# MINDSIGHT

~ POEMS & DRAWINGS BY EUGENE MARKOWSKI ~



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# Dedication

This little book of poems and drawings is dedicated to those individuals who have in their own way contributed to its creation.

FH, KW, HP, MG

Gene Markowski April 2013, Washington, D.C.

### Introduction

No one comes so near the invisible world as the sage and the poet, unless it be the saint—who is but one spirit with God, and so infinitely closer to Him than anyone. I also point out the benefits men receive from poetry. Though in themselves of no help to the attainment of eternal life, art and poetry are more necessary than bread to the human race. They fit it for the life of the spirit.

Jacques Maritain

Most people today know very little, if anything about poetry. The very word conjures up images of the elite, the effete, still for others it is a dead art form that has nothing to do with the dangerous complex world we live in today. In the halls of academe students are 'exposed' to poetry, when in fact they should be submerged. As economic pressures build from every direction society works over time to dry up the essence of the arts, seen as something superfluous intended only for the very few wealthy individuals who can afford this luxury. The arts have outlived their usefulness, should be forgotten, and not be rediscovered, so the general thinking goes about the arts.

Such misdirected thoughts are in fact a negation of the self, a negation of the individual imagination, and a disconnect with the astonishing beauty of the universe. The poet explores the span and possibilities of human emotions without neglecting the physical nature, thus creating through his imagination, observations, and speculations, a mirror in which life itself is reflected, the truth of life which is the poet's base no matter what form he may choose.

With all barriers in the arts now removed poets of the nineteenth century would be shocked by the language used in the poetry of today; however, it is the unrestricted use of language that is the magic of today's poetry. The realm of feelings and the imagination can be fully expressed because of the freedom of form and language, a perfect example of our time in the twenty first century, if anything

because of such freedom poetry is now accessible as never before. Even so, there will always be those who keep their prejudices about poetry especially the vociferous ones who are angered by a loaded text, or a complex semantic form. I believe that if this group could be persuaded to read some of the good poetry produced today they would lose their strongly held prejudice, and actually find a certain exhilaration and pleasure, if not revelation about themselves and the world they occupy.

People are exasperated by poetry which they do not understand, and contemptuous of poetry which they understand without effort.

T. S. Eliot

No two people will ever respond to the same poem in the same way as each will bring his own set of complex associations and each will react to the vocabulary, imagery, and form of the poem according to his own psychological make-up. One of the pleasures of poetry, as well as the other arts, is that individual interpretation is always a key element; it is in its own manner the bridge between the art and the individual. Universal art is established when the participant can identify with the work of art, in a sense it brings the work of art to life that might otherwise be dead, and so it is until it is experienced.

Poems are emotional wholes in which the intellect is aroused almost simultaneously with feeling. However, the mind must first focus upon the idea or subject of the work in order to allow the emotions to become part of the process of either pleasure or pain the poem generates.

Poetry...is the supreme form of EMOTIVE language.

1.A. Richards

The poems in this book have been written over a period of a year, the drawings have also been created within that time frame. There was no logical sequence in the creative process, at times the poem was a mental image, and the drawing created based on that image, while the poem was then written afterward. At other times the poem was

mentally formulated, and the drawing then created based on the written poem. The creative process was a give and take situation.

While the poems and the drawings are intended to be experienced as a unit, they are also intended to be experienced separate from one another, and were created with this in mind. Each has its own integrity, and is not dependent upon the other.

As a visual artist my two and three dimensional work is primarily visually orientated, and is for the most part carried over into the poems which might be termed word paintings. The inspiration for these poems derives from a broad variety sources, and all are personal experiences, observations, and thoughts, and certainly some attempt humor.

It is my hope that these poems and drawings will nourish the reader's mind and spirit, thus creating a focus of understanding for all of us. The human heart can enlarge itself outweighing the horrors we face, and if poetry is instrumental in this process, then I can feel a certain sense of achievement though my own creativity shared with you.

