



# In The Mirror Of Life

Non-Dual Poems & Other Delights

1976-2009

Roy Whenary

# INTRODUCTION

These poems were written between 1976 and 2009. Most of the poems written in the late 1970s and early 1980s were previously included in two small booklets: 'Memories We Cherish' and 'Shadows & Reflections'.

Whilst my feeling is to now exclude some of the poems, for various reasons, I have not done so, in order to preserve the complete set of poems for the 33 year period between 1976 and 2009. After the early 1980s, however, I did not write so much poetry, which is why there is very little in this collection beyond 1984.

I have included, with each poem, the year of writing, which I feel it is relevant to take into account. Most of my poems of the 1970s and 1980s were clearly influenced by my interest in the non-dual writings of J.Krishnamurti, Nisargadatta Maharaj and Jean Klein, in particular, as well as the natural process of inner awakening. More poetic influences will have included Kahlil Gibran, Rabindranath Tagore, Shelley, Rumi, Omar Khayaam and Zen & Taoist Poetry.

A number of people have requested that I make my poems available, so here they are. Enjoy the ones that resonate best with you, and perhaps forget those that don't.

*with warm greetings to all*

Roy Whenary

November 2009

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*(please quote book title & author name when copying or quoting particular poems)*

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## AN OPEN DOOR (1976)

Life hangs  
On an open door,  
Whose framework is the past  
And whose emptiness is ours to fill  
With the wisdom of noble thoughts  
Or the foolishness of pride,  
With wise encounters  
Or cowardly departures,  
With fully-savoured years  
Or half-lived moments of blindness

Life is there  
Between the kitchen,  
Where no one goes hungry,  
And the hallway -  
Through which pilgrims pass  
On their way to salvation.  
Life truly hangs  
On an open door,  
But destiny is sealed  
Within the framework of time

WHO AM I? (1976)

In this vast immeasurable ocean  
Who am I?

In terms of all the people In this world  
Who am I?

Of all who ever lived  
Who am I?

When death's dark hand arrives  
Who am I?

And where am I?  
And who asks the question?

## AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH (1977)

Memories fading  
In a haze of time,  
Shadows smiling,  
People in their prime -  
The youth that lived  
One time, so long ago,  
Who now are old or dead -  
What did they know?

There they are,  
In captured stance -  
A moments whim,  
A pose, a glance,  
And ever more,  
From then, to be  
A moment in eternity  
Preserved,  
Alas for whom?

## FEAR AND THE UNKNOWN (1977)

Fear, I have known thee -  
Down the wooded path,  
With darkness all around,  
When I could not see  
What there might be  
To take me by surprise

Death, almighty death -  
Why do we fear thee,  
Thee the dark unknown?  
Why do we flee  
The glorious woods  
Just because darkness has come?



## I AM THE WALL (1977)

Vast, the unwinding road  
Unwinds itself through me.  
Empty as a thousand dreams am I -  
Naked to the wind and sky

Vast, the universal life  
Pours out its love to all -  
Vibrant in each moment's pause,  
It dashes against the wall

For 'I' am the wall that does not yield -  
The back that does not bend.  
I am the dreamer dreaming  
That I began, and that I shall end

I am the wall  
That keeps out eternity

## MEN OF VISION (1977)

Silent they stand  
Whilst all around  
The world is sounding  
Its chaotic hymns.  
They who could tell  
Are left aside  
Of those who sell  
So many childish dreams

Men of vision,  
Seers of truth,  
Like flowers grow  
Where weeds abound.  
They do not push themselves  
To fame,  
Nor with their fingers  
Point the blame

They only stand  
With vision clear -  
Desireless  
And free of fear,  
Uttering words  
That we may hear  
In gratitude  
For truth  
That is so near

## MIDNIGHT IN WINTER (1977)

Fog hangs vaguely in the midnight air,  
Ducks in the distant waters 'quack'  
From some dark region, cold and black -  
I know not where

