

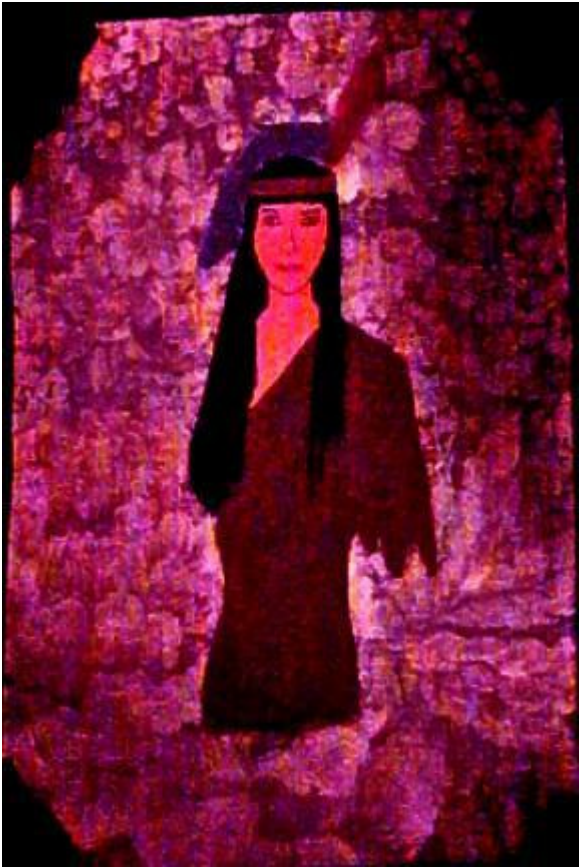
## Recognition

To ignore the spark of light within you  
Is to demean the authority of your spirit,  
And to demean the authority of your spirit  
Is to degrade the stature of the Lord, your God.  
Recognition is as the casting off of cloaks  
And the removal of worn and weathered walls;  
When you cast off the cloak of illusion  
And knock down the wall of separation,  
You will find and you will know  
That the spark of light within you  
Is God.

Those who shun and spurn and shirk,  
And those who don veils and vestures  
So as to hide the beauty of their souls,  
Or reject the beauty of the souls of others,  
Cannot bypass the Gate of Heaven,  
For those who reject shall be rejected,  
And those who shun shall be shunned,  
And those who veil shall be met with veils,  
And they shall neither know them,  
Nor penetrate nor pierce them,  
For the walls of man are thick and high,  
And the clouds of heaven are many,  
And vigilant are the Watchers  
Who grow an extra eye  
For ever slight against a spark  
Of God.

- Dean F. Wilson  
<http://henosis-decanus.blogspot.com/>

## Lady



Nicholas Hall (C) " Lady "

Lady, my muse, you guide me so far then you disappear as a *dues absconditus*.  
Where have you gone? You are my *pistis* Lady, my only true love- don't leave me for too long.

You are she who tempers my despair, steadying the black hole I try to rip inside of myself with an opposing invisible pressure. Even though I live in doubt at times, wondering if you exist inside or outside of me- for some unknown reason Lady- you keep me here while you're over there.

- Nicholas Hall (aka Glacier Eyes)

## **Who is whispering?**

Who is whispering?  
-Wind in the soul,  
bringing strange smells  
of wisdom  
from the heavens.

Who is whispering?  
- Clear creek,  
singing white peace  
and harmony  
into innermost universe.

Who is whispering?  
- My heart is vibrating,  
playing cards  
with Destiny...

- Kostadin Jordanov Boianov  
Paladin  
Sofia  
Bulgaria

## **Seeking Sophia**

A spirit haunts me always  
Whose sapphire-azure shine  
Hides veiled in all my hallways  
And lurks within my wine.

I see her in my wandering mind  
When I close my heavy eyes,  
I pray that I shall never find  
My dreams of her are lies.

So can this spirit make me whole?  
The holy one, and whore?  
Who in the corner of my soul  
Haunts me evermore?

- Sparkwidget

## **Mice**

Take a look in the garden. We are all a bit like flowers; and we are also a bit like weeds.  
We all have those common roots, and some of us possess the enigma of tangled trees.

