

Poetry Series

**Egal Bohlen**  
**- poems -**

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# Egal Bohem()

Thank you for finding my poetry - You will have seen it may not conform to any of the accepted styles of verse (if you find a poem that does it must be a pure coincidence)

My poems are my thoughts, dreams and memories, scribbled down primarily for myself as part of a lifetimes search to find out exactly what I am, who I am, where I am, and what the hell I'm here for - but I hope also you might find something in them too, for yourself, somewhere, if you find yourself asking yourself similar questions, which I am certain you do.

You have my poetry, you have me..

If you want to know more, read more of my poetry visit my blogspot at:

or

All answers require communication - One of my earliest poems was on that very important aspect of our lives - (I actually believe it is THE most important aspect of our lives) I would like to include in my biography as it is so essential to getting answers...

## COMMUNICATION

Speak out while you are here  
For we are listening  
We have not come to pass the time of day  
As you might say  
But wait upon your offering  
Speak out while you are here  
Speak out  
For if your thoughts unto yourself  
You keep  
The world may weep  
And people here

And people there  
And people everywhere  
Will more misguided come  
So do not hold your tongue  
Speak out  
Let us have some variation on the theme  
Speak freely  
Clear  
Not thoughts you think we like to hear  
But thoughts that sear and form and grow  
To change  
Change our cluttered cramped idea  
Speak out  
For that is why you are here

Egal Bohlen

.....  
[The Picture: Is the Cone Nebula NGC 2264 (The same stuff we are made of!)  
- Acknowledgements to  
Hubble; NASA; STSci; ESA etc ]

# A Cornish Path

Today I walked upon soft turf  
Within a summers day  
Where blue sky met blue sea  
Midst pink green thrift  
And travelled long a Cornish path  
That wandered further than I thought  
Steep climbs  
First down  
Then up I onward fought  
To where I sat and watched  
Wild seabirds  
Wheel and cry  
Beneath precipitous cliffs  
O'er seas that rolled and crashed  
On rocks  
Thrown out like jagged fingers  
Far beneath  
Which  
Like gigs  
Did battle then with waves  
For sport  
To send white spume  
To billow up  
As sails  
Set on a spar  
Reminding me of ships  
That sailed  
The oceans  
Wild and bleak  
The taste of salt  
A smell of tar  
Then  
Walking on  
Enraptured deep  
In these events  
Eventually  
I stopped  
To catch my breath  
And pausing

Watched  
The sun  
Sink slowly  
In the West

Within  
My spirit knew  
That moment  
Then  
That even  
Should I see  
No more  
No planet  
Was  
More beautiful  
Than this  
On which  
We walk  
Nor Man  
More fortunate  
To orbit  
Such a star

Egal Bohen

# A Thought

If you mean what you think  
Then your thoughts take a shape  
So building a world  
You can make  
Or can break

Egal Bohen

# A Truth

The Universe is God  
You did not know?  
They do not tell

The Universe is God  
All within it too  
Including You

Including You  
The Universe is God  
To God we are as senses are to us

Yet we don't see  
See that we are part of he  
Or she

Read that again  
More carefully

Egal Bohen

# Afternight

Re-programmed for our daily life  
Brain full of new and original strife  
How is it when we first awake  
We have to momentarily decide  
Or ask the question  
Who am I?  
What is the plot?  
Oh Hell!  
I had forgot  
I'm in that life again  
Oh No!  
I'd rather be asleep my brain  
Can't cope with this another day  
All those problems  
Go Away!

Yet  
Will does get you out of bed  
And in a moment it be said  
The programme set into your head  
Will start you on another day  
Act II  
Scene I  
Just like a play

Egal Bohen

# Aliens

Now  
Whatever is an alien?  
Is a question you may well ask  
Would we recognise one if we saw one  
Or can you look right through them  
Like glass  
Whatever their form  
It would seem that  
They are nothing like you nor me  
For they are known to have skin like an octopus  
I'm told  
And may crawl up the beach from the sea  
-  
They too it would seem  
Can appear as large plants  
That eat people  
That wander abroad  
But  
Being prone  
To fungal infections  
I hear  
Their roots turn soft  
Their leaves dropp off  
And  
Swiftly then over  
They fall  
-  
It also appears to be custom  
For aliens to have very strange heads  
Whilst the rest of their bodies  
Look remarkably like ours  
No surprise!  
With two arms  
And two legs  
Now  
This could just be a coincidence  
But I'm rather inclined to believe  
That it's a lack of original thinking  
Or the film budget feeling the squeeze

-  
Have you noticed as well  
If not bipeds  
Wheezing  
Through plastic tubes  
Next favourites for aliens  
Are overgrown insects  
From which film directors  
Can choose

-  
What!  
A cockroach build a computer?  
Seems a bit far fetched to me!  
Let alone develop a space ship  
That can travel at warp speed three

-  
And..  
Have you noticed whatever the genetics  
Or the species evolutionary line  
It helps to make them much creepier  
If they leave a trail  
Of slime

-  
Couple this with an inherent ability  
For their larvae  
To suddenly spring  
From their mothers clutch  
Down into our guts  
Then squirm about under our skin  
And there you would have the Alien

-  
"Poor fellow"  
Is all I would say  
For it can't be much fun  
Wouldn't you agree  
For  
If under a stone  
Was your ancestral home  
Where would you take afternoon tea?

-  
Now  
You may think this all

A bit critical  
As these popular concepts  
I abuse  
But I'm afraid that I just can't help thinking  
Of course  
Purely metaphysically speaking  
When they walk down the ramp  
Of their inter-galactic bus  
Aliens  
Won't have eight legs  
Or  
Blue scales on their heads  
Or  
Drip slime on the floor  
Or  
Discharge yellow pus

But in fact  
Look a little  
Like us

Egal Bohem

# And We Will Call It Britain

Crisp green the stems of daffodils  
That brave in spring cold sun  
Soft tender green the hawthorn buds  
Unfurled with winter done  
Bright green the fresh leaves on the limes  
That verdant branches lace  
Dark green the lily's slender shoot  
That moist earth, piercing breaks

But greenest of all that is green  
An island Earth did make  
And we will call it Britain  
Natures green estate

Egal Bohen

# Andrew

Although  
Sometimes  
Misunderstood  
His love is true  
Straight  
From the wood  
His mind a star  
Sees only light  
That darkness  
From him  
Flees the night  
His words  
Though oft' at first ignored  
By those who think  
They know much more  
Prove that his wisdom  
Opens doors  
So doubters  
Doubting  
Then  
Withdraw  
To give respect  
Where it is due  
To that  
Indomitable  
Soul  
-  
Andrew

Egal Bohlen

# Animals In Clothes

Animals in clothes I see  
Driving cars or sipping tea  
Animals in clothes I see  
But they don't know what they are  
These animals that drive a car?  
Dress in clothes?  
Sip the tea?  
Just like you  
Just like me  
Very clever animals they'd be!

But they don't know what they are  
These animals that drive a car  
Dress in clothes  
Sip the tea  
Just like you  
Just like me

So truly stupid animals they be  
Not to realize what they are  
Just because they drive a car  
Sip the tea  
Just like you  
Just like me

Oh what stupid things we be  
Not to realize what we are  
Just because we drive a car  
Dress in clothes  
Sip the tea  
So g-r-a-c-i-o-u-s-l-y!  
You and Me

Oh what stupid things we are  
Not to realize what we be  
Animals that drive a car  
Dress in clothes  
Sip the tea  
You and me

For if Mr Piggy had our brain  
Ten fingers  
Clothes, and a name  
Wouldn't he be just the same?

1986

Egal Bohen

# Another Truth (Don'T Read This If You Don'T Believe In God)

If you believe in God  
God must have made us all  
Out of whatever God is  
Unless God borrowed something small  
From some other God, perhaps a friend of his  
Or, he may have had a brother or a sister or two  
Though this is unlikely and probably not true  
Because it would mean, that he was in that case  
Just one of two or three Gods out there in space  
Raising the question of who was there first  
Where did the others come from?  
Perhaps near Chislehurst?  
And then one could ask, where did the others go?  
But that's a very difficult question to answer, you know  
Which means in the end you surely must perceive  
If you believe in one God  
He is in you and me

For whatever God is  
You is a part

(Actually, ... I think, ....he lives in your heart)

Egal Bohem

# Apophis

My  
How close you come  
Into my world  
With distant hum  
Close shave  
First pass  
The second,  
Well,  
Thy will be done

Through keyholed gravity  
Earth it seems  
May then succumb  
Unless  
With mans machines  
Of battle  
Might we overcome  
Your deadly run  
To prod you back  
Toward the Sun

This scale of sabre rattling  
Is no fun  
We thought in space  
That there was room  
For everyone  
Clear off I say  
Or we shall forcibly remove you  
Apophis 99942  
Begone!

Egal Bohem

# Arrogance

The only thing you will get by complaining  
Is the measure of your own arrogance

Egal Bohen

# Artless Art

To The Establishment

All Poets write with words that flow  
Straight from ones heart  
In verse  
Or not  
As  
Arrows  
True delivered  
And  
In style  
Not erring on the side of fashion spent  
Nor caring for the praise of others  
Who  
With feelings lost  
Perhaps  
Might  
Decide  
Themselves  
To sit in judgement on  
A Poets art

For Poets write  
In innocence of those  
Whose minds  
Are locked  
Within that wilderness  
Of all that should be not

For Poets write  
Indeed  
Oblivious of those  
Whose pleasures grow  
From comments  
Sown in frost  
Their superiority  
Assumed  
Adhering to the crowd

And by so  
Lost

Those Poets then deserve  
Their honours due  
But never sent  
For their words  
May open windows  
Too long blocked  
That light  
May shine at last  
On darkest  
Dark  
Establishment  
Long kept  
In guarded mystery  
Defended  
Set apart  
Existing artificially  
By critics  
Huddled in a circle  
(Members of an artless art)  
All fearful  
That one day  
Somewhere  
A Poet  
Might just fart

Egal Bohen

# As Colour In A Blackbirds Song

The Earth and we  
Are fragile made  
We see just what  
We want explained  
We look so hard  
The road we tread  
We miss the turning  
Through the hedge

Hosts of mirrors  
Block our gaze  
Crystal glitters  
In the shade  
Where heavens light  
Is made to bend  
Preserving  
Innocence  
Defend  
Yet penetrate  
Turn left  
And then  
Turn left  
Across the bridge  
Again  
To places where  
Your spirit  
May transcend  
Where concepts  
Become real  
When now  
Is then  
To levels where  
Your dreams belong  
All vibrant  
In reality  
Seen all the ways  
You want to see  
As colour  
In a blackbirds song...

The Earth and we  
Are fragile made  
We see just that  
We want explained  
Don't look so hard  
The road you tread  
You miss the turning  
Through the hedge.....

Egal Bohem

# Autumn Brings

Dead Leaves

Nuts

Reds and golds

Cobwebs in the grass

Sunlight streaming

Low and old

A Gilded sky

Of yellow hued

Mellowed glass

Soft memories of harvest gone

Fading summer days

English fields of stubbled corn

Bonfires

Berries

Evening haze

Country things

These are the thoughts

That Autumn brings

Egal Bohem

# Away From The Slimy Pit To Slide

Each day  
A challenge  
We are sent  
As to how we treat  
It's discontent

-

Each Day  
With open mind  
We face  
All that comes  
Despite our state

-

Our burdens  
Carried  
In our pack  
Each day we learn  
Not to step back

-

The challenge  
Not to further plunge  
Into to the slippery  
Slimy gunge  
The pit that's writ  
That is  
Of our creation

-

The challenge  
When confronted  
Then  
How we react

-

No turning back

-

So shall we stop  
To let sink in  
Our brains  
Amidst  
The constant din  
That each day drowns

Our minds  
Those messages  
That come  
With each  
Communication  
With every  
Confrontation  
-  
Will  
We give  
Ourselves the chance  
-  
As visions  
On the current pass  
-  
To clutch a moment  
For the branch  
That's offered  
-  
For it lends  
An opportunity  
For just a second  
Let us see  
The message sent  
In what is said  
-  
A dawning  
-  
That message sent  
Into our head  
-  
Its meaning  
-  
Or shall we  
On the torrent ride  
Oblivious  
To all outside  
Avert our gaze  
Avert our eye  
Hear what we need  
And set aside  
Conveniently

That truth inside  
We do  
Or cannot see  
-  
For those signals come  
From far and wide  
Material  
To open minds  
If we would focus  
Separate  
The precious gift  
Which they create  
-  
An opportunity  
For learning  
-  
So barriers down  
Open our minds  
Examine the actions  
As they unwind  
See that which hides  
Beneath the facade  
The obvious passion  
Disregard  
-  
And we might just see  
The faintest glint  
Of lesson learnt  
Of a subtle hint  
That we can control  
Change the way  
Simply  
By the things we say  
-  
Even in the midst  
Of the darkest day  
-  
So deep within  
The rattle and hum  
Of our daily life  
As we go and come  
As the torrent of life

Tears at our coats

We

Turn

Not hearing

What was spoke

-

A lesson may

Just help us survive

Away

From the slimy pit

To slide

-

For how else could it be

That we ever learn

If not from the life

For which we all burn

The very life

We both love

And hate

-

Its purpose being

-

To teach

Not break

Egal Bohem

# Battle

Helmet

Armour

Mailed

Thigh

Caparisoned

Horse

Battle

Cry

Lance

Sword

Shock

Pain

Death

Entombed

Dangerous

Game

Egal Bohen

# Beauty Lost

The images  
We think  
We see  
Are not  
The same  
For you  
Nor me  
For images  
Form in  
A place  
That has  
Its own idea  
Of space  
Where beauty  
By necessity  
May vanish like  
A shallow sea  
Evaporated  
By the Sun  
It's beauty lost  
It's form  
Undone

Egal Bohen

# Behaviour

Behaviour of others

Reflections

Of you

Egal Bohen

# Being

Knowing is one thing  
Being another  
Distraction the reality  
Illusion it's brother

Egal Bohem

# Belief

Belief without knowledge is called trust  
Knowledge without belief is called ignorance

Egal Bohen

# Believing Is Seeing

Believing is seeing  
But it's not what we're taught  
So our lives remain chained  
To reason through thought  
If the chain you can break  
Light will reign  
Not the dark  
In a world that is born  
Not of mind  
But of heart

Egal Bohen

# Big Willy

One day Big Willy will come  
He gobbles up Stars  
He gobbles up Suns

One day Big Willy will come  
He'll gobble up Jupiter, gobble up Mars  
He'll gobble up the Earth and all the cars

Now you may think this is all very silly  
But then  
You havn't met Big Willy  
(Yet)

Egal Bohen

# Black Silver

Silver is the mirror,  
Where colours cannot run  
From one into another  
For silver it has none

Silver is a blackness  
Which defies pure light to come  
And when it does reflects it  
Its image still as one

So that when you look upon it  
Your face it will become  
Not in silver, but the colours,  
With which your face does run

Then with your world behind you  
By light reflected one  
Not in blackness, but in colours  
You are colours of the sun

All mirrors do remind us  
That colour is the light  
And that they do not see us  
In the darkness of the night

For colours are but energy  
From the spectrum as it falls  
On everything around us  
Except, from silver balls

The colours of the rainbow  
The colours in the sky  
The colours of our galaxy  
Are in a baby's eye

Colours all around us  
Enable us to see  
That the world in which we live, is part of us,  
Lifes chemistry

Egal Bohem

# Blindfolded

Blindfolded  
By our own perception  
We inhabit a lie  
That is perpetuated  
Unknowingly  
By those  
Who teach us  
About our world

Egal Bohem

# Bluebells (Or Memories For Heaven)

The bluebells  
Stand silently

Witnessing  
Their green nature

Delicate chains  
Of crisp bells

Weeping soft scents  
Of an English spring

Draped carelessly  
Around old oaks

Waves of blue  
Sweeping down

Beneath  
The coppiced hazels

To the valley  
Of the wildwood

Egal Bohem

# Brothers, Fathers, Sisters, Mothers

Take someone you love  
Then ask yourself this question  
What is it that creates this love  
This act of total toleration  
Is it the fact that you well know  
This person that you love  
That everything of he or she  
You will always know and trust  
And if that person then did change their name  
And cease to speak  
And then by chance  
You later in an autumn street did meet  
Would you then cease to love them so  
I think not, for their true heart you know  
And if you passed in an autumn street  
For certain it is your eyes would meet  
And for that second of contact flown  
Shared knowing tells of loves true home  
So knowledge of each other is  
One reason why we each can give  
Each other love conditioned not  
For love is true "forget-me-not"  
Lack of this knowledge then it seems  
Causes us to stay apart  
From others knowing not their heart  
And love them not a jot  
Yet they are loved each every one  
Someone's daughter  
Someone's son  
Just they are distant  
Still unknown  
To us through love  
That brothers own  
So when in autumn street we pass  
Someone unknown  
We avert our glance  
Step aside  
Preserve safe distance  
For it is polite

The path  
Of least resistance  
And yet knowing how we love our brothers  
Fathers sisters and our mothers  
How good it would be if we felt the same  
To those who we know not  
Not even their name  
For if as brothers and sisters  
We behaved  
All part of one great family tree  
To look each other in the eye  
With honesty  
To acknowledge each their face  
Their right to be  
Then wouldn't it be a better place?  
At least a start  
Communication through the heart  
A coming together  
Not a growing apart  
Of the human race  
For as brothers  
Sisters  
Fathers  
or sons  
Mothers  
Or daughters  
Goes everyone.

