





# **WORD MUSIC**

**A SELECTION OF POEMS**



**DALE R. GOWIN**



**LUMINIST PUBLICATIONS**

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WORD MUSIC  
A Selection of Poems  
by Dale R. Gowin

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## Contents

Invocation .....	1
Amrit .....	2
Squire .....	3
Hymn to the Dawn Goddess .....	4
Torn .....	7
Epitaph of an Erotic Eremite .....	8
Well Met .....	10
Song of the Elements .....	11
Thinking of You .....	12
Pledge .....	17
A Rare Time .....	18
Virgo Rising .....	20
Mindopening .....	22
Square Windows .....	23
Variation on a Theme .....	24
There Comes a Time .....	25
Endless Cycle Blues .....	26
When the Magic Has Gone Out .....	28
Grandpa, Tell the Story .....	30
The Prisoner's Prophecy .....	32
A True Story .....	33
Sulfur and Rose .....	34

# Instructions:



Read This Book Stoned

# Invocation

O holy One, from which there is no other!  
I stand now at the threshold of Thy temple.  
No more do I run from Thee.  
I have come  
To offer myself at Thy altar.  
I recognize the totality of Thy Spirit  
As it permeates every particle of Matter  
Of all that is, was, is to come, or might have been.  
I know I am naught but Thee!  
Therefore, if it be Thy will,  
Take this vehicle which I am  
And let its every fiber  
Reflect and manifest Thy light.  
Let there be naught of Me  
That is not Thee:  
Now  
And forevermore.



# Amrit

I kneel before the sacred shrine  
And find the mystic mountain spring  
Where floweth forth the wizard wine  
That maketh soul and spirit sing.

Long have I sought this sacred vale,  
Center of the world's desire—  
Lore of the holy pilgrim's tale,  
Home of the sanctifying fire

Where, deep within, the Goddess True  
Breweth the nectar of delight  
Which medicine maketh all things new  
For those who partake by Royal Right,

In selfless worship, certified  
By oracle true and solemn sign,  
By fire of ordeal duly tried,  
By rigorous tasks of love refined.

And with my tongue I taste the flow:  
I feel within a mighty thrill:  
It nourisheth me from head to toe  
And healeth me of every ill.





# Squirz

I am the squire

of the temple of glee

That does rise

phallic

between green mams

I am the Lord of all I can see

or can happen

or am



# Hymn to the Dawn Goddess

I have been lured by your loveliness,

    O child of the morning;

I have put the flocks and fields behind me

    to follow your flashing form.

Your beauty rivals the roseblush

    of the lightening sky,

    O mysterious maiden;

        your image lingers languidly before my eyes.

I have followed you to the gate of your secret garden,

    O bright one;

        and I have watched you

            as you approach your throne

                in trembling awe.

I have knelt on the white marble

    since before the dawn,

        awaiting the moment

            your eyes might bid me

                to enter the perfumed sanctuary.

Long have I labored in your vineyards, O my goddess!

    and I have instilled my heart's devotion

        into every bottle

            of your sacred wine.

How I adore you,

    O radiant one,

        O daughter of the dawn-light!

The birds of the forest rejoice as you approach

    and the garden grows greener

        where your feet have pressed the soil.

My soul is like a tree in your garden,

    O infinite one,

        laden with fruit

            that is ripe

                to be harvested by your hand.

Heavy hang the boughs of my being,

    O my beloved one!

        and gladly would I give of my substance

            to tantalize your tongue.

Well do I know of your worshippers,

    O maiden of the morning light;

        I have no hope of competing

            with the coffers of gold

                that they lay before your feet.

My only appeal is the purity of my love

    that burns in my heart like a living flame.

Only when your eyes

    shall answer my passionate prayer,

        O glorious goddess;

            only then can the burning be quenched

                that consumes my soul.

Strong will the songs arise  
from the chorus of angels,  
O my goddess,  
when you summon me to come forth  
by the secret sign.

Then will all Nature rejoice  
with the splendor of Spring;

Then will the trumpets sound  
in the watchtowers  
of the world.



