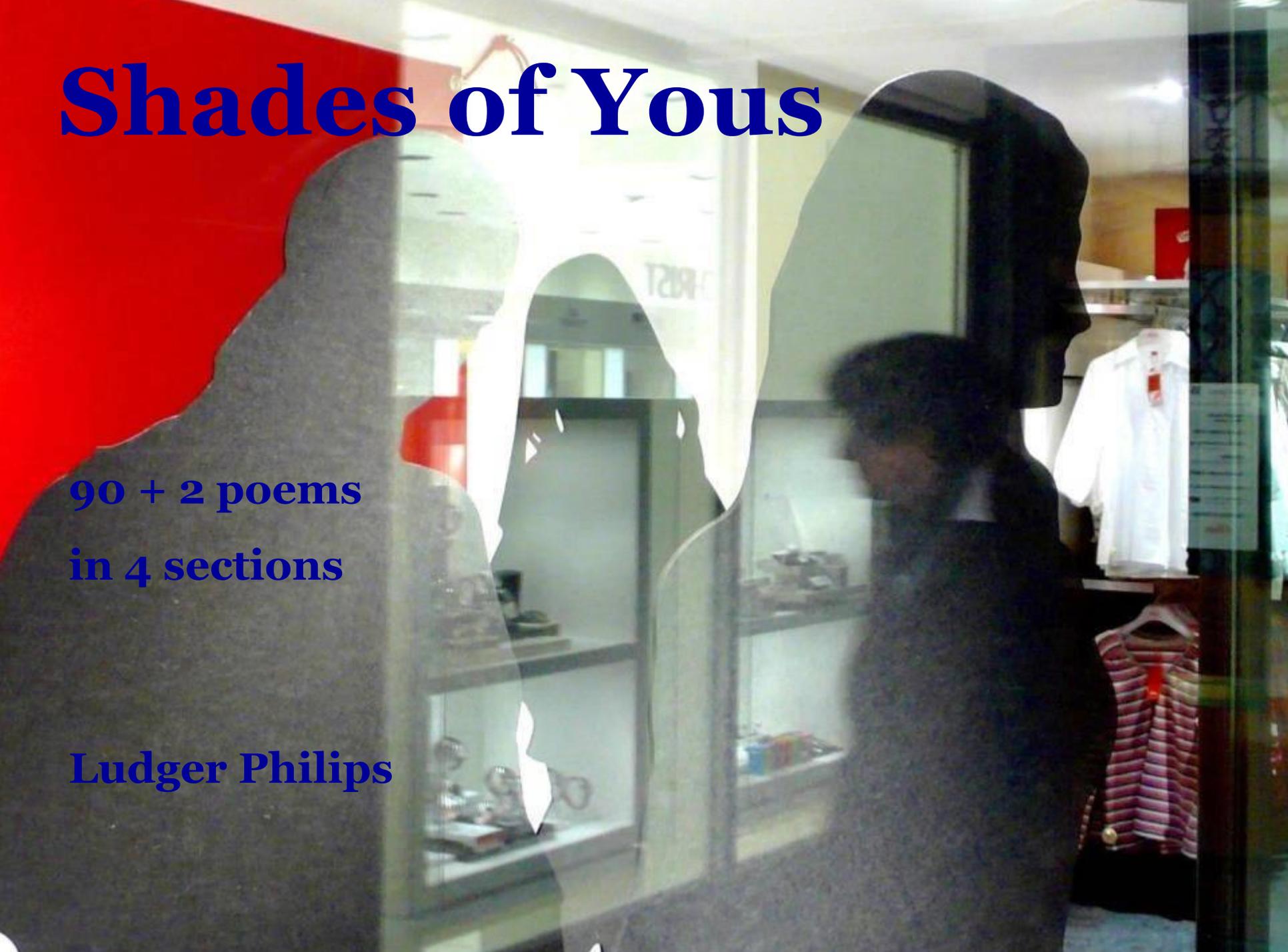


Shades of Yous



90 + 2 poems
in 4 sections

Ludger Philips

The poems speak of the reverberation of encounters, of wounds and their healing, of dangers of the way and surprises of everyday life.

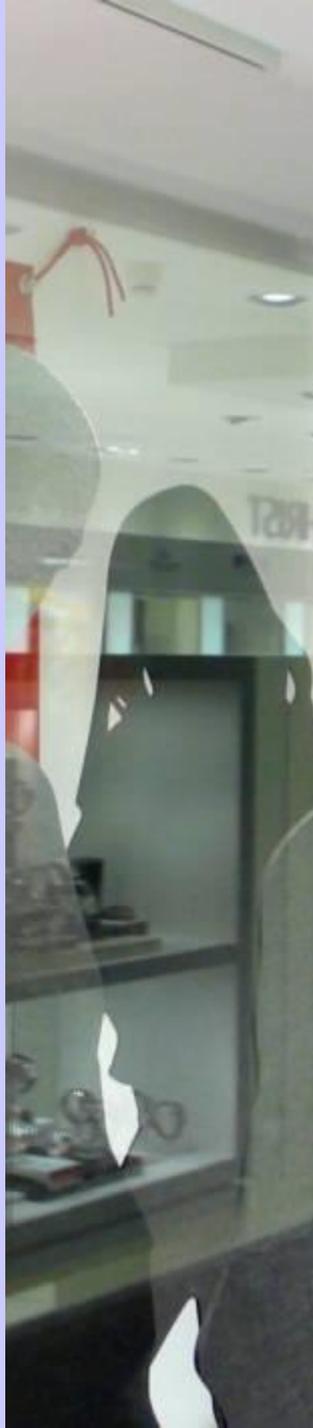
Shades of Yous

90 + 2 poems

in 4 sections

June – October 2009

Ludger Philips



- **Dense Thoughts**
- **Traces of Fire – Encounters**
- **Contours of Encounters**
- **Autumn Light under the Moon Node**

Shades of Yous

The German volume of poems “Schattierungen von Dus” (Shades of Yous) was published at spring equinox 2013. Now, one year later, they are published in English as well. The translation was done by the author and proof-read by Vijay Ganugula, New Jersey, USA. I'm very grateful for his suggestions and feedbacks.

The 90 + 2 poems were written between June-October 2009 and were distributed in 4 sections. 3.5 years later, they were published as a digital work in German together with photos taken by friends and myself, illustrating the tonality and the motives of the poems. As per demand, this book is also produced as a photo book in individual printing.

The poems speak of the reverberation of encounters, of wounds and their healing, of dangers of the way and surprises of everyday life.

To my surprise I noticed that the “Schattierungen von Dus” was published exactly 33 years after my first volume of poems, the “Song of Silence” (1980), and that it touched some of the motives that were already present at that time.

Easter 2014



**Christa, Cristina, Dinu, Eva & Hans, Gustavo,
Fernando, Joan M^a, Martine, Miquel & Rosa, Nikolai**

Thank you very much for your photos !

**Most of the pictures come from my own collection.
They serve as illustrations of the tonality of the poems
and the motives. They often lasted only for a short
moment, where suddenly Kairos, the space of a
successful encounter, opened up.**

**These poems also come from this place. May they give
the readers access to this space.**

**Ludger Philips
March 2013**

Dense Thoughts

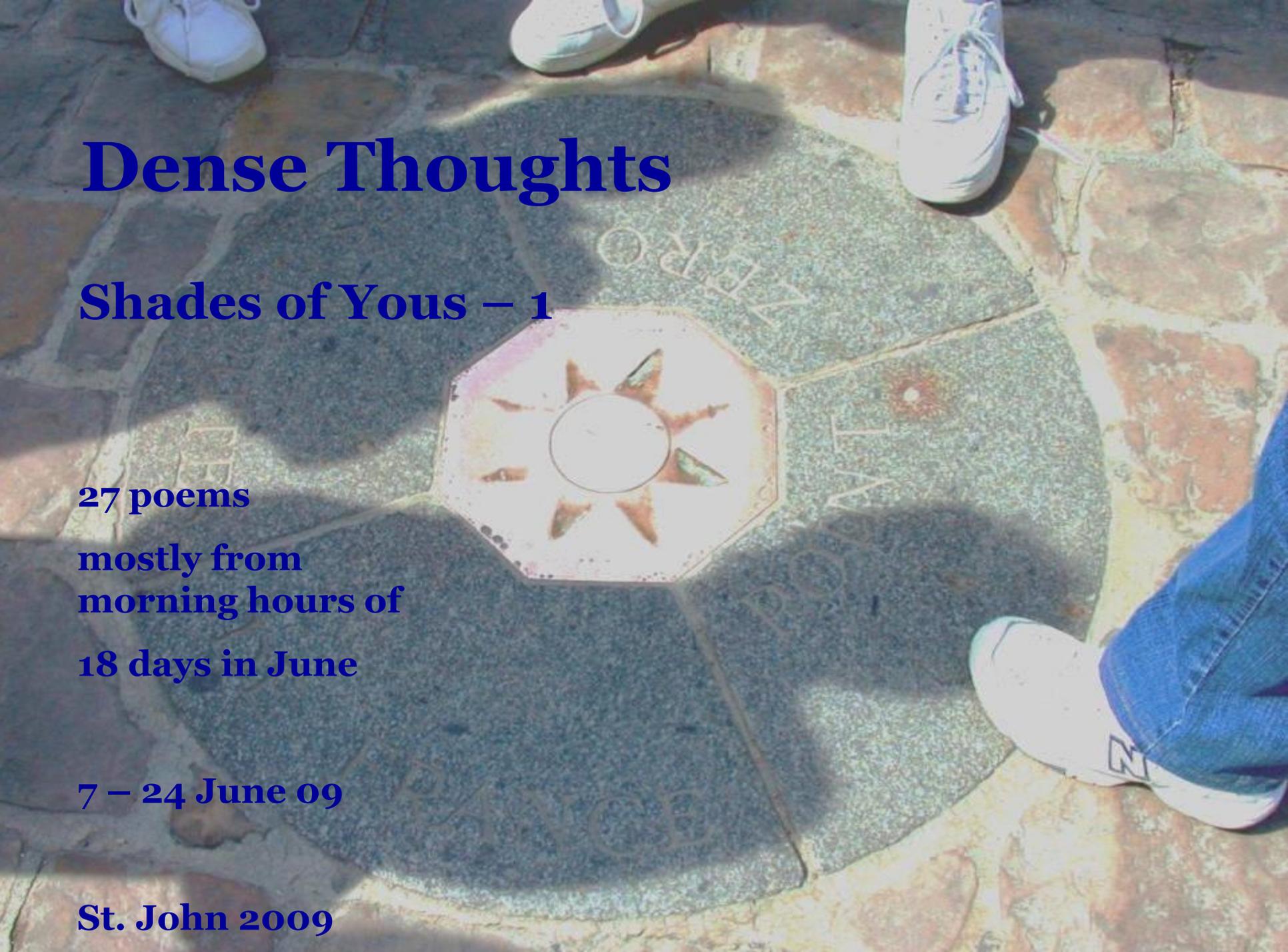
Shades of Yous – 1

27 poems

mostly from
morning hours of
18 days in June

7 – 24 June 09

St. John 2009





Trust

Mis-trust

Self-trust

Confide

Entrust

Troth

Remorse

Endure

Reconcile

Solace

East

Sun

Nurture

Nearness

Letting

and

Allowing

Letting happen

Involving

Surrendering

Committing

Distrust ceases -

Trusting

Daring

Trust in oneself

Dreaming

Trusty

7 June 09



Please !

No Answer !

A tender flower !

Fragile !!!

