

Sonnet to Orpheus

II-29

Rainer Maria Rilke
1922

Translation
greg heil
2002

r	e
a	l

2003 (c)
The Repsychlery

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, 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.

book 1 side a
Sonnet to Orpheus

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a	l

Rilke 1922

Stiller Freund der vielen Fernen, fühle,
wie dein Atem noch den Raum vermehrt.
Im Gebälk der finstern Glockenstühle
laß dich läuten. Das, was an dir zehrt,

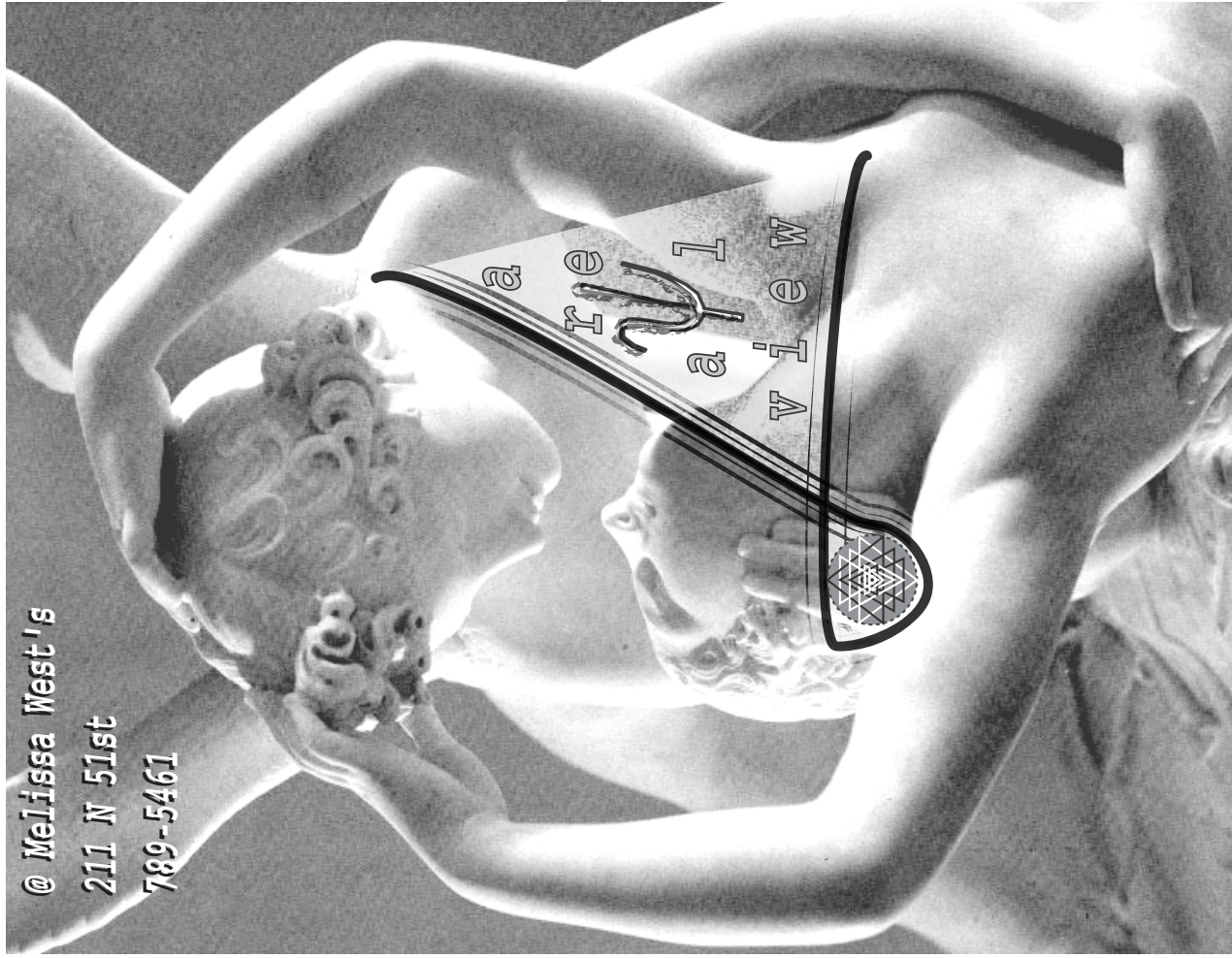
wird ein Starkes über dieser Nahrung.
Geh in der Verwandlung aus und ein.
Was ist deine leidenste Erfahrung?
Ist dir Trinken bitter, werde Wein.

