

**words** can only glimpse what SWIRLS around in my mind, and bounces around in my body. poetic phrases drip, like sweet juicy georgia peaches, in my mental notebook. at odd times, they jump out into minds ear. their origin is curious to me and opens me to the realm of reality often hinted at but never delved into. my over worked brain often drowns out the pulsing Spirit that comes and goes like the wind. For me, for me poetry is *an avenue*, a ticket to jump aboard the **flow** of that mystic wind circling round my soul. the activity and flow of God is an EVER PRESENT REALITY i'm often ignorant of but do seldom taste. moments of timelessness when the communion is real and my heart and soul match the beat and rhythm of the Creator's -- we simply are. God is God and me is me and we be.....we be..... we be, just...being....together... and I'm ever grateful.

*--I wrote this after an open mic poetry night and i'm not sure I could more succinctly and accurately capture my sense of my poetry--*

The words in this book record in a written artifact glimpses of my journey toward greater understanding of my life and the One who gave it to me. I hope they stir something within. If there's a particular poem you like - rip it out, post it somewhere, reflect on why. If there's some you don't like, that rub you the wrong way - Respond. Write a response communicating what's whirling within. I encourage you to interact and create and merely to consume.

There's a few themes to my writing. The first is the longing and dream I have of living into the present reality of the revolution Jesus started 2,000 years ago. The second would be my interaction with nature and my body. My spirituality is intimately tied to how I live in my body and as a result I continually push my physical limits. The third would be some thoughts on love.

I hope you enjoy the words I've discovered.

## CLUB DELUXE

Poetry flows like wine at sunday communion  
hearts spilled forth, spirits raised  
Blue and Red jazz notes fill the air  
feet tapping, bodies swaying, laughter floating,  
It's tuesday night at club deluxe

The words from hearts broken  
hearts dreaming  
hearts mending  
gently spill around my soul  
lifting it to new heights

energy pulsates  
vibrates  
through my veins  
i feel alive  
i feel inspired

## DARKNESS BEARING LIGHT

It seems the sun came up again today  
I see the effects filtering through the hand made  
brown paisley curtains at the south end my room  
The light creates a warmth I feel somewhere  
between flesh and bone  
It's a day like no other

Strolling down 22nd st

I see his  
Brillo, salt & pepper hair matted by the nights  
spent on the filth stained sidewalks,  
Our eyes catch, and conversation ensues  
Hal must be 60 years old  
when I ask he merely shakes his head

"This is my mother"  
Reaching into the depths of layers that warm his sickly frail body

out comes a pocket size photo album full of pictures from his  
childhood,  
His last remaining possession that links him to  
those that loved him.

He continually chants,  
"I've gotta get to her"  
"I've gotta get to her, she's got cancer"

I learn snippets of Hal and his life  
Stories of his love for football, everything  
Jazz and how he came to live without a home  
His quiet resigned voice, intensifies  
"I've been to the dark places, experienced the  
spirits there"

His sagging brown tired eyes,  
and ravaged body reveal the truth  
"I've been to the dark places"

Impoverished.  
Wake up and see the impoverishment  
It lurks in the dark corners of complacency  
marinates in the milieu of our lives  
It bathes itself in our meglomaniac ideas of the  
good life, charity and stature  
We are the sleeping giant

She spent a years wage on a bottle of perfume  
that she wiped off the Nazeren's feet with her  
hair and tears  
A thriving soul that experinced the darkness

Thriving souls wade in the fringes  
consistently wrestling in the depths of their  
ugliness  
ugliness that plays like a cheap hook  
driving them to deal with darkness  
darkness that reveals light

"The dark places"  
He says  
"I've seen the dark places"

this is a result of the shootings, drug deals, a monthly police meeting and a poetry open mic. I wrote it tonight at the poetry open mic. it may be a little provactive, or harsh. i guess there really was a spirit rising.

