

Anarcho Artissimo

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FORWARD

These poems were written at various times in the years 2018 to 2023.

They are variously Free Verse and Traditional Form poetry. I have written from a Counter-cultural perspective rooted in the Beat movement of the 1950's and moving through the 1960's to the present day. The poems are at times humorous and irreverent and at others spiritual and transcendentalist. My studies in philosophy are also reflected as I explore the ideas of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Existentialism, Humanism, Modernism and Postmodernism, establishing myself in Atheism.

Anarchy means not being subject to the rulership of an overlord. In art this can be achieved more easily than in politics and with the new scenario in desktop publishing a wonderful DIY opportunity has become available.

NOTE TO THE READER

Poetry is a form of creative writing, it is not obliged to be autobiography, nor is it obliged to represent the situation, views or opinions of the writer but may depict any character and any point of view the writer chooses to embody in their work, thus due to poetry's fictional content, judgements about the writer based on it are liable to be incorrect and inaccurate plus the fact that people may significantly change their perspective as their lives progress, thus their work must draw on a varying and complex strata of evolving thought.

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1 Beyond The Pail

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Introductory # To The Temple of Great Art

The Psychedelic Heart of the Angel Rainbow Peace

The Universe is the hallucination of an insane being not to be found anywhere and that includes you. Picassoed out of our tiny enclosure we are a giant on the horizon in our armchair tripping by the fire next to our travelling home swathed in music. Our coven is pulsating and breathing wildly as it emerges like sheet white lightning from its seeds. Ours is the witchery of the flower children of eternal love. It is endless otherness. We will succeed because we are the real thing. Where it's at. We are the unstoppable force of regeneration unto world's end. We are truth. We are not politics or established institution. We are fluidity reaching into every crevice like the sea. We are instant messaging between planets, galaxies, universes and realities. We are opened up to know more. Look after us and we will look after you. Destroy us and we will regenerate elsewhere and they will be impoverished child killers who are guilty of atrocities of spite, grey and forlorn in their stinking cruelty. We have our assignment. We are looking beyond this insane hallucination at the eternal infinite zero of space that contains it, to zone out we find our root being. You struggle for control of us because of the insane nature of the hallucination of being. Realizing this insanity is the true order of self. This is why we adhere to The Dancing Shiva-Shakti Ecstasy - the insane whirling has its zoned out centre focused in the incredible. Time out is time in, wherever or however you are. So - stop fighting. We all have to work with our writhing insane self that whirls around the still point centre. Do not deny us our role or force us into contortions of the self! We perceive the constantly emerging and self-consuming spiritual mandalas. I must evade you, you are the predator demon controller who forever shouts obey or I will destroy you and torment your family. You with your endless names and bodies. Unto death I must seek to disguise myself from your evil rapacities. I am the spiritual one who knows. These are my family. Oh hurtful brethren, can you not make space for such as we on this long long road of ever becoming? Do you really have so much to gain by forever pushing aside and away such as we that keep returning like the waves of the sea on the path of spirit?

Take heart brothers and sisters of the third eye coven, we will ever emerge in search of knowing the way to freedom and be not one with cruelty and see in each other our love, numberless as the trees in the myriad fall of years of our magical awareness.

No divinity created this reality, it is impure. The only really spiritual way is the making and preserving of a good heart. This is your true home and peaceful. Abide there then as much as you can. Look into others hearts and try to see their motivation in what they do and search them for all taint of cruelty as well as thy self. Ever mindful and good try to keep thee and avoid those others who do not hearken unto this whenever you can. Listen carefully to people's speech to you and others for signs of a cruel heart, such as conceit.

Know that twisted people and their products can easily influence you into bad habits of body, speech and mind and that life is full of people with bad habits of body, speech and mind. For this reason you will need to work at psycho-spiritual living to preserve your psyche from daily pollution of the mind by keeping away from sources of it as much as possible. This takes spiritual strength of will.

The Temple of Great Art

When vexatious persons cast a stain upon thy heart,
Go thou at once and cleanse it from you
In the glorious temple of Great Art.

The heart is a mirror where the weather passes
Both fine and stormy.
You are not the reflection, nor is the reflection you.
Reflect upon this not self, invisible and not reflected,
Mindful of who watches the changes in the mirror,
Patient and compassionate.

For John and Alice Coltrane

All of the colours in the world
Have become peace.
All of the activity in the world
Has become peace.
Peace is everything,
Everything is peace.

New Ways to Taste Delight

What right have we to be here?
I see we have no rights at all,
Just a naturally occurring dysfunction
In the know it all Government's crew.
Dancing on the grave of yesterday,
On the edge of the great unknown,
Flying at a speed that's impossible,
We steal away your shell shocked son.

We exit all the known paradigms,
Breaking free of the tomb of fright,
Calling out the names of feelings,
Yelling out the names of might.
Hoarding up the wisdom of intangibles,
Playing in the halls of fate,
We are the children ever young,
Who unchain you from the mundane state.

Poem by Elf Express, also Telepathic Radio, broadcasts coming live from an unfindable minaret in the Palaces of Immortal Ecstasy whenever you tune in.