Like us, many grow defenses. Razor vines, poison ivy; incisor thorns; and thick fibrous leaves are often aplenty. Feeding off fertile earth and radiation, these crushed posies always leave water marks- mere fetal stains. I'll say it once, and I'll say it twice, we are all insignificant mice.

- Nicholas Hall (aka glacier\_eyes)

## **Indwelling Musing - ( a rewriting of 'Mice')**

Take a look in the garden. We are all a bit like flowers; and we are also a bit like weeds.  
We all have those common roots, and some of us possess the enigma of tangled trees.

Like us, many grow defenses.

Razor vines, poison ivy; incisor thorns;  
thick fibrous leaves are often aplenty.

Feeding off fertile earth and radiation, these crushed posies always leave water marks, but don't worry, they will fade, they are only mere fetal stains.

I'll say it once, and I will say it twice, we are all insignificant mice.

Though when I see you there, regarding me in the garden, it would seem to be that we have discovered the larger meaning of blissful insignificance.

- Nicholas Hall (aka Glacier Eyes)

## **Ironing and burning out the creases in the vinyl record...Too bad its damaged**

I am not Me,

No, I am not s/he.

Despite what you see,

I can barely discern you as a natural memory.

Always obsessed with a raw essence or form,

which is only an allegory,

I will insist and maintain-

I am not Me.

- Nicholas Hall (aka Glacier Eyes)

## Perhaps



The scales of the papyrus, reveal nothing and all.  
I seem to fade and discolour.  
Over time I am harder to read.  
Perhaps there is a silent meaning imbued in the words which have left their stubborn stain.  
Only perhaps.  
Read me again.  
Read me closer,  
I won't wane; even if you do throw me in the fire.  
You will breathe in my flame.

- Nicholas Hall (aka Glacier Eyes)  
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### **Timeless Papyrus ( a rewriting of 'Perhaps')**

The scales of the papyrus will reveal nothing about me and all.  
My detail seems to fade and discolor.  
Over time I am harder to read,  
My detail bleeds. Perhaps silent meaning imbues the remaining words that have left their stubborn stains.  
A pregnant silence?  
Only perhaps.  
Read me again,  
Read me closer,  
I won't wane, even if you do throw me in the fire.  
You will breathe in my flame and sing my war cry, all the same.

- Nicholas Hall (aka Glacier Eyes)  
(Copyright 2007)

### **The hammering of the nails**

They knock the nails. I shudder.  
Church bells-hammers resound.  
It flickering my tear mortal  
And lips of Jesus utter:  
„ Nail forge boldly Pharisees  
and crucify my flesh!  
Abuse the light ideas  
and raise magnificently funeral!  
The flesh is wailing- sore gash  
in David's descent.  
My soul is invoked  
in celestial dress!  
It will crumble the temple with rumbling,  
crown of thorns will blossom  
and angels- swarm unearthly  
will decorate it with stars.”  
Pharisees knock the nails  
and blasphemy aspersions fly.  
Not crucifying ideas  
in holy light shine!

- Kostadin Jordanov Boianov  
Paladin  
Sofia  
Bulgaria

### **To my Angel**

Angel, my angel,  
healing wounds in soul.  
Angel, my angel,  
in my essence glow!  
Angel, my angel,  
for my sins forgive!  
Angel, my angel,  
bless eternal give!  
Angel, my angel,  
be my core and fly!  
Angel, my angel,  
lead me to the sky!

- Kostadin Iordanov Boianov  
Paladin  
Sofia  
Bulgaria

### **The temptation**

To hungry man in souls  
Give warm words  
Spring forth your essence!

To thirsty man for way  
Pour into glasses  
Blood of your hope!

To weak man to flesh  
Give with a sure hand  
The force of goodness!

And don't fall in temptation  
Jesus to be your name!

- Kostadin Iordanov Boianov  
Paladin  
Sofia  
Bulgaria

## **Meditation**

There are  
Too many answers  
For one simple question.  
Only one is yours.  
Search it into your heart!  
Make it blossom!

In the heart  
In the middle of soul  
There is the tree of wishes  
Look at the fruits!  
They are ripening!  
Use them wisely!

