EARTH
PAIN
and
MEMORIES of
HEAVEN

a collection of
poems and songs
by
Lyn Birkbeck

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Spark

May I address myself to me
So the eye inside my head might see
What dwells in my heart
Like a child in the night
Is a solitary spark
Locked up cold and tight
By misfortunes and fears
Which I reaped as I'd sown
Bad seeds through the years
When I strayed from my home
Home where my heart is
Still waiting for me
With the spark and its promise
Of fiery peace.
Earth Pain and Memories of Heaven

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~Stream of Consciousness
*Songs

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MEMORIES OF HEAVEN I

Wouldn't you like to bake some bread
And call from the street below;
   See the eyes sparkle first,
And then the rosy cheeks' glow
   Of innocence prevailing,
Of guilt evaporating
Into the warm and careless deep
   Of Mother's gentle thighs -
Sprouting greenery, vegetable stability,
   Especially ordinary?

I have brought you some flowers
To show that I recognise you.
   Drinking nostalgia
From great balloon-like blooms,
Bursting into blue future vapour,
Claiming nothing more or less
   Until none can see the join.
Laughing and crying -
   No-one notices the difference.
Dancing and flying
   Underwater.

   And we spun and fell,
   And fell and spun,
Disappeared over the Ocean's edge
   Into some old mazy hedge,
A lost garden, a secret pledge.
You were small and powerful
Like honey morning glory wine.
I want to drink you down
   As you consume me.
RECALL

Warrior bloody on the Field of Battle Horror
Where power over flesh is witness borne,
    Bronzed body curves of beauty torn
By steel and iron ripped from this Earth.

The dying youth, his agony revealing
    A memory to him of river meadows,
Of sweet soft Mother-Maiden glimpses,
As blue-green tears mingle with his red-ebbing life.

    His head she cradles in the Astral Mists
As she sings that Song of Ancient Peace
    So that his Soul thus filled with longing
May carry back a notion to his place
Up in the sky where Nothing’s Holy Presence
    Resides in his eternal image-making eye,
And destroy that falsehood of vain apprehension.

Too soon and too late is that perfect present.
    No pain, no bliss, but an entire sensation
Which never was more than an instant
When daytime dawned, and nightfall whispered,
Wrenched and redeemed, restored and wiped clean
    By the weapon that delivered him
Into her great and beautiful bosom.
SENDING YOU MESSAGES

Sending you messages
In the mouths of silver fishes
Is your sense of mystery wide
Wide and wild as the sea?
The foam spumes from the corners of your eyes
Go coral-comb your hair
Let me see you on the shore
Waving in the waves
Luscious lips, dark caves
Fill my hollows, take away
My stony thoughts
On the outgoing tide
As together we ride
‘Til we melt into the One
Mind – be gone!
Your smile has me undone
DOLPHIN WAVE

The Wave ~ The Wave
The Dolphin rides
Therein lies our destiny
Nearer than the Moon
Yet as far as you can see
Therein lies our destiny

The Wave ~ The Wave
The Dolphin rides
Leaps and dives the salt-sea spray
A smile in his eye
And poise in his play
The Dolphin is the ocean wave

As the Tides ebb and flow
So will the Living Thing
A feather from a seagull’s wing
Could tell you so
To reach your high
Is to reach your low
By the Shades I have been told
And they should know

The Wave ~ The Wave
The Dolphin rides
Of Sirens' sad alluring lays
We lost sailors dream
In our deep womb of green
The Dolphin sighs
And plies his way

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MOTHER

As I live in this old world
My heart is not all
It ought to be
Mother please
There's few who believe
What they see
With their eyes

So wash your eyes
See the world
Mother's still
A lovely girl
Just a wounded queen
Oh my wounded queen

Mother is a lovely girl
I know she's fine - so I'm
Going down this lane feeling good
Mother is an earthbound sound
Put your ear down to the ground
Listen to her heart beating true
Mother's still a lovely girl
Oh yes she is!

