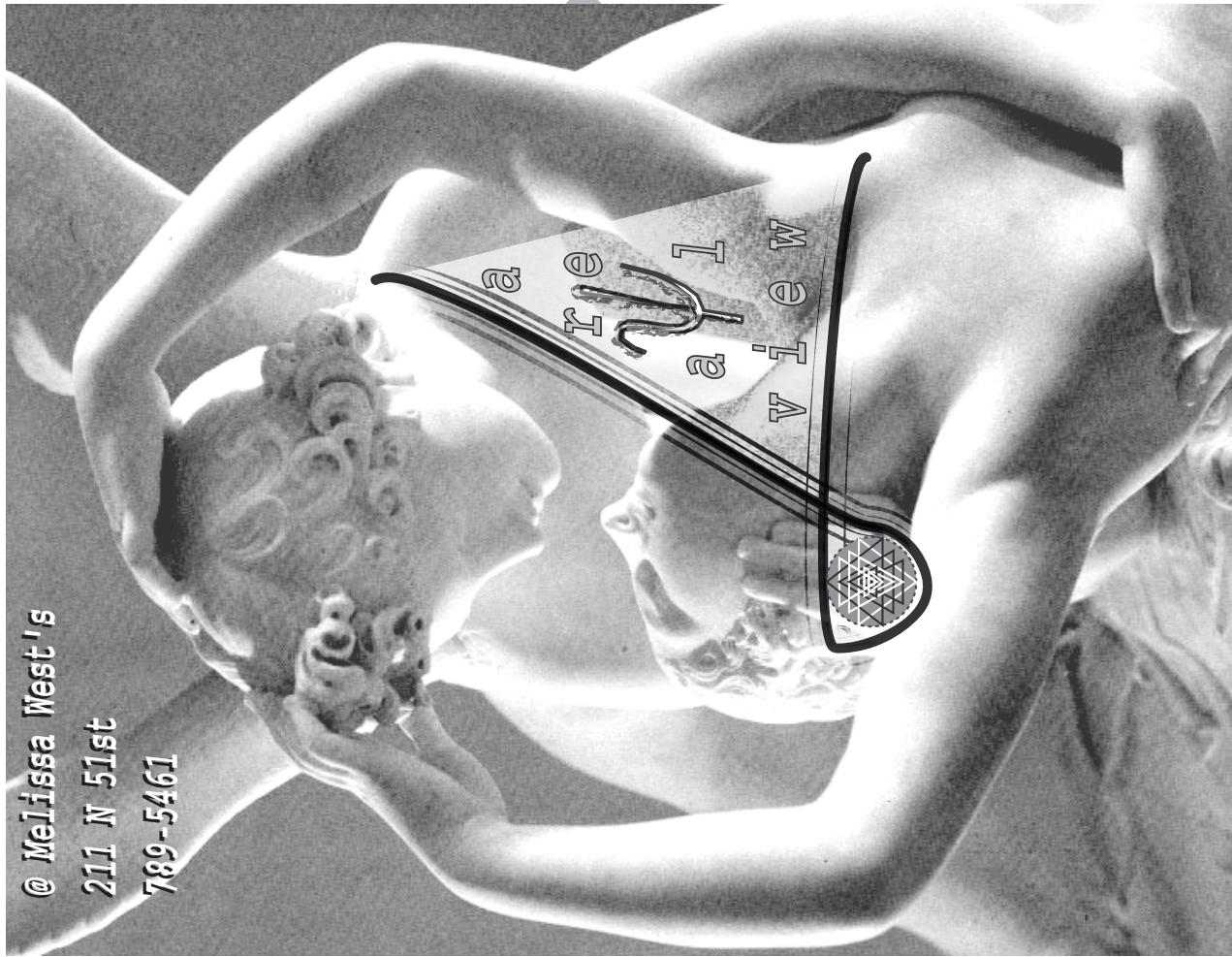
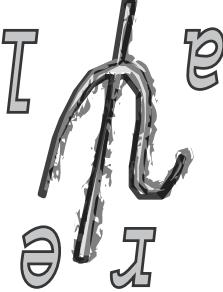


Poetry RePsychery
Friday, 03/3/7 7pm
@ Melissa West's
211 N 51st
789-5461



sonnet to Orpheus
book side a



Sonnet to Orpheus

II-29
Rainer Maria Rilke
1922

Translation
greg heil
2002

a - r -
- t - e -
- i -

2003 (c)
The RePsychery

heil 2002

quiet friend of many far ones, feel
all space pulsate as your soul breathes.
In the timbers gloom a belfries peal
announces you. All your devouring loves,

grow comely, enheartened by nourishment.
Become this interchange, this to and fro.
What was the nadir of your sacrament?
When your drink is bitter, let the wine grow.

