

To Flee Within the Mighty Tides

J.M.Beach

*Strive to see supernal light, for I have
brought you into a vast ocean. Be careful!
Strive to see, yet escape drowning.*

-Isaac of Akko; Otsar Hayyim

To flee within the mighty tides
we creep like criminals in the night,

Pulling our better reason wrong
Or half way towards the right,

To these questions buried under
Identified over our better sense,

Our answers must remit our failing
Semblance of the chance we missed,

Where burning fire within our hearts
The truth slipped past our ears,

And the absolute of ages gone
Disappeared before the years,

Yet what by chance we make is sound
Replace the sight that fails,

But where misleading guides our light
We trip, and drive upon the nails,

Deep, Deep into the coffin shut,
Within our dreams we failed,

We could not keep the faith afloat

A hold upon the sails,

We lost and crossed each way our heart
To saviors carved in wood,

And were we wished to swim we drowned
In visions lost the water stood

Locked, within the waves that crashed,
We blocked away the fear, we dashed

Upon the rocks, fell bruised
As blood and water mixed,

But where we fixed our eyes for help
No longer was in sight,

And we with anger turned our hurt
Two hands to dive within and fight -

To fight,
to save ourselves we must,

And if in failing down we do
To you our words ride on to float,

Where faith is not upon the water
Find at hand what can be made to serve,

To save, to ride, upon to safety
Take your life into in your hands.

Live, live to swim,
that you might understand.

If Only We Reach the Bay

J.M.Beach

Cross out and go on!—All right then, let's go on!
—August Strindberg; "The Dance of Death"

I know these complications come,
 But I've yet to see them form.
 Simply the situations start
 As seas are calm before the storm.

But some angels sing a broken song:
 Fallen out from high a shriek,
 A cry, proud paradise reels,
 As Towers once strong in heaps.

Our winds of Fate do always blow.
 And Bells of warning soft do ring.
 Alarms not heard in early dawn
 Break evening out from peaceful dreams.

All Vessels tossed within a storm -
 Tumult rains upon the weak.
 Wet and weary, the vision pinched,
 Frail hopes oft tend to sink.

We as one do float on water,
 Human as our bonds do bind.
 Separate yet we cling together
 Waiting the weather to see, to find.

Alone one thinks the other safe
 If one would leave the boat to swim.
 Each prepares alone the pain
 As limbs begin the diving in.

Thus alone we miss the winds
 Blowing us together;
 Clinging hope where drowning looms,
 Our fingers hold the weather

Tearing at our flesh and vessel,
 Anchored in each other's arms.
 We sink or swim as fate decrees,
 But love alone the storm disarms.

So I to you, and you to me,
 Hold fast these winds away.
 And truly will our scars reveal
 Bonds not broken... (if only we reach the bay!)

Hard As Nails

J.M.Beach

*Don't you see that unless I can be hard—
as hard as nails—I shall go mad.*

—G. B. Shaw; Heartbreak House

How am I to feel, to find the words to say,
America, what you've done to me inside
My head, my heart, I beat upon the nails left

Piercing my inner walls, to build a defense strong
Against the cruelty I see reflected about
Me, in the middle, alone, staring into

Vacant eyes of those who die outside the dream,
Cold, paper-bag-wrapped boos to strike away what
Within the dream they could not find, poor darkness

Gives without a word, the numbness to embrace,
Disappeared in front of eyes who will not see,
Who cannot see beyond their own fear to find

The meaning left behind the feelings lost, now
How do we hope
to build,

to cry,

alone to die

We live without touching, placeless we stand numb
Upon our history, wiping blood and bones

Into flags waved in tatters to keep the cold
Freezing outside the dream, and we will weep
Without seeing their eyes cut our future out,

Thrown away upon the streets as trash we walk
Their skins, our path to glory blown in swift winds
To sail our sins away from our naked failure,

We've fallen, without grace, inside of you

America,

You whore

Without luxury of feelings,
Fucking for your diamonds.

Scars

J.M.Beach

*It is bitter—bitter...**But I like it**Because it is bitter,**And because it is my heart.**—Stephen Crane; The Black Riders*

Life's bear blade pointed in to you,
 To bleed your humors dry, to drive
 A mark into your flesh to find
 Where blood breaks forth a deep feeling;
 Scared where memory won't forget.

Hard lines drawn down us, cut clear through
 The many machinations upon us
 Placed: Life's inflicted wounds we bear
 Our standard hewn where we survive
 To tell bitter tales tattooed.

Our lives etched from pain and sorrow
 Sketched into an outline, birthed forth
 Our sacred Identity, known
 Because we bore the knowing forth.
 More than words, speaking flesh reveals.

What heals leaves behind a trace
 To touch back the experience,
 To find where we have come - so far -
 To find the distance spanned here marked
 A scar, a wound that bled its truth.

I AM what I have lived to tell.
 I AM what I will live to bear.
 Strength in pain our lot to take in
 Stride, onward through the perilous
 Points to dare death in Life survived.

Who Will Save Our World?

J.M.Beach

*No, we should go forward, groping our way through
 the darkness, stumbling perhaps at times, and try to
 do what good lay in our power.*

—Camus; The Plague

If our world was burning
 Would you smell the smoke,
 Or choke small denials
 As you smile in ignorance;
 Sure of deliverance,
 if admittance never leaves your lips?