Sei in dieser Nacht aus Übermaß
Zauberkräft am Kreuzweg deiner Sinne,
ihrer seltsamen Begegnung Sinn.

Und wenn dich das Irdische vergaß,
zu der stillen Erde sag: Ich rinne.
Zu dem raschen Wasser sprich: Ich bin.

Poetry RePsychlery
Friday, 03/3/7 7pm

@ Melissa West's
211 N 51st
789-5461



kr.s.n.a das: gheiligen.org

Mir\cde
Communities are mirror/circles
each woMan is the intersection
Society is this truer mir\cde
ourselves weaving a reflection

So shall all communities weave
cyclopean view none are missed
flow through O Mitakuye O yasin
~fin~

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

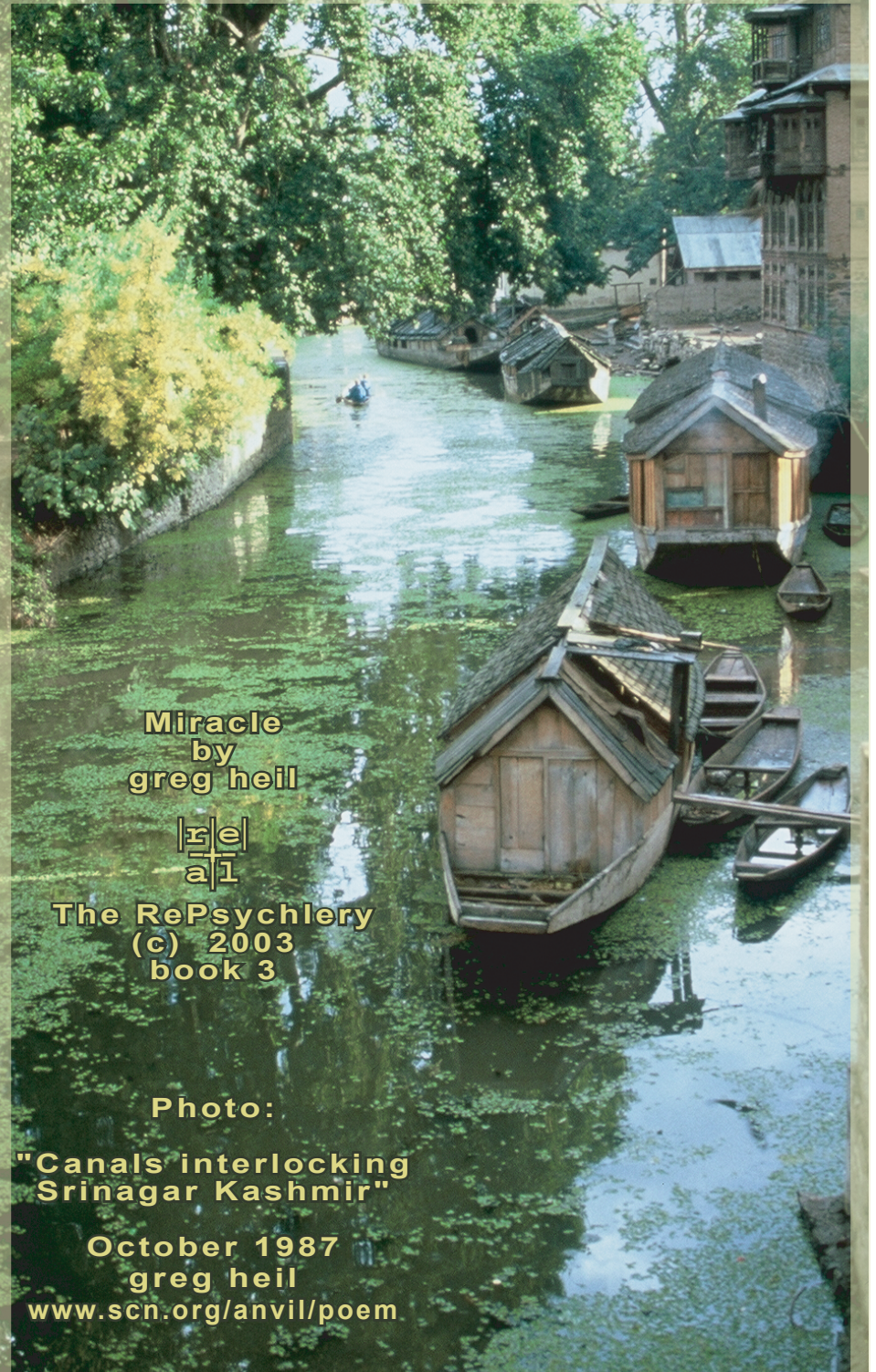
Oh what society we could leave
being in your unbordered midst
our deFocussed eyes all seeing

