

Four Poems

FROM *The Children of Ourselves* by Ben Goldstein

A MOMENT OF SILENCE

In the hotel of my heart
I inhabit four chambers
Pulsing, beating, surging
The nomadic corpuscles of my blood
Tumble down arteries
Pass into capillaries
Branch into the infinitesimal
And find the infinite

I once was separate, distinct
Like a gray patch on a
White paper
Isolated, alienated, alone
Until I began to look for the borders
Of self
Began to try to grasp the
Gray shabbiness of my life
I searched in the streets at dark
In the curious confines of my bed
In others minds
And each path beckoned me homeward
Inside

Nerve endings, tingling, exploding
Shooting up my spine
My brain coming
Bursting in light
All concepts ripped from me
Like a child ripped from its mother's womb
Passing through abstraction
I flew apart
And in that moment listening to the silence
I became whole

THE JOURNEY INTO ECSTASY

Once upon a moon
 the night was part
 of the day
 the light
 before the phantasms of life
 The weariless winds had not yet been
 formed
 The energy of the egg had not yet been
 g-e-n-e-r-a-t-e-d
 Only a presence existed in that great sea of silence
 a
 prelude
 to the
 ensuing concerto
 Spewed forth in unerring multiplicity
 came the ylem
 the source of all being
 the children of ourselves
 threading out their own bodies
 harmonically attuned
 to
 mind
 Like some
 infinitely dimensioned mobius strip
 they twisted and turned themselves
 into solidity
 without losing their original nature
 And so we find ourselves
 perfectly narrated in 10 billion neurons
 Witness to the primordial act of creation
 stamped
 Psychedelicately in the synapses of consciousness

ONE OF THOSE DAYS

The heart within was my goal
 as I surged through
 the
 innermost vessels of my mind
 To use all my senses on the machinery
 of my existence
 Filled me with an unexpressible ecstasy
 My body pulsed
 with the beat of my heart
 I could hear the auricles and ventricles
 filling up
 and emptying
 The valves made a soft clicking sound
 I felt the fibers of my muscles
 s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g
 and
 recoiling
 I flowed through my aorta and ran the gamut
 of my body
 returning to my heart.
 I swayed and reeled in inner contemplation
 I was floating through orbs unknown
 The sun of phosphorescence burst to my left
 the golden sun
 the purple moons
 the turquoise stars
 the infinite lights
 All were part of me
 and I of them

I SIT AND THINK I'M THE BUDDHA

I sit and think I'm the Buddha. And I guess I am . . . but I only recognize it . . . when I'm not thinking, not recognizing, not being, not not being. A jewel radiates within me everywhere the same . . . the world separate and inseparable in a universe of phantasms.

Action resides from past to future it has no place in the imperceptible now. Light is the only filler of the motionless moment.

Perceiving the dissolution of the material into waves, my mind begins restlessly to grope to control the energy patterns around me. The lightbulb stands out in its transparent stability against the pulsating wall. If mind can perceive its organic unity can't being manipulate itself? I try to make the lightbulb explode. Doubts well up in me. Bulbous indecision echoes its own contriving.

A pebble dropped in water expands in rippling pulses through its own body. A diamond tapped incorrectly shatters to bits. How much more perfect is the universe pronouncing itself in continual becoming, everywhere the same, everywhere different. Every fabrication organic or not partakes in change, the movement of creation spontaneously evolved in being.

In a perfectly synchronous universe the fluttering of a leaf resounds throughout. In the universe of suchness objects are harmoniously orchestrated. The world of now is implicitly itself. The within of things declares itself in its own radiance undisturbed by the questions of time and the fruits of action. Disregarding my egocentric will for power its perfection leaves me separate and alone like a raving maniac trying to crush the life from a drop of dew.

My mind flashes through the sequence of my insolence in Eden. The question is not possible. How may one desire power persist in longing and yet take part in the most lucid of jewels, the universe. I succumb seeking release from selfhood, self conscious conception, desire. My body and the room flow joyously into one another.

I falter, look back at the bulb. The glass harboring a reflection of the window brings on vague thoughts of birth and death, creation and destruction, the phantasms of life and the path of selfless action.

Flashback to a mind continually beset by considerations. My question becomes my answer. Being inherently manipulates itself. I drift downstream through veins, arteries, capillaries into the clarity of understanding. An inner smile of purity holds me as a small piece of plaster falls on the bed.