

# *Poetry*

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### AT A TEMPLE

Such stillness!  
Into the rocks sink  
Cicadas' cries.

*Haiku* by Basho (1644–94),  
translated by Ivo Mosley.  
The Japanese of the above is:

shizukasa ya  
iwa ni shimi-iru  
semi no koe

### BEFORE THOUGHT\*

Happy sunset prism galaxian spectra enchant  
the ceiling and play brilliant along shadowed corners  
as the soft Saturday glowing cloud puffs calmly settle  
into a transcendent, iridescent moonlit evening:

Satisfaction, sweetly soothing.

Sounds of night far and clear: fire engine screaming siren;  
childish squeals and chortles; two yelps of a sad mu dog;  
and with the first planet star, last good-night peeps from bird trees  
accompanied by the gust-driven alto chime next door:

Absorption, acutely aware.

Befitting Cage's noteless score, the olio transforms  
immediately, freely into a joyous music,  
where we staunch mountains hum bass and we nimble clouds whisper  
that life and self are empty concepts, yet we live and die:

Awe, audibly articulate.

*Debra Jan Bibel*

\* Abridged with the author's permission from the original poem of five stanzas.

### SEAMLESS STATES

Passing through a doorway  
Seems smooth enough to me.  
But when I think about it,  
How can this really be?

Before I reach the threshold,  
There's no more than a dream.  
Then suddenly, it's come to be:  
Three states without a seam.

At first: anticipation.  
The 'now', so quickly gone.  
A door has closed behind me.  
But the memory lingers on.

*John Allsop*

### UNCONSCIOUS

Unconscious and the city:  
Two things that never sleep.

Depths of night:  
Streets are cleaned,  
Computers whirr,  
Planes land.  
Cars are on the highway,  
Things are being planned.

Is my unconscious conscious in my head?  
Distinct — another being,  
One I'm not aware of (besides its orders and commands)?

The thing called 'I'  
turns off at night  
like an electric light.

Yet while I sleep, something's  
Sorting,  
Making good,  
Assessing what's best for us both.

Do I belong to it, or it to me?

This is a problem I may need to sleep on.

*Ivo Mosley*