



# A Sheaf of Poems

## 1981 - 1990

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Wangapeka, March /81

*This was my second teaching visit to NZ and during this time, I had the opportunity to do a seven month retreat.*

When the hindrances become engulfing,  
Open the question to beyond your smallness.  
What, Who, Why, When, How - am I.  
Ask the question with every breath,  
    every cell of the body.  
Every moment of awareness is a possible avenue of insight  
Loose the hindrances in the wonder of the Hwa-tou!



May/81

In the clear calm,  
    mind,  
    like the ocean, like water  
slopping in an infinite bucket,  
    heaves and undulates  
    responding to the infinite other.  
Watching, it wells up  
    and quietens down  
    but always is moving.  
Where is the non-moving?



In the poignant stillness of morning light  
Thought forms,  
    so delicate  
    so soft  
    so gentle.



Wangapeka June/81

BREAKTHROUGH

Inside-out is right way in  
Where there seem boundaries  
    yet is boundless  
Where many play  
    yet only one is  
Where movements are  
    yet there is no beginning or end  
Where everything is centred  
    yet there is no centre  
Where dancing takes place  
    yet nothing moves  
Where I is all one unbounded  
    immediate, incredible whole;  
    infinitely small and large  
    complex and simple  
    all at once.  
There, is the appearance of the snow white milkweed seed  
    puffed from everywhere  
    floating in the void.



Aug./81

Poems swelling, welling,  
    dancing from my heart,  
Bursting from the no-where place  
    unshapen masses of colour and sound  
    that come together and swirl apart  
    in intricate lacy web.  
Desire arises to capture them,  
    freeze them  
    For what!

The poem's dead, a rhyme remains  
    see the line on paper, the ink  
    texturing through infinite  
    shades of blue.

The poem never waits.  
Life dances its everlasting tune.



The sun is setting  
Blue greying to velvet dark,  
    Soft.  
The mind is quiet  
    and gently weaves exquisite textures.  
Space appears as colour, sound and form  
Softly welling up and fading away.  
Life is the poem,  
    and writing it too,  
        and reading yet another.  
Pearls within pearls within pearls.



Shapings of oneness  
Awesome the play  
The infinite variety  
Tireless dance  
Motionless



MIRACLE

Oh Father and Mother  
The miracle you make  
Hot and sweaty,  
    blindly stripping off clothes,  
    fumbling and groping with lust and anger.

You are toys of passion.  
Drunk in the grips of you know not what  
    and in that frenzy of muddy motives  
    beyond all that you know,  
Energies break asunder.  
Differences collapse.  
The door is opened  
    and to this,  
    the entire Universe moulds its print.

    It's done!  
Breathless heat subsiding you  
    sink in release.

Blind butterfly collectors  
Have wrested another form  
from the void.



#### THE FENCE

Old chicken wire straggling between greying posts,  
Broken, bent,  
With holes discontinuous,  
day and week the commonplace.

The morning,  
cold and crisp  
Frost and stillness guild the scene,  
Golden rays of early rise  
Striking wires in rhythmic magic  
Transformation.

The fence is gone  
and crystal honeycombs appear,  
Bending, pulsing, gently swaying  
Silken silver, weaves across the gaps,  
Gossamer lines of patina light  
Music from the earth.



NZ Oct. 15/81

#### A SONG OF SHAPING

Movement drift, movement drift,  
I move, the universe rests,  
Universe moves, I rest,  
Both move, both rest,  
Movement drift, movement rest.

Looking out and seeing in,  
Looking in and seeing out,  
In out  
Looking seeing  
Being  
Point.

The impulse is the point.  
It makes the out, which  
Makes the in.  
    And in molds out  
    And out molds in.  
Spiralling reachings of God's conscious seed,  
    Lost in the goneness  
Never arriving,  
    Always here in perpetual struggle,  
Continually changing in undying bliss  
    Movement drift, movement rest.

And from no beginning  
The distant horns of quest resound,  
Golden notes through space and time  
    The impulse.  
    The dawn.