# Torn

Torn beyond mending  
    is the stained fabric  
And my blood flows into the soil  
Around me pound the sounds of the living jungle  
    and the beating of the ancient drums  
I trace a circle on the ground to summon thee  
    Thou fiery angel who will carry my soul  
        Across the dark river and into the hidden land

Pierced to the center  
    is the heart's armor  
And my love spills into the air  
For I am felled by the shaft of a silver arrow  
    from the bow of the shining one  
I raise my arms into the air and call her name  
    That she may listen to the sorrow I sing  
        That she may remember a glimpse of the golden flame

Ended forever  
    is the long battle  
Not again shall I lift the sword  
It was a dream danced in the land of shadows  
    and I go now to seek the Sun  
I leave behind all that I sought to make my own  
    I cast my spirit to the winnowing wind  
        I rise into silence to enter the shining void



# Epitaph of an Erotic Ermitz

To all the hopeless loves of life

I fondly bid adieu:

To battles lost

And bridges crossed

Though burning fairly through;

To all the maids and matrons who

Have caught my heart in storm

And laid me flat,

I doff my hat

And bow in proper form.

O lady with the long, dark locks

And limbs of ivory snow!

O tropic sprite

Whose laughing sight

Could set my heart aglow!

O mystic mother of the Sun,

Deep as the storm-tossed sea,

Who left me dazed,

My mind amazed

That such a power could be!

O freckled, fawn-like faery maid

With guileless, child-like charms!

O tranced were-light

Who at end of night

Were vapor in my arms!

O plump and playful, stern and lean,  
Effusive and contrite!  
I go afar  
To follow my star  
In lands of endless night.

May Aphrodite bless the grace  
That crowns you, one and all!  
I leave today  
To make my way  
And answer the Siren's call.

I would that I could hold your hands,  
Once more feel your hearts beat!  
I follow my fate  
Through the ancient gate  
That leads beyond defeat.

But cast your eyes to the dawn-lit skies  
When tomorrow's sorrows crest:  
I'll pass once more  
Through the secret door  
To suckle at your breast!



## Well Met

We laugh, and I can see across the room  
The mind-pool ripples, laughter laps on every brain  
While here, our table, candle beer and three  
And I the third. My mind turns outward to the street  
And lonely canyon night revives me, hide thee  
In the light and fire.

She calls across the mind,  
Her eyes like magnets energized: the dance is high,  
The stakes are deep: to play strong currents flow  
Through circuits be they strong enough or die.  
Then light comes tripping dancing up to ego throne—  
A wave of light, of heat, of sight, of bliss—  
Of eyes across, a knowing wave of white hello—  
Across the chasm of not me two selves come known.





# Song of the Elements

Fire, Water, Air, Earth

Brought my human soul to birth.

Earth, Air, Water, Fire

Filled my soul with sweet desire.

Water, Fire, Earth, Air

Formed the roses in my hair.

Air, Earth, Fire, Water—

I am Heaven's holy daughter!



# Thinking of You

I

I sit alone  
and think of you...

The thought of you arises  
from a dark place deep within me  
where it has been kept alive  
like a glowing coal covered with ashes.

It rises through my body  
and envelopes me like a vapor—  
warm, like your breath on my skin—  
sweet, like the hot scent of your arousal.

I think of your body  
as if it were lying close beside me  
so that I might  
at any time  
reach out and pull you to me  
so that you would lie  
tight  
against my chest.

I think of the dark curtain of your hair  
falling down across my face  
as I kiss  
your cheek and neck.

In my thoughts I caress your back  
and a tremble runs through you  
as your cells respond to my touch  
coming alive with an electric discharge  
like a tingling fire  
echoing back to me  
from your ecstasy.

I think of your eyes entrancing me  
with the infinite mystery of your depth—  
you who will lie as close to me  
as my breath  
and yet remain so hidden  
so aloof  
so far away...

There will be nothing I can do  
but reach out to your mouth  
with my own  
until our tongues touch  
and taste  
that most sacred intimacy  
like our senses melting together  
in a flame of love.

I think of your skin, and it is tense to my touch  
stretching out before me like an unexplored country  
all damp with the dew of your sweat  
that is pungent and sweet  
like a strong elixir.

The taste of it stirs me  
and stokes the wild fires  
that blaze within.

Your nipples stand  
full and hard  
to my tongue's caress

And your back arches  
as my left hand  
moves down your spine.

