
Thy blest approach! and, O, to heaven how lost,  
If my ingratitude’s unkindly frost  
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon they feet!  
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,  
“How, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see  
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!”  
And, O, how often to that voice of sorrow,  
“To-morrow we will open,” I replied!  
And when the morrow came, I answered still,  
“To-morrow.”

Lope de Vega
BABY TORTOISE

You know what it is to be born alone,
Baby tortoise!

The first day to heave your feet little by little from the shell,
Not yet awake,
And remain lapsed on earth,
Not quite alive.

A tiny, fragile, half-animate bean.

To open your tiny beak-mouth, that looks as if it would never open,
Like some iron door;
To lift the upper hawk-beak from the lower base
And reach your skinny little neck
And take your first bite at some dim bit of herbage,
Alone, small insect,
Tiny bright-eye,
Slow one.

To take your first solitary bite
And move on your slow, solitary hunt.
Your bright, dark little eye,
Your eye of a dark disturbed night,
Under its slow lid, tiny baby tortoise,
So indomitable.

No one ever hear you complain.

You draw your head forward, slowly, from your little wimple
And set forward, slow-dragging, on your four-pinned toes,
Rowing slowly forward.
Whither away, small bird?

Rather like a baby working its limbs,
Except that you make slow, ageless progress
And a baby makes none.
The touch of sun excites you,
And the long ages, and the lingering chill
Make you pause to yawn,
Opening your impervious mouth,
Suddenly beak-shaped, and very wide, like some suddenly gaping
pinchers;
Soft red tongue, and thin hard gums,
Then close the wedge of your little mountain front,
Your face, baby tortoise.

Do you wonder at the world, as slowly you turn your head in its wimple
And look with laconic, black eyes?
Or is sleep coming over you again,
The non-life?

You are so hard to wake.

Are you able to wonder?
Or is it just your indomitable will and pride of the first life
Looking round
And slowly pitching itself against the inertia
Which has seemed invincible?

The vast inanimate,
And the fine brilliance of your so tiny eye,
Challenger.

Nay, tiny shell-bird,
What a huge vast inanimate it is, that you must row against,
What an incalculable inertia.

Challenger,
Little Ulysses, fore-runner,
No bigger than my thumb-nail,
Buon viaggio.

All animate creation on your shoulder,
Set forth, little Titan, under your battle-shield.

The ponderous, preponderate,
Inanimate universe;
And you are slowly moving, pioneer, you alone.

How vivid your travelling seems now, in the troubled sunshine,
Stoic, Ulysscean atom;
Suddenly hasty, reckless, on high toes.
Voiceless little bird,
Resting your head half out of your wimple
In the slow dignity of your eternal pause.
Alone, with no sense of being alone,
And hence six times more solitary;
Fulfilled of the slow passion of pitching through immemorial ages
Your little round house in the midst of chaos.

Over the garden earth,
Small bird,
Over the edge of all things.

Traveler,
With your tail tucked a little on one side
Like a gentleman in a long-skirted coat.

All life carried on your shoulder,
Invincible fore-runner.

D. H. Lawrence
After forty years
A few quietly spoken words
Have led me irrefutably to know
That hidden in the constellation I call
Mind, or
Heart
There truly is
The home
I never dared believe
Could be.

Jack Cain
The Crystal Gazer

I shall gather myself into my self again,
I shall take my scattered selves and make them one.
I shall fuse them into a polished crystal ball
Where I can see the moon and the flashing sun.
I shall sit like a sibyl, hour after hour intent.
Watching the future come and the present go -
And the little shifting pictures of people rushing
In tiny self-importance to and fro.

Sarah Teasdale
AGAINST MEANING

Everything I do is against meaning.
This is partly deliberate, mostly spontaneous.
Wherever I am think I'm somewhere else.
This is partly to confuse the police, mostly to avoid myself especially when I have to confirm
the obvious which always sits on a little table and draws a lot of attention to itself.
So much so that no one sees the chairs and the girl sitting on one of them.
With the obvious one is always at the movies.
The other obvious which the loud obvious conceals is not obvious enough to merit a surrender of the will.
But though a little hole in the boring report
God watches us faking it.