Streetlights form a yellow haze,  
Dripping twigs cast silhouettes,  
With cobwebs mimicking fishermens' nets,  
Whilst people laze

Creeping cats on garden walls,  
Footsteps passing briskly by -  
Into the night they fade and die,  
In search of no applause

NOW (1977)

Live each moment  
In the now,  
Or now  
Will turn to never.  
Each fading hour  
Only serves  
The veins of life  
To sever

## A TALE OF FICTION (1978)

Into the battle  
A babe is born,  
To play its part  
In the finite scheme ...  
To suffer pain  
And to pleasure seek,  
When young and strong  
'Til old and weak

This endless wheel  
Of fortune turns  
The same mistakes,  
But never learns  
That it is all a mortal play  
That we enact ...  
As much a tale of fiction  
As of fact

## AT-ONE-MENT (1978)

It's midnight  
On a moonlit bay -  
The air is still.  
Ripples on the water  
Form a glimmering way  
Out into the open sea

Nothing stirs,  
Nothing dares to move without  
Awhile that thoughts within  
Dance upon ageless light,  
Drunk with the wine of peace  
And uplifted sight

Torn from the shadow world  
Of daily torment  
To bathe in unworldly bliss.  
To receive a kiss  
Such as this, from life,  
Is to know at least for a moment  
What is at-one-ment

## IN LOVING YOU DIE (1978)

Embrace this world  
And all the transient things -  
Birds and beasts,  
And peasants, popes and kings.  
Love this world  
As you would love another,  
Love all living things  
And you'll discover  
That in loving, you die -  
You cease to be  
In terms of time,  
But are born unto eternity -  
A pinnacle of light  
That wise men follow  
In the vacant night  
Of their understanding

Clear your mind  
Of all selfish pride,  
And desire and fear  
Must be put aside -  
And only then,  
When mind is clear  
Of impurity  
Can one be sure  
That the prison doors  
Of self are destroyed,  
That mind awake  
Rests in the void,  
Clear and passive,  
Open and free -  
A reflection  
Of vast eternity

## KRISHNAMURTI: THE EARLY DAYS (1978)

The scene was set  
Upon this mortal stage.  
For some it was  
The dawning of an age

There upon some lone  
And distant shore  
Was found a boy  
Whom thousands would adore

They hailed him saviour,  
Master of the age,  
And built a throne  
Within a golden cage

But he, too wise,  
This circus soon disbanded,  
And though they summoned him for comfort  
They left empty handed



## MEMORIES WE CHERISH (1978)

Where is the past  
In whose green fields we played,  
On whose vast shores  
At one time we had bathed?

Where are the friends  
And the many yesterdays  
That we did share  
In so many varied ways?

Are they gone forever,  
And never to be  
Relived not once  
For all eternity?

Are we to die  
Like memories we cherish,  
Just like the autumn leaves  
Alas to perish?

## THE PART AND THE WHOLE (1978)

How deep the sea in which we stand,  
How swift the tide to bury the sand.  
How soon the fish to follow the shoal -  
How can the part resist the whole?

## BEAUTY (1979)

Beauty thou can't comparest -  
The prettiest with the fairest,  
For each in its own right be great -  
Not measured against another state

Beauty thou can't comparest -  
The unusual with the rarest,  
And the peace that beauty often brings  
Can't be compared with other things

## SEARCHING FOR LIGHT (1979)

I miss the point,  
I miss the mark;  
Searching for light -  
I stumble in the dark

## A POET NEVER DIES (1980)

A poet never dies.  
His spirit lives  
In the smile of a child,  
And in the wind  
As it plays with the leaves.  
He lives in the tiny lamb  
As it frolics in the field,  
And he is there  
On the wings of some mighty eagle.  
He is the spirit of the mountain  
And the shadow of the valley,  
He is in the snow which falls  
And the sun that shines.  
He is the joy in the hearts  
Of lovers and seers,  
He lives in the hearts of men  
And yet abides in God.  
A poet never dies,  
For he has found the source  
Of eternal life