Egal Bohen

# Canterbury Bells

Canterbury Bells  
Are also our flowers  
They love summers breeze  
And evening showers  
Indelibly blue  
They are fragile  
Yet true  
They die  
But return  
Despite all we do

Egal Bohen

# Celandines

Woodland floor  
Morning sun  
Hearts of green  
With yellow hung  
Some have seven  
Some have nine  
Petals  
In the light to shine  
First messengers  
Of Spring  
A sign  
Cheerful  
Cheeky  
Celandines

Egal Bohen

# Cheat

The  
Only  
Person  
You  
Can  
Ever  
Cheat

Is Yourself

Egal Bohen

# Chocolate Socks

The sea was made of lemonade  
The beach from chocolate drops  
The cliffs were made of toffee  
The trees from Brighton rock  
Boy scouts wielded hammers  
Chipping toffee off great blocks  
And girls who paddled on the shore  
They all had chocolate socks

Egal Bohen

# Chrysanthemum

Chrysanthemum  
An autumn flower  
It's perfume  
So imbued  
With power  
Once pressed  
Into your memory  
Time instantly  
It will devour

Egal Bohen

# Colour In White Light

As colour  
Hidden  
In white light  
Energy  
At speed  
In flight  
Your soul  
Vibrating  
Rainbow like  
Navigates  
This mortal life  
Inseparable  
Human phase  
Let loose  
Midst life's bedazzling maze  
To navigate  
A world unsure  
To blunder on  
Through misnamed doors  
A ship sailed  
In a rock strewn sea  
False lit with lights  
Set to mislead  
Thrown onto shores  
That crush and bleed  
Pushed stumbling down  
Onto its knees  
But ever struggling up  
Again  
To battle onward  
Through the pain

You know yourself  
You need no name  
You are the fire  
The coloured rain  
You are the soul  
Your body claimed  
You travel

Motionless  
Unseen by sight  
Pure energy  
Just as colour  
In white light

Egal Bohen

# Communication

Speak out while you are here  
For we are listening  
We have not come to pass the time of day  
As you might say  
But wait upon your offering  
Speak out while you are here  
Speak out  
For if your thoughts unto yourself you keep  
The world may weep  
And people here  
And people there  
And people everywhere  
Will more misguided come  
So do not hold your tongue  
Speak out  
Let us have some variation on the theme  
Speak freely  
Clear  
Not thoughts you think we like to hear  
But thoughts that sear and form and grow!  
To change  
Change our cluttered cramped ideas  
Speak out  
For that is why you are here

Egal Bohen

# Conscience

Each day  
My consciousness  
Connects  
With senses  
Sharpened  
For the test  
Within my head  
My brain awaits  
Signals  
To evaluate  
Data sensed  
Brain digests  
Body reacts  
I am impressed  
Then navigate  
Without intent  
Relentless  
Information sent  
Sense of hunger  
Brings on fuel  
Pain intrudes  
Damage  
Limitation tool  
Simple transport  
Simple minds  
Bio-computers  
[Called mankind]  
Basic chemistry  
Robots bond  
Reproducing  
Knowing wrong  
Though conscious  
Captures  
Data flow  
Conscience  
Tells us  
Where to go  
So where does that  
Fit in our frame

I think that  
Conscience  
Is the name  
Of rules set down  
To play life's game  
Though not writ clear  
In black and white  
They hover  
On the edge of the light  
By some not seen  
By the bright of their day  
By others seen  
Yet thrown away  
To make  
This game of life  
More difficult  
To play  
And yet  
Perhaps....more interesting?  
Some  
Might say

Egal Bohen

# Control

The pilot said  
'You have control'  
He meant that I could fly  
Now life is very similar  
Our behaviour  
You and I  
For instead of elevators  
Sticks and rudders  
We have brains  
Where controls  
They are more subtle  
More like strings  
Or even reins  
In flying  
We move gently  
If we only want to glide  
For being heavy handed  
It can put us in a dive  
And so it is within us  
Our touch can play its role  
Just remember  
'Gently Bentley'  
Its 'you' who have control

Egal Bohen

# Cool

Cool is finding time to talk  
When time you have not any left  
Cool is tolerating others  
And the things that they have said  
Cool is absorbing all the tension  
While the spring is being wound  
Cool is analysing signals  
When they come at you inbound  
Cool is moderating answers  
As they form within your head  
Cool is changing them for something  
Less regretted when its said  
Cool is understanding fears  
And leaving them where they are found  
Cool is listening to all  
Determining the common ground  
Cool is knowing whats important  
Also knowing what is not  
Cool is staying ever cheerful  
When inside you are in shock  
Cool is appreciating love  
That someone special gives to thee  
Cool is thinking the word 'you'  
And not so much of that word 'me'

Egal Bohen

# Cornwall

Mystic land  
Set in the sea  
To catch in summer sun  
In winter mist and tree bent storm  
The gauntlet for to run

Mystic land of green and gold  
Granite  
Gorse  
And Druid grove  
By moonlight cold

With bluest oceans on its shore  
That every day beset  
With sparkling waters  
Fishers nets

Mystic land of rocky cliff  
Ancient mound  
Where jackdaws drift, and wheel on high  
Buzzards soar  
Ravens fly

Where eighteen hundred years ago  
The ships of Rome did come, and go

Mystic land of thrift and mine  
Thy heart is clear to see  
For granite stone is hard to break  
And so remains  
Explains  
Your history

Egal Bohen

# Dancing Leaves

So strong doth blow  
November's wind  
From trees  
Their leaves  
At summers end  
Free leaves  
That then a'dancing go  
Along the lane  
Like autumn snow  
A'dancing  
Bouncing  
Off the ground  
Such haste  
These leaves  
All crispy brown  
Announce their passing  
By their sound  
A'dancing  
Flying  
All around  
If autumn has a sound at all  
Then dancing leaves  
It will recall

Egal Bohen

# Dark Matter

The reason that Dark Matter  
Isn't very bright  
Is possibly it's travelling  
Much faster than the light

What is Dark Matter?  
Does it matter that its dark  
Does it matter that its matter  
Is it some form of art  
Dark is the opposite  
The opposite of light  
Matter is but matter  
In the day  
Or in the night  
Light matter  
Dark matter  
Multiply  
Divide  
In one or the other  
Each of us hide

Egal Bohem

# Day Deleted

Golden light shafts  
Strike the seas glint  
As light's energy  
Invades the sky

Water deflects  
Lighted movements  
Dancing in  
A humans eye

On the coastline  
Shadows tracking  
Sinking sun  
To where it lies

Velvet woods there  
Slowly melt back  
Into darkness  
Oft described

As Inky blackness  
Where the soft winged  
Tiny insects  
Bravely fly

Midst the bat winged  
Little mouse things  
That flutter through  
The pines so high

Complete silence  
Closely follows  
As the stars  
Begin to rise

The Earth is turning  
The Sun is burning  
Another Earth day  
Has died

Uniquely numbered  
Not repeated  
But deleted  
From our lives

Egal Bohem

# Dead Skin

The rock and stone from which our cities are hewn  
Is but dead skin one must assume

Egal Bohem

# Decision

When

You

Decide

-

Where

You

Are

Going

-

You

Will

Get

There

Egal Bohen

# Defiance

Give me the strength to overcome  
My selfish melancholy state  
When looking in upon myself  
I see but empty places  
Chase fleeting images of what I think my graces  
To be left to ponder on my worth

So give me now that fiery dart  
As it has always come  
Like a shaft from out the dark  
A fountain sprung  
My will  
My vital spark

Not overcome but strengthened some  
That I might fight again  
Then, viewing life with bold disdain  
Defiant  
Standing  
I will play your game  
And Life  
You shall not win

Egal Bohen

## Defiance 2

I defy the morning rising  
Though I saw the setting sun

I defy that night is coming  
Even though my day is done

I defy all that is spoken  
But seek truth where `ere its from

I defy the masses massing  
Knowing not their right or wrong

I defy all of creation  
Yet I sense I do belong

I defy the very tempest  
Though I know I am not strong

I defy all life's illusions  
Yet love what they're built upon

I defy that death will take me  
It's long lonely journey on

I defy the very moment  
When all things return to one

I defy the state of nothing  
Which is why I wrote this song

And my spirit will be fighting  
Still defiant, on and on

When all around  
Is dressed in silence

After everything  
Has gone



## Direction (Or 'May I Suggest')

If we lack a sense of direction in our lives  
May I suggest: , it might help to find out: :

What we are  
Where we are  
Why we are here  
What we want  
Why we need it  
And where (if anywhere)  
We think we are going  
(After having found all this out)

And perhaps, while on that path  
We should also try to be nice.  
Because we never know  
When we might need some help  
Along the way

Egal Bohlen

# Does It Matter Does It Not

Does it matter does it not  
If the reason for life  
We have forgot  
Perhaps we were never ever told  
Perhaps the truth may soon unfold  
Will it hurt or will it not  
Our selfishness may have to stop  
Mankind contained in a single drop  
Of a waterfall without end  
My god  
Should we know or should we not  
Need we understand the plot  
Only you can answer that  
Nine lives are only given to a cat

Egal Bohen

# Doesn'T Matter What Your Made Of

Doesn't matter what you're made of  
Doesn't matter who you are  
Doesn't matter where you're going  
Or if you drive a super car  
You could be made of metal  
Electronics for a brain  
The fact that you are animal  
Is basically the same  
The only things that matter  
Are the thoughts within your head  
And life is where they come from

So live before your dead

Egal Bohen

# Doors

Doors that open  
Doors that close  
Doors that lead  
Where no one goes

Doors with knockers  
Made of brass  
Doors with windows  
Coloured glass

Doors to push  
Doors to pull  
Doors that spin  
So down you fall

Doors with bars  
Doors with stops  
Doors in cars  
All with locks

Doors of oak  
Doors of steel  
Doors with studs  
That you can feel

Doors to lead to other states  
Doors created out of hate  
Doors which are set  
To separate

Doors behind which dogs do bark  
Doors from which to make a start  
Doors where people leave their hearts  
Step apart

Doors imprison  
Doors release  
Doors preserve  
Silent peace

Doors stay stuck  
Doors stay open  
Doors stay closed  
Some get broken

Doors invite  
Doors repel  
Doors forbid  
Hide as well

Doors of secret  
Doors of light  
Doors with cracks  
That creak at night

Doors of Life  
Are Doors the same  
To find the door  
That bears your name

That is the game

Egal Bohlen

# Dreams In A Box

Like a dream in a box  
We live out our lives  
Aware of a world  
That is distance derived  
Though horizons may come  
And horizons may go  
In boxes we stay  
Trapped by Time in it's flow  
Our decisions decide  
Where that box with our name  
May travel the system  
Will move or remain  
As escape is uncertain  
We have to be blind  
To the world as we know it  
For it's all in the mind

Egal Bohem

# Druid Stones

The stones stand  
Like a circle of crones  
Far out on the moor  
Resembling witches  
Short  
Hunch backed  
With cloaks down to the floor  
As if a meeting  
Once begun  
Was frozen then in Time..  
They stand there  
Silent  
In the mist  
Locked  
In some fantastic mime

Forbidding and mysterious  
Is one that towers above  
One wonders  
What it represents  
Power?  
Law?  
Not Love  
No one knows  
From whence they came  
Nor, what they stand there for  
But pray their meeting  
Now adjourned  
Remains so  
Evermore

Egal Bohen

# Drumbeat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

So the English went to war  
Defending right where wrong they saw  
Brown Bess the muskets that they bore  
Redcoats their name  
Red coats they wore  
The world will never understand  
The thinking of an Englishman  
Who will always pick the under one  
To stand astride, to shield with gun  
His legacy  
His history wrote  
His musket and his bright red coat  
His language o'er the world is spoke

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat

Rat-a-tat-tat



# Each To Their Light

None can dictate  
What another believes  
Each to their light  
But where do they lead

Egal Bohlen

# Earth Defines

No word describes the beauty I have seen  
This orb on which I live is heaven's dream

Life's atmosphere has beauty of a kind  
Intangible  
Unique  
So rare to find

Such beauty imaged deep within the mind  
No word is there exists  
That 'Earth' defines

Egal Bohen

# Earth's Children

To Earth  
Each day  
And through each night  
They come

Earth's children  
Called here  
One by one

In endless lines  
Their souls new born to life

In wonder and in innocence  
Their trust in us complete

What have  
We done

Egal Bohem

# Elemental You

Dark gas  
Burning blue nebulous systems  
Mind boggling molten metal stew  
Unveils creation  
To relentlessly exude  
Deeply embedded violet haloed stars  
That come  
Emerging  
Supporting life  
Sparkling with white fire  
To be diluted  
Into conscious  
Elemental  
You

Egal Bohen

# Emit

The horizon was curved and filled with flame  
In a second one voice called out everyone's name  
Then the hand of time moved on again

Egal Bohem

# English Boy (Or 'Eleven')

Bury face in the sweet grass  
Smell damp earth  
Things past  
Lay on back  
Look up to the sky  
Dream of Spitfires screaming by  
Kick an anthill  
Catch a grass snake  
Get left with a lizards tail  
Collect eggs in a pail  
Cook an omelette by the barn  
Land a Perch  
Watch the sun die  
Bats fly round the campfire  
Find a hot patch  
Roast some toast  
Get something to burn  
That old post  
A dry cowpat  
Lay down  
Warm ground!  
Tell a yarn  
Look in at the Pyre  
Fantastic  
Bright  
Yellow  
Red  
Fire  
Blow  
Get a hot cheek  
Set the grass alight!  
Sparks fly  
Rest my chin on my fist  
Mates grin  
Where can we get a cavalry sword?  
Stare into the red abyss  
Red eyes  
Smokey shirt  
Fresh air

Dead beat  
Roll on back  
Check out the stars  
Which one's Mars?  
No idea whats in store  
Who cares what life is for  
Just now  
When you are Eleven

Egal Bohem

# Equilibrium

The key to what is inside you is outside you  
The key to what is outside you is inside you

Egal Bohem

# Essential Imagination

In nights of no wind  
When just animals speak  
From the hills to the valleys  
Shadowed so deep  
A river like silk  
Runs silent and dark  
Over boulders of gold  
That lie in it's path  
Through forests of emerald  
Growing tall on it's banks  
Past glades softly silvered  
Where the unicorns prance  
To cliffs where the river  
Falls ravaged and torn  
To the plains far below  
Where a new world is born  
There dim lit by a Moon  
Lies the land of the fawns  
Where gossamer wings  
It would seem are the norm  
For faeries at peace  
That in flowers do lie  
Are a reason perhaps  
We should all want to fly  
Yet who could not see  
Such a mythical place  
(As Shakespeare imagined)  
Where time has no place  
Is the food for our minds  
An infusion of grace  
Imagined  
Essential  
Should we wish to escape  
There are many such rooms  
In our minds we may make