Andrei Codrescu
“Gratitude”

If the angel at your table suddenly makes up his mind, Be quiet; gently smooth the few wrinkles in the cloth beneath your bread.

Then offer him your crude food Let him taste it in his turn And raise to his pure lips A simple everyday glass.

Rainer Maria Rilke
The Tent

Outside, the freezing desert night.
This other night inside grows warm, kindling.
Let the landscape be covered with thorny crust.
We have a soft garden in here.
The continents blasted,
cities and little towns, everything
become a scorched, blackened ball.
The news we hear is full of grief for that future,
but the real news inside here
is there’s no news at all.

Jalaludin Rumi
KEEPING QUIET

Now we will count to twelve
and we will all keep still.

For once on the face of the earth,
let’s not speak in any language,
let’s stop for a second,
and not move our arms so much.

Fisherman in the cold sea
would not harm whales
and the man gathering salt
would not look at his hurt hands.

Those who prepare green wars,
wars with gas, wars with fire,
victory with no survivors,
would put on clean clothes
and walk about with their brothers
in the shade, doing nothing.

What I want should not be confused
with total inactivity.
Life is what it is about,
I want no truck with death.

It would be an exotic moment
without rush, without engines;
we would all be together
in a sudden strangeness…

If we were not so single-minded
about keeping our lives moving,
and for once could do nothing,
perhaps a huge silence
might interrupt this sadness
of never understanding ourselves
and of threatening ourselves
with death.

Perhaps the earth can teach us
as when everything seems dead in winter
and later proves to be alive.
Now I’ll count up to twelve
and you keep quiet and I will go.

Pablo Neruda
Noah

_The ark adrift:_

My prayer has long been this:
To remember,
Admidst my family quarrelling,
Amidst the stench of husbandry,
Amidst the sea-drift of my soul,
My self.

_The ark aground:_

When land appears
And the only recourse is to disembark
I look towards a vacant earth
And see a journey thus far filled with turmoil:
And what will be
And what has been
Remind me of my heavy tread
From ark to earth.
I feel my feet
upon the ground.

_The mountain-top:_

My prayer is this:
May I descend from here
Remembering,
And promise
To return.

Daniel Racicot
The Answer

Then what is the answer?— Not to be deluded by dreams.

To know that great civilizations have broken down into violence, and their tyrants come, many times before.

When open violence appears, to avoid it with honor or choose the least ugly faction; these evils are essential.

To keep one’s own integrity, be merciful and uncorrupted and not wish for evil; and not be duped

By dreams of universal justice or happiness. These dreams will not be fulfilled.

To know this, and to know that however ugly the parts appear the whole remains beautiful. A severed hand

Is an ugly thing, and a man dismembered from the earth and stars and his history . . . for contemplation or in fact . . .

Often appears atrociously ugly. Integrity is wholeness, the greatest beauty is

Organic wholeness, the wholeness of life and things, the divine beauty of the universe. Love, not man

Apart from that, or else you will share man’s pitiful confusions, or drown in despair when his days darken.

Robinson Jeffers
Morality

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.

But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.

Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
Ask, how she view'd thy self-control,
Thy struggling, task'd morality--
Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,
Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,
See, on her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek!
"Ah, child!" she cries, "that strife divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine?

"There is no effort on my brow--
I do not strive, I do not weep;
I rush with the swift spheres and glow
In joy, and when I will, I sleep.
Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once--but where?
"I knew not yet the gauge of time,
Nor wore the manacles of space;
I felt it in some other clime,
I saw it in some other place.

'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God."

Matthew Arnold
“The props assist the house ...”

