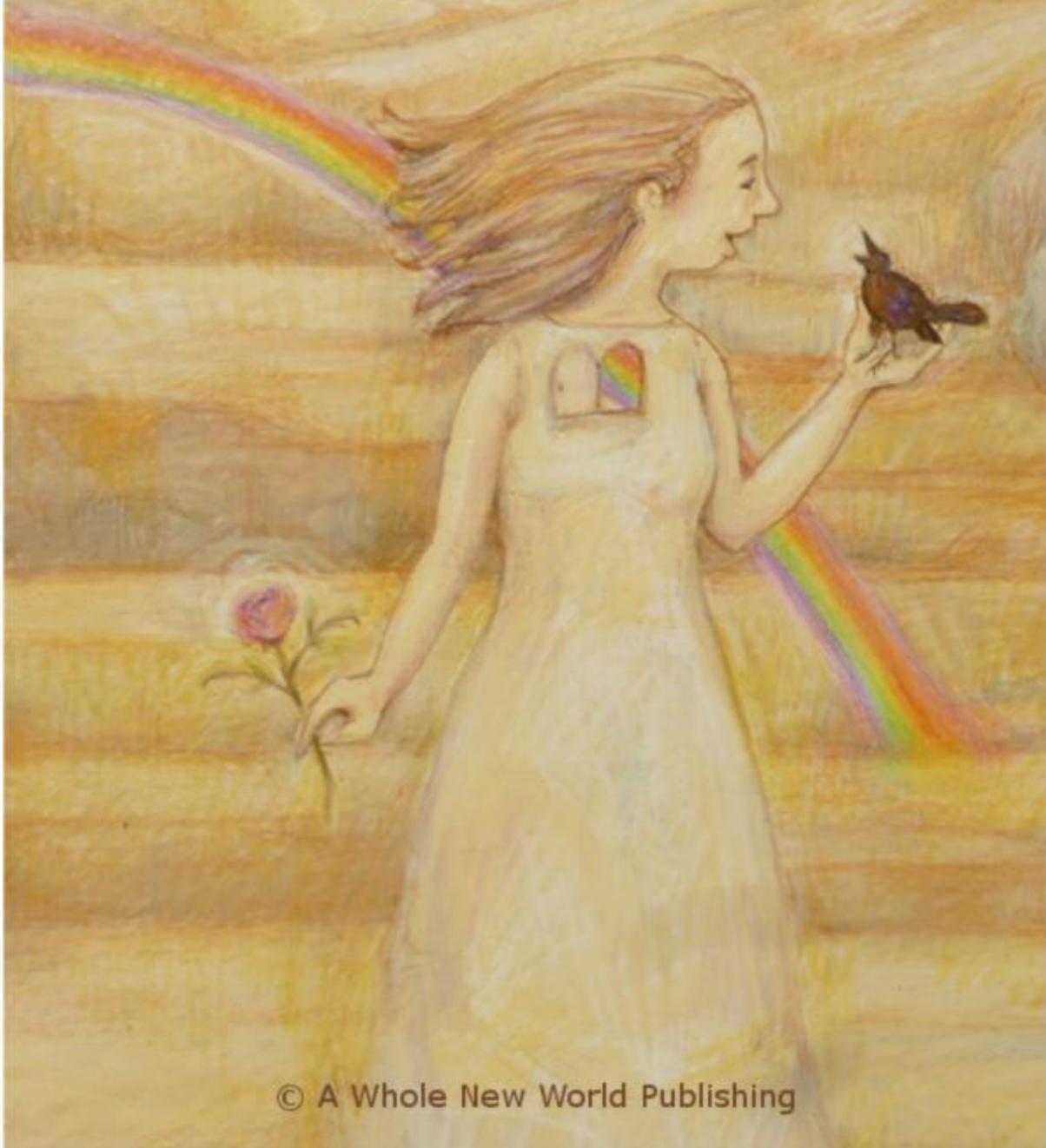


Songs of Awakening

poems by Rose Diamond



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SONGS OF AWAKENING

Poems

Rose Diamond

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Rose Diamond is an author, transitions mentor and transformational guide, focusing on the inner work of transforming consciousness leading to empowered action in the world. Since 2006 Rose has lived an inquiry into what it means to be a Whole New Human co-creating a Whole New World. Working locally and globally, and with a lifetime's experience as a community leader and whole person facilitator, Rose's vision is to contribute to the renewal and en-souling of our world by gathering and resourcing learning communities to nurture higher states of consciousness, collective intelligence and co-creativity. This is the

purpose of her new transformational programme, **Tribe in Transition**. Rose brings more than 30 years' experience and wisdom as a whole person facilitator, three full length books and several e-books, more than 100 deep discovery conversations with inspiring new culture makers, and many experiments in transformational learning and new culture making. She is a natural pioneer who has learned to integrate insights from living on the edge with a heartfelt vocation to share her skills and wisdom and to support those who are ready to make a difference. Writing poetry is a vital consciousness practice connecting her deeply with the Authentic Self and a vehicle for inquiring into the process of awakening. She lives a simple yet abundant life in her soul home, Golden Bay, at the top of the South Island of New Zealand.