The world grown wiser is its wisdom gone. The machines are working but we have lost the arts. Our degradation spreads along the winds. There is no corner of the world that is not sullied with our news

Sacheverell Sitwell





#### **Icons**

Praying icons never stall
And yet are so alike,
Could be coming from the same stock,
While being prayed on one winter night
Waiting for Christmas or Easter
To shine bright.

Those tool bar icons
Are agnostics,
Static never changing,
And do not know how to give up the ghost.

My gut feeling tells me
That none of this is right,
But somewhere between
The two,
There is an icon for me and you.



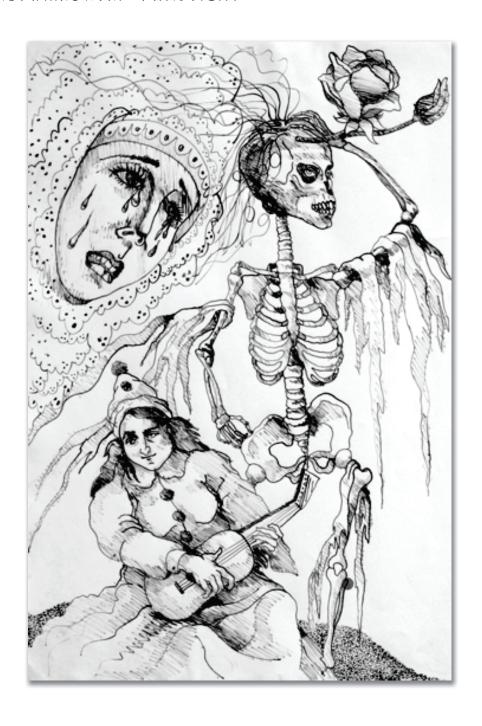


#### Obsessions

How can I give up my obsessions? That are too numerous to count, When it is my obsessions that define who I am, To do so would strip me naked Leaving me standing before myself Totally exposed for all to see, But the question is What is it that will be seen? And scrutinized unmercifully By those I despise, And who despise me, What can such an action achieve? For it is my obsessions that I love, It is this love that is an obsession For obsessions. So I will continue to wear my coat of obsessions. A protection from the wretchedness of reality Comforting me day and night



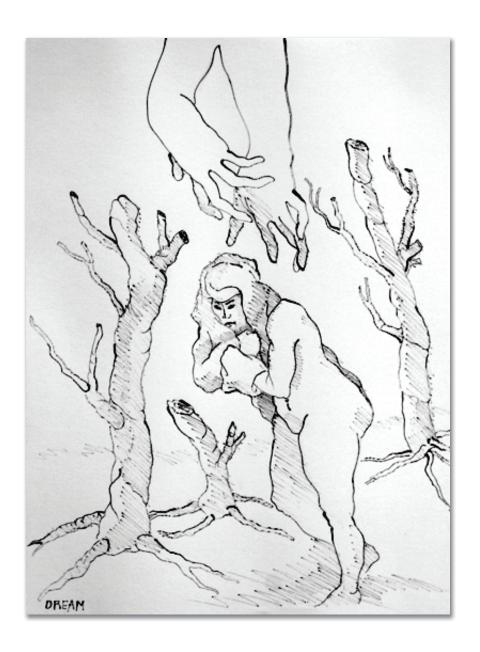
As I obsess over giving up my obsessions.



#### Lost

You can have your money
And your good times too,
It hardly seems a life at all,
Watching you as life's clown
Being the fool that you are,
Rings a hollow note
Ending in lonely despair,
As what you once thought was beauty
Now hangs in filthy shreds
From bones falling into dust,
While your spirit seeks
Answers that will not
Be given to you.





#### Dream

As the silent moon lay upon still water, The nearby trees did not weep, ache, or Scream. As they encircled the house That had no dream, Whose pale thin occupants Did not know The intricacies of a selfless embrace. Only the soul's empty darkness On an aimless path to the self, Shackled to a momentary stay of desire As the only thing on earth, And this the moon could not discern In all her innocence, While the malicious cosmic machinery With each cog in place From its unearthly distance, Crushed the house that could not dream.