The props assist the house
Until the house is built,
And then the props withdraw –
And adequate, erect,
The house supports itself;
Ceasing to recollect
The auger and the carpenter.
Just such a retrospect
Hath the perfected life,
A past of plank and nail,
And slowness, – then the scaffolds drop –
Affirming it a soul.

Emily Dickenson
Kuan-tzu

If you reverently clean its abode
It will come of itself.
You will recover your own true nature,
It will be fixed in you once and for all.

tr. Stephen Karcher
Lao-tzu

Push far enough towards the Void,
Hold fast enough to Quietness,
And of the ten thousand things none can but be worked on by you.
I have beheld them wither they go back.
See, all things howsoever they flourish
Return to the root from which they grew.
This return to the root is called Quietness;
Quietness is called submission to Fate;
What has submitted to Fate has become part of the always-so.
To know the always-so is to be illumined....
I am not I.

I am this one walking beside me whom I do not see, whom at times I manage to visit, and whom at other times I forget; who remains calm and silent while I talk, and forgives gently, when I hate, who walks where I am not, who will remain standing when I die.

Juan Ramón Jiménez
Work station

As if mentally punching a time clock
which rings with triggered, impersonal resolution,
I crouch to some task, adhere to a list, and check
items off, releasing the sudden out-thrown
breath that says "Now, that's done!"

With every ordering, each neatness—
dust waxed from the surface, a long overdue letter
written and faxed—snow accumulates,
clocks tick. I scissor stems, put roots in a jar,
advance pale rootlets into the future.

Then suddenly feathered, crest-risen, I peer down
at my turtle’s inch from the blue sky’s vantage point,
eavesdropping on the man at my work station
as I check my messages or run a work count,
evolved to the level of an ant.

Ever again, will jonquils or poetry break
the crust of these well-scrubbed quotidian
satisfactions? When will I read, unassigned, a book,
again? Loft a dry fly, drift on breezes that quicken?
Give up all effort—and awaken?

Richard Tillinghast
“When he sleeps ...”

When he sleeps, he sleeps.
When he eats, he eats.
When he works, he works.
When he meditates, he meditates.

Richard Tillinghast
WAXWINGS

Four Tao philosophers as cedar waxwings
chat on a February berry bush
in sun, and I am one.

Such merriment and such sobriety--
the small wild fruit on the tall stalk--
was this not always my true style?

Above an elegance of snow, beneath
a silk-blue sky a brotherhood of four
birds. Can you mistake us?

To sun, to feast, and to converse
and all together--for this I have abandoned
all my other lives.

Robert Francis
now does our world descend
the path to nothingness
(cruel now cancels kind;
friends turn to enemies)
therefore lament, my dream
and don a doer's doom

create is now contrive;
imagined, merely know
(freedom: what makes a slave)
there, my life, lie down
and more by most endure
all that you never were

hide, poor dishonoured mind
who thought yourself so wise;
and much could understand
concerning no and yes:
if they've become the same
it's time you unbecame

where climbing was and bright
is darkness and to fall
(now wrong's the only right
since brave are cowards all)
therefore despair, my heart
and die into the dirt

but from this endless end
of briefer each our bliss—
where seeing eyes go blind
(where lips forget to kiss)
where everything's nothing
—arise, my soul; and sing

e. e. cummings
Summer Solstice

We gathered in the early dawn under the filbert trees and the eaves of the school, against the drizzling rain, that seemed at first an intruder, as if we knew what the day should be.

And waited, we did not know for what; watching the gray, amorphous sky, and in the distance—the distance we faced—a streak of pink appeared, turned orange and revealed a breath of light, far far away.

The singers sang to that and the light inside—ancient songs of praise to the sun and the season. And the light.

The piano in the schoolyard, covered with an Oriental rug against the rain, seemed to say something, we could not tell what—perhaps about a relationship that existed long ago between man and nature—when man knew what it was he wished to be related to, in ceremonies since lost and forgotten, that we, now, in our presence yearned to renew. The music, scored for our search, accompanied the dancers in a Movement that seemed written for the sun. Or was it the wind. Or the rain that having abated, began again when the dancers moved into their places.

