

The Mists of Mind

by Milton Moon © 2016

in untrammelled verse

Prologue

*Beyond the mists
softly moving shadows;
silence,
The mystery of memory,
to learn
that which you always
imperfectly learned.
You are what you are
and what you were
and what you will be.*

*Not all teachings appear in words,
a poet might find ones which approach
or suggest a truth revealed;
'teachings come in many forms.'*

The Mists

*"Who am I? What am I?
Who is this 'I' of whom you speak?"
The question asked before, many times
"who is this 'I' of whom you speak?"*

Remove the layers one by one
carefully and gently,
even counting back a hundred years,
a thousand or a million years
glimpses of what you were, now are, and
what you might have been.
Well-lived, at times misfortune?
Nature or Nurture?
Nurture can become Nature.
Be careful!
Be careful what you think.
Be careful what you choose.

One can learn from everyone,
even from those gone before.
Have they gone forever?
Or have they gone to another place
to where you remake one-self?
or to where you are remade?

Beyond the mists?
You are what you were,
and are, and will be,
ever changing, ever combining
discarding?
Subtle?
beyond human contrivance
beyond all understanding,

Beyond the mists
does a montage remain?
layers upon layers of lives?
fully and faithfully recorded
everything that person did or felt
no layer explained
wispy life upon life,
often entwined with others
beyond understanding'
a many-layered consciousness.
a stored mind consciousness,

When we have finished living little remains,
personal memories perhaps,
and other's memory of us passed-on,
what we were or supposed to be,
recalling the seen, said or written,
revised and rewritten. Secrets remain
even to those who possess them:
No one knows all that is buried
in the deepest layers of their Minds.

When the brain dies and turns to dust,
or burnt to ash, slowly returning to nothing,
is this the end? or does the Mind remain?
And does the Mind have a function of its own?
An ancient belief —
all is recorded in Mind —
the unknown some people call God?

Soliloquy

It was time to go.
Refusing everything that was a physical part
of a long life lived,
even as she was loosening
her hold of the last physical remnants of it,
her tiny hands grasping the folded sheet-top,
the only flesh that could be seen,
protruding from the bandaged arms,
protection from the tiniest pressure of kindly hands.
The mind, alert, as always, but it was
beyond the time for questions
or the effort of framing answers, perhaps
even for words themselves — after all.
language itself is only a social tool.
It was a time beyond time itself and
the flow of breath
separating life from death?

Supposing every thought was part of
collective consciousness within
a universal Mind, a mind without limits, where
every instinct, every wish, every desire,
love and hate, good thoughts, bad thoughts,
things of shame and pride
illusions and delusions,
thoughts of aspiration and abject failure,
over countless lives are all recorded.
What you have been
and what you wanted to be,
your heavens and your hells
actual and imagined,
layered in minute detail, from
the flimsiest almost transparent layer to
the strongly defined one
for something postponed,
for something familiar,
eternally waiting for completion.

Again and again and again
in your deepest instincts,
'this time' you cry,
eternally waiting for completion,

but the same hindrances
and the same mistakes appear
and the higher aspirations disappear.
The essence that is you
and was you, and your hoped-for you
In a life lived in constant pursuit.

The things you are In so-called death
are but continuing fragments,
recombining to form again
'that which you will be.'

The fragments that together made your life
combine with others to make new life.

The busy streets of death, thronged
with those eagerly striving for life again
like someone struggling for breath
in swirling waters, gasping and grasping
for familiar life at any cost.

Others, hoping for light and the patience
to penetrate the gloom of the mists ahead,
tread slowly, like a blind person
groping for something familiar, recalling
inside distant memory,
is part of the eternal Mind.

The Mind we seek
the highest Mind to seek,
*a sincere Mind and a deep Mind
and also, a Mind of aspiration.*

The final understanding
is beyond human calculation
and is the greatest mystery to grasp
there is No-thing to which we can aspire
this is the final layer of all.