Twenty First Century Nomad is a resource for the transition to a peaceful world where the essential interconnectedness and interdependence of life is respected and nurtured, and the full realisation of human potential for every person on the planet is the primary intention. In particular, our transformational programme, **Tribe in Transition**, seeks to inform, inspire, encourage and connect new culture makers so that we can share our wisdom, skills and knowledge, and evolve together through a process of deep, authentic inquiry and cultural co-creative experimentation. <http://www.twentyfirstcenturynomad.net/events>

*A cage door opened and a bird fell through
tested her weight against the singing drift
and flew.*



May the unfurling of our souls, as we awaken, enlighten the Way for future generations and all sentient beings.

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INTRODUCTION

This collection of poems is a personal gift from my heart and soul to yours.

As the old world crumbles and a new world is being born, this is *the* time of awakening for many people all over the planet, and it's an auspicious time to be publishing a book of poems called *Songs of Awakening*.

Many of these poems were written over a few months following my birthday at the end of March 2011 and they mark a passage of spiritual transition and transformation. Since we are each a cell in an interconnected web of energy and consciousness, I know these poems are not personal but a reflection of our collective movement into higher consciousness. I see them as little maps of consciousness unfolding from the deep place of wisdom where poetry lives.

Most of them were written at dawn here in Aotearoa – New Zealand. Aotearoa, the Maori name for New Zealand, is usually translated as The Land of the Long White Cloud, but another less well known translation is: the Land of the Awakening Dawn. I've made poetry writing my morning consciousness practice - a vehicle for deepening, discovery and guidance that works well for me as I rise at dawn to ground myself in Being and open to universal inspiration.

These poems are an exploration of, and an inquiry into, the experience of awakening and for me this has been a process of gradual realization with many peaks and moments of illumination, strung like beads on the web of time. As a poet, my aspiration is to capture some of the truth of this process. Your own experience will be uniquely yours and may be very different to mine; yet by diving deep into my own subjective experience and connecting with the authentic self, I hope to discover a common language to describe the subtle experiences of the inner world, even though by their very nature these defy description. This is a challenging mission and I know I often fall short of my intention yet, truth has a vibration and a resonance, and if there is truth in these poems it will strike a chord in you and you will feel it.

For decades I have taken a role in the world as an experiential, whole person facilitator. I am intrigued by the unfolding of inner process and in particular by that meeting place between the psychological (or what is conditioned by culture) and the spiritual (our unlimited free creative nature). These poems chart some of this growing edge where transformation happens.

For several months before these poems flowered, I sensed I was approaching a new spiritual doorway. Something in me was disintegrating and I was preparing for some form of psychic death and rebirth. But of course I had no idea what form this would take. My desire for this significant shift in consciousness was accompanied by nervousness as I recalled everything I had learned about spiritual initiation. Would I lose my "self" and become completely unfamiliar and empty? Might I have to go sit on a park bench for two years as Eckhart Tolle did? Or withdraw from public life for ten years like David Hawkins? I had already spent many reclusive years focused on the inner world and now my calling is more towards making bridges between the inner world and the outer. I have longed for enlightenment and been actively seeking it for twenty years, and yet now, standing on the edge of the unknown, all I could do was simply be with my experience, witness and record it as best I could.

So I waited in this place of unknowing with bated breath to find out what was in store for me, knowing I had no control over the outcome.

What happened was I rediscovered the art of writing poetry. I ceased to be a seeker. I came home to myself. I realized that awakening is a continual unfolding, not a final destination, and being an awakening human being is far more ordinary than I had imagined. I opened my heart's eyes to see the extraordinary in the ordinary and ceased to search elsewhere for something more. I remembered that what I had been searching for, in this spiritual path or that teaching, in this country or over there, in this community or that success at work, was right here all along. I had simply been looking in the wrong place. I found the true wealth that lies within.

An awakening consciousness embraces everything - bliss, fear, egoic resistance - it's all the flow of life. At times I am ecstatic, at other times simply a neutral witness to this flow, and then again, at times I contract into a more limited vision.

When we attempt to cling to bliss, or imagine there is something better elsewhere, we create separation and suffering. If you have realized this yourself you will say, oh yes, nothing special. Or, before enlightenment chop wood, carry water; after enlightenment, chop wood, carry water. And if you are a seeker, trying to get somewhere, I know nothing I say will change that because I can't tell you how to get to where you long to be. I can't even say, at this moment there was a doorway and I walked through. There is simply one step after another; one doorway after another. And whenever I think I have "arrived somewhere" I am always shown that there is so much more than I could ever have imagined and I am always at the beginning.

