

Spiritual Animal

By Oliver Loveday
© 1979-1980
All Rights Reserved

SPIRITUAL ANIMAL **1**

INTRODUCTION (2002)	2
THERE IS BEGGING FOR WATER	3
SPIRITUAL ANIMAL	4
THIS OLD MUSIC KEEPS WHISPERING IN MY EAR.	12
CRYSTAL NIGHT FOG	14
EXPERIMENTAL LOVE POEM	16
THE SEARING ROCK AND ROLL RED SPURT OF PAINT ACROSS A CANVAS.	19
WE ALL KNOW RED.	20
WE WERE MESMERIZING INTO THIS ROOM OF CELLULOID FILM.	21
SOMEWHERE IN THE MUSIC NIGHT OF DREAMS AND SILENT CRACKERS,	24
EVEN THE RHYTHM OF THE ACES TANTALIZES AND GROWS COLD.	26
YOU CAN'T GO BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES OF YOUR OWN DREAM.	30
IT'S NEARLY TIME TO FLY INTO ORANGE.	31
MAGIC GETS A LITTLE OLD SOMETIMES.	32
THE FULL MOON WANING IS SUPERIOR	33
(DRAWING WITH INSCRIPTION)	34

Introduction (2002)

Originally published in 1980, Spiritual Animal is made available for the first time as an electronic document. The first publication was typed out on a manual typewriter and 500 copies were printed on an offset press. The type included some typographical errors and was reduced down to fit on a chapbook size sheet of paper, so it is difficult to read sometimes. With this electronic version, much of the character of the original printing is gone, but the legibility of the text is greatly increased. One of the most frequent criticisms of my writing in the past was my spelling. With automatic spell check, I get to fight with the word processing program to let me leave some of my messed up words the way I want them. My critic has other issues to be concerned with now. My readers do also. Enjoy.

Oliver Loveday November 24, 2002

There is begging for water

Thirst and hunger in the night.
Full Moon rivers pour energy down to those.
Energy Of Lovers.
Energy of Night.

Take me to the water.
Suck some in and fill my mouth
I am blind.
I am damned.
I am alone.

Take me to the water side.
Let me drink.
I feel wings where there is no bird.
I feel light where there is no day.
I feel desire where there is no chance.
Only the water is missing.

Love moves those with the faith of a mustard seed.
Dancers fly, leaving the ground to the disbelieving.
Take me to the water of your soul.
Dream and live. (Love and time.)

There is a coming together.
Time and making of your life.
What the opportunities open.
Being open in the heArt.

Dancer. Singer. Artist.
Growing together. Creating.
Love brings us together.
Love for the dream we all share.
Love for the mountain that is us.
So, take me to the water.
Give it with Love.
HO!

Oliver Loveday © 2/14/79/3:00am EST Moon in Virgo

Spiritual Animal

Somewhere in the yellow blue sky
there is an angel creasing the night.
Distant wings beat out the rhythm of moon white heat pouring in.
Controls are losing their grips.
Karma slips into a distant memory.
Form and passage remain but in silent abstraction.
The occult trembles in the music concrete.
Bricks of dreams. Foundations of sway.

Dancers ply their trade of meat, sex, ballet,
and whispered passion.
Sweat and sore muscles remind them that they are still brother
to the Howling Wolf of the Full Moon-----
Frozen Music. Crystal Patterns.
The frost and the animal.
Lonely sound of space and energy.
Full Moon and the dancers feel it.
They chant in their timing to its energy.

The audience has forgotten how to pray.
How to be animal.
Poetry is something they take in forms apart from their daily
lives.
Alienated, they shudder at the sweat stains in the ballerina's
crotch.

Lonely and space between us, now.
Chanting in a hollow rhythm.
Hollow and tired of being misunderstood.
Tired of trying to make a living while being a Spiritual Animal.
Tired of trying to relate to the brothers and sisters
who remain normal in their waking work,
and stampede the night with dreams of howling at the moon.
Cold and distant. The wolf body.

Children chant the sound of OM.
Chanting and believing in make-believe.
crying and dissipating
crying and chanting
O Lord, I'm tired of being a child.
O Lord, You can't sell dreams.

I can't prostitute my dreams.
I can't substitute truth for some commercial appeal in my art.
I've already drummed out that fake bullshit to be who I am.

Willing to die.
Willing to live.
Howling while awake.
Leading the Lost People in my dreams.
And always, O Lord, always, trying to escape the law

enforcement officers awake and in my dreams.
Magic and alchemy
poetry and music
wine and tea
I try to study Chinese poetry.
Laugh and end up drunk.
Where are you now, Buddha?
"Up in the plum tree."
There is no wine to be had up here in the mountains.

