



**NEW ALCHEMY POETRY VOLUME
SEVEN**

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Position

This poem was inspired by Falun Gong, a peaceful tai chi type practice whose adherents are being persecuted by the Chinese Communist Party, when adherents only do their exercises and live by the values of truthfulness compassion and tolerance.

It's how a man positions himself that determines if he will fall, overarching arms of action are rewarded, I believe, having stood up to take a stance, from folded legs to unfold the two folds of a falun gong leaflet each section truthfulness compassion tolerance, to an attentive passerby, together perhaps with a origami lotus,

since no one can really fold their arms indifferent to this affair, to the chinese communist party's on-going persecution of falun gong and so it is I create this mental origami of poetry on the page as the lines unfold.

The Pursuit of Face

*Walk down those same old streets, weary with the world,
Mundane faces, eyes and lips
The old mans face his eyes speak his wisdom he aged gracefully yet his soul is mainly secret from this world.
here to stay yet, don't drift off into leaving yet
Accolades that give others purpose to look upon our face longer, with more reason to! Could this make the soul blush for shame?
A transient treasure as our face superficial and precious
There is more to me than what's skin deep.
Face, eyes, smiles.*

Method

*I would lay each turquoise self-absorbed poem
out by the old photographs
I've kept all these years
On the spread sheet dead white
Uncovering every ambiguity
Because events so soon turn into memory
I would annotate a line or two*

*and circle a central word
Would make it a song, and a part of a novel
And would write it in Spanish
And reel someone in to film a performance of it
Would add research footnotes
And write it in Petrarchan Sonnet too
Fact and fictional shorts are closely knit
Frustrating all ciphering's
Because autobiographical detail isn't everything
Somewhere between the lines are secrets
And confessions, naked truths,
I have used government wise allegory
I write and then forget
I forget so I can write again
Motifs provide continuity through change
Because to gather chronicles lumbers the spirit
This poetry too cumbersome to carry
I write not to build but to release
Parting pages from my journal's centre to the breeze
wings in the air*

*To clear away all excess of thought
What will I reminisce when memory
Has already half faded from my heart and
Summoned only by my brow?
It means nothing to me
Until I forget to forget again nothings too
important and so the play gets written
Because in the void of the clearance
More poems make themselves known
So there is no escape from this escape
Even as I mean to sleep the night through.*

I feed my attention on the lines

*Perhaps, that faraway traveller, he knocked on cover page door the spine hinge
creaking with antiquity, to view the writing on the walls of the book as large as
a house. They said my goods were still in the storage of warehouse, now the
seal is opened, a desolate lighthouse that shines a light to bring you out of the
sea to safer shore without hesitation*

*I cast my net out so I could catch you in time and provide to the island
electronic goods of engineered sound and e-books fresh out the box and free of
cliché.*

Monsoon

*The tears water the seeds of tomorrow's defeat already in the spring of her
onslaught as if prophecy
On the offensive of the boisterous intrigue the miles of destruction speeding to
our conclusive division ever more determinedly
Tears will see a fresh season of tears a monsoon
Putting me on the defensive
But time endures me and my little quirks
And that messed up village
Burns brightly its lanterns lit
That I may continue to walk placidly amidst the waste after all is done
continuing with a new beginning like I have always done.*

Married

*Misty eyed, he said look into my eyes and tell me the truth
It wasn't quite clear whether it was illumination or deception that day as he
drove the range rover through the mountain range bumpy and troubled till they
exchanged kisses and the scene changed to smooth open road their voices
played with the air from the open window of open communication, refreshing,
honest.*

Right Place, Right Time

*Were we poets in the right place, right time?
Writing without Chinese is writing without the fifth element of a fifth finger
The words are pictures to begin with, so imagery is already so well presented
making poetry much like wu-wei for the ancients, there are more characters
making the story more sublime and varied
Did we deviate from nature with such technological structures? We sufficed
with English not a field in sight or a peacock to admire in this city only the*

splendour of the sky above the satanic mills of industry so I laboured with what I had, and found beauty in secret and the most unlikely places.

A flair from the tang magnanimous and proud the wordplay descrambling enigmas we came to tour England on a short visit, and time after time you still take the clothes for the man.

Might I add too, In the linden points of our fury of beings that creep up on you and I, like some old Brutus they stab behind backs, creating negative thought and emotion - the work, it gets fucking done and I will take down forty devils before the day is done, deflecting their venom with qigong.

Her Anguish Returns

Her anguish returns in the night after I straighten out the muscle like receiving the purifying water with her half smiles

The irony of fantastic ignorance and uncertainty are billowing winds creating canvas after canvas writing is a breeze

A baptism for my baby through divided fingers - did comfort just slip right of our hands?