## AS IF FROM HEAVEN (1980)

There is a scuffle  
And a bird seeking cover,  
Somewhere beyond the fog  
And the pines  
That drip with moisture

Footsteps crunch  
At needles and cones -  
Echoing beyond the mist,  
Retaining but a trace  
Of human nature -  
Otherwise scattered

Here and there  
For the odd few moments,  
Just a hint of sunshine  
Sweeps through the silence,  
As if from heaven -  
Though only half way  
Towards oblivion

## TO ASK IS ALL (1980)

To ask is all  
That one can ever do.  
To never ask  
Is never to have lived

To die in sorrow  
Full of past regret  
Of many moments  
That were never met

This, let's hope,  
Will never be our sin -  
To hide without  
That which we feel within

## WE ARE SO PROUD (1980)

We are so proud -  
And what of?

We are like some tiny flowers  
Which live but an hour or two  
Before they wither and die

Who can believe in permanence  
When all about us dies?  
Who can put aside for tomorrow  
That which exists in time,  
Which flies?



## WHAT OTHERS DO (1980)

It matters not  
What others say,  
Nor does it matter  
What they do -  
Something old  
Or something new,  
Something false  
Or something true

All that matters,  
Sun or rain,  
Is that they  
Should cause no pain.  
About all else  
Let's hope to find  
The wisdom  
Of an open mind

## WHO BUT A POET (1980)

Who are you  
Who reads these poems?  
Are you a poet,  
Or will you judge them?

Who but a poet  
Can judge a poem?  
But show me a poet  
Who would judge -  
And I will show you  
An imposter

## BETWEEN YOU AND I (1981)

Words just fail to define  
What is yours and what is mine,  
What is you and what is me  
And what it is that comes between us.  
Where is the mark  
Where you start and I finish,  
Where you grow and I diminish?  
I cannot comprehend  
My ending and your beginning,  
My losing and your winning,  
My sainting and your sinning.  
Words cannot hope to clarify  
What it is between you and I

## HE WHO THINKS (1981)

He who thinks he is a somebody  
Is a nobody.

He who thinks he has achieved  
Has failed.

He who thinks he knows  
Does not know.

He who thinks he is holy  
Is suffering a delusion.

He who thinks he is a poet  
Thinks too much

## IDOLS OF MYSTERY (1981)

Those idols of mystery  
No longer frame you  
With their ancient smell.  
You have looked in the mirror  
And found the kingdom,  
You have loved the beauty  
Of the bird on the wing  
And the song of the child;  
You have walked in the forest  
And caught a hint  
Of the scent of pine,  
You have sat on mountain peaks  
Where the silence is not shattered  
By the sounds of contrived devotion;  
You have stood on the edge of the ocean  
With only the light of the stars,  
You have walked in the desert  
That is in the heart ...  
And found a light within  
That shines more radiant  
Than all the centuries of faith  
And all the haloes  
That were ever painted  
Above the heads of saints

## NO QUESTIONS, NO ANSWERS (1981)

What have you done  
In this life, my friend?  
Spent your youth  
Immersed in this world,  
Building a career  
And starting a home,  
With wife and kids  
And holidays by the sea.  
And pension contributions  
So that when you reach old age,  
If at all,  
You can look back  
Upon a life of vain endeavour,  
Safe in the knowledge  
That you have done well ...  
Acquited yourself quite nicely.  
You have proven to everyone  
That you are quite normal.  
And you will die,  
And will be buried  
With a headstone above your grave,  
Just the way it was planned.  
And your loved ones will bring flowers  
And shed some tears.  
But soon they will forget,  
And you will be but a distant memory  
Within their aging minds ...  
Until their light too is extinguished.  
Then no more ...  
No questions, no answers.