What I can tell you, without any hesitation, is that the return of poetry to my life is a cause of heart hugging celebration. I started writing poetry when I was 28, another time of initiation and transformation, and poetry came through me intensively for fourteen years. It connected me with powerful dimensions of my being, very different to my often unhappy and confused everyday self. Through poetry I became a mystic and expanded into a multi-dimensional realm of knowing. Writing poetry revealed my soul to me and, as an archaeologist of the soul, I brought back gems from the deep which filled my everyday self with wonder, awe and delight. I felt rich beyond measure, truly blessed and gifted.

And then, just as suddenly as it had arrived, poetry disappeared, and apart from an occasional brief re-appearance, when a poem dropped almost fully formed into my lap, it was gone for twenty years. During those twenty years I couldn't remember how to write poetry. I simply couldn't remember. I was the priestess who had forgotten how to part the mists to return to Avalon. Yet during those years soul became my study and the motivator of my journey. I wrote three books, migrated across the world twice, started two new chapters of my life, engaged intensively in spiritual practice, and much more. I experienced many expanded states of consciousness, got high on creative conversations and group synergy, basked in the beauty of nature; yet that special direct connection to my own authentic divinity that poetry gives me, had gone.

Poetry is an umbilical cord which connects me deep to my core and high into the universal intelligence of the cosmos. In some esoteric traditions this connection is called the antakharana or Rainbow Bridge. It is the bridge we traverse to claim our divinity and our status as the Whole New Human.

Now poetry is revealing the Rainbow Bridge which arcs between Heaven and Earth. We are awakening as the Whole New Human and learning how to be the mystic bridge to lead humanity back to our innate divinity and to sacred life.

As I write this I feel destiny alive and vibrating through my being, filling my body. All the threads of my life are weaving together and leading here, to me - and through me - to you.

I hope you enjoy these poems and that they will inspire you to write your own "poem a day" and be nurtured and enlivened by the practice.

Rose Diamond

Golden Bay, New Zealand, December 2012

INVOCATION
CALLING THE WHOLE NEW HUMAN



*If your intention is to speak the wisdom that's aching to live through you
to warm the seed of peace with your trust
and water the seed of love with your truth*

*If you long with all your heart to be whole
to heal the cracks in the fractured mirror
and become one vibrant cell in the body of light spreading across the world*

*If you'll carry the torch of awakening to the hills and valleys and mountains
we are of One Heart
and I will stand by you.*

*Look to the person to your right and you will find me
Look to the person to your left, I am there too
Look within and know that I am the One Heart beating
I am the sound of the drum calling the tribe.*

Simply follow the path of gold across the water

*keep walking into the aura of the moon
deeper and deeper, trusting and surrendering*

*Take the next step for humanity now
and let the first act of a whole new story unfold.*

*Imagine - all over the world at this moment
people are rousing, stretching, opening to celebrate each new day.*

*Imagine all personal dramas dropping away, leaving a clear space
in which we can feel, hear, touch and enjoy each other.*

*Imagine - life is a creative adventure and we are stars spread out across an
infinite sky -
Millions of us, flowing in a wide river of light, winking back at the Milky Way.*

*And the Moon sings "Welcome home!
Pull your canoe up the shore to the wharenuī
we have a place for you to stand tall
a space to voice your love and passion
and see the full scope of your vision.
Welcome, welcome home!*

*And we sing back to the Moon
Te Aroha
Te Whakapono,
Te re Rangimarie
Tatou Tatou e*

Love, Trust, Peace, unite us.

*from Migration to the Heartland : A Soul Journey in the Land of the Awakening Dawn, Rose
Diamond, June 2005, Golden Bay, New Zealand*

Photo: Polar Crescent Moon, artist unknown

Morning, Awake and Reborn

a gull on an old black jetty post, sits
drying its wings, stretched taut
and glorying in sensation

messenger of grace
from the sun bright light shimmering space
where Heaven meets Earth
and all is warmth and the kiss of breeze

two blackbirds walk the lawn intent on feeding
two swallows wing their springtime love duet
summon my soul's fierce longing

Come Hopkins, Whitman, troubadours of rapture
unleash my tongue
unpeel my world weary
long sleep tossed blinding bindings
unbutton my heart
strip me naked to joy and poetry
plunge into me Life
touch me to the bone
astonish me

I have been too long asleep.

Testing the Limits

The cage door opened
and a bird fell through
rested her weight against the singing drift
and flew.

Before this, our eyes unaccustomed
to a brighter light
we had felt in the dark
fumbled for a door, a key, a keyhole
the light apparent only around the shadows
not knowing what we would find there

as if standing before death
awaiting the poem to say it all
longing for the transfiguration of an inner vision
yearning for what was not yet visible.

Does the earth ache, waiting
for the time to put forth flowers?
Does the sea wait for the tide to turn?

I am not dreaming
of floating through new leaves
against a bottomless sky
of root and trunk and branches
sap and stem changed and renewed through time

I speak of you and me
testing the limits of desire.