I miss the friends I left in the city.
I don't miss many, just a few.
I'm wondering if they miss me.
I never see them unless I go to the city and find them.

Artist got dreams and poverty.
Hardly eat. It's hard to raise a family.
It's a hard life for the family.
No money comes in.
Try and do art the judges will like.
They reject it because I matted it funny.
I write poetry on it.
I dream while I paint.
I miss doing metal sculpture and pottery so damn much.
There is no money to buy the tools to do it with.
No money, no wine, no music.
Just a few friends I go see in the city.
They love me.
They hate to see me chained to poverty and inadequacy.
Cry and chant.
Brave the anger and rave at my lazy days.
Where is the path?
Buddha in the plum tree.
Christ making wine at the wedding.
Confucius too belligerent to give a damn.
Tofu spoiled in the refrigerator.
Margaret in California.
Junkies in Katmandu.

Blues and second quarter energy.
Pool hall memories of hustlers.
They con the dumb.
I just chalk up and line the five in the side pocket.
Walk over to meet the cue ball for long shot to three for corner.
Call next shot before it hits the pocket.

Jazz and abstract expression.
William DeKonning and David Smith.
Charlie Parker in Birdland.
Stan Getz cooking in a 5 am jam.
Looks up to see full moon grinning in the window.
Grins back.

Jazz chanting improvisation and Japanese calligraphy.
Music defines space.
Full moon defines time.
 and somewhere in Arizona a white man sits among the Natives.
 Peyote ceremony.
He listens to the drum speak a message that crosses the language
 space.
His turn to sing.
Looks into the fire.
He breaks through the stillness to sing the song shooting through
 his body.
I can't sing it to you.
I'm tired of singing visionary songs tonight.
I'm tired of singing songs that we dance to.
You can dance to them also.
That is what I am writing about.
I'm tired of trying to tell you it's time.
If you are afraid of what someone will think, let the song pass
 and wake up here again in new baby's clothes.
The midwife raving about the easy birth.
You've got to sing your own song and dance sometime.
You've got to realize that the Buddha in the plum tree is you.

A vision of your last life time.
You---old man who walks away from the village into the snow.
Goes up to the hill top. You are being called.
Your world is crumbling. You are crying.
You are bitter at the white man.
You have seen women and children shot and left to die in the snow.
You have seen your leaders stabbed in the back for a jug of
 whiskey.
From the hill top you cry out, "I answered the calling.
 Speak quickly as I have little time.
 I am an old man. Let me come back to lead the people.
 Let me help the hoop reconnect.
 Let me teach all people to treat the Earth with respect.
 Teach them to stop stripping the Earth of her blood and
 leaving her scarred and naked.
 I am an old man.
 Let me serve the people again. A-ho!"
The sky grew quite. Silence engulfs you.
Coming towards you was the Spotted Eagle.
As it passed over you it dropped a white feather.
It fell on a dead man.

White Feather is amongst us.
She is re-membering the Old Ways.
Teaching by example.
Helping direct the Seven Directions to heal and restore balance
 amongst all people.
Walking in truth and freedom for all people.

Let me be myself.
Let me live in balance, peace, and harmony.
Let me fight my own demons.
 Dream a few moons tonight.

Out there. Out there somewhere in the night, a man is chanting.
He is turning to the east.
It is time to meet the one who dances near the Clinch Mountain.
It is time for them to create a connection from the east
 to the west. From the north to the south.

Memory and myth stretch out.
Angels and cherubim sing to the children in the night.
Ancient sages sail across the waste.
The time is coming when music will be powerfully placed.

Dreamers.
We sing in our sleep.
Music and birds haunt our rest.
The night is gray.
Sparkling spirits bless the food.
Sparkling spirits bless the medicine.
Uranium dances in blue mud.
Blue star earth music.

Midwives sigh in their sleep.
Remember the birth-skin stretched across their crown.
Myth and appointed time lie heavy on the gifted chosen ones.
 Even sound.
 STOP.STOP.STOP.

The Spirits send fresh blood.
 Fresh energy. New visions.
The new Atlantis is rising out of the sea.
The new Jerusalem.
The new Anasazi.
The Hopi remember the passage from another world.
People flying in stones.
They came across a sea of void.
Today, men in black approach people who talk about
 extra-terrestrial life too much. They make threats.
There are beings in this universe we can't control.
There are motions in the stars that we can't perceive.
Our magic is crackers in a sea of infinite improvisation.
The ear tuned to the stars hears a different jam session.
Duke Ellington never had it so good.
John Coltrane never blew so true.
Celestial jam session.
White crystal heat.
Blue star.
Deep space music.