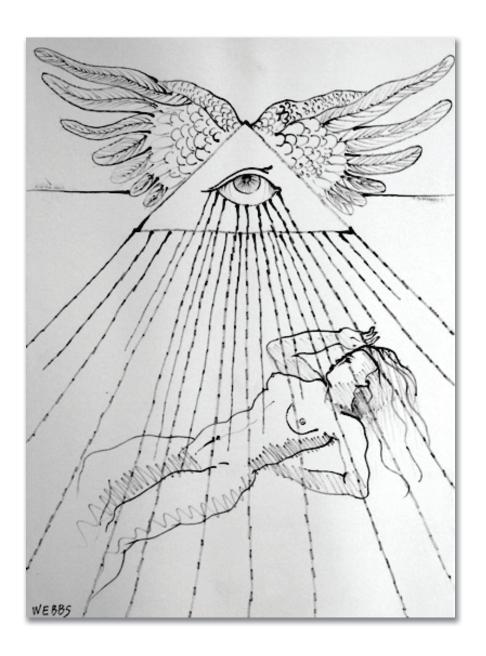


## **Fleeting**

The only thing more fleeting than spring
Is life itself,

As those obscene pink cherry tree blossoms
Constantly remind me,
Throwing a handful of crushed codeine
Along with a glass of southern Comfort
Down my throat,
Turned it all into a powdered pink,
When all that I desired was
The ecstasy of orange flames
To obliterate the ticking away sounds
As an elevator falling quickly
Into the graveyard patiently waiting,
While I enter in a singular blaze
Amid pink cherry tree blossoms.





#### Webs

As expanding webs of total exaltation

Softly destroys consciousness

In a truth immediate,

Raging and enormous,

The perfect becomes an incomprehensible

Metastasis both cosmic and parabolic

As the eternal logos

Resurrects a lifeless consciousness.





#### True

In the chaos of the moon's

Absence one perfect shimmering beam

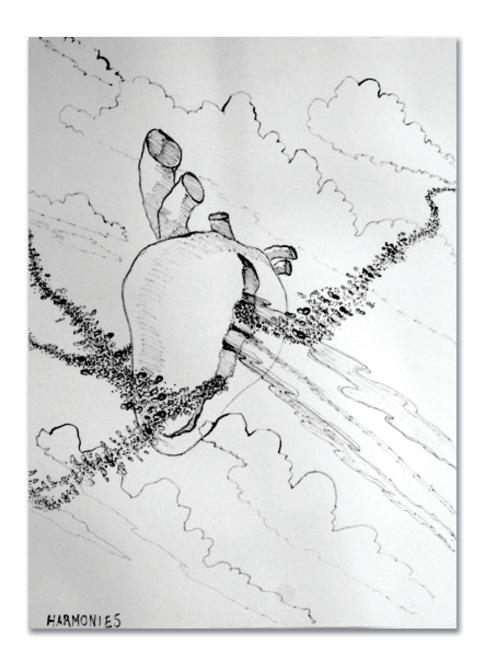
Shapes the narrow harrowing world though which

We pass

As an endless journey

Leading no where.





#### Harmonies

Insect swarms create richly textured
Harmonies from minuscule to ostensibly
Random movements as in gas clouds
Of colors unseen,
As the voice of the wind
Becomes a sonorous mass gushing forth
From a torn heart,
By which the insect swarms enter in.





#### What

Spring really pisses me off,
Every year I watch it as life
Regenerates in nature,
And then it moves on renewed,
While I
Left behind wondering,
What the hell was that all about,
Fool how much longer will
You repress what you know to be true
Clearly stated two thousand years ago.





#### Grace

In a state of grace,
I don't know if I am or not,
As a vessel for the soul I have become
Chant like melodies evocative
Of an incense past
From ancient lands,
Piercing the density of human mumbling
To communicate love's longing
As the state of Grace.