Transformation

Polar bear on an ice floe
no tracks, no direction home

Standing on the edge
certainty melting away

We can stand and wait
for reality to melt
or dive into the ocean of being
and swim until we die

Die to who we thought we were
die to limitation and separation
die to doubt and fear

Swim into the One Being
melt into the One Love
surrender to the ocean
NOW

∞

I am new born, without a shell
so soft and sensitive I can barely endure the touch of breath

I am the untrodden virgin snow
the as yet to be - the coming solution

I am your next breath, the next word you'll hear
pointing to the future

Soft, formless and subtle, I am easily missed
you may mistake me for sadness, loss, even for death.

I seem like an absence
everything emptied out and gone

I am a clear passage for the breath of life
I am the breath of life

Before words and thought
breathing in and breathing out

Pure Love

Message in a Bottle

I am being peeled

- the bindings that held together
an appearance of solid form
are loosened now by a gentle unseen hand

I am unraveling

- what I thought was "me" is nothing but illusion
only a face and a costume keep alive the play I have agreed to

I am evaporating

- emotions arise like steam
drama, craving and passions burn to ash

I am strange and unfamiliar

- like a flattened cardboard box
suffering a death where even the suffering is empty

I am becoming

- a silent witness watching the movie of life
a still calm neutral centre and point of equilibrium
no longer attached to the world yet totally within it

I exist

- amidst movement, light and sound
wrapped in the gap of stillness and silence

This emptying is not what I expected
yet there's no one here to blame, no turning back

When this remaining thread
becomes too frail to hold me
and I let go and glide
beneath the surface of the unseen
- into the unknown mysterious heart of nothingness

Will you remember me?
and take this as a sign that I was here?

An Invitation

"Death. like the pause between two breaths, is how you cross from one home to another." Deepak Chopra, Life After Death.

Come into alignment with the One Life
drop deeply into the Self

Choose this.

Let go of all attachments to the world
offer up your struggle

Be soft and open.

Fall in love with this receptive place in you
embrace stillness and silence

Allow no conflict.

Bathe in the bliss of your most important relationship
trust the infinite wisdom and wholeness of the One Life

Cultivate love and devotion.

Rely on your own rhythm
as you dance into the web of synergistic time.

Speaking with Angels on my Birthday

They say,
Come, live in light
Choose a life that's free
Dare to be expansive
Be at home wherever you are.

They say,
Choose to flow with Love
Know you are cherished and supported
Be fully alive as you
Step into a state of grace.

They say,
Take your personal power and
Gather your courage for the way ahead
Follow the joy your heart desires
Feed your soul
Join the adventure and
Soar above mundane reality.

When you venture beyond ego
The shadowlands will be revealed
Here you will remove resistances
Call out all your fears and
Watch them wither in the face of Love

When you set yourself free
To discover the magic movements of the mind
You give up trying to make things happen
Instead inquire what constitutes right action

Let go of all entanglement and constriction
Settle for no less than perfect union. Then,
Rise phoenix-like from the bedrock of destiny
Arms outstretched to welcome the Great Awakener.



Afternoon Bliss

Will you come and pluck me now
ripe with bliss
and ready to split
like a pomegranate
to spill my pearly pink seeds?

The heavy afternoon air
and buzzing wasps
captivate me,
a lazy fisherwoman
by a still pond, I wait
to be moved
by the glittering fish of the soul.

It is as simple as this
relaxed and surrendered
breathing in, the breeze caresses my face
breathing out, I deepen into the seamless web.

Empty as a bone
and almost desireless
the tranquil body becomes
a vibration, an energy wave streaming
into the One Life.

Polished kava leaves curl
at my feet and drink
the nectar of light
a brightening cloud bathes
everything in kindness
how perfect life is essentially.

There is danger in trying too hard,
wanting and straining
instead simply wait
to be moved
let the Way carry you.

This constant arising and falling away
of energy and awareness
with nothing to do
drops sensations
into the stillness of the heart
and sends out ripples of intelligence.

This must be the Great Perfection.

The Doorway

Here I am again
sitting outside and waiting to come in
waiting outside a doorway
willing it to open.

Isn't that what meditation is?
Sitting for hours and days without results
just noticing and being willing
watching the wayward mind
the movements of desire
this way and that
forgetting and remembering
remembering and forgetting
coming back here over and over again.

What are we waiting for?
What is it we want?
Are we longing to be drowned in light?
Or is a lick of ecstasy enough
to hold us captive for a lifetime?

Greeting the Beloved

Oh morning light,
I offer my mind like an open flower
to receive your radiance.

Now I know what Rumi meant
when he wrote of the Beloved.

As if intoxicated by a spell
my inner being quivers with anticipation
and I become an obedient handmaiden
running to empty all the vessels
and sweep the temple clean.

Many nights and days and months and years
I have been preparing for this
with part of my soul sleeping
on the shadow side of the moon
deprived of poetry and light
in the dark, like a seed
germinating and waiting.

Now I remember how to sit and listen, open to receive.
Divine intelligence rains on me like nectar
and my flowering soul plays in this shower
thirsty to catch every drop of overflowing grace.