## THAT PRIESTLY LOT (1981)

Think for yourself,  
Do not believe  
The vain outpourings  
Of that priestly lot

They will deceive you now,  
It is their nature to be obscure.  
They will coming quoting words,  
From an ancient text,  
That will leave you dazed  
And even a little perplexed

For the larger they are  
The safer they feel.  
Fuelled by the fear of death  
They search this globe  
For others like themselves  
With whom to join  
In the sacred art and practice  
Of burying heads in the sand

## THIS MADNESS (1981)

This madness stirs  
Within you now  
As always -  
Though never so strong

You are a restless creature,  
Prone to tantrums  
Like a child  
That does not get its own way

You stalk this earth  
Like some fierce and hungry tiger -  
Devouring all before you,  
Yet never being satisfied

You know who you are!



## TO BE CLEAR (1981)

To walk upon the shore,  
To touch the sea,  
To wander in the realm of eternity;  
To be happy to have lived  
But not sad to die.  
To look without fear  
Into the open sky;  
To see the beauty of this life  
And to live it fully, without strife;  
To have wisdom  
And to know love;  
To be at peace within ....  
Ah ... to be clear!

## WE ARE NOTHING (1981)

This life is so brief -  
In an instant we are born and die.  
We build our illusions,  
Like sandcastles to a threatening tide -  
Convinced by our own lack of vision

We are nothing  
Upon an infinite sea of greater things,  
That also are as nothing.  
We know not love  
And we have not wisdom.  
Like children we play  
Whilst all about, the waves are pounding

Sorrow rules our hearts,  
Confusion our minds.  
We think that we are something  
At the centre of it all,  
But really we are nothing -  
Nothing but anonymous creatures,  
On some anonymous planet,  
Spinning in some anonymous galaxy,  
Somewhere in an anonymous universe.  
In truth, we are nothing

## WHAT IS LOVE? (1981)

What is love?

Is it the game that lovers play  
Amid a passionate entanglement?  
Is it the feeling of the dog for the bitch  
Or the poet for the empty page?

Is love such a thing  
Than can be diminished by time?  
Can jealousy and envy love un-do,  
And can love make demands upon another?

Love is a bond of understanding,  
It is a self-undoing seed  
That is born in the heart  
And purifies the mind

## YOU AND I (1981)

I look in your eyes  
And what do I see?  
I hear words from your lips  
But what do I hear?  
You tell me your story  
And I tell you mine,  
But still you are you  
And I am still I -  
Or is it  
The other way 'round?

## A KIND OF YEARNING (1982)

A kind of yearning  
Brings you here  
To this place ...  
Naked and afraid  
Before this mirror

And though a kind of yearning -  
It is also a river of tears,  
And though you have a name -  
It is a stranger here reflected,  
And his burdens are a snake  
That twists and slides  
Within the confines of his mind -  
Searching for a way  
Out into the wild spaces of life

It is a yearning  
That brings you here  
To this place ...  
Pen in hand,  
Face to face  
With this mirror -  
This empty page

## A NAME CAME (1982)

A name came  
Out of the mists of time  
With a laugh and a smile -  
As though the seasons had not changed  
And the years had not rolled by,  
As though a million moments  
Had not been lived  
In the absence of each other.  
With the cherished hope  
Of eternal youth  
And the dreaded fear  
Of dissolution  
A name came  
Out of the past,  
As all names do -  
And who is to say  
It is not me nor you?

## A THING OF CHANGE (1982)

It is a thing of change  
That passes through this life -  
Not pre-ordained,  
But moving in capricious circles -  
Never knowing  
Where the moment next will lead,  
Just like the aimless leaf  
Upon the wind.  
It is a thing of change -  
One must be always ready  
To be born by the moment  
Upon the vagaries of uncertainty,  
To step into the unknown  
With the faith of one  
Who is free of the need  
To believe or to know,  
But like some ancient sage  
Is content to accept  
This thing of change  
And is not afraid of dying

## AFTER THE DARK (1982)

After the dark  
The dawn breaks.  
Things that were not seen  
Reveal themselves -  
Things that were,  
No longer bind,  
No longer kindle  
The fires of emotion,  
But form an ever-present shield  
That protects and upholds

