

Flipping The Switch

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Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

Flipping the Switch

Earth Day Dismay

The Devil Is...

PTSD-SP & WEED

Cool Leaf Litter Critters

Roman Culture in Britain (in 2 parts)

A Base Ambition (a Cento)

A Voiceless Gift (a Cento)

Mental Matters (x 2)

The Wonder Of Whales

Dark Energy (in 2 parts)

home is ...where the spirit lives

Flipping the Switch

if each black hole (when full)
blew out
into
another dimension

creating
another 'big bang'

to re-seed
galaxies, stars,
flowers and grass,
and beasts
(including man)

in pastures fresh
if not entirely new,

or our cosmos fell apart
with age, decayed
/ subatomically /
re-arranged
its on-going re-invention

recycling
aeons of time

to rest
its gravity, dark
energy, quarks,
gluons
and metaphysical mind,

might you come back

as me and me as you?

Earth Day Dismay

You know it's the makers
Of throw-away containers
And the lazy
Non-recyclers
Spoiling the world
For every living thing
When there are more
Bottles and bags afloat
Off shore than boats,
And even more plastic
Bits and bobs streaming
Rivers and canals
Than dolphins swimming
In the not so gleaming sea...
Talk about crazy!
Can't those who
"Couldn't-care-less"
See the Otter's tangled distress?
Can't they hear the oceans
Choking?
Or the screaming gulls
Whose hungry guts
Their broken stuff is poking?
I really wish they knew
How turtles feel
After mistaking terrible waste
For an edible jellyfish meal,
Or could, at least, imagine
The loss of the albatross
As it skims a littered surface
For 'squid' & 'krill'
~ yes, bottle tops can kill!

The Devil Is...

The Devil is...

Not those Demons within
A tragic fragmented mind
That know nothing at all
Of virtue,
Nor sin ~
It is that which sets them free;

The Devil is
Drugs, Distress, Despair...
Or another combination of those three.

Demons are...

The frenzy that escapes
When your ego caves in;
A second is all they need
To navigate
That break ~
They are not malicious spirits.

Demons are
Formless, Feral, Fearful...
If you're lucky they'll retreat quick quick.

PTSD-SP & WEED

PTSD-SP*

1.

The memorization
of a past event
which
was too horrendous
for the brain
to properly archive
at the time,
can involve the re-enactment
of that
possibly violent
occurrence which
may have even been a crime
~ that's how stuck
sub-conscious views
of experience
transfer to
the memory of
the conscious mind...
It's a frightful thing
for anyone to undergo,
but,
one of the scariest aspects
of that process
is
you won't know that
could happen to you
until you know.

2.

Is your mind well?

Can you tell
if
the person in the mirror is
someone who contains
a nightmare force
just waiting to run
its unknowable course
and thereby your life
(and others' as well)
straight to hell?

&
WEED

ptsd
plus weed
doesn't mix,
which is why
people should
not smoke dope
out on the streets
where the possibly sick
breathe.

(* Post Traumatic Stress Disorder
with Symptoms Psychotic)

Cool Leaf Litter Critters

A rain forest floor is amazing,
a living, breathing crazy paving
of bright colored frogs
and newts (also cute)
and leaf-like toads
who do not need roads
or chainsaws invading...

And yet that sprawling,
creeping, crawling,
warmly wet world
of light-flecked night
is sadly brimming
with tadpoles swimming
against a tide of mean log hauling.

Roman Culture in Britain (in 2 parts)

1.

The Romans
made slavery 'civilized'
~ gave 'low-lives'
a 'social'
ladder to scale...
Their classist culture
now realized
abroad, has many
struggling to
not appear to fail.

2.

Britain is
still reeling from
the Roman invasion;
torn
between
wanting to impress
those long dead
masters of war,
and the feeling that
they might have been
happier with
the gods they had before.