Refills as often as my fountain pen always trying to keep up with myself there's never time to write down these lines

Reconstruction

Brick by brick the past removed

Daylight peeps through each revealing gap ever brighter

My shortcomings brought to light needing work,

A destruction wholly right

To build this house once again

Where we once sat through gloomy days one after the next and grew old through habit but not through time and the interior decor unchanged in years the comfort sofa of your nostalgia consolidated over sitting up and being present, thankful for the days gift, the presence of the new was ghostlike to you, dear father.

Chinese Chess

The pieces assemble

They think they have got us in checkmate

But we carry on in the frontline

In the art of war, pretty much

Abundant lines at the forefront

*Ahead of our times -
But who devised the pieces positions?
I leap to the left, now I retreat,
Now I sturdy the castle fortress
It's straightforward,
Keeping them in check at every move,
We wont be beat at our own game.*

Nature's Cycle

A lot of folks are just spinning their wheels, going round in circles with hollow talk the same old ground, but when our chain comes together, there's real momentum, going places, a development that's in step with natures cycle, developing quickly, a pyramid scheme.

Daydream Dali

I wallow on the opposite side of the subconscious where Dali visited where things are a heavensend even as I address the street pay attention to its symbols stemming from the mind.

Thin Line

This poetry is the thin line between obsession and dedication, in either instance the work gets done almost instantly, the writing breaks through the protracting margined lines and the spaces in between so that all is covered.

Woodpecker Style

I bang on the Chinese communist base with the exaggerated force of a kung fu flick, cumulative dents a cyclone of fly kicks carried on the breeze reach over there, tc music plays as the soundtrack, small and dope as the adamant woodpecker the kick falls like his beak on their towering trees undermined from the bottom without hatred but in all firmness, the world shrunk to the size of keyboard, where mouse clicks blast loudly through great firewalls of china.

Pumpkin

Passions free of limitation, I bear the times madness like a perverse

Half grin, Halloween pumpkin lit up inside, there are dances to be found on thresholds, there are states of joy in the willows shadow and there are jolly difficulties and there is compassion hiding in the caves of criminality if you will only build your fortress of light in the pumpkin of the abyss once built unassailable its seat, dispels the pervading darkness in the acknowledgment that devil craved from you once received he would leave you be, pristine, so that filth floats up and away.

Untitled

*There is much I wanted to tell you, as the poet gathers in my heart, if I clarified a matter, fleshed out a subtle nuance, or put icing on home baked cake so bland, then I also brought ambivalence and so much inner discord like half of eighty eight piano strings to tune and tweak
In this dizzying wrath of math as the energies toss and turn in me by day and night.
Stinging nettles of crowded rooms without soothing marble floors lending museums their tranquil power absorbing worry, I shrink like a rabbit in aching headlights, I long for the hundred yard gaze, battle scarred, I transformed into the resting place of poetry's serene, wistful outlook.*

Honey Cake

*Understand that there is a lushness that underlies true refinement
Wholesome as cake
It's exterior extravagantly patterned, overwhelming in it's light, controlled finesse of swirls and striations, beautifying the noble savage of our hunger, for both spirit and taste.*

TMI!

*Spare me the vulgar details
It's too much information
Building a picture seals you in your own five metre long painting, make no promise,
Blur the boundary so It's ill-defined so that you can escape
The dust of young dogma, gathering on those backward, primitive paintings you once gave your word to
You're avoiding reality
Give me the expansive truths that are light and breezy
The nitty gritty of it*

Because change happens in one second.

Polygamy

*I looked for a partner to be consigned to, to sell my freedom down the river, and so I married - mate said you might have a wife, but I got facebook
Yeah, I'm married so I don't use facebook no more, lucky you, eh?..I'm stuck like a stick in the mud.*

Entitlement

I decline the flowers when I am happy and content in the service of existence, it's when I think I am entitled to be king that my crown of mighty virtue of calm glory drops, and everything is lost.