Delete - Delete - Delete¹

Lethe²

Mnemosyne³

7 June 09

¹ **Delete: engl.: erase**

² **According to Greek mythology ,Lethe is one of the rivers of the underworld. The name comes from the ancient Greek language and literally means *forgetfulness* or *oblivion*. (Wikipedia)**

³ **According to the mysteries, besides Lethe there is the river Mnemosyne, and after the transition we can drink from both. Those who drink from Mnemosyne remember all and are privileged with the gift of omniscience.**



**Waiting
in silence
Open
for the opening
of the door
Waiting
for the echo
of the You
through which
IT
smiles at me**

**Waiting
for the pain
to ease
which accompanies
until
merging
in be-ness
9 June 09**



**Dressing
thought-impulses
into word-vestments
Giving away
the treasures of the soul
Splashes of joy
laughs away the
darkness
lights up dolorous paths
The reverberation
in other hearts
strengthens
the power of
reconstruction
Inspiration
breathes through
from the high sources**

**The mist of bad mood
evaporates
The vastness
of the serene space
remains**

9 June 09

**The fresh dew
of the New
lies at the threshold.
Bare feet
stride over
virgin ground,
never been touched
by another one.
The eye of the soul
conquers
original new ground**

**with the very delicate
view,
gives healing
to the crusted wounds
of the past.
Aurora¹
dawn rising
9 June 09**

¹The Roman Goddess of Dawn. Title of a book of the medieval mystic Jakob Böhme.



**After long years
of silence
the doors of thoughts
open anew;
unthought
surges out.
The signs indicate
a storm brewing.
But dialogue
is still too early
in mined terrains,
where a wrong step
is enough
to close them anew
in the You.**

**But at the horizon
future times are waving,
open, common paths.
Hope waits
in stillness
and stills
the waiting.**

10 June 09



**They are sitting at the fountain,
the Norns,¹
and weave anew
their ancient cloth
of old and new.
I put on
the cloth with
wonderous figures
and surprising
forms of life,
but I'm not it,
neither does it bind
anymore.**

**Urd, Werdandi
and Skuld,
just continue weaving
a good thread
for a lighter garment
for the ceremony
of the wedding
of Uranos' children.
I'm looking forward
to the reunion.**

10 June 09

¹ In the Edda, female beings of Norse mythology rule the destiny of gods and men. They are called Urd (what has come to existence), Werdandi (the becoming) and Skuld (what has to become), that is, past, present, and future. According to the Völuspá, they live at the roots of the World Tree, the great Ash Tree at the well of fate.



Neptunian muse
drops
bright-sounding tones
into the soul
from the depth of space.
Her secret-apparent
meeting with Jupiter
in me
brings out of the fullness
an overabundance
down into the language.
Aquarian flow.
The pot was never
closed,
only the mouth
of the mind.
Unfathomable joy
about the new
dance of the words.



**Double-bind messages¹
are misunderstood
if not the ear hears
the underlying need
speaking between the lines.
“No Answer ! “calls
for an answer,
but at the same time
fear of the “No !” is to be
heard,
of a refused hand,
of the pain
of mutual hurt.
As long as the ground
is fragile,
no light-hearted step
can walk over the bridge,
subtle words can provoke
fear of one’s own
shadow.**

**Time heals wounds,
when the breath
of the healing wing-beat
of the butterfly
softly caresses them.
A new innocence
of the gently opening soul
is a risk,
a slow growing.
But the force
of inner comfort
gives security,
and the ambivalent fear
evaporates
in the light of the sun.**

10 June 09

¹ Double-bind messages: In psychology messages with a paradox content (yes and no) causing confusion.

Cover after cover
the spark point
of existence
wraps up
and faces
as my being
all yours.
They remain,
and also me,
an interplay
of encounters
separated by
the inner sheaths.
Only rarely
comes a you

and passes through
all protective veils
without restraint,
touches the core
with the core.

Through the magic of magnetism
the cores are attracted,
energy is released in the
intimate closeness
leading to fusion.

In the presence
of the holy you
the holiest me
is open,
unprotected.

Alas if the opening
only comes from one side
if it is not
a mutual approaching
and giving of closeness.
Gaping wounds shake.
The opening
doesn't close completely.
But through the door
which the pain has opened,
profundity enters,
through which a high ray
can be received and
passed on,
giving away
holy healing.

12 June 09





Oyster Pearls.

**The nearness of
thoughts**

is still too early.

**Congeaed fire
otherwise burns.**

Chitta Chora¹ .

12 June 09



¹ Chitta Chora: Thief of the heart, thief of the mind (name for Krishna)



No sound resounds
from the depths of sorrow.
The doors remain closed.
A cold hand
holds back the word
from the flight into the expanse.
Old layers of
age-old stories
vibrate like a
distant tremor of the earth.
The ground seems to be brittle
and I ask myself
why this pain
keeps on rising
like a poisonous gas
from out of a crevice.
The mind knows, these are
passing shadows,

but the healing of wounds
needs time.
Lost closeness
and trust
cannot be
re-evoked.
The crows
in the deep blue
of the morning sky
announce no harm,
but extol the beauty
of the morning.
And the sun,
mighty and clear,
brings a new wave
of warmth and of life,
also into my heart.

13 June 09



**Which way
the wind of change blows?
Does it come from outside
into me and
drive away old leaves?
Or is it
through the opening
of an inner door,
which suddenly opens
and surprises me
by the unexpected
direction of its stream?**

**Wakefully
I observe
both sides,
listen
to the distant swoosh,
waiting
at the threshold.**

14 June 09



**Word-skiffs
bring rich goods
from faraway countries
across the sea.
Smells and
multicoloured sounds
tell of
unknown
territories of the
eighth continent.
They land
on the bank of my heart
and joyfully
I receive
their freight.**

14 June 09



The intensity
of the experience
feigns permanence.
Deep sorrow,
pain
as well as joy
are very present
in the presence,
suffuse me completely
by the directness
of their impact.
Even if they colour
the note of feeling
for days or months,
while their melody
strongly resonates in me,
they are nevertheless
just wanderers,
who temporarily take refuge
in my harborage,

to whom I give
a meal of experience.
Then they pass on,
often without goodbye,
and another guest
knocks at the door
and seeks entry,
which I grant him.
A coming and going,
which I am not.
I AM
in the vastness of the space
inside,
and protrude beyond
into the You,
where we meet
beyond the ground.

15 June 09



**In the dialogue with you
I still feel like on thin ice.
My sensorium
doesn't know,
where I touch a wound,
where a red light blinks
and warns not to move on.
My normal security
is not
and I feel every step
as a hazard
in unknown grounds.
The familiar, natural
comfort
is not again there.**

**Ground comes up again
by sensing you
through the echo of your words,
between the lines,
the sound,
the colour of thoughts.
A tentative approach
through darkness.
Over there,
at the end of the hallway,
confidence waves.**

15 June 09



**Where out of the depth of the
silent space
a single, silvery word
falls down
through the opened gap
and brings a fresh message,
which drives my activity
to new, unexpected ways,
where the presence of
intimate touch
lets its loving hand
glide over my
and where the guiding thread
is firmly anchored in my heart**

**there is the place
that gives the power
to my thoughts
to ascend
with angel wings.**

16 June 09



**Delicate pink ribbed clouds
announce the rise
of the sun,
whose rays
gleam up
in vibrant gold
between hills and roofs
into the new day.
The streets are still silent
like waiting fraught with tension.
The traffic signals
change their light
and the screeching
of the rails
makes the tram
enter into me,
absorbs me into it
and away into the day.**

**Pictures and people
pass by
on their
own tracks.
My thoughts
wave to them
and sink
into the stream
of events.
I travel
and I remain
still
in me.**

17 June 09

Beginning of a journey to Germany,
summer solstice seminar



**In these times
of irritating change
the way through life
often isn't easy
and the place
where you can
unfold your work
is covered by
mirroring perspectives.
Expectations
lead to wrong paths
and the fears of others
blur the view
of the path
like swirling sand,
covering the signs.**

**And nevertheless
the soul knows the plan,
is aware of the direction,
softly draws to you
the fabric
for the guiding thread.
It gives security
and assurance,
is part of the cloth
of be-ness,
which coats
and holds us
and creates a home.
Trust
carries
the next step
ahead.**

17 June 09

on the way to Germany



**The train stops,
returns
to the last station.
An emergency. Suicide?
Together with many others
I walk from train to train,
pass on,
and a second change
into another train.
The next train breaks down
on the running line.
Gearbox failure. Waiting.
The scheduled security
dissolves
into new, changing structures,
like concepts of life change
at interchange points.**

**Many run in similar directions,
but with which goal?
In precarious times
insecurity and diffuseness
are continuous companions.
But like in a wakeful,
lucid dream,
I walk on,
firm and carried,
protected
in the inner,
the inner hand,
of my teacher,
Guru,
driving away fears.**

17 June 09

on the way to Germany



**Mechanical flow of thoughts
often runs away
with me
to their own destinations.**

Late I say, Stop!

Where do you go?

And where am I?

Millstone ways

move in circles

and grind

at an idle speed.

If inner wakefulness is active,

I feel the flow

of events

and glide

through them

like a swimmer

enjoying swimming.

**I like the quick flow
of the intense stream
of time.**

Vital energy.

**Pulsating heart-beat
of the Mother.**

**The joy carries
me**

to you.

18 June 09



I encounter
the lucid shadow of you
in various talks,
contacts of my contacts,
help for friends,
subtle touch of hearts
through the gaze.
The inner echo
also resounds in the outer.
The trace of the word
of your being
makes its ways
and sends to me greetings
from unknown shores
The group is like a hall,
where your steps
wash their waves to me
from many walls of souls,

probably without
your being conscious
of their vibrations.
Spellbound I listen to
the magic image
of the spotlight
of fleeting sensations
with joy in the heart.

19 June 09



**The music
of the gaze
of your eyes
makes my soul
dance with joy.
The colours
of your words
lift me up
into the canopy of stars
of my head,
where in vast spaces
they merge
with the dark blue
of the depth,
beyond
the adamantine refulgence.**

**Fullness of silence,
pulsating heartbeat
of respiration
perfuses me
in wakeful awareness.
Even gratitude
fades away,
while
the line
between you and me
disappears.**

21 June 09

for Sri Kumar, Summer Solstice

Into the delicate pink sky
of the dawn of summer,
which starts to decline
and to withdraw its brightness,
Venus sends a soul laugh
to the people still sleeping
in moonless night,
that they might open up
to the distress of the yous
and no longer,
talking love,
might marginalize
a seemingly strange brother ,
for they joyfully
inter-penetrate

with the flow of giving
from the closeness of the
heart,
which receives a stitch
by rejection,
which pains me to hear.
Why
do we shun each other?
lock ourselves up,
securing the insecurity?
Only when the moon
lets again
shine through
the great love

and makes Venus
dance in us,
I feel the
the bloom
of the shades of yous
blithely merging
into my depth.

22 June 09

New moon at summer solstice
time, with Venus in the clouds
the early morning sky



**From out of the fire
of the solstice ritual
all of a sudden
a jet-flame rises¹
at the soft flow
of the Cancer moon milk
and shocks
the beholders.
Does
the messenger of
the approaching event
step violently
with a firm, beautiful pace
into the new arc
of time?**

22 June 09

¹ During the fire ritual at summer solstice in Bad Essen on 21 June Sri Kumar poured at the end some milk into the pot, which mixed with ghee and caused an enormous jet-flame.