The spiral grows  
A nebula of senses,  
Thickening flesh,  
From solo memory to duet, to trio, to quartet.  
From music of the chamber, to marching bands,  
Symphony joined to choral sound,  
    A hundred voices,  
    A thousand instruments,  
    A million sounds.  
Hundreds of billions of hearts all beating their own tune,  
Coming together at the sound of the distant horn.

Weaving, dancing, swirling, whirling,  
A sucking vortex of never ending thirst  
Which drains the out  
To feed the in,  
Fragile castles in the air,  
Palaces of dreams and vision,  
Jeweled city forever growing to extinction,  
The reaching, the groping,  
Expansion, un-impeded.

A distant tone,  
    Grey,  
    Sombre,  
    Black,  
Thick thickening, in hot oppressive sense  
Walls loom, in the heavy fetid stink,  
    as angels fall from grace.

The ground swell gold,  
Morning rush-hour bottle necking at the expressway end.  
The spiraling freedom, piling wave after wave on the seawall of grey.  
    Pressure  
    Increase  
    Crises,  
All the universe quickening in intensity then,  
    LEAP!  
The thunder,  
and I cry my lungs into the world.  
    *(unfinished)*



Coromandel Nov. 13/81

Grey air  
The sky; wet shimmerings of rain  
Greens muted softly  
The lazy waves fall heavy on the beach.

Revolving slowly, breath aligned  
An empty straightness  
    measuring forth to know.

Oh! How will I know Thee?

A fathomless yearning of hearts flowing grace  
The poise of dance in form and space  
The stars, the light, the cells and shape,  
Energy plays in worlds minute and vast.

Ten thousand souls threw two to space  
Whilst millions more watched on.  
Ten thousand marched in ten thousand protests.  
Millions striving for dollars more,

To wash the car and cut the grass  
To keep the house and further more  
The never ending busyness.  
They say, "It all makes sense and needs to be"  
Yet, in the momentary pause  
Where circumstance forgets its cause,  
A shimmering and mystic air  
Divorced from cause and time and space,  
A moment of Terror - or of Grace,  
The abyss.

The realm of form is strict and true  
A cross road and a sign appears

Leap . . . or be swallowed!



Adelaide, Australia Dec. 11/81

*Teaching a retreat on womb conditioning I had the opportunity to attend an autopsy.*

She was young and pretty with gold bouncing curls  
A dream and hope of life yet to come  
27 months of miraculous race  
Struggling how to know.

The ditch - dirt water  
Parents mourn in Denmark  
Grief devastating thick  
Whilst on a table of stainless steel  
With lights and microphones on bright  
But 12 hours dead.

Brown yellowy blotched rubbery skin  
Slit from chin to crotch  
The gleaming ribs - red browning muscle  
Cut and removed layer by layer  
Systems so clean and distinct  
Lungs heavy with water  
Heart singed and blood drawn  
Scalp cut and peeled forward like a mask  
Zinging sound and smell of saw cutting through bone  
The brain.....how huge!

She was a child of love's delight  
Laughing joy of life's long promise  
Now a table, laid out parts  
Poked and sampled  
Weighed and measured  
So impersonal, as the final pulse of few remaining cells fades into space  
A system of parts,  
Of beauty and precision,  
Drawn from the void and back.



*MV Chidambaram in the Bay of Bengal en-route to Madras Jan/82*  
*A group of us were traveling to Sri Lanka to do an abhidhamma retreat.*

Blue mat rippling,  
Pulling, the viscous carpet dancing,  
Never breaking - warm.

Soft winds and humid air  
And the spinning.

Glow of carmine haloed yellow  
Hovers huge on grey horizon  
And the spinning continues.  
Dark cooling,  
Stars of vast and distant  
Void and still the spinning.

Tuft of wool  
Whirls on the spindle  
Point turning to thread.  
Finely spinning, spinning, spinning,  
Spiralings of spinnings within spinning.

Large, small, fast, slow,  
Threads of cloth decayed to string and then to void  
And still the spinning continues.

I tried to spin.  
She does it so well,  
Casual, with no effort.  
Talking, smiling, thoughts dancing  
So fine ..... so even.

