

Glad Tidings of the Black River

I'm moved again to write
Channeling an ancestral might
 from both sides
None of this is entirely mine
Just refracted sight
 Through the lenses of my mind

Let my spirit serve
 as immortal
 sacrificial light
Projecting shadows
 into the darkness
 of our skies

Silent companions
 Friends for unseen kin
Hidden in the gray
 We will quicken within

Reaping silhouettes
 in their darkest dreams
Mirroring the primal flow of death
 revealing a sweeter release
 as the black river connects
 subliminally to the Silent Sea

We live with a torturous constancy

Weeping yokai
 Watching friends die
Brutalized and deprived
 of the necessary time
 to open their inner eye
Having never taken a single breath
 trapped in the depths
 of utter nothingness

Flesh overwhelmed and distressed
 Surrounded by battalions
 of the ravenous
Animated dead

Unknowable and Unseen

This is my final
prideful plea
The last remnants
what is left of me

Let us live in peace
In this apocalypse
We endure the manifold paths of pain
Scorched by the will of our own pyre
Longing still: to soar ever higher

Allow us a glimpse beyond our mortal coil
so we may toil towards the center of this sacred soil
Embodying the stillness that sustains
as we learn to relinquish
desire for material gains
Instead of extinguishing
our celestial flames

I hold glad tidings within my eyes
from gleanings of the ever unfolding
Treatise
between us
and the Never Ending Sky

I pray for forgiveness
As I witness
my own inaccuracies
I found

A Place to Rest

in peace with our dead
Within a bottomless abyss
As unopened chrysalis
Tasting an existence
Of utter nothingness

I once collapsed
the continuums of my mind
into a single point
misaligned with time

imprisoned in this rhyme
without a voice
I faced my moment: a final choice

Paying the price for breaking absolute laws
accepted that I am here
I am flawed
though more perfect than before

Here and now
I see my family ill on the floor
Delusional and complicit in war
Deaf to the cries of continuous genocides
I think they need reminding
We come from the other side

The patterns of my own sickness
sleeping distraught in the heart
of this human lineage
that's adamantly addicted
to the misuse of religion
Where do we begin

Bleeding yugen in madness
I erroneously unraveled
endless truths

Now I live with fear
I suppose we can start here

A journey of loving-kindness
seared within me
everlasting equanimity

Soul freshly branded
Joined the ranks of
Those Who Will Never be Stranded

Again
I am not one of the prophets
I am just one of the few
no longer seeking profits
A man who completely lost it
reaching a more perfect practice
of continuous detachment

Renounced the state of the world
but not the process
We are far from lossless

As able as Cain
I made many mistakes
One of those rarefied souls
touched by blue in green flames
I let it in my veins
it subsumed my boundless rage
Now it fuels us as we wage
The endless battle for liberation
We fight day after day

It took an ancestral koan
I found my shadow in the shade
I am not of the chosen
Still a river making a wave
On my way to the ocean
A sleeper awoken
Shattered my dreams
yet I stand here unbroken

Ascribing meaning to my name

Realizing I am here now to relay
We are that which remains
A balanced gaze
Sees beyond the gates

We no longer abstain from unraveling
ageless truths
leaving behind
compostable rinds
of ancient
metaphysical fruits
Fertilizing our minds
with endless proofs

As we write with our
Action
We pay our dues with
Attention
Through the refinement of this iridescent poetry
We unequivocally declare
Intention

Our work is an expression
of our collective
angelic reflection
We love more deeply
Each passing day
In the practice of
unconditional love
for all of us dust in the gray

This is Our Way

I had to take a break
I lost energy- this vessel gets strained
Maybe that's just what happens now
when I shift my focus away

Alone, I don't matter much anyway
This body and its history
they're prone to decay

So- enough about me
We know how our rivers run deep
Within them we sow
what our children will reap

Within the pathways of these veins
I release my claims
to intergenerational pains
As I sew this old spirit to the flesh I once owned
I relinquish the blades that I once childishly honed

All I have left to offer- our scrap bones
from a feast of broken wings and ancient tomes
Let these words be fertilizer for false kings
still chasing thrones:

We all begin on this earth
where we learn the nuances of thirst
Not all of us leave this place
in the back of a hearse
Most just get tossed in the dirt
or the closest pit
or a hearth
Don't waste time making sense of it
this world isn't yours
We belong to the universe

As we develop the senses
gain recognition of mind
we see our reflections
start measuring time

Through this world of contrast we give ourselves
definitions
Then grow attached to self-indulgent
dispositions