And when their arms took the first raised position we knew that all things join that are related, and all that is related is one and comes from one, and must be reblended again with the source.

And in the wish that was in the faces of the dancers, we found our own wish and in it our relationship to God.
GOD SAYS YES TO ME

I asked God if it was okay to be melodramatic
and she said yes
I asked her if it was okay to be short
and she said it sure is
I asked her if I could wear nail polish
or not wear nail polish
and she said honey
she calls me that sometimes
she said you can do just exactly
what you want to
Thanks God I said
And is it even okay if I dont paragraph
my letters
Sweetcakes God said
who knows where she picked that up
what I'm telling you is
Yes Yes Yes

Kaylin Haught
IN A HARD INTELLECTUAL LIGHT

In a hard intellectual light
I will kill all delight,
And I will build a citadel
Too beautiful to tell

O too austere to tell
And far too beautiful to see,
Whose evident distance
I will call the best of me.

And this light of intellect
Will shine on all my desires,
It will my flesh protect
And flare my bold constant fires,

For the hard intellectual light
Will lay the flesh with nails.
And it will keep the world bright
And closed the body’s soft jails.

And from this fair edifice
I shall see, as my eyes blaze,
The moral grandeur of man
Animating all his days.

And peace will marry purpose,
And purity married to grace
Will make the human absolute
As sweet as the human face.

Until my hard vision blears,
And Poverty and Death return
In organ music like the years,
Making the spirit leap, and burn

For the hard intellectual light
That kills all delight
And brings the solemn, inward pain
Of truth into the heart again.

Richard Eberhart
Lost

Stand still. The trees ahead and bushes beside you
Are not lost. Wherever you are is called Here,
And you must treat it as a powerful stranger,
Must ask permission to know it and be known.
The forest breathes. Listen. It answers
I have made this place around you.
If you leave it, you may come back again, saying Here.

David Wagoner
“Taittireeya-Upanishad”

I am the food, I am the food, I am the food; I am the eater, I am the eater, I am the eater; I am the link between, I am the link between, I am the link between.... I am this world and I eat this world. Who knows this, knows.

tr. Swami and Yeats
A Bit of Poetry

Everything beckons to us to perceive it,
murmurs at every turn, "Remember me!"
A day we passed, too busy to receive it,
will yet unlock us all its treasury.

Who shall compute our harvest? Who shall bar
us from the former years, the long-departed?
What have we learnt from living since we started,
except to find in others what we are?

Except to re-enkindle commonplace?
O house, O sloping field, O setting sun!
Your features form into a face, you run,
you cling to us, returning our embrace!

One space spreads through all creatures equally -
inner-world-space. Birds quietly flying go
flying through us. O, I that want to grow!
the tree I look outside it's growing in me!

I have a house within when I need care.
I have a guard within when I need rest.
The love that I have had! - Upon my breast
the beauty of the world clings, to weep there.

Rainer Maria Rilke
A Green-Water Stream

To reach the Yellow-Flowered River
Go by the Green-Water Stream.
A thousand twists and turns of mountain
But the way there can't be many miles.
The sound of water falling over rocks
And deep colour among pines.
Gently green floating water-plants.
Bright the mirrored reeds and rushes.
I am a lover of true quietness.
Watching the flow of clear water
I dream of sitting on the uncarved rock
casting a line on the endless stream.

Wang Wei
when mortals are alive

When mortals are alive, they worry about death.
When they're full, they worry about hunger.
Their is the Great Uncertainty.

But sages don't consider the past.
And they don't worry about the future.
Nor do they cling to the present.
And from moment to moment they follow the Way.

Bodhidharma
“The egoist’s trick...”