Let me try.  
She laughs and shows.  
A bulky rope, then thin and break,  
Begin again.  
The wheel stops.  
As I think, the thread thickens and thins.  
Breath is held.  
It's working!  
Then breaks.

Let me show you.  
Her hands hold mine,  
We turn the wheel,  
The steady HUMMING effortless.

Oh Ancient One  
We spin together well.  
We fit.  
We dance.  
Bending, swaying, coming, going,  
Breath to breath,  
Sometimes thick and of times thin  
And always perfect.

How can I forget you.  
We merge and part  
And spin and dance,  
For me a shroud,  
For us a heavenly tapestry

WAKE UP !!!

The sun on silver wings has risen  
Then Dark

OH!  
The Dawn,  
..... then gone.

Sun fades to moonlight  
Dancing intimations with shift and pulls,  
Spinning on with sparks  
The rainbow thickening fast with ropes of time and space.

How can I forget you?  
O father mother all of one,  
We spin the golden threads of truth  
And be the light,  
The dance of forming void.



Canada May 1/82

Oh God!  
The sadness.  
The lives of meaningless suffering,  
So pervasive.

The Universe struggles  
Oh God!  
And war, and famine, and madness,  
and FEAR!  
Hundreds of millions of streaming threads of fear,  
weaving a tapestry, smelling and fiery.

Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Oh Lord!  
You polyfaced monster unknown to one part,  
The play of life, full gamut  
yes, from blissful ecstasy to  
frozen jerky madness.

This is the wonder-fall  
Cascading out.  
This undying body of illusion.



Horton, England Feb. 28/83

*retreating on the narrow boat "Crystal Arc" and teaching in London on weekends*

Oh vase of daffodils of greens to yellow  
Vibrating fire ..... a crown of shivering points.  
The graceful fountains  
Rising together, moving,  
Weaving the centreless  
With thick undulating fullness.

You showed the flower  
And what is time  
Then, now?

A smile of bliss  
No more ignoring,  
Moment by total moment.

The daffodils are smiling  
the vase is overflowed.  
'I's look.  
Pictures of nothing.  
Serene.



England, Switzerland, Assisi Italy March - April /83

*Tremendous physical suffering. Teeth, mouth, stomach. Have never experienced such a prolonged period of ill health.*

Oh God  
Straying is, "I'm lost."  
Use me.  
Break me.  
Shape me to thy will.  
In every event  
Stupendous beyond,  
The blindness of viewpoints lighting the way.

AND

When I worry about me, the world shrinks into frozen smallness and the heart shrivels to a stone. Oh God! You have begotten me, shaped the flesh and formed the form. My thoughts and questions move ..... and 'me's are inseparable motes of dancing vastness.

AND

Advance  
Don't retreat  
Brave heart!



Wangapeka Dec 10/84

To taste the bliss of pause,  
Grass shivering in the wind  
Green blowing alveoli  
Chalets of the sun.

Of warmth and body, flow and grace  
The moment hanging endlessly  
Full, empty,  
All complete.

And break!

The clocks return,  
The pieces dancing separately.  
To do and try,  
To try again,  
It all seems pointless.

Can't we see  
The mystery work with nothing to do.  
Journey with never arriving.  
Why does the old man sell water by the river?  
When will he realise he is the river  
And give of himself to drink.

Oh Fake(ir) stir your muddy bones,  
Delude no more yourself.

The dream you know is here and now,  
Wake up and live the elements of your dream.

I once strode hand in hand with paradise,  
Full knowing in an empty way.  
It passed, and now it's knowing this.

Listen you fool to words of wisdom.  
Whispering Soul,  
Search forever only finding no more searching always.

Oh Tarchin  
You've crawled back to the womb one  
And cannot believe that two three and four\* are real!



### Chatham Islands March 26/85

*While teaching from Joseph Campbell's "The Masks of God" and exploring the hero's journey, I had everyone write their own hero myth. This was my myth which was arising in the midst of turmoil over dropping the Gelong Vows and disrobing as a monk.*

In the beginning  
there was a thought of lust and loneliness, born  
from the winds of war and destruction,  
heated by the life breath of Universal Growth.