Caressed, soothed and excited
I become the mystic fool
dancing with open arms beneath the sky
so in love with inner being every cell flowers with ecstasy.



Follow the Yes!

There are openings in the morning sky
where greyness doesn't press
and a pink light lifts and stretches
like a cheerful woman
reaching toward her lover.

Streaks of pellucid blue reveal
the eternal canvas
on which we paint our human stories.

Choose!

Choose to be the blue empty sky
the open possibility, the limitless radiant light.

Choose to drop the old stories
complaints, excuses and procrastination
all the cramped smallness of misidentification.

Today, choose to stay afloat, washed in blue translucence
extending into the light

Be this point of concentration
this edgeless love.

Soul Sisters

This circle of women,
willing and with hearts wide open,
becomes the many-petaled lotus,
the essential soul flower,
offering up
the warm honeyed light of Being.

Wisdom like little perfect orbs of dew
falls into our ready cup.

This act is holy.



Songs of a Sacred Land

Inspired by Tenzin Choegyal, Tibetan monk and singer at Chandrakirti Music Day.

Let your beauty shine!
Radiate your heart song
Sing of open hills, magnificent flowing rivers,
Empty plains, biting cold snows of exile
Sing of the journey and of the homecoming
Let your voice of love strum our hearts passion

Sing beautiful being sing!
Let's sing of beauty in the world
And power rising from earth roots
Strong hearts broken into spaciousness and made whole
Let music carry us into the cleansing
Rhythms of earth, water, sky, blood and love.

An Appointment with Possibility

The promise of a poem pulls my sleepy mind awake
dream fragments, to-do lists, small anxieties
scatter before the arrow of this single desire
- to show up for an appointment with possibility.

I hurry to my listening post
to wait, observe, open and surrender.

Raindrops tap a hypnotic rhythm on the roof
wind bells chime, grey mist moves closer,
light dims and alarmed quail chatter.

This symphonic song of daily life
this constant flux and flow
this ordinary ecstasy
always here, always now

All we have to do is listen.



Grey Wolf

First snow on the mountains
as we enter the dark side.

Grey Wolf has been removed from the list of protected species.
Oh my heart, brothers and sisters of the wild,
pardon our ignorance, forgive us our failure
to protect you from trigger-happy human brutality

You have so much to teach us
about loyalty to the pack
and how to find our rightful place
alongside you, in untamed nature
taking only what we need.

Humanity has been removed from the protected species list.
Grey Wolf, teach us how to run free.

I am existence, consciousness, bliss

I am existence, consciousness, bliss

I am existence, consciousness, bliss

I am existence, consciousness, bliss

I am existence

Here, now, while the clouds are enlightened
by the fresh touch of mountain breath,
a brooding stillness enfolds the bones
and the body becomes a receptacle of intent

I am consciousness

Here, at my poet's perch
I empty the mind, step into stillness
invite presence, expand like vaporous cloud



From this view I see
how the mind creates a citadel
of illusion, clinging and opaque
like the elastic amniotic sac of the watery womb
protecting, nurturing yet separating
and we, held captive in the breathing Mother,
sense her moods, her expansions and contractions,
destined to grow beyond Her
to push through
when the time comes
when the time comes, no choice.

Everything happens automatically
yet not without effort
head against the birth canal
pushing into the terror of the unknown
pushing towards the coming liberation

I am bliss

Now two red leaves shine bright against the green
four tiny birds take flight into the cloud

When the illusion of separation dissolves
there's only energy, vibration,
life in movement, love-in-action

What a blessing it is
to melt into the eternal flow
and surrender to Love.

Let Everything Be As It Is

"When the surface of the mind is agitated, the bottom cannot be seen. Immeasurable treasure could lie there, but it will remain undiscovered until the day the water stills". Enlightenment, the Yoga Sutra's of Patanjali.

Let everything be as it is

- the welcome bitterness of morning coffee
the sour taste of last night's petty selfishness
disappointment over thwarted plans
an indignant voice crying "what about me?"

Even as I cling to fragments of identity
everything flies away
I crave a place to come to rest
a home where I can be radically All-One and free

Tiny pink clouds process across the sky like a line of little pigs
then shape-shift into wild emu
dissolving and disappearing

Something in me is choosing this same dissolution
this infinite flexibility and radical no-thing-ness
no story, no needs, no wants

The only remaining desire is
to be a vehicle fit to serve unfolding life
to bend, surrender, relinquish, disappear
into the creative flow
to become

a selfless state of vibrancy
a voice for truth and wisdom

Gone, gone, gone, along the shining river.

Now

"The more you are completely now, the more you realize you are in the centre of the world, standing in the middle of a sacred circle."

Pema Chodron, *The Wisdom of No Escape*.