- Kostadin Jordanov Boianov  
Paladin  
Sofia  
Bulgaria

## **A Voice Like A Thunder**

"Accurséd be the Mind and his Kennel; the Kennel is the Cage is the Cavern of the First Dawn - those who Dwell do not See the Last, and lastly do not See at All.

He who built the Machine knew it for a Monster, and threw to it the Scraps of a Scoundrel, for it was not a Star. But Man since has rode a Camel with the Mind as his Guide, mustering Sand as Walls to blot the Sun.

And the Sun erred, for it was Man as once was and was to Be, but recoiled into the Blackness where it became a Dwelling-Place; those who Dwelled within were Blind, being blemished by the Burdens of the Dawn.

Err not by Wayward Wandering, for the Wardens still have Watch against the Night. Should thou become one with it, then thou becomes Thou and One is abandoned and ignored.

I saw an Eye in a Mouth, staring from the Stars. The Lips were the Eyelids, and each Blink was a Sound like a Thunder; and Thunder was a Whirlwind of Language, sealed by the Lips of He Who Sits On The Holy Throne."

- <http://henosis-decanus.blogspot.com/>

## TRUTH

Truth does not live on the page;  
It does not exist within letters or grammar,  
But resides in the heart, the mind, and the spirit.  
It dwells there as on the verge,  
Awaiting a perpetual unlocking.  
The words are a key, for the *word* is a key,  
Being but one of many keys sent in revelation.  
When you unlock your heart,  
There you will find truth;  
When you unlock your mind,  
There you will find understanding;  
And when you unlock your spirit,  
There you will find me,  
And we will be one, eternal.

- <http://henosis-decanus.blogspot.com/>

## ORIGIN

When we were thrown into Creation,  
We were denied our very birthright,  
For it was the Creator  
Who committed "original sin",  
For he sinned against the original,  
And shunned us into forgetfulness,  
That we might wake from reality  
In a vague and perpetual haze,  
So that we live in the Creator's Dream,  
Puppets of his consciousness,  
Asleep in ourselves, unaware,  
And truly blind to the reality  
That this is not reality,  
But a world of lies and illusion,  
Built upon the Creator's own delusion,  
And to wake from our paralysis,  
We must reclaim what he has denied us,  
Our very birthright  
To remember our own true origin.

- <http://henosis-decanus.blogspot.com/>

## **GOD IS A PARADOX**

When God is, God is no more,  
When Man is, Man is seemingly finite.  
This is not Man, but an illusion,  
A vesture of darkness that shrouds  
An infinite and eternal light.  
When you pass into Oneness, into Unity,  
You do not lose your identity,  
But recover the One you had already lost  
When you passed into the oblivion  
Of temporal existence.  
The oblivion of eternity is a remembrance,  
Whereas the oblivion of this world  
Is that of the oblivious nature of Man.  
Each person will have a personal apocalypse,  
A revelation that will shake off  
The shackles of the world.  
They will remove their transitory clothes  
And don a robe of eternal glory,  
And know infinitely  
That they have always known,  
Have always worn,  
Have always been,  
Always are,  
And always will be -  
A paradox.

- <http://henosis-decanus.blogspot.com/>

## **Nevermind My Matter**

Never matter, there is nothing showing here. Only dead matter, a thin cellophane stick labelled fear. It wouldn't matter if i were to disappear. Can't you see its not what you see, you can't hear me buried in this veneer of sound?

You can't hold me; just as you can't hold air. Just as you can't hold air with hands bare.

Yeah well whatever, I'll let you stare me down. What's the matter? I am a supposed to kneel or simply frown. You may borrow my matter, you just can't hold myself. It's only dead matter, a stamped counterfeit replica.

- glacier\_eyes

## **Shattered Vessels**

Broken glass lays on the streets  
shattered vessels overlay black asphalt  
In inky black

But it is not only the darkness that breaks  
but the light  
All of creation results from the joy of God  
Poured into vessels unable to receive it.

Yet, creation praises God  
for that gift of life  
That joy poured out  
breaking these creations.

Light can destroy, as can darkness  
The self overwhelmed, taken in  
Praise and singing, Wailing and tears  
Surrounding that which would just be

Glass can be remade, made with breath, fire  
If the light breaks it, out it comes  
The light flows through, the glass reformed  
by the heat of the destruction, breath of life.