Egal Bohlen

# Eternally

Created as a fresh new page  
With eyes that gazed in awe  
At the colours of the rainbow  
And at everything I saw  
I soon became distracted  
As I stepped out through the door  
To wander through those places  
Where grew life with all its flaws  
Where the information screaming  
At my senses from around  
Like the currents of a river  
Carried me where they were bound  
So my awe became diluted  
As illusion did me drown  
While bewildered I was learning  
Something yet had to be found  
In unravelling that message  
I looked in, at what was me  
Where I saw that though some words were writ  
My page was half empty  
So I looked a little closer  
At that page and all I'd done  
I looked at what life meant to me  
The sadness and the fun  
That page was old and dirty now  
Dog eared and life stained  
There wasn't much to see on it  
That from my life I'd gained  
So I peered again, and then did see  
The words at which I'd looked  
Had form, and depth and meaning  
More than words within a book  
For those words which I had written  
When my page was fresh and new  
Held a message in dimensions  
That before I had not viewed  
For each word that there was written  
Was a lesson I should note  
If only I took time to understand

What I had wrote  
So from that moment  
I then looked  
Upon my life again  
Viewing all it's situations  
(And it was not without pain)  
So that learning what life was  
All it's ups and all it's downs  
I could then look through life's colours  
Into where my life was bound  
Understanding that the words we use  
Recording all we see  
What we learn  
What we become  
Well  
They are our destiny

For our words will be our signature  
When here we cease to be  
Encripted in our spirits  
To endure eternally  
Emotions  
In dimensions  
Of a universal sea

Egal Bohem

# Every Breath

Every breath  
That we take

Moves us into  
Our future

Every breath  
We let out

Is our past  
Left behind

Our lives  
But a moment

A moment  
Of living

In the air  
As we drink it

Imagined  
In time

Egal Bohem

# Everyone

Reflect then connect

To one another

Like it or not

We have

A common mother

All brothers

Sisters

Daughters

Sons

Plus father

Equals everyone

Egal Bohen

# Examinations Of Our Minds

To those of us who judge unknowingly, or by deliberation I say this  
That when, in judging others, we ourselves should exercise  
Synchronous similar examinations, of our own minds  
That we miss not those faults we own, and yet ignore  
When serpent like we hiss, transfixed outside the others door  
Obsessed, enabling words formed deep in the abyss  
To travel from our minds so blind, to scornful lips  
Words born of arrogance, part of ourselves we do not see  
Insidious, they lie in us, the same as that we mock in he  
Those faults of others that of which we all do moan  
Forgetful all the time, of those immortal words  
Let him who has no sin, cast first the stone

Egal Bohem

# Expectations

Sometimes we think  
That friends have let us down  
When in reality the fault lies in ourself  
We should ask ourselves the question this:  
Where does an expectation live?  
We know too well that it does dwell  
Within the minds of us  
That ask  
The question is though does it pass  
Into the minds of those  
That have to give

Egal Bohen

# Eyes Speak Truer Than Do Tongues

You know  
That eyes  
Speak truer  
Than do tongues  
Once caught  
A look  
The truth  
It will foretell  
Bright as the sun

Egal Bohen

# Fear

Fear of death  
Fear of life  
Fear of truth  
Fear can bite  
Fear devours  
Trust at sight  
Fear turns logic  
Into spite  
Fear even doth  
Turn light to night  
When it upon  
Your shoulder lights  
Fear twists  
Fear kills  
Fear is the cause  
Of most world ills  
Love chase fear away  
When fear gone  
All just peace

One Day

Egal Bohem

# Fear Management

Life is a tightrope

An illusion

Suspended above a pit of reality

To live it you need the attributes of a trapeze artist, ie

Possess a good sense of balance

and

Be able to manage fear

Egal Bohem

# Find The Unicorn

Nothing does not exist!  
Not cannot be!  
Think about it  
Does is!  
Is exists!  
I am me!

All is  
You are you  
Things have form - I see  
Ideas - I can describe to you  
Thoughts - may come to be

Yet no thing is a nonsense  
That none of us can see

'No thing' has no description  
'No things' can't be conceived  
They are beyond conception  
They cannot be believed

So why we talk in riddles  
Of something we won't find  
Of no things  
When just all things  
Are all that fill our minds

I thinks this is a barrier  
To knowing how things is  
(Forgive me very bad English  
For that is what it is)

We need to find the Unicorn  
Beyond that distant star  
For until he is a something  
We will stay just like we are

Egal Bohem

# Finding Out

If finding out where you are  
Is the first step to knowing  
Where you are going

Finding out who you are  
Is the first step to knowing  
How you might get there

Egal Bohem

# Freedom

We are free  
There are no chains  
The gates are false  
Our lives create  
There is no gaoler  
For you nor me  
Just our own  
Constraints  
You see  
Freedom  
If you understand  
Is in the mind  
Is in the land  
Immortal  
Omnipotent God  
The Universe

Atman

Egal Bohem

# Friend

The very best thing in the world

Is to have a friend

Egal Bohen

# Global Haiku (Silly Series)

1.

All life  
Come forth  
Out of ocean

2.

Evolution  
Monkey lost  
His tail

3.

Monkey no tail  
Prefer cars  
To walking

4.

Fossil fuels  
Carbon Dioxide  
No icecap

5.

Fell rainforest  
Lots of wood  
More carbon

6.

Global warming  
Much rain  
Climb mountain

7.

Climb mountain  
Too crowded  
No food

8.

Come down mountain  
More water  
Make boat

9.

Cross water

Can't land

Big war

10.

Fall in ocean

Life gone

Full circle

Egal Bohem

# God

Its not a big deal how you get there  
Just important you make the journey

Egal Bohem

# Heart

This heart

That beats

So constantly

In time

With fluid motion

Free

This heart

That beats

For you

For me

This heart provides

Our destiny

This heart it is

A wishing well

This heart it is

For time to tell

This heart it Is

Our life as well

This heart



# His Window Sill

The clatter  
Of a distant train

A child ran  
To the window pane

Seen moving slowly  
Through the dusk

Across the common  
Like a ghost

Carriage lights  
With half pulled blinds

Burned it's passing  
In his mind

Carriages full  
Of unknown souls

Clanking on  
To unknown goals

Passing slowly  
Into time

Pulled by a train  
On iron lines

Moving slowly  
Through the dusk

That train would now  
Have turned to dust

To where it went  
The child knew not

Yet he knew it passed  
From out his world

Perceived as it was  
From his window sill

It disappeared  
Along the line

To where?  
To somewhere else in time?

The magic is  
That he holds it still  
That ancient train  
With people filled

It clatters onward  
Through his dusk  
Any time that he thinks it must

He makes it journey  
Time after time

Across the common  
Along the line

It's carriages bright  
With people filled

Trapped by the mind  
Of a child until

He forgets  
His window sill

Egal Bohem

# Horizontal Rain

It is the horizontal rain  
Passing through this world of pain  
That supports our very frame  
Assembled from galactica  
It's structures then collected are  
To form our bodies insular  
To ride the horizontal rain

It is the horizontal rain  
Passing through and out again  
Enabling continuity  
Resistance being the polar key  
Defeat of matter by the mind  
In gravity our place defined  
We ride the horizontal rain

It is the horizontal rain  
Seen by those who use their brain  
That enables Time to claim  
Our journey to our destiny  
We wander down these mists of time  
Mists that transfer line by line  
To ride the horizontal rain

It is the horizontal rain  
Which you may call another name  
That we should try to comprehend  
And in that act the time you spend  
Will demonstrate how Time does blend  
Its very essence through our frame  
Within it's horizontal rain

Now think ye if I've got it wrong  
Tell me, when you last dwelt upon  
How your body forms and grows  
Travels through time with things you know?  
It's time to you it was explained -  
We ride a horizontal rain

See the horizontal rain  
Pass through the room and out again  
Supporting all there is to see  
Transporting us through Time to be  
Or not to be  
That is the question put to thee  
Through the horizontal rain

Egal Bohen

# Hyacinth

Fresh earth

Fresh sun

Fresh leaves

Unfolding

One by one

Revealing

In a magic spell

Hyacinth flower

Heavenly smell

Egal Bohen

# I Know..... Its Going To Be Hard For Me To Get Wings (Don'T Read This Unless You Believe In God)

If you believe in God  
Surely you would want to know  
How it began, Gods mighty plan  
That we speak of but don't understand  
I mean faith  
Does it have to be blind?  
Do you think God  
Really would mind?  
If we asked a question or two  
About how he made me and you?  
Did God know everything then?  
Before he invented men  
Was the story of Man  
Predicted too?  
Our heaven  
Our hell  
And all we would do?  
If so, then what was the point?  
Why open a book to read or begin  
A story thats written  
If it's already "Fin"  
What did God really want  
To do then with Man?  
Did he have  
Or have not  
A predicted plan  
(Interested greatly in which I am)  
And thinking of questions as I go along  
If God made life in one go  
Where did the information on life come from?  
Perhaps we were something  
He thought of  
Me and you  
On a day out to his local zoo  
Or when singing a song  
While walking home through the park  
One evening in space

Long after dark  
Thinking One (Adam)  
And then Eve (Two)  
A duet perhaps  
Lifes song to improve  
Did he prophesy then as homeward he went  
Back to his god-like grand tenement  
Of Mans hates  
His desires  
All those things we do wrong  
That long list of naughty things  
(Sins like this song!)  
To which man persistently  
Addictively clings  
(I know, .....its going to be hard for me to get wings)  
It would seem then if man (the idea) was quite new  
He was a concept of God  
Perhaps well thought through  
But Man.....m'mm  
He could be an accident though  
A product of life  
A bit like a crow  
If that were the case  
Could God ever have known  
What Man was  
When life started  
What evolution would clone?  
Or perhaps when God  
Began his great plan  
(You know what I mean, the story of Man)  
God used an idea from his memory store  
Possibly from a play  
He'd seen somewhere before  
But then if he knew  
How man would behave  
How all planet earth  
Man would come to invade  
Before it all started  
(I mean before mans life had begun)  
If god knew what Man was like  
He must have had one HELL of a dislike  
For everything else under the sun!

If you think  
About then  
In what we believe  
It doesn't add up  
To what we perceive  
Was Man planned?  
Was he not?  
Did God write the whole plot?  
Or did he just boil up the stew?  
Those questions now spoken  
My mind I'll keep open  
(For its hard to work out what is true!)  
But then having carried out  
A Very, very quick review  
I don't think myself  
That he actually knew  
I mean I don't think that man  
Was the whole of Gods plan  
From creation  
I think Man just grew  
I think it could be  
God is life  
As it began  
Or  
God is a beginning  
From which Life sprang  
Life that is conscious  
And was born to expand  
Energy  
Universe  
Together  
A Clan  
I think God is a part of ourselves  
We don't know  
That is growing  
Wherever  
His Universe flows  
Whatever the case  
The answers we'll find  
By questioning  
Everything

Line after line

The one thing  
I am sure of  
To know God  
In our minds  
If faith is required, , , , , , it need not be blind

Egal Bohan

# Image In Time

My word  
Is your image  
A thought  
In your head  
Placed there  
By myself  
As you read  
What I said  
A star  
Or a comet  
A planet  
A sign  
Unique  
To yourself  
In dimensions  
Of mind  
From a signal  
Received  
Decoded  
Sublime  
Understood  
Ethereal  
An image  
In Time

Egal Bohem

# Images

I have an image  
In my mind  
An understanding  
Of a kind  
Not writ in text  
Though clear as day  
But in order to  
Communicate  
Convey  
That image  
To another soul  
To words  
I must translate it  
Whole  
That is much easier  
Said than done  
For those images  
Are often  
Far too complex  
For my tongue  
Yet  
If I write those words  
In verse I find  
Said image  
Is translated  
Whole  
Quite simply  
Line by line

Egal Bohen

# Important Bits

The important bits of your life  
Are the bits no one can steal

Egal Bohem

# In A Medium Outside Our Time

I have seen  
In quiet corners  
Of long forgotten  
Empty rooms

Faded memories  
Of childhood  
Warmth and laughter  
In a winters afternoon

I have seen on evening walks  
In summers honeysuckled lanes  
Those who walked before  
Beside us  
Gone  
Yet leaving  
Images  
Remembered  
Loved ones  
Names

I have seen pass  
Right beside me  
Through  
The iron painted gates  
That guard the park  
The trees and branches  
Where I once played,  
My old school mates

Within my mind  
Their distant voices  
Through mists  
Of time  
Call out again  
Who was it  
Shouted: 'See you later'?  
Was it "Ginger"  
In the rain

Running swiftly  
Home  
Late  
To explain

His voice  
Still lingers  
Ever timeless  
Echoing  
Around my brain

Strange not  
The leaves  
Fall  
From the branches  
Of the trees  
Within the park

Strange not  
My hair  
From Time  
It's marches  
Is now rendered  
White  
As snow

Stranger though  
Those memories  
Within us  
Grow not old  
As old  
We grow

For they are data  
Now recorded  
In a medium  
Outside  
Our Time

By age  
Completely

Disregarded  
Trapped  
Preserved  
To wait  
Untarnished

To be played  
When they are needed  
Memories  
Of yours and mine

Egal Bohem

# In Your Life

In your life  
Is light  
Shining  
In a dark place  
In your life  
Is the dance  
That mocks the stone  
In your life Is carried triumph  
Over tragedy  
In your life is the spirit  
That you own  
In your life rests the trust  
Of all humanity  
In your life you will help  
To lead it home

Egal Bohem

# Indifference

I saw  
A blade  
Of grass  
Stood  
All alone  
Illuminated by  
The morning sun

Indifferent  
If it  
Were  
On it's own  
Or of  
Ten thousand  
Blades  
Just  
One

Egal Bohem

# Insecureuncertain

If you feel insecure  
You are not being Yourself

If you feel uncertain  
You have no faith in God

Egal Bohem

# Iraq

Misunderstanding  
Resentment  
Fear  
Blood mingled with salt  
From so many tears  
Here death has invaded  
The minds of the seers  
The sky has turned yellow  
The sand has gone blue  
A world upside down  
All afraid of the few  
Who deal with the bomb  
The Kalashnikov too  
Dictators  
Liberators  
Solutions applied  
The results were the same  
Innocents died  
Religious division  
Created the slide  
Into a pit  
That a nation divides

Iraq bury the sword  
Let your Nation be found

For in the sunrise  
And the thorn tree  
In the soil that you tread  
Waits the soul  
Of your country

Enough has it bled

Egal Bohem

# It Equals You

It's best to say a sad goodbye  
Than never to have said Hello

We should prefer to end a journey  
Than never to have walked the road

We learn much more when we have failed  
Than we would had we never tried

We should have found the strength to laugh  
Perhaps those times when we have cried

We ought to take a second look  
At everything we see and do

Always finding time to hear  
Another, and their point of view

We should value life, so precious  
That so swift we all pass through

For everything we do becomes us  
The good, the bad, it equals you

Egal Bohem

# It Matters Not

It matters not who says the word  
It matters only that it's heard

Egal Bohen

# Just True

These poem's words  
Through lines  
Lead to  
The poets mind  
Who wrote  
His thoughts  
Down  
Just for you  
He did not ask  
That you should find  
His verse was good  
Just true  
Be kind

Egal Bohen

# Keep The Mind Open

There is only one God

It is everything that is  
It is everything that has been  
It was every prophet

Through which

It has ever spoken  
It's message still is  
Keep the mind open

Egal Bohem

# Land Of Midnight Sun

In the land  
Of midnight sun  
Where from Volcanoes  
Ice doth come  
Where time  
Is not  
And legs  
Won't run  
There is  
A silence  
You have heard  
More silent than the glide  
Of ghostly bird  
Before it stryke  
Deep  
In the moonlit wood  
At night  
To carry far away  
You to your dreams  
To places  
You have never been  
Where  
May be seen  
Beneath the incandescent light of midnight sun  
In silence  
Colours of your lives all run  
Together  
Into one