\*\*\*\*\*

!RIZE

Bleeding hearts, snuffle and cry  
our reflections perpetuating a cycle of mediocrity and  
brokenness  
when will the corner be reached where the imagination  
reigns and our words spread wings of reality

my past remains a lurking ghost informing who I am  
while I make myself available to change this world

release the imagination

match the intonations of the vocal chords with the pitter  
patter of your feet wiping the streets clean turning needles of  
desire into an invitation of healing  
The knock of healer sounds on our door

Abuse your body, your mind, your soul in discipline that truth  
may be reveled in  
redemption brought to the herion alley that sits  
parallel to my bed, cradling the homies seeking healing in  
seringes of darkness  
that merely leave them wanting more

may we be the beacon of hope loving them to treat the  
condition of their spirit not merely the milieu of their body

the forces at work hide behind our

socio-economic, politically obsessed understanding of the  
media  
confused culture we swim in

these are the tools at our disposal to help the  
orphaned child left buy a wandering drunk father who sleeps  
on my stoop and looks through my trash seeking whatever  
will placate the fleshly desire

distracting from the shattered place between flesh and bone  
where the real demons marinate

Can we raise up?, unleashing our unique artistry that  
has the ability to channel the master creators energy into  
healing power

It's a call to move from simply spitting rhythms, singing  
songs, and egaging in endless pontification

into artistic agents on a mission of  
hope, life, love and redemption

## MURMURS

Birthing breaths of recreation swarm around a once still heart  
I can feel the images of dignity robbing poverty beat out of my chest

The injustice of ignorant consumers wearing gems birthed from bleeding mothers wombs  
Bombs strike in my mind as I contemplate specks of existence  
Raging complacent lives of plastic goodness

The call of healer knocks on my heart  
and Revolution pumps through my thriving veins

I am sick  
I am sick of talking, of writing  
and prescribing  
There is a jungle thick with adventure and insurrection

Synapses flash as I recall my roots in the greatest revolution and power known  
the grinding wheels looking for downward momentum  
for a path of inspiration where the choices are clear and the steps immediate

Murmurs  
Murmurs of sedition  
Terrorist watch lists  
and death loom on a closing sought after horizon

Complacency is the lie of death  
Cowardice and apprehension its fuel  
Daring to dream is the first step beyond breast milk  
seeking to love baby food  
obedient love the main course of eternity

Feel the pulses and vibrations calling  
Fear for you ego, because it MUST be lost  
Long for your life, because it WILL be found

## SILENCE

I returned yesterday afternoon from hosting a silent retreat at my family's place in Kirkwood. I can remember 8 years ago having dreams of hosting a retreat in the wilderness and this past weekend was truly the fulfillment of a dream. 15 of us gathered in the place that my family has been laboring on for 6 years and the work was well worth it.

I love entering silence and practicing meditation and prayer. During the retreat I had the longing to be on an extended retreat of silence and solitude. Silence is beautiful but when you enter silence and solitude another level is reached.

Here's a poem that came to me one night as I sat on my mat praying to candle light.

*The ancient light flickers by my bed  
I'm entranced by it's glow and warmth  
It's history beyond my knowledge  
the inconsistent flashed moves from side to side and flow into my soul  
I'm reminded of the light within  
the kingdom seed planted in the depths of my soul  
even through closed eyes the darkness is intruded upon by it's presence  
with each flash  
I sink deeper into the presence of the great  
I AM  
Beheld by the Creators loving goodness my heart beats like an open vessel  
As I elongate my torso, opening chest  
my breath grows deeper and fills my entire body  
tingles begin at the crown of my head and disappear into my ears  
beneath my flowing breath I can hear the rhythmic bass gently beating  
I can feel peace enter my nostrils  
caressingly moving down my nasal cavity  
down the back of my sternum  
I feel the whispering center calling me home  
calling me to live out my birthright  
and with each flash I'm reminded of the sacred space that must remain secret  
fwoooooof  
As I enter complete darkness  
the glow of the wick fades  
I'm in the shadow  
light glowing within*

## RAIN, 11.28.2005

when the rain comes down it pours  
it pours upon my head and i dream  
i dream of unseen days that encompass  
that encompass the emotions ruminating within my soul  
my soul burns for days full of light, full of altered states  
altered states of consciousness brought into reality by the filling of the Spirit  
The Spirit which fills our sails and broadens our horizons  
Our horizons that have been limited by the lies of the dark king  
The dark king seeks to make us complacent, to lose today and life  
Life the gift of the One most High full of goodness and blessings  
Blessings that radiant down into our lives into our souls  
Our souls, how precious, how tender, they yearn  
They yearn, I yearn, for understanding, for love, for a listening ear  
A listening ear that defies weariness, welcomes endless conversation, opens  
doors that have been closed, looks into a weary soul and calls forth a great  
energy and creativity that will make the world shutter.