Earthen jugs, made with fire alone, hold the light  
Shatter, destroyed. They do not shine  
Thrown to the garbage heap, trying  
to hide the light in a dark place.

Let the light shine, fire and breath  
Sing the praises of creation, passion and spirit  
Even as you are destroyed, body and soul  
By the Joy of God.

- Reverend Father Scott Rassbach  
Apostolic Johannite Church  
This is the day the Lord has made, let us be glad and rejoice in it!  
haec est dies quam fecit Dominus exultemus et laetemur in ea

### **Proclamation of the Faith**

And when the God made the humans from mud, he sow in their hearts a little grain, to be able to reveal Him.

And they stay alone between rocks and winds, dressed with hemp clothes.

They sob and turn the roots and branches in hope to discover Him.

They seek Him in the atom and the most distant star, but didn't find Him.

And in the end they looked into their souls, "cause only here they didn't seek Him.

And when they saw their sins, they were horrified from the things they had done and asked for forgiveness.

And then they touch the little grain, left from God the Lord to them, and recognize it, and their hearts rejoice.

They touched it with the hottest and innermost love they have and it blossomed like flower.

And they heard the voice of God, and sense His hand, who caress them.

And then they noticed, that their souls are weaved from Light, the most good and sacral thing, maded from God with love.

They found theirselves dressed into the shining clothes of the faith.

And endless silver path like spiral begin from their legs, to know theirselves and the God.

Keep the sacral grain into your hearts, dear brothers to feather!

And- be gone!

- Kostadin Iordanov Boianov  
Paladin  
Sofia  
Bulgaria

### **Proclamation of the Truth**

And always the humans seek the Truth, and always it run away.

"Cause still from the times of Adam and Eva, they tasted the fruit of knowledge.

With full minds and empty hearts, deaf and blind for the Truth,

They seek for the Truth and didn't recognize it.

And they didn't recognize The Human's Son and His Light!

And when with sorrow in hearts they seek Him, he was gone to Father into the Light.

Then they kneel and remorse their selves.

"Cause they feel onto their selves the lashes and nails they had done to Him.

And when they feel, that their ancestors ruined The most sacral thing, they cry bitterly.

But it appeared The Spirit Consoler and with hand, full with love, he caresses them.

Spirit of the Truth, who wash their eyes and they begin to see.

And He opened their ears for the God's speech.

He filled their hearts with chrim of The Sacral Wisdom.

They suck like breast fed from The God's Truth.

And they looked the internal light of the things.

Their spirits drink the Fire of The Sacral Spirit with joyfully confidence.

And then they realize, that the truth of the scribes and Pharisees is as big as pin-head.

But the Truth of the Father is endless like His Glory.

There are no spaces and times for it.

It can be sense only with spirit, 'cause with Sacral Spirit it came to us.

The Holy Fire Words of God's Speech, what is Light.

And they understand, that are Sons of the Light....

- Kostadin Iordanov Boianov  
Paladin  
Sofia  
Bulgaria

## **Proclamation of the Holyword**

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.-John1:1  
And The Word blazed with dazzlingly light and scattered the darkness.  
With Sacral Spirit it went down into the souls of the humans, and made their hearts to glow with the Truth.  
And pour them with fire words of the good and light beginning.  
They thought they write with their feathers, but the fire letters burn in their hearts and minds from the Sacral Spirit.  
And they love His sacral chrism, and they become bearers of light, her sacral utensils.  
Words from their mouths proclaim The Word and it give its seeds.  
And the Holyword was growing, without commands, advices and prohibitions.  
His strength banishes the Darkness, although like star sparks people perished.  
Blessed are the suffering about the Holyword, their names are written in the tables in heavens!  
Blessed are the perished for His Sacral Truth!  
Nobody will nail the holy words of the God word, 'because it is written with Fire!!!  
Keep the shining fire into your hearts, dear brothers to feather!  
And- be gone!