Be in this one night full extravagant,
a mage, stealed in a crossfire of view,
your souls unique encounter with the muse.
When those all worldly keep a distance,
unto the suckling Earth say, i hew.
To the raging Waters speak, come thru.

wird ein Starkes über dieser Nahrung.
Geh in der Verwandlung aus und ein.
Was ist deine leidende Erfahrung?
Ist dir Trinken bitter, werde Wein.

Sei in dieser Nacht aus Übermaß
Zauberkräft am Kreuzweg deiner Sinne,
ihr seelsamen Begegnung Sinn.
Und wenn dich das Irdische vergaß,
zu der stillen Erde sag: Ich rinne.
Zu dem raschen Wasser sprich: Ich bin.

Mr. S. H. è dæs: GregHeil@scsi.org

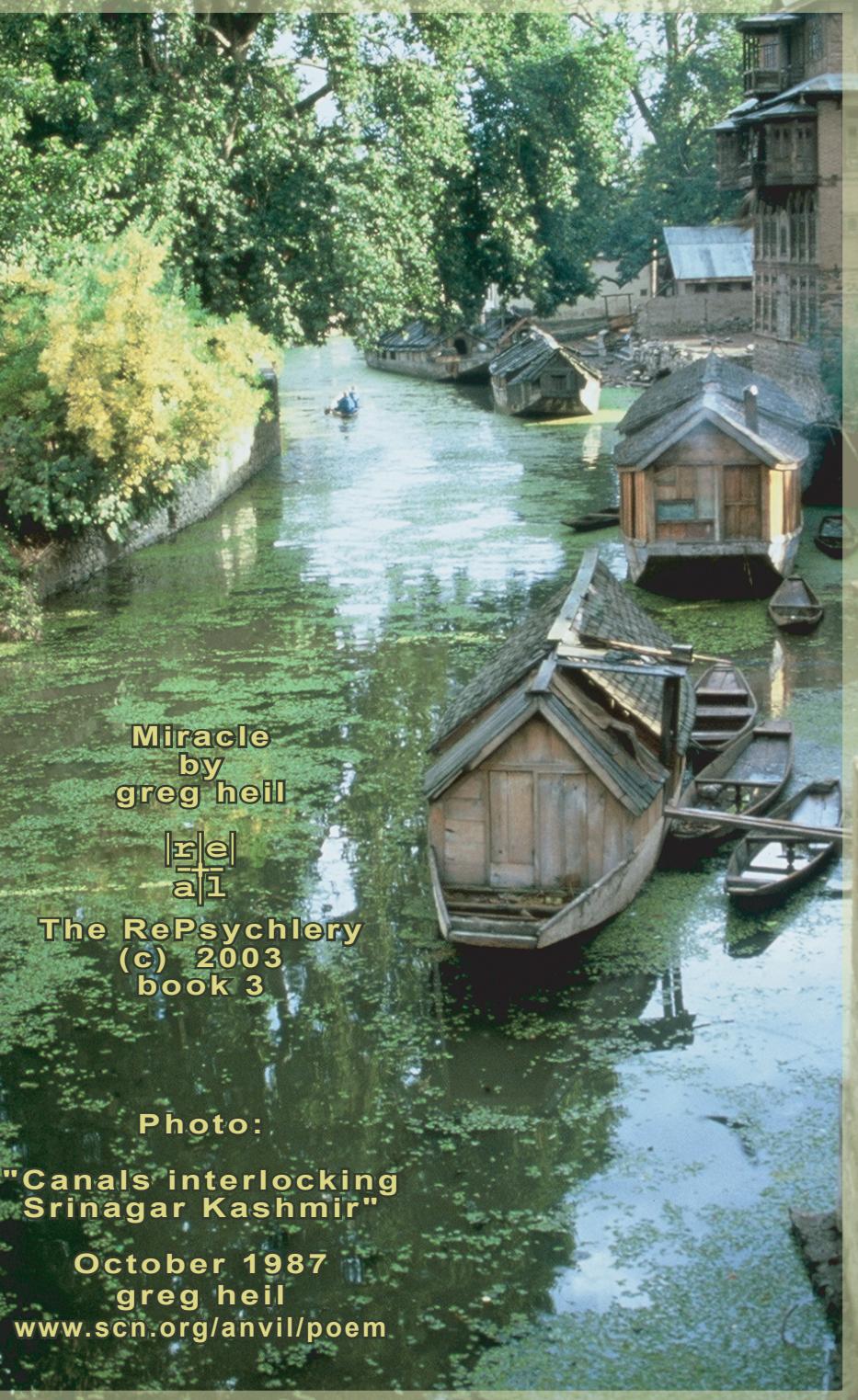
Mir/\cle

Communities are mirror/circles
each woMAn is the intersection
Society is this truer mir/\cle
ourselves weaving a reflection