Mother is
A lovely lady
I saw her face
In a tree
In a leaf
In the green

Break the shell
See the pearl
All this world's a lovely girl
The Sun through her window
Let in shine
Inside of me
LET'S COUGH UP THE BILE

Let's cough up the bile
Let's get wretched for a while
Let's not care and be careless
Let's remember and forget.

Let's play with each other's genitals
Let's wrap leaves around our skin
Let's lick each other's wounds
Let's dance until Death beckons.

Let's laugh at such a silly thing
Let's cry, let's cry, let's cry -
Oh most of all - let's cry

And then more torrents of fire and shit
A feast of blaming and resentment
Framed in Honesty's great expanding infinity
Accommodating all our dread.

Who said anything good and true?
Who said firstly "Fuck" and "God"?
I'd like to meet them on the edge,
On the rim of my blue saucery eye.
Bye and bye I will, bye and bye.
I WENT OUT IN THE WIND TODAY

I went out in the wind today
To blow my silly self away.
When I returned and closed the door
That self was there just as before.
I wish I knew why it endured
So much pain and so much sorrow.
I hope it blows a gale tomorrow
ALONE AND CHEERFUL

Feed me back to from where I came,
   Turn my insides out.
  Chasing chasing chasing -
    Hot and alive.
            Scent in nostrils flared,
Cold dewy fronds fondle my inner legs,
  Merciless Love drowning self-pity,
     Harems conquering eunuchs,
        Safety screaming amidst dangers.

   Push the words - the words push.

   Stupid intentions crumble to nothing,
  Baked semen on spiced female slices
     Squirrels satisfied in an acorn world
Deadness alive with arousing significance
  Conquering concepts with careless abandon
     Rolling away great stony heaps.
Only me - only you - only us - only all...
      Alone and cheerful.
SLEEP

Spangly velvet sleep
   Come unto me
Like night
   Starry
   Stay
While I might mend
My violated vehicle
   O velvet sleep
   Stay with me
   Until dawn
OBSESSED

Obsessed with the gates around my soul,
I'll jump and scream and beat my chest.
I'll run with the rabbits, noses twitching -
There's a green man hiding with his gun
There in the shadows of the dark twisted tree.
I'll lie in the furrows of the newly ploughed field,
Biting my tongue, holding my breath;
What am I afraid of if it isn't death?

Slouch-hat hides the look in his eye,
Dark cloak conceals his secret body.
His hound is hunting me and will get me,
Drag me to his feet and leave me to my fate.

Oh, if only it was all as easy as that -
To collapse at the feet of my own dark shadow.
I wish I knew nothing of what has been discovered
By thinking, delving, and the reflections of others.

"Think of a sperm" the man had written,
"If you wish to return to your original being".
What am I struggling with as I grow old?
Mainly my obsession with the gates around my soul.
LITTLE MELL

I climbed Little Mell
With Isabelle
One fine hot high Summer's day.
I remember it well
For atop Little Mell
You can see far away and for free.
And her smile in the wind
It made my heart sing
"You and I forever will be" -
And now Belle and I are no longer
Little Mell tells this story of me.
ANIMA

Well yes, I know you're not the one
    That I'm looking for
To hold my heart like a sun
    Shining through your door.

Are you just my soul reflecting
    Images back at me
That I might use them wisely
    So my eyes at last can see?

What I've been searching for
They say only dwells within,
    But what I'm longing for
Is tangled up in sin.

    Sin is a word we have
To remind us of the track
    That we've followed falsely
But can also take us back
Back to the Source we came from
    Like a well deep in disuse.
Are you a sign to guide me there
    That's frightened of its truth?
I LOVE THE MYSTERY

I love the mystery that persists
   In you.
It flips my intellects tricks that twist
   The truth.
You're the smiling pool beneath my sun,
The laughing stream that has begun
To burst the dam that I might run
   Into -
   The ocean that's within
   That I might drown again
   And once more be a friend
   Of my own origin.

Then I shall see you on the shore
   Just like you were before
   Before I got diverted
   My emotions inverted
   Natural order perverted.