A being was born.  
Drawn from the Universal Matrix.  
Stamped with the seal of partial views.  
Geared to struggle and survive.  
Destined to feel and live.  
Freedom, Struggle, Onward.

Compromise islands of illusory safety  
spotted the endless sea.  
Stepping stones across the mirror of wisdom for those  
who fear that to fall in,  
is to sink and drown.

I am lonely and afraid.  
Wrap me in your blanket.  
Cuddle me warm and close.

I want freedom.  
Away with the blanket.  
What need have I for illusory safeties.

I walk and explore the unknown and unknowing;  
fearless,  
hopeless,  
lonely.

---

\* Womb one, two, three and four are referring to the perinatal stages sketched out by S. Grof

I want comfort .....  
and around, and around, and around .....

Each time the circle turned, the beingness grew.  
Not in size but in maturity and  
maturity is well founded integration.  
The shakedown; all the parts swirl  
and settle down into an orderly  
pattern of increasing strength.

I sit in this tent and search for a vow, a pledge  
more powerful than the Gelong Vows.  
I begin to pray, and feel the aspiration, and  
in the dark, realised  
that I was speaking to every living creature  
that has ever been, is, and ever will be.  
Seeing their struggle.  
Feeling their struggle.

I pledge myself to seek unendingly, freedom and naturalness;  
to manifest the inner and outer accord.  
I vow to do everything in my power with body, speech and mind,  
to aid all and any sentient beings where ever I am aware of them.  
I aspire to fearless compassion and  
to not compromise it through fear for my own livelihood.  
I vow to embrace the struggle and teach through being an example of moving on;  
confidently without fear  
and without hope, but with  
aliveness, vitality and humanity.

I, who have sold his birthright many times over,  
who have caused untold suffering  
in innumerable beings through not giving fully,  
By God I Shall Let Go!

The freedom-mind, bliss-joy-serenity-clarity in action.  
Holy - Wholy  
This, I pledge to you all!



New Plymouth NZ March 20/86

When we travel in the mind,  
moving nowhere

'cept where breezes move us,  
We hear the golden trumpet  
peeling layers from the apple vine.

Laughing boldly,  
telling of smooth hangings in the empty corridor.  
I wonder what it is,  
the movements,  
I wonder what that is?



Props of mental dalliance  
clinging to the wall,  
Anchors gainst the stormy day  
of wondrous fears and wobbly stomach.

Illusions.

We live in mirrors reflecting wombs in rooms.  
Hallowed concept  
The truth is,  
I know nothing.  
I see now.

What are people doing  
That crawling mass of desperation,  
and often,  
Though not often enough,  
Pierced by glistening eyes of seeing too,  
And then there is only more.  
And what is this?



I lie here naked on my bed and contemplate the sun  
I feel the moving breezes of the night.  
Sleep around  
The people sleep in dreamy madness

Starone\* shines by lusion light, polarise the night.  
We are alone

---

\* Starone was one of the many names that Namgyal Rinpoche was known by.

I hear the bell  
The monkeys shriek with fright  
Large mushrooms playing with the sky  
and patterns turning ripe.



04/86

CROSSED WIRES

Wire birds in the sky?  
Wire people on the earth?  
Wire fish in the sea?  
Wire whys asked anyway?



FISHING

I am fishing on the banks of mind.  
Drawing in the nets all filled with varied catch.  
I sort it through, happy with some fish, unhappy where junk threatens to break my net.  
Blindly confident, I move my way,  
As the bank, the stream, myself, the net, and the catch,  
bend and warp and distort,  
are sorted, treasured and rubbished  
by a fisherman fishing on the banks of mind.

Each scale of every fish reverberates with all the other fishermen.  
Each drop of thus,  
Each moment of now.

Reflections resonating reflections,  
Dissolving into the ocean,  
and  
Leaping concertina-like,  
with great import,  
before  
Vanishing.

Oh wonders of wonders!