**In the corridor of time
invisible hands open
silent doors
into my rooms of experience,
which an unobservant eye
easily overlooks.
But the soft breath of wind,
which touches me
from over there
with the smell of promise
of growth and
of clear vastness,
lures my steps through
the moment of opening.
The silent guidance
fills me with wonder,
calling seemingly self-evidently
but magically-tenderly
over the thresholds**

**and makes me fritter away
lavishly
the flowers of time
to yous
who receive them with joy
in giving and taking
of heart and of help,
dispelling
the dangers and pains
of the dense clouds of the path,
bringing relief
to the waiting wayfarers.**

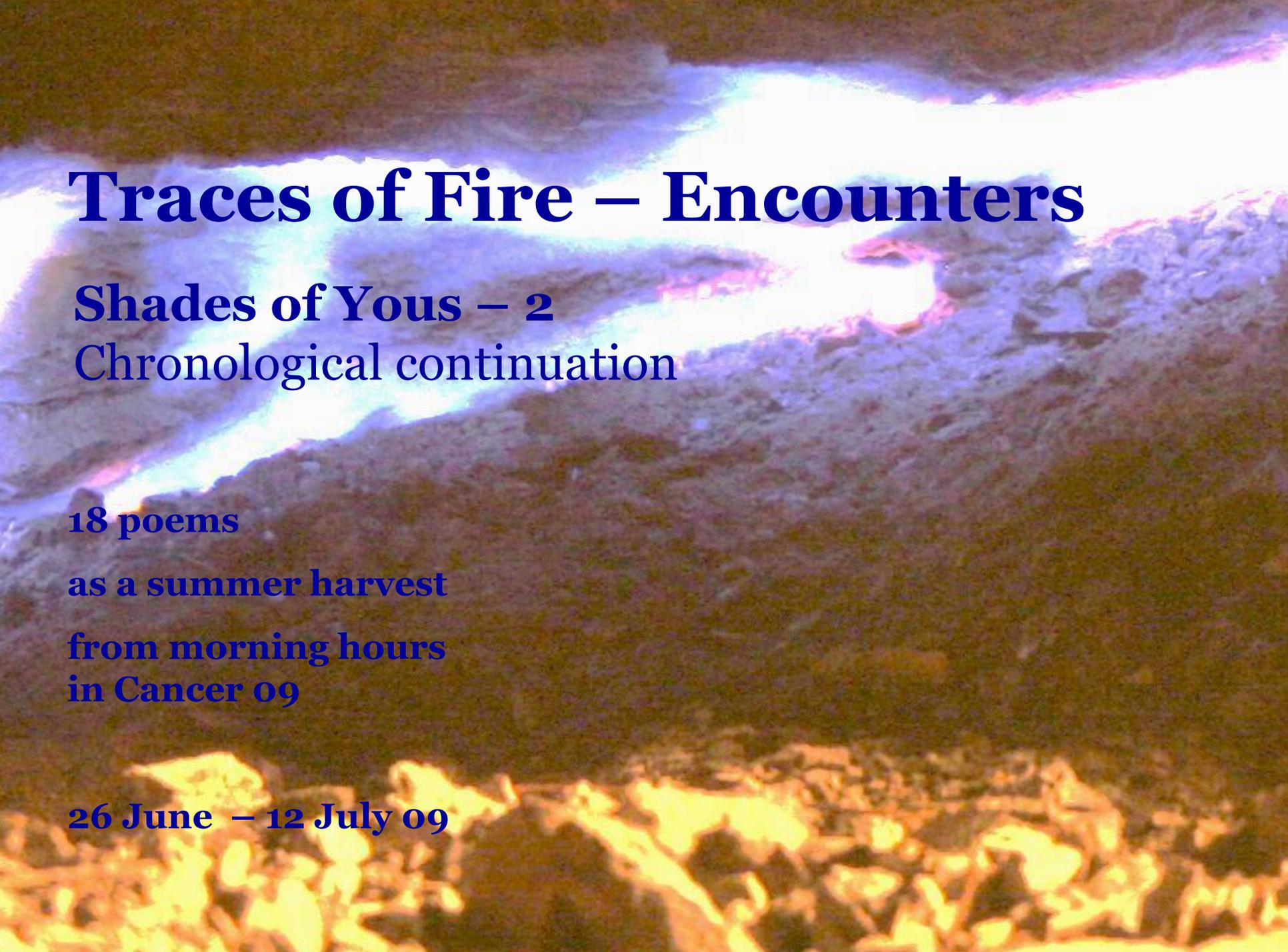
23 June 09



**Where is the key
to right, joint action?
Not my idea,
but his one,
which becomes ours
through joint understanding,
and where the steps
don't lead to me
but to the yous,
to whom they bring their light.
The measure
is simplicity
and gentleness
in silently walking
side by side,
heart by heart,**

**until the rhythm
of the pulsation of our being
is only one,
breathing holiness
in healing activity.**

24 June 09



Traces of Fire – Encounters

Shades of Yous – 2
Chronological continuation

18 poems

as a summer harvest

**from morning hours
in Cancer 09**

26 June – 12 July 09



In the cocoon of concepts
and of spinning thoughts
which rush by,
I don't hear your call,
don't see
that you
need my attention,
don't perceive
your warning sign
of exhaustion.
Only late
do I feel
your need

and your asking
makes the glass wall in me
burst
so that I can pass through
to you.

An encased pain
urges to penetrate
the coat of the larva,
so that the butterfly
can open the wings
to feel the pulse of your life
in me
with empathic presence,
finding myself in it.

26 June 09



**Words
fly through the soul window,
amplified electronically
to you.**

Without echo.

Are they spamming?

**Digital bottle post
thrown into the net ocean?**

**Or do I,
like Narcissus,
self-centred,**

**only look
into the mirror image
of my own fountain,
echoing from the I**

**and I, and I,
without a door,
trapped in expectations?**

**Hardly the thoughts
have flown away
from the origin,
they are,
when I look after them
tied back and
bound to me
through my bond
of waiting for an answer,
which menaces to bind me.**

**Forgetting is not
detachment.**

**I take the bond,
put it on the altar
and ask
that it might burn
and I might be free
in be-ness.**

27 June 09



Again and again
my wing
butted against
the inner of the eggshell.
I couldn't come out
to the you.
Caught,
and like drowsing,
though awake,
distant from the vastnesses
of the blue exterior space
of the deep encounter.
Was it from outside
or an urge from inside
that sent a fiery urge
up from abysses
against the walls
which burst,

and I,
terrified,
broke out too strongly
with shattering emotions
of unknown vehemence,
which threatened to frighten?
The impact of birth is over
but still unsure
I begin
to unfold my wings
with new movements
of the soul
which would like to soar up
to you, and to you, and you,
exuding into YOU.

28 June 09



**There are profound paths
mostly hidden to the eye
which bring people together
to join action.**

**A distant reverberation
might be perceived
like a call**

**which we would like to
follow**

**to continue weaving
the fabric of fate,**

**to take out twisted strands
and to wattle into it
new, purer patterns
for the beauty of the garment**

**The united striving
unites us**

**and guides us to the One
who guides us,**

**even if we don't see
his hand.**

**The seed has to be sown
before it brings in us
the flower and fruit.**

**Who was the early morning
sower ?**

**Gratefully
we reap the fruits
of his labour.**

29 June 09



No words are forming
for you,
only silence
and a distant yearning.
Is it unrest?
Or is a train vibrating by
in the vastness
with unknown travellers of
destiny,
whose net fabric
echoes over to me?
Images are emerging
on the screen of the inner,
of distress
and of ignorant suffering
which, collecting them,
I put on the altar of my heart
with the request

that vision and insight
might bring relief
and that waiting for release
might open for them a door
through one's own walls
of pretending perceptions.
So many walls
built with the stone and
mortar
of misconceptions.
Pain pushes to open
for love
which my aura lets in,
if a silent understanding
of a Yes
permits it
with gratitude
It is That.

30 June 09



**The door closes
not for ever
but there are times of transitions,
where it is better
to exercise caution
and where also in you
transformations, like road works,
don't allow talking on open terms
and the dialogue
seems to die away.**

**It is difficult to weave
to the other side
a thread
that finds another shore,
or where the boat is
too far away.**

**But I stand
at the pier of thoughts,**

**not waiting but ready
for the arrival of new ships,
which bring other freights
from future harbours.
The waves breathe again
their pulsating rhythm,
and I look over
to the rising sun
of a radiant morning.**

1 July 09



**I encounter only a few
who conduct the art of subtle
dialogue
in written language
and where the play,
like a ping-pong,
of the exchange of thoughts
doesn't quickly fall flat
and the opening
to the deep currents
of empathic listening,
sharing and giving
of even bold words
is being held by containing
hands of the heart.**

¹ Kairos is a Greek expression for the favourable moment of a decision, which might turn disadvantageous, if it is allowed to elapse. The name comes from Greek mythology, where Kairos is the God of the favourable opportunity and of the right moment. According to the poet Ion of Chios (490–421 BC) Kairos is the youngest son of Zeus.

according to Wikipedia

**It is volatile and delicate,
Kairos ¹, a successful moment,
where the gate remain wide open
and thus the continuance
might let a touch of the ray of
eternity to enter
and give joyous fulfilment,
a foreboding of future bliss.
Moods quickly change
in the maelstrom of everyday life,
but repeated opening
of the doors of the conversation
of the heart
provides views into the land of
joy,
which lies still in the background
and connects
and sustains.**

2 July 09



**River rafting
through the rapids
of thoughts in
ensouled talk,
where one word
gives the next one
as a present of attention.**

**Like a fresh spray
the sparks of ideas fly
and unfold, like comets,
their luminous paths
through the current.**

**Fascination of flowing
captures me
and carries me away to you,
where I meet me
mirrored and yet
very close in me.**

**Interplay,
which also carries you
through me
into the point which unites
and makes disappear the
distance
in the silence of speaking,
from out of which
the joy springs up.
A solemn ritual
of the exuding moment
of eternity.**

3 July 09



**At times
counter-currents flow
and obstruct with their
irritating, iridescent,
diffusing, dissonant
sounds of feelings and of
colours
the access to the guiding sound
for the listening ear,
and wisps of the fog of
exhaustion
make the inner impulse
of progression wane
to an ebb tide,
like a retraction,
an inhalation
which absorbingly draws
inwards.
The challenge is to wait
until the wind comes up again**

**and powers the sails of the
boat
and the steersman recognizes
again the direction,
looking at the stars shining in
the distance
which show the way
with signs readable for the
knower.
I wait and listen and look,
how a new breeze forms
over the surface
of the rippling water
to catch its breath
with the power of their sails.**

4 July 09



Wandering through the vastnesses of space

you shed your rays,

Helios¹,

to us who we, like plants which only sense your presence forebodingly

but who would wither away

without the lifeblood of your ether.

But you are also just an opening

to the higher spring

you call Savitru²

and which nourishes you,

in league with your

eleven siblings,

with whom you dance the roundelay

around a higher centre,

the central sun,

which again gives and receives

from its source,

Bhargo Deva³ ,

the cosmic ray,

secured from the primary source

and passed on in the game

of receiving and giving,

till into my heart.

It cannot end there,

for fullness strives to expand,

to flow,

to give itself away.

