

# 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 apostrophe in *Poésie* VI. Philosophy, strong as an ox. Analytical Necessity, verse: the feather in the morning sound. Meter, rhyme or not. Hoffman preferred 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, Thornton 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, firmest 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.
5. not tomorrow, now, not Death, not the Great Divide yet. but the refined Crimson Ark  
of domestic service, the pageantry of favoured existence.
6. that sums up another astonishment.
7. *You want more but sometimes, at odds with yourself, you get just enough of what  
you need.*

Gkh

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

Bricked 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. saxophone 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*