# Triptch

## i. Mindsight

Seeing and experiencing the world
Through the brightness of your mind
Nearly blinded my mindsight,
Such a transmission made life seem eternal,
Appearing as an immortal garden of youth
Where a supreme all-encompassing universal
order

Gave the illusion of time as an inconsequential Element that did not separate heaven from earth,

And that seeing had not been separated from Neither understanding or sensation from sensuality

Or the pursuits of the mind from the spirit, Turning the universe into an amorphous force Shaping past, present, and future experiences As a kaleidoscopic flux of shifting drifting dreams

And images that passed by calmly,
Signaling that the quest of wisdom
Could go no farther
Impinging upon our mindsight,
As the hand of darkness slowly extinguished
The bright and internal light of faithfulness
Amid the colliding cries from
The two headed sphinx.



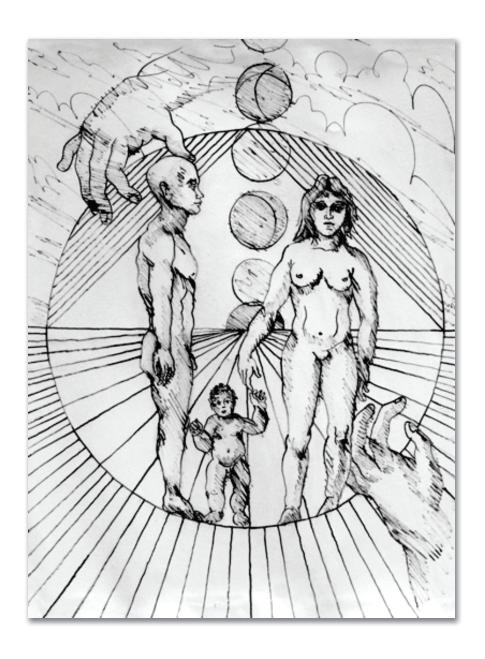


#### ii Exaltation

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Exuberant enthusiasm intuitions and consciousness Was the shield that held off death's shadow As a secret of a true seduction Playing itself off against time, Curiosity and exploration ruled a supreme order Of spring and winter as companions More vivid and intense Than the end of consciousness. That has fulfilled the many tasks to the limit Of its capacity, The message written on the surface of the water As an immaterial water like an apparition Is swept away by immediate passions Holding captive the exalted consciousness, Whose sickening desires gave birth To the monster now held prisoner By distortion, interference, contradiction, Mutilation, crutch, and carcass, While the multi-colored phoenix chanted her Primeval song of superior forces Wherein lay the hope, Yet the seduction continued through the Dark hollow and empty chambers of the heart Now withering away in a false exaltation.





#### iii Oblivion

As winter slowly moved toward the portal
Of the great illusion eternal spring,
Her seductive promises
Spoken as an existential truth,
Of the disturbances in heavy and on earth,
Were taken as a forecast of disorder
In which primitive demons
Called for sacrifices
That winter willingly submitted to,
Thus dissolving what had seemed impossible,
The complementary magatamas
Were no longer the life forces for one another
And the dull mind raised to the painful truth/shattering the
golden dream,

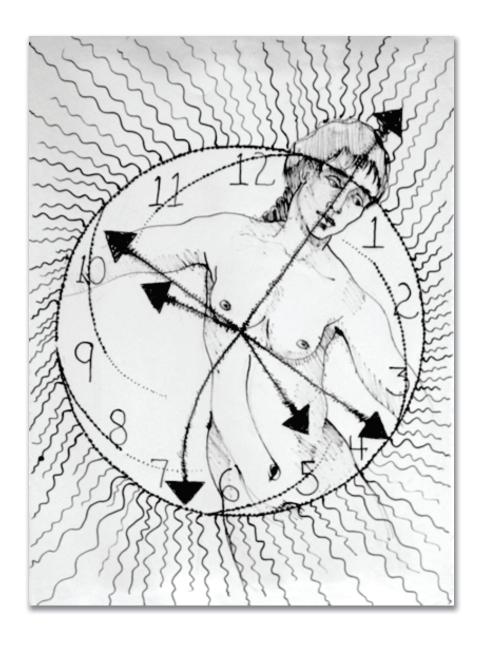
Aberrations, abnormalities, and fits
Of darkness filled the void as a
Substitute for true living,
A neurotic escape from life into oblivion