I accept the karma of my life.
Yet I grow tired of the greed I am surrounded by.
It is hard to remain honest but there is nothing else to do.
 No where to go.
You may as well accept that I'm not going to do anything else.
My message will stay the same.
Dancing is breathing with your total existence.
Dance your life into existence.

Wings prepare the space.
Wings cut through the landscape.
Wings from here to music.
Coming in from aeons of space.
Star jazz.
Red carving the dream space.
This color.
Star Space Symphony.
Wolves answering the Star Sax.
 Reaching new heights.
A chant in a Zen monastery answers the howling.
Bells shatter the void.
A gong pushes into the star milk.
Wisps of mist across a mountain.
Tea and rice.
Dreams of nirvana. Jam session.

Lotus moon wanderings in the garden.
In love with some forbidden fruit.

The wind is blowing in some cold weather.
Snow. Sleet. More rain.
Sun and spring not far behind.
Time to work on a pottery kiln.
Time to work out some karma.
Time, almost time.
I'm tired.

The music angels smile at my raging sketches.
All space is time.
All music is dance.
Poetry is a tongue dance.
 Chanting in Grass River Nothing.
Frustrations compounded.
I want to serve my purpose or die trying.
I'm not going to live my life idly while the multi-nationals and
 the politicians take my life and control it.
 Control the Mother Earth.
Twist it into power and shove it in my face at a high price.
Tired and angry and no dreams going to change that.
Only blood red karma.

I go out and pick up the glass in the creek, rake the lawn,
and ten minutes later a drunk comes round and throws a beer
bottle in the creek, stomps through the freshly seeded lawn,
and then pisses all over my back porch.
He moans the blues because no one ever comes to see him.
He is just like the government officials except they have power
so everyone has to deal with them.
They would be just as lonely if they were just people instead
of power brokers.
It isn't power that makes us important, but rather the act of
love that motivates us to serve the people.
When the politicians wake up to this then they will start doing
good for the world.
We all go through that awakening someday.
Ho!

This old winter blues poem.
Even winter is almost burnt-out.
Snow is a melted ash of winter dreams and it's almost over.
Dig the change winter brings on out here where the eagle still
dreams, the rabbit pauses beneath a full moon and curses
the dogs, and when the fire goes out it means tough
survival.
Out here, when we pray, we mean it.
Out here...

Time of re-birth. Naked brother.
Nerves and dreams are raw.
Skin is dirty. Shitless silence.
I am scared some nights.
This is lonely country.

Mostly I am alone.
Mostly we are all alone.
There are one, maybe two, close to us who make contact.
Trust our songs.
Trust our medicine.
We listen to the songs.

Brothers and sisters have let themselves become castrated.
Caught up in the game of letting fear control their expression
of emotions. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
The tea is old. Cold.
The stars are dreaming.
Clouds blowing in.
Landscape stretches out from here to Arizona.
A young man curses the wind.
A bird flies south.
Time to slow down.
north. north. north.
animal and trust this instinct which is music.
Dance. Poetry. Chanting.

Altered state of mind.
Aware and tapping the flow.
Music, Christ, music!
 The Sounding.

Ships move slow.
Hover in the clouds.
Blue Star grazes in the mist.
Greek myth. Hopi songs.
Mayan stone carvings.
Tibetan records.
American spirit.
New birth.
White Feather.
Dreams thrust into cliffs aimed at Mars.
 Saturn rings. Beyond.
Jam session in space.

Near the trees a lone mother cries.
Stomping her feet. Fairy birthing in progress.
The rushes overwhelm her pace.
She models herself after the energy of the earth.
Old angels come near.
Help her breath.
Show her that her body knows what it is doing.
Gravity tugs at the child.
Energy springs from the head.
 Base of the spine.
 Joins in the loins.
Rushes of life.
Rushes of memory forgotten.
The child is born.
Drops to the earth.
Cries and rises to the breast.
A new buffalo is born.
A new man is dreaming.
Milk is the fruit of birth.
Milk enters the song.
After dreams enters milk.
Milk. Breath. Dreams. Music. Memory.
 Buffalo Man.
 White Feather.
 Blue Star.
 Yellow Bear.
 Eagle Flying From The East.

Songs spring from the spine.
 Earth songs.
 Power songs.
 Medicine songs.

Music rhythm.
Drums and green water.
The smoke fills the room.
We pray. We pray.
You Gods out there, how I would quit but I would just have to
start all over again.

Winter wastes the body.
Another winter.
A long body of memory and silence.
Beauty and prayer.
Forgotten dreams.
Forgotten medicine.
Mila Repa chants from a distant planet.
There are three dreams.
Red, blue, and white.
They come together in song.
The jester is mad.
Coyote Bear is crazy.
The poet is berserk.
Dream your own damn dream, and when you awaken in the night,
listen.
The spirits just sent you a message.
Ho!
Oliver Loveday © 3/11/79/2 am EST (revised May, 1992)

This old music keeps whispering in my ear.

