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writer - songwriter - copywriter

Mindspace

*Modern mans' dreamtime*¹
almost lost;
money,
possessions
at all cost.
Brainwashed
whether we go up
or descend in space.
Descend
or pretend,
there's no visible trace
except within ourselves
of a place created for
humanity's true mindspace -
just the continuation of
a mindless race.
Corporate infallibility
showing its
fallible face.

We've done it to ourselves,
the philosophers'
*two-way causal*²,

¹ pgs 1 and 5 - dreamtime –a reference to Australian Aboriginal ancient cultural reflective history

² two-way causal – ref to two way causal relationships. Wiki - Causality is the relationship between an event (the cause) and a second event (the effect), where the second event is understood as a consequence of the first. The philosophical treatment of causality extends over millennia. In the Western philosophical tradition,

*multiplied to the nth degree by
us mortals
the myriad of causals
spin away
like atoms in decay
powered by the
cancer of the day
leaving
tiny human morsels
without discourse.*

*Get me out of the way!
Yet
I want to stay?*

*A roundabout
of economic mustenance
- a term for must lust for best,
and never ending wantinance
- a term for the insatiable desire to possess,
not two way
sustenance.
Don't I look good
full to the goog³?
Every mirror too small
to reflect
human
appal!
Balance and harmony out the door
because we're ever wanting more.*

*Music,
natural rhythm,
colour -
a faint score!
Give me back my ears*

*discussion stretches back at least to Aristotle, and the topic remains a staple in contemporary philosophy.
Ref to the illustration in Wiki under Causality 'The Illustrated Sutra of Cause and Effect. 8th century, Japan.'*
³ full to the goog – slang for 'to the top' or 'to the brim'

*and away with all my
apprehensions
and fears.*

*Easygoing -
that's what I want
before I'm given
a veritable
modern-man clock.
I need an inner torch
for my own porch.
Help hose me down
or like
millions of others
I'm going to
drown.*

*Possessions,
truckloads and truckloads
are they really lost princes' muckloads?
But I like these things -
 tragedy
 sings.
Nicely wrapped,
huh?
Very trapped!*

*I'm an addict
of a very bad habit -
buying
spending
buying.
When do I stop
the rot?*

*I have tried
'the space'.
I tell you*

it's a nice place.

*I gave up smoking,
but
always wanting the next
this or that
is a very different test.
Hoarding and worrying,
survival a' scurrying.*

*You know how it goes, thinking
'I'll be so happy when I've ...'.
Strive strive strive
while I'm alive,
when
you know inside,
an empty wasteful future
doesn't really suit you.*

*Nothing's enough,
a pyramid or two
in the blue
"A trip to Provence
ma Chérie?"
just for two,
or talking to a soul
just like you?*

*Can you do it,
'live the now'?
If
peace of mind
is
to win,
it will have to
step out of the circle
of econo values held to heart,
or*

*settle a huge mental score,
which won't work -
you can be sure!*

*Thoughts from
afar,
just
within;
nothing to
do with
tissues, bone or skin.*

*Understanding
feeling close to nature,
too few men
have
or take
time to do.*

*The Caucasian sea -
generations of
ties, shirts, dresses and suits.
One's own lifetime
just an abbreviation -
cut to the chase
when you're in the money
race.
What do you do about the family
race,
or is it chaos?
No dreamtime for 'me and you'?
No folklore
worth
melting into
millenniums;
legendary nothing -
a money score!*

*Something else
seems impossible
but true;
no alarm clocks
no fixed point
just the sun and the moon
rising and setting.*

*Time to think -
no lists
no priorities,
not just pressure
all the time.*

*Time to watch a bird flying
to think quietly
about
the old dying
and babies
being born
crying.*

*A good meal here
a glass of wine there
laughter with friends,
without remorse
when the night's over
and you wake
on the mend.*

*Is modern man's dreamtime
retirement?*

*Personal leftovers
from a past
not spent.*

*Not spent
listening
wondering*

*or keeping emotions
crazy thoughts,
new ways -
free-flowing ideas
'the creative flame'
alive -
life's spark throughout.*

*Your own heartbeat
mindbeat
comes from that place within
left vacant for you
by an anonymous who
or whatever,
seemingly out of nothing,
with nothing to do.*

*Like the space between the stars
thoughts flow through
but the central place is bigger
smaller
sizeless -
not just you!
It's part of out there
part of
that 'everywhere'.*

*It's that 'everything' that makes us stare into the dark for why there is reason -
why life's inner spark?
Where do our thoughts come from,
where do they go?
They don't live in 'that space'
that you and I know;
it's the blank
in the
thinking tank.*

*You could say
this mindspace*

*is nothing
nowhere
and you may be right
but
in essence
it's the centre of the world.
It sheds
reviews
not to our cues!
It has,
and goes
its own way
to the very last day.
It is
impenetrable
except to meditationists
or Buddhists,
they say.*

*With
a gaze
a stare –
toward
my reflective
mirror
in there....
a pool
a void,
somewhere
where if I dwell
it seems
something is not nothing.*

*Then
through the void
zing through
a galaxy of thoughts
the odd meteor*

*or shooting star
from afar.*

*Then often it is a struggle to remember
a single image
or thought -
was it all for nought?*

*What the hell!
The life we live with no rails to tell
or show the way
except for our ancestors
of two hundred years,
who lost the way.
Thus from time to time
depression is my
unnamed
'enemy friend'
who comes
unwanted
unannounced;
depression's eviction
never ends
round curves and bends.
It's a homeless parody
on man,
quick to outsmart!
It has
trounced my heart
more than once,
torn by love
apart.*

*Let's take 'that space'
go to the sea,
or some other place;
somewhere afar
where I can just be*

*without thought of me!
A reflection of nothing
but sharing,
feeling
part of all
or something.*

*A reflection of nothing
but
part of all.*

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