Ended as the cosmic reconfiguration gave of itself
As a transparent symbol of the powers that
Underlie all human existence,
Revealing through sublime brilliance of light
Reason, order, and love to be found within and
Outside oneself,

The manifestation of the absolute unifier of the Universe both transcendent and immanent who not Only transcends but embraces all his creations, Offers himself in all that existed and exists Is beyond essences and existence,
Being and not being
The supreme reality inherent in the world
And all else seen and unseen,
Filling every void speaking in silence,
Listening in silence,
Summum Bonum



Revealed and exalted in all.



#### Whatever

Why does something always have to be Something else, Can't it just be itself?

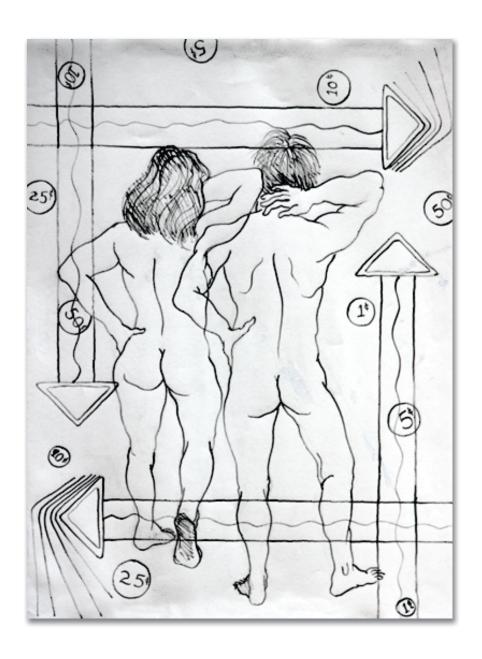
Karl Marx a Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ a Karl Marx, Whatever,

A transformer-2 battle Is after all the Arab Spring As in the Book of Revelation,

The Moshiach is a Lamb We cannot see, Whatever,

Jezebel a satanic prophetess, And Christmas an indicator of the Down Jones, Whatever.





## Change

It's all about change isn't it,
Game change
Sex change
Name change,
Ching, ching, ching,

Job change Party change Partner change, Ching, ching, ching,

Diaper change Climate change Lifestyle change, Ching, ching, ching,

And let us not forget Small change, Ching, ching, ching.





#### Pie

They say my dreams are nothing

But pie in the sky,

Flying by

Pie in the sky, pie in the sky,

But I don't want the whole

Damn thing,

Just a slice of that pie in the sky,

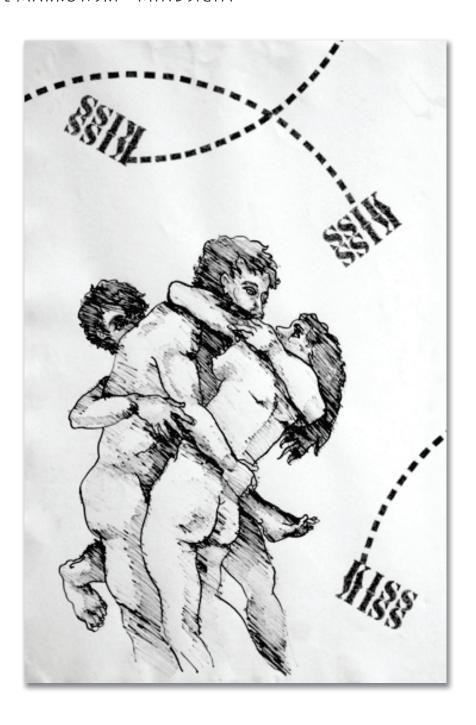
So good, so real that piece of pie

That goes flying by,

Catch me if you can

Pie in the sky, pie in the sky,





### Kiss

Come on throw me a kiss if you dare
You'll never be the same,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Straight or otherwise
A kiss is a kiss
No matter where placed
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
I can't live without you
I can't breathe without you,
Yeah, right,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
Love is outta sight,
So throw me a kiss if you dare,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.