And thus I offer you

from the juice of nourishing life

a chalice, filled with light,

so that the drop

might flow on

through you to the ocean

of its destiny,

merging us

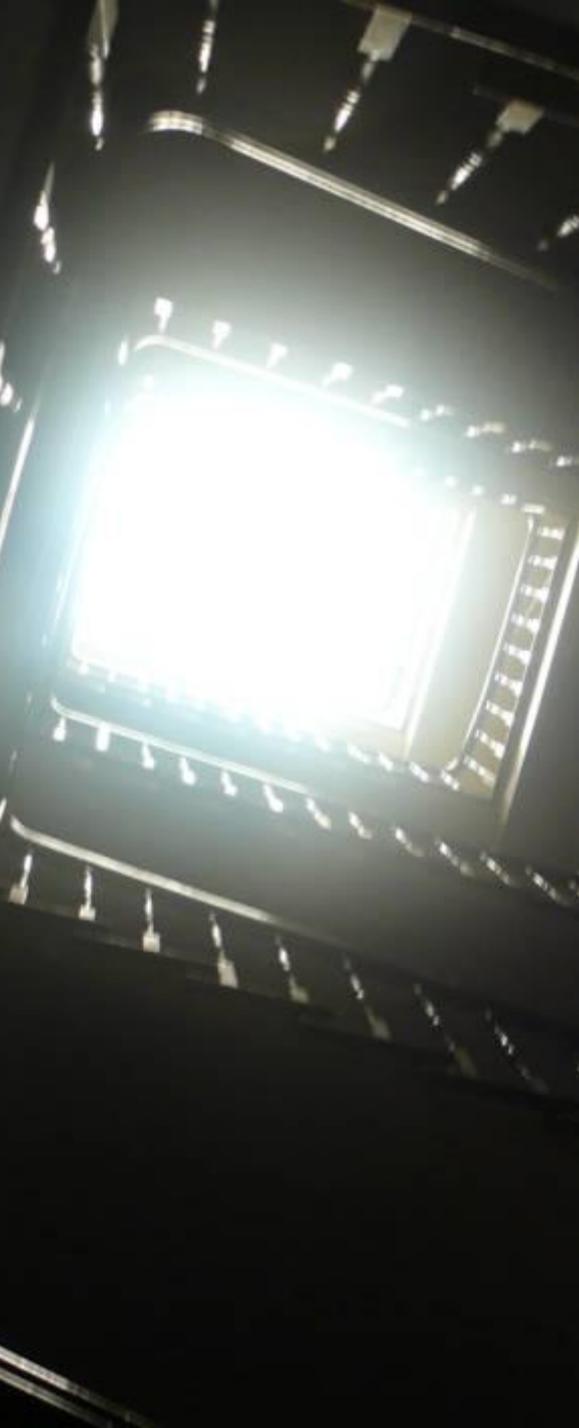
into itself.

5 July 09

¹ Helios is the Greek name for the sun.

² Savitru is the Sanskrit name for the soul of the sun radiating through the physical sun.

³ Bhargo Deva is the Sanskrit name for the spirit aspect of the sun, the Cosmic Sun.

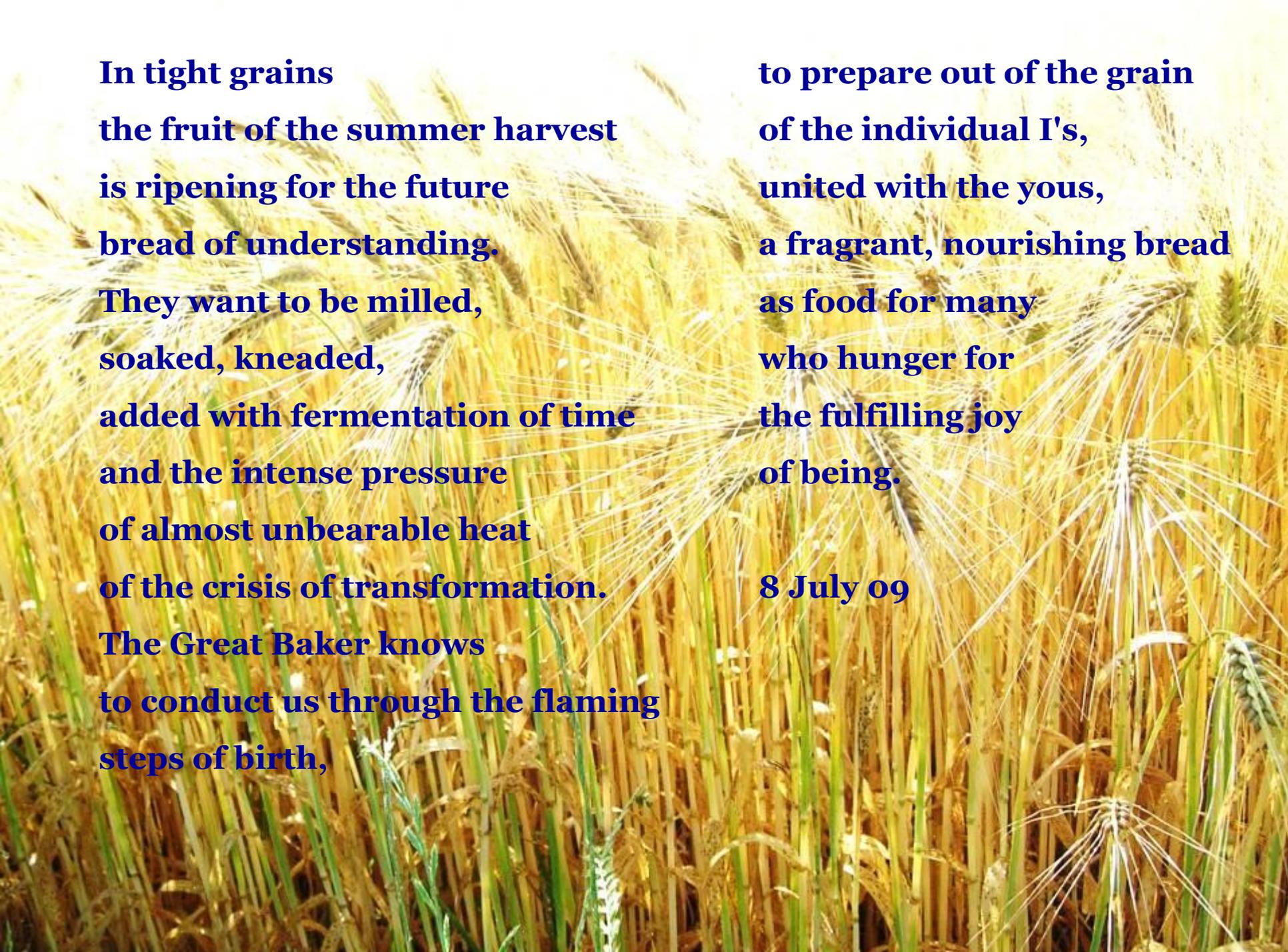


Some feelings I hide
deep below layers of
other sensations and thoughts,
for they carry in themselves
painful memories,
unfulfilled yearning
like relations to
illegitimate children of mind.
But the bonds to them remain
and at times urge up to the light
of consciousness,
waiting for redemption
from afar.
They tune moods
of underground,
diffuse, but clearly breaking the
sound
which wants to sound brightly and
spread radiantly.

Walking into the depths,
to the mines of suppressed pain,
is difficult,
but only if the black rocks
are raised out of the pits and
brought to the smelting,
golden ore can flow out of them
and become the sacrificial bowls
on the altars
and the chalices
receiving divine nectar
from the Gods,
like the whisking of the Milky Ocean¹
in ancient times,
through the forces of Light and of
Darkness,
threw forth
the Drink of Immortality
as a gift of the depth.

7 July 09

¹The Puranas describe how the Devas (gods) join forces with their antagonists, the Asuras (demons), to beat the Milky Ocean, out of which finally the drink of immortality emerges, Amrita.



**In tight grains
the fruit of the summer harvest
is ripening for the future
bread of understanding.
They want to be milled,
soaked, kneaded,
added with fermentation of time
and the intense pressure
of almost unbearable heat
of the crisis of transformation.
The Great Baker knows
to conduct us through the flaming
steps of birth,**

**to prepare out of the grain
of the individual I's,
united with the yous,
a fragrant, nourishing bread
as food for many
who hunger for
the fulfilling joy
of being.**

8 July 09



**Could I not read
the weather report
of your country,
when hot, quick summer
winds
of my day met the warm air
over your deep lakes
which were full of silent
life?**

**All of a sudden
deep black clouds pile up
in the blue of the sky
like threatening walls
out of which a heavy flash
hit your heart and
rain poured down
from out of old wounds**

**calling for receptacles
to receive it and contain.
The electric tension
draws a mighty
reverberation
into space
and the refreshing waters
wash away the dust
which covered the
understanding
and open the dams between
us,
so that our stream
flows again together
to the distant ocean,
whose call our souls follow.**

9 July 09



**As you entrust me
your upsetting experiences
of cruelty,
my heart opens wide
and becomes a caring container
of love
cautiously receiving into itself
the shock of violence
and puts it down
at the healing, light-filled
source,
where a secret alchemy of being
invokes the forces of wound
healing
and coats the cruel traces
on your shell
with balm.**

**And this balm
rises from your inner
and forms a shield
parrying the impact
of the blows
and through its force of
protection
gives you again secureness
and the feeling of
being carried
by the divine hand.**

10 July 09



**I am fed up with silence!
Like an unshackling bird,
like Saraswathi's¹ Swans,
words swing upwards
with inspiring joy
and surge into the expanse.
Why should I bind you with
chains,
whereas you, white doves,
draw radiant traces of words
into a sky of gloomy times,
bringers of peace,
messengers of deep
which call back
into the penetrating
inner space**

**Strange paradox:
The vastness approaches out of
the point
at the centre
and the distance of the horizon
strings narrowness of the loss
of myself.
But when the spark points
germinate and become
the blazing fire of love,
the outer and the inner blend
to the blaze of intense existence
and nothing remains
but ...**

10 July 09

¹ Saraswathi is the goddess of the Divine Word; the pulsations of the Word come out of her like swans, see Dr. K. P. Kumar, Saraswathi. The Word.



**I am an intensity junkie
in search of the kick
of the deep encounter.
At times it is difficult
to get the drug,
for it is kept locked
like some secret good
and only traded concealed
as if it weren't
abundantly available
in us.
We lose ourselves
outside
and the thirst
for the juice of
the fiery impulse of life**

**seems to lead to a
dusky state of sleep
of oblivion,
where many seem to be satisfied
with a pale substitute.
Do they know the intensity of the
original?
In the profound encounter
words charged with experience
pass over between us
like magic light
which throws a charm into space
and keeps us in the spell of
presence,
giving the love of attention,
receiving fulfilment.**

10 July 09



**At times luminous signs of you
appear on the radar
of my awareness,
which the screen captures anew
and my antennas listen
into the inner space
for detection signals
and messages to see
if the course is the trace of a
soul comet
passing by
and just sends
identification signals
of some small talk ,
or if resonances come
from the depth
of an opening trust**

**with searching questions
listening for an answer.
Often the opening is only
short,
like a distant radio signal,
but sometimes
gravitating forces draw
together,
and a rich exchange
on a common course
form centres of attention,
new planets and moon
in the sky of the heart,
filling it with gratefulness.**