Christmas is here again.

Me, sitting up old and writing.

Sparks shooting from my lonely pen.

Pain is a reality.

Dreams carry me where I want to go, and I work toward those
dreams.

Even as the earth moves away from the sun.

Even as somewhere, out there, I have brothers and sisters
waiting for my dreaming to end.

Waiting to be with me.

Reality and karma carry me from one dream to the next.

I am a lonely dreamer dreaming that some far off Christmas
we will all be together.

Brothers and sisters of a far off tribe.

Group conscienceness.

My verse is troubled by loneliness and dreams.

Eyes too tired to escape into good poetry.

Too tired to watch my dreams flit across my mind.

Some days I hardly make it except for a smile that breaks across
the aeons of ice. Soul ice. Karmic waste.

I don't need the blues anymore.

Dreaming has ended.

Christmas is here.

My love filters out to wife and son.

Family and friends.

I wait.

For someday there will be a tribe as surely as there is a dreamer
singing across the night.

Singing a crystal healing song.

Do you remember? Way back in old Egypt.

Giza.

Crystals burst across your soul.

Chakras open to this white energy.

I lust for the day white heat burns us pure again.

So this is Christmas.

White heat crystals.

Years of tripping through incarnations.

Age of Zen.

Age of Buddha.

Bohemian in midnight Europe.

New Orleans swing blues.

American farm boy poet.

My life is bigger than my self.

My dreams are stagnant.

Old words. Old songs.

I sing even when it hurts.

When there are no words/sounds.

I let the music carry me away from these tired old Karmic bones.
and some days I get a smile from someone.

Noah. Patty. A sister or brother.

I dream a while in peace.

Someday Christmas will be at home.

Someday I will be ageless.

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12/25/79/1:15am EST

School of Beauty
Tantra Yoga
The stars still see thee.
The Buffalo waits over the horizon.
The fog clears for a minute.
We're not here. We're somewhere else.
Quite mad, exactly.
The fog closes in, but almost too quickly.
I see the Herd of White Buffalo seep into the edge
of the horizon before the clouds cover over.
Coming soon or sooner.
Dreams of being pure.
Dreams of a crystal light shining in/out of my spirit.
XX

and some nights by the fire pit
singing the last song
the embers low
fog in close
looking into some owl's eyes
A presence aligns with us.
Blink, and it is gone.
Egypt is dead.
Yucatan is dead.
The buffalo is dead.
The Ones who brought them aren't.
They made the fog.
Maker of Fog
Maker of Breath
Spinner of Webs that bind the universe.
The owl wonders out loud.
The moon shines on.
The fog moves in.
Too close.
Nothing is revealed.
HO!
Oliver Loveday © 12/31/79/1:30am EST

Experimental Love Poem

The beginnings of fire and religion.
Amen precedes the birth of Zeus.
Cards relate to crystals in a dream.
The cosmology of the mind opens and awakens with speech.
A new word is a new world.
Non-verbal knowledge outside the scientific numerology borders
on emotion. Love.
"I want to grow a garden." represents more than desire, but the
many worlds inside the statement accompany it with out
necessarily being represented by it.

Magic and the light state of mind that becomes aware of fairies
and dreams.
Birds speak with tongues of fire.
Ageless wonder is yellow. Pure yellow.
Out-of-a-gold-crystal yellow.
History combines with space.
All of time is contained inside the universe's walls.
Until we stop trying to define the universe in terms of an
instant moment, and allow its definition to be self
contained in its totality, space, and time, from
beginning to end, we will always be stabbing in the dark.
Time sheds light on space.

Searching for the weightless space.
Dreams and yoga.
Less heavy, more trippy mind space.
Eating colors for food.

Got this damn painting that transcends my ability to render
it into a tight composition.
It becomes a weak structure that's been well worked over.
There is always.....BLACK. The Shiva of colors.
It will add punch to a child's finger painting.

Music is magic sounding.
Sounding. Word worlds.
Shaman and tantra.

Seeking direction in the visions of my own experience.
My own isolation and the unsolved karma conscienceness that
wells to the surface.
Speaking to the wind in tongues.
Of windness.
I'm free and the wind is my friend.
Earth is my mother.
Grass is my brother.
I align with Skyness and sing a dream.

Turning yellow and black and red into gold.
It is elusive as alchemical metal.
Bards in the silver trade.
Cargo cult sittings in silence.
Waiting for my power to become gold.
Waiting for Godot.
Experimental theater at the edge of the stage.
Left.
Under pink lights.
Dreaming aloud.