A Base Ambition (a Cento)

Men bled in imitation of
the rotting dead they feared
~ fought, conquered, and
the same course steered
with a deaf heart, framed
with the still fiercer vanity
of a fool of false dominion,
a slave to claimed supremacy.
And from their barren being
did grow a cold omnipotence...
until their crimes were triumph,
and free thoughts accidents.
All creeds thus modelled still
have men in chains; much misery
we reap, where gladiator gods
wage war on life with 'dignity'.

(the words in this Cento are from
Harold Childe's Pilgrimage, by Lord
Byron, specifically: Canto the fourth,
verses LXXXVII - XCV)

A Voiceless Gift (a Cento)

Glory be to the clever one who causes
stars to shine and moon to wane,
who conducts the seas and
grants the birds refrain,

who set loves miracle element free
in dreams, and on a daring wind
that wilderness may join with
a tongues bright dancing.

So what if my own lips know silence,
if syllables whirling in my throat
pray trumpet notes disguised
as ghosts in heretic cloak.

God's instrument is spiritual, breath
~ a rivers flow ~ Earth's medicine
for brain, bloodstream, torso...
my hearts every repetition.

(the words in this Cento are from
Playing the Ghost of Maimonides,
by John Agard, specifically 4 poems:
Ghost Under Surveillance,
Maimonides Discourses on the One,
Maimonides Discourses on the
Spiritual Perks of the Physician,
& Voice)

Mental Matters (x 2)

Speaking From Deadly Experience

i know a soul can't act
via the sub-conscious,
but through one's consciousness
it can tell a man
some of what that sub-conscious
saw, heard, and even did
during a psychotic split...
i wonder if
comatose people
can relate
to these things
and say how
their spirit felt
as their conscious
self stirred awake;
if they too sensed
fear at being separate,
that dread of being
not dead but
nothing more
than trapped within
an invisible skin
that has no shape,
no controllable form;
no influence over
what's going on
beyond
the searching of
their mind's
isolated eye;
if they too have a sense
of what it's like to die.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Soul Searching

The mirror presents me
with my body's interaction
with light
~ even the eyes
deflect the question
where am i?
...my being
lodged inside
the black hole of my mind.

The Wonder Of Whales

Whales don't have gills like fishes do,
they take their breath from sky,
so always sleep
far from the deep...
and with half awake minds
on their air supply.

They float near the surface of oceans,
semi alert while half dreaming
of lives fully free
of human debris,
shrimp-trawling boats,
and submarines.

It's a wonder they still have a place,
the space for raising families...
to think they left
the land in quest
of safer, broader horizons,
as once were seas.

Dark Energy (in 2 parts)

1.

My Anti-Gravity Theory

First

the 'big bang'

propelled energy,

space-time + matter,

from an unknown entity

into and

against the edges of

a different dimension,

then

that outward pressure

eased off

/ as gravity

and matter

came together /

there built

another sort of tension;

the ourskirts

of our universe

thus free to relax

tried to shrink back,

but dark stuff had stuck

to them like glue

and began to expand with

its energetic break through.

2.

Inflation In Brief

Anti gravity fill the gaps

that gravity + matter

leave in their wake
so the universe
won't collapse
and maybe as
it disintegrates
the power hidden
in its un-bound bits
finally + rapidly inflates

home is ...where the spirit lives

we hold on to thoughts
 (happy and sad)
to clarify our minds;
we hold on to things
 (good and bad)
to mark our passage through time;
we hoard...
because we're afraid
of 'empty' space
/ we fret /
 our memories will fade
 away without a trace
 and our essence
 will be impossible
 for anyone
 to re/collect...
because of our need
to believe the love we felt
and the decisions that we made
have had a positive
 and everlasting effect
on the world which,
one day,
we may have to leave
 behind...
because
we lack faith
that God / Nature / the Cosmos
is aware
of everything
we think and do,
not just because it cares
but because it's needy too...

/ because it lives within
and without
our earthly selves
and knows all there is to know
about fear
loneliness,
and feeling blue /
we really ought to relax
and love it back ~
we need to unwind.