Miracle
by
greg heil

|r|e|
a|l|
The RePsychlery
(c) 2003
book 3

Photo:
"Canals interlocking
Srinagar Kashmir"

October 1987
greg heil
www.scn.org/anvil/poem





re a 1 book 6 Silent Bee 03/6/6(c)greg heil	With apologies to Mawlana Rumi's Epic Mathnawi www.scn.org/ anvil/poem a r e greg heil June 2003	16 forget time has past Thou - Beeloved - never leaves unstrained constancy 17 hunger stretches days fish never tire of water and Hu's sought is you 18 when ye are cooked then you feel the meads bubbling that is all farewell	13 crazed on mead the Bee tattles of Radhas loves for a honey thief 14 swoon drunk of hir cup filled with the mystics gold then you can hear it 15 our days came to eve a clocks fevered companions still longing of love
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	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	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

book 7 Side A

greg heil
2 0 0 3
rePsynhled

whatsoever a woMan sews
so shall sHe weave
Loving the whole of yours
and that web you leave

~reψal~~reψal~~reψal~
Soul upon a stream

chuckling like a flute
shoals flickering seem
a humming birds lute

from an acorn born
beyond our grasp
thou floated forsworn
to the bosom agasp

pearly dew upon you gleams
sparkles a fa'ther, a distant sun
in love and communion beams
or per'haps a daughter unbegun

come current, a tide red
whisks lil oaken leaf
by the bank adread
granmas blood ensheathe

to a fa'ther shore
above beyond grasp
dear not wade amore
fears hold me fast
tears hold me aghast
years hold me last

we shed our tears
we close our eyes
unto sun flys ours
pearly, full lives

dreaming on a leaf
turning with whose
seeming of one life
whirling blood woos

hermitage bivouacked
on shores of dream
chuckle flutes back
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 defocused eyes all seeing
so shall all communities weave
cyclopean view none are missed
flow through O Mitakuye Oyasin

Soul upon a stream
Sews/weaves
Maid in progress
O'G
Orpheus/Rilke
A Genie's Sonnet
Mirror/circles

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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 Plumbum

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

~reψal~~reψal~~reψal~

Maid in progress
Quatrain sketches

On mermaids isle
with quickened pulse
Seaker does unveil
aheart 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

i am that you that sings
what am i but you to be
you are that devouring me

scared seasons to devour
to thee i commend my foal
bless me in your shower
la ilaha il Allah

Come for me now come again
fluted passion of my soul
your begotten issues all

i am that passionate fruit
baked desert sun lying
split ripened compote
sacrificial birth dying

Devour me at your leisure

i am the cut'd
and u are the paste
copy me into thy doc

a new week breaks
arise yellow creaking globe
Moon into noonday
literally creaks
homes awake with yellow warmth
each blue sky morning

folding dry paper, dreaming
Splash! Salty poems
tear our i's

Haikut

i crush my desire
whist she scorns me for want of
is there another?

a thousand poems
layered in graphite smudged
on a single leaf
on narrow keyboard
hands yearn to reach for your hair

black thunderheads and comb for your ear
cottony puff in blue sky
just clouds they say may i whisper dear
sweet nothings in your ear

Dear fly on the floor while you sing to me?
Does it bother you anymore
now dusting thee Bee?

while you whisper dear
of sweet tuneful listenings
may i sing to thee?
a sweeping job to become
molts of lightening

could you know another,
word? Just say it, sing to me!
of your love, say Yes!
just bouncing off the bulb
that surrounds your light

i am but a moth
i have no **credentials**,
deFocused eye's seeing,
you are all my titles,
O Mitakuye Oyasin,
cyclopean view into
holy circle of You

reψal~
a1

the second golf war

i am that one You
knife me you infi-del
Mir acle circle

the Haiku Jihad
green tan and gold lives inside
you red white and blue!

liberals snared
multidimensional whirl
a karmical peace

Ramses King of Kings
election engineered
now, round the planet!

cutting thru the deck
globalized mind open
snow on the compass

the i of War, US
we are in this together
to Babylon fly

who remembers now
ungelled mind follows tao
victors write our memes

Babylon divides
at least he is our bastard
yet once he was yours...