"As I look down this Clinch Mountain Range on nights of full
moon winter with frost and snow and the wind sounding
across ranges and ridges, tree top music, I see into
Atlantis.
Not vision nor flashback. Cognition.
Atlantis is today.
Time is only an order.
My sight over rides my conditioning.
So I see into a country that sank ten thousand years ago.
It still exists in this universe, always has and, always
will.
So long as there is a universe here."

Experimental theater.
Time.
Patty reads the poem.
She gets lost in all the complexities.
"I thought this was going to be a sweet love poem."
She says it sounds forced.
The high school teacher.
The editor.
The master missing the student's point.
"I wrote it for love not glory."

I try to write against nuclear power plants.
I feel the people are being mislead.
Large corporations are making high profits and using the
government to help them.
Congress and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission share the karma.
The oil companies.
Atlantis had a different kind of nuclear energy.
It melted the ice.
It was done for selfish reasons.
Cosmological effects.
Atlantis sank.
Nuclear energy threatens our lives and future generations.
It is a good thing that Atlantis is undetected today.
Radioactive country.
The "New Age" people who tried to stop it escaped to Egypt and
Yucatan.

If you had to preserve American culture and technology for
eternity, how would you do it?
With few tools.
Mostly language.

This questions appeals to my romantic nature.
I say, "Write poetry in stone."

Dream.

Fire beginnings.

Crystal magic heals the soul.

Each morning I awake to peer at a crystal hanging in the window.

The sun bursting through its channels.

I see the healing rays being directed to my old soul.

Red, blue, violet, gold.

Dreams of birds-of-fire flying through crystals.

Gold and silver. Sun and moon.

I dream of sex and experimental music.

Angel music.

Wind dust.

Bird waves.

Shiva dances a Valentine's Day dance.

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 2/14/80/1:30am EST

The searing rock and roll red spurt of paint across a canvas.

Of blood in a childhood fight.

The sensitive crying after cutting down a tree.

The hurt.

Birds flicker in and out of reality.

Their meaning mystical.

Barren lenticular clouds hover over.

Waves of energy well up between the wall and the catatonic.

Birds rise up.

The stir of magic as the planets align.

The rush of madness as the myth explodes.

Full Moon Energy spurts red across the universe.

It's always a full moon somewhere and it's always changing
rapidly.

Breakfast tea collides with midnight visions brought on by wells
of energy.

Facing a new day burnt out from sitting in the crystal ray.

Wishing I could do more than dream.

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 2/23/80/2am EST

We all know Red.

The warm spell passes.
Rain changing to snow.
The night moves quickly into a spurt of dreams and yellow.
Winter still knows how to shiver the bones.
Hair energy draws up in the rain.
Bearded and braided.
 The red line across a still life.
Arrows of perspective marks rush from the lamp light
 to points inside my eyes.
Am tired. Time to sleep.
Hands move quickly toward subtle marks.
 Clay and pastel.
The experiment of my life is to earn a living as an artist.
My life is tracks across the void.
 Speech.
 Soundings.
Red marks beside brown marks beside orange marks beside
 green marks.
Energy builds up much like the layers of experience which is my
 life, and none of it is simple.
The red line is only a starting point, and we know how complex
 red is.
Oliver Loveday © 2/25/80/3:30am EST

We were mesmerizing into this room of celluloid film.

Ships of energy sailing into our urinal waters.
Earthquakes and quadrant angels conspiring to steal our dream
vessels.
This room, this space, another mind.
Some dream of finding different waves in a place where the dust
floats before us.
Sunbeams. Rays. Seven.
In our red dreams we awaken in a place much like our own.
My place.
All places.
The landscape transforms.
The sky contains four moons.
They align.
Planets appear. Purple. Green.
An old teacher points out patterns and fields of energy.
Healing power.
Knowledge.
Observing transformations in the dream.
Where did the room.....?
Was there a room?.....and the film slides out of control.
Faster!
As slow as a monument toppling from the court square of Athens.
Athena.
My dream queen.

Marriage of the stone and grass.
Graves of wars and post-wars.
This radiation silence opens my paranoia.
Environmental hazards.
Waves of corporate drama.
We sleep in peace with three suns but the media drives us
to drink.
We are the media.
Mind control. Alcohol. Marijuana. The nose filters the ache
of cocaine.
Karl-Marx-types drift on and off the stage.
They repeat rhetoric aimed at fifteen year old virgins and
grandfathers at the same time.
Converging mentality. Mind control.
We don't breath out of rhythm.
The black guard answers dissenters with electro-shock.
The crazy protestors belong in a ward where they can be watched.
Black man. American Indian. Poor man.
Stay in your sweat job.
No time to think. Time.....
Time to take home the bacon.