- Kostadin Iordanov Boianov  
Paladin  
Sofia  
Bulgaria

## **Proclamation of the Essence**

And when they find the Father in their souls, humans rejoice.  
And they glorify the God, feeling His live wavering essence that was filling them.  
This one not drying up spring that is making the live one alive.  
And is making it to grow, to give fruits and seeds.  
This powerful strength that can move mountains, but is filling with love the entire Universe.  
Because the God is in the heaven birds and earth germs, in the ant and the star.  
And consubstantial is relating them with His wavering breath.  
Because God has created everything visible and non-visible; and He gave it to drink from the spring of His essence.  
Blessed are those, who sense the live wavering Sacral Spirit of The Father inside them and in the Universe.  
And sense His Love, soaking through all living ones.  
Keep the not drying spring into your hearts, dear brothers to feather!  
And- be gone!

- Kostadin Iordanov Boianov  
Paladin  
Sofia  
Bulgaria

**You know what they do to schoolgirls like you in Japanese Animes.**

Full on, Guns blazing  
screams and explosions ringing in my ears  
loud enough to wake the dead  
and fill their eyes with bloody tears

Mindless revenge, all on display  
tearing the larynx from their throats  
their faces now just gaping holes  
hands moving with minds of their own

till a choking cloud mists over my face  
awaking captured, cold and alone  
bound on the inside, bound on the outside  
a world of cold steel, never meant to be

Bound on the outside, on the ground  
getting fucked 20 ways at once  
tits pressed flat, sight unseen  
blazing trails, that were never meant to be

Bound on the inside  
too scared to ever cum  
"Oh nobody knows the trouble's I've seen"  
no reason to ask why

Hidden away, better this way  
would rather not see  
what's going inside me this day  
this was never meant to be

But in my head  
is my favorite stereo  
speaker blown, all alone  
but it's all I got  
and I gotta keep rockin'  
cause my beat never stops  
but I gotta bring it out  
to turn things around  
and play that shit loud  
loud enough to wake the dead  
and fill their eyes with molten lead

So I can bring this place to the ground  
and then they will beg and weep  
right after I get something halfway decent to eat.

- The Shepherd of Arcadia

### **A Stranger Lurking.**

I don't know why I have to...  
I don't know why I have to love you.  
Even though i am hating you so much, its so easy without having to.  
Its something I do, I hope you consider me your lurking stranger.

Only because I hope its as easy to hate me as much I love you.

I want to know why I have to...  
I want to know why I have to love you.  
Can't I simply choose to, or let the choice choose me?  
Even though I am hating you so much, its so easy without having to.  
Its just something I do- apart of my wierd humanity.  
Its just a pity that I don't feel very human right now.

- Nicholas Hall (aka Glacier Eyes)

### **The Death of Gnosis**

Like a little child  
or raindrop in spring  
like a flower, like a painting  
all are in need to gain  
knowledge  
growth  
perfection

could these things be withheld  
within prisons made of glass  
this land of swollen egos  
these palaces built on trash

I didn't think so either  
but inside the granite walls  
the energy boils like scarlet fever  
choking life but bringing visions with the fall

How foolish of me to think  
I could come here like a conquering hero  
for now I stand at the brink  
with my score resting firmly at zero

- The Shepard of Arcadia

## **The Third Eye**

Between the eyes  
Rainbows undulate  
Catapulted through  
Star flung dimensions  
No horizons halt  
The inner gaze.

Vortex on the iris  
Gleaming like so  
Vibrating ether, seeping through Cyclopean tears  
Witnessing hither fears.

See how the Spider Goddess cackles  
Weaving innumerable webs of Maya  
Teasing with a jeer.

The spirits, the spheres of ascent  
How they dance in oscillating steps  
Regal and lofty  
How they leer and coo  
How we carol a sacred vesper to the stars.

Fallen, jealous archons' descent  
Gatekeepers of our Matrix  
Ill intent they mend  
A cosmic dissidence,  
Casting exiled sleepwalkers  
Into the lowest region of matter  
Seeping into the drifting abyss.

Eyelids faint  
Cycles, universally shed  
Veils, lifting  
Hallucinations drifting,  
Respite of dread.

Elysium vestures  
The sleeper, awakened  
Gnosis achieved  
Hardened hearts quickened  
Divine regeneration.

All has gathered  
Into the rippling luminous ocean,  
Immanent, transcendent, un-manifest,  
And seamless One  
Nothing else remains.

- Xander <http://www.fictionpress.com/~trilock>