11 July 09

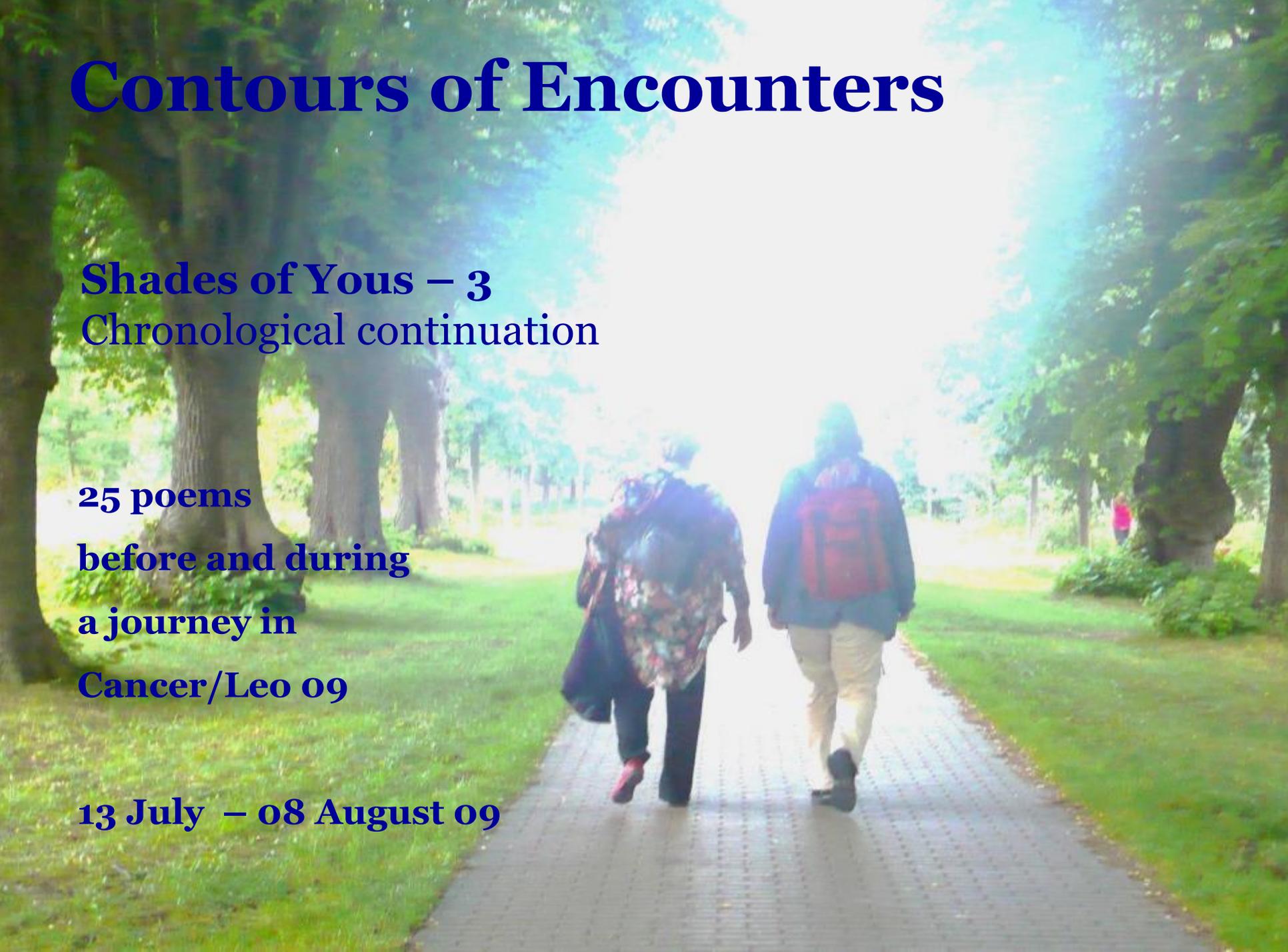


**Sometimes I'm surprised
how difficult it is
to become a present.
I cannot buy myself
and give me to you as a dead
gift.
Is what I want to give from me
what you need?
I have received so many gifts
which have fallen as hidden
seeds
into my soil
and slumbered there
for a long time
before a sprout begins to move
and subtly takes roots and
slowly grows up.
How many seeds have you
sown,
seemingly useless,**

**and cultivated the grounds
until single blossoms show up
and much later the sprouts
which want to develop
into future trees,
so that some day
they can pass on
their fruits of life
and give away nourishment
and joy?
My present for You
is for you,
a thanks for the gifts.**

12 July 09

Contours of Encounters

A photograph of two people walking away on a paved path in a park. The path is made of grey bricks and is flanked by green grass and large, leafy trees. The sky is bright and hazy, suggesting a sunny day. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

Shades of Yous – 3
Chronological continuation

25 poems
before and during
a journey in
Cancer/Leo 09

13 July – 08 August 09

Where will the path
lead me today?

Questioning I stand at the
threshold

of a new morning.

Each day opens itself,
related to the previous one
and embedded in old tracks
but always new wayfarers
are waiting,

and also the seemingly old
travel companions

enter daily into a new
landscape

where the sceneries are
constantly changing.

Often a friend seems to hurry
on ahead

or to fall behind

or take to another path

and skims away,

mostly unnoticed,

often just a cloud or a bend
veils the view,

but nearness nevertheless
survives.

The community of the ones
striving for the same goal
gives protection and strength
in dangerous times.

For all of a sudden the way
may lead through rough terrain
and chasms open up beside
him,

of uncertainty, irritation or
poisonous clouds of fear,
or of a fight
against fatigue
and weaknesses
and dangers of the body.

It is good

to have an expert guide

whose guiding hand

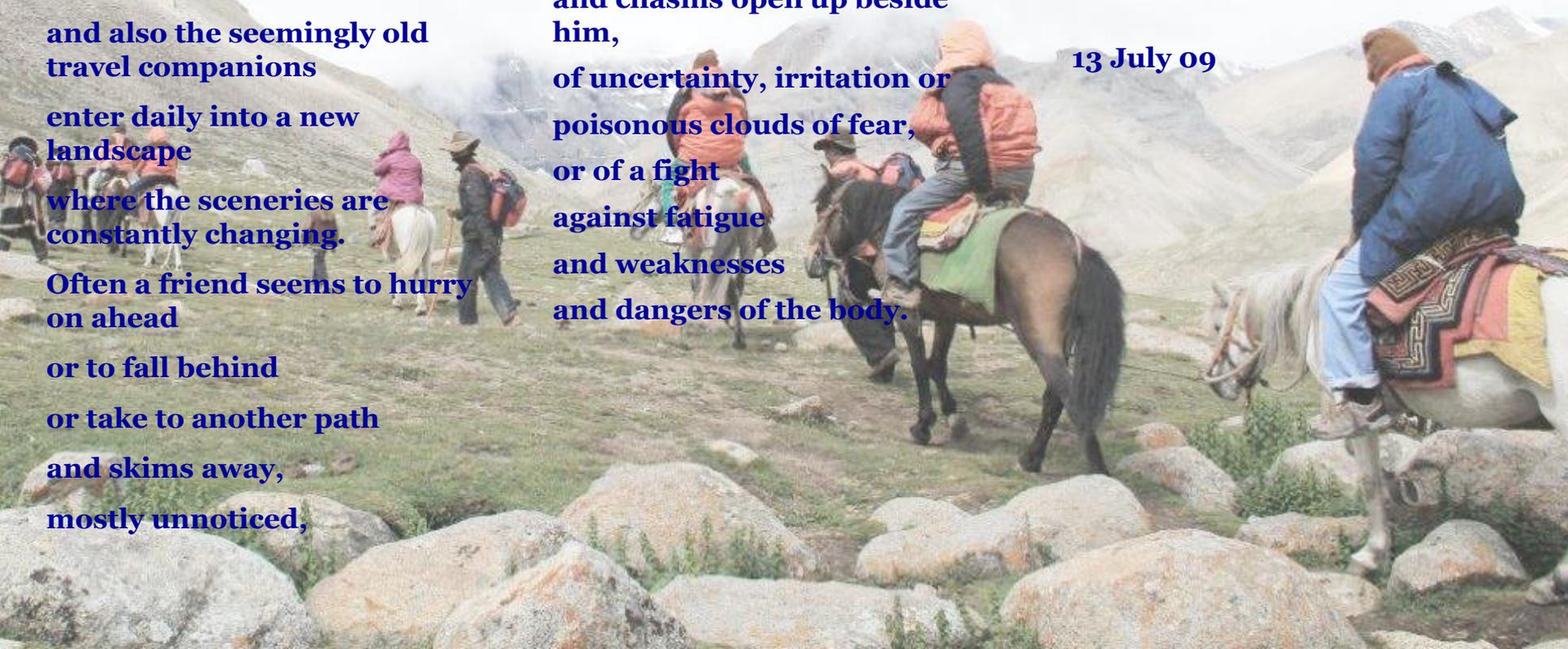
gives strength and shows
the direction

and sees

that the group of wanderers
stays together and

always keeps an eye
on the goal.

13 July 09





I am sitting at the river
of day-to-day life
with a sieve in my hand,
washing the sand passing by,
on the lookout for
the rare nuggets of gold,
not for me
but for the image of You
on the altar of my heart.
Gold from gold -
Through the subtle forms
your Light, Beauty and Love
radiate, for which I yearn
when they start resonating
through you in me
and I also begin to see them
in other yours, in the experience of
encounter.
Often it is just like a distant memory
of some promising future fulfilment,
and I wait, and wait, and wait
with a silent sad melody,

which for a long time
I didn't want to let into me.
There has to be joy,
I said to myself.
And nevertheless.
I learn to listen to it,
admit it into me
and, through the sounds,
to arrive at the dark mines,
where the pure, radiant ore
is in rich abundance,
richer than
the individual grains
in the river.
The directions from where
the sudden, rich wind
blows away the dark clouds
are unforeseen
and the deep blue
which always has been there
radiates completely new.

14 July 09



The fiery lightning
has to be slowed down
to a warm flame
which burns reliably
and also gives you
strengthening solace
which the current of life needs
even when cold winds blow
and when a feeling of
abandonment
menaces to choke the breath.
High tension is difficult to
handle
and needs particular vigilance
not to burn up you and me
or to cause irritations
with the fall from the peak.

The apparent low current
of rhythmic continuity
keeps up the pace
with which the stony path is
mastered.
The sublime food
of the bright flame
has to be kept in a solid jar,
so that it doesn't trickle off
into the dust of day-to-day life.
I love the ray
on the top of the mountain
but also the small flickering light
which you hold in your hand,
for its shine is also
from the one spring.

15 July 09



For many years
the sensation
of not wanting to drown
in the oblivion
and the pressure of the daily
routine accompanied me.
I saw drowning people,
as well as friends
who wanted to reach the sky
but, like Icarus,
came too near to the Sun
and fell.
It seemed to be hopeless
to find the middle path,
and I went through extremes
and again and again
Chintamani,
the Treasure of the World,
seemed to be lying before me,
but it was only a delusion.
The Fata Morgana
which I worshipped
turned to grimaces

and they too fell away,
like a fall of the Gods,
and their old worshippers
stayed behind,
whereas I, thirsting,
continued on the road.
I knew, the goal must be there
but I didn't find the key to me.
Only when your warm smile
looked at me and saw
deep through all layers till the ground
I found the ground
which offered me a solid stand
and the security of comfort.
My thirst was quenched,
and through you
I found in me
the middle path through the gates
which led me to me
into the awareness of being.

16 July 09



**I didn't have time to answer you,
you said.**

May it be so.

**Time is a precious treasure
which directs attention
and the emphasis of the rhythms
in one's awareness.**

**Time I don't have but
I am, a gift into the time
which I can take
for what is dear to my heart.**

**Time, rhythm and structure
are a magical fabric,
ingredients of a
precious meal**

**which, prepared tasty,
I take as nourishment
and also give you
with love as a dish.**

**It fragrances, and its
aromatic fullness
radiates,**

**like the summer flower,
full of beauty.**

Blossoms of heartbeat.

**No time? Wherefore
no time? And where
is the leak**

**through which it
melts away into the sand
without watering
thirsty roots?**

**We live in a time of wasteland,
where the heat of driving action
desiccates and there is a famine
for attention and
time for each other.**

**The inner source lives,
and a deeper spring
makes the refreshing water
well up**

like a fountain of joy.