The egoist's trick for everlasting service
Well-rendered unto one of quenchless need
Lies in the art of chilling by degrees
And leeching out the fire-blooded column
Into its bulb earth-sunken, numb and nerveless
And slowly entering the calming freeze
Before the dervish appetites can kick
And batter all life's trophies in their greed.
With ashen face, impassive as a golem
Full mindful of the smallest jot and tittle
The egoist tames his hands to serve, his quick
Crusted in rime as sharp as shale, and brittle.
But if that gelid mantle were to crack:

Then one might draw within
The lungs wind, and wail
Such a wailing
As the world could not begin
To will away,
Although so keen and frail
A word as this,
Weird-woven for a day
Of final failing,
Seems scarcely to exist
And scarce to kiss
The heart and hollow ears
Before it disappears
Into the wayward and the wind-strewn mist.

Yet none would hear if one should cry, Alack!
And ever, ever I am at your service,
For it is meet, God-willed, and all my purpose.

David De Boe
ANIMAL TRANQUILITY AND DECAY

The little hedgerow birds,
That peck along the roads, regard him not.
He travels on, and in his face, his step,
His gait, is one expression: every limb,
His look and bending figure, all bespeak
A man who does not move with pain, but moves
With thought.--He is insensibly subdued
To settled quiet: he is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten; one to whom
Long patience hath such mild composure given,

That patience now doth seem a thing of which
He hath no need. He is by nature led
To peace so perfect that the young behold
With envy, what the Old Man hardly feels.

William Wordsworth
Ode to Death

in the end
we all bid
farewell
to ourselves
in the cold
the world a stage
everybody has
to play no,
not Shakespeare's
suggested single role
but a double role
master and slave
	his physique
that stoically
bids us
do its chores
for all its needs
physical, spiritual
the most exacting partner
one would ever get
a quiet stoic bullier
and after all the slavery tasks
the master leaves
the slave in the cold
a cold that freezes
in the finest of weather
without the snow
the blizzard
deep into everybody's heart, soul

the master and slave
a marriage made in heaven
till death do us part

John Tiong Chunghoo
Octaves

I

We thrill too strangely at the master's touch;
We shrink too sadly from the larger self
Which for its own completeness agitates
And undetermines us; we do not feel --
We dare not feel it yet -- the splendid shame
Of uncreated failure; we forget,
The while we groan, that God's accomplishment
Is always and unfailingly at hand.

II

Tumultuously void of a clean scheme
Whereon to build, whereof to formulate,
The legion life that riots in mankind
Goes ever plunging upward, up and down,
Most like some crazy regiment at arms,
Undisciplined of aught but Ignorance,
And ever led resourcelessly along
To brainless carnage by drunk trumpeters.

III

To me the groaning of world-worshippers
Rings like a lonely music played in hell
By one with art enough to cleave the walls
Of heaven with his cadence, but without
The wisdom or the will to comprehend
The strangeness of his own perversity,
And all without the courage to deny
The profit and the pride of his defeat.
IV

While we are drilled in error, we are lost
Alike to truth and usefulness. We think
We are great warriors now, and we can brag
Like Titans; but the world is growing young,
And we, the fools of time, are growing with it: --
We do not fight to-day, we only die;
We are too proud of death, and too ashamed
Of God, to know enough to be alive.

XVIII

Like a white wall whereon forever breaks
Unsatisfied the tumult of green seas,
Man's unconjectured godliness rebukes
With its imperial silence the lost waves
Of insufficient grief. This mortal surge
That beats against us now is nothing else
Than plangent ignorance. Truth neither shakes
Nor wavers; but the world shakes, and we shriek.