Egal Bohen

# Leaf

Single leaf

On a tree

Gold as November

Clings tenaciously to life

So stubborn in the wind

Defiant of its time

Survivor

Affinity

Mankind

Egal Bohem

# Life

Life is an explosion of sensation that dwarfs the universe that supports it

Egal Bohen

# Life Cycle

Life is a bit like learning to ride a bike  
First of all you walk  
Then you start to ride but,  
You concentrate so much on not falling off  
You haven't got a clue where you've been  
Then you learn to ride  
And, you can look around a bit  
Then you learn to ride without hands  
And you feel really confident!  
You can even lean back and whistle!  
But then its not long, until one day  
You can't get on a bike  
Then you're back to walking again  
Looking at the new kids  
Learning to ride their bikes

Egal Bohen

# Life Is

life is life  
death is death  
awake is awake  
asleep is asleep  
dream is dream  
which is which  
life is death  
death is asleep  
awake is dream  
asleep is which  
dream is life  
which is awake  
asleep is dream  
death is awake  
life is asleep  
awake is death  
dream is which  
which is life

sweet dreams

Egal Bohen

# Life Is A Test

Life is a test we all must take  
That if we pass we emigrate  
Our powers grown through steady state  
To places new, fresh worlds to shape

Egal Bohem

# Life Is Like

life is like a breath of fresh air  
you have to give it back

Egal Bohem

# Life Is Quite Fragile

If Earth  
Were a seed bed  
Long ago sown  
With life  
That flourished  
So the fruit is now grown  
Is it spring?  
Is it summer?  
Or is it the fall?  
How long have we got  
On this heavenly ball?  
For one thing we have learnt  
We know Earth can change  
Man is not the master  
He holds not the reins  
Our planet has cycles  
It wears the crown  
Protects its resources  
It's oceans moves round  
Life is quite fragile  
It comes  
And it goes  
With the ice  
With the desert  
With the wind  
When it blows

Egal Bohen

# Lifeforce

Mans world to him has now become  
So complex like unto a Sum  
The theory always then applied  
To solve the problem next arrived

But when he lays himself to rest  
Without him, and outside his head  
The teeming Life that Earth maintains  
In oceans deep  
On dusty plains  
Goes on  
It's order still unbroken  
Timeless  
Caring not what man has spoken  
Thought  
Or even done  
Wanting Nothing  
But Life  
Won

This is the force that Man must know  
Radiating Life  
Its flow

For what is Man alone  
His world undone  
But the very smallest  
Fraction of the Sum

Egal Bohen

# Light

From the darkness  
Comes the light  
At the speed of it's highest vibration  
Bright  
White Anti-night  
Enabling visualization

Full of the red of the reddest fire  
The blue of the bluest sky  
The green of the greenest emerald isle  
The yellow in the old mans eye  
The old mans eye, sigh.....

The old mans eye has seen the light  
Seen for his generation  
When he was young  
He drank of the Sun  
And dreamed of harmonization

Now as he lays  
At the end of his days  
The light through his eyes is no more  
But the light thats without is also within  
Much brighter than eyes ever saw

For from the spirit comes a light  
At the speed of it's highest vibration  
Brighter  
Whiter  
Dazzling anti-nighter  
Enabling realization

Egal Bohem

## Like The Animals

At the top of the chain  
Is a good place to be  
I may eat all the things  
That beneath me I see  
Such good times may stay  
But they also can go  
I should start to look up  
If they come  
Then I'll know  
What it's like to be herded  
Perhaps eaten for tea  
Time to think  
Like the animals...  
Think about me

Egal Bohen

# Like The Morning Sun

Just as the reed  
Is as the oak  
It has for us  
So clear been wrote  
To fear not death  
When it doth come  
Upon us  
Like the morning sun  
For death feared not  
Where e're it's flight  
Is death feared not  
Throughout our life

Egal Bohen

# Like The Turning Of The Earth

Every second  
Our lives move  
Forward  
Suspended  
Precariously  
Between  
The past  
And  
The future  
Only ever  
Existing  
For  
The briefest moment  
In the flow of Time  
Where  
As with all things  
Like the Turning of the Earth  
They instantly become  
Either history  
Or matters of pure speculation

Egal Bohen

## Listen - Not A Poem

To hear you must listen  
To listen you must decide  
To decide you must understand  
To understand you must hear  
But to hear you must listen  
And so it goes on  
Its all quite simple really  
You just have to decide to listen  
Then you will hear  
Then you may understand  
What you do when you understand?  
Well now, thats another question  
Thats the human bit  
Thats life

Egal Bohen

# Look Twice

Look twice  
At everything  
Remember  
What you see  
Think constantly  
About your life  
If forever  
You would be

Egal Bohem

# Loves Gift

The will to do what we would not, or do not that we would

Egal Bohem

# Marazion

Ochre  
Lichen  
On  
Slate  
Roofs

Saffron  
Sands  
With  
Pebbles  
Dusted

Fringe  
The  
Bay  
The  
Waves  
Chase  
To

Island  
Mount

Carved  
From  
The  
Granite

Set apart

In  
Azure  
Blue

Clouds  
Of  
Cotton

Passing

Over

Herring Gulls

Patrolling  
Through

Up the shore  
The nets  
Lie  
Tangled

Mixed  
With  
Seaweed

In  
A  
Line

White  
Horses  
Beat  
The  
Beach

Elated

Here  
I Sit

The  
Storm  
Abated

Heaven

Is  
Not  
Hard  
To find



# Memories

Memories are distant days  
You cannot see  
Yet know  
Silent in the mind  
Silent yet heard  
Dark yet seen  
Set in some strange twilight world  
That is not dream  
Times  
Places  
Words  
Faces  
Marching backwards  
Fading slow  
Hold them close  
Then let them go  
Like shadows  
In the fire glow

Back  
To that strange distant land  
Where they belong  
There to wait  
'til called upon

Egal Bohen

## Memory (More To Come)

If I remembered not what I had done  
Life would be a dark place without sun  
If I remembered not the way to stand  
Then I should have to crawl upon the land

If I remembered not, to speke a word  
Then nothing could I say that would be heard  
If I remembered not, what was my name  
Then everyone, to me would be the same

If I remembered not the things I love  
Then there would be, no turtle dove  
If I remembered not what I had found  
My mind would now be empty, barren ground

For memory does enable every thing  
For with it, every day we all begin  
Without it, nothing ever can be known  
Without it we are all, each one, alone

Egal Bohen

# Metalmoon

Metalmoon

That like clockwork slowly moves across the open plain  
Where tall trees stand silver bright  
Casting long the shade  
Land of desolation in a dream

Here no wind blows nor winters into springtime grow  
Here all is everlasting night where only sheath winged insects fly  
Through silhouettes of leafless trees against a deep red sky

Metalmoon

That like clockwork slowly moves across the open plain  
Move again  
To where glass dewdrops on steel girders gleam  
Reflecting all that can be seen  
Converging lines that streets had been  
In silence

Here no bird cries nor mothers dry their childrens eyes  
Here only metal, blued, survives  
Against a deep red sky

Metalmoon

That like clockwork slowly moves across the open plain  
To the future will explain

Egal Bohen

# More Liquid Than Cold Glass

Everything around us  
Is changing as we look  
Even we are being turned  
Like pages of a book

As we sit and read this  
We float from out our past  
Moving to our future  
More liquid than cold glass

The only thing that's static  
Is our narrowness of mind  
Focussed and self centred  
Never understanding Time

Egal Bohen

# Musick

Musick

Musick

Musick fill my bowl

Rhythmic

Pulsating

Around my head you roll

Life lifting

Time drifting

Through heaven I then stroll

Oscillating

Vibrating

Detached from life so droll

Soothing

Bemusing

All states you can enthrall

My mind sings

To everything

Your frequencies unfold

Musick

Musick

Fall into my bowl

Food for my spirit

Dancing for my soul

Egal Bohem

# My Here Is Everything

Where ere  
I sit a'while  
I'm  
"here"

-

Until I move  
To over  
"there"

-

But when I'm  
"there"  
I'm "here" again

-

Another place  
But the same name

-

But what are names  
I am not  
"there"

-

For where  
I place my chair  
Is  
"here"

-

From where I look  
To over  
"there"  
Is always  
"here"

-

And all things else  
Are always  
"there"

-

It seems that there  
Are lots of  
"there"s

-

Places I  
May place my chair  
-  
Some of them  
Are far away  
So far I need  
The night to stay  
-  
So far from  
"here"  
I left before  
I can no longer see  
For sure  
-  
Then I imagine  
Over  
"there"  
-  
From where I sit  
"here"  
On my chair  
-  
But that is not  
The same to me  
As seeing  
"there"  
While seeing me  
-  
Although I can  
See many  
"there"s  
I only see a single  
"here"  
-  
And as it moves  
Around with me  
I think perhaps  
What I must see  
In fact is what  
The world  
Must be:  
-

Just the bit  
I see from  
"here"

-

From where I sit  
Upon my chair

-

Just the bit  
In front of me

-

That changes

-

Simple imagery

-

So does that mean  
That all the  
"there"s

-

Are really part  
Of  
"here"

With me

-

For that would mean  
Imagined  
"there"s  
Are nothing more  
Than  
Memories

-

If then the  
"there"s

-

Are  
"here"  
With me

-

Wherever  
"here"  
I choose to be

-

Wherever

"here"

May really be

-

My "here"

Is

Everything

-

You see

-

Deception

Called

Reality

Egal Bohem

# No Great Mystery

Life is no great mystery,  
Just  
Something  
We  
Don't  
Understand

Egal Bohen

## Noirmoutier (For I Like The View)

A sea of green reeds in the sun  
That ripple where the wind will run  
A winding road  
A distant Mill  
That shimmers in the heat when still  
A turbid tide across the bar  
Behind the pines there salt pans are  
Where Avocets wade white on blue  
To fishing huts bleached by the light  
Illuminated  
Painted bright  
The coloured boats along the shore  
Noirmoutier  
All this is you  
And more

-

Egal Bohen

# Normandy 1944

They are the empty places  
They are the ragged bundles on the shore  
Emptied of their love and all they saw  
Converted into memories  
Instantly  
Not wanting to  
Yet went  
That was brave  
No Game  
No masquerade  
They did not come home  
So while there lives a memory  
While there is an empty place  
An unforgotten face  
Leave them their dignity  
Those who died seriously  
Normandy 1944

Egal Bohem

# Not Sensed By Light

Our spirits fill  
Our wordly frames  
Not sensed by light  
But there the same  
Extending through  
Our every vein  
Throughout our hearts  
Within our names  
And conscience,  
Spirit's own domain  
Is where they're found,  
Yet oft' in pain

Egal Bohen

# Now Then

That  
Which in temporary state  
Prevails  
But for a second  
Or  
Its fraction  
Midst this sea of multitudinous forms  
Endures forever

-

Our minute lives  
So small  
Extended  
Locked into Time  
Preserved  
Appended  
Unseen  
But there as in a dream

-

Times speed  
Dictates  
Our life  
Our state  
That frontier  
That does not wait  
We cannot go back  
Through the gate  
For all that is  
Is on the Line  
Unstoppable  
Essential  
Motion  
Known  
As  
Time

-

Egal Bohen



## Now We Think We Are Not

To live we need to take a different look at life  
To see things in a far more natural light  
We live expecting that which we will see  
Even, we expect to happen what we want to be  
Just as pride that comes before a fall  
It seems we think that we control and know it all  
And so it is we cannot understand  
When nature carries on, intent on it's own plan  
Oblivious, and so indifferent of puny man  
That we in desperation then look round  
To find a place, a face, to point a finger at  
Where blame may be attached, a culprit found  
There is no blame, for this is life we live  
For here, we walk with beasts on dangerous ground  
Where nature's forces are at work with ice and rock  
A test, for places next perhaps where we are bound  
The trouble is, it seems we have so long forgot  
This world of which we are a part  
That now we think we are not

Egal Bohen

# Ocean Is Met

Blocks of Cornish granite stone  
Exposed  
Face brave the west wind's home  
To test the storm  
Salt bleached  
Well honed  
Then lit to show their scars  
Each one  
Picked out by shadows  
Of the evening sun  
Mirrored mica  
Sparkling quartz  
Pure diamond white  
At granite's heart  
This sea wall stands  
Defiant set  
With confidence  
In stone  
To state:

Ocean is met

Egal Bohlen

# Old Cold

Moonrise

In a star studded sky  
Where the ice of space  
With bluestone fire  
Does send its sparkling rays to set  
The secret shapes  
Which grow in crystal on the Earth  
That say:

I am the Cold  
I am the Oldest of the Old

I was here before the Sun  
I shall return.....  
When all is done

Egal Bohem

# On Earth

You should drink  
The bead of silver rain  
That hangs after a spring shower  
From a blade of new grass  
To understand  
All you need to know  
About your life  
On Earth

Egal Bohem

# One Day Perhaps God Will Say To Mankind....

I see that you are troubled even positively ruffled  
Having now developed scientific minds  
To understand the origins  
Beginnings of all cosmic things  
Positrons pure energy and time

Life's source and how things came to be  
For as you push back boundaries  
These questions will as rivers come to flow

To watch you struggle endlessly  
It troubles me  
It troubles me  
To see you waste your energy just so

For don't you see - there is no need to know

Just cope with that which life will throw  
Learning what you're meant to be  
Learning to be tolerant and free

Enlightened then you would all see  
The Universe to truly be  
Of matter not  
But purely in my mind

For until you do believe  
That I am God  
I let you breath  
The answers are elusive  
As this rhyme

One day the truth I'll let you see  
And then it will then be clear to thee  
Your Universe is something  
You won't find

It is a place I thought for you  
There to live your lives

Be free  
To love and learn  
To think like me  
Yet sadly  
That you cannot see

Mankind

Egal Bohem

# One Home

In the lonely  
Deep dark space  
A rock  
Quite small  
Slowly rotates  
Though quite alone  
Unseen  
Unknown  
This rock  
And you  
Share both  
One home

Egal Bohen

# Ordinary Man

As scattered light spread by the dawn  
Infused in nature we are born

As grey clouds cross the winters sky  
With silver streaked we live and die

As cold winds blow the flurried snow  
Into the night so we must go

But not before our time has come  
To touch the earth to feel the sun

Our colours mixed our brush out flung  
Our canvas painted with no plan

And yet so beautiful  
This life of ordinary man

(Note: I use the term 'Man' here collectively to mean 'mankind' - all genres!)

Egal Bohem

## Our Children (Comment To Sonnet Xvii)

Our weapons  
To defeat the scythe of time  
That through Earth  
Eternalise our places  
That carry beauty ever forward  
From our minds  
Are our children  
And such poetry of graces  
For while the living stand alone  
Each every one  
They are in truth  
The verse itself,  
As either daughters  
Or as sons

Egal Bohen

# Paradise

You may seek, but paradise  
Is something you won't find  
When it finds you, then you will see  
It is a state of mind

Egal Bohen

# Parmenides Saw

If you should talk of nothing  
Then nothing you shall see  
For nothing is not this world  
For nothing cannot be

Nothing has but no thing  
No thing there to see  
No shape  
No sound  
No texture  
No weight  
No density

So if you can describe it  
Then do so please to me  
For it defies description  
It has none you will see

And if you think an empty space  
Is a nothing you may find  
Just think what is around it  
Something on your mind?