Mad World

*It's the world that's mad not me, so say the sober
Harmony dressed as madness
Good dressed as bad
Virtue dressed down casual fit
Camouflaged like any decent soldier, because a heart is secret, within, never on the sleeve, friends with the evil,
He knows I know he's a spy.
Spent the night on the phone
Writing a bit into the small hours, there are consonants and vowels constants and variables to interest me yet, let's begin...
it would be nonsense not to sleep any longer, it's wise to be asleep to this moment.*

Justice

*I coordinate the words, each assigned to each place, carrying out the war on terror, not on those noble and decent looking terrorists I mean, but demons who danced with the breeze, those predatory feeders.
Keepin' it ugly but righteous eliminating 'em like some Abraham Lincoln bust serving justice on a large scale*

Middle Son

The middle son wrote a novel about a best son fantasy with gently nuanced glee! Refined anger to a series of pinpricks subdued to the pages virtue and proportion, a mind petty with detail, with the precision of the muddleheaded, sacrilegious scientist lacking the grand air! because a spoiled, half wise midget, youngest one, a character of sorts sorta Chinese, took up all attention in the meditations of his worrying and mollycoddling parents, his lips generous, not pencil thin.

Dodos and Dojos

The reticent masters concentrate as they sit in the silence in the dojo, not from meditation in this hour of the sweetest morning dew, but from fountains knowledge, observing the foolish dodo, he said too much

always leads one to say much more, dodo never really understood the things that are best left unsaid except only through art because in life we all exercise reticence but quiet words from our artists spring with purified and studied waters.

Strings

I play my strings for the initiates who have appeared to take you to safety in this final time making the brilliant-okay day continue again

I play my strings to celebrate the day and night with the gorgeous moon that makes me feel

I play my strings for the coming age inspire my spirit with the temperate warriors of old so wise so true

I play my strings that vibrate and stop the cold shiver

Now I stop, laying my stringed instrument aside picking up my tool, because we all still have an axe to grind and work to continue.

Chopping Wood, Carrying Wood

*Chopping wood, carrying wood
An art an ark laborious to build*

*Carries only my kings seal I do earnestly hope who shows me the way, builders,
there are many of us.*

Yeah, how I love the trees! Genealogies of virtue or vice

Culminating in you or me

*Forests of leaf turning books and fond trees so old browned tough skin with
green heart.*

True Elite

Five percent

Give it five percent 'cos the brain is a mystery

Give it all five percent

Cos the rest of them

Forget it

Five star five finger handed excellence

There's only five percent

Of the world that's normal

*Bearing down on me, prickling my skin, people, city, or lonesome of far off
country keeping heart warm and melodic, a poetry in which I endeavoured to
write true words, but what does it come to, if in our life after these years, you
still can't believe me, cannot see my intentions, I say much to cover up so little,
enraged the phoney clergy of the church, showing them for what they are, I
wasn't a liar, maybe you just you never knew me at all.*

Telephone Box in Forest Gate

I don't know where it comes from or where it's going

but we've made it to

third line already

*To what soul, galaxy or country and who writes these cooperative words in a
solitude I do not quite own and am I just a receiver of their debate or do*

*we discuss together unseen in that non local particle communication where
changes over there ripple over here?*

Only Words

*Behind your delicate features lies a great strength in character
Like you dear words, that bring the gift of endurance,
Forsake me not out into the city I live inside;
Never like the last one
But always like a first
I can still hold a pen after me
Thus far, since the best is yet to come?
Allow me to further be experienced through words in nostalgia...
To learn what I had forgotten so many ages ago.
Because 'word' is close to 'world'
The extra l is for lush bounty
But the fast trading city of trading places, of transport,
And of glamour, does not contemplate contemplations
Necessity, in the fury of its activity.*

One

*The world is full of one unendurable ugly woman
Who fought before her gains, vehemently.
The vicious tricks, she was a fascist amongst German shepherds,
Pillaging villages with the reckless abandon of a madwoman,
Manipulating the man all the way
Criminal glee danced in her eyes
As the filthy old man laid bare his soul and wet his trousers
'Let them, oh Let them!' She cried
The virgin of a man enthralled at his kingly trophy
She cultivated his boyish pining, with calculation,
Absurdly he mused alongside me
In the strangeness of her corruption
She believed she was a nurse amongst soldiers
Instead of a whore amongst the perverted
The married Frenchman was marred by his sin
Impeccably mannered with only a greedy palate
Ruining the delicacy of his relationship
Shared the ignorance of arrogance with his mistress
Together they were on top of the world
Disdaining the less refined of the savages –*

*The ghost of the past stood tall and long in her shadow
I provided her a warning
Falling on deaf ears*

*One cannot avert some inevitable disaster or two
The frenzy of her folly,
Delirium of pleasure,
Continents of semen invisibly drawn
On the ocean of her blue bedcover
Gangbanged from afar under the stars
At once, she heaved with emotion
Her slimey triumph opposed to all virtue
Initiated into the ghoulish world of a depraved species
She agreed to become an animal
Exceeding all limits.*

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