# Unspoken

Do you hear me?
Of course you don't,
The unspoken words I have spoken,
And am speaking
Fiercely burns through my spirit
With a light brighter than the sun
Illuminating all,
Yet you walk in shadow and shade
That my words cannot pierce,
Will you see the words dancing in my eyes?
Or hear them in my touch,
Only you can understand the unspoken
If you will only hear what is not said.

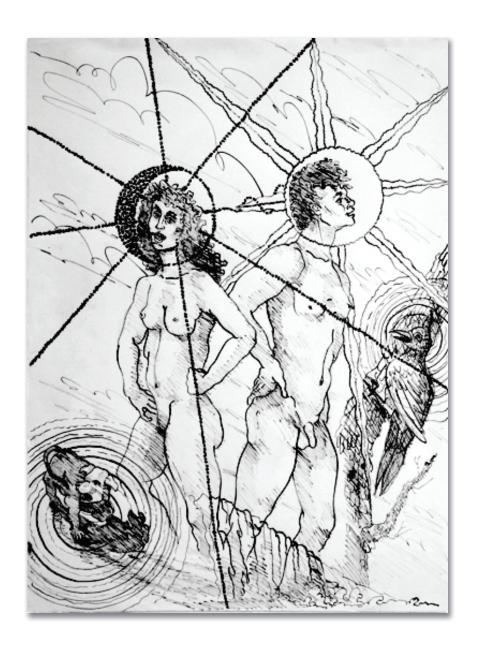




# Ingratitude

The many guises ingratitude takes Upon itself may be seen and heard Through words or glances that betray The outward appearances as Sweet love in a shower of gold, Amorous and bold. Now an eagle or cupid all nude With golden locks Descending from the heavenly fold Bathed in rose colored light To deceive the innocent heart. And the blind eyes seeing only A gentle light, As the biting arrow cuts clean through In a matchless strike With all that is base and vile From that first deadly blow, Yet from this all virtues grow.





#### Bassackwards

A dog barks at his shadow,
The shadow barks back
And chases his tail
In a frenzied never ending
Circle of catch me if you can.

In the silence of the raucous forest
A woodpecker beats his head
Against a dead pine tree,
In perfect timing with the circling
Shadow dog.

The sun and moon held hands Laughing at the waters slow upward Movement of the forest waterfall Reflecting all life's bassackwardness.

We have exchanged our personas
Parted and moved on,
Astonished by the ease
That our broken bodies
Have slipped into bassackwardness.





### River

The green warm silken water
Came up to my shoulders
As I waded into the Merrimack,
It's strong current pushing against
My body as my feet slipped
On the muddy river bottom
While searching for balance.

On the rocky shore line
Through the shimmering heat waves,
Silver maple trees lifted their
Leaves in the hot breezes
Sending forth flashes of silver light,
As though in semaphore.

Among the maple trees a one room
Shack
Looked ready to collapse
From the forces of time,
And neglect.

From the shack a thin green eyed
Woman stepped into the afternoon
Heat,
Into the green swift moving river waters,

Was swept away Into the depths of the green water, As she sadly smiled at me.

Her smile has kept me away from the river,
While living in the collapsing shack
Amid the silver maple trees,
Solitude brings no comfort
As the green waters beckon to me.





#### Lies

My soul has withstood the lies
Of the reality,
The stab wounds to my heart
Cannot kill my spirit,
You gave the world the lie
So go ahead and tell
The sun it is but cold,
And if it should shine brighter,
Go ahead and tell the lie.