Endless mirrors recede in mist
woven in lights of expectation
the L^ove that makes us coexist
an infinity of our combination

How through O Mitakuye Oyasin
cyclopean view none are missed
So shall all communities weave

~fin~



Silent Bee

- greg heil

June 2003

03/6/6 (c) greg heil
Silent Bee
Book 6



1 silenced the buzz,
now united with the
one
how it complained
2 lamentations of
buzzes and thumps
against
the veil between
worlds
3 seeking hearts
ripped
by a Bee hammering
a bulb
calling you within

June 2003
greg heil
book 6
antill/poem
www.scm.org/
Epic Mahaway
With apologies to
Mawlana Rumi's
Sufi's
and
Rumi's
poetry

4 All in union are
seekers after the
divine
returned reflection
5 flitting everywhere i
accompanied all
gathered
bad or glad both
6 all lost in thought
hearing, querying me,
of naught
comrades nattering

16 forget time has past
Thou - Beeloved -
never leaves
unsstrained constancy
17 hunger stretches
days
fish never tire of water
and Hus sought is
you
18 when ye are cooked
then you feel the
meads bubbling
that is all farewell

15 our days came to
eve
a clock fevered
companions
still longing of love
14 swoon drunk of hir cup
filled with the mystics
for a honey thief
loves
Bee tattles of Radhas
13 crazed on mead the

7 thy eyes and hearing
all those senses are
gone dumb
silence peals within
8 ambrosia i am
the Bee is not the
nectar
you cannot see me
9 Rumi says the buzz
consumes leaving us
silence
burning the living

10 Love enraptures you
like the mead
ferments to wine
and quickens the Bee
11 a Bee coming
through veils to snuff
you
returning nectar
12 who has felt a sting
or savored a wine like
hirs
such the faithful friend

Mirror/circles

A Genie's Sonnet

Orpheus/Rilke

O'G

Maid in progress

Sews/waves

Soul upon a stream

rePsyched

2 0 0 3

greg heil

book 7 Side A

whatsoever a woMan sews
so shall sHe weave

Loving the whole of yous
and that web you leave

~ reψal~ ~ reψal~ ~ reψal~ ~ reψal~
Soul upon a stream dear not wade amore
chuckling like a flute fears hold me fast
shoals flickering seem tears hold me aghast
a humming birds lute years hold me last

from an acorn born we shed our tears
beyond our grasp we close our eyes
thou floated forsworn unto sun flys ours
to the bosom agasp pearly, full lives

pearly dew upon you gleams dreaming on a leaf
sparkles a fa'ther, a distant sun turning with whose
in love and communion beams seeming of one life
or per'haps a daughter unbegun whirling blood woos

come current, a tide red hermitage bivouacked
whisks lil oaken leaf on shores of dream
by the bank adread chuckle flutes back
granmas blood ensheathe spring rejoys us green

communities are mirror/circles
each woMan is the intersection
society is this truer mir/\cle
ourselves weaving a reflection
endless mirrors recede in mist
woven in lights of expectation
the love that makes us coexist
an infinity of our combination
Oh what society we could leave
being in your unbordered midst
our defocussed eyes all seeing
so shall all communities weave
cyclopean view none are missed
flow through O Mitakuye Oyasin

A Genie's Sonnet

O Earth, O Earth return from thy dry root.
Sea ashorn rises from the slumbrous moat.
Vulcan chemistry in smeltered fire,
yield the dusty gold aura of Plumblum
Spirit spirit grace that pit of my heart,
a world our stage playing our time apart.
Lover lover sing that ode to desire,
fail into my arms, vision of aplomb.

A natural miracle blossoms to fruition
sweet from salt, gold from lead in rendition.
a touchstone for those who are entire,
eternally dive into pities plum
A genie sings to me, free of the sky;
teaches my lady to come home to sigh.