Now sky is covered in thick cloud
Now mind is roaming past and future, searching for a foothold
Now the slightest breath moves feathers hanging at the window
Now the black eye of the TV screen stares and I stare back with hostility
Now pukeko stalk the lawn on gangly legs, calling from bird land
Now I long to be invisible
Now the breath is small and shallow
Now the sound of a plane carries me far away to San Francisco
Now clouds in the East are breaking
Now still, expectant, alert
Now mind is off again, trying, soothing, wanting to make things right
Now mind is resisting what needs to be done
Now, with sudden insight, I appreciate how mind wants to take care of me
Now I welcome mind into the heart.

Mind, you have been running around so long
Trying to put right what wasn't broken
Seeking for so long and with so much effort to
Control and plan, organize, protect and separate

Loyal, caring, anxious mind
Come and fold your weary self
Into the warmth of Heart

Heart, the organ of Now
Heart, the Sacred Circle
Heart, the One Life.

Elegy for my Heart Friend, Sammy, the Moustachio'd Parakeet

I awake in the darkness from a dream world just as real as this
a sudden jolt from one state to another.

The dream swallowed greedily by forgetfulness and gone
leaves just a tail, a scent, a lingering nostalgia.

The guardian of the awakening world
knocks on the door of sleep with undeniable authority,
“Don't go back to sleep, don't go back to sleep”.

Is that you Rumi, my mystical poet friend?
Have you come to haul me into wakefulness?
As I sit at the threshold, contemplating the transition,
waiting for the dawn of higher consciousness.



My heart friend has flown away.
My only friend who came with wings
yet lived, like most of us, in a gilded cage.

He's taken his chance
flown the coop, escaped the misery of a lonely life
followed his bird heart's longing
launched into the merciless wild edge of life and death
on wings unaccustomed to flight.

Does he, in his bird heart, remember
how we sat gazing into each other's eyes
at one in Presence?
He had such a knack for Presence we tried to call him Rumi
but in the end we let him be just Sam.

He perched on my finger, light and substantial all at once
this feathered creature, so alert, alive, intelligent and conscious,
almost regal in his bearing.

He'd give me bird kisses,
his dry beak sucking the moisture from my inner lip
as if I were a flower full of nectar.
I'd smell his unmistakable special bird scent,
which now I can't remember and will never smell again.

This friendship was a first for me
bird virgin, willing to learn bird,
I let him be the master and teach me.

We talked as best we could,
two consciousnesses trying to find a common language.
With his limited repertoire and my human obtuseness
we got by on wit because we loved each other.

"Step up Sam" meant "I'm game, I'm ready"
"Oh-huh" was "Now isn't that cool" or "Fancy that, you don't say!"
"Kyrie" said "I love you" and sometimes,
"Please don't leave me, please don't go, oh you're not going again!"
"Slow down" meant "That's too far out for me, be careful."
His little cracked voice could sound so sweet
plucking a chord of joy in my heart.

But he wasn't always sweet, this moustachio'd parakeet
he had a "don't mess with me" chip on his shoulder
and a jabbing beak he didn't hesitate to use.
Well wouldn't you get mad, stuck in a cage, dependent on humans -
no mate, no flock, no juicy jungle verdure or earthy shade
- just doomed to strut alone around your empty palace,
trying to kill time - wouldn't you tend to bitterness?
Especially if you were a bird in whom bonding runs deep?

Yet despite all his bravado and bad temper
he panicked easy, I could see it in his eyes.
Sometimes he'd take flight around the house
and come to rest by clinging to the curtains,
screeching plaintively and quivering with confusion.
I could feel relief in him when I reached to pick him up.

We'd sit for hours together on the deck beneath the trees,
Sam perched on my shoulder, watching life unfold,
enjoying the sun and breeze.

We both found comfort in this human- bird intimacy
I often wondered what he made of me
and what this mingling of our lives
might set free in our mutual evolution.

Sammy, with your gorgeous plumage
soft dove grey head, peach ruff,
emerald green kingfisher shiny wings
your feathers so immaculately made, so perfect

and your strange neurotic compulsion
to withstand your own beauty
rendering you a half plucked,
punk parakeet with attitude.

You with your bright, curious, knowing, unfooled eyes
your bird longing for the freedom of the skies

your need for pleasure, companionship and love

I don't rate your chances out there
with those greedy turkey buzzards
cruel blackbirds, hungry cats

Yet my heart breaks for all caged creatures
animal, bird and human, everywhere
may we all be set free, may we all be free
to be wrapped in the infinite embrace of Big Bird
in a dream world filled with Presence, song, freedom and love.

Thank you for being my heart friend, Sammy, thank you for touching me.
Your caged life opened an inter-species love and was not in vain.

Now take this little piece of me with you into the blue
And I'll find you in every bird that sings outside my window.
But there'll never be another moustachio'd parakeet quite like you.



Get the Ego Underfoot.

Get the ego underfoot
it's rampaging through the house
like a wounded bull
looking for someone to run through
with its spectacularly sharp horns.

Now I've lassoed it with awareness
the bull's calmed down
and I've stepped back and named
my identification with the wounded victim.

The bull has sauntered off to lick its wounds
and turns to cast a baleful eye at me
while I sit and wonder -
is the unhealthy ego a shield
against our fear of woundedness?