PLAYFUL

An egg once found itself upon a beach  
It rolled a bit, a turn,  
And skipped into the air.  
In another galaxy three breadcrumbs fell upon the floor  
A bird, hatched from an egg  
Eats the bread and vanishes into the sea.  
How many beings live on a point?



Wangapeka May1/86

*prior to Meredith's birthing*

There is magic in the air  
Triple rainbows almost circular  
And further down the valley  
    a small rainbow cloud nestled within the great arch of light.  
Golden mist drifting down the shoulders of the land  
Falling one behind the other  
    to disappear in soft patina glow.

The birds are chirping  
The breeze soft. The fullness of changing.  
Weaving textures of question and mystery.

There is magic in the air.  
What swelling is this in the universal fabric.  
Oh wonder divine. Just now I breathe gently, the world is harmonious at peace.

And too Kiev?



I am waiting in the bowl of the world.  
All is paused in pregnant stillness  
I look around and see with age old patterns  
    the shaping things of now,  
        soft, gentle, and eternal-like  
While somewhere, the rumblings of movement  
    send silent, invisible waves through the field.

Momentous.

Paused on the brink of awesome possibility,  
The curtain is about to open.  
The curtain is open  
and words wither,  
incapable of pointing truthfully further.



Wangapeka May 13/86

FOR DAVID BOHM

I enter the holoverse through the trapdoor of my body.  
Rivers of trembling, lighting the streamings,  
Stardusting swirlings of lifetiming notes,  
Fields pulsing softly and hardly and fast,  
Crisscrossing oceans of endlessly sparkling  
Visions of all times,  
radiating vast implications,  
in simple points of infinite complexity.

I enter the holoverse through the trapdoor of my body.  
The holoverse bodily enters through me.  
The future is now.  
The hall of mirrors as metaphor is shattered in the face of a holoverse  
rich and wondrous beyond all imagining.  
All and nothing, one and many  
Vast and minute, separately and sequentially and simultaneously.

Words fade as eyes open even wider  
and even wider still!



May 17/86

I am dancing in the bulrushes of god.  
Starry cradle on galactic arm  
flows with cosmic purpose  
discernible to none.

What is this?  
What is this?



## THE KALEIDOSCOPE MAN

I am spinning patterns of beauty perfection,  
One moment this,  
One moment that.

I am I,  
Though I never existed,  
I am part and whole and  
          whatever inconsistency there seems, is the  
          inconsistency of appearing consistent.

Never apart from the whole,  
I ply my selfish trade.  
I am planning my future  
          to do something important.

I relax in my seat, a passenger  
          on the bus.

I struggle to give order to  
          the endless chaos.

I collapse seeing that struggle as simply  
          part of the chaos.

I have no legs to stand on,  
          and passionate joy races  
          outward; all is possible.

I have no legs to stand on,  
          and collapse in silence. There  
          is no mine to do.

I am the kaleidoscope man  
A seeing pattern that changes as it turns and sees.  
The task at hand is to unite this  
          into a never dying whole.  
Or is this but another pattern?

Love!



Do we know yet the hallowed moments of the dream,  
Streaming by in life's confusing veils?  
It's cruel, the plight of godly narcissistic spin,

Reflecting in the endless halls of empty moments.  
The fantasies of building into time,  
Now the vision's grand and resonating vast.  
Now it's bleak and crumbling into dust.  
And now the shaking movements,  
As even dust shatters to meaningless play of illusions.  
And now sitting restlessly writing these lines.  
And now a bird alights upon the lawn  
and I stop writing, in order  
to give it bread.

All questions then and powerless be,

What is it?  
Why is it?  
How is it?  
What is  
    Why  
        How  
            What

GOD!

I cry with anguish strange and wild  
with shudders, sobbing,  
tears aflowing,  
And then,  
    laughter rolling all a-loose,  
        and then,  
            silence,  
And residues of stunned sadness!



DRAGON FUN

I dive in a dog and come out a cat.  
I dive in a cat and come out a rat.  
I drink a glass of water,  
    it turns into the sea.  
I jump in to go sailing  
    and what's become of me?  
I am a happy dragon a rolling in the surf.  
I shake my rainbow coils and grin

And disappear in girth.  
Thick and thin, large and small, the ocean waves its tune.  
The dragon's me and I'm the sea so see that you are too.  
We are the one that's inside out and also upside down  
But always we are right way up  
    - now don't begin to frown!  
What really is this dragon me and sea that's all around?  
It's crystal clear and blissful here  
At least that's what's been found.