This room grows full. Hiss of window.
Rising pools of LSD awareness.
Ships of dreams sailing in mental waters. Survival water.
Alcohol laden union. Virgins converging with dirty old men.
Bathroom halls and stone grass alignments. Pipe dreams.
Penis pipes of hashish.
All heroes walk this dream some type-written-coffee-break time.
I'd never make it if I didn't lie in bed until twelve noon.
Ignorance of madness.
I miss the madness of 2am howling down the streets of Knoxville
some nights.
Miss them and don't know it.
Soft moments of prayer for Indian-type tobacco spirits instead
of radioactive reincarnated drug users.
Dark nights when ganja was rolled tight and passed to the
spiritual waste land beside you.
No one walks these dreams alone in silence.
We're all in this together, spaced twenty light-years apart.
Rushing waves of sound energy.
Maintaining a degree of material sanity.
Oooooooooom...we speak as if in confusion.

Male part:

I have too many waves of _____.....
This dark power magic blues spirit.
My woman done took my forty dollars.
Went down and got her hair fixed.
Magic spell on my mojo hand.
I'm going to make all you virgins dance.
My woman's out looking for stud meat.
I'm looking to drown in a lake of booze.

Female part:

Ships of ovary blood done sailed;
taken my spirit away.
I got ten thousand dreams a busting;
and ten hungry mouths to feed.
Desire is a wheat cake eat up too fast.
If it weren't for these house flies;
I'd go damn near insane.

At the edge of this absurd American drama are the patterns
of screen door flight.
The dust wanders in and settles on plastic Jesuses and praying
hands.
Holy books.
This and power company bills.

Sex and the life of a zero-shock cock roach in three acts of
sodomy. Father raping.
Pilfering the minds of the Athens rats.
Like paying \$2431.00 to go to Italy to study raku pottery.
Like all the demons came home to perch on my eye lids.

Movie close ups of bed dream floppings and classical pipe dream
nightmares of chopping up apples that bleed aqua-blue
streaks of raw energy.

Somewhere in the ship there rides a mad captain.

There is a way of bringing security down to even the lowest.

All hands on deck.

Bring on the virgins.

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 2//28/80/2am EST Leap Year Waxing.

Somewhere in the music night of dreams and silent crackers,

I got to tell you that I'm not at all sure.
But Noah, my little brother.
Sarah and Joseph dreaming.
Rachel with all your diamonds.
Patty, in the midnight hour.
Carolyn, the midwife mystic.
Rick, who grins a space dream.
Ed Ankrom, my astral tripping soul brother.
Donnie, the doubting Thomas.
Jean, with the energy of birth flowing.
James Watson, who indulged me a 2 am escape from the sheriff.
 An insane night where two brothers relate to the lost and
 mad world we all live in.
Dennis Ogle, who wanders off into his own world looking so clean.
Francis, I see the wisdom but not the self control to use it.
 The gray in your eyes reveal the trouble in your heart.
Yes! Sarah, I love my sister.
So clean and pure.
Into the midnight dreams of being straight and up front.

Voices. I hear music!
It's not angels. It's memories.
I've got my dreams.
The past of a poet.
Friends who crawled under bushes at 2 am half way home
 from the Yard Arm.

Sarah, you're only 8 years old.
The world can wait.
I hold you in my arms.
My sweet sister.

I don't dream anymore.
I'm only at war.
I've got no words to play.
Make me hold these voices.
The sounds are high pitched.
Rock and roll too fast.
I don't worry anymore.
I've got my socks all darned.
I've got my dreams all mended.
I'm into the voices of war.
 War of the rising signs.
 War of the ethereal spirit.
 War of the communication gap.
Silent patches of snow and rain.
Hold me in your arms tonight.

Patty, the tribe still remembers.
Even when we die and return, we remember.
Even when we end up in this skin.

This and dreams of another time I vaguely recall.
I pass them on to you.
Patty, the laws have changed.
New Age. New Energy.

 I love you.
It means the same.
The Creator remembers to keep it straight.
Love never changes.
Faith still holds the mountains.
From the top I can see you.
You are in the valley.
Golden and beautiful.
Working in the sun.
Full breasted and free.
 I love you.
 O Siren.
 Ocean of my dreams.

I can't waste my life.
Hold me to these words.
Wise men may die but lovers stand reborn.
This life isn't ugly.
This dream isn't quite true.
It doesn't capture the vivid intensity of reality.

Dreams and voices.
They fill my music.
Rushing ahead so fast.
The sun sears my retina dreams.
Yoga and the wise man.
My life in a wave length.
I've waited this long.