Love is not displaced  
By the visions of a dream,  
But rides out the storm  
Until the sea is calm.  
Who is ever fooled  
By mind's unending play -  
Let them cherish the night,  
Knowing that the dawn  
Is not so far away



## ALONE WE ARE NOTHING (1982)

Alone we are nothing

Whilst we nurture  
The dream of our own existence  
We shall die

Whilst we venerate life  
In all that we see,  
We continue

## FAME (1982)

Fames comes to us all  
Sometime, somewhere.  
For some brief ecstatic moment  
Glory is in our eyes -  
The pride of being known,  
Of being envied,  
Of even being considered at all.  
And there you are -  
Performing some ritual action  
Like a child  
Making its first steps  
And knowing itself to be  
The focus of attention.  
But slumped on the bed  
Your body looks  
Just like any other.  
You look in the mirror  
And all that you see  
Could be anybody's face

## IN THE MIRROR OF LIFE (1982)

I saw myself  
In the mirror of life,  
In the silence  
That passes between thoughts.  
In the eyes of another  
I saw myself  
In essence  
And in truth.  
Later, I said goodbye  
To myself  
And walked home  
In both directions

## MEDITATION (1982)

Candle flickers,  
Shadows fall  
On white walls  
Where thought  
Has long been vanquished

In the incensed air  
Breath rises and falls,  
Silence penetrates ...  
No worldly cares  
May dare to venture

A poem is awakened  
Deep from the heart  
Where love and silence merge

Knots untie  
That once bred hatred  
Long, long ago -  
Out of time's dimension,  
Encrusted in Being

All those tensions  
Born of 'I'  
Conspire no more to flavour  
This moment of affection  
With a sense of 'doing'

And never any more -  
Not at this moment,  
This very virgin moment,  
Will thought pollute the stream  
Where love has found itself ...  
Fulfilled in all innocence,  
Epitomised in essence,  
Empty of all motion,  
Bled of all direction -  
Untouched,  
And now so incorruptible

## NO FUTURE IN LIES (1982)

There is no future in lies -  
In denying your very nature  
That now is held in doubt  
By your blind acceptance  
Of another's pronouncements  
And your raising of pedestals  
And the flowing of words  
That reach from your lips  
Like measured distances  
That no road signs  
Will ever bear witness of  
Nor lovers ever unharness.  
There is no end to this path  
Of forever aspiring  
And never attaining  
To anything but failure.  
There is no future in lies -  
No surrender in belief

## POETRY WITHOUT WORDS (1982)

Space without end,  
Substance without form;  
Never beginning,  
Never ending,  
Never defined -  
Poetry without words

I am movement  
And I am emptiness;  
I am in the ocean  
And the ocean is in me

All that dismays one  
Never lasts;  
All that sustains one  
Merely sustains

Love is essence  
Recognised as such;  
Wisdom is silence  
Born of insight

Space without end,  
Substance without form;  
Never beginning,  
Never ending,  
Never defined -  
Poetry without words

## SELF IS AN IMAGE (1982)

I heard a man say  
That self is an image  
Which has no substance.  
I looked a little closer  
And he was not there.  
I looked in a mirror  
And found an empty shell ...  
I looked to the ocean  
And there were many

## SHADOWS OF OUR SLEEP (1982)

Where are the shadows  
Of our sleep  
Amid the bustling portents  
Of each day? -  
Fingers pointing  
Warily away  
Into the darkness  
Of some deep remorse

Did a word misplaced  
Provide a refuge  
To some lost traveller  
Looking for disguise?  
Did a passing glance  
Convey a story  
Built upon  
The image of a dream?

Did some distant memory  
Help to fashion  
A mystery that you  
Have always nurtured?  
Where are the shadows  
Of our sleep? -  
Must we ever more  
Their secrets keep?

Must we ever more  
This pageant play -  
Seeking the night  
To evade the light of the day?