The consuming fire that exists within, I wrestle with how to channel it, how  
to keep from caging it, how to embrace, to live the buzz

the cliché's run rampant through this tormented mind, the days are num-  
bered, you only live once, take the risk, go for it, just do it, life is an adven-  
ture, don't loose today in tomorrow, it's the journey not the destination  
kingdom come, HIS will be done runs through my mind, bleeds into my  
body and emanates from my soul --- O listening ear where have you gone,  
the encouragement for the weary traveler is a must, not to be lost in the mix,  
in the busyness of this world.

This world full of distractions sucks the life from us, pulls us, pushes us, into  
arenas our soul wasn't meant to entertain. We're called to live good lives,  
not safe lives, the call of the King invites into certain uncertainty from our  
perspective. From the King's perspective it's certain adventure with certain  
provision. Will we trust - will we embark?

The beat, continues, head bobbing, invigorating pulse, imagining tomor-  
row's reality. Offering ourselves as the ultimate sacrifice, broken heart,  
broken spirit, we should be so lucky to fall into the love of the great mystery,  
Our great Father.

## JOURNEY

elaborating thoughts as i hear the splash of water in what seems to be a distant  
place. back and forth, one stroke followed by another, another 50 yds complete. my  
thoughts wander from why, what for, to the enjoyment of the time, imagining the  
future, the payoff for the training.

i've heard it, you've heard, it's the journey.

the search for your heart, for their heart, for HIS heart, for understanding what it  
means to live in pain, to understand joy that comes from an unseen dimension of  
reality. living beyond what seems rationally logical we enter into the life abundant,  
into kingdom come.

i've heard it, you've heard, it's the journey.

loosely holding onto words that provide handles to grasp. seeking for new under-  
standing, new insight into the fully revealed yet little understood mystery of God.  
meditating, reading, thinking, conversing, i seek to renew my mind, refresh my heart,  
and share.

i've heard it, you've heard, it's the journey.

the unraveling of learned thoughts, learned behaviours, breaking barriers, seeking  
to let go of the fear that binds me to a self i once clinged to. looking for adventure  
in the eyes of another, one who will teach me from the mountains they've looked  
down from and from the valleys they've drudged through.

i've heard it, you've heard, it's the journey.

its embracing brokenness and never wanting to let it go that humility might always  
be present within the new birthing heart. i seek, i knock, i dream, i laugh, i cry, i  
yearn, to be bold. to dare to be great in weakness, in humility.

i've heard it, you've heard, it's the journey.

With the start of Ironman training comes the beginning of exploration. On Sunday I rode around the whole city, embarcadero to chrissy field, accross the Golden Gate Bridge, up to the Marin Headlands, back accross the bridge up through Sea Cliff, down the Great Highway, through Golden Gate Park to the Lower Haight and back the Mission. It was a georgous day full of sunshine and radiance. When I'm on long rides or runs time seems to loose meaning at times and I get lost in the moments. Often when I get back it seems like I lost time or something as if my mind and being left and then came back hours later. It's bizarre, interesting and telling.

Tonight I ran from my flat up to Twin Peaks and there was a similar experience of loss of time. When I'm able to get beyond the pain in my body I leave this world and am encompassed in my own.

My mind wanders through the threads of my life, relationships, vocation, what God is impressing upon me, where I need to grow, and what I'm going to eat when I get done. My mind is something that is never at rest; something is constantly passing through those synapses. There is a difference though between the mulling that occurs while running, cycling, hiking, etc. than occurs when I'm sedintary. It's seemingly productive when I'm moving and though manifest themselves differently.