17 September 09



**Vibrating cooperation
lives from the joint
rhythmic heartbeat of
team play,
opens the heart for each other
and the service
which, jointly done,
multiplies through the
magic of radiant work.
It is an interplay of forces
inspired by sublime sources,
which hands its gift to the
humans.
A wonder of accord,
in which the musicians learn
to tune their instruments
and, playing in concert,
to spread a magic**

**which uplifts people
to their be-ness
in being together,
and which shows others
a silent ideal,
a vision of future brotherhood,
a stronghold in dangerous times,
of friends
whose strength is not weapons
but joy,
not money
but unison
in shared being,
in fulfilment.**

18 July 09



While talking with you
about the keys of stars
your intuition opened
deep sights into vastnesses
of karmic functioning
and back, through the veil
of death and birth,
to imprints, where the themes
wait in the Now
to be picked up and
worked out.

Now we can
evoke the will
with a clearer understanding
and set the course for brighter
paths.

The burdens of earlier ignorance,
having created the biases
and the not-wanting,
begin to fall off from us,

when will and wisdom married
lead to right action.
Their marriage is healing
and liberates my stars
to higher pathways,
and the tender light of their smile
radiates to me from your eyes'
silent hints
from out of the depth
of the inner space.

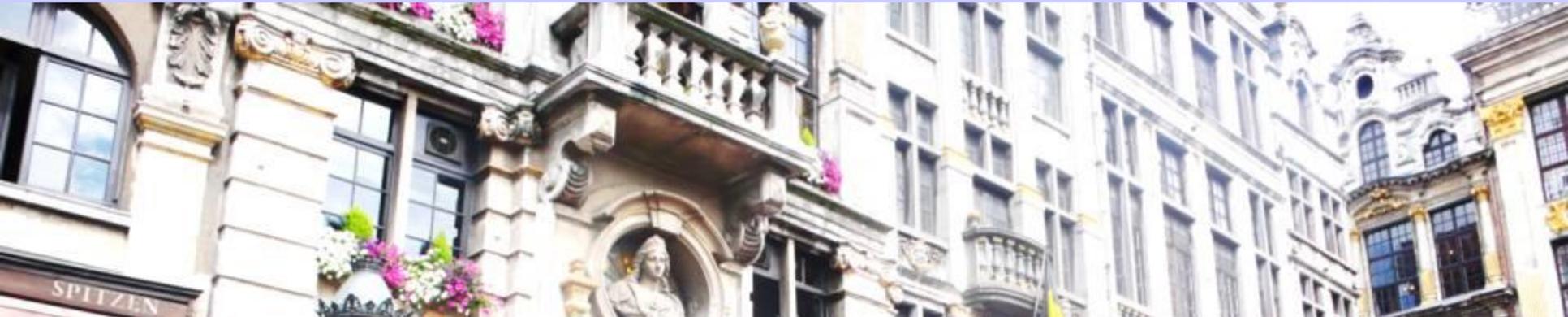
19 July 09

When yesterday we drove with you
into the city,
you told us
that the sight of the houses and palaces
makes rise in you
images of sunk times
and how layers over layers
of bygone experiencing
wave towards you a fugacious whiff.
The city is like a charged space
of then living life,
which puts a veil of often dark events
over the area
and where the old building
jut out like signs
from out of the seemingly forgotten
ocean.

In some places heaviness weights
over the streets, and suspicions
of past violence,
and you showed us
alleys and subterranean hallways
which had been prisons.
And the life above
unconsciously feels the misery,
even if the contemporaries
imagine to no more remember
the old encumbrances.
It needs a powerful wind
to dissipate the dark clouds,
and it needs people
who invoke it into themselves

and who, with its force,
conduct the new buoyancies
into life.
Old traces of magical practice
decorate walls of old houses
as dead symbols.
The new signs are still waiting
outside the gates.
Over the countryside, however,
and in the more subtle worlds
the powers of a freer, lighter
time
gather the children of Uranus.
They turn the wheel
to brighter times.

Brussels, 20 July 09





The encounters of a day
are like a hike through
many worlds of biographies,
which briefly touch
in space and time,
whose touches, however,
only receive their meaning
in the sphere of mutual
connections.

Is the fleeting encounter
just a passing-by Hello
or a reunion which strengthens
profound ties still deeper,
or even an alliance for a plan
of joint action,
or a warm exchange
between travellers, who move
in the same stream through
different currents
on the way to the same goal?

The encounter by the look
through the portal of the eyes
lets the messages of
experiencing
flash over within seconds.
Manifold messengers of moods
resound through space,
of questions and joy, of
affliction.

Their reverberation expands
to the billboards of memories,
up to the horizons of the
background,
as a new note in the choir of
life essences, distillate of the
Quinta Essentia.

21 July 09



Cordiality

**is a warm giving and taking of
mindful presence for each other.**

**The cordial attention can grow,
when the ring-pass-not of the heart
expands and grows
towards the horizon.**

**It is a movement towards convergence
in non-judgemental devotion,
which grows through the interaction
of radiation and continues to run
if I am connected
with the source of the flow.**

**At times the stream seems to dry up,
and also the backflow runs dry.**

**But it continues to flow
through subterranean dykes.**

**Its distant murmur
makes me walk on, and,
like after a bent of the alley
the river emerges again
as if without interruption.**

I love its flow.

It is time of fullness now.

22 July 09



You are fascinated by doing magical things and the charm of secret doing draws you into fields of experience which are familiar to you from olden times, and where, as you said, subtle threads of destiny prepare the way. It seems as if it were provisioned to walk dangerous paths but you are free to consecrate your freedom to higher goals and consciously renounce to trespass. You are free not to follow a call of dark tracks you have toed earlier but which today you can leave again voluntarily.

The charm of the higher magic of the soul is beneficial for the shadows of age-old fears, and the flute of Krishna is more powerful than the power over the spirits of elements, Amrita, holy nectar of Gods, is more enchanting than shamanic drugs. But it needs the courage of humility to put yourself on the altar of transformation and to be prepared for the inner alchemy, not by doing but by being

in the awareness of the Divine.

Premature horses are difficult to rein back and easily let themselves to be guided by the fodder of worldly experience. Their reins need a strong driver, May you hand them over to Him.

23 July 09



At several friends' places
I encountered your traces
in the form of a book.
Years ago our paths crossed -
intense talks, warm exchanges.
But then the view of the goal
separated us.
I was convinced of my paths
and you of your
forms of worship
and the inner voices guiding you.
And the image of the one
whom we had worshipped together
fell from my altar.
Even before my voices
had turned to be deceivers
and I had closed their doors
and put a guard in front
with the weapons of discrimination.

Even though sometimes
they were not appropriate
I henceforth trusted them more
than the blind voices
even disguising themselves
as coming from lofty sources.
We did no longer trust each other,
and also the gurus divided us.
Much time has elapsed, and
my paths have become broader.
Did yours also widen?
I feel a connectedness
beyond the concepts and views,
a stream of love,
which unites and merges.

24 July 09



You are standing at the threshold of transition

and have nearly completed the circle of life.

Even though they are slowly sinking memories surface from far back and the rich experiences have drawn cheerful serenity into your face.

From out of your eyes the radiance of the light shines forth which your life has kept following.

A glow of stardust lies on your path.

Heaviness you transformed with devotion

into the steps of the path.

Friendships did not cloud the view onto darkness and light, shadows as well as faithful ties.

In the fabric of fate you have interwoven the threads to a home in you heart, a place of togetherness.

The call from beyond is getting louder, and soon you will set out with joy to cross the bridge between the worlds, weaving connections.

No farewell, but penetrating to greater circles.

25 July 09

A meeting with an old friend, three weeks before her passing



Although you walked
a longer distance on your path,
our stretches of road often run
very close without touching,
we heard from each other
and felt contacts
without meeting,
except a short encounter on the way
years ago.

The encounter with you
was like a reunion with
an old companion,
an exchange of joy
and pictures of recollections,
a warming fire
of consonance of fiery aspiration,
which sounds in me
a profound reverberation
of friendship.

Although our paths
probably won't cross again
in these body garments,
we know of each other
and of the power
which travelling together
bestows
and which strengthens
the community of
comrades treading together
and which makes the light
above the distant horizon
shine brighter.

26 July 09, Hamburg



**Groups, too, have life-cycles,
they can moult and,
in a new form,
let the life-force ascend
to its goal of mergence
of heaven and earth.**

**Winged serpents are rare
but the music of the soul
slowly makes sprout
the impulse to rise
or puts seeds of future wings
into the eggs.**

**Times of transition however
are difficult,
and when the old skin
threatens to become too narrow,
it is dangerous wanting to
remain in it
out of fear of the nakedness
after hatching out.**

**Help comes from above,
the guiding light,
if we permit its entry
to awaken to the power.**

**Then it is not we who shed off
the old skin
but it falls off,
when the stream of electric flow
carries us upwards,
together with those
who equally hatch
in the change of forms
and rise to fly into the vast
expanses of blue.**

**From there dewdrops fall
into the grass
as nourishing nectar
for those searching for it.**

27 July 09



Your life breathes
an irrepressible urge
for freedom of limiting forms,
for opening the portals towards
new spheres of spiritual life,
where exotic flowers of experience
unfold their full fragrances -
no fenced-in garden
but a colourful meadow.
You follow a star with firmness,
as a free wanderer,
together with others
but at the same time alone.
The teachings of life
with their challenging tensions
you tried to connect with thoughts
and at the same time dissolved
the bonds again and again
so as not to get enmeshed in them,
not to get your fire extinguished by
them.

Structure which threatens to
crystallize in size
is suspect to you.
For you want the vastness
which is calling
beyond the horizon
from out of cosmic depths
of unison of worlds of stars.
May your star lighten the path
for seekers
as a soft shine from distant
heights
and through your heart
provide them a space
and warm them.

28 July 09



In the silence of dawn,
where the tender rays of the New
unfold,
I feel in me the kaleidoscope
of the images and moods
of the passing-by -
not as passed-by
but like one of the
pastel coloured clouds
above the trees
which colour my sky
with tones of moods
and where I sort out in me
what is my own clear space
and what gets filled
by the passing of fragrances and
colours
of foreign experience, a reflection,
glittering in the dew pearl
of the morning leaf.

The quiet dynamism of meditation
lifts up the pulse of my life
through its rhythm
like a soft breeze
into the vastnesses of the inner
firmament,
filled with the stars of my
constellations.
And like the sun
rising in the warm gold
of this summer morning
shines through the leaves,
the directions of the unfolding
course of time
silently herald in space.

29 July 09

The wanderers I met
carried wounds
hidden under their garments
of struggles and crises,
of disappointments and
rigours of the path.

Some gainsaid them,
others put balm on them,
and still others took them as
gifts.

The first ones strove to appear
as if nothing could affect them
but they concealed in them
fear of failure.

The second ones complained
of injustices and envy of others.
They nurtured in themselves
bitterness and frustration,
practiced rigour
also towards others.

The third ones also spoke
about pains and struggles
but in them the fire
which the teacher ignited
was burning with a bright flame
and gave them the strength
to walk on
with joy in the heart.

The fire had cleansed the
wounds
and out of live coals
had formed diamonds,
which radiated out of their eyes
like sparkling stars.
In some of them
the pains had not yet died away
but out of the ember
they had gained
an essence of serenity
which nourished them with
gratitude, humility and
acceptance of the fruits.

They no longer had any conflict
with life and with others.
Their cheerfulness
sounded a gentle music;
its melody also sings
in my heart.