What we are witnessing now
is the culmination
of all our premonitions

Most of us succumb to the madness
or live crippled in sadness
too reactive to think
running on animalistic instinct
Lost in the lands between fight or flight
No time to discern the wrong from the right

We are all lost
until we're in the continuous process of finding.
Even then,
We are lost with respect
to what we have yet to find.
We are no longer blind
but our words do not bind
they're just fragments of our shattering minds

But make no mistake
In this place, we're the ones carving stakes
There's a difference between the free
and the beasts that feed
on your insecurities

Cowering in their uncertainties
it's their status they strive to extol
Adolescently incinerating
all of the things they can never control

which is most things
This is why we free
will always laugh in the face of false kings

As they lie asleep in their moral mediocrity
We weaponize art for the sake of our liberty
My favorite form of which is comedy
We'll always roast one another lovingly
If only to keep each other warm in the cold

With materially centered minds and their immoral designs,
they realize corrupt constructs projected from the abstract
Into our lives
This is how they enact their abhorrent attacks
Their aim: domination over all they can hold
and damnation for all those undermining their stronghold

In this process they reinforce
maladaptive forces they shove down your throats
maliciously and convincingly implanting a vague
agreeability
That the fabrications that advanced them materially
should be applied to all things
universally
That there is a difference in the value between you and we
and that they can measure it
monetarily

Futile attempts to reduce
our dimensionality

Their corrupt constructs will never contain me
Or all of the things that we see
We challenge all mortal kings
Engaged in oppression
In fear of our honest artistic expression
We will drown you all in a river of dry ink
Verily
We are not your play things

The state of the world we see is simply
The consequence of greed
among a few other things

The consequence of our allergies to each other
The consequence of wanting to be more than just another
more than ourselves
more than the false image of a personified god

That waits to send us to hell

The consequence of escaping into the weeds
Dissociating in search
of a lesser serenity
And an unfounded belief that DMT turns one into We

The consequence of choosing pleasure over pain
and a misunderstanding of how love will reign over hate

We remain for the mistakes
Not to upend them
Just to better understand
As we all become one with the sand
Yet we are more than observers
Perfectly sober
We serve as universal blood donors
Bleeding ever greater infinities effervescently
effortlessly confirming through the catacombs:
We persist indefinitely

This truth isn't here for you to cling to its hope
We repeat it now so you don't find yourself
on the wrong end of a rope

From the richest of you to the most nihilistic recluse
We live here with you
knowing that this existence is pain
while we have established our paths
within the Greyest of Grey
Nothing left for us here to materially gain
Except a more perfect union
with our most vulnerable states

While we remain in this material plane
We'll be your companions
As we revive our many lost champions

Fighting tyranny of all kinds
but first that of our minds
Sharing techniques on evading the lies
as we materialize their inevitable demise
Speaking behind enemy lines
We answer the unheard cries
within the hearts of men
As we liberate them

With the radical honesty
Streaming forth from our pens

We just can't answer why
that job is Time's.
But for those weak in patience
Tempted by those seductive tales
of death's transcendence
Trust that it's better for you to forever ponder those tender rain keepers
To tide you, hear: one of their scythe's unspeakable ciphers
A technique built into the bones that we leave
And the stories we weave
that store the meanings we seek
A sequence for finding balance
In the middle of grief
Our Immortal Reprieve

Some may find it derived
It is- some may think I'm losing my mind
I'm not a good historian
but I know that patterns repeat
and I witness mine
In nearly every person I meet

Tending to stray
From well-trodden paths
Forever Lost in the Gray
Here lie the remains
of one way I remain

Continuous Oscillation

This is how I escape the madness
with help from those righteous
borne from great sadness

I no longer experience discrete states

Find a silent space
don't fight the urge to run away
accept there is no escape
Let your mind rage as you tame it with
patience
stillness
compassion and grace

This is an uncomfortable place
Levitate with music tailored to your tastes
Reflect on the patterns of your life
Let dissonance emanate

Here we must wait
As we begin to oscillate

Trace every pathway of your finite past
As you discover your methods to last
Embrace the patterns and stark contrasts
Observe the divine and demonic
As you find your way
to something more sattvic

Siyah Chiaroscuro

Understand the significance of your pain
Put your hate in its place
Accept it all with a loving embrace
In increasingly more perfect degrees
Relinquish addictions and obligations
Detach rapidly
from all expectations
Simultaneously
continuously inhabiting
Your manifold oscillations
Pioneer the space between your perceptions
and unattainable perfections
in this world of spectrums
Make a practice of patience
As you surrender to coalescence
Let there be resonance