So keep on calling, I'll dissolve
   Like the salt of your tears;
Keep on turning, I'll revolve
   Around your sun, like years.
   And for as long -
As long as you sing your siren's song
   For you know where I belong
   More than I do.
VALLEY SONG

Deep In the Valley
   Valley So deep
I Shall lay me down Softly
   To sleep

Morning blows her horn
   Noonday is still
Evening will give way
   To Night

Laughing at the clouds
   Heaven in a smile
Being while you live
   Or die

So cover me with moss and leaves
   Beneath the sky   beneath the trees
That I might rise up early in the Spring
Nightshade poison ivy twined in darkling corners of my mind
Will vanish when I'm born anew again
   Born
   Anew
   Again

Deep In the Valley
   Valley So deep
I Shall lay me down Softly
   To sleep
BIG BIG RIVER

Paint me a picture
Of the way the world used to be
Place it in my head gently
To grow like the friendly tree
With roots as dark as ebony
And leaves that breathe
While I sleep on the banks of the Big Big River
Dreaming of the sea

Once there was a wizard
Who told me beware
The howling black creatures
Hiding in their lair
Ready to rise and ravish me
And steal my peace
While I sleep on the banks of the Big Big River
Dreaming of the sea

Big Big River - wide open sea
Big Big River - wash over me
Grim Grim Reaper
What's new
That you
Can show me?

Take me down to the old town'
Where the roots are caving in
Weeds are bursting from beneath the streets
Like they were wafer-thin
Into the stirring stillness
Of air so clean
And we shall sleep on the banks of the Big Big River
Dreaming of the sea

Dreaming of the sea

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Warm peachy slumber humming
Smooth swishing dreamer hives
Honey-homes of bumbles swarming
  Harmlessness humbles humans

Furry feelings, noonday nothings
Summerhouses melt and mingle
Damask mists of musk and sandal
  Sighing smiling sleeping silence

Hay and harvest, wheel and waggon
  Deep in dells of ochre orchards
  Russet rose round wishing well
Wallflower-scented breezes bathing

Bosom pals at dusky playtime
Mother’s voice drifts down the meadows
Curly childhood heads loll laughing
Billowing clouds remembering them
  Long ago - long ago
The poplars grow tall
  Singing - singing
Still and quiet now
  Far away
Yesterday's fields
Tomorrow's secrets
  Farewell
Adieu
HARMONY

Strolling homeward with my darling one
Sky-blue stockings and a straw hat on
New-mown hay
Church-bells ring
Close of day
Harmony

Through my window on a silver day
I would do what you would have me do
Plough the Earth
Plant the seed
Giving birth
Harmony

Arms around you when our day is done
Like the circles all around the Sun
Bodies blend
Kisses sweet
Rainbow's end
Harmony

Harmony

Harmony

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RETURN OF THE WATER-SPRITE

I came upon a hidden grove
Untrampled 'cept by deer and rain
And I lay me down and found myself
Longing yet again…

For the Water-Sprite
To come and play
To dance and laugh
Where I lay
That Sprite unmoved, untainted by
The hand of Boy or mind of Man
And so she’d touch me and renew me
With charms unchanged.

Yet ever-changing as magic ever is
She’d draw me back enchanted
To where I lay
Before we fell.

Since before we fell
I have been waiting
For the Water-Sprite to return.
But this time, fall
I shall not.
TEARING AT THE LOCK

Tearing at the lock of my invisible heart door,
Soft and meaningful murmurs of ancient surrender
Make my head spin sideways.
Yesterday was green,
Today is grey,
Tomorrow is electric blue.

I hate and therefore must forgive
Those idiot sado-masochists
Who posed as schoolmasters;
The ragged stinking arsehole end
Of a truth-denying perversion-tradition.

Unravel flutes unravel
Your child who so tragically feels
The blade of truth steely glinting
In the half-dawn of one high summer's day.