### Time

Tonight the winds were stirring, as  
one after the other my feet struck the ground.

Alone.

Alone, above street lights and city buildings

Alone will always be something I carry

Sometimes in my pocket

others on my back

Tonight the winds are blowing the loneliness all around me  
I seek to embrace it, to keep it from being blown onto my back

### Run Down

ethereal mind licks just won't do the trick this evening  
offered up and laid out  
the faint soul feeling played out  
insignificane running round wandering  
existential angst marinates and bleeds  
bleeds to the point of no continueing  
cognition found wanting in the aim to please and desire  
the search for love significance and what is to come  
it's the day to the day that lays the soul bare in the light of plaguing idealism  
over emotional burnings, leave yearnings to the curb  
done fucked it to the point of leaving even words wanting  
it's unbelievable the lies and truths that play like top 40 hooks  
simultaneously into the head-bobbing soul of one who seeks that which he does  
not know  
a body abused, an intentional way of life leaving nothing behind  
offered up and out, with nothing left  
emotional swings from highs of spoken words  
to the valleys of mindless work, and insignificance  
(added later)  
offered left and right to see the surrounding soar like eagles  
my own demise worth it if reality it be  
\*\*\*\*\*  
whispers swing sweetly in the fray  
words like honey  
emotions like mist  
it's overun inside  
.....longings  
.....wonderings  
.....ponderings  
rain hisses underneath tires  
light intrudes the mood  
stuff clutters space  
contradictions in flight

PLACE

I'm in that place again  
The crowd has left, the energy dropped  
the light  
the candle  
the quiet murmur of music  
These are my companions  
in this place

In this place  
in this place I long,  
for hands to warm  
for breath other than my own  
for the warmth of other.

It lies beyond my reach  
slips through my fingers  
Jaded shards rattle around  
the emptiness  
cut my soul

It's ever evasive  
It's ever longing  
Waking up with eyes to look at  
It's NOT my completion I seek  
Rather the THOU in a journey toward completion  
With every exhale the roots of desire deepen

The beauty of life amplified beyond self  
it exists between  
I-THOU

I-THOU  
come to rest  
in this fertile soil  
cultivated with love and discipline  
in anticipation of your arrival  
come to rest  
rest

**AWAKEN**

it's been announced  
the invitation been extended

it lies  
in  
the breath of our lungs  
the beat of our heart

our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but  
against the rulers, against the authorities,  
against the  
empires and powers of this dark world, against  
the spiritual forces of evil

the master made it clear his kingdom is not of  
this world, but from another place

inspired and fueled by his spirit

it's worked out  
through our hands  
through our feet  
channeled through our imagination

it lies  
in  
the breath of our lungs  
the beat of our heart

wake up and rise oh sleeper  
that the spirit may shine

## **RAIN**

my feet are cold from the wet rain  
i see it, like white noise on the television,  
    constantly,  
    moving  
    standing still  
colors enhanced by the perspiration of the air  
    it's life breath today  
feeding a dormant piece of my soul

## **LATE NIGHT WALK**

the stars have been frozen  
brought down to the ground tonight  
with each step they flutter, sparkle, before me  
flashing lights encased in the white

the moon champions the sun  
    this go round  
it's at home with the frozen air  
    the white ground  
in it's fullness it collaborates with the frozen flakes  
    creating a glow heavenward

the peaks all gather and horse shoe around the valley  
    standing like glowing monuments  
    they pay omage

for we're all amazed  
    at such beauty

## **LAMENT**

there are worries, wants, and ways  
    of which I don't understand  
moments in life when clarity simply does not exist  
    it's thematic, cycles of my life  
    in which tragedies occur  
tragedies as a result of my existence

running - futile,  
figuring a solution - no avail,

threads of grace weave their way in like interlocking fingers  
    i'm broken for you my love  
your anger rages from my demon  
my demon which I am meant to wreslte

it's my good fight  
tragically you've come into play  
curiosity won you over

life is pulsating tonight  
grip it and clinge  
    rise to it  
it can be beautiful

After I got back from my 3.5 hr bike ride yesterday I laid down for 20 minutes to clear my mind, woke up and jotted this down:

### LIKECHILD

I'd like to understand  
I am that child, the one who continually questions  
the never ending string of "why"  
why does my spirit rise and fall like the moon  
why do thoughts cycle round in my head like bad lyrics  
why am i constantly searching  
why haven't i found what i'm looking for  
why do i ask questions to the air and expect answers  
why does clarity escape me  
why courage  
why, why, why, why, why

Excuse me, can you tell my "why"  
Why indeed  
Like that child my aim is to understand,  
understand, hmmm

Hey where did that kid go,  
the one with all the pestering questions?  
To the playground to play?!

### INTENSITY

6, 386 miles my legs have spun in circles  
335 hours my ass has sat on that seat  
7 pairs of shoes the unforgiving asphalt and dirt has beat  
through  
i have ravaged my body for 4,382 hours  
in focused pursuit of an eternal soul that never seems to quit  
i have not slept, not ate, not shat  
to uncover that mystery that swims between muscle and bone  
the breath that feeds my heart not my lungs  
4 O'clock in the morning the alarm has invaded my sleep and  
provoked me to rise  
to slurp down 6 eggs and 3 pieces of toast that resembles bark  
walking into the dawn air i've slipped on  
a rubber suit and prepared to punish my body for 12 hours of  
intensity

there is depth, beauty and power found  
outside your known limits  
pain, abuse, sacrifice, and discipline are the pathway into mys-  
tery  
humility the door to power

if you are willing it can be found  
but it will cost you your life and friends  
enemies will beat on your door  
and backs will be turned in misunderstanding

come and follow the steps into  
life, love, and integration  
flow with the winds of love and desparation

Abba

as the morning mist rises from the mountain tops,  
so may your spirit rise from within us  
your beauty, your majesty, surround us  
we give you thanks

look upon us in your love,  
teach us your ways, guide us  
may we set ourselves in rhythm with your heartbeat  
sitting in silent peace enjoying the radiance of your presence

may our lives be an enchanting song of praise  
emanating our gratitude heavenward  
we need you, you are our redeemer  
our sustainer  
our savior  
our friend  
our comforter  
our guide  
our creator  
our muse  
our GOD

open our eyes to see, our ears to hear, and our hearts to obey  
your touch is sweeter than the finest chocolate  
your presence more soothing than the warm summer breeze  
as the sun pierces the billowing clouds  
may your love pierce our soul

set us on fire with the breath your spirit  
teach us to live with unfathomable joy  
may we live with blazing intensity and comforting compassion

*Response*

*Abba*

*incline your ear to us  
that we may tell of your wonders*

Adonai,

You who dwell among the angels  
Help us to live in rhythm with your Pnuma  
Ever aware of your presence  
Teach us to live in your kingdom  
Walking in peace, speaking in love to those around us  
Unite us Adonai, in your redemptive work  
break us where we need to be broken  
mend us where we need mending  
open us to eternity present  
inspire our hearts to love beyond ourselves  
to live the adventure you call us into  
Shelter and protect us

You ARE amazing Adonai!  
Thank you for the gift of today

beneath the sky

Beneath the blanket of warm gray sky  
moisture falls  
The parched land forced to rest

it can only produce so much  
for so long

Shoots and fruits have withered  
the herds passed  
all that remains are ghosts of life passed

it can only produce so much  
for so long

it pines for lush green, flourishing life  
pulling at all its resources  
pushing, striving, and trying to be fertile

it's left barren  
dusty and cracked

Beneath the blanket of warm gray sky  
moisture falls  
and light enters through each drop  
the land bathes itself in eternity present  
resting in the sky  
resting in what holds its being together

Beneath the blanket of warm gray sky  
rest weary wanderlust  
rest passing pilgrim  
rest earnest seeker  
looking for life in odd doors  
vintage windows  
eclectic mixes  
worn streets  
and torn sheets

rest till the breath you breathe  
penetrates the pulsing soul  
evaporating the imposed veils of separation

rest until the air you swim in is  
thick with the being of love

rest until you is we

Beneath the blanket of warm gray sky  
rest.