While things exist in every form  
From thoughts to what you see  
There is no such thing as nothing  
Just spaces that are free

For as long as just one thing remains  
A nothing you won't find  
Don't speak of it as if it were  
It cannot be defined

So do not doubt that all things are  
For it is clear to see  
That once there was a something  
Only everything could be

Egal Bohem

# Particles

The Universe is Particles  
From one source of creation  
And "Universe" includes us all  
All in participation

Interesting then it is to find  
That Science in its study,  
Of those particles found in Planets and Stars  
People, cars and money

Was interested not so much  
In what those particles were  
Nor of their every constituent part  
They try hard to observe

But more how they behaved toward  
Other particles parked close by  
For it seems that this behaviour  
Results in you and I

So I suggest, that if there is  
One rule that we should follow  
Its is this "Universal" sign, which says:  
'Bad behaviour' is immoral

If it's good enough for the particles that bring us all together  
Lets remember  
The way that we behave ourselves  
Is more important than just being clever

Egal Bohem

# Peace Broke

Crevasse trunks  
Soaked in low light of northern sun  
Leant angled on a rocky shore  
Reclining pines  
Smooth shades of pink  
Soar lofty over secret loch  
Inset within a wild moor

Forgot

Tranquil  
Distant  
Silhouette

Descended from primeval dawn

Direct below  
Wild twisting roots  
Exposed  
Grotesque  
Through gravels shallow turn  
Entwined

Abandoned cones  
Twixt antler horn  
Lie upon the forest floor  
Forlorn

Symbols both  
Of life  
Unformed

Before..  
Still waters  
Silent set  
Shallow  
Spreading  
Deep and cool

Ethereal  
Isolated  
Upland pool

Calm  
As mercury  
About the pebble stone  
Stood solitary  
In the bay

Stone of eternity

That patiently awaits  
Wearing  
Slowly  
Slow  
Away

Marsh grass

Black clumps  
Along the ragged margins edge  
Petrified  
Unruffled images  
In mirror set  
Imprisoned  
Frozen  
In a landscape  
Filled  
With quietness

The faintest whisper

If here spoke  
Would split apart  
As lightning  
Shatter atmosphere  
Evoke

An act of violence

As words intrude

Into this place  
Of silent thought

Peace  
Broke

Egal Bohen

# Pebbles Tidal

Tumbled  
Churned  
Arrayed  
Displayed  
Laid out  
To glisten  
On parade  
To rest  
A quest  
That is denied  
Sucked back  
To grind  
Each other  
Down  
Grating  
Dragged  
Then rolled  
Around  
Twice daily  
To broadcast  
Their sound  
By movements  
Of Earth's oceans  
Round  
Hollowed  
Contoured  
Cream and brown  
Pebbles tidal  
Duly sorted  
Mottled  
Coloured  
Wet and salted  
On the shore  
Laid out  
Exhausted  
  
Egal Bohem

# Penal Colony

Penal colonies come in all sizes  
It just so happens ours is a whole planet

Egal Bohem

# Perception

Ghosted images  
Not light  
Move through  
Our blinded sightless night  
Motion  
Out of vision's line  
Detected energy  
Outlined  
The basis of a world  
Defined  
Perception without light  
Unseen  
Perception that is real  
Not dream

Egal Bohem

# Pity

Look into thyself  
What do you see  
Is it pity you find  
For another  
Or thee?  
If the latter  
Your pity  
Will be formed in your mind  
By a measure of arrogance  
Your choice to be blind  
For your life is a gift  
Not for you  
All alone  
But for all of the beings  
That find Earth  
Their home  
And as life is a war  
Which we all have to face  
Thinking first  
Of the others  
Should be  
Our saving grace

Egal Bohen

# Pleasure

Pleasure

Is what drives us all

Satisfaction

You may say

They are the same

But different names

We follow blindly

Day by day

Egal Bohem

# Poppies Red

As poppies sway upon the breeze  
Warm in the summers sun  
Their silken petals fluttering speak  
Brave words for everyone:

'Our colour is the blood you shed  
And when the battles done  
You'll learn one day that petals red  
Mean wars are never won'

Egal Bohen

# Power

The power of us, who power possess  
Would grow, if we would use it less

Egal Bohen

# Privileged

Intelligence defines his name  
Man's destiny  
Grows with his brain  
But life  
Well it is all the same  
For from the sea  
It surely came  
Don't kid yourself  
That man is it  
He is but just a part  
With life he shares  
His heritage  
Through starlight  
From the dark  
And should he think  
He better is  
Because it is  
He talks  
His cousins  
They do just the same  
As on two legs  
He walks  
And should he think  
Superior  
His manners or his clothes  
Remember Man  
You're privileged  
Just why  
God only knows

Egal Bohem

# Raindrops

Brilliant rainbow  
Lightning shower  
Stubble field  
Broken flower  
Beads of glass  
Fall from the storm  
Distant mountains  
Grey forlorn  
Torrents grow  
Watch and wait  
For to this rain  
Our lives relate  
Fluid drops  
Drunk by the land  
Without which  
You nor I  
Could stand  
Everything in life is full  
Of raindrops  
Life's essential fuel

Egal Bohem

# Reality

Conscious is my world  
Yet everything I see  
Dwells in that part  
That always is  
Direct  
In front of me

How is it that if I believe  
In what Charles Darwin found  
Evolution in one look  
Let's not me look around

Or could it be, if he was right  
That Man evolved to see  
The only place his world exists  
In front (Well, visually!)

For evolution we are told  
Amazing things has done  
To leave this Earth inhabited  
By creatures which have won

Because they propagated  
The equipment life required  
Extreme and complicated  
To survive was their desire

This being the case, the losers found  
Much to their disadvantage  
Three legs were not as good as four  
For hanging onto branches

As some grew tails like shepherds crooks  
They hung on even better  
But those without soon downward fell  
Becoming someones supper

So if evolution does permit  
Such changes to convention

Why does Man have just two eyes  
When his world has three dimensions?

In all the evidence I have seen  
In life forms that abound  
It seems your given what you need  
At least that I have found

Which brings me to the point of this  
Epistle I have wrote  
There cannot be a need to see  
Behind my back I note

History would tell us though  
That this is not exactly true  
As many things can come from there  
Suprises 'from out the blue'

So why did evolution stop  
To leave Man so unguarded  
With no eyes at the back of his head  
By Lions quite poorly regarded

Is that because theres nothing there  
Until he looks around  
When suddenly, it all appears  
In front, from out the ground

But then he finds what was in front  
Has now gone out his mind  
In vision it does not exist  
For now it is behind!

I would not say that all my world  
Projected is from me  
Expanding as my eyes traverse  
Creating what I see

But surely after all this time  
If Charlie boy was right  
I should have eyes all round my head  
With which the world to sight

The fact that this is not the case  
Discomforting I find  
It leaves me with this nagging doubt  
That all is in my mind

For could it be that I am part  
Of some computer game  
Advanced beyond conception  
Reality it's name?

Egal Bohem

# Reflections Of A Kind

Ripples on a lake  
Are like thoughts within our minds  
Events upon the surface  
Life's images unwind

But beneath is the reality  
Hid in silence far below  
In deep shadow, on the lake bed  
In our minds, we need to go

For the peace that we are after  
Is something never to be found  
In the objects that life lends us  
Scattered all around

Those gadgets of obsession  
Possessions that are bound  
For the trash bins of the future  
There discarded, as unsound

Surface waters are distractions  
Reflections of a kind  
Where float mirages of matter  
Mingling chaos with mankind

But peace, if we would seek it  
Is a truth we may still find  
Found hidden in the deepness  
Of that lake, which is our mind

Egal Bohem

# Religions Of Man - Part I - Or - Get Close To The Shore Yourself

The Religions of Man  
Are like vast rivers  
Meandering slowly  
Across great plains to the ocean

Fed  
By waters from the heavens  
Travelling different directions  
To reach the same ultimate destination

But  
Some now flow so slow  
That they have lost all sense of direction  
Others have become altogether dried up  
Some so polluted  
They support no hope for life  
Either here or after

So  
Best use your own senses  
And your mind  
To find how to get close  
To the shore by yourself  
Where you will find  
Fast clear streams  
That flow straight into  
The Ocean of Truth  
That still patiently  
Awaits us

Egal Bohem

# Religions Of Man - Part II - Or - Just Thousands Of Years Of Incredible Pain

Tell me of my God, my guide not my judge  
Of wide open spaces, of sky, and of love  
Tell me of my God, of light, not of dark  
Of the days that we live in, not dust from the past

Tell me of my God, not sheep in a line or  
Of Man's Religions, their dogmas, their signs  
Tell me of my God, a presence in mine  
To be found in all things, connected through Time

For here is Gods presence, God's temple of peace  
Seen from all places, south, west, north and east  
Its the Earth and it's peoples, it's colours, it's sounds  
It's lands and it's oceans, where life all abounds

The stars in the heavens, the planets, their seed  
These are the God in which I believe  
And my God is no harm, to those prophets who spake  
For all Mans religions we now should debate

For my God begat them  
As he begat thee  
But God has now said  
Its time God was free

Free of Religions which slander his name  
The Religions of Man  
The fanatics insane  
The Churches, the Mosques, the synagogues too  
They have nothing to do with the God that I view

Their purpose was served when their message was spread  
In lands far apart when men spoke, but not read  
In days when Man lived in communities, blind,  
Of far distant cultures, of others, his kind

That message was sent yet again and again

Delivered by prophets of different names  
At differing times and with different claims  
Religions got tangled within their own chains

But these messages left us a terrible curse  
The division of Man, across all of Earth  
So it's time to consider the future of Man  
As I can't believe, that this was God's plan

For the fruits of Religion are seen all around  
The innocent's corpses, the blood soaked ground  
We see it each day, on our screens we are taught,  
Religion, the reason that these people fought

If you add up the dead, the wounded and scarred  
The innocents murdered, with complete disregard  
Religion does not seem to offer much gain  
Just thousands of years of incredible pain

So here is a statement, a statement of fact  
Fit for our time, Man move forward not back  
Its time you accept all your Gods are the same  
You are killing each other just over a name

So we should examine the Religions of Man  
Keep what is good and use what we can  
But when we come to decide what they're worth  
Just remember, to religion Hell owes it's birth

So to whatever Religion you may now belong  
In whatever language you sing holy song  
Examine your conscience, your mind let expand  
See the twenty first century as God wanted Man

For God never envisaged that we should abuse  
That greatest of gifts, the power to choose  
For God has no favourites, for we are as one  
And Religion can't change that, it won't be undone

So let us take time to read what was said  
By the various Prophets, now all long dead  
But remember the fact that there can only be

The one God, for all of us, surely you see

So if God should be known by Man as a whole

The time now has come for us all to enrol

In the knowledge of something we've missed all this time.....

God is universal, it's senses mankind

Egal Bohem

# Religions Of Man - Part Iii - Or - I See Humanity Drowned

Vacant blank faces  
Animal traces  
Roaring cacophonous crowd  
Motioned by fury  
Madness obscuring  
Moves onward  
Dark hideous cloud  
Explosive malevolence  
Uncontrolled ignorance  
Screaming for bloodiness  
Loud  
Driven to vengeance  
Weapon dependant  
Religion  
Crept out from its shroud  
How can we save you  
Embrace or dissuade you  
To share with you peace and its sounds  
For until something changes  
Religion  
Its rages  
Continues  
To rain death around  
The conflict  
The carnage  
Lives wasted  
Disregarded  
Nothing changes  
Down here on the ground  
Where is the sanity  
I see profanity  
I see humanity  
Drowned

Egal Bohem

# Religions Of Man - Part Iv - Or - So Listen Not To Men, Who Preach Death Through The Dove

All those that suffer are immortalised through pain  
While those that suffering cause, describe the word inane  
Deliberate suffering caused defines evil in its shame  
By civilised man judged an act of the insane

Now man is considered as a primitive creature  
But if he can judge, and forgive, he is a leader  
So if there is a God you would expect it to be  
Wiser than man by at least "slightly"

For if man can forgive, then so should his God  
Forgive, not punish nor use Hell as a rod  
So I won't believe all the preachers tell me  
Of the fear, or the punishment they say has to be

Neither I believe in the death that is preached  
In the name of religion by fanatics that teach  
For I would dispute that they represent God  
Despite all their books, or their prayers or their nods

For God teaches me it will never forget  
Even one single soul who gets lost in the depths  
And this is how I, would expect a God to be  
More forgiving, understanding, more merciful than me

So we all have to learn to forgive to be free  
Of the suffering, the anger, the pain and misery  
For as long as we murder, we torment and we maim  
The longer will Mankind through religion live in shame

For in the blood of their victims religions blast their names  
On the streets of the world through their faiths that are chained  
To a blindness that is tribal, but is destined to be changed  
Through the will of the loving, who with living will engage

We need understanding that we learn the power of love  
So listen not to men, who preach Death through the Dove

Always to remember that the one true God  
Is the Universe around us, from which no one can be lost

Egal Bohen

## Religions Of Man - Part V - Or - Such Beliefs

God would never ask that man  
Should kill or terrorise or maim  
Though deceived, as many are  
Such beliefs they will proclaim

Egal Bohem

# Retro-Lution Or All Life In The System On The System Depends

In the natural world  
A balance exists  
That regulates growth  
Reduces the risks  
Of a dominant species  
Gaining control  
By ensuring components of life  
All have roles

Independent of each other  
Yet we live as a whole  
Even bacteria  
Our life cycle involves  
So life can't be hijacked  
For one species end  
For all life in the system  
On the system depend

But man in his ignorance  
Has disregarded this rule  
What he sees as success  
Defines him a fool  
Wild life destroyed  
Forests removed  
Mans departure provided  
By his very own tools

He's a bit like the fox  
With it's cycle of food  
If the rabbit (his dinner)  
By hunting he removes  
Though with Man it's not bunnies  
But the havoc he wreaks  
As he plunders the Earth  
To lay gold on his streets

With no thought for the world

Or his partners in life  
The planet he wastes  
With continuous strife  
The balance of nature  
Man has now upset  
With temperatures rising  
What will happen next?

The balance of nature  
Will no doubt keep control  
But life as we know it  
May not be it's goal  
For life started before  
Man leapt down from his tree  
And for millions of years  
Did without him succeed

There is more yet to come  
From the bosom of Earth  
Which has time left to fashion  
From out natures purse  
Life forms designed  
For a new Noahs Ark  
(But no monkeys that talk please...  
They're a pain in the...!)

As when dinosaurs finished  
Their spell on this sphere  
Natured retained  
(To pleasure our ears?)  
Their tiniest forms  
From their millions of years  
The birds of our gardens  
That sing with such cheer

Catastrophic were the changes  
That brought that to be  
The cycle of life?  
It may well have been  
For who knows what it takes?  
What forces set free?  
It just seems that this time

Its Man turned the key

Perhaps the results  
In the future we'll see  
New life forms inhabit  
A new Earth to be  
Will some species of Man  
Then still be retained?  
Relics of history  
Like birds, just the same

They then could amuse  
Life's new rulers proclaimed  
By singing them songs  
(They would need to be trained!)