But this is only an introduction to the diamonds in your hair,
 and the music in your life.
Hold them. Share them.
Love me tonight.
Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 3/13/80/2 am EST

Even the rhythm of the aces tantalizes and grows cold.

The stars move in unilateral waves.
The physics of dreaming draws us into retina movies.
Music and musicale.
Our songs rhyme ream in fours and tens.
The naked sex postulates the rage of mothers.
Women in the gurgle.
Listen to the Lion.
On the main street of dreams I saw a vision of silence wrestle
 with an angry young penis.
Music was dancing in the lamp post.
Angry dreams. Vaginal motion.
Anal anger. Spit and blood piss dreams.
Yoga in the roshi.
Motion of karma.

Overpowered in the attachment.
Kiva sleeping.
Kiva dancing.
Young man, tense, standing in the cold wind.
Dancing in front of an old priest.
Him choosing the next golden warrior.
 I was smoke in the air.
The wind circled the youth.
Ancient ageless astral sex.
Gold and dreaming.
He died at 43.

We're not merchants of the cosmos.
This experiment to dream into being.
We sex in our sleep.
We meditate on graves.
Old incarnate beings.
Yogi madness inflicts us.
We howl in the wind.
 Blown by a spiritual wind.

Dance, brother. You are called into the Full Moon.
Meditate as if music could blast a few mistrusted values into
 our material monies tonight.
I don't even give a shit.
I got time for dreams.
I got time to kiss Noah and sit in the sun.
I dig a pit to shit in.
You can shit there too.

We aren't just whistling Dixie on a streetcar in this movie.
This time we let in the ghost.
Tooth and nail a by-gone boast.
You can't rise up from where you just groveled. Rise up.
Beneath a few moons tonight.
Rising into another energy.
After the wheat cake.
Before baseball from the out house.
Into the Bardo of muse magic.
Shanti and fuck you.
Ho!
Oliver Loveday © 3/22/80/12 midnight and later EST

These rays wash us clean like the spring rays

Wash off the crazy clean pure outrageous energy of winter.
This is spring.

New Year. New Age.

Our numbers lie like apples.

We manage to hang on the tree all winter.

Rotten to the core.

We shelter the energy of the seed.

The Bardo--living vibratory.

It slams into this sun.

We twist into a new skin.

March into new dreams. New Waves.

Our magic is different.

The eye is quicker than the mind.

The dream is quicker than the materia.

But that is coming in too.

Our solo cuts across the stars.

Raging Mars music.

Saturn.

We all know this but I'll say it anyway.

Saturn doesn't limit or restrict, it pulls the wave into a curve.

A circle is eternal.

We jump up from dreams of Atlantis.

This is all new.

New robes. New rules.

Breath in with faith.

Bliss out and work harder.

Atlantis sits at the ocean's bottom sending out her message.

We remember, if only to forget again.

But we don't. This is still now.

No other time. Same dream. Same space.

The dream creates new angles.

Somewhere.

Poor Valley.

Clinch Mountain Range.

Mountain Valley/War Creek.

Copper Ridge.

Pumpkin Valley.

Lonesome Pine Trail.

Beech Hill.

Stanley Valley. Dry Valley.

The East Pumpkin Valley Light.

Dean Hollow. Flea Hollow.

The light washes us clean.

We dream raw sex.

Deva, the landscape artist.

Deva, the dreamer.

We're all the same.

We chant. We get cosmic. Space out.

Tongues speak. The gap is growing closed.

For once we are doing it right.

Pass the potatoes.
Music and money.
I feel like doing yoga. Hatha.
The rock position is my favorite.
Lie flat on my back and try to remember what it is I'm doing.
I get better.
I fall asleep.
I get better.
Now I dream.
The rock. The center.

Dreams.
I get stuck on them.
The lessons they give me.
I'm open to all the millennia that pours in.
Dreams and Birds rising.
 Flown.
Breath deep. Music.
The Bardo stone.
The Tao rock.
I recall each dream like a lesson at my desk.
There are many lives. Many lessons.
 (pause)
I give thanks to each teacher across the millennia.
 Thank you.
I pray that I am deserving.
I find joy in it all.
Bliss. I am yours.
The rays pour in.
 Immersed.
White Heat.
Blue Star Magic.
Red Ruby Dreams.
Golden Cards.
Green Coins.
Violet Magic.
Pink Silence.
Crystal past the roses.
I itch in the vision.
We pray to Saint Germain.
Shine the pure light on us.
This is the Tribe.
In the middle.
And Love.
Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 3/24/80/11:30pm EST

You can't go beyond the boundaries of your own dream.

The dream carried us all here.
Our lives are layers of dreams.
Each life combines to bring us here.