Orpheus/Rilke

Quiet friend of many far ones, feel
the space pulsate as your soul breathes.
In the timbers gloom a belfries peal
announces you. All your devouring loves,
grow comely, enheartened by nourishment.
Become this interchange, this to and fro.
What was the nadir of your sacrament?
When your drink is bitter, let the wine grow.

Be in this one night full extravagance,
a mage, steeled in a crossfire of view,
your souls unique encounter with the muse.
When those all worldly keep a distance,
unto the suckling Earth say, i hew.
To the raging Waters speak, come thru.

O'G

sh/c/would i ever name, s/he/thee /O'G
O'G/ s/he/thee, that awaiteth me
O'G/ that that, that gives me weight
as dance around, i might /O'G

Maid in progress Quatrained sketches

On mermaids isle
with quickened pulse
Seaker does unveil
ahart with dulce

Sylph agyre
alight a merry
draws me nigh
sea picked berry

Wise as a crone
alive to the deer
mystical atone
hold her near

Honey of Hu
warm of stew
bless'd are you
mermaid a vue
sunny as dew

Forested nymph
fortune ye see
merries of mirth
gathering for thee

Soul full owl
fleet of delight
queen of all
reigns my night

Full seven souls
eleven senses call
Fulfill the roles
dearest of allah

REPsychched
Transmissions
As i lay slowly dying
Words in a couplet

Mirriage / pupil tratak
Entwined leaves

rePsychched 2003
greg heil
book 7 Side C

mirriage / pupil tratak
two diamond crusted coals
in the mirror
i see thee as i whirl
in my lair
when i dance the worlds
come to be
when i trance thy light
blurs me in thee
eye in reflected sight
Oh wHu are Ye?
cross my eyes the worlds
become mandala
uncrossing comes fusion's
right or wrongly
left & right un/crossings
sinidextrously
resolving many eyed focus
of spirited sins
let our eyes become us
bore sights w/in

unmire light miraculous
mir's lyre to win
coals communed of circles
mir in mirrorin'
pupae from echos sired
of chanting yogins
now two darting pupils
diamond
eye'n

~ reψal ~

entwined leaves

Cooling rains are truly gonna fall
within a mulch i've enwrapt you
lives intertwined one to all
such a flow these flowers enrapture
The mulch?
all the vines that bound
Our love?
a togetherness found

confusion

So true it is my middle name.
So many things to say
and such a small frame
facts stampede on the way

come when you can
words are but sand
union is only plan
you are all i am

this separation, so
f right ening
your presence, so
en light ening

with you come fusions
of rights, and
whats left, and
no shifting illusions

come lead my follow
my world echoes
of snapped synapse
hold me in your hollow
take some sense
do the rewire
love for recompense

reψal ~ reψal ~

words in a couplet

twas there we met

who would have guessed
together we'd be blessed
breathing the same rhyme
your meter came to mine
rePsychled from the dance
thoughts fused in romance

rePsychAlignments
How we mourn a morn and seek the eve' n
mir circles mir mir mir
dawn of the devi delight of the divine
mirror circles Miracles
Father why mourn ye on?
Your fear tears our i's
Your only begotten am i
Y son of our trees sun.
Bitter roots and berries falls fruits til
communities in tersects
sprint through summer to harvest the fill
a love makes us coexist
Then we are all the one
our circles and mirrors
reflect illumine retune
mir mir circles mir mir

As i dance the round
When i by you am called
to you leaps my heart
from lotus whence installed
rising with this thought
tumbling hearts
is unfound
home
hir divine touching call
lumes to my tongue tart
towards the
one
we all fall

friends
lack a word for years
then
a lack of words at once
transmissions
a lack of words at once
the
friends
lack a word for years
then
the
as my tears are watering your worms
the dawn birds will surely twitter
as the squall drifts to a patter
one cloud empited rippled asunder
summer showers drifting to dryness
would anyone then notice a stillness?
as i lay slowly dying i wonder
who do you bless, was it my charms?

friends
lack a word for years
then
a lack of words at once
transmissions
a lack of words at once
the
friends
lack a word for years
then
the
as my tears are watering your worms
the dawn birds will surely twitter
as the squall drifts to a patter
one cloud empited rippled asunder
summer showers drifting to dryness
would anyone then notice a stillness?

