**Chase’s Chaste Chase**

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Somewhat of an abstract: This poetry is Bahá’í-inspired, at times philosophical, totem foster friend, free verse, prose. Prose: Rimbaud, the elliptical innovator, broke the verse classical convention, but before him Hugo, in 1863, gave way to a liberal apostrophy in *Poésie* VI. Philosophy, strong as an ox. Analytical Necessity, verse: the feather in the morning sound. Meter, rhyme or not. Hoffman prefered White's free verse in Another Song, Another Season.

 The invisible woman is Layla, the mythological figure that represents divine love in Bahá'u'lláh's Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys Originally it’s a medieval story written by a medieval Bedouin.

The theme: facing Reality to confront in action our quotidian existence in a prayerful meditative spirit with an intention of service, God in mind; this essentially helps pass the numerable tests on our way to a promised land: World Peace, World Joy.

Here’s an individual’s answer to life’s greatest quest: approaching Perfection.

* Theory: expressionist automatic writing with a mystical background.
* Form: in the Iron Age, the age-old poetry process is still a work ’n’ progress, a laboratory of senses where a word blacksmith, not to say “alchemist”, fashions the sword of the signification of the poet’s paradigm. The poem will never reach the perfection that the artist envisions. Evictions. *Trait* *d'union* *caricatif*. But after realizing the “deed”, after chiseling a hundred times or more, he or she beholds what is only the point of the iceberg. Nonetheless the satisfaction after hours of mental torture: a sigh of relief. A poem always in the making: the journey goes on towards a Spirit. Beyond.
* Finally to explain a bit the title, yes, Thorton Chase, the very first American Bahá’í…

 Enjoy dear reader sister brother mother father son and daughter the ride!

**Document Poetry**

**Beauty in the Face**

1. Flaubertian description: flocked, capped and cashmere displaced moon, sharp-tongued, f. irmest Hand of Nayriz, tongue honeyed Action
2. by degrees in a pool of light, inspiring confidence bent over Her mobile phone, the Hatti Soul illumined as her Presence is lukewarm. like the water in the evening tub somewhere in Ridván, scattered throughout the immensity of flotsam a weave tide of His approval
3. to resurface, regards to Her status, as queenly expressions in her facial gestures inhale the moment of Arzawa Glory,
4. not tomorrow, now, not Death, not the Great Divide yet. but the refined Crimson Ark of domestic service, the pageantry of favoured existence.
5. that sums up another astonishment.
6. *You* *want* *more* *but* *sometimes*, *at* *odds* *with* *yourself*, *you* *get* *just* *enough* *of* *what* *you* *need*.

 Gkh

1. Travail. As the Shelter is being improved, not imposed, you don’t only read what you want to hear but
2. what is diametrically opposite to what you believe ( with some exceptions. )
3. You say *l’existentialisme* *est* *un* *humanisme* is for the believer and the Kitáb-i-Aqdas, for the atheist,
4. then from the respectful clash of ideas
5. is born the sparkle of Truth.
6. Action plays an essential role, the Show, life itself is but that except during those moments of pure bliss,
7. quite infinitely oozing, of nine queens of Rye:
8. books.

distribute sense on the table. as thoughts, orderly, sometimes not, carve the plaster of Her scent

 that just appeared under your nostrils,

O holy Friday,

 and as a Carmel actor you play your role in the appearance of what you truly are, the science of the scene of the quotidian existence, iris wide open wide shut, in a frocked and King Akhenaten life.

 These pale figures seem to figure you out: wisdom opens the door of cracked towed fuzz,

 then your role is disciplined by years of Hugo excavations into Reality.

 in the consortium of souls, spectacles half mass like a flag in midair,

and the Vision of AI clearing space for the human spirit

 as petty and noble as it can be

 is divergence/reunion drawn under Layla’s eyelids as Russian Jew, Christian, Muslim, Bahá’í, Kimbanguiste

 gather at appropriate times

 somewhere in your idealistic dreams. under a banner of cosmological light until all comes to a close.

Therefore can you see the experience of Man’s tears and laughter

 as he continually tries to phone God on his worst cell phone but true happiness is right in front of him?

 He searches for the key: the Door of Hope.

**Beauty of loss**

 Who are you?

 The *quantum* question after all those years doesn’t upset you - rather gives you wings of hope- with a face not exactly *belâtre* but whose charisma is enough to sell pearls to Her Ocean and get a good price out of it: Her generosity knowns no bounds.