Tall are the trees,
Deep is the bloody muddy pit.
"Alone!" cries the night-thing,
"Asleep - am I?"

Hubris! Madness!
Sweet Honey Dream Mother Wave Valley Song!
Claim us all -
With your great all-consuming Vagina Vagina Vagina.
GIVING

Giving for its own sake.
Sleeping when awake,
Wrestling for a rest,
Dying for death.
Life is best...

...when...

Living for its own sake.
Accelerating without brake,
Leaving nothing behind,
Except my mind.
Life is fine...

...if I'm...

Creating for its own sake.
Waiting for a break
In the clouds is dumb.
As a rule of thumb,
Life is fun

...while...

Laughing for its own sake.
How much more can I take?
As much as I can give,
For as long as I can live,
Love is with

...giving...

Giving for its own sake...
TO A CHILDHOOD FRIEND

No aims or goals or schemes or plans
To utilise her mind or hands,
Death's fascination and fear of pain
Are her only loves.

A million thoughts uncontrolled
Except by sleep and dreams
Where guile and preconceptions
Cease to exist.
What is this ever-repeating twist -
An ascending spiral?
She is madam of her madness
And princess of her awareness
But the drug of depression is her only kingdom
Wherein all else are mere vassals
To whom humility is just abstraction
Unreal and insomniacal.

A childhood friend lies wasted and waiting
For death to end her pointlessness.
Could you tell her a truth to ease her?
No. She is beyond what's good and kind.
She can hear the deaf walk
And see the blind man dribble.
Yes I have concern for her I think,
For like so many she is on the brink of a riddle.
A lost and hollow laugh resounds amid her emptiness,
Self-pity - the last comfort of loneliness.

She cannot hate the other beings
Who make some headway in this world,
For to her crazy mind they're far behind;
They cannot see their own dark twin.
She can and leaves the light within
The black that she relies upon.
The white is just oblivion.

...continued...
( To A Childhood Friend - continued )

And as I write what does not scan
It matters not for no man shall read it.
A politician could not comprehend it...

I cry am I just cosmic waste
Educated in form and taste
So I might know how bitter a pill
It is that rolls on down this hill
That far away in time is greener.
If they paid me money to be a dreamer
I'd wake up now and set to work
Building a house, a cross, an ark -
Then turn into a medieval wood-cut
Where the doleful maid would hold me up
Between her thumb and index finger
And draw me to her, guide me in her.
I'd moan and throw my head and eyes
Toward the never-ending skies
My chest would sink, her breasts would rise
As tears of heaven rolled down our thighs.
She would know me then and I her too
But now is where I am and it's so cruel
And damp and cramped and sour and burning.

I envy only those that love humanity,
And with well-rounded sadness sing
A meaningful song, well-timed, well-placed.
But I know they too are torn with sorrow -
Still to give it expression gives tomorrow hope -
Hope? That's where life is.
Perhaps I'm dead already then.
Maybe we all are.
"Tut!Tut!" you say "How negative you are!"
And so is my childhood friend;
Five times she's tried to make an end.
You really must meet her,
And when you greet her,
Five times you could say "How negative you are!"
While I search for a prayer.
MEMORIES OF HEAVEN II

The silver thread, the golden cord,
That simply dangles just above me;
The way of angels' anthems
That leads me to a higher plane,
That bears me up
And sets me down
To do its calling
To trample the dwarves
As Shiva of old.

Remembering you and her -
And you were ever there
In my wood-cut window
Of earth-smelling sanity,
Enclosed in clover,
Sealed over as a happy tomb
Where children dance
And sing their songs.

Who knows me now from then?
Not many, but enough -
For enough is The Feast.
Yet I shall still choke
On the spillage of my desires -
Folly and hollyhocks,
Nightingales' melancholy,
Seeping into the bed of wheat,
Calling your name and mine -
Simultaneously echoing
Free and cold with dew.
Shiny clouds remind me
We shall not die.
Touching in the darkness,
We shall not die.
We never forget the old stories,
The deep memories
Of Heaven.

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