Compassion flows toward the injured beast
I feel for the humiliation of the mighty bull
corralled inside a ring and goaded to fight
knowing the dice are loaded and there's no way out.

We humans can be so unkind
With our need to strut our power before the beast
and bring it down.

Can I approach my own humiliation with compassion
and bring this same love to the unthinking selfishness of humankind?
Sometimes I despair that we can ever turn human life around
and become a loving species.

Now the bull is walking by my side.

The leaves are yellow now and falling
as autumn creeps into the bones.
Mind is like a branch stripped naked
at rest, quiet and simple.

What if enlightenment is simply this quiet space,
this decaying leaf, it's structure all laid bare?
Just a fragile membrane between being and nothingness.

Receive Without an End in View

You can't run after poetry,
you have to wait for it to come to you.

When you chase a poem, like a dream disturbed,
it disappears down a worm hole of the mind.

Sucked into the dark void
the poem sits just out of sight and sound,
testing your metal.

Are you patient? Do you listen?
Are you willing to take what's given?

Can you receive each experience
as a little gem tossed
from the shining river of creation
each one a gift of self illumination?

Will you accept what arises
without judgement
or censorship and, relinquishing control,
take each next word as it comes?

Will you become the servant of the poem,
the handmaid ready for dictation?

Receive without an end in view
just for the love of it

because this is your calling
to sit and wait at the door of poetry
empty bowl in hand.

Simplicity

Even the birds are quiet this morning
hiding in an opaque yellow sky.

To visit inner silence is a blessing, here
beneath the self important chattering mind.

I make simplicity my only study
and poetry the only friend I need.

So easy yet so easily forgotten
this gathering of the soul
into its soft petalled beauty, this liquid inner sky.

Inside every person
a mysterious world is waiting
- everything else is fiction.

When the shutters are thrown open
light streams from the heart
and an ecstatic sun arises.

It's Raining

It's been raining for days
rivers of rain
hurled from the sky
hammering on the roof
lashing the windows

This puny storm tossed ark
all that's holding life together

Now, and it seems forever,
I'm destined to walk
from bedroom to computer
from bathroom to kitchen
and back to the computer
over and over without end
captured by this obsession
to complete, breakthrough and birth the new
pushing at the walls of this fragile womb
with no guarantee of deliverance

And then, a rainbow
a miracle shining through the cloud
an ephemeral greeting
a wisp of hope

Your Soul Basket

When everything has been stripped away
and you stand naked before the door
when the world is reduced to one point
and there is no longer a choice

Gather your wisdom into your soul basket
harvest the fruits of experience
polish them on your sleeve
pile the basket high

and walk courageously toward the door
trusting it will open.

Offer your contribution
with no expectation of return
because this is who you are
and why you're here
and what you have to give.

The Singularity

In a space vibrantly alive
a female figure runs through the soulscape
scattering chaos, discarding left and right the inessential

I am being pared down, reduced, beveled and refined
the great sculptor of destiny is knocking lumps off me
leaving svelte lines, fashioning a single arrow,
such intensity of purpose demolishes me

Everything that exists was once
compressed into a single point
from which the universe exploded
- sky, trees, stars, flowers, galaxies, beetles
you, me and all of human history -
were birthed from that infinitesimal compressed potentiality

So much from so little
from absolute presence, a point of singularity
a universe of poetry continuously unfolding

At my Universal Listening Post

The morning air is alive
with the fragrance of cow dung and pollen
sharp at the nostrils
rapping at the brain with a get up and zing
edgy on the skin.

Nothing seems more important than to sit
and watch the tide coming in
to breathe with the heartbeat of the ocean
and join this slow, regular, carefully orchestrated, imperceptible glide
which whispers of the attraction between planets
and our place in the bigger alphabet of everything.

There are times for being a drop in the ocean
magnetized by the moon, with no unique volition
simply following the sway of the One Being
from the deeps, to the shore and back again.

And there are times for heeding
the calling of the soul to singularity
for experiencing the boundary of the droplet
the confines of transparent viscous skin
within which the authentic gifts of soul
are distilled to unique essence
in an act of alchemy.

As we become more refined, authentic and essential
we stream through the doorway of Presence
to be released into Eternity
and in an act of glorious implosion
- the Big Bang in its latest incarnation -
a Whole New Universe is birthed through us.

A Whole New Universe, think of that!
A precisely balanced system
of energy, intelligence and consciousness
tuned to a new and different harmonic
without the conflict, struggle and suffering of Earth
a universe beautifully and elegantly synchronized
to the harmony of Love, Unity and Higher Purpose.

Think of that,
a Universe where we can live our highest purpose!
We could start today, you and I,
to become the Whole New Human.

Soul is our belonging to the world
our human rootedness in earth
our spiritual longing for the sky
and our willingness to suffer the tension of that longing.
Soul is the arc of the rainbow
a bridge reaching to Heaven
a prism split in the mirror of the ocean.