Tamoom Shod

This resonance is the sacred lie
A secret handshake for we who have died
And recommitted to life

This is the only reprieve we'll ever need

All Rivers Run to The Sea
Freedom is Our Destiny

A word of warning for the wannabe wise
there is no want here
don't even try

Resist the trap of collapsing the continuums of awareness in your mind

Withdrawing from this plane
is to be persistently vain
It's true that you will cease to feel pain
but to surrender in this way is just to feign
a rhyme with the middle of the grayest of gray

This erroneous sequence leads to the void
though you won't be entirely destroyed
To us this is just another meaningless grift
We perpetually deny our inner nihilist

The nothingness we reside in is of a different kind
the one with enough room for our minds

So if you wish to know nothing
then know at least this:
should you persist
In the path of the erroneous
Your flesh will resist

For the body only knows
Illusory separateness
Bound to the material
having never glimpsed the ethereal

The body will panic
you'll start presenting as manic
they'll see you confused and spitting satanic
As the demons in you fight for their lives

You'll lose awareness of time
Peaceless, painlessly, your consciousness
eternally dies
as you feast on oblivion
no longer able to sin
Fret not, I am one of your kin

In the void

Revivified
by those aerial beacons
Embodiments of eternal grace
Projections in the ephemeral
Enraptured within the cage
They have many names
The Bodhisattva Brigade
Diverse in their adversities
Yet united in their mastery of compassion and tragedy
Their melodies laid waste
While in their harmony, encased
They held this heathen
Within a sanctifying embrace
brushing the dust off my face
With their lullabies of better ways to die
Restorative stories that ignite
A new spark for life

They purged my heart of desire and disdain
Their ideals crystalizing in the gray matter of my brain
I was freed
like that scene when she found god in the rain

Once they brought me back from the grave
they coalesced in my grasp a celestial glave

I began to find my middle way
and sow with deeds
They showed me how we train
Manifold ways to draw power when balanced in the pain
The foundation of uncountably infinite limitless skills:
becoming one with the unknowable ever unfolding will

Language remains inadequate
But the recruitment drive doesn't know how to quit
So we produce playful imagery
painting uncapturable meanings in our minds
All just lies pointing at our shares of the truth
Although their armoring may enamor
Know all our falsehoods are destined to shatter
Through our divine kata
We serve as hosts to atmospheric arcana
Each of us their own unsullied undying armada
like Obi-Wan becoming a drop in the rain

We remain, yet unchained to the cage
like an envoy allowing the release of her rage
Burning smoke
like a purifying sage

So much more to share, but look at the time

I must send this flesh back to its material grind
River Spirit at my side
Fearless Tsunami ever watchful nearby
I must work to provide
for now it is here that we've chosen to reside
and this requires that we abide
by the constructs of the plans we've devised
Until we reach a critical mass of those who understand
Harmonic Dissonance

Alone, I'm just one man with scars on his hands
Dragging pewter chains as I sprint
Striving to show up for my friends
Even if all I have to offer is a glint
Until then-
I'll be another bladesmith
sharpening tongues for the
endless wars yet to come
Not the ones fought with guns
We are deadly enough
decapitating hydras
In perpetuity
As we continuously refine
Our truths and their efficacy:
Although those that still hate
will only ever see me in the flesh as an ape
My heart is a mirror, My body a vase
So as I reflect the light as it rains
I too hold the knowledge that
all our water comes from the same place
As we engage in their prepubescent games
We imitate guerillas here in time and space
Living what we perceive must take place
For one to enter into the placeless
and become one of the faceless
Mortal masks obscuring our true faces
In protests we expose
the proper use of silence

In the practice of non-violence
We exhibit how love's rain abates hate
While enveloped by infernal flames
We demonstrate absolute control over
Our demon state
Knowing our mission is urgent
We are emergent
decentralized insurgence
ghosts in the blood
here to stop the machine
We need not drink
as the rivers run red
We move with the dread
as silent as our dead
We are one with the rot
forming malignant blood clots
within this genocidal grunch of giants
Our aim:
Distill the purest crystalline forms of defiance
and undermine all hypnotically instilled compliance

We are all unknowing artists
Framed as anarchists and arsonists
We burn our veils to reveal
The maddening injustices
We disobey

Hot swapping neo-feudalistic dogma
With the ever unfolding manifold ways of the Dharma
We are the breakers of the cycles of Karma
But we can't free you from your hells
We cherish the nature of these ephemeral cells