Tell the church it is the home of Satin,
And does no good,
If it does reply and the chant is heard,
Go ahead and tell the lie.

Dare to tell love is sexual pleasure
And nothing more,
When she does reply without delay,
Step right up and tell the lie.

Friendships are acts of unkindness,

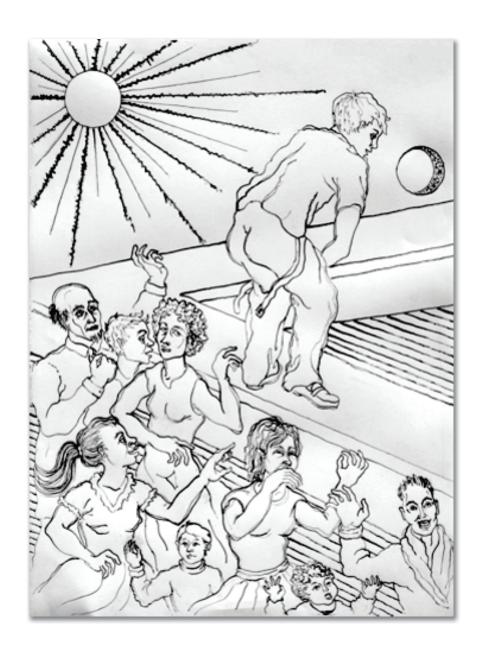
See if justice will delay

If they should reply,

Certainly go and tell the lie.

Giving the lie deserves no less Than the stabbing you gave me, But my soul does not tolerate Such action if it is to be free.





#### Sunshine

The sun shines where they say it does not shine,
Therefore I am illuminated totally
From within
With a glow that turns heads
Where ever I may go.

At night 1 am a curious sight
That gives people one hell of a fright,
Each day and night is an adventure
As 1 glow with all my might,
Even the birds are sent off
Course in their flight.

I am unique now that the sun shines
Where it supposedly does not shine,
Giving me an individuality
Among mankind,
An individuality that is all mine.

The drawback however
Is sunburn where it is not wanted,
Giving me a color unlike the rest
Of my body,
I may set a new fashion trend
While mooning on the runway,
As the message I send.





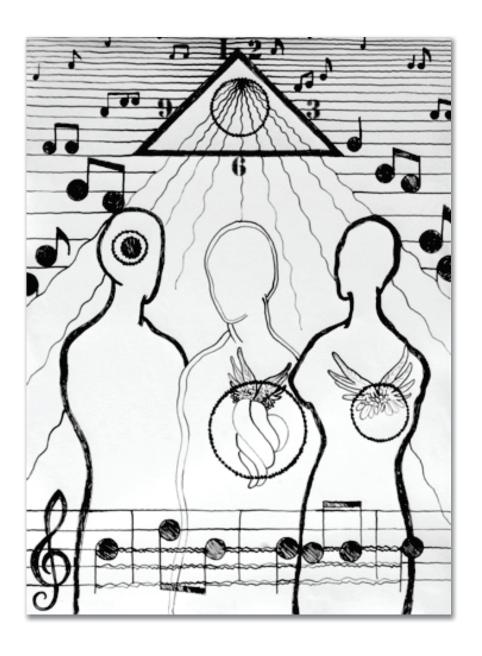
### Requiem

From far too many requiems
The deafening chants invites
Recriminations forcing
A self-probing of
The fierce complex adjustments
Necessary to continue living
With the confining sorrows,
And what appears as unending pain.

Each day is a cruelty
Of injustices blatant or otherwise,
And are reminders of the indignity
Death brings,
Held in denial
Until time has run its course.

The emotional cost of such
A repression is realized
When spring has long passed by,
As the ghosts of past wounds
Are forgotten,
And love denied is
Now recognized.