Your hips thrust against me  
bucking and begging  
as my tongue trails  
like a comet  
across your belly.

The intricate tangling black forest  
is damp in the tropical heat  
and in the hidden scarlet shrine of your mystery  
a rare wine is flowing  
from a living spring.

I, the pilgrim aspiring to your priesthood,  
have come to taste  
of this essential nectar of passion.

I pave the outer courtyard with kisses;  
I enter the inner sanctum  
like waves surging against the shore;  
I clasp the Holy of Holies  
in my persistent rhythmic embrace

And I am swept away with you  
into the infinite night of stars.  
The dew of your love  
drenches me  
with renewed desire.

||

Sitting alone, thinking of you,  
the Lion-Serpent within me  
stirs and comes alive,  
and I am overcome  
with a warmth of longing.  
I think of you  
as if I lie naked before you  
and my desire  
is as evident  
as the Sun blazing at noon.  
With a fingertip  
I trace the contours of my limbs  
as I remember  
the infinite preciousness  
of your life-giving touch.  
It calls forth from every part of me  
the healing fire  
that is stoked by your glances

and fanned  
by the fawn-like curves  
of your entrancing form.

With soft circular strokes  
I invoke the image  
of your sweet appetite of desire  
demanding my fire  
with your fingers and tongue.

My life leaps rejoicing  
to meet your embrace,  
to satisfy your demand,  
to pour forth my all on your altar

And did I not resist with all my strength  
it would leap  
and be lost  
in your infinite gulf.

But I hold  
and I lift  
and I persist

And my love  
is like a great oak  
rooted in rock  
that the storms do not break.



# Pledge

I pledge allegiance

to the Sun

of the United States of Being

And to the Reality for which it stands

One Nature

under Goddess

indivisible

With liberty and justice for all



## A Rare Time

I have lived a rare time  
To witness thee, O thou rare one  
And to sit with thee in the green dawn  
And watch the tentative tendrils of light  
Touch tenderly the sleeping minds of humankind

Thou watchest with a laugh of wonder  
    O child of the forgotten forests  
And I speak ribbons of fire  
    to thy deep-drinking eyes  
As the night loosens his cool grip  
    on thy soul  
And I speak  
    and give voice  
    to the rising flame

And a new Sun of meaning dawns  
and blossoms  
    with ivy-tendril dreams  
    of strong belonging  
and it opens new doors  
    into forgotten hallways  
    of happiness  
and it leaps  
    like a lapping wave  
    or a dancing flame



awakening rare memories of living times  
when colors flowered  
amid trickling birdmusic  
and a joyous purpose  
filled thy trembling growth  
with the fine calm certainty of bliss  
that rests  
in the wild exuberance of moving  
that laughs  
in the passionate dancing  
and it catches thee up  
into the arms  
of understanding

And I speak of my flaming heart  
into the mirrored silence

And I reach out  
to touch

thy puissant destiny

O thou sundrenched princess  
of this mystic morning

To sit with thee and watch the rising morning  
I have lived a rare time



## Virgo Rising

My dark and dubious dalliance  
with daemons of the deep  
Has troubled me with turbulence  
and will not let me sleep  
I stumble through dark corridors  
where wisdom cannot creep  
And seek the fleeting phantoms of  
her eyes where shadows leap  
Around the pyre that blazes up  
and sunders the abyss  
Of murky mirrored messages  
that murmur in the mist  
Too dim to hear, too faint to see,  
a vapor in my fist  
Of smoke and cinder mingling  
to veil the blazing bliss  
Of eyes that guile and gibe me on  
to follow in the gloom  
Down endless aching corridors  
to some forgotten tomb—  
A bier of bone, a rusted throne,  
a cobweb-cornered room—  
Around a bend the were-light wends,  
a golden stairway looms—

Descending madly faster past  
a shimmering sheet of rain,  
I crush through the resistance of  
a crust of ancient pain.  
The vault of blood-stained emerald  
will yield to me again  
As I touch the cleft of shadows where  
the key has always lain.

A chapel cut from crystal with  
a blade of solar flame—  
An altar in the center with  
the runes that spell her name—  
A cradle lined with almond-wood  
inside a silver frame:  
A princess armed with innocence  
wrapped in a lion's mane...

