

3 Selected Poems from

THROUGH THE GATES OF MATTER

by Will Parfitt

Yesterday I planted an aubergine

Yesterday I planted an aubergine, today the winter melon,
But she spreads, and demands more room alive than dead.
And now the summoned fishers moist
And all beasts that move on the earth do dwell:
You should eat figs, tasting the juice of your angel.

With the goddess absent, dead leaves are piling, all is deserted,
Yet this receiving is a not receiving, for thou art my lover.
I see you as a nymph with her white limbs stretched by the spring.
Oak of god in thy branches is the lightning nested.
Above you hangs the eyeless hawk:
The full moon, only lovely, flawlessly clear.

For the pine tree, see how green it is. I am here.
My hermitage is thatched with morning glory.
In the midst of all this, a great and high altar forms
With angels beyond count, thousands, thousands,
Ten thousand times ten thousand angels.

- *Will Parfitt*

The grimoire of truth

I was entering an ancient forbidding town, falling down.
It was beautiful, overgrown, with big stones, like a dream,
The upper stories of all the buildings crumbling.

We go into the place where the place of the earth is woman.
She is a tower of ivory, an enclosed and walled garden,
the magic woman.
Fertile earth mysteriously creating truths.
My grimoire of liberal truth is a tower of sexual strength,
Female and male equal.

I felt strangely empowered by the voice of the ancient being.
Looking deep into the being's large eyes,
I saw the murkiness fade to reveal clear pools of pink light.
Open the gate and let me into the tower
Most people never enter.

Security is a fisheye lens in the door.
A red cross painted against the angel of the lord.
The tower offers security, its castle like shape warming a heart
of stone.
For a tower is a song in the heart that is closed to the ears
of youth.

I fell to my knees and prayed,
Then walked on silently, magically into awakening.

- *Will Parfitt*

The secret seed

I clambered down to an ancient spring.
A solitary bird was calling.
My ears were filled with the din of dripping water
And of the dog's background barking.

In the first shallow pool made by the spring
An old man was crouching besides the water.
He had thick, snowy-white eyebrows, a full white beard.
He looked so strong as he slowly slid into the water,
Right under it, into dreaming.

I am the emblem of the secret seed,
I am the totem of this secret seed.
The secret seed, the blending of love and will.

My body was full of the heavens,
A truly holy being.
I stood mesmerised as a silent flying snake hovered,
Flashing its shadow across the sun.
I stood face to face with myself.

Each world is composed of many worlds,
And in each world there are eleven worlds
And in each of those eleven worlds, eleven worlds more.

I lifted holy spring water to my lips and drank.
I banged my staff against a nearby post.
Sweet smelling air pervaded the holy temple of the secret seed,
The light dazzling.
A hawk flew overhead as gulls cried passionately:
Here we are, earth again!

- Will Parfitt