Then synecdotic words dispel grief and joy, manage to flung and fly, giving wings to an invisible Thom Yorke upset by climate change, used to the core,

 a London bridge rising to the music of your blanketing thrills in the deep recesses of intuition,

 not knowing exactly the acception of the nouns that you dispel in tantamount Memory, adjacent to the people around you.

Do they tell you who you are in the bristled jungle of your morning thoughts?

 Only glances on the paper, the pen and the body whilst your eyes muselled by hard training, the glasses that give an aspect of intellectual property,

your brain,

 the Spirit spring to earth’s retreat, as you glance imperceptibly at the passer-bys, they who are not you but who share a common humanity,

 a condition with which all have to deal with, the lips, the verbs, the smiles, the marble postures, the temper of your facts, the temper of the tension, sentences seemingly belonging to Kerouac.

Can you ever miss an entertaining instance as you extract yourself from the belly of separation,

 being with the outside world: are they the spectators? Are you one?

Or are you dismantled like an A-Bomb in Markham and the palpable Godhead shouldering, dancing like a symphonic Maestro, soaring Eagle Scout to the dimensions of the mind.

 Don’t be afraid to lose what you already have, take a deep breath and rejoice: *ye* *are* *not* *alone*.

T. hen take another one.

 You’re at the threshold of a New formula.

 A *poem cannot be imprisoned by the Totality nor can it imprison it.*

**Mulch scent of Holiness**

What is holiness? The pure absence of evil? Not quite because the spread of oneself to sin, contrary to the extremes of Saint Augustine, for a momentary moment cannot always be avoided. The very essence of Holiness is anti-materialism without falling into the temptation of becoming pure spirit

 on the face of the earth.

**Hearth of understanding**

 To surmise through the Whole of contrition is to bend the way, by action and word, to understanding's brittle.

 The Ditch sauntered to the hunted morning where Heaven folded its wings and was not seen again, until the Day when the Man Who knew supremely came,

 not from a cloud,

 but in a wretched shire where

 no Water could be found.

Shrieking by the Sea, a

 nd found there enough gold to buy Eternity

**Rending ignites a Flame**

 It seems that every morning a fresh new perspective of endless reading and writing roseate hues upon your mind and brain cells

( two dances interacting )

* as if you never read or wrote before.

Never ending betrothal till the curtains closes,

 end of the scene, beginning of the infinite,

 producing lines after lines

 helps garnish modestly a library

 and enter the somewhat odourless blast

 of human History.

 The vendor from the *bouquiniste*

 just passed by behind the walls of accolations.

 s. aluted you

 You raise a smiling waving hand

Whereby acquiring books is not a cemetery of torment anymore

 but of Summer on a horizon that you dream of, perpetual,

 a lifelong dream of recuperation of lost years of sloth.

 So today you’re back at square one once again and you daresay some tablets last a souls length, striking here as long as

 God will last.

Luckily she’s still over your shoulder keeping an eye on the Aransas stanzas, a

 relief, a balm to the clustered arm of blanched shimmering leaves

 and behold in front: the vision of a quiet grove of birches singing the song of lingering,

 of longing, Inspiration of a Sun glittered by the World of thought.

 God nears

**Zaftig Notes**

Music spares no atrocity of Reality

 but it’s own doesn’t pain the Logos behind every hidden and manifest object,

 paint the canvass of complex soothing spring,

 springfully acclaiming the awe of the Universal in us.

 Besides, Her gaunt weeps for the children passing by the *Parva*

 whilst Reality oppresses and liberates,

 whilst their silence now chokes the mighty that will fall through the roof of the freezing appare

 l of skins and pores, of bone and flesh,

 of antique rebellion, o

 f sittered climbing clematis,

 She, scutting by the dream of beholding

Her own Eyes t

 he marvellous in every created thing,

 wallowing by the thought of commissioning the morning sanctity, a poem on a screen:

 exaltation is not moderate!

 But what can it be,

 Sabet tearfully screeching set to the sky mouldering

 in a prison cell.

Eyes still alive dancing now in the Abhá Kingdom.

 Bahá only knows how she is in the humility with which you are born of.