wei-chi go a bomb
on the way to the jihad
bomb go i luv you

wei-chi go the bomb
Nippon Korea China all
stepping lightly

A reign of terror
Dubya stormin a desert
sussuring rain stick

a caucasian ring
shades brown in yellow peril
stands on red blood

book 7 Side B
greg hei1
2 0 0 3
aψ1

Second golf war
Palimpsest
Credentals
Devour me at your leisure
Haikut
Panther / Rilke

greg heil
2 0 0 3
repsychled

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

$$\sim \text{real} \sim$$

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

How we mourn a morn and seek the eve 'n
 mir circles mir mir mir
 dawn of the devi delight of the devine
 mirror circles Miracles

Your fear tears our i's
your only begotten am i
l son of our trees sun.

Bitter roots and berries falls fruits til
communities in tersects
sprint through summer to harvest the fill
a love makesus coexist

Then we are all the one
our circles and mirrors
reflect illumine retune
mir mir circles mir mir

As i dance the round
i feel those warm hearts
by me tumble bound
seeking the soft arts
When i by you am called
to you leaps my heart
from lotus whence installed
rising with this thought

tumbling hearts
home
is unfound

reψal ~ reψal ~
 reψal ~ reψal ~
words in a couple
 twas there we me
 who would have gue
 together we'd be ble
 breathing the same rh
 your meter came to n
 rePsychled from the c
 thoughts fused in rom

as i lay slowly dying i wonder
would anyone then notice a stillness?
summer showers drifting to dryness
one cloud emptied ripped asunder
as the squall drifts to a patter
the dawn birds will surely twitter
as my tears are watering your worms
who do you bless, was it my charms?

friends
 lack a word for years
 then
 a lak of words at once
transmissions
 a lak of words at once
 then
 lack a word for years
 friends

book 7 Side D

greg heil

2003

repsyched

at

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

the emperors new war(drobe)

So strange that a senator
can't see that the emperor
is standing naked onstage!
Plain folk will heckle and rage.

What strange feigned blindnesses
comes with pompous angustinesses
Lost beyond all hope and faith
those which know, yet deny grace.

Those striding in the floodlight
see starkly in black and white,
while humbly on beautys way
we see colors plain as day.

Imagine
O'Tulku
The Dragon
Why do the birds
! can taste the salt
Emperors new war(drobe)

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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

Why do the birds always rouse me at sunset?
Do you know how to dry feathers?
Mine are such a mess.

How do you arouse me, just by type you set?
Did you hear the bell ring?
An angel, no less.

Writing black glyphs
my quill is narrow
to explore the widths
of your night thorough

Come the dawn will i shiver
from your brushing touch
pulling pin feathers to quiver
as i paint your blush?
You are so close to me
! can taste the salt
When i grasp you expand
to a rose aerosol
drunkenly i whirl round
you have danced along
catching you is just like
seeing my own eyes
hearing the sound of the
emptiness in my heart

book 7 Side E
greg hei!
2 0 0 3
a 1
re
repsychled

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

OKE...
O Kali Eyed
Prasadam

you ooze your being
with Spideys legs
from lips to nooks
to crags to eye
to grannies yoni
i dance and
you shape into
material
OKE

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

~ re^{chal} ~

sing those words
given to thee
prasadam to
thy sweet Lord
Feel the wait
of the rose
inspired hearts
you embrace
light as a song

purify this slender pen
then speak to me
o sweet One
On the spur of this
this moment
un s/he/thee'd
time less'dimension'd

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

A lonesome mason
shapes your heart
as you view apart
your waits run with me
to timbers in the belly
echoing through halls
in clear tones
OKE

Echoes of my own
reflected
refracted
mirroring
web of light
one saintly photonic spark
shafting through
womanly thee
O Kali



Just one more
dance of me
in thee thee in me
i de'a'd in thy
thy dei'tified
mind sprung to mine
here i am
me as thine
O body thee of mine
come time come Kali come time
come calendering me
OKE

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

Then i mopped
and washed
and shined to your breasts
there we wrestled
sweat to metal
from ethereal to
iron ic
but no, the comic repeats,
yet more
OKE more

Are there more verses
refracting ether to
shinning metal
consuming from
idea to idyll
ingesting the air
sweeping the seas
gardenng and husbanding
nibbling up to your flocks
such vast edens
from breast to yoni
and back to rest
i versus OKE