

POEMS OF PASSION

A Collection of Poetry

by Courtenay Young

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LAST NIGHT

**The earth did not move very much for me
Nor did the stars cry out in ecstatic anguish
But it did seem that we both went to the Well of Sweetness
and drank fully.**

**Roses did not burst wildly into hot & fragrant flame
Nor did the standing stones break into triumphant song
And no fairies & elves danced around us on the green sward
bespeckled with daisies**

**Wild horses did not wheel and rear
Nor gallop across the plain rivalling the very wind
Their soft velvet muzzles contrasting their clashing hooves
Because it was more like the gentle play
Of two dolphins, wheeling and cascading
In soft circles,
mimicing the movement of passing billows
With delicate cries in the warm waters of the Gulf
and the gentle echo of waves upon a sandy shore**

WHAT COMES AFTER ANGELS?

**Remember those golden times?
When we were young and days were long
With the world all fresh and sweet;
When angels walked serene with gentle songs
 so freely through our landscaped gardens.
Remember the bright flowers surmounted by fairies
And childhood, when devas whispered gently in our ears.
Where did they go to ? What comes after angels?
Remembering the loss, I wipe away the tears.**

**When you look at all the thirty wars a-waging
And millions dying of hunger, do you see
The deserts ever-spreading, nuclear spills & wide pollution?
What went wrong ? How do criminals walk free
 and seemingly so strong in our city streets.
Politicians lie and adverts whisper distortions
Into the very air, so you can't even trust your own mind,
Let alone the people around you. So what do we do?
How do we get back to a world which is loving & kind.**

**I think it takes a special sort of seeing
To look at someone sitting there in pain
And see beyond their distress, to their courage
Which causes them to face things yet again
 despite the fact that there's no obvious resolution.
I also think that in such moments you will find
A special quality of love and truth and care
So in that quintessential moment
You realise that an angel has been there.**

**Remember, just remember, I beseech you,
That if that's really all it simply takes
To break the long-held pattern of depletion
And find the place at last where everything makes sense,
 The message then is very very simple.
The magic has never gone; it's always there; it cannot die.
What's wrong is that we each have lost our way.
What's right is that it's quite simple just to find it
And we can do this at any moment, any day.**

HOW DO I TOUCH YOU?

**How do I reach across the space that lies between us
To bridge that gap - the great divide
Between two separate people living very different lives?
How do I help you to break down your walls of steel?**

**How do I tell you that I also feel your pain
That seems to you so very full of fear
You haven't dared to feel it for so many years?
How to tell you that I think that that's the way that you'll heal?**

**How do I let you know that I think I know the words
That you find it almost impossible to say - to state that thing;
The horror that you feel which crawls under your skin?
How do I help you speak the unspeakable? Dare to name 'It'?**

**You know well the place where new things start: the crevasse's brink
Where you stand & tremble, so you tell, and then so often retreat
Back onto the tortuous path that you know takes you nowhere.
How do I help you back to the edge, to take that vital step,
So maybe you will find it's not the deepest Pit.**

**When the pain is so bad the image breaks, the mask all cracks and you
Dissolve to wracking sobs & blubbering tears that tear my heart apart,
Part of me rejoices, for you've just conquered some of your fear.
So how do I show you that I admire your strength and courage so?**

**How do I stay with you through all the dark corridors of the night?
Yet give you all the space you need to find that place within yourself Where
you feel yourself at one with you and God?
How do I help you in a way that doesn't disempower or create a need?**

**Can I feed you? Can I give you things? Or must I wait
To just admire and stay there for the moment when you heed
Your inner wisdom, find your power?
How do I touch you?**

With my eyes?

With my heart?

With the delicate fingers of my spirit?

I don't know how to touch you?

