

Poems from the Postmetaphysical Edge

The Integral Postmetaphysical Spirituality forum(s) include contributions over many genres, including poetry, visual art, and even musical offerings. We reached out to the IPS community for poems related to the themes discussed on the forums and were happy to receive the following.

Contents

Goddess, by Edward Berge
Signs in Country, by Tim Winton
Three Poems by Bruce Alderman

Goddess, by Edward Berge

Preface: These are the lyrics to a song I wrote while an initiate of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, a western esoteric tradition (aka wesoterica). Therein we enacted spiritual experiences via ritual, ceremony, symbol, iconography, costumes, movements, gestures, invocations, astral projection and activating all the physical senses. I wrote this song as an opening for a ceremony celebrating the feminine. It uses Tarot Major Arcana imagery, as Tarot was one of the tools we used to activate the various psycho-dynamic archetypes.

Goddess

Oh Goddess of the sea and land, open the door of dreams to me
Hourglass shifting grains of sand, the door without a key
Soundless boundless bitter sea, the moon of man's desire
The deep dark well of memory, it's you that we admire
To thee do we aspire...Goddess

Goddess it is you we call, with our song do we enthrall
Come speak to us in our sacred hall

Dark one of the night of time, before the Gods were born
Priestess beyond the virgin veil, darkest hour before the morn
From thy robe the sea sprang forth, the earth your cubic chair
Crown the moon upon your head, wrapped in mystery your hair
Jachin and Boaz in your lair...Goddess

Dark Goddess it is your we call, with our song do we enthrall
Come speak to us in our sacred hall

Bright mother in the midst of day, the father in your womb
The dove descends into your heart, wheat springs from the tomb
With flowing stream you carve the stone, a crown of stars adorn

Generate the sacred image, matrix seed of form
And all creation born...Goddess

Bright Goddess it is you we call, with our song do we enthrall
Come speak to us in our sacred hall

Alike in light and darkness too, we cannot see you clear
The scales of justice balance you, strength lets us draw near
Sandalphon raises up her wand, and parts the polar two
Unveil the star of innocence, let us gaze at you
The dancing world we view...Goddess

Twilight Goddess it is you we call, with our song do we enthrall
Come speak to us in our sacred hall

Goddess it is you we call, with our song do we enthrall
Come speak to us in our sacred hall...Goddess

Signs in Country, by Tim Winton

Signs in Country

Did you not see the signal of the six-sided honeycomb in those white clouds?

Does that particular lack of disorder not render unto you a sign?

Has the Sun conspired against you?

Does the Land remain cold and secretive?

Have you been blinded, rendered unable, to read Signs in Country?

It was not always this way. Nor, will it be this way forever.

And you are not to be blamed my son. No one told me either.

But look over the flat plain and imagine hidden forces.

Not the wrinkled up skin, but the smoothed flood flats only. Start simply. Then move on.

The Mountains will only deceive you: the air there made clever—not to be interpreted but by other than the fully initiated.

And you are some way from there...

Do not be discouraged. I am not here to chide you. Watch carefully for the wind-twisted dust birds.

Follow their slow journey and use your God Given Vision.

For you know they must come back to earth.

Be still. Very still. Watch... Watch...

Let this unnoticed message thunder-roll though your emptiness.

How incomparably loud. How indescribably curious that you have not been deafened by those simple clouds till now?

And what of this?

So to you have the eye of eagle Vision.

And the scent Sense of bees. You can taste the Yarrow's delicate nectar from 10,000 feet.

Feel the wind-dust rain in your long bones and become the buzzing motes moving lively in that chattering honey-coloured sun.

All then is revealed. Look down deeply onto this wax cloud capping.

Do you not see now, the very same sun-driven comb?

Three Poems by Bruce Alderman

Evening by the Ganges

The light of the evening falls
Into the spaces between the leaves
Till that is all you see: points of evening, ablaze,
As though the fire were drawn
From all things,
From mango and *muchkand* and stone,
And you cannot tell the light
From the singers in the trees,
Leaping from limb to limb,
And you cannot tell the singers
From the sun, broken

On the broad face
of the river –

All things speaking the same bright tongue,
Meaning born of leaps of light.

Long-fingered leaves reach
Into the pink evening,
Love moves out from my palms,
And the sun in the tree
In sudden shivers flashes
Through the body, through the brain,
And these words come, like Ganga
Throwing back the sun,

Like when an angel kisses your ear in sleep
And makes light in the body leap

And you come undone.

Nothing More

There is a light in the evening
Like light curving into a conch,
Whole in itself, prior
To the longing of night

In which the shapes of leaves,
And the tracks of worms, lie,
And the torn skin of the sycamore
Curls up, complete,

Like the mouth of Ananda, wholly
At ease, opening, just slightly,
Onto the unlabored singing
of the sea.

By the Verde River

Here, where the river slips like Sanskrit
From the mouths of rocks,
And the hawks in blue swing
Above the mistletoe,
And the dropped sun does nothing

On the water's face;

Where I sway by plum-colored currents,
This as grass, and mad
As a hermit, mad with prayer,
In a hovel of trees,

Where, lit by dawn, the mountains cast
Their blue light over miles;

Where, down by water, I am drowned
In the mountains' shout;

Here is where I should be heard,
With the birds in the rocks
And dirt, my words dropped
With the cough of crows
In the wide quiet morning