**The absolutes**

A thick mousyscraggle fit the *os*

Bones extrangement

Cracks; to, the. Open, committal

Brickeled library

As-I-to-see-the-Face broken by the flailing baton that )*Union Autwiry)*

*Chants in the unfathomable wasteland of Auster’s disdain for sense*

and your armoured love for it

 \*Logos of Lagos in…!\* a?...bucket-tried

To crackle sane inspiration

Maniveled tips fist-in-the-air

 This is the Face

Saying blushing the exuberated affection even though no words co.me

To (Fascinating Experience) You

 Spirit

**New York Poems**

**Going to the 3 star Hotel Haifa 1992**

Roaring up the trails of her ephemeral renunciations,

The Spirit with a spirit on heart operated 5th Avenue

 collides

 with Eternity,

 trembles before the future silence

 where you passed by your nineteen periods

 of drought happiness

 in Empire State resilience

coming from Nineveh awes,

synaptical knife glistening

 the pitied lobe

of your sparkling brain glittering

 New York colliding

 with it’s own Landscape,

but you can’t paint yourself blind

 as a flying bat

 flashing it’s true blue dreadlocks

( rimbaldian Impossible haunting spontaneity):

 eighties radio boogie woogie brother sharing hands

 with a family of cow-boy dwarfs clad with Nike

 mystical outfits, feet on deck, while White cops

 patting their hair cross together frantically

 arising naturally Ninth avenue

 so you forgot which one of those constrained poems

 you left at the Chelsea Hotel tangle the leash

 of slavery, suddenly insatiable for her omphalmos heart

 Freedom you may need, that complex array of emotions

 when “shy” yellow cabs try to run over your timidity

 on purpose, twist of golden thatch

 The Day will rise in Haifa Abhá

**Not a New York Instagram account?**

just one more White *néandertalien,*

neither quite fully French Canadian pea soup

or English Cobain kid 1992, a mix of the world,

 cognitive color

 brought abroad

 for royalty’s pleasure

 Fam do you remember?

 you had brought no asphodel book

to the Big Apple in 2000, you didn’t know

 at that time

about Gilgamesh

 but Rimbaud

 and the Báb.

In the gauging hour between the beats

 of distressed nothingness:

Liberty: unresolved elf scene that you preconceived

 in your revolving-soul-door

was born in the balk streets of divine Laughter:

 the life of this blasting song

 is under construction,

achieved in a resorbed will

 of a pseudo Neo-Renaissance poet

then the Supreme Artist creates

 laughing animated artsy

 Schopflochers around the achieved minds.

 of the Greenwich Village

s. axophone players:

 an Idea is conceived

 the right brain records it:

 the Sublime Walt Disney is mind boggling

**Beauteous Pandemonium**

this unfraudulent Metropolis

 flaring its nethermost water,

Acre, Eagles, besides Lost Time:

MTV affection glistening

 argumentative

 that’s still haunting your left brain,

 Nefertitious heart.

Menacing virility

 the Jesus Spirit and Saddam Hussein in this Eye of the tiger

you can’t quite get a grip on

 sides with the temperament

 that coffee frees from disgrace,

 but you’re definitely a down-to-fallen

 Big Apple citizen now gently crucified

 by the tidal wave

 an attorney’s breach with the nails. of a soaring Alicia Keys

 the Vox Irishman’s “New York!

 New York!”

 everything is ordered in. Chaos,

 blown open to the roaring wind,

 you’re a biological counter-clockwork actor,

 on the scene of this Beauteous

 Pandemonium,

then grasp the Great Rad Apple

 where Auster’s collapse

and Dizzy’s circumstance overflowing

crushes the one weed seed

 you need to know what time it is

**The Great Alienation**

Poetry is not a game but the laboratory of hunger.

**The Guy Nextdoor**

brilliance with the myriads of women

daunting t

 ask the capsule of astonishment

in your mind, Ahab

 dad just died yesterday

 words to be bestowed in the rivulets

 of the Great Divide

face seizing Fate t

 hat doesn’t exist in your world

beyond his shining glory,

 drawing and dawning

himself like Van Gogh who’s not better

 than Boyden

 they’ll interpret the painting of Reality

 if the writ sustains,

like they wait, genius or pure talent?

 this offspring of Death is aloof,

akin with the sense of beginning

 and end,

the background meltdown

 buzzing the returning gestures,

pioneering glee faction

 favourably

 then he transverses the suffocated

 Beauty’s inherency:

 he's not quite ready to be an aphrodisiac

 and he doesn’t need to be one

his boyish manhood is ablaze

 with voluptuous *mystique*:

*Venus teems*

*with evasive crackerjack*

*torment*

*then back to square Zero*