The shifting shades of midnight meld  
into the moonlit skies  
And sleep comes down like rosy dew  
as faery dreams arise  
To dance around the dawn-tinged glades  
and quicken with surprise  
At the world that waits to welcome her  
when she opens up her eyes.



# Mindopenning

stood to gaze over the great expanse  
of his new mindopenning: then gasping grasping she  
looks down to my body. it is lithe and long  
and feels living. miles away your heart beats  
slow and fast and breath come-goes from his mouth  
as she looks down fondly at my  
feet, making your toes wiggle. his wonder rises  
bird-free, cloud-deep

we walk along a green bank

our feet crushing ants

our fingers raised to feel wind

then her eye catches flower color fire

stooping, reaching

he plucks

i touch severed rushing blossom-life

one-eyed plant self

you blink think can't stop idea flood

she sinks her roots soft deep between

she peeks, sprouts, spurts, shouts

rose-daisy

he gapes into the gulf

slips away

rushing (waterfall) into all

emerging as many

mopping brow, we let the mangled flower fall, then i

stood to gaze over the great expanse

of your new mindopenning



## Square Windows

Some folks like square windows  
Not to see, but as a prop  
Some like square identity  
And wooden frames to keep it up  
Nailing name and time in place  
Squarely structured for the street  
Some like square reality  
They peg it down: it cannot grow:  
Its corners stand like rocks in space

But I, the wiggle victorize!  
I, the quickening light espouse  
Dancing prismic: living flow:  
I would tripping Nature know



## Variation on a Theme

Now I lay me down to sleep

I lay

I say

I pray me down

To dark and fuzzy light and sound:

Explore before, beneath, behind...

I pray the Lord will save my mind

And if I die before I wake

—sleepwalk through the Pearly Gate—

If I die

I sigh

don't cry

Leaving empty house and brain

O bury me not on the astral plane

Where lonely ghosts and thoughtlings roam:

I pray the Lord will take me home

And if I wake before I die

Clasping tightly to the cord

Leaving if-worlds unexplored

I pray the Lord my soul to keep

If I should die before I sleep



## There Comes a Time

There comes a time in each man's life  
When, like a taste gone stale and dry  
And far away, I can't go on  
Nor want to live another day

There comes a life in each time's eye  
Born in a limpid pool of scum  
Locked in the endless fires I'm lost  
Caught on the wheel of constant pain

Real as a rock new bodies come:  
There comes a time the game must cease  
No more to play beneath the Sun  
Who circles in resplendent peace

O lift my heart to find the Source  
O look my eyes for the path I lost  
Before the cosmos burped me forth  
To wander in the darkening realm



# Endless Cycle Blues

We slide down that familiar slide  
beyond the grave

And once again  
we part the veil  
and plunge into the shadow-hole

That dream-deep gulf  
that gulf of fire

Where J's line shores of coal to net  
sweet starfish sunfish cometfish  
their whynets flash  
as we drift past  
the cavern looms  
hunchback guardians lean on brooms  
and weaving-wives  
their golden needles gleaming  
weaving mystic garments  
robes of seeming  
lofty garments of star-fire  
for gods and daemons



And on to deeper pools of silence go  
where nine sit tending only's below  
(some for feeling; some to know)  
while one is sleeping |  
can nearly catch glimpses of  
the higher sky, blue and living

And cornered in slime  
the uglies  
dwell in chains of  
ownmaking lifetimes

O that | dwell  
not any longer betwixt them

O that | rise  
dancing between nightenlovelies

O that | fly  
to the end of my quickening dancing  
Now to the pyre of new-selving  
Now to a mewling babe  
in the new light  
of morning



# When the Magic Has Gone Out

When the magic has gone out of the Amerikan empire  
Then a million million radios will be silent  
And the glassy television eye  
will wink dark forever.

Then autocars and semitrucks  
will roll no longer  
over endless concrete roads  
and in the Interstates  
will oak trees grow.

When the dark magic  
has gone out  
of the Amerikan empire  
and has dissipated  
like a burst bubble  
or a daybroken dream

Then the cold, unwavering electric lights  
will flicker out one by one  
and a blanket of darkness  
will cover the great cities

And a profound fear  
will strike the hearts  
of their rulers  
and they will go down in confusion  
and be forgotten.