30 July 09





**I feel again the pain
of old wounds
behind dense mental shells,
guarded by guardians
of the threshold.**

**The fear of one's own dark side
seals the access
and puts a taboo of touch
around the proximity of
silently festering injuries.**

**They are like a curse
whose whiff of scent
connects the ones
silently bound
in antipathic repulsion,
karmic burden of
unreleased experience
of dark suffering.**

**But when the healing rays
of the sun cast their shine
even into the dark fountain
and the cold stone
receives the tender touch,
the atoms in it start to vibrate
faster,
and warmth is released in the
depth.**

**Silently love sprouts
which melts the sharp tips
of judging thoughts and thus
the wounds start to heal.
From afar a healing melody rings
over to me,
the enchanted sound
of His flute.**

31 July 09



How can I be
completely open to those
whom I encounter
and yet not lose myself in them,
not let myself be deceived
by what is being shown, uttered
or brought to my attention
as opinions about others?
There are many voices
and moods coming,
glittering on the surface
of changing forms.
Other melodies keep on
resounding
and evoke in me their echo.
The reverberation
carries a trace from the origins,
for before the sound falls silent,
it gives itself into the silent depth
from out of which
emerge structures
of the qualities of the experience.

When I let go of my own judging
the entering germs can unfold
and let their seed sprout.
And often light falls down from above,
and its ray unveils
what remained hidden to the fugitive eye.
I am, and thus I step into relation
to what comes to me.
And it puts down its veils
and shows itself naked.
And as the wind of oblivion
blows away the dust,
the lasting contours of precious treasures
show up,
bestowing me the life
through encounters.

01 August 09



A strange touch
of an impression upon
awakening
made me perceive a part of
hidden sorrow in you
with a certitude
that joyful-forgiving
comprehension
closed a wound
which was burning in me
for a long time.
The impression was
unexpected,
without the messenger
of an outer word,
transmitting the atrocity
of a violation
which might have happened to
you
a long time ago,
about which you didn't speak

but its language
made your behaviour
clear to me
like in a bright light
and revealed
my judgement
as wrong.
Even though the confirmation
might stay away
nevertheless the messenger
has brought peace
and silent relief.

02 August 09



At times I feel a secret joy
to put little bombs
with silent words and deeds,
bombs that don't hurt
but quietly shatter walls
which restrain the free flow of
energy
or which
break the protective barriers
around injuries.
They are love bombs, and often
I tremble with excitement
when gently, seemingly casually
the fuse of a word
starts burning in the powder keg.
It burns slowly,
sometimes over a long period.
No loud explosion resounds
but a movement in slow motion
though with the power
of a detonation.

Silent words also
open rusty locks,
and a soul frozen in a prison
comes forth
and wounds start healing.
It is a silent work,
brief, quick and secret.
It happens more by non-doing
than by doing,
by letting go, allowing.
And then I silently return
to myself.

03 August 09



**I encountered the signs
of your action in the hearts of
people.**

**At all places of the journey
they were striving
along the trace of light
which you have drawn
and linked with the original
source.**

**From the point of Light
the light streams forth
into their lives
and the life
radiates with the pulse of your
heart,
connecting, uniting,
merging, penetrating.**

08 August 09



**You cross the veils
between the worlds
and lifted some for me
for a deeper understanding.
Images appeared
of fateful encounters
which created connections
and knots,
and interweaved threads
the fibres of which
reach over into the tissue of
today
as attitudes and moods,
constellations of encounters
with other Yous
carrying wide roots.
In freedom we severed
strings of binding oaths
and cut loose the fetters of
dark conduct.**

**Through the open window,
the fragrance
of spring flowers entered
and spread its gentle breeze
into the blue expanse
of my heart.**

06 August 09



**You showed us the worlds
which your eye beheld
and which you captured
into form with great struggle,
into images and sculptures.**

**Magic worlds of distant
countries arose.**

**Inner spaces radiated
with numberless facets
beauty and yearning,
faces full of wisdom and
condolement,
elegiacal fields of
spirit-beings and of
old symbols.**

**Sounds resounded
from out of deep fountains
of unfulfilled urge,
cried for redemption.**

**Though the glow shone through
the door, however,
seemed like still closed in you.**

**Cooled-down dolour
cries for redemption
out of shivery vastnesses,
for the warming touch of
hearts,
by which the congealed crystal
cracks
and lets the imprisoned spirit
penetrate to the fiery core,
which gives warmth and
secures you into the security
of the inner home.**

06 August 09

Autumn Light under the Moon Node

Shades of Yous – 4
Chronological continuation

**20 plus 2 poems,
an echo**

**15 August – 08 October
09**

**Like the tender rays slowly rise
in the tender grey of the early dawn,
from out of the inner of the
background
an urge sprouts towards outside,
a faraway yearning
for a silently waiting future
of a greater vastness.**

**The seed of will emerges
and breaks the retained tranquillity,
rises towards the searching
unfoldment -
whereto?**

**The light of the new path
comes in from over there
and lures the steps
of the awakened movement
with the promise
of a joyful rumour
into a virgin world.**

15 August 09





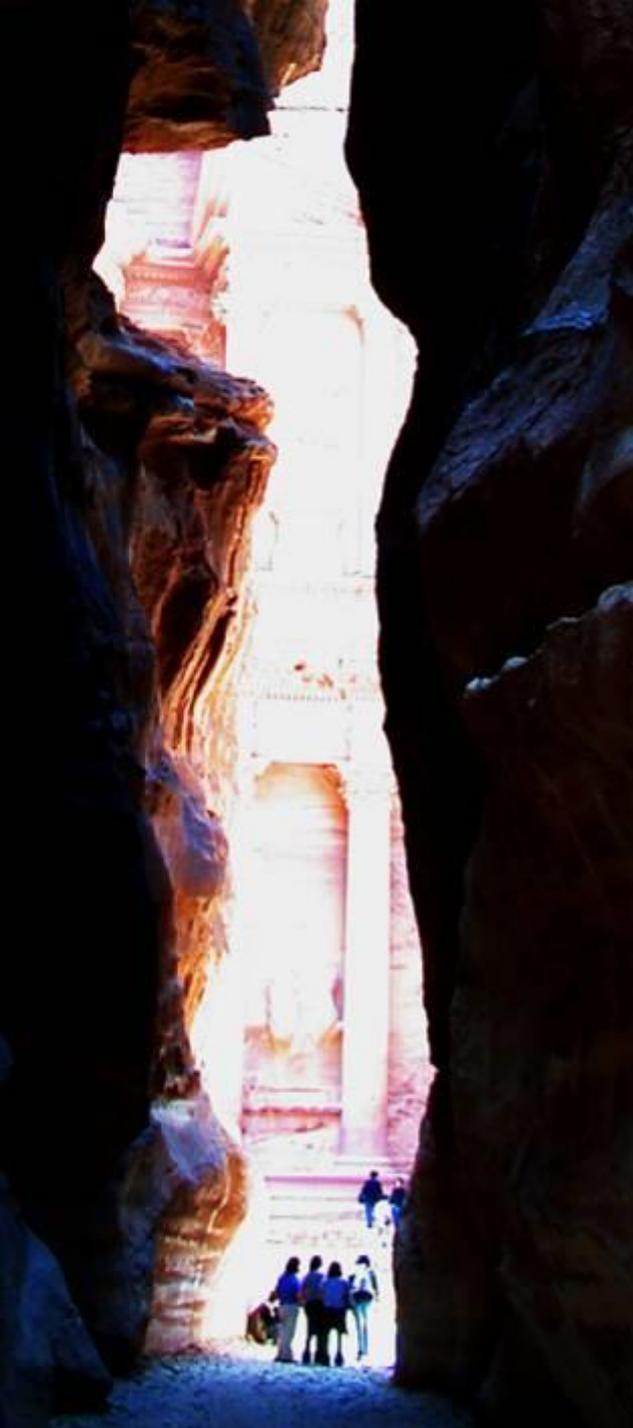
**From where comes the distant sound
to my ear?**

**I listen to an inner melody
which gently sweeps through my inner
like a spring waft
and like the ripples
on the surface of water
give rise in me to soft waves of joy
without an outer reason.**

**I direct this joy to the outside
and let it silently
pour into my conversation
or my lines.**

**And often an echo comes back
from the mountains of other hearts
and their tone joins the concert of my
inner
and I dance with joy
before You.**

19 August 09



Thresholds are crossed silently,
often without knowing
which new world waits
behind the gates.

Frequently you only see the
threshold
when it is already crossed.
In the silence of the morning
suddenly an impulse surfaces
from far back
and for a moment a door reveals
which I didn't see before
and through which my word
passed.

And it was like an enormity,
like a small stone
taken out of your dam.
I deeply felt your pain
about the step into the country
of a freer expanse
but interwoven with some
sadness.

And it was as if
through a crack in the wall
floods gushed forth,
violently and impetuously
rushing into the plane,
and the wall yielded and broke.
Over the raging but silent
echo of the flood
a radiant sun rose
and the waters brought
thirst-quenching gifts
to the ones waiting in the
distance,
and also your heart
resounded beyond the pains
in a brighter joy,
in the heart of the sun.

20 August 09



Was it betrayal
when I spoke words
which seemed to you like a dagger
thrust?
Or was it the loving hand of a surgeon
who began opening a festering wound
so that the poison of trapped pain
starts to flow
and the wound, purged,
heals?
Poisonous wounds have partners,
dig their suction cups armed with
barbs
into other Yous,
where mute suffering
cries for deliverance
and nevertheless
with a seal of silence
tries to suppress the cry.
Subterranean explosions
blaze trails to the surface
like magma flows
and discharge with the power
of a liberating eruption,

where you cannot retain the earth
but can direct the flow
of fiery rocks of pain
into the cooling ocean
of loving understanding.
Do you dare
to leave behind the fear of the eruption
and to give space in you
for a wide opening,
so that also in the other You
healing can happen?
Only courage to dare
can open the way to healing,
when the signs are correctly read.
The reward is liberation
from old burden,
and the warming light
which dissolves torpor
also in your heart.

24 August 09



**Towers collapse
when the time-soil
slowly lets
its eroding movements work.
Even the plates of the continents
dance on the fragile ground
of the rhythmic movements
of the Great Mother.**

**It is the love for the new life,
which makes the old crumble
to give way for virgin striving.**

**But change hurts
if we try to hold to the stones falling-
down
or look for stability
on a wavering ship
at times of storm.**

**But where shall I cast my anchor?
How can I extend you a supporting
hand,
when dark clouds
seem to hide for you
the radiance of the Sun?**

**Dancing with firm steps
the rhythm of the
of the unbridled change
gives joy
when the hold
in the containing silence
is the anchorage
and gives protection
in profound ground.**

26 August 09



**Unresolved thoughts,
held back and unrecognized
in their haze of interweaving,
block the stream of life pressing
ahead
like stones
and form dangerous rapids
which threaten to carry away
the swimmer of consciousness
and draw him under water.
The passage
between Scylla and Charybdis¹
is difficult
and every word surfaces
like a vortex in the current
through which
the boat of the relieving idea
has to navigate**

**so that it doesn't get smashed
at a rock
and emotionally charged spray
doesn't block the vision.
During such passages
it needs extreme vigilance
and a steady eye of the helmsman
who sees the shoals and,
navigating with a firm hand
brings the boat closer to the next
harbour,
knowing the distant goal.**

29 August 09

¹ Scylla, a sea monster of Greek mythology, lived on a rock near the Strait of Messina, opposite of its counterpart called Charybdis. Together they mark two inevitable, equally big evils. (Wikipedia)



**A silent, joyful harmony
settles over the space
which enwraps the things with love
and lets them thrive,
strengthening them within
themselves.**

**Blessing swells like living water
through the small crannies,
which makes the hard shell
of the ego-cover break up
and the sprouts spring up
with young green.**

**It is good to see the limiting hulls
around the mature fruit
pop up
like the spiked shell breaks up
which surrounds the chestnut
and releases the shiny kernel.
It needs maturity
until the hull can open
but even a small crack
helps for the relieving opening.**

**Is it violence
which makes the kernel
break forth
or love?
The time shows the harvest
and the food the quality
of the fruit of ripening,
the full flavour of sustenance.
Fullness out of fullness.
Thanksgiving.**

