

MANTRA POEMS: HOLOGRAMS

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By Michael Erlewine (Michael@Erlewine.net)

This may appear as a sidebar or sidestep from what we have been discussing of late, but hopefully it will be helpful. Back in the 1960s, when I was first discovering myself a bit, the process was not all wine and roses. Waking up and becoming more aware was fraught with major ups and downs, arounds, ins and outs, and all of that. It was not smooth by any means. During that time I wrote a short series of poems that are very dense, but also very concise and to the point. I have been told by others that they are practically unreadable, and while I understand their point, I still feel they are useful, if only to me. And it may be a mistake to share them here, but what the hell.

I find them very readable, but they do require that the reader let go and just listen to the music of the words. In other words, they are not easy to understand, but trust me, they do make sense.

For years I have (to myself) called these poems 'mantra poetry,' because (at least to me) when they are recited properly they conger up an experience that otherwise would be very hard to put in words. Books can take too long to say what poetry can nail in a flash. In fact, IMO poems are a shorthand for ideas that books (which are like carrying water in your hands) can never equal. For me, these mantra poems are mental holograms.

I don't sit and write mantra poems like I write these daily blogs. Poems come to me only once in a while and, like the sculptor with a piece of rock, I have to chisel away the excess, leaving only the image in view. I wrestle with each one of them and my goal is to be clear about something I am trying to understand myself. These poems notate my thoughts, etch them in my mind.

These are oral poems, meant to be read aloud so that the slash and bite of language gets tangled in our ears. They push the English language through alliteration to the very edge of the abyss of the mind, and sometimes right over the edge. As mentioned, they are meant to be read aloud and (at least in the beginning) just heard. They are their own reason to be and they make absolute sense, but I agree that they are, to say the least, very condensed.

I wrote them for myself, not to share with others, as a way to clarify my own mind of confusion. That is why I call them mantra poems. They clean house. Their very recitation (to me at least) clears the mind and, like a hologram, causes the image of an idea, if not the idea itself, to appear in its entirety, and to vivify. I find them empowering, but as the writer I am entitled to my own craziness.

I share them with you now, not to display how convoluted I can be, but because they track a change in consciousness that I have been trying to explain here of late. I hope at least some of

you can bear with me. If not, I understand. Other people's poetry is an acquired taste. But I am old, so shoot me. If not now, when?

Let's start with a poem that is just fun, and not too pretentious. It will give you the flavor of what mantra poems are all about. Do read it aloud please. You can do it softly if you wish. Here it is.

Outsetting Song

That song is sung,
That singing,
Sets inside itself
Outsetting song
That sings,
And singing
Sets itself
In song.

Song that sang,
Which sung,
Is singing still.

That was pretty painless, no? They get tougher (and more pretentious). The next poem was written when I was struggling with my personality (my geo chart) and not yet able to identify with the Sun shining within me (Dharma Chart). I mistook the Sun for a greater being (like a God) living in, on, and through me, at my expense. I was just a vehicle through which it lived it's life.

For me, it was a real mindbender to determine if I was just the pipe or vehicle through which the cosmos looked at and talked to itself or whether I was actually the intelligence of the cosmos itself doing the taking. Which was it?

Well, it appears to have been a bit of both, a choice we each must make, and while I am not fond of using psychological terminology, perhaps here it will help to make my point clear. When we speak of being the vehicle that the cosmos speaks through, but don't identify with the cosmos itself doing the speaking, we are succumbing to a form of masochism, like some of those horror films where alien intelligence takes over and lives in (and on) our human bodies. If we view life that way, we are being 'masochistic'. So here is what I wrote back then when I still could only identify with my Karma Chart, the circumstances in which I was somehow caught. Back then I was a creature of darkness, afraid of the light.

INNER EAR

What will eager issue out,
And into us would enter,
So to stare, to stuff itself,

To eat itself the center,
Of what we wait to wither in on,
After it is all.

It eats us out.
It only is in every inward eaten,
The echo of an endless ache that arches
Hearts hard hearing,
And opens up each inner 'enting',
And enters it as out.

Heavy, sad. That was my limited karma-inspired view at the time. The alternative was to identify with the cosmic intelligence within me, with the Sun, the Galaxy, and higher intelligence that was shining through me, not as something outside myself, but as myself seeing. This required the transference of consciousness I have been describing lately, but in the beginning that took faith, and faith is something hard to take on faith. As I found faith, I wrote this:

THE FORCE OF FAITH

The form of force enforcing form,
Finds freedom from that form in fact.

And in fact forced is freed,
A form of force with faith in form that finds in fact:
Faith itself a force.

Thus, force finds itself in form on faith.

And force enforcing faith in form,
And form informing faith of force,

Faith is that force in form.
Faith is our form of force.

In other words, I reached a point where I had to let go, and "let God," as the Christians phrase it, but I am a non-theist. I don't believe in someone up there and me down here. Instead, I believe I am (and have always been) an equal part of whatever is. So for me it became a process of letting go and identifying with the growing awareness that I found within me. I began to transfer my consciousness and identify with the very nature of the mind I was discovering within myself. This was when I found my Dharma Chart (heliocentrics) and gradually succeeded in transferring my consciousness to it. I identified with my Dharma Chart and was then able to cope with my Karma Chart. Folks, this is as close to religion as I get.

In time, my transference was complete and I tuned into what I guess has been called Cosmic

Consciousness, and I found it to be all the me that I knew, and then some. I don't claim to have plumbed the depths of cosmic consciousness, the inner light of the Sun or the Galaxy, but I am headed in that direction. I now know I am an equal part of that light and not in any way separate or less than what it is. Knowing that, I began to write poems like the following, which is my equivalent to the experiences that many religions document. I saw the light.

EVERLASTING LIFE

What will in words not wake,
Clear sleeps,
And clear, sleeps on.

What wakes stands watch to see that sleep as sound.
What wakes will serve to set asleep,
Inset a sleep with standing words,
That wake, if ever, last.
And on that last, in overlay, our life.

Yes, to lay at the last a life that ever lives,
To ever last that "last" of life,
And in ever-lasting life, everlasting,

We have a life that lives at last.

So there you have it. This is but a reference to the value of discovering the Dharma Chart, identifying with it, and transferring the seat of my conscious to that chart. Of course the Dharma Chart is just a map of my greater consciousness, what I am on the road to becoming and also how I can get there. What can I say? I highly recommend those of you interested to look into your Dharma Chart. Ask me questions. I will always try to be helpful if I can.