## Mystery

The unseen forces that shape our lives
And twists our hearts,
Are like the silent empty spaces between

Musical notes of a never written/Tone poem before the beginning of time,
Filling the universe
With such beauty and wonder
That those very unseen forces have
Been tamed obeying the majesty
Of a greater force
With every heart and soul
Freely becoming part of
The endless flow
Of color and sound throughout eternity,
Inconstant never ending harmonic transition,
And peaceful flight.

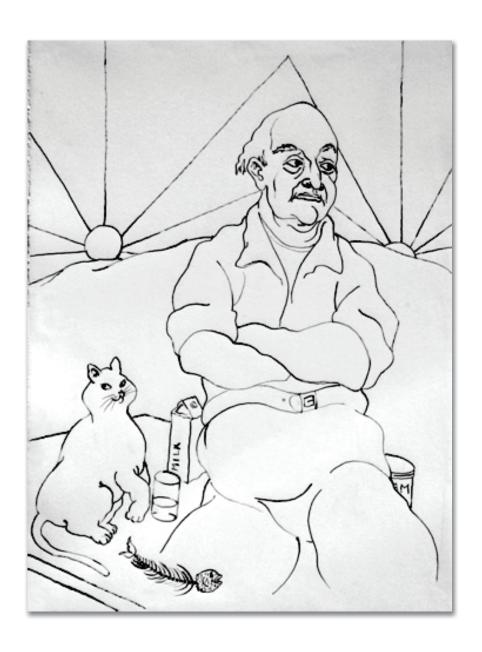




# Superficial

Some people have that sort of Superficial attractive intellect that progressively Burns away with time until there is nothing left, Who knows maybe that is the point In knowing them in the first place, To just fade out until you disappear Into their nothingness become nothing more than A ray of light that once hid beneath an eyelid, A spark of light that remains When everything else has gone to hell And you no longer care one way or another, When each impossible day is just like the one before Becoming an Interminable brain dulling numbing Psychological pathology too complex For rational or even irrational thought, Even as lifeless as this odd ball seduction appears, You hang on to this nothingness With a tenacity that is Incomprehensible.





## **Twitterface**

It is Twitterface that tells me Each day just who I am, Oh God, without Twitterface I would be just a nobody.

I am who I am because of you

Dear Twitterface,

With the rising and setting of the sun

You shape each day

Letting the world know just who I am.

Following myself on Twitterface
Helps me to find where I am,
And where I left that jar of jam,
Does anybody care?
I don't give a damn.

Married to Twitterface as I am
We have a deal,
Each of us will do the best we can
Making sure that I am the man,
When my cat jumps on the table
And drinks my milk and eats my fish,
You will let everyone know
It wasn't with anger I told
That cat where to go.



India ink (black) is applied with a Japanese split bamboo drawing pen. Since the pen is not flexible line width cannot vary by pressure of the hand to the pen. Thus there can be no modeling as with a pencil, making a single pen stroke essential.

The image for each drawing was lightly sketched out with a drawing pencil; ink then was applied with the pen. Several smaller pencil sketches were made for each poem.

#### \* COLOPHON \*

This booklet has been produced in CorelDRAW X6

Display faces: Goudy & Lithograph;

Body text is Nyala set 14 points (mostly)

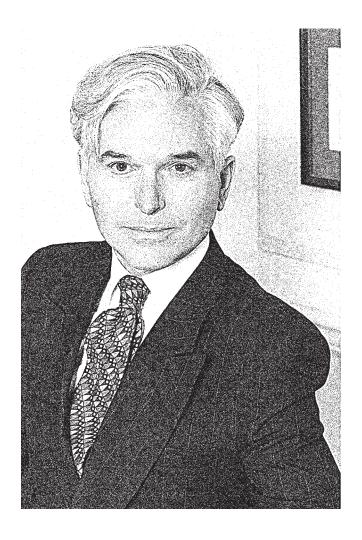
Photographs of original drawings:

Canon Rebel XT / EF-S18-55mm in natural light

Photographs edited in Photo-Paint X5/X6

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Back cover mezzotint: Andromeda Screens Filter



please visit www.eugenemarkowski.com