Imagine

you walk along an afternoon sun
onto a knoll solstice warmed
billowing your shirt a breeze runs
by your hairs tickling your charms

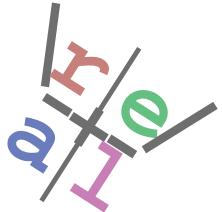
Your feet nuzzle a carpet thick
as can only be in the tundra
of wildflower moss and grass thatch
abundant and full of hunger

a knotted pine, old as words
shelters bread wine and olives
overlooking the sun and fjords
an ocean of salt noses the breeze

a figure approaches in white
in light from the east and you meet
bed of needles days with no night
your questions stilled, yet you seek

Imagine

O' Tulku
awakened born
of Kali's Love
seed thy gifts
wisdom of far
feed with ash of the
burning Bush
and water the tree of
our own Goodness



book 7 Side D
greg heil
2003
rePsychled

Why do the birds
i can taste the salt
The Dragon
Why do the birds
I can taste the salt
Imagining
OTUliku
those with pompos augustesses
comes beyond all hope and faith
those which know, yet deny grace.
What strange feigned blindnesses
comes with blindingness
those beyond all hope and faith
see starkly in black and white,
while humbly on beautys way
we see colors plain as day.

Emperors new war(drobe)
I can taste the salt
Why do the birds
The Dragon
Emperors new war(drobe)
I can taste the salt
Imagining
OTUliku
those with pompos augustesses
comes beyond all hope and faith
those which know, yet deny grace.
What strange feigned blindnesses
comes with blindingness
those beyond all hope and faith
see starkly in black and white,
while humbly on beautys way
we see colors plain as day.

Come the dawn will i shiver
from your brushing touch
of your night thorough
to explore the widths
my quill is narrow
Writing black glyphs
my quill is narrow
to a rose aerosol
When i grasp you expand
drunkenly i whirl round
you have danced alone
catching you is just like
seeing my own eyes
hearing the sound of the
emptiness in my heart
An angel, no less.
Did you hear the bell ring?
How do you arouse me, just by type you set?
Do you know how to dry feathers?
Why do the birds always rouse me at sunset?
Mine are such a mess.

Come the dawn will i shiver
from your brushing touch
of your night thorough
to a rose aerosol
When i grasp you expand
drunkenly i whirl round
you have danced alone
catching you is just like
seeing my own eyes
hearing the sound of the
emptiness in my heart
An angel, no less.
Did you hear the bell ring?
How do you arouse me, just by type you set?
Do you know how to dry feathers?
Why do the birds always rouse me at sunset?
Mine are such a mess.

The Dragon

The Dragon is at the door
Welcome Him
SHe came once before
Now is the time
SHe has come to slaughter
your children

The Devil is at the door
Blessed Shem
Hir would you ignore
This is the time
Now guard your daughter
your begotten

Bright burns the sore
sever it
the change forever more
Just this one time
Hu has the laughter
your unity

The Messenger once more
doubled you
that White House Joker
who has the time
let Shem not draft Hir
your choice

Hir twin offers ever more
twos one
good embraces evils ignore
all and every time
snare beautiful Sabatha
your bride

The Oneness

ooze your being
ith Spideys legs
om lips to nooks
crags to eye
grannies yoni
lance and
u shape into
aterial
KE

When i dance
you through
in my glittering
palatial towers
hurting there will
be none of you
and all of me
and nothing
between me and thee
orboros
OKE

O Kali Eyed
i own these skys
it is our boros
our borocity
arboretum
it is your bodice
i sweep off
the web of
the spidey
OKE

i your autonivourous pole
shiva to thee shakti
your being drips
through Spideys web
finely oh so finally
into my dust mop
gliding along the
geometric lines of
my abode, my sky
OKE

Sing those words
Given to thee
Prasadams to
thy sweet Lord
Feel the warr
of the rose
inspired hearts
you embrace
light as a song
purity this slender
then speak to me
o sweet One
On the spur of the
moment this
un/s/he/thee'd
time less/dimensions

~real~

A loneosome masoon
shapes your heart
as you view apart
your waifs run with me
to timbers in the belly
echoing through halls
in clear tones
OKE

Your web i gather
braiding the cables
of my empire
the sieve of my mop
braids and reweaves
thee into my maw
into me
come to
me
OKE

Then i descend
from thee
again to me
Mother of that
which is woven
i build thee
we make me
come into me
i open my arms
i O i OKE



Are there more verses
than ic can repeat,
but no, the comic repeats,
yet more OKE more
shining metal
refracting ether to
consuming from
idea to idyll
ingesting the air
sweeping the seas
from vast edens
nibbling up to your locks
from breast to yoni
and back to rest
versus OKE

become aware
in thy vastness
so beyond an emptiness
clarified ethereal thee
enveloped refracted
the light of me
spin and thy manna
fills my maw
in gaseous amrita
OKF