But to safeguard the Earth  
From the havoc they cause  
They should have to be made  
To walk on all fours

Egal Bohen

# Right There Each Time Right There Within Us

If you despair that God is missing  
When God is needed know God is  
Right there each time right there within us  
For it is through us God lives

Egal Bohen

# Sacrifice

Sacrifice  
Is another word for  
Learning

Egal Bohen

# Science

You cannot confuse Science  
With God  
They are the same  
One entity  
Different name

Egal Bohem

# Sea Glass Blue

Helen Mary  
Seeks the blue  
Sea worn glass  
Beside the pool  
Where the tide lays  
On the shore  
By rocks  
Small stones  
Sea fairies store

Though green glass glistens  
On white sand  
By oceans sent  
To touch her hand  
Helen Mary  
Faithful  
True

Seeks only  
Ever  
Sea glass blue

Egal Bohem

# Secrets

Man  
Will seek to hunt the mysteries of life  
-  
To search  
Those quiet places far away from all the light  
That may in some part hold  
Those  
Answers  
That have not been told  
Of secret grails and powers  
Of  
Times  
Old  
-  
So  
On those sylvan trails  
He stumbles down  
Life  
As though a stream  
Where  
May be found  
In some dark pool  
Within  
The  
Deep wood dark  
Those answers  
To  
The  
Questions  
Burning in his heart  
-  
Where  
That  
At  
Which he glances  
Whilst  
In  
The  
Currents flow

As  
Waterfalls  
And  
Whirlpools  
Spin him round  
To him  
Is  
As alluring  
As  
Quarries scent  
Unto  
The hound  
A  
Temptress  
Painting images  
Of  
That  
Which might be found  
-  
His gaze then fixed  
On these desires  
His mission  
For great knowledge honed  
Obsessed  
And with no sense  
Nor  
Cause  
To reason  
Why  
He loses sight of real life  
On Earth  
Where  
His reality  
Abides  
-  
In ignorance  
Of  
This  
Great  
Living sphere  
He dwells upon  
His eye set high

Always  
Seeking  
Something  
More mysterious beyond  
He tramples onward  
O'er  
The greatest mystery of all  
His mind  
-  
So  
Powerful  
Unknown  
And  
So  
Is  
Bound  
Before his search  
Is ended  
So  
To  
Fall  
-  
For  
Not all things  
Do need be understood  
-  
Some mysteries  
Are best left  
In  
The  
Silver Wood  
-  
Where  
They  
Like scent  
Which  
To the air  
By  
Wind is blown  
Should stay  
-  
For

Most  
Secrets  
Yield  
Desirability  
Once  
Known

Egal Bohem

# Seraphim

The lake  
Was silent  
Cool as glass  
Fond remembered  
As time passed  
Remembered  
For the breath  
Of gentle wind  
That brushed  
My face  
Sent by a saddened Seraphim  
Across the waters  
Just for me  
Lost in a moment  
Of tranquillity  
Lost in the beauty  
Of the glass  
That lay before me  
As the past  
Remembered

Egal Bohen

# Seventh Heaven

In the first place Man needed to know God  
Not knowing  
Where God was Man worshipped the earth and the animals around him  
The boundary of his understanding  
In the second place, when he understood more of his surroundings  
He worshipped the Sun that gave him light and heat  
The boundary of his understanding  
In the third place, when he understood the movements of the heavens  
He worshipped the stars that told him of the seasons of the earth  
The boundary of his understanding  
In the fourth place he fashioned and worshipped idols and symbols of Gods  
To fit  
The boundary of his understanding  
In the fifth place he worshipped words that were spoken of Gods  
This increased  
The boundary of his understanding  
Then Man became a scientist and decided everything must have a cause  
So then he worshipped science  
Because it had given him some answers.  
This was the boundary of his understanding  
These answers made some men forget there was a God  
Which brings us to the sixth place  
We are now in the sixth place  
Which could be quite a dangerous place  
Without God  
Man could do something nasty with his new answers  
Until he finds his next, boundary of understanding  
Perhaps Man should take a step back for a moment  
Look beyond his next event horizon  
Use his knowledge together with his imagination  
To work out for himself that which he has missed all this time:  
That he is an integral part of an entire universal essence  
That supports his very existence, and that of everything around him  
The forces of nature, the fabric of all life  
Some that we see, some that we don't see  
Then, he might just realise  
That he is a part of the universal God everything is  
Instead of thinking that God is somewhere else  
He can do all this simply, without knowing anything

But himself  
When he knows himself  
He will believe  
And belief is the key to an amazing door labelled:  
'The seventh place - Answers to everything you ever wanted to know'  
Sometimes known  
As seventh heaven

Egal Bohen

# Sheets

Sheets  
Are but a luxury  
We use to end  
Our day  
Took for granted  
Silky soft  
To sleep  
They lead the way  
Yet it was not  
So long ago  
We gathered in the hay  
Made up our nests  
In lofty trees  
So living we could stay  
So no surprise  
For pillows soft  
We have a price to pay  
It is the thought  
That some of us  
On earth still have to lay

Egal Bohen

# **Ships Of Stone**

There is a vision I behold  
Where ships of stone float on a sea of liquid gold  
To ancient quays from whence lead fine canals  
Straight to the hearts of cities Aeons old

Of what I see in this strange vision nothing leaves me in such awe  
As when I look upon the faces of the personalities that stand  
Serene and silent in their places as the ships of stone slide by  
To those quays and ancient places, to the cities Aeons old

Such serenity, such peace, I have never seen before  
Finely sculptured perfect features leave they in my memory store  
Graceful figures silhouetted, waves of gold break on the shore

Now I know of no sound reason why I should present myself  
With such a vision, deep impression, of so dignified a state  
Having never to my knowledge ever heard or read or seen  
Of so clearly defined image I can only then assume  
That the origin of this strange vision, dream experience, was due  
To the cheese I ate at midnight, or the wine I drank with you

Yet there is no doubt within me that this place I saw is there  
That this very place existed on some far off distant shore  
On some far off distant planet seas of gold stone ships will bear

What ere the case I do not care  
For at the end it is  
That I am left this lasting vision  
Silent gliding ships of stone  
On a planet of tranquillity  
That forever is my own

Egal Bohen

# Slave Unto Death

Becoming  
A slave  
Unto death  
Has it's fate

For while death  
In itself  
Bears no evil  
To face

To serve it  
Does wipe  
From your spirit  
All trace

Of the love  
That you need  
To move on  
From this place

Egal Bohem

# Snake II

Snakes can move quite fast you know  
But they do not like the snow

Egal Bohen

# Something New

Something new  
That you remember  
Is the story  
Of your life

Egal Bohem

# Something You Don'T Want To Know

We choose the place  
We go from here  
Through what to us  
Is held as dear  
If nothing is  
Then where you go  
Is something  
You don't want to know

Egal Bohem

# Sometimes

Sunlight  
Reflected  
Golden beams  
A dazzling orb  
Floats on the stream  
Where sparkling ripples  
Lead me through  
A string of stars  
That draw me to  
A gate of living light  
It seems....

Sometimes  
Its good  
That we  
Can dream

Egal Bohen

# Souls Memories

Our human souls, those parts of us,  
That when we pass, turn not to dust  
May climb the staircases of time,  
Move through dimensions instantly, to find  
Their way, to unknown places  
There to roam in times of deepest sleep  
Amidst a wordless world so silent  
Thoughts are loud  
And take upon themselves their shape

There they move in timeless motion  
Fly through uncorrupted truth  
Until the point when rudely woken  
When we call them  
Home to roost  
Whereupon their swift arriving  
Causing ripples in our brains  
Which, not designed were not intended  
Ever to record such games

Deposited then within our memory  
As they landed, in a heap  
Strange memories surviving  
From that world so strange and deep  
And so it is our dreams are sent us  
Mixed, confused, cut up and censored  
Souls memories  
Of our world of sleep.

Egal Bohen

# Sound Of The Waves

The sound of the waves  
Is the sound of the Earth  
As it talks with the Moon  
In the waters of birth

Egal Bohem

# Space

Infinite  
Yet unexplained  
Expanding  
Yet still uncontained  
All in front  
All behind  
New horizons  
Blow the mind  
To have a bang  
You need a place  
But where to look  
Behind your face?

Egal Bohen

# Spheres Of Whitened Blue Edged Light

Spheres  
Of whitened  
Blue edged light  
In soft evening  
Take up flight  
Shimmering  
Softly  
Into night  
Our spirits  
Never ending  
Search  
For love

Respite

Egal Bohen

# Stardust

Beings  
Spirits  
Inhabiting  
Dust  
Mixed  
With pure water  
Our bodies are thus  
Visible  
Indivisible  
From the world  
Where we live  
Set apart  
Yet together  
In this cosmos  
That is  
Ever changing  
Is our nature  
To the future  
We are bound  
With our minds  
Not our bodies  
Which return  
Into the ground  
There to mingle  
With the stardust  
Of this planet  
We call home  
Sweeping silent  
In the dark space  
On a journey  
Of it's own  
Through dimensions  
To awareness  
New image  
To our form  
Chrysalis  
To butterfly  
We shall be  
Reborn

Egal Bohlen

# Summer

Summer  
Come  
Come again  
The softness  
Of the grass  
Bending  
Swaying  
Seeded corn  
Poppies burnt  
Into my mind  
The heat  
Upon the road  
White dust  
White dust  
And butterflies  
Air heavy  
Sweet and close  
Larks  
Sweetpeas  
Gentle  
Leafy trees  
Soft pines  
Against an evening sky  
The end of a summers day  
A countryside of pink  
And grey  
That tore my heart away  
Summer  
Come  
Come again  
My memory loves you  
So

Egal Bohen

# Summer Linen

Images

Walk from the past  
Across a field  
Of evening grass  
Through a gate  
With tangled briar  
Silhouetted  
Sunset fire  
Straw hat bound  
With a ribbon band  
Summer linen  
My mum's hand  
Stooks of corn  
A teepee made  
Where brothers ran  
There brothers played  
Long shadows  
Pointing to the dawn  
Across the railway lines  
Forlorn  
To Boxford House  
(From memory drawn)

Egal Bohem

# Supernatural

&lt;/&gt;Supernatural, Unnatural

What do these words mean?

Everything is natural

Even Man

and

All his schemes

-

Non -fiction, Science fiction

What do these words mean?

All here is fiction

Isn't life a scream

-

Surreal, Unreal

What do these words mean?

Everything is real

There are not any seams

-

Our world, Their world

What do these words mean?

We all can believe

In places we've not seen

-

Aliens, Homo Sapiens

What do these words mean?

That life is Universal

[Just big spaces in between]

-

Closed minds, Open minds

What do these words mean?

We suffer tunnel vision

Believing not our dreams

-

Blissfully, Ignorant

What do these words mean?

Things may be changing

Life Is not what it seems

Egal Bohen

# Take A Ship With Three Masts

If you want adventure  
If you want fly  
Take a ship with three masts  
And square sails set high

With the wind on it's quarter  
Go sail a green sea  
Where the skies are pure blue  
And white clouds fly free

Set your feet on the deck  
Let your eyes only see  
Sail set, the rigging  
A compass and sea

Hold tight the wheel  
The ship feels alive,  
As it strains for its head  
In an angular dive

Into the trough  
Of the wave next to come  
Her quivering timbers  
In a wind driven plunge

Then a thud and a shudder  
As the sea in it's tons  
Is parted like butter  
As onward she runs

Her bow lifted upward  
Then over the crest  
This ship just loves it!  
No other does best

Her sails all a'strain  
In her rigging wind hums  
As straight down her decks  
The white spray is flung

You have salt on your lips  
Down your neck oceans run  
On your face is a smile  
That will rival the sun's

Then she kicks on the wheel  
Her bow swerves up ahead  
Like a dolphin she plays  
She'll take all in her stead

So if you want adventure  
If you want to fly  
Take a ship with three masts  
It's topsails set high

Find wind on the quarter  
Go sail a green sea  
Where the skies are pure blue  
And the white clouds fly free

Egal Bohen

# The Animals (Or - I Wonder What God Thinks Of Us)

I wonder what Gods thinks of us  
Who think we are so far above  
Our fellow animals,  
We eat  
Anxious for the taste or texture  
Of their tender meat

Or animals we kill  
For hate  
Depending on their length  
Or shape

I wonder what God thinks of US  
He so merciful and great  
To see their blood  
Upon our plate

Are we  
So totally naive  
To think that God  
Would ever need  
To make a Heaven just to please  
Blood thirsty apes that want to feed

Expert little choppers up  
Of animals of every size  
Even those of gentle heart  
Even those with soft brown eyes?

In Heaven  
They don't have meat pies, you know  
For there they are not well received  
Nor kidneys grilled nor lamb chops fried  
Because in Heaven  
All survive

Its true  
There animals may too reside

If they did  
God may not like  
For us to cut their throats at night

To eat their flesh  
And gnaw their bones

For blood  
It goes not well with white

I wonder what God thinks of US  
If I were he I think I'd rather trust  
The animals

Egal Bohem

# The Balance (Death Of A Song Thrush)

Life is a balance  
All the way  
Indulgence leads  
Where pleasure plays  
You gain  
You lose  
Your choice  
You choose  
Beware  
The balance though  
It moves

Egal Bohem

# The Beast Within

We who live upon this Earth  
Descended from a common Source  
Since Life Began  
(Including Man)  
Should by this millennium Commenced  
At least have Acquired  
Enough common sense  
To comprehend the simple fact  
That Dispute  
War  
And  
Tribal Pact  
Religious Differences  
And Fear  
Of Cultures  
And of what we each all Wear  
Our Customs  
And our Flags that Stand  
Defiant  
Barriers  
Unwelcoming with Bands  
That stately music Play  
Tunes that set us all Apart  
Anthems printed in our Hearts  
Are obstacles to Man  
His future Progress  
And all Plans  
For harmony that should Expand  
Humanity throughout the wider Space  
In which we Live  
(The Universe)  
Now known to be within our Reach  
If we can but survive the Beast  
Within Ourselves  
That surely may destroy Us

For it would seem we have the Means  
If we could concentrate upon the Mind  
(And not the Bomb)

To put the past behind Us  
As some Great Obstacle  
Surmounted  
Gone  
Done with War  
Moving on  
In knowledge Grown  
That we all share One  
Home  
Realizing that we live Upon  
A Planet  
Small  
Surrounded by Each Other  
All  
On this most Beautiful  
Earthly Living Ball  
All the Same  
One Family  
One Race  
Man united  
(Not that one)  
As a Team  
And so fulfil the Dream  
That is our Destiny  
If only we survive the Beast Within  
That surely could Destroy us

Fifty  
Fifty  
I would Say  
That Man will ever see that Day  
Either Way  
Let there Be  
Eternal Shame  
On Man  
If he would by his own Stupidity  
Deny himself the chance to See  
The Universe  
That Patiently  
Awaits him

So

Should someone grab the Reins?  
Lead the Team across the Plains  
That lie Ahead  
Full of Dread  
Life of Chance  
Dance of Death  
Survive or Die  
The Race of Man  
Someone who can take some Pain  
Sacrifice his peace of Mind  
To lead  
Man to that point in Time  
Where he fulfils his Destiny  
His Dream  
With his Machines  
And so Survive  
The Beast Within  
That surely would Destroy Us

I think Not

For you can lead a man who sees  
But he may still be Blind  
For until the Man who Sees will See  
You have not changed his mind  
So  
Unless we have a lot of  
Luck  
It would seem that we are  
Stuck  
With a Beast Within  
That surely will destroy us

If it is So  
Then it will Be  
Fear not Then  
Boil the Sea  
Witness  
The Oblivion of Man  
From the Universal Plan  
Destroyed

But Life will then begin again  
For Life is like Eternal Rain  
Forming  
Falling  
Formed Again  
Forming  
Falling  
Formed Again  
Until  
One Day  
(Aeons away)  
Each one of us  
In our own Form  
(Whatever that may be)  
Has learnt It

Learnt to Survive  
The Beast inside  
That surely would destroy Us  
For is not that Life's Purpose?

Egal Bohen

# The Big Bang -V- The Big Doughnut Theory

What is a beginning?  
What is an end?

This much we first  
Must comprehend  
If we would know  
How all things are  
To know how came  
That distant star

To know how came  
The Universe  
Where came the matter  
Wide dispersed

To seek the point  
Where it began  
Would be indicative  
Of Man  
Who with his new found science  
Unfolds  
The building blocks of Life  
Untold

'til now

But as for that required  
"Bang"  
Big doughnuts  
(Those with holes not jam!)  
Would be more relevant  
To Man  
When he would fit the Universe within  
'His' plan

For all beginnings Time has seen  
Are always the end of another dream

For all Beginnings are also an End

Of another state that was `til then

So 'Big Bangs' are fine  
For those who would see  
An inch from their nose  
In the great Ghobi

But are little more in the plan of things  
Than a butterfly, which from its chrysalis springs

1995

Egal Bohen

# The Big Bang -V- The Big Doughnut Theory Mk II (Or Long Sausage Roll Theory)

If doughnuts, those with holes not jam  
Will not fit your complex plan  
Of Mighty Bang  
Then I would suggest another twist  
To draw within your mind just this:

A sausage roll without the sausage  
Long and smooth, it's pastry glossy  
So elongated doughnut it becomes  
(Hopefully more acceptable to your sums)  
Through which galaxies, if pulled  
They out the other end, will fall  
(Perhaps reduced to cosmic dust  
by banging against the pastry crust)

Now if the structure of this roll  
Was of one fabric, totally whole  
Galaxies could surely roam  
All over it's features  
Quite at home  
Those features curved just like a dish  
In or out, just as you wish  
Would bend dark space without the risk  
Or need of gravity (upon which  
your crap theory does in part exist)  
And when they get to the other end  
They'd fall back through the middle again  
(Perhaps reduced to cosmic dust  
by banging against the pastry crust)

Now, on emerging at the other end  
It is just possible that this roll  
Might need to extend slightly  
(Perhaps a bit more pastry crust)  
To allow some time for the cosmic dust  
In transit down the outer husk  
To re-form itself into the Universe (As we know it)

So, red shift you want  
Red shift you get

Bending light we could forget  
For, with a sausage roll of that size  
It's more likely something wrong with your eyes

Thus the Universe, and all within  
Is never, ever, required  
Truly to begin,  
(A Much more sensible theory)

Just continued motion from end to end  
With a little time to form again, ie:

Across the top and down the middle  
What more do you need to solve the riddle?