## SILENCES AND SPACES (1982)

She moves  
Through silences and spaces  
Capturing the essence  
Of unspoilt places -  
Like any artist  
Worthy of the name,  
Regardless of recognition,  
Untouched by fame

In her watercolour world  
Time stands still -  
Resting by a chattering stream  
Or perched upon some lonely hill.  
In painted sunsets by the sea  
She moves in deep tranquility  
With brush in hand  
And maybe paints  
A little pebble on the sand

Oh yes, she moves  
Through silences and spaces  
And she captures the essence  
Of unspoilt places

## THE KNOT (1982)

Between the vision  
And the thought  
Lies the knot -  
Tension of the 'I'.  
The knot twists our lives,  
Though we know it not,  
Nor ever think to question

Who can live life  
Straight as it is -  
Without the knot  
To tear and divide?  
Who can live without thought for himself,  
Free of the knot -  
Joy to overflowing?

## THE TASTE OF FLESH (1982)

You have enjoyed  
The taste of flesh,  
Not unlike your own,  
That once did roam in pastures,  
That once did live and move  
And may have chased you  
Over fields and over fences,  
Had you ever met

But now you sit contented  
With meat in your belly -  
Waiting for time  
To come and swallow you whole.  
You are not unlike a cow  
In many ways -  
Though sometimes more a sheep,  
But would you prefer  
To be eaten awake  
Or maybe whilst asleep?

## TWO WORLDS (1982)

Distances appear  
Vast and infinite  
Between two worlds

Words that are spoken  
Seldom reach their goal,  
But are thwarted  
And pushed back  
Like empty abandoned dreams,  
Until the will  
That gave them birth  
Is broken and crushed  
And rendered harmless -  
Victim of the war  
That passes for love  
And is held in high places  
To be sacred,  
Though often profane

And those distances,  
Never traversed,  
Grow more vast and infinite -  
And those words  
Just continue  
One upon the other,  
Mixed with high ideals,  
Like some parasitic worm  
That feeds on the flesh of emotions  
And finally succeeds  
In its task to annihilate  
All trace of affection

Between two worlds  
Distances appear  
Vast and infinite -  
And who can say  
If two worlds  
Can ever be as one?

## WALLS (1982)

If I am a wall  
As some say I am,  
Do I begin to build  
Images about you  
Or you about me?  
Being a wall yourself  
You must understand  
The qualities of a wall  
And the weaknesses  
That keep us apart  
Though often leaning  
Closer together.  
Walls do understand each other,  
Though sometimes  
And always  
There is a conspiracy  
Of silence -  
Perhaps even a denial  
That we walls even exist at all

## WOUND UP (1982)

Always there  
On edge  
He stands -  
Pensive,  
Ready to pounce

Listening to every word,  
Watching every movement -  
Intense  
And wound up  
Like an over-strung guitar

He does not miss a detail,  
He does not fail to ask a question,  
He always has an answer -  
He will never let go,  
He will never surrender,  
He will fight it out  
To the end of time

## NOT DOING ANYTHING (1983)

Not doing anything -  
Things get done.  
Not going anywhere -  
The universe is traversed

In not searching for love -  
Love blossoms.  
In not grasping -  
All is attained

In not asking questions -  
Answers are found.  
In not trying to write a poem -  
Words flow freely

## LOOK TO THE EAST (1984)

Time withering away  
Like the skin on one's bones

The effort to earn,  
The need to learn

Instant homes  
For instant people -  
Pay with your life

Distanced from the wild  
By motion,  
Placated only by knowing  
The end is there

Fill the gap with the known,  
Let no trace of silence  
Enter your thoughts ...  
Of that there is much to come!