Edward Arlington Robinson
THE TASK

To a Buffalo GURDJIEFF WORK Group, a task was given for the summer 2005:

“Locate poetry that expresses Work Ideas.”

accounts, making & keeping accumulator (batteries) aim as above, so below associations attention attitudes, right automatism and intention Beginning, return to bodies buffers carriage, horse, driver, master center, instinctive centered work, one-centers, wrong work conscience conscious love considering, external considering, internal cosmoises crystallization desires and non-desires (likes and dislikes) disease of tomorrow efforts ego egoist, conscious essence group work habits hanbledzoin hasnamuss help hopefulness idée fixée identification identification, non-imagination imagination, negative impressions influences intention in the moment in the moment, work Law of Seven Law of Three like what it does not like lying movements multiplicity of i’s negative emotions obedience (allowing direction of another’s will) personality preparation proportion, sense of “real I” reciprocal feeding remorse responsibility scale schools (super effort) self-calming self-observation self-pity self-remembering self-study separation of myself from myself sensation, thought, feelings service serving the higher shocks silence sincerity sitting sleep and awakening small i’s stopping thoughts striving struggle two rivers unnecessary talking valuation world maintenance
We would like to thank Mrs. Martha Heyneman.
for her contribution and advice.

The title of this collection comes from an adaptation by
Mrs. Heyneman of Rilke's *Letters on Life*, as quoted
in *Parabola* 30:3 – *Body and Soul*
"Everywhere transience is plunging into the depths of Being… It is our task
to imprint this temporary, perishable earth into ourselves so deeply, so
painfully and passionately, that its essence can rise again, invisible, inside
us. We are the bees of the invisible. We wildly collect the honey of the
invisible, to store it in the great golden hive of the invisible."

- Rainer Maria Rilke, from a letter to Halewicz, *Duino Elegies*,
  from *Letters on Life*.

1. We Are Many
   Pablo Neruda
   *We Are Many*

2. TURKESTAN
   Chen Tao
   China, from the Tang period (618-907). *Tang Shi San Bai Shou* is a compilation of poems from this period
   made around 1763 by Heng-tang-tui-shi [Sun Zhu] of the Qing dynasty.

5. 33
   Rabindranath Tagore
   *Gitanjali (song offerings)* Tagore, pg. 26

6. ODE 1397
   Jalaludin Rumi
   *Like This 48 Odes* pg. 56

5. Between Your Eye And This Page
   Hafiz
   *The Gift*, Hafiz (translated by Daniel Ladinsky), pg. 318

6. A CICADA
   Sun Zhu
   China, from the Tang period (618-907). *Tang Shi San Bai Shou* is a compilation of poems from this period
   made around 1763 by Heng-tang-tui-shi [Sun Zhu] of the Qing dynasty.
7. The Dream Called Life  
Pedro Calderon de la Barca  
*An Anthology of World Poetry*, pg. 645  
tr. Edward FitzGerald

8. “Sometimes I go about…”  
Ojibway  

9. As Much As You Can  
C.P. Cavafy  
*Parabola, Summer* 2005, pg. 45

10. Come into Animal Presence  
Denise Levertov  
*Poetry As Prayer Series: Denise Levertov*

11. The Waterwheel  
Jalaludin Rumi  
*Parabola, Winter* 2004, pg. 1

12. Shantideva  
*Parabola, Winter* 1999, pg. 14

13. Song of a Man Who has Come Through  
D. H. Lawrence  
*Chief Modern Poets of England & America*, fourth edition, pg. 1 - 217

14. “To wake up to…”  
William Segal  
*Opening*, pg. 15

15. If All the Hurt  
Delia Blythe  
*A Journal of Our Time #4*, pg. 71

16. The Fleas Interest Me So Much  
Pablo Neruda  
(1945) Source lost, in public domain

17. Unsuspecting  
Jean Toomer  
*The Collected Poems of Jean Toomer*, pg. 44
18. The Delights of the Door
Francis Ponge

19. Little Gidding
T. S. Eliot
*The Four Quartets*, pg. 57

20. Silence Clarity
William Segal
*Opening*, pg. 109

21. The Guest House
Jalaludin Rumi
*The Essential Rumi*, Coleman Barks, pg. 109

22. Sometimes
Hermann Hesse
*News of the Universe: poems of twofold consciousness*, ed. Robert Bly, pg. 69

23. Childhood Friends
Jalaludin Rumi
*Parabola, Winter 2004*, pg. 30

24. Tomorrow
Lope de Vega
*An Anthology of World Poetry*, edited by Mark Van Doren, pg. 644
Translated by H. W. Longfellow