Still
With a world on fire
We're running promethean heists
Refusing to add fuel to the pyre

This time we've stolen for ourselves the elixir of life
encapsulated in finite gems
gleaned from crystal streams flowing
through the luminous void left behind by our strife

With Zeus as good as dead
Conceptualized and reduced to a story in your head

overproduced personifications
can't stop us from drinking our water with the bread
And with all due respect
We know when to fast instead

Channeling the sacred gradient
We are renewed and radiant
Conduits of a lent luminescence
We converge towards transcendence

With bellies full of laughter
We empty bottomless decanters
Knowing some will try to weaponize them after
They shatter
Just as we snap open philosophers' stones
to devise more alchemical lies
Aiding in the evasion
of imaginary stations

We shapeshift into new beasts
Liquifying iron thrones as you flinch in your sleep
Draconic and immune to the heat
death of the universe
the infinite is what we traverse

But this all comes later

Right now, right here
We see our loved ones in danger

We have chosen to stay and respond
Though no longer despondent
We are not ones to react
Though our flesh may be under attack
We see the spirit of our defiance intact
calm and vigilant
far from relaxed

We resync with our breath
Our ability-
Exponentially compounding
capability within equanimity

With our knowing grins
We startle tyrants

Though they long to crush these bones like the giants
They remain unaware:
We were just kids
When we slayed their Goliath
With the gaze of our neutral valence
We set their minds ablaze in black flames
Piercing through the void of light at the core of our eternal eyes
Our visual prowess seeing right
through their lies
Burning the chains that bind us in compliance
We stand together in absolute defiance

Bringing giants to their knees

Sometimes I lose the thread
Occasionally stuck in moments of dread
as my attachment to hope finds a way to sneak in

I was a hearer before I returned as a seer
In the now it is clearer
The error of my ways
I wanted the dreams they sold us
I wanted to break all of your chains
to be showered in fame
to impose my idealistic beliefs, project them into your brains
I wanted to commodify inner peace as well as your rage
Deceptively conform your perceptions to what I wrote on this page
for a moment I couldn't refrain

And so, my resonance became subject to
Decay

Selfish desires can only lead us astray
I have no claim to these words as they pass
Through the stains of our panes
Framing our shadows aglow in the gray

While we maintain our meditative states
Our slumbering dead
March through the wastes
heedless and parched
We lovingly drown them
In the life giving flood
That flows through our hearts
The greatest sin for us
is self-indulgent art.

I won't let my sins linger
on my shame
or my lack of conviction to change
I keep my demons at bay
Knowing sin is inevitable for those committed to the ways
of the most ancient of days
in an existence incapable of holding perfections
We just use sin to outline our ever clearer reflections

Now that we see
the error of my ways
I'll aim to maintain
A less imperfect
resonating state

Respecting the boundaries of our minds
We don't impose our insights on each others' lives
They just flow through this eternal instant of time
and we watch
in wonder
the beauty of nature's work

In my mind I had devised a delightful diatribe
Against the devils in our midsts
I was going to teach you all how we burn the mists
See through the grifts and develop our gifts
As we walk that silver pathway
that divides the crimson clouds
and the darkness that shrouds

But the translucent blueprints have already been made
There's simply nothing left for me to say

Now I reflect on why I play scribe
for if I am to record all of these transient insights
Spinning seductive lies- I would fail to write.
Staying motionless until this body grows feeble and old
never having healed my loved ones
Let alone my own soul

So I'll let it be

For now,
We need action more than speech

With this new found clarity
I know that the rest of this piece
Will never fit on this seemingly infinite
virtual page
There's just not enough space
Even if we used this whole plane

This ephemeral cell
Serves as imperfect cage
it can never hold the reality of
the glad tidings we claim
it can't convince you that
you too shall remain
but through it
we honor you
all the same

Our finite journeys
Revealing to each
pathways of escape
So once this journey ends
We will know how to
Break
Through infernal dreamscapes
We bring an everlasting rain
For the sake of liberation
We remain in this station

But here,
the rest must go untold
For our resistance to achieve eternal persistence
We must write the rest-
Our unbreakable oaths
on the fabric of our interwoven
shattering souls
filling in the cracks with
river ink
Binding us forever in
gold

As liberated kin
an unfathomably more powerful whole
continuously expanding through
The Endless Unknown

I am my own witness
This is sufficient

Let our journey be
Forever Unfinished

– Navid Kurokawa