Toronto Dec/86

*My father, John Hearn, is very ill in Hamilton Hospital. Staying in Toronto with Sybil, my mother.*

Cold, blue-grey, shadows,  
    michelin shushing;  
    and the rumble of trams.  
Dripping sog, in greys and blacks,

Dirty snow and hot dry rooms,  
Humming heat of city's thoughts,  
    and midst it all,

Two trees,

slate dark in the morning light,  
    a reminder of life past,

    Promises of growth to be,  
        dancing  
    in the wellpond of it all.



Auckland Sept 5/89

*Much moving after 3 month retreat and presently contemplating Jungian Archetypes*

The centre is quaking  
Sending ground streams out to the world.

The moment is poised,  
Quivering, immanent,

Sadness, and gone.  
Great welling sadness, then nothing.

Waiting in the halls of thinging.  
Waiting to birth into the light.  
The child is ready.  
10,000 days of readying  
Filled with the wisdom of teachers and books.

The world is dark.  
The centre is still ignorance.  
Moving towards acceptance.  
    Worry - sleep  
    Worry - sleep  
    Activity-aholic

Yet still the story reaches through.  
    Come, come, Beloved.  
        Come Here Now.



*Wangapeka Jan 4/90*

*On remembering Costa Rica and the volcano Poas*

Standing in the morning light,  
Poas ..... ,  
    A huge opening,  
A window into earth's own core.  
Looking down through endless strata of time,  
Yellows, browns, blues  
    of water hot, boiling sulphurous smells,  
    swelling, tension filled, and  
    bursting in galaxies of mist.  
Blackened boulders, the size of buses  
    flung by unseen hands,  
    arcing through the air.  
Heavings of stupendous power, and  
    we ants  
Perched upon a ledge behind thin rails,  
    peering down,  
Mesmerized by glimpse of cosmos  
    here and shaping still;  
Treading on the hollow trembling ground.

Turning,  
Here grows softness, green  
and rich with butterflies and pungent  
sweet flower scent,  
glistening morning dew,  
a humming bird darts by.  
Iridescent blues and greens  
its blurring wings,  
thrumping the steamy air.  
Its little body perfect,  
twists and turns.  
Unbelievably flexible,  
a living jewel of emerald, aquamarine  
turquoise touched with ruby light,  
Alive and playing in fields of homely vibrancy.

Another joins.  
They play, tagging amongst the yellow flowers  
sucking nectar and butting each other, speaking  
in tiny squeaks,  
Then instantly gone.

Turning again,  
The abyss,  
The gaping chasm of violent elemental power.  
It's difficult to calculate,  
One grasps at long gone classes,  
of fumaroles and magma plugs  
and monoclinic crystals.  
Anything to tame the beast.  
It fills the eye, overwhelming head  
and booms forth words not heard in classroom talk,  
Gripping your guts and riveting mind,  
Primordial moving  
Memory of parent past.

And turning again,  
Playful humming birds.  
Exquisite miniature life.

And in the middle .....

This.

Standing cross a threshold of manifest improbability,  
A thought up-welling from the source  
How did **THAT** become a Humming Bird?

O God how marvelous!  
Oh miracle of miracles!  
Resting, bright, breathing.



Eagle Alaska July/90

Thunder rolling softly,  
Breezes stirring aspen leaves  
    silvering in soft summer air.  
Squirrel chatters and tiny pricks of coldness flower on my hand.  
River rushing S shaped through the taiga as  
    grey curtains drift in mazey dance upon the distant hills.  
I breath and sense the veins of gold;  
    the story of Athabascans and monoculated miners,  
And in the breeze of rustling black spruce and grey jays,  
    and tent zippers whizzing in concert,  
A Roman battalion marches proud  
    in bear infested forests,  
And Druids stir my bones.