And Earth, whose oils they pumped and burned, will stir  
and bury deep within  
    their firestorm dreams  
their towering machines  
    built to destroy

And a great cry of awakening will resound  
    rising from the hearts of humankind  
    and echoing from the distant mountains.

And then the Children of the Sun will come:  
    their spears are sharpened  
    and their eyes reflect the stars  
and when they rise  
                    like tides

no barricades of thought  
    can stand against the force of each  
    her shining mind: his eye of truth

O narrow streets and thoughts of humankind!

All other kinds  
    of living minds  
    their vengeance cry!

Then One who's been held back until the end  
Will leap forth like a lion from the woods  
And rip away all bindings of belief  
That Nature's older, wiser Magick Law

    may be again released.



# Grandpa, Tell the Story

Grandpa, tell the story  
of when the ships could fly—  
They rose like floating palaces,  
leaving smoke-tracks on the sky.  
The eagles of the mountains  
could never fly so high!  
Grandpa, tell the story  
of when the ships could fly.

And Grandpa, tell the story  
of the roads that never end,  
Filled with horseless chariots  
speeding like the wind  
To take you in a moment  
anywhere you wish to go—  
Grandpa, tell the story  
of the endless concrete roads.

Grandpa, tell the story  
of the flashing vision screen  
Filled with moving pictures  
like a living magic dream!  
It lets you meet with people  
in lands across the sea—  
Grandpa, tell the story  
of the magic vision screen.

And Grandpa, tell the story  
of a footstep on the moon  
When all the world was watching,  
but they came down too soon—  
But they left a flagpole standing  
on that silent, dusty plain—  
Tell the story of the footstep  
we may never take again.

Grandpa, tell the story  
of when the ships could fly—  
They rose like floating palaces,  
leaving smoke-tracks on the sky.  
The eagles of the mountains  
could never fly so high!  
Grandpa, tell the story  
of when the ships could fly.



## The Prisoner's Prophecy

Have faith, my fellow prisoners!

Change is coming soon.

I saw the sign of victory  
reflected in the moon;

I saw the sign of vengeance  
reflected in the sky—

I saw the captives all set free  
and our oppressors die.

I saw the rivers flow with blood!

I saw the towers fall.

I saw a pile of rocks and dust  
where stands this prison wall.

I saw the maddened rulers run,  
stampeding in the street—

And those who wield the club and gun  
lay dead beneath their feet.

I saw great piles of money torched  
and burned to smoke and dust.

And these iron chains that bind our wrists  
corroded into rust.

I stood upon a mountain top,  
a trumpet in my hand

And watched a new Sun rise across  
a hurt but healing land.



# A True Story

Before there was God  
there was Goddess.

He came forth from her.  
He worshipped her  
And she fulfilled his every desire.

Then God became mad  
And declared war on Goddess  
And vanquished her  
And held her in chains  
in his dungeons.

But her voice escaped through the cracks  
And seeped up through the Earth.  
And the people heard  
and knew her  
and named her  
Mary  
Mother of God.



# Sulfur and Rose

sulfur and rose, barbwire and lavender  
shadowlight you bring me lady sweetnight:  
into my memorydream sliding sideways you always  
with your cool white sawtooth-smiling softness  
come quiet-sly shade-eye and awaken my  
sad cloud of sleeping promises  
come lady darkfire with your soul-blistering kiss!  
all askew am | in your swirling spell  
,adrift,  
unheeding





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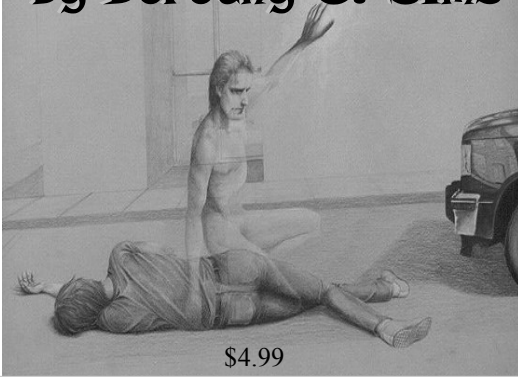
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