Look to the East,  
Though the East is where you are.  
Put it in a book  
As a way to slim ...  
But put no limit on how far



## WAVE AFTER WAVE (1988)

Wave after wave  
Of ego's grasping,  
Time after time  
Of fearful clasping.  
Frivolous greed  
For sensory action,  
Deeper and deeper  
Into the fraction

LILA (1993)

In the silence of a room  
A bell within a mind sounds -  
A reminder to always be open,  
To always live in the moment

In the great world of activity,  
With all its toil and strife,  
What is ever gained?  
The grave beckons for us all

All the end-gaining in the world  
Will not bring back our youth.  
All the wealth in creation  
Cannot supplant the joy of now

Wisdom from all this  
Is to learn from our mistakes -  
And to always be willing to move  
Closer to the centre of our being

## OUR DEEPER KNOWLEDGE (1994)

We have lived thus far  
Lives so lacking  
The skilfulness of the wise.  
Rushing and bending  
So hard upon the vision  
Of tomorrow  
We put to waste  
Our deeper knowledge

As the vast and cosmic play  
That lies beyond our puny thoughts  
Whirls its merry dance,  
We bury ourselves  
In the shallow, fleeting concerns  
That never harboured  
Any kind of meaning  
To our deeper knowledge

So do we continue  
To fight and struggle  
Our way through life -  
Ending up like a heap  
Of lifeless dirt?  
Or do we find a way  
Of cutting through  
This habitual way we are,  
To live according to  
Our deeper knowledge?

Shall we ever break  
Free of the tragic spell  
That keeps us chained  
To a life of unending toil?  
Shall we forever continue  
Our childish ways,  
Compensating always  
For what we are not -  
And hiding from the timeless vision  
Of our deeper knowledge?

## THE BELOVED (1995)

I see you  
In each luminous pair of eyes  
That shine  
Like diamonds  
Underneath the moon.  
Your beauty bursts  
Like sunlight at the dawn  
Through myriad forms,  
Through tears and smiles  
Too late and soon

Unravelling the strings  
Of broken hearts  
That yearn for love  
Though always  
Do abuse it  
With perfect ease  
You always find a way  
Of shining through  
So, in the end  
They do not lose it

And there you are again  
With eyes aflame,  
Open and ready  
To love  
and to receive.  
So many generations  
Come and go -  
This world, this play,  
Within the Beloved's embrace  
Their stories weave

## INTO THE FIRE OF LOVE (1995)

Let us go deeper  
Ever deeper  
Into the fire of love,  
Burning as we go  
All memory  
Of mortal pain

Let us put aside  
All hopes and dreams  
And failures of the past,  
And dive deep  
Into the fire of love  
Where self cannot remain

Let us put all doubt aside,  
Leave our fear behind  
And dive deep, so very deep,  
Into the fire of love -  
Deep, ever deep  
Into the heart of life

## WHAT IS THERE? (2005)

Wherever you go -  
There you are.  
Where else  
Could you be?

But what is there?

This moving point  
Of you,  
This ongoing dream  
Of dual kind

What is there?

When everything is gone  
That is you,  
What is left  
To ponder?

What is there?

When the world  
And all its play  
Have ended -  
Where are you?

And what is there?

## AVEBURY: MOVING WITH WHAT IS (2009)

*(Written for a performance at Avebury Stone Circle)*

Before ancient pyramid  
These stones, these hills  
Were host  
To men and women too

Time, empty as it is  
Spanning the ages  
Linking old and new

Rising and falling  
Lives appear and fade  
In this land  
This sacred space  
Beyond time

But are we here  
Breathing our fullest breath?  
Leaving our invisible mark  
On eternity?  
Or are we somehow  
Not even here -  
Lost in a world of dreams?

This moment,  
Fragile as it is,  
Suddenly is here  
And gone ...  
Too slow we are to capture,  
Too heavy to follow ...  
Alas, it's all there is

Awakening from the dream  
We start to move  
To track what is  
As it is revealed

And in stillness  
And in noise  
We learn to read  
The signs

Winds come  
To blow the old away  
And point to the new.  
No longer stuck  
In the mire of thought  
We are truly  
Moving with what is

Before ancient pyramid  
These stones, these hills  
Beyond now  
Ever beyond  
We move with what is



*Also by Roy Whenary:*

The Texture Of Being (Book)

Inner Peace, Inner Joy (Music CD)

Beyond The Ego (eBook)

The Texture Of Being: Extracts (eBook)

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