So to all BB theorists this message I send  
To be read twice without any bangs:

All beginnings are also an end  
Repeat together: (ALL BEGINNINGS ARE ALSO AN END)

Of a previous state that was, until then  
Repeat together: (OF A PREVIOUS STATE THAT WAS, UNTIL THEN)

So true beginnings we never will have  
Repeat together: (SO TRUE BEGINNINGS WE NEVER WILL HAVE)

And trying to prove it will drive us all mad!  
Repeat together: (AND TRYING TO PROVE IT WILL DRIVE US ALL MAD!)

So now have you digested that?

There was no beginning

Just a change or a step

The beginning?

You imagined

But could then not forget

June 2005

I

Egal Bohem

# The Big Bang -V- The Big Doughnut Theory Mk Iii (Or What Happens When A Big Doughnut Spins)

It would be helpful if you would please read 'The Big Doughnut Theory' and The Big Doughnut Theory Mk11 (Or Long Sausage Roll Theory) before reading this!

Now, those Sausage Rolls without their sausage  
Their pastry long, and smooth and glossy  
Described how there had never (EVER) been  
The need for a  
"BIG BANG"  
To start this mess that we're in (THE UNIVERSE!)

In fact I can think of nothing much worse  
Than a "BIG BANG" to start off a whole Universe!

Therefore, and in keeping with my original theory  
(Regarding the general distribution of matter)  
Without any need for a "BIG BANG" TO SPLATTER'  
Our cosmic dust into a great space  
(That had waited how long?)  
For this event to take place  
I return to my doughnut  
The original plan  
(Remember the type with a hole, and no jam)  
But to make it much clearer (ie the system we're in)  
I have added another element;

REVOLUTION (or SPIN)

For if our doughnut were of  
"UNIVERSAL"  
Proportions  
In the form of a vacuum with matter within (ie analogy DOUGH)  
In view of it's totally enormous  
CIRCUMFERENCE

It's speed could then vary (IF IT WERE TO SPIN)

For when "Spun" on it's axis at slow revolutions  
It's centre may seem to be totally still  
Whilst an object attached to it's outer circumference  
Much faster than light might travel  
.....UNTIL  
The dough at it's surface grew darker and darker (Just like night)  
As it's speed prevented the escape of all LIGHT

I then would suggest that this may be the answer  
To those who might open not eyes  
But their MIND

That the reason there exists such a mass of

"DARK MATTER"

Through our universe does not result from;

"BIG SPLATTER"

But is merely because;

WHEN A BIG DOUGHNUT SPINS

Light cannot escape

SO SOME BITS GO DIM !

So you see

(Although on the EDGE you will not)

POSITION

Determines our SPEED in this plot

And as SPEED is as TIME  
(Just in case you'd forgot)

The "SPIN" is the reason;

WE ARE

and

NOT NOT!

March 2008

Egal Bohem

# The Big Bang -V- The Big Doughnut Theory Mk Iv (That Is The Universe We'Re In)

It would be helpful if you would please read 'The Big Doughnut Theory' and The Big Doughnut Theory Mk11 (Or Long Sausage Roll Theory) and of course The Big Doughnut Theory Mk 111 before reading this!

At the middle of the doughnut  
At the edge of the hole  
A massive void you would behold

To read the universal history book  
You need to know which way to look

One way is thick  
The other thin  
Across the hole the light grows dim

There was no beginning  
There will be no end  
Just continued rotation  
Direction to blend

Expand  
Inflate  
Induce some spin  
That is the Universe  
We're in

Egal Bohem

# The Child In Your Mind

Let the child  
In your mind  
Come to the door  
Sometimes

For that child  
In your mind  
Is a symbol  
A sign

That will  
Take you back  
Through  
Indelible time

To a truth  
That you lost  
In this world  
Where you wake

When you came  
To be adult  
With an ego  
To slake

Egal Bohen

# The Edge

I sense  
As I before did not  
Not with mine eye nor fleshy touch  
Not with the varied frequency of sound  
Not from within  
But somewhere from around  
I sense the quivering air that all surrounds  
I sense the living tree upon the mound  
The bird that soars  
I sense the ground  
Or rather should I say  
I sense the screen on which they play  
For what I sense is one so whole  
That mind it must astound  
Division  
There is none  
No place where I locate myself  
The unity of life and man  
The tree  
The bird  
The universe  
As so astounded  
Do I stand  
And sense  
The Edge  
Of what I am

Egal Bohen

# The Edge Of The Disc

The edge of the disc  
As it spun around  
Moved faster and faster  
And covered more ground  
Than the hole at it's centre  
That hardly did move  
That place where we started  
Our life in Time's groove

As one is the disc  
As it turns through degrees  
Yet nearer it's centre  
The lower its speed  
Move in or move out  
All on the same line  
Spiralling outwards  
Contiguous Time

Over one ridge  
If but there we could flee  
Is the line we've just travelled  
Moving outwards you see  
While over the other  
Our future to be  
Waits pristine  
Undiscovered  
For you and for me

Egal Bohem

# The First Step

Most things you come across  
Do not have a sign on them  
Telling you what they are

Neither do you

You have to find out what you are - Yourself

Egal Bohen

# The Human Mind

The human mind  
Stands solitary as a cube  
On a flat plain

One face  
Bright  
Against the light

Hiding  
Within its own shade  
Its other dimensions...

Egal Bohem

# The Last Dinosaur

The dinosaur  
Stood all alone  
The last  
The rest  
All turned to stone  
It sang  
Until the sun went down  
Then fell asleep  
Upon the ground

Egal Bohen

# The Monkey And The Shrew

I was the Bull, the Tiger too  
I've been the Monkey and the Shrew  
I was an Elephant awhile  
Once a Crocodile of the Nile  
A Lizard I was sent to be  
Before a Wolf that wandered free  
The Bear I was not long ago  
And then a White Owl in the snow  
A Whale I've swum the seven seas  
Been a Humming Bird amongst the trees  
All animals are of one kind  
All brothers (That includes mankind)  
Of course  
They hear  
What I have said  
You see  
Their spirits live  
Still in my head

Egal Bohen

# The Moth

The Moth flies at twilight  
My light  
When our planets motion cuts the beam  
Of multi coloured daylight from the sun  
To let the silhouetted  
Evening half light  
Pass swiftly  
Then be done

Silence  
For a moment 'til  
Soft gentle starlight  
Touching dark velvet  
On the Earth  
May come

The fox barks at starlight  
In the shadow of the hill

While the hare lays  
In her form  
Very  
Very still

Egal Bohem

# The One Thing That We Should All Know

The one thing that we should all know  
Is that we do not know anything

Egal Bohem

# The Original Impressionist

When walking  
In wild wood  
I be  
I reach  
To smell  
The blossom  
There  
White blossom  
Wafting scent  
On air  
The blossom falls  
When touched  
Like snow  
Onto  
The woodland floor  
Below  
Silent  
Spinning  
Softly  
Down  
Splashing  
White upon  
The ground  
In petals  
Nature  
Paints  
Her scene  
The  
Original  
Impressionist  
It seems  
Titled  
'Woodland Petals'  
White on green  
  
Egal Bohen

# The Photographer

His world an image  
In his mind  
He sought to capture  
Parts of time  
That passed  
As ships  
Into his bay  
Preserving  
So that eyes  
Might gaze  
Symbolically  
In future days  
Upon the passion  
He portrayed

Thus Edward  
Photographic Art  
Engaged

Egal Bohen

# The Questioning Part

What is this questioning part of me  
Where sits it in my head  
It's been with me since I was born  
Where goes it when I'm dead?

It questions everything I see  
And all things wants to know  
It questions why I'm even here  
And where my mind will go

I questions why there's life at all  
And keeps on asking why  
All those shiny bright things  
Light up the night time sky

It questions what's the Universe  
Does it go on for ever  
And who designed the Big Bang!  
He must be very clever!

It questions what is at the point  
Where all things come to end  
It doesn't seem to understand  
That I can't comprehend

It questions what the Earth is  
And whether it's alive  
It questions what it's lifespan is  
How long it will survive

It questions how Man came to be  
Far cleverer by far  
Than all the other monkeys  
Who stayed just like they are

It questions Man's religions  
And asks why it can't be  
We all believe in one God  
Instead of ninetythree

It questions why Man goes to war  
Destroying one another  
Then it questions why we don't  
'Go on, go help your brother'

It questions how the time does fly  
And why I've gone all wrinkled  
When on the inside I'm the same  
A juvenile delinquent!

It questions why a second ago  
I was here now I'm gone  
It questions where I will be  
How Time keeps moving on

It questions what the Science is  
Supporting this mirage  
It questions what its purpose is  
Is there Life on Mars?

It questions why I go to sleep  
Each night when I need not  
It questions me about my dreams  
Of which I had forgot

Now after years of questions  
About Life and our home  
It's natural I should now have  
Some questions of my own

If Man has been upon this Earth  
At least Four Million years  
I think it's time that we should have  
Some answers for our ears

For although it would appear not  
I think you would agree  
If questions lead to answers  
It's time someone gave us three

1. Exactly what are we doing here?

2. Just who is pulling the strings?

3. How about an upgrade to comprehend these things?

Egal Bohen

# The Turn Of The Time

Each wave  
Of the sea  
That falls  
On the shore  
Falls not  
On the place  
Of the wave  
Just before  
The seas move  
With the tides  
As they come  
And they go  
And all things  
In the sea  
Are the same  
'In the flow'  
But our 'tide'  
Is the Time  
Which carries  
Us through  
From our past  
To our future  
In  
The present  
We know  
But one day  
It may be  
That the Time  
It may turn  
Like the tide  
On the beach  
From which  
    we may learn  
On the sand  
You can tell  
Where each  
Little wave fell  
With the flotsam  
It carried

For it lies there  
as well  
If the quest  
Is to get  
Up the beach  
I just hope  
That mankind  
Can succeed  
Or God  
Throws him  
a rope  
For at the turn  
Of the Time  
After such  
A long ride  
It would be  
A disaster  
If Man were  
To find  
That he was  
Just as dross  
On the beach  
Left behind  
Or worse still  
Carried off  
Cast adrift  
With no line  
To be washed  
Back and forth  
In the  
Oceans of Time

Egal Bohem

# The Universe Fire

Same world, same light  
Turning smoothly day to night  
Cruising silent round the sun  
Since conception she has done  
In the hot and empty space  
Within her skin, so very thin  
Moves onward planet Earth  
With grace  
Her atmosphere  
Her saving face  
With sheer disdain to hurl herself  
Upon the seething comet belts  
Where meteors shall meet their death  
Deep within Earth's gaseous breath  
Plunging onward  
Cloud and sea  
Spinning round so evenly  
Inertia that would make you scream  
It's mass so mighty it will bring  
Nightmares  
To  
Your  
Mind

Yet picture this and we will see  
As far as we all tend to see  
The truth of where we live, we are told  
Upon this Earth, so very old  
Yet few of us have seen it so  
Yet we believe  
As if we know

So why then should we not believe  
In all those things we have not seen?

For, never to have gazed upon  
A sphere in orbit round a sun  
That is no bar to truth it seems  
So why deny our origins?

Andromeda or Orions Belt  
Where stars are born  
Planets melt  
Where atoms into atoms smash  
Where life is kindled  
In a flash  
And chemistry  
Is King

It is to this we should aspire  
Our heritage  
The Universe Fire  
Remind ourselves just what we are  
Created from  
The stuff of stars  
Expand our minds to the bigger place  
Where we all began  
The Human Race

.....Outer Space!

Egal Bohen

# The Way

The Life  
You have  
Is yours  
To live  
To live  
But once  
But once  
You have  
The power  
To choose  
The path  
You take  
You take  
The path  
You choose  
Upon  
But is it  
Right?  
Or is it  
Wrong?  
Wrong  
To follow  
Blind the one  
In order to  
Conform  
Conform  
To what you feel is  
Right  
Right  
Is might  
Is what they  
Say  
Say  
Because its  
True  
True  
But not  
So obvious  
For me

To see  
Or you...

Egal Bohem

# The Wheel

I am the wheel of time that turns  
Where ere I touch, then life, it burns  
Where ere I touch, is now, it's said  
For as I move the futures read  
And present into past, has fled

Egal Bohen

# Think Death

Think Life could not be  
Without Death  
Think Death could not be  
Without Life

For man's dream of living forever  
Is no dream but a mare of the night

In which he would carry on riding  
Deep into a world with no light  
His company  
Souls with no reason  
Their only vision to fight  
For ever reducing conditions  
To feed their obsession with Life

Multiplied  
With no division  
Removal by death  
Not in sight  
This place would become  
Mans worst prison  
From which he'd removed  
Means of flight

But there is however a saviour  
As this story life never will tell  
For this place  
It is known already  
It is that place  
We know as Hell

Egal Bohem

# Thinking

Thinking is a process which enables us to see  
Unshackled stark reality from which we all do flee  
Can't recognize duality, the thoughts we have it seems  
Confuse, distress but nonetheless are not the same as dream

Thoughts express what we might be, that which we would do  
Where fits the world,  
Where fits our life  
Bright minds bursting through

The secret, is which I have found  
My thoughts if I would see  
Is not to fit them where I think  
Their meanings first would be

Their message sometimes garbled  
For they are oft' in code  
Thoughts take a little time it seems  
To let their colours show

And thoughts are not the obvious  
We sometimes think they are  
They often carry meaning  
In a message from afar

Just who you are and what you are  
If you are just like me  
Is something you're not sure of (All the time)  
But something flying free

Looking for an answer  
Looking where to roam  
Seeking out your destiny  
To find a place called home

So thoughts can be confusing  
Feelings mixed, the route unknown  
Elusive, misinterpreted  
From wild places grown

Yet thoughts let us explore ourselves  
Discover what is best  
Positively form ideas, advance what's good  
Within our minds, quietly, at rest

The other hand, when thoughts are strong  
Perhaps they should just settle  
Long enough to let them set  
Before we test their metal

For having thoughts is one thing  
Believing them the next  
Time can let the smoke clear  
While considering what's best

But thinking is important  
More time of ours should fill  
Thinking got us where we are  
Will take us further still

Whether we're thinking right or not  
Well that's another hill  
Another hill that Man must climb to fill his craving thirst  
For thinking around problems, for imagining the worst

We can be sure on one thing though  
For that future which we search  
We will find time, wherever we are  
To think about it first

Egal Bohen

# This Heaven Thing

This Heaven thing is it a farce?  
A bit like that saying, that the grass  
Is always greener on the other side  
Or is it just a myth to hide  
From us the fact that when we die  
That is the end, the last goodbye

Egal Bohem

# This Worlds Illusion

The closer you can get  
The more you can see  
But each time you get closer  
The horizon moves further away  
This worlds illusion has no end  
And there is no beginning  
Except that which you switch on  
Yourself  
Every time you wake up

Egal Bohem

# Time

Time does not affect our lives  
It is our lives

Egal Bohem

# Time Equals Life

As with the air  
That we breath in  
We draw the time  
We live within  
We give it back  
When all is done  
Time equals life  
That is the sum

Egal Bohem

# Time To Grow Up

Blindfolded by our own perception of what we are  
Unaware of the forces within and around us  
Focused upon primitive goals  
Generating continual conflict  
Wanting everything that we need not  
Looking always for answers  
Never seeing that which stares us in our face  
Every moment of our conscious being  
Small wonder mankind is confused  
Small wonder mankind knows not how to behave  
Large wonder mankind still manages to exist

We act like children as we play out our lives  
Oblivious to that shimmering haze  
Of energy, space, and time  
From which we are all formed  
The time has come for us to look around  
Time for us to face the truth  
The time has come for us to know the stage we are upon  
Time for us to recognise the forces that support our world  
The time has come for us to understand what we are  
Time to grow up

Egal Bohem

# Time Too

T wo  
I ndependent  
M oving  
E lements

Are all you need for Time  
One to go  
One to stay  
There you have the start of a day  
This may sound too simple  
For those who would dwell  
For hour after hour  
On theories more swell  
But I have this feeling  
That if all should stop  
There'd be nothing to measure  
For my dear old clock  
For before there was movement  
Then nothing took Time  
Just a mighty great One thing  
Stuck in its prime  
Pure separation  
It would seem was the crime  
That put us in motion  
Sent us off down the line  
But where it began  
Well, now there's a thought  
This must have been  
Where we left the first nought  
Since then have we travelled  
Our worlds, if not us  
For considerable periods  
Turning to dust  
So long has our travel  
Since that point been  
That now we all live a continuous dream  
No past and no future  
Just present it seems  
Everything joined

With no gaps in between  
But Time is the one thing  
We cannot divorce  
From our life on earth  
A formidable force  
Yet though it's quite simple  
To see Time extends  
It's considerably harder  
To know where it ends  
We cannot begin  
With our minds to discuss  
That complex question  
How Time affects us  
For the nature of Time  
If Man ever could know  
Would shatter his dreams  
And his mind in one blow  
But one thing within us  
Would still remain  
Untouched and unblemished  
Not aged  
Just the same  
Born from a place  
On which Time has no claim  
That essence of seeing  
Which dwells in our frame  
Our Spirit  
Our Being

Known just by our name

Egal Bohem

# To Be Or Not To Be?

To be or not to be?