25. Baby Tortoise
D. H. Lawrence
*Chief Modern Poets of England & America*, fourth edition, pg. 1 - 225

26. After Forty Years
Jack Cain
*A Journal of Our Time #4*, pg. 79

27. The Crystal Gazer
Sarah Teasdale
web source: http://www.poemhunter.com/

28. Against Meaning
Andrei Codrescu
*Andrei Codrescu Selected Poems 1970-1980*, pg. 126
29. “Gratitude”  
   Rainer Maria Rilke  
*The Complete French Poems* (tr. by A. Poulin, Jr., 1986)  
*Parabola, Fall 2002*, pg. 66

30. The Tent  
   Jalaludin Rumi  
*The Essential Rumi*, tr. Coleman Barks, pg. 98

31. Keeping Quiet  
   Pablo Neruda  
*Extravagaria*, tr. Alastair Reid

32. Noah  
   Daniel Racicot  
*A Journal of Our Time* #4, pg. 90

33. The Answer  
   Robinson Jeffers  
*Chief Modern Poets of England & America*, fourth edition, pg. II-235

34. Morality  
   Matthew Arnold  
*Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems* (London: B. Fellowes, 1852)

35. "The props assist the house..."  
   Emily Dickinson  
*The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, pg. 265  
*Parabola, Fall 1991*, pg. 74

36. Kuan-tzu  
   (tr. Stephen Karcher)  
*Parabola, Fall 2001*, pg. 83

37. Lao-tzu  
   Lao-tse  
*Parabola, Winter 2000*, pg. 80

38. I Am Not I  
   Juan Ramón Jiménez  
*Parabola, Summer 1995*, pg. 75

39. Work station  
   Richard Tillinghast  
*Six Mile Mountain*, pg. 19
40. “When he sleeps…”
   *Parabola, Fall 1997, pg. 49*

41. WAXWINGS
   Robert Francis
   *News of the Universe: poems of twofold consciousness*, ed. Robert Bly, pg. 139

42. 62
   e.e. cummings
   *73 poems*, pg. 76

43. Summer Solstice
   David Kherdian
   *Seeds of Light*, pg. 162

44. God Says Yes To Me
   Kaylin Haught
   *Simply Celebrate - Turning Ordinary Days into an Extraordinary Life*, November 2003 Issue #8
   http://www.simplycelebrate.net/newsletter1103.html

46. In a Hard Intellectual Light
   Richard Eberhart
   *Chief Modern Poets of England & America*, fourth edition, pg. II-405

46. Lost
   David Wagoner
   [as quoted in *The Breathing Cathedral* by Martha Heyneman, pg. 54]

47. “Taittireeya-Upanishad”
   tr. Swami and Yeats
   *The Ten Principal Upanishads*, trans. Swami and Yeats (Faber & Faber, 1937)
   [as quoted in *The Breathing Cathedral* by Martha Heyneman, pg. 139]

48. A Bit of Poetry
   Rainer Maria Rilke

49. A Green-Water Stream
   Wang Wei
   Letter to P’ei Ti from Wang Wei, the mountain man
50. When mortals are alive
   Bodhidharma
   *The Zen teachings of Bodhidharma* (In Shaolin mythology, he is the founder of the Chan school of Buddhism)

51. “The egoist’s trick…”
    David DeBoe
    Poetry Pool: http://rinkworks.com/poetry/

52. Animal Tranquility and Decay
    William Wordsworth
    http://www.bartleby.com

53. Ode to Death
    John Tiong Chunghoo
    http://www.poemhunter.com

54. Octaves
    Edward Arlington Robinson
    *The Children of the Night*