Out past the margins of order
 This silver cloud.
Pearl River. The magic of a dream.
We're all sucked into this order.
The void waits past this.
Karma is burning.
Each ray enters the door.
Moments of clarity.
Angels whisper of times. Future. Past.
They dream over my music.

Birds landing in harmony.
Unity of time and space.
I watch between here and my dreams.
Love fills the gulf.

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 3/31/80/midnight EST

It's nearly time to fly into orange.

Opening up between childhood and red undergarments.
Old age show. Talking maps to the highway music man.
Staking Karma on this.
Searching Colorado in dreamless sleep.
Troubled by spirits hovering over my scalp.

Clashing with movie-media deluge.
I am still trying to find a person, an identity, that can come home
from the movies and be as elated as theater wisdom.
Theater of the absurd. On the edge of the ego reason.
Pushing past the safe zone.
Getting up from the past and wondering, "Who is standing here?"
 "What gives this being reality?"
I am standing here and I don't know why.
Praying with tears in my eyes from the search.

Giving rise to my occupation.
Farm boy turned poor man.
Working until the cows turn orange.
This moon a frosted over coat of peaches and mint.
Peaches and cream.
Peaches and biscuits in the morning.
Pumpkin pie for supper.
Who dreams when there is food to be eaten?

Orange series. Cast-iron energy.
Blue steel moon. Bird cat fish.
Trembling in the cold December jazz.
Motion of China tea and old Hebraic music.
Youth springs up as desire.
I am old enough to slow down.
I slow down to half past the edge (of safe zone).
 Where I will always be in the street of memory.

Black eyes. Them and I time.
Baseball remains a sport even as we stare at the Tarot cards.
The Elders stare at the clouds and whisper to the Gods.
Placing a bet on 6 innings completed and a sure win.
I never went to a baseball game I didn't play in.
 Somewhere in out field. Hind catcher. Sure stomper.
I didn't dream.
Baseball is too real to be mystical and as mystical as you want
 it to be.
All those heroes. Their sight failing.
Dead and in the Hall of Fame.
Did they listen to Billie Holliday while in transit to the next
 game?
Was their collection of Elvis records as big as their own?
Birds rise out of their eyelids.
We are all real now.
Ho!
Oliver Loveday © 4/15/80/midnight EST

Magic gets a little old sometimes.

Here we are in the sixties of spirituality.
Looking for faith and praying for rain.
These old centers move on.
Reunited with silence.
Fingered with love.
Trying so troubled for help in these sixties.
Old guitar and blues riff numbers.
Fire place sweatings. Enough.
Orange Series crosses these barriers.
My middle age adage of sins.
We don't think of Christ in the fog.
Music, by God! with drums.
 and damn the demons.
Orange is orange whether its a fruit, color,
 or burial ground in New Jersey.
Fuck the flies. Dream the shit piles.
Memory sticks like a Glen Miller record and harps at me.
Piss the blues. You got green shoes.
Magic ain't worth leaning for.
Baseball until the dust of dusk.
HO!
Oliver Loveday © 4/23/80/6pmEST

The Full Moon waning is superior

to any dream I could force into existence.
All those years spring up like so many nights out by an
open fire.
Listening to the hush as the Little People wait for me
to bed down.
And one night long ago on the porch of an old log cabin,
I felt an ancient spirit dancing on my throat all
night long.

In my dreams.
His lesson was to sleep there but not talk about it.
I chose not to sleep there anymore.
In my dreams the lesson almost cost me my life.
Dreams are that way sometimes.
They don't fool around.
Even today my throat hurts.
I sing. I pray. I long to preach.
To heal the troubled soul.
If you want to know about something,
I 'spect you'll learn somehow.
I can't teach you and dream both.
To sleep.

HO!

Oliver Loveday © 5/2/80/12:45amEDT

(Drawing with inscription)

Angel wings fall through the air
Music of the alchemist.
Morning of Tao.
This Bird Energy

HO!
Oliver Loveday © 5/7/80

Filename: spiritual_animal.doc
Directory: C:\My Documents\worddoc\POETRY
Template: C:\WINDOWS\Application
Data\Microsoft\Templates\Normal.dot
Title: 1980 poetry [manuscript]
Subject:
Author: Oliver Loveday
Keywords:
Comments:
Creation Date: 11/24/2002 11:35 PM
Change Number: 9
Last Saved On: 11/25/2002 12:44 AM
Last Saved By: Oliver Loveday
Total Editing Time: 83 Minutes
Last Printed On: 11/25/2002 12:55 AM
As of Last Complete Printing
Number of Pages: 34
Number of Words: 5,949 (approx.)
Number of Characters: 33,910 (approx.)