That is the question  
Writ in verse so masterly  
Overlooked for centuries  
As everyone did then read on  
Transfixed  
Upon the script there on  
When all was said in half of twelve  
Words, that of our being tell

The genius that these words came from  
Still waits for Man  
To answer  
Then move on

Egal Bohem

# Together

Alone but fractions of the whole  
Together the sum of each other

Egal Bohen

# Tolerance

When we are angry at mankind  
Or rave at some depravity of mind  
When we would curse behaviour of a kind  
To argue, rather than to view benign  
It is with our own self we battle wage  
When choosing not to understand, nor to engage  
With that from which we isolate our self  
With anger sent, to where, perhaps is needed help  
Lest fearful, reason may just find the time  
With tenderness, to enter in our mind.  
And so it is perhaps from loss of our own face  
We are so quick to shout of their disgrace  
But we should not lose sight of our own sins  
Though, in different colours dressed, appear they in  
For is not all, of nature in this life?  
The good, the bad, together, love, and strife  
As nature, this is how such things will be  
So it is not how loud we shout, but what we see  
And seeing do, to help, to liberate  
To free with tolerance, not shut the gate  
That is  
How it should be

(You can now view this poem as a video to music at:  
SPRINGTIME IMPRESSIONS (be)  
Uploaded by ExtensiveAmusement)

Egal Bohen

# Top Of The Hill

When the sun shines on a clear day

And the wind blows through the green leaves

Of the Beech trees

At the top of the hill

Where the birds soar to the white clouds

In the blue

Thats where I would be

Egal Bohen

# Totally Detached From Reality

There was once a planet of warm oceans that teemed with marine life  
There was once a planet of warm lands covered entirely by lush vegetation  
The marine life was buried by nature and turned to oil and stone  
The lush vegetation was buried by nature and turned into coal  
There was once a planet where the inhabitants believed  
Because they were cleverer than all the other animals  
That the planet was theirs, and that they could control nature  
Unfortunately they never did find out what they were turned into  
You see as well as being incredibly stupid to think that,  
they were also totally detached from reality

Egal Bohem

# Trinity Of Order

All that is  
Was will be  
All that was  
Was is  
All that will be  
Will be was  
After it is is

Egal Bohem

# Truth

Truth dwells in many places and It travels many roads  
Truth hides behind our faces whether we be saints or rogues  
Truth built the world we live in as it built a thousand more  
Truth gave us all a conscience, to lead us to their doors

Egal Bohen

# Truth Defined

The truth it is not hard  
To find  
It does not hide itself away  
From all mankind  
Its very essence flows in everything  
We are  
Yet to know the truth  
We have to see  
To see  
We have to look  
Before we find  
But where to look  
Above  
Below  
In front  
Behind  
No  
Look in your mind  
There lies the truth  
Defined  
That to which we are all blind

Egal Bohen

# Two Thousand And Ten

We will be Arabs  
They will be Jews  
How will God choose

They will be Arabs  
We will be Jews  
What is the news

It is Two Thousand and Ten  
We are at it again  
My son of the year 1990  
Was born of a tortured land  
Yet his smile was the sun of a new day begun  
His laughter, the wind over sand  
His eyes of absolute innocence  
A Peace would surely expand

My son of the year 1990  
Whose hand grew up in mine  
Lies at my feet, his life extinct  
We are at it again

It is Two Thousand and Ten  
It is time for this to end  
They may be Arabs  
They may be Jews  
Just please stop

God, and Life, are abused

Egal Bohem

# Two Worlds Observed

Intense  
Deepest  
Metallic  
Blue  
Shimmer the wings  
Of damsel flies

Playing  
In warm sunlight  
On the brook  
That talks itself  
Through green sedges  
Across the open meadow  
To slide  
Silently  
Into the shaded wood

Where  
The dragon fly  
Alone  
Swift and yellow

Hawks  
Relentlessly  
Mechanically  
Up and down  
Its course

In and out  
Of its shadows  
Forever  
Searching

(Two worlds  
Observed  
Today  
In four  
Dimensions)

Egal Bohem

# Understanding Life

Understanding life is a bit like  
Trying to pick up a bar of soap  
You've dropped in the bath  
One minute you have it  
The next Its gone again

Egal Bohem

# Universal Screen

This place in which we live is like a sea,  
Of photons, prions, protons, we don't see  
They pass right through us  
Just as bullets through the air  
Without us ever knowing they are there  
Without the merest ruffle of our hair  
We pass each day, engrossed and unaware  
That the emptiness of space is but a dream  
When in fact it is a soup, though all unseen  
Of starlight travelling at the speed of light,  
Each particle, it's signature so bright  
From super-novas  
From four leafed clovers  
Flows this energetic stream  
Forming structures within molecules  
Or flouncing through our follicles  
These very special energies  
Are gone before they've been  
Curving back at speed to space  
There to support  
Our daily dream  
The photon fields that form us  
On this Universal Screen

Egal Bohen

# Unmasked

If there were places  
That you could not see this world  
And it's 'reality'  
You would see  
Movement  
Of a kind  
Within the light  
Of your own mind  
Set free  
Unmasked  
To see  
Defined  
Our spirit  
To which we  
Are blind

Egal Bohem

# Valuable Bits

The valuable bits of your life  
Are the bits that bring tears to your eyes

(Read this how you want)

Egal Bohem

# Very Fortunate Monkeys

Very fortunate monkeys  
With minds that wander free  
Our worlds of thought expanding  
Rejecting what we see  
Beyond the world around us  
Reality disowned  
We live out our desires  
In boxes just like clones  
And though we call this progress  
As further off we stray  
From the system that supports us  
The other monkeys pray

Egal Bohen

# Violet

Sweet violet  
Sweet thief of stolen smells  
Of what, this blushing shame  
On thy account  
Doth Shakespeare tell

Egal Bohen

# Visions

Looking  
Provides  
Images

-

Seeing  
Reveals  
Visions

-

Looking

-

Then

-

Seeing

-

Lead

To

-

Knowing

-

Through

-

Being

-

Both

Essential

Life

Transitions

Egal Bohem

# Wanting Only

Every day of our existence  
We deny our real self  
Wanting only to take part  
In that play which is our Life

Egal Bohen

# Wasp

Now would you help  
The wasp  
That flounders  
Struggling  
In the jar of rain  
Or would you watch  
His life expire  
Never to fly once again  
Could he rest upon your finger  
Would he sting you with his pain  
If he flew  
Would he tell God  
You saved his life  
Whisper your name

Egal Bohen

# Water

Silver

Clear

Satin seal the top

Drop

Laugh

Laugh

Icy cheer

Never

Never

Stop

Downward

Onward

Over

Go

Fullness oceans swelling

Oceans slowly booming

Deep

Moody

Sullen

Sullen Sleep

Seething

Foaming

Broken glass

Moon and wind to blast

Muddy puddles in the gate

Footprint cups to lap

Dripping warm November days

Mist

Rain

Leaky tap

Egal Bohem

# We Are Not Dead

Conscious states  
We each do own

Close our eyes  
To be alone

Remote the touch  
That stillness dulls

Leaving sound  
Our brain to lull

When scent to smell  
Is scarce it seems

Our senses sleep  
So soon we dream

The humming sound  
Left in our head

It signifies  
We are not dead

Egal Bohen

# Whales Song

Man  
Stick head out sand  
See where you are  
Your existence owed to star  
Ever since you come on scene  
Everyone else in bad dream  
Who the hell you think you are  
Why you think in your mind  
All exist for just mankind  
Life form not unique to find  
You know  
Whale in sea come long time ago  
You just pup  
So why you think you one of a kind  
Don't even know how use your mind  
All Earth and in it not yours too  
Me here much long before you  
Still will be when you're gone through  
You beginner  
You very short lived  
You not here long  
Anyway  
You never understand whales song

Why each day you focus so narrow  
With no purpose live out life  
No look round  
You dig and scabble  
Turn our planet into rubble  
Fill the air with steam and trouble  
No know Love  
Just war and strife  
That teach you nothing  
You think that why you got life!  
Can't you see Life only function  
Give insight  
Get real  
You got wrong big time man  
Head in Sand

Want move up scale  
Or you never understand  
Song of whale

Teacher set you test that's long  
You need find where answers from  
But be quick  
Or soon all gone  
So look in places answers found  
No walk round just look at ground  
Head in sand  
Pathetic man  
Dreaming what you got in hand  
Breaking what not understand  
Spoiling planet for us lot  
Man  
You big blot!  
On landscape  
Soon like dinosaur go  
For to all life Earth belong  
We all here before you long  
This our home too  
Head in Sand  
Man  
Understand  
My song

Egal Bohem

# What Colour Is Behaviour

What colour is behaviour  
Where intolerance is bred  
Green, violet or indigo  
Orange, yellow, blue or red  
Such colours live in rainbows  
As component parts of life  
Yet in tolerance together  
Turn their colours into light

Egal Bohen

# What Do You Seek

What do you seek?

And tell me

When you have found it

What do you know?

Egal Bohen

# What Is Important Now

The light came and went away  
The eyes closed  
The body waned, the power fell  
And slumber crept it's way across my fading consciousness

What is important now?  
Now that I lay me down to rest  
Exhausted  
What is important now?

I cannot see my face  
I might be seven  
Though I know that cannot be  
Inside I feel no differently, than then

Here I have no proof of what I am  
Of what I have  
Or in what land  
As all is dark

And as my body drifts away  
I have a thought.....  
I start!  
What did I say?

Ah yes, what is important now?  
Now, before I pass into oblivion  
Without a memory of what I am  
Without so much a helping hand

Sleep.....  
Now all my worries, thoughts unspoken  
Deeds done, undone  
Dreams broken

Will fit into the matchbox on the floor  
Of no significance now  
So small  
So whats the worry for

So what's important now?

Ingredients for Life

Earth

Heat

Light

Peace

The rest?

Fits in the matchbox on the floor

Egal Bohen

# What You Know You Should Say

When you don't want to speak  
Its probably because you don't like  
What you know you should say

Egal Bohem

# When You Don'T Know What To Do

When you search for yourself  
When you don't know what to do  
Do you want to be your conscience?  
Or want your conscience to be you?

Egal Bohem

# Where The Rainbows Rule Again

Denial comes  
With many names  
Anger  
Fear  
Our lives to stain  
As bravery  
Our fleetness lames  
Despondency  
Truth doth arrange  
So seems it then that  
Gravity  
Would sink us in  
It's deep dark sea  
Not so though  
For the light  
Doth strain  
To catch us  
Lead us  
Through  
The Pain  
To where  
The Rainbows Rule  
Again

Egal Bohen

# While Innocence Lays Soft Uncurled

What happens is not good or bad  
What happens is not always sad  
What happens is the way it is  
What happens is a great abyss  
What happens is a lesson learnt  
What happens is a test of hurt  
What happens is the Earth unfurls  
While innocence lays soft uncurled

Egal Bohen

# Who Are You I Am Me

Are you in my world  
Or am I in yours  
What brings us together  
Is it life  
Through its doors  
Does the road that we travel  
Move or the car  
Is it just time  
Makes a journey seem far  
Does the moon really move  
Up and then down  
When viewed from afar  
It just goes around  
In which direction  
Does the Earth spin  
Depends where you are  
Which dimension your in  
What is hot what is cold  
What's it called in between  
Relies on your species  
How thick is your skin  
And a measure to measure  
A metre of cloth  
First must be measured  
By a measure of course  
What is long what is short  
How big is a horse  
Zoom in or zoom out  
It is distance perforce  
There is no beginning  
There will be no end  
Which is down which is up  
Does it matter my friend  
What are we made of  
What do we see

Faces in mirrors

Who are you?

I am me

Egal Bohem

# Why Is It That We Are All Here

When angry voices clamour round you  
Calling first you here then there  
When confusion reigns within you  
When sheer panic strips you bare

STOP!

And quietly ask yourself this question:

Why is it - that we are - all here?

Egal Bohen

# Wild Places

In wild places  
Dwells my mind  
In places distant  
There to find  
A peace  
Not of mankind  
Thoughts wander  
Back and forth between  
Though in a dream  
Sweet solace to aspire to  
From desk  
To silent shade of far deep wood  
or  
Mountainside  
To heathered hill  
Where I have climbed  
To gaze upon such places  
Well denied  
The clatter of our modern lives  
To drink a draft  
Of nature  
Stay alive  
In peace  
With time to think  
On things that otherwise  
I trample o'er  
In my desire  
Down there below  
For such silence  
Is much sweeter to my mind  
When quiet contemplation  
I would find  
And so my soul does force along  
My body tired  
Exhausted on  
To tramp the tracks  
That climb and wind  
Into the hills  
That this old mind

Can lonely be  
For just a while  
So it survive  
This world of time  
That it retains  
Some sanity  
To help it  
Understand  
Reality

Egal Bohem

# With The Dust Of Ages Hung

In the hall  
Where floor boards creak  
Through the tall doors  
From the Street  
A shaft of golden light  
Is strung  
With the dust of ages hung

Though nothing in the air is seen  
There  
Within this golden beam  
There  
The dust of ages hung  
Moving slowly  
In the sun

So it is  
In our daydream  
Not all that is  
Is always seen  
Sometimes it takes  
A shadows line  
To let the golden light  
Define  
All there is to see  
More ways than one  
Like the dust of ages  
Hung

Egal Bohen

# Words Are Just Labels

Words are just labels

-

Labels

You attach to images

Formed in your mind

-

Some people

Use many labels

But attach them to false images

-

Some people

Use few labels

But attach them to true images

-

Words are just labels

-

Truth

Relies not

On

How many labels

You have access to

-

But the quality

Of the images

You

Attach to them

Egal Bohen

# Words I Wrote

Those words I wrote  
Which you have read  
I wrote that you should know  
What's in my head  
My head where  
At the time I wrote those words  
I said:  
Those words I wrote  
Which you have read  
I wrote that you should know  
What's in my head  
And now you know what's in my head  
For the words I thought  
Now you have read  
This is nonsense  
I hear you say  
Agreed  
I would just hope  
You read my poems  
In that way

Egal Bohem

# Your Tree Of Life Is Taking Shape

Your tree of life is taking shape

Its leaves made of labels  
Bearing words that you spake

It is best that you think  
Of the leaves you attach

For once spoken  
They hang there

You can't get them back

Egal Bohen

# Zothere

Zothere..

You  
Have  
My  
Poetry

You  
Have  
Me

Egal Bohen