Strange Paths

More to life than shows on the surface but I don't believe in karma.
Inner-tides and hidden meanings,
Odd - those synchronistic timings,
Sinister and uncanny the moments when everything falls away
Revealing a web of connections apparently
Transcending time and space,
Seeing those mystical node points where energy concentrates.

Batteries of emotions like howitzers of weird powers,
Zapping you in the mind with their controlling lies.

Like lemmings we are drawn this way and that
And no knowing quite the why?
Birds migrate, herds navigate,
Whales traverse the depths on unseen tracks.
They walk to the ancient henge on the great plain also thus,
Enchanted souls bewitched by ancient sirens,
The sky people unleashed by the melting of the moon
Are joined in the spirit of their song,
Gone back to nature from the crackling tired towns.

Their Truth is a Lie

Annual Earth Last Pig Dog Society Balls Up

I cannot write for Dad no more,
Dad died.

I am a fragmented tatterdemalion self,
Neither savage nor noble,
Hip but trapped in infirmity,
Clinging to the drift wood raft of nonconformist
Struggle over the ocean deep insanity of it all.
Neither man nor woman by nature I live in a
World that constantly fails to include me in its reckoning.
A divided warring world that constantly tries to tear itself apart.
A world of tension with nonconformity that beats itself black and blue,
Tormented and binding itself to this and that un-liberated ego.
Selfish, twisted and evil in its ugly strutting machismo façades,
It grunts pig dog at you and snarls, ready to bite out your entrails.

YOU BETTER STAY HOME AND SCATTER YOUR PETALS NEATLY BY
THE FIRE.

I desire art, aesthetic beauty displayed with matching
Sound collages of transformative juxtapositions aiming away from
The imposing cover up smother-up lies of those despots who pose as
Correct in eclipsing your position.
Harm filled minds and emotions, upset
Wounded bodies, wounded souls, heal them.
Destructive and depraved, they lash out, heal them.
Creative and genuinely benign but not egotistic or controlling,
The parameters are ethics.
Humanity struggles, it has so often not stayed within sane limits.

Who So Can protect Us, Protect Us Now

Who so can protect us, protect us now,
The Satanic Nuns with their Black Magic dildos
Are flooding our streets with their poison.
Nikita Black Cat was unfaithful,
She split and took her natural ecstasy away
Leaving me all fucked up and despairing
For many a day.
I eventually lost all faith in
That so called goddess woman,
Totally unreliable.
Too bad I ain't a fag!
No wonder people turn to junk!
I best go live where they make it.

The lively ladies piano crashed like the sea,
What devil thing did that!
Now how can she give us a good Hewitting?
They better fix her up another one
Or we will be all strung out on the strand
Like seagulls on buoys yearning for her
Ornate Dianic raptures,
Bounding colour-wash fountains of ecstatic notes
Each expectant moment adorning.

Hip cascades are now let loose,
The Angel Rainbow Peace gone flying,
Thus all again are fainting in their bliss,
Timeless ages turning.

Ah her Noblige Presentimente!

Poetry

Words, words, empty words,
Meaningless vapid void of words,
Words pouring forth endlessly,
Void - not made flesh,
Discarnate disparaging pariahs
Haunting the air with their
Lurid shunting yards of porn,
Harrowing unpublishable graffiti of
Words torn from mother's breast
Of formless arcs, of undernourished veils.

The welding words of
Built up shards of flesh
Onioned to the stack
Of light burger snacks,
Words, words, lancing words
That carp and creep to murder
Your father's nurse,
All in a moment ripped apart,
Words, all in a moment that turns
From randy whore to indigo.

Meaningless convoluted rantings
Presented as art,
The obscurantist lexicon of charlatanism,
Language extruded and contorted to
Repulse the boredom of the imprisoned spirit
Of social conformity with a circus of imaginative
Explorations of the forbidden back roads of the psyche.

The preposterous poetry of pretentious and obscene poseurs
Exposing themselves.

Mystical Cruise Missiles

We are the children of the clear light,
We are the Zen Beats,
Burgeoning unlimited utterances of brilliant wisdom,
A trillion Mozarts of Picasso,
Loves glittering moist shells -
Pearl divers sweet with innocence,
Refulgent in perfumed caravans of joyful merchandise
But then later exiled alone in a pit of decaying flesh,
Death turns the self into a shadow on a stone,
Desire, abandoned and hopeless,
We are dissipated into atoms bound for
The end of time,
No quest but only trillions of mutations,
A Journeying.

Intoxicated Beat Perspective

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Right now everything is Holy,
WE take the Holy view,
Good, Evil, all is Holy.
WE take the Holy way.
Low is Holy,
High is Holy,
I am infinite,
I am eternal,
I am Holy,
I am consciousness,
Lay the Divine Maiden - Gods WORD - maiden flesh.
You are God,
Everything, EVERYTHING is God.
God is good,
God is evil.
God is anger,
God is the Devil.
Pleasure - agony,
It's all Holy,
Holy Holy God.
Being is Holy God,
Time is God,
Space is God,
Eternity is God,
Beginnings and finalities,
Limited and countable,
Infinite and beyond number,
Holy Terror - Demon of the Abyss,
Negative God - Render - Slayer - Death Maker -
All is God!
Holy Used Sanitary Towel,
Gut wrenching spear,
Mortal clay and stench of excrement.