THE BRINGERS OF DEATH

**See them slide by in their sleek black cars
See them stalk the corridors of big hotels
See them wheel and deal in millions
These Bringers of Death**

**Look into their flat hard eyes
as they hold their guns
Look well at their crisp uniforms
as they parody your degradation
Look at them play with their children
now that their hands are clean
Look well at these Bringers of Death**

**Regard their righteous regimes
supported by the politics of power
Regard the world-wide ignorance
maintained by powerful media
Regard the economic exploitation
nourished by the sellers of arms
Regard these Bringers of Death**

**View their palaces and mansions serene
with sweet green lawns and high walls
View their public appearances with celebrities
with their sleek wealth that bodes ill-health for others
View their genteel games on ski-slopes
with minor royalties and by their swimming pools
swimming in other people's blood and tears
View their hair-dos, their cool fat-cat arrogance, their wealth
with bank accounts in safe places stuffed with millions
fed by millions of dead and dying people
View their offshore companies, their interlocking corporations,
with their bloated portfolios and bearer bonds,
born by suffering and carried by floating corpses
View these Bringers of Death.**

Can you believe your eyes?

WHERE ARE WE NOW ? Part 1

**We're standing still I think.
Unless the earth I'm standing on
Should sink or creep some inches west
Towards the deep Atlantic pond.**

**I stand atop a little ridge
With sedge and dunes below
That hedge the sandy shore.
I watch the tidal flow caress the stakes
Of an old pier, dismantled long ago.
It's a place I am very fond of.**

**Where the wary deer stalk through the forest edge,
Their fear of predators give prick to ear
And dart to eye. What I like best
Is when a salmon breaks towards the sky
To clasp the diving ospey's grasp
And water flurries in the bay
Quiescent in the evening glow**

**Or where the wind blows behind me
Across a field of hay,
Towards the blast & thunder of a plane
That so insanely cracks the peaceful air
And meditation's link asunder
It doesn't last.**

**So I'll stay a while, I think.
You wonder and you ask, Where are we now?
Why don't you know?**

**A while ago this ridge lay far below
The breaking waves and the strake
Of war-like longships on their way to plunder
Pictish villages they saw as prey
And left a smoldering glow.**

**An aeon past this ridge was buried deep
Beneath a plain of glacial ice.
We hunted mammoth, wolf and bear
To keep us nice and warm.
To well it seems, for now
They are not here.
Museums put their bones on show.**

**A few years hence and we may be
Back in caves upon a mountain peak
The seas have risen, the planet's wrecked,
We've nothing learnt and still we do not know.**

**We're sitting still upon a beach,
We fools, lost in our dreams,
Of glory, war and plunder.
Life is cruel, I know, yet there must be
Something more it seems, else there's no sense
To dreams that seek a better way to go.**

**For do you suppose, my friend,
That we might have to eat the reeking toadstools
Of an endless night, for there's no meat
Since the day that clouds like mushrooms rose
And blocked the light ? Now what on earth can grow ?**

**Our future's in our hands it seems,
To make our Maker's dreams come true.
The tools we have, we'll have to shape anew.
The love is there. We face the fear
And the despair. We'll need our passion too.**

**And so what sight will greet our children's eyes ?
Will they still see the world we know,
 With greed forever growing,
 With species quickly going,
 With battle cries still flowing,
Don't ask, Where are we now ?
 Ask where we're going.**

THE COMPANION

**It comes as a continual surprise to me
That other folk do not experience
Or hear or see a constant friend
Companion or sister, brother
Lover who will always be
Just out of sight but is always there
Beside one through the day
Or coming with sweet breath
Of perfume and whispers in the air
During the dark & purple recess of the night**

**In whose intimate & deepening friendship
Lies an incessant exquisite delight
That never can be ended - death or separation
Play no part in such relationships as these
For scented phantoms though they are or maybe
Even dreams perhaps or taint of madness
They are also companions to our souls sublime
To ease our troubles, glorify our minds,
To lighten sadness, stimulate our thoughts
So that we find such joy that it touches the divine.**

**Do others really live their weary lives alone
Constrained by solitude in mere space and time
Their contacts limited by words and only face to face.
Can they not give a moment's peace to feel
Another's ethereal touch - so what's unreal:
The companionship that teaches all
I know of life & beauty, happiness & peace
Or momentary fragments culled just once or twice
In life and dulled by other trivialities.
They cease too soon and only leave a distant taste of spice.**

**For life is what we see and feel within our hearts
Our spirits measure fullness, richness, quality.
The world out there we only come to know in part
Through understanding, reason, rationality.
For sure, that lonely measure's true and tangible.**

Alternately I can always choose to be alone with You.

OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN

**What are our children's children going to blame us for?
From the wastelands and the rotten cities, I can hear their cry.
As they gasp for air and search dry lands for clean water
They ask the pitiless questions, " How " & "Why?"**

- **Why did you use those aerosols each year?**
- **And did you really still drive cars in nineteen ninetyfour?**
- **How on earth could you so abuse the other species here?**
- **And why did you go on buying - selling - making more & more?**
What are our children's children going to blame us for?

- **Was there not supposed to be a total freeze
on bombs and missiles, arms and nuclear war?**
- **And why did you let them cut down all the trees?**
What are our children's children going to blame us for?

- **Please, Granddaddy, tell us truly please,**
- **Were there still bright sandy beaches here upon the shore?**
What are our children's children going to blame us for?

- **Granny, why didn't you teach your growing boys that it's wrong to kill?**
- **Why did you go on shipping filthy oil that spills upon the seas?**
- **How did you fight to stop the factories spewing filth?**
- **Why did you lose ? Did you really use up all your might?**
- **Didn't the sight of aeroplanes flying, seals dying, others
trying, hungry babies crying, move you to do more?**
What are our children's children going to blame us for?

- **You say you had a dream to follow; Life was hollow,**
- **Spirit called and urban lifestyles palled.**
- **So you changed your name and played the Transformation Game**
- **or tried to get rich and beat Them at Their game**
- **the result was just the bloody same.**
What are our children's children going to blame us for?

- **Have you no shame ? Please explain exactly what you did?**
- **We feel that you should take the blame
for letting things go on the way they did.**
That's what are our children's children are going to blame us for?

- **It sounds as if you turned away, you went inside and tried to hide**
- **Felt so weak, or cried out that you only were a few.**
- **You lost the sight of all the shite that killed the trees,
the animals, the air, the seas, the birds & bees,
the insects and the people too.**
- **My God, why did you not take hold, stay "Stop" and stop the rot?**
That's what are our children's children are going to blame us for.

- **You had such a lot of people, power & wealth. Yes, so much then.**
- **For you even had your health ! You could have really had it made!**
- **You didn't act. You wrung your hands and just delayed!**
That's what are all our children's children are going to blame us for.

- You made a pact with supermarket chains, the taste of wealth for economic gains and politician's claims that they were turning green.
 - You should have seen where all of it would end: the shape of things to come: Cancer, AIDS, a planetary disease called "MAN", plastic bags and nuclear waste, the ozone hole, the Greenhouse heat, Chernobyl, using up the peat & coal, the rape of minerals, and all those lovely trees, Aieeeee !
- That's what are our children's children going to blame us for.

Our world is coming apart at the seams
 and I know how I feel about my parent's dreams;
 they got it so totally wrong it seems
 that we feel that it's right to go and fight
 and try to face their lack of grace
 in a world that's now devoid of peace
 and all the time we seem to find
 we get it just as wrong as they did.

So that's what are our children's children are going to blame us for.

TOUCH THE FIRE

You talk of pain and horror, death and war;
 My pain replies.
 You talk of how we treat the earth;
 My mother cries.
 You talk of men and women locked in hate;
 Old agonies reply.
 You talk of how it almost is too late
 As all Life dies.

If I don't hear you, I do not wish to hear
 As your words sear me.
 If I don't see these things, I do not wish to see
 Beyond my inner tears.
 If I don't act, I feel as if I cannot act
 For I'm frozen by fear.

So there is nothing I can do -
 But feel the truth behind the pain and fears,
 The held-back tears, the wounded heart,
 The loneliness apart, the childish impotence
 That saps my strength -
 And yet still try to touch that fire.