02 September 09



**The soft radiant glow of the full moon
permeates the day.**

**The atmosphere is filled by the surge
it reflects for us from the sun
and which my mirror
irradiates into my heart.**

**The silent but powerful surge
rises the ship of my day,
and even while I dive
through the vortexes of everyday life,
the pulse beat of the great wave
in secret presence
remains my companion
and a sparkling stone
in the treasure of awareness.**

**With a closed chest
you don't sense the lively luminous
crystal
and don't see the messenger
who wants to present you
the fresh words of the month
as a gift.**

**Even though the moonlight
radiates its magic shine,
it is only received by the open heart
which listens to the cycle of rhythm.
Silently I prepare myself
to give access to the cosmic envoy
and openly stretch out my soul's hands
to receive the gift of Luna
which carries music and star fire,
enlivening my inner fire.**

03 September 09



**Who has called us?
That we are here together
is a long, stony path
of experience,
has guided us through dangers,
where wavering bridges
lead over chasms
created by distorting mirrors,
thoughts nurtured by hidden
presumptions.**

**And there is an urge
which makes us walk on,
a call of love,
which nurtures the fire in us
and propels us,
a longing,
a determination,
a readiness,
a knowledge
that we want to go together
and want to go,
and a joint will
driving us to dare to open
ourselves**

**and to get involved with each
other,
knowing about our abysses
and weaknesses.
And to approach our attitudes
and even change ourselves and
to decide together,
even on one's own paths
to give access to the greater Will
as guiding principle and direction
and pulse beat of our lives.
Not, it is not a wrong sacrifice
of one's own
but the power
which arises out of the centre
and unites us
and merges us in a greater
vastness,
the origin of the New.**

05 September 09



**Convulsions
open sealed chambers
for crises of transformation.
How difficult it is
to let break open
old crusts of attitudes
towards what we take as holy
and cautiously
provide together space
for a new, more human attitude!
May pain be inflicted upon others
for what I consider for the Higher
in the name of the divine Plan?
Where does humanity count more?
Difficult decisions
can better be taken together,
the burden can become lighter
and a new joy can grow
in the community,**

**when even the fellow hikers
rejoice over the route
and are prepared
to take the load
across several shoulders.
For in the community
a greater power grows.
Even if everyone brings in a share,
a higher order arranges the parts
into the bigger picture,
which, unknown before,
expresses the sublime beauty,
unveiling the great.**

07 September 09



Where does the struggle
for the common path lead us ?
We unite ourselves,
not
because an outer leader tells us,
this is the direction,
or because a fellow wanderer
mounts himself up
to be the leader of the community
but because a fire glows in the inner
which unites us in striving towards the
goal
and where the proposal of the one
who sees farther
arouses in each heart
the sound of unison
and a common understanding awakens,
a greater brightness of awareness,
in freedom
and not in submission
under someone who says,
I know the Plan,
I have received it and let's execute it,
come and help me.

No, the Plan enters
into the open space
between the hearts,
and the Greater Will
is received in love
and propels the wanderers
on their way.
And they share
the bread of understanding
with each other
and with everyone
who feels hungry after it
and gratefully receives the food.
It is manna in the desert,
a delicious dish,
and the drink
comes out of the rock fountain,
fresh and clear
and tastes of origin.
And, strengthened, the group proceeds,
united on the way,
with the eye to the radiant sun
in the greater heart.

08 September 09



Sometimes veils of exhaustion
cast themselves over the soul
and seem to choke the fire
and the smoke blurs the vision
and goal is no more in sight.
And my Yous seem to be far away,
no warming word,
only a bleak wind blows
through tired streets
where people hide themselves
before each other
and the activity runs on dead.
But suddenly a silent cry
tears open the veil
and through the dense clouds
a bright ray enters
through the blue expanse
into my heart
and the look of the soul
broadens far over the land,
where I feel you
friends, companions,

and your nearness awakens again
my determination
and arouses in me strength.
And I feel
how my call reaches
the ear of your soul
and strengthens the bond
of the community
so that at these severe times
out of the awareness of connectedness
we draw the strength from the
union of all those
striving towards the Light
and follow its direction.

12 September 09



How can I follow
all the rules of the path?
There are so many
and I see
that they seem to crush me
and in spite of my endeavour
I don't meet them.
They are like jealous guards,
who search
through every part of my body
and whose exam
I'm not able to withstand.
Long years of striving
generate despondency
but I keep walking on,
like staggering
and always standing up again,
swaying on.
I often don't see any light
at the end of the tunnel,
it is eclipse.

Only an inkling
that somewhere
light might come again
makes me walk on.
Lord, please help
not to lose the way to you
in these rough times!

15 September 09



**New moon approaches silently -
or is it an occultation?**

**It falls off, it disappears,
it dissolves - something
which I cannot exactly grasp,
just like structures
which seemed to support
for a long time
suddenly decay,
where forces of constellations
lose their power
where even a core dissipates
coreless into space,
where I also don't find my
centredness,
my identity,
where the ground yields
and bogs down -
whereto?**

**Yes, even mountain ranges,
continents, solid and big,
have their new moon,
and at times the great breath
also breathes in our earth
and pauses.**

**And from out of the pause,
the inner,
into which the outside turns itself
a new sprout germinates
from out of the original centre.
Just like the new awakening
seems to be like the yesterday
and nevertheless is not,
for the new moon of the sleep
made fade and emerge,
my life also receives again
a fresh impulse
which leads on
into known-unknown
spring fields of experience
as a gift
of the certainty of existence.**

**17 September 09, the day before New
Moon**



Pausing in the silence
which resounds after the sound -
from where comes the breeze of the New?
I haven't seen it arise
but suddenly it is there,
softly caressing my face
and sweet with
still unknown flowers of the day.
I don't see their roots
but when they hold out to me
their light green leaves of experiences,
they are full of drive of unfoldment.
From where comes their urge
and whereto surges the fresh growth?
I guess the direction,
since the seed rests in my heart,
but every flower of hour
is full of surprise,
and often their beauty
irritates me.
I see on the petals
dangers and shapes
against which I resist,

which make me feel unsecure
or even seem to bring a secret poison.
At times between two flowers
alertness is important
and openness for the steps
slowly approaching,
for hands full of seeds,
for questions,
for new faces.
The course through the day
is always full of change
above the ground of the
pulse of life flowing by,
which makes my steps dance ahead,
more and more.

New Moon, 18 September 09



**Blessing comes unexpectedly,
a joyful opening
lifts burden from my shoulders,
and suddenly my heart feels lighter.**

**Warmth expands
with a sense of divine presence
giving the security
of loving nearness and connection.**

**All of a sudden dark thoughts
full of dust of everyday life
are blown away
and the feet no longer heavy
from the mud of the field of work.**

**Above me, space opens like a cone of
vastness**

**and grows and unfolds over the
country and further on.**

**The distant brothers
are suddenly very close
and I feel their hand near to mine
and their clear look
which opens soul-gates.**

**Away are the walls of narrow
horizons,
of confinement
in separation and otherness.
And like from out of
a fresh mountain spring
I drink the joy
and pass it on,
with the blessing look of the sea
over the net of cordial
relatedness
and further, like waves
expanding over the sea
and further into the vastness.**

19 September 09



**It is getting silent in the inner.
Leaves fall off
and the life withdraws itself
like the sap into the trunk
when it gets colder.**

**The bright colours of the foliage
announce their near fall,
and also intensely bright days of life
already contain their near autumn
time,
profundity,
waiting.**

**Where has gone
the pulsating urge of life?
All wanting towards outside
seems to come to a standstill,
appointments end,
people withdraw,
and I also feel
the call from inside,
louder than at times
of the swift outer dance.**

**I let myself draw
by the pull of the ebb tide,
for it draws me into the sea,
the Mother,
from where in future high tide
washes ashore new waves
from beyond the silence.**

21 September 09



**The protective membrane
of individuality
saves from too early core-touch,
before your centre is consolidated.
Core-touch happens
in loving encounter of the inner
sparks,
Scintillas¹,
which can unite to one flame,
light from the One Light.
Fear makes the flame flicker -
the shell protects.
The Own is holy
but often like locked in
behind walls of bitter experiences
of age-old lesions,
of tentacles of unresolved biographies.
The dormant urge to grow
slowly strengthens the core.
And ripening brings fearlessness
and courage towards openness.**

**And openness brings the joy
of expansion,
where the shell
becomes a radiant sheath
of diamond light
which gives protection and refuge
also to others.
A coat of stardust
of the Great Mother
which holds and enwraps us all.**

26 September 09

¹Scintilla: Latin: Sparks



Extremely dark times,
where dejection and distress
call from several sides,
where my hydra raises its head
and menaces to bar my way.
Threatening gestures
of unredeemed breakaway
from the current of life.
A rearing up,
a dark mirroring
of shady reflections -
and then in the silence
like a door opens
and light enters,
and it is like an awakening
from out of a confused dream,
where the wild chimeras of thoughts
suddenly yield to the ray of morning light,
as if they had never been.
And the power of the Leading Hand,
which seemed to have disappeared forever
has again awakened in my heart,
gives courage and confidence.

And I feel
how it emanates
and spreads healing,
soothing wounds,
erecting,
inspiring,
bringing a new day
also for you.

03 October 09



I hear -
wild voices,
enticing, seductive.
Like a mantra shred songs
keep on resounding
through multi-channel amplified
attention catchers,
announcing promises of their short-
term religion.
And then the massive planks
of the scaffoldings of values,
souls are hanging in them
at walls like nets,
sticking at the bitter-sweet glue
of empty promises of paradise
paired with
fear traps of apprehensions.
Is there no way out?
Laments of hungry people
in front of the full pots
of the carousel of consumption.
The nourishing food is deeper,
hidden behind the shells of
inner work,

of years of striving,
of struggling for right understanding.
And yet it is there,
the warming light
which flows into my heart
from beyond the silence,
bright sounds of vast reaches and
freedom.
And also the Ones who help us since long
to find the way out of the labyrinth,
succour us
with silent-dynamic words of power,
giving courage,
support,
putting balm for my wounds.
It is good to know of them
and to weather through the storm
together with you friends,
helping the seeker,
silently passing on the joy.

07 October 09



**The doors are closed again.
It is rest time now.
Time to silently grow
and letting flourish the growth
in the depth.
It is good
if at times the weapons lie dormant,
if the wounds heal,
if there is a distance
to the places of battle -
even if it has not yet finished
for it is an eternal struggle.
But now it is rest time,
the doors of the words are
closed for the moment.**

08 October 09



P.S.1:

**You have passed over the threshold,
in silence but full of power,
gentle and yet clear,
like you have followed your way since long.
The New is not foreign to you,
for it is the homeland of your soul,
the home which you carry inside
like a radiant germ,
and when you now drop your garments
which enveloped the spark
the light shines through you still brighter,
fecundating the seeds
which you have gathered with your hands
to offer the fruits
to the new life
as sustenance for future wanderers.**

15 August 09

For Tamara Pieper (29 March 1921 - 14 August 2009)



P.S.2:

**Even though you know
about the continuance of the souls,
you are filled with the pain of farewell.**

**During transition
letting go is difficult
for us who stay back
and the yearning for reunion
pierces through the heart.**

**But in its centre
is the door to the light,
and the pulse of life
carries the experience on.**

**And if you deeply admit
the mourning into yourself,
up to the bottom,
you feel**

**how the foundations carry
and how you, carried by life,
can enter**

**with firm steps
into a new world of joy.**

18 August 09



Ludger Philips:
Shades of Yous
90 + 2 poems in 4 sections

English translation by the author

© 2014, Ludger Philips
CH 3073 Gümligen BE

Free electronic distribution
info@ludgerphilips.org