Now all the myriad droplets of the waves
have become a sea in motion
running this way and that
currents of light, shades of blue vibration.



Elegy for my Father (selected verses)

John Parker **January 29th 1921 – June 27th 2011**

3.

As you journey into a new and unknown world
may you be free from fear and suffering
may there be friends and helpers
who take your hand when the way is dark
to remind you that you are never alone.

Especially when you feel most lost,
do not despair.

When the light appears
walk towards the Big Light
shun the small comforting lights
walk straight into the light that blazes.

Let go of everything you've clung to
identification with body, mind, emotions, your stories
consecrate all to the fire
only then may innocence arise
- blank slate, new eyes, open heart.

7.

Dear John, you're gone
Into your next transformation
Released from this body,
The stories we know you by
The memory bank
This set of karmic reactions
This pair of eyes and unique perspective
This configuration of the stars at birth
This temperament
This energetic vibration
This one particular manifestation
This atom of humanity
This pair of feet walking the Earth in
This era of history
This occupied space of five feet eight inches.

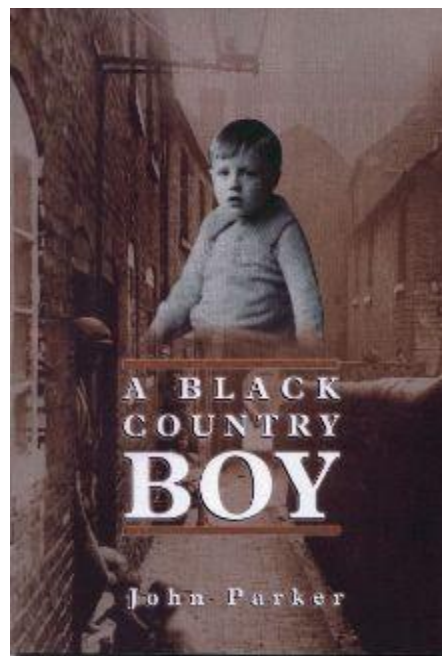
You're gone into the Great-Beyond-Time
The soul's recycling station, whatever that turns out to be,
- the Mystery.

May you fly free of this limited identity

This crown of thorns
This crucifixion of abandonment
The indignities of old age.

You left unsung,
In your last days the music stopped,
Only the sound of your breathing remained
Your mind defeated into silence.

Can I sing you now?
Along the soul wires the web binds us still
Now the torturing thoughts have loosened and dissolved
Can you hear me now, dada?



Dream big within your hatching shell
dream wild and free
make sure the space you're birthing
is infused with ecstasy.



The Day of the Awakening Heart

This is the day,
the day of the Awakening Heart
- ripe heart stretched like a fruit
sated with juice and goodness.

All across this land, friends are gathered for devotion,
opening to receive the blessings of Oneness.
Here at my poet's perch, from all the directions,
I gather my soul into the unified field of Presence.

In this gathering place, this hall of awakening,
it's time to yield the last thorns of separation
to offer up attachment to the physical
and join an experiment in the metaphysical.

My mother's long gone into her beyond time, my father lost to me
Hoponopono, time for forgiveness
I'm sorry, please forgive me, thank you, I love you
I'm sorry, please forgive me, thank you, I love you.

Released from hurt, standing free from contraction
completely unfurled, utterly liberated.

Step into the One Heart, the vibrating luminescent heart
where everything is golden, where everything is holy.

To be devoted is to be entirely handed over
every last thread of personal will surrendered
except the will to unite.



Next Steps

Thank you for reading my poems. If you resonate with them, or if there's any way I might support you on your own journey of awakening, I'd love to hear from you. Please email me: tribeintransition@gmail.com

Come and meet me at my website, **TWENTY FIRST CENTURY NOMAD**, an evolving work in progress, providing skills, inspiration, conversations and community so that we can co-create the new culture of peace and possibility together

<http://www.twentyfirstcenturynomad.net>

And on facebook : <http://www.facebook.com/tribeintransitionglobal>

And please consider joining my ***Songs of Awakening Programme – A Poem a Day*** which will support you to find your highest creativity by connecting with your deepest wisdom

<http://www.twentyfirstcenturynomad.net/songsofawakening>

You may also enjoy the following resources:

Migration to the Heartland, A Soul Journey in the Land of the Awakening Dawn. A semi-autobiographical story of setting off into the unknown on the quest for authenticity and sacred life.

The ***Awaken the Whole New Human*** e-book series, exploring the growing edge of how we can live a more conscious life.

<http://www.twentyfirstcenturynomad.net/resources>

Blessings on your journey

Rose Diamond

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11. Polar Crsscent Moon, unknown

23. Phoenix, from an original painting of A Whole New World by Mary Ryan
www.chrysalisfarmstudiogallery.com

28. Celebrating by Susan

30 Flower, Braveheart www.illusionsbybraveheart.photorelect.com

33 Gray Wolf www.fanpop.com and www.hdwallpapers.in

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