FREE ME

**Free me from the dreary fate
Whereby I'm forced often to fill
My poems with my passionate creations
And not the secret places of my partner.**

**Free me from the constant rage
That waits until I can't contain it more
Then pours out vitriolic to the page -
But better there than lusting for a kill.**

**Free me from the fear of hurt and pain
That keeps me separate, aloof, remote
So that this familiar ache of loneliness again
Is better than rejection's bitter kiss.**

**Free me to the inner peace and calm
Serenity in face of strife or war or poignant fate
The quiet that exists in eye of storm
Or blessed peace that's closer yet to death.**

**SOME EXPERIMENTAL THOUGHTS OF A PLAGUE VIRUS
WHO IS SEARCHING FOR ENLIGHTENMENT**

I feel quite fine that all my family and friends and fellow kind are growing well and economically thriving.

Though I am sad to hear that there are so many of you out there who have great difficulty surviving.

Each day I struggle to improve my mental health. I also give some of my wealth away so I can say that my continuing existence is a really worthwhile goal.

I really try to see that how we are and what we, as a species, do is beneficial for the whole - what's that you say? No! Certainly not devastating!

I feel we all must expand our consciousness and spend more time and energy in meditating;

For our soul's journey must not be neglected.

Oh! By the way ! - I heard it rumoured that

Our expanding progress through this organism has only just recently been detected.

I do not know if we are really doing it any harm.

Maybe it was meant to be - for who can tell?

And, yes, I am fully aware that if this host planet dies, that we are doomed to die as well.

Our Destiny, I feel, lies in the myth of "*Co-operation with All Beings.*"

I certainly don't not like this constant battle, all this strife,

For I am sure that my "*Path is Ever Onward to the Light.*"

And I must really "*Learn to Love all Other Forms of Life.*"

I am sorry about the pollution, all the shite and smoke and noise that comes from so many of us living here.

I quite agree that we must work quite hard to get it clear.

Yes. It is our "*Destiny to try to Clarify Unfinished Karma.*"

I also follow "*Righteous Practice; that's called Dharma*"

And we do acknowledge other forms of life besides ourselves.

But perhaps some of them just had to go - we need more space for growth.

We must all work harder. We can't go slow. We make all these things for the *Glory of Creation*. Our life is like a *Celebration of Spirit*.

Why focus on all the negative devastation ? It's not really our fault.

The truth of what I say, is in the fact there are so many of us here as you can plainly see. What ? There are so few of all the others left.

Yea ! The majority holds sway. And quite right so ! *Democracy is Holy too !*

For Our Armies Exist to Prevent any Oppression.

Like vicious white corpuscles, enemies must be stopped from attacking us.

"We cannot allow any Suppression of our Natural Heritage."

We have to fight and stay on top. So we must Win the Day.

"We must Stay Free. It's a Repression of our Intrinsic Liberty."

And they cannot really touch our Spirit. We don't quite like to say that

"We are the Chosen Ones." For it must be so, though we do not fully know.

We have been often told and shown we have a Destiny to play.

I know the more misguided of us sometimes kill our own.

We're not all perfect. Some of us even torture those who disagree.

Some are forced to flee their homes and countries. I know it's wrong.

But personally I do what I can to set them free. I also subscribe to Amnesty.

Meanwhile I hear you say that we should take a second place to all the rest?

Please, what does that mean? That other species overtake us

Are we not the best; the proper rulers of this place?

You say, "*The forests burn and we pollute the seas*" but we give peace prizes to our best and worthiest citizens who show us how to be more noble on this earth. And if we work harder, things *will* get better.

For the moment we can't do more.

We must just ignore the final death you claim for many other forms of life.

What's that you say, "*A Planetary Disease called Man ?*"

What do you mean? How rude! I am really doing all I can.

I'm not a plague, or a virus virulent, or something bad. I might be slightly vague as to who I am & what I'm doing here & what I can contribute to the whole.

That's sad. But I meditate. I try to benefit my soul and save the planet too.

And I keep my thoughts as pure & loving as I can.

I also really want to help. I know there only are a few

of these poor little creatures left. We must preserve the rest.

Let's put them in the zoo. At least the ones we like the most.

I am sorry that you feel - because of us - parts of the host planet

Are quickly dying. I said that we were trying - and much harder now too.