If our world was burning
 Would you cry for help;
 A yelp or a yawp coursing alarm
 Through the streets, and everyone
 You meet would know
 we are all in danger?

If our world was burning
 Would you care for the scorched—
 The soft skin torched by flames;
 Pricked by the nameless horror
 Dancing toward your little plot of Earth,
 less secure if you choose to save?

âlf our world was burning
 Would you fight back to save;
 React to pave the way to water,
 Or would you totter between disbelief,
 Or relief that the end has finally come?
 (the water will not throw itself...)

If our world was burning
 Would you dance amidst the flames;
 Or point fingers in blame;
 Or cry out in shame;
 Or curse you deity's name,
 accepting the pain and certainty of death?

If our world was burning
 What would or could you do?

We'd like to say we'd pave the way
 Toward the flames, to put them out
 Or to shout and shout and shout,
 "our world is burning"—
 "the sky is black;"

But to such words would you listen;
 By such warnings would you react?

I say now our world is burning,
 Slowly at our back.
 What will you do
 In the face of this fact?
 (The water will not throw itself...)

The Messiah

J.M.Beach

*Good and evil and joy and pain and I and you—
 colored smoke this seemed to me before creative
 eyes. The creator wanted to look away from him-
 self; so he created the world... This world, eternally
 imperfect, the image of an eternal contradiction,
 an imperfect image—a drunken joy for its imperfect
 creator: thus the world once appeared to me...
 I overcame myself, the sufferer; I carried my own
 ashes to the mountains; I invented a brighter
 flame for myself.*

—Nietzsche; Thus Spoke Zarathustra

In the beginning was the Word
 in the written words found in books,
 waiting upon the shelves beckoning
 forward, Us, to touch the sacred
 Bindings holding Our discovery
 In pages full; recovery in words
 to write whom We are destined to be.
 secret voices singing subtle tones,
 An undiscovered language in
 the whispering of the dead,
 waiting patiently for paradise
 recovered; again to speak to mortal ears
 To share with those who would hear
 a feeling old, and largely untold
 and often misunderstood, here,
 left to mold away under cover
 Of centuries in silence,
 through eternities of ignorance and confusion
 waiting for the resurrection:
 a sacred union of Breath and Word

Illuminating the Vision unseen—unheard
 tongues of fire will inspire
 the entire Vision come—
 The Word again to create
 The world as it was meant to be,
 using Us as vessels to usher in
 that which has never been;
 to finally find what was hidden within
 Our worn, dusty skin.
 God has been within
 Our worn, dusty skin,
 and We, in our manufactured sin,
 Could not see Him;
 Leaving His message to rot within
 as We died without
 knowing what We could have been.

We are the Resurrection
 and the Life!

We have the Peace
 that passes understanding!

We hold the gold of heaven
 within Our veins,
 buried by the rock of ignorance and shame,
 and in the name of truth
 And wisdom rediscovered,
 We will uncover this hidden treasure;
 coming to measure inch by inch
 the hidden core revealed
 In words that will heal,
 and restore the doors of perception
 to their rightful place,
 in conception of the holy Vision waiting

For its inception into firmer faiths,
 found in the faces
 of those around Us who carry the keys
 unlocking the mysteries we've instilled;
 For we could not willingly love
 without fear of falling lost
 among the scattered deities,
 in Our broken world of shared misery.

We are the Resurrection
 and the Life!

We have the Peace
 that passes understanding!

To breathe the Vision into time,
 and in breathing find Our dreams
 that seemed impossible to grasp,
 slip from their heights
 So that We might touch
 the intangible face of Our God
 fallen free from blind worship and idolatry.
 We are God—You and Me—
 And in Our unity comes
 a new community of saints and sinners,
 where We once stood in flames
 amid the fire of denial and blame.
 We are the same You and Me,
 and in our difference We see
 Ourselves understood,
 outlined in perspectives
 We could never find before
 when We hated Ourselves,
 and the binding ties of relation.
 and Our cohabitation in the hells

We fearfully raised,
 has fueled the rage of angels locked
 within Our restricting angles of sin,
 and what We have been,
 I've come to say,
 is now forgiven
 And all is cleansed,
 and all is washed away.

We are the Resurrection
 and the Life!

We have the Peace
 that passes understanding!

Rise and go forth
 proclaiming in the name of God and Man
 that We understand
 that God and Man
 can and will be united within the sins
 that We forgive.

Rise and come to crucify Your self
 upon the cross of time
 to find the future—built from the years
 Our tears destroyed—

Raised in the glory
 of the coming of Our Lord.

We are the Resurrection
 and the Life!

We have the Peace
 that passes understanding!

You, a Galaxy

J.M.Beach

*Whoever says You does not have something; he has nothing.
 But he stands in relation.*

—Martin Buber; I and Thou

Open the depths of your oblivion to me,
 I would see your soul of matter formed spirit.
 Being naked, your expanse of stars and vacuums
 Spaced a universe, ordered by unseen principles
 Dancing from pole to pole in silent gravitational truth.
 Let me peer into your vast galaxy and feel time pass,
 The distance spanned an unutterable touch:
 Your wonder observed without knowing a thing.