We have just had a conference that gives a radically new perspective About all these things. It was well attended too. It gave us all another view.

It's true; we couldn't all agree on what to do. But "There", you say.

We are trying hard - but some of those things out there - don't you just see ?

They do our children actual harm. We must defend ourselves, our race.

Our Natural Rights and Dignities. I know we should be charming in the face of all adversities. But I too love this Place !

I struggle hard for enlightenment. Our species has rare sensibilities -

not found in other forms of life. We're intelligent. Look, feel my tears !

Your logical and persuasive arguments would keep us in the caves

And not fulfil our needs if you allowed your fears to grow. I'm sure you see.

When we clear the forest lands & kill the trees, we make it more productive;

Much more so. It grows more crops and feeds the hungry, dying.

Our survival would be threatened else. The fields must all be tilled

or else we starve one day and precious lives be shortened.

Destinies Would Not Be Fulfilled. I'm sure you will agree.

Altruistic is not what we've been taught or trained to be

And anyway, - what's that you say ? We should take second place.

You advocate our genocide en masse. You see us as a plague; a virus, running unrestrained. How crass and stupid can you be ?

What substantiation do you have for such a point of view.

I know full well that that's not true. Can't you just see

We're actually the *Salvation of the Host*. We are the Most

Advanced of All Life Forms. We have to be -

It's final transformation. In us, *The Glorious Destiny* !

I'm sorry that you don't agree.

Enlightened Beings of our Race have Shown that our True Place

In the Scheme of Things to Come is Manifestly Right.

Is that not so ? You really want us all to disappear and go ?

But what about Enlightenment ? That's IT, you say !

We ARE enlightened when we see the world might actually be

A better place WITHOUT our race.

Well I don't know !

THE MATTER OF BRITAIN

**I am the dream and the sword of Macsen Wledig
that was the Light's response
to the first flowing swell of the Dark
once the echos of the fall of Rome
had crossed the restless sea.**

**And I am that rising tide of darkness,
bent on power and destruction,
jealous of the long years of peace
and of prosperous people safe at home;
a senseless rage against tranquillity.**

**I am the second chord that rang out loud and clear
when battle began to be joined
and opposing forces were wielded into action,
a recurrent symbol that carried through long years;
Merlin's magic song of power and mystery.**

**And I am that opposing force marshalling my armies
that seek to overwhelm by the sheer flood of numbers
and that evoke the darker side of the gods
to twist men's hearts, feed on their fears
and to encourage their greed and their envy.**

**I am the third force against the savage invaders;
first Ambrosius, then Uther, Pendragon too,
and now as Arthur I arise glorious from obscurity
with the seeds of my destruction already sown;
I was born under a comet sweeping across the sky.**

**And I am that seed, born of a moment's folly & deaf to the warnings,
hidden away in the dark until fate calls me out;
I lie waiting for a petty revenge against the man
for the kingship and the greater plan I cannot touch;
I am the god's insurance to ensure humility.**

**I also am Logres. I am the true heart at the matter of Britain.
I cannot stop the Dark from rising - for everything has its time,
but I can influence the battle now and shorten the dark years
till we can teach them to make ploughshares not battleaxes.
I keep the Light burning so that it lasts for eternity.**

I PROTEST THIS DEATH

When I die, I do not "go"
nor do I "pass away".
I do not choose to go gently through the veil.
When I die, unless I choose to go
and make that glaringly evident,
I go protesting. I rail
against this loss of life.
I do not "go gently into that good night".
Nor have I "chosen to go".
I enjoy the struggle of life - fully -
the challenges - to the uttermost -
and with every breath,
every moment of the day
and every day until I say,
"Enough". "Enough of strife".
Then I shall end it.
Anything less is not my choice.

So do not make my death a pretty thing.
The time and place were not "chosen".
Death does not have such a gentle face.
Do not try to find "nice things" to say
about the fact I had my time & it was time to go.
I said, "No". "There are many more things I want to do,
places to see, people to meet, mountains to climb -
just because they are there."
"It